

You find yourself in a long, winding corridor. Somehow, despite being a straight line, it's easy to get turned around. Luckily, the Skull in your sack talks to you, giving you advice and helping you to recognize when you're getting off track. The sound of your conversation echos down the hallway, and someone, hearing you, calls out. You make your way towards the voice.

You find Emilia, the Postmaster Squirrel. She greets you with a smile. "Boy am I glad to see you! I misplaced my own lantern and I was just getting more and more lost. With something to light the way, I should be able to find my way back."

You ask her why she's in the basement. "It's supposed to be a shortcut, but without a light to show the way, it's an even more confusing route than the ones above ground. I should have known better, but I have so many letters to deliver, even though I'm sure I dropped a few."

"Mostly its the Dragon and the Griffin," she grumbles, "they work me ragged, those two. They hate each other, but they don't like to leave their homes, so they just stay in their towers all day, writing insults to each other and making me carry them back in forth. And of course they live at opposite ends of the castle from each other, so every delivery I make for them, I get all mixed up and bump into everyone and by the time I get there, I've already got another two dozen letters to send, on top of the reply they're sure to ask me for. It's exhausting."

"Maybe we can help," the skull says from inside your bag. "We're pretty close to the Dragon's tower now, aren't we? We could deliver that letter for you, if you like?"

"Would you? Oh, I'd be ever so grateful." And before you have a chance to say anything for yourself, the squirrel hands you a large sealed envelope and hustles off into the dark.



