

Walking through the streets of Verante you cannot help but be swept up in the chaos of it all. People walking this way and that, street vendors plying their wares, wagons rolling down dirt roads. The lowing of pack animals, the laughter of children and the bellow of the town crier announcing the day's affairs, all lends itself to the cacophony of movement and noise that is a City.

You emerge from a side road into a small market, such places are ten a penny in a rich city such as Verante. Colourful stalls dot the clearing heralding the sale of all manner of goods. A throng of people pouring into the square from all sides, more than you would expect for such a small bazaar. Even more vexingly, their faces are twisted in anger, their hands brandishing simple tools as if as weapons.

Cries of 'JUSTICE' spring forth from a hundred throats as the mob surge forward. Beyond them you see, like a blue wall, the King's soldiers arrayed in ranks. Bricks and bottles thrown from the roiling crowd shatter on the royal crests that adorn their raised shields, the soldiers' swords unsheathed and levelled at their own people.

By the gods this must not happen!