

### (A FORTRESS #3)

Tonight I walk around it again, touching its sides, smelling the burnt woody smell that surrounds it and despite my good faith I try to peep in through the gaps to see what I can where the moonlight penetrates. Hardly anything: a small section of rough wooden floor is all I can make out. I try and get in through a back door but there is a great jumble of planks and cut timber around the trees that makes it impossible. On top of the high tower, I notice for the first time a large flag flies bearing the crudely painted image it takes me several days to make out: a lion removing a thorn from its own paw.

