

THE GHOST SORCERER

ERRATUM

74

The guard sizes you up with a sour look.

He skims through the Mayor's official invitation and hands it back to you.

"What are you carrying?" he asks, eyeing your covered wagons.

"Our equipment, our personal belongings, and various goods we trade along our travels to earn our keep."

He pulls back the canvas covering your cart, jabs the tip of his spear between the theater props to make sure no one's hiding inside, then does the same to the other wagons without finding anything suspicious.

"Move along then, and behave yourselves. And another thing — if we catch you selling anything without paying the trade tax, we'll throw you out, you and your strange friends."

Turn to **197**.