

Mansion entrance

An abandoned house stood at the end of a dark lane. Most of the gas lanterns here hadn't worked for a long time and one could only see the outlines of the buildings and garbage cans, forming a winding maze of sour and musty smell of rags and food. However, Seeker didn't have a sense of smell yet and couldn't know this.

He walked along the lane and approached a dilapidated mansion. The old door was askew and barely held on rusty hinges. The remains of pale green ivy wriggled in ragged pieces along the wall of the house. On the roof, the remains of a weather vane in the shape of a dolphin jumping out of the water were slightly swaying with a rusty creak.

— Will you pass? — a hoarse, low voice called out.

Seeker looked up and saw a short man in a shabby doorman's uniform and an equally shabby top hat, who took a step outside from under the building's canopy.

Seeker nodded, and the man [opened the door](#) and stepped aside.