“Hook Reddale was as gray as the sky overhead. What few buildings still remained among the ruins were the ones built of stone, and those had mostly crumbled into half houses and shapeless heaps, overlain by a thick blanket of snow, unmarked by any sign of people. And in the middle of it all stood the tower. The tower the knight had built for his love, the tower she’d thrown herself from, the final step into the darkness that had turned a murderess into the White Lady. Stained and weathered, it rose four stories high. Shriveled, blackened vines curled around its base, crawling over the rocks into the arrow slits, all the way to the battlements at the top. A single iron-reinforced door of cracked wood and rusted, crumbling metal faced the trees, offering the only way in.” Call of the Wraith, p. 283-284.

Create an art piece in any medium inspired by the book and the description of Hook Reddale.