

## Siobhan and Linora

Even a ruler who rules so small a town as Winterhaven is far too often kept trapped behind her own walls.

Lady Siobhan spends many long hours each day sitting in her Hall, receiving what guests come to the town, dispensing justice, and dealing with the administrative minutiae that is inevitable when large numbers of people live in close proximity.

Luckily, she has group of trusted advisors to help her make decisions: soldiers, sages, tinkers... spies.

Often the observations of the clergy can be particularly valuable.

*Sister Linora, I understand you visited the outlying farms yesterday?*

*Yes, my lady.*

*And?*

*The tower has definitely grown taller. I followed Valthrun's instructions precisely... if I did everything correctly, it's nearly 30 feet higher than when old Aldwyn died.*

*And you are certain our cemetery remains undisturbed? This new Shadowcloak is up to her task?*

*Yes, Marla takes her responsibilities very seriously — though I've never met a Shadowcloak who doesn't. She is keeping a very close eye on the remaining... remains. In fact, she has barely left the cemetery since arriving here, I fear she is neglecting the pastoral responsibilities of her order.*

Lady Siobhan's eyes slide across to the window looking west, the direction of the old keep.

*Well. Then it seems **he** has found a new source of corpses.*