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The Warden

Part One

The echo dissolved screaming.

Vàscalìn held still, the way she'd learned to hold still—spine straight, hands clasped behind her back, Attunement marks burning cold around her eyes. The dissolution chamber's light pulsed with each unraveling thread of pattern, casting shadows that jumped and shattered against the stone walls. The screaming wasn't really sound. It was something worse: the vibration of a consciousness coming apart, felt in the teeth and the base of the skull and the space behind the sternum where breath lived.

Sixty years, this echo had been bound. Sixty years of carrying a merchant's memories in borrowed flesh, serving the family that owned its anchor, forgetting piece by piece who it had once been. Now it remembered. Now it was awakening. And now—

The scream cut off. The anchor—a bone disc, yellowed with age—went cold on the dissolution plinth. Another pattern unraveled. Another violation resolved.

"Note for the record," Vàscalìn said. Her voice came out flat, professional. The voice of a Warden. "Echo designation Merchant-VII-Còcalnòc. Dissolution complete. No pattern contamination detected in the binding family."

The junior Warden beside her—young, still flinching at dissolutions—fumbled with his stylus. "Òràhd, the family mentioned the echo had been speaking. About documents. A secondary ledger. Should we—"

"The echo is dissolved. Whatever it remembered died with it." She turned away from the chamber, climbed the stairs toward street level, toward grey morning light and air that didn't taste like burnt pattern. "File the report. Standard closure."

Behind her, the junior Warden's stylus scratched against paper. Standard closure. The words they used when they buried things.

The street outside was fog and commerce, Merchant City waking to another day of transactions and arrangements. Vàscalin walked through it without seeing it, her Attunement marks still cold, the echo's dissolution still vibrating in her bones.

Not this echo's dissolution. The other one. The one from a month ago.

Cèresnav. That had been the name. A merchant dead twenty years, bound to a Hand Quarter corpse-collector, awakening with memories that should have stayed buried. She'd stood in that cramped room on Rag-Picker's Lane and watched him come apart—not through Warden authority, but through his own choice. The pattern letting go instead of being torn.

Different from forced dissolution. Gentler. More like a sigh than a scream.

And the binder's eyes afterward—Vèirnav, pattern-constrained, twenty years carrying the dead—that fog in his gaze. The permanent haze that meant the bleed had settled in, pattern boundaries dissolving, the dead man's memories seeping into living consciousness.

She knew that fog. She saw it every morning in her own mirror, though she'd never admitted what it meant. Told herself it was just the Attunement, just the price of seeing patterns everywhere. Just the cost of being good at her job.

Just lies, something whispered. *Just lies you've been telling yourself for fifteen years.*

She pushed the thought away. Kept walking. Passed a window and caught her reflection—the Warden's coat, the seal at her belt, the marks around her eyes that proved she was what the pattern said she was.

Tower-Watch. Road-Path. The perfect Warden's pattern.

Her reflection looked back at her, and she couldn't remember what color her eyes had been before the Attunement. Couldn't remember if the fog had always been there, or if it had grown year by year, dissolution by dissolution, secret by secret.

Her office was in the Òràhdar compound on Temple Hill, a stone building that looked like stability and smelled like old paper and Residue. She climbed the stairs to the third

floor, nodded to colleagues who nodded back, sat down at her desk and unlocked the drawer that only her seal could open.

The file was inside. The one she shouldn't have made.

A Warden's job was to resolve pattern violations, not document them. But something had shifted during those three days last month—the merchant's daughter at her Binding, the binder with his dying echo, the Hand Quarter girl playing everyone against each other. Three separate cases that had braided together into something she couldn't stop seeing.

She spread the papers across her desk. Names. Dates. Families whose registered patterns didn't match the fragments she'd collected.

Cèresnav's memories, the ones the binder had shared before she'd taken his other echoes: *They changed what the Attendance showed. Wrote something different in the registry. Còcal Còcalnòc wasn't Road-Path at all—*

The Àrnnav documents, the ones the Hand Quarter girl claimed to have burned: *Silencing orders. Murder contracts. Three generations of Còcalnòc fraud.*

And cross-referenced with both, a list that kept growing. The Vas-Eròcal family. The Szòvòtarfhì. A dozen more, reaching back decades, all connected to the same network of corrupt Szòvòtarar.

Her hands trembled as she turned to the page she'd added this morning. The page that had kept her awake all night, staring at her foggy reflection in the window.

Vàscalìn. Binding Year 419. Szòvòtar Hàlmahtfhì conducting.

The same name. The same Szòvòtar who appeared in every fraud record, generation after generation.

She'd been fifteen. She remembered the ceremony—private, expensive, her parents insisting it was worth the cost for "proper attention." She remembered feeling the Attendance, that vast presence that watched and weighed and saw.

She remembered the cards being revealed. Tower-Watch. Road-Path.

But now, staring at the page, she remembered something else. A gap. A moment between the Attendance's attention and the Szòvòtar's announcement when his hands had moved and something had—

Thorns, she thought. I saw thorns.

The memory came up like something drowned, waterlogged and distorted. She'd been fifteen. She'd been nervous. She'd seen the cards turn, seen something on them that wasn't Tower-Watch, and then—

And then nothing. The Szòvòtar smiling. Her parents embracing her. The pattern announced, the future secured, the life she'd lived ever since laid out like a road she'd been walking without knowing someone else had built it.

She closed the file. Locked the drawer. Sat in the silence of her office and felt the Attunement marks burn cold around her eyes.

Fifteen years as a Warden. Hundreds of dissolutions. A career built on the foundation of a pattern that might not be hers.

Might not be, she told herself. You don't know. You're guessing. You're seeing patterns that aren't there.

But she'd been trained to see patterns. That was what Wardens did. And the pattern she was seeing now—

She needed proof. She needed to know.

She needed to talk to Èitar.

Nineteen years earlier.

The Pattern House smelled like incense and old paper, and Vàscalìn was trying not to shake.

Fifteen years old. Ceremonial robes too heavy on her shoulders, the fabric scratching against her neck. Her parents flanked her—her father in his best merchant coat, her mother with her hair pinned up in the style of respectable women, both of them radiating a nervous energy she didn't understand.

"You'll do wonderfully," her mother whispered. "Whatever the Attendance shows."

"I know, Mother."

"The Szòvòtar is very experienced. He understands how to—" She stopped. Glanced at Vàscalìn's father. Something passed between them, a conversation conducted

entirely in eye movements and micro-expressions.

"How to interpret," her father finished. "The readings can be... complex. The Szòvòtar will help us understand."

Interpret. The word sat wrong in Vàscalin's mind, like a stone in her shoe. The Attendance didn't need interpretation. It showed truth, and truth was recorded. Everyone knew that.

The Szòvòtar entered—an old man with kind eyes and ink-stained fingers, moving with the measured grace of someone who'd conducted a thousand ceremonies. Hàlmahtfhì. She would remember his name forever, though she wouldn't understand why until two decades later.

"The Mészáros family," he said warmly. "A pleasure. And this must be young Vàscalìn."

"Yes, Szòvòtar." Her voice came out steadier than she felt.

"Nervous?" His smile was gentle. "Everyone is. But the Attendance is kind. It shows us what we need to see."

What we need to see. Another strange phrase. The Attendance showed truth—wasn't that the same thing?

The ceremony began. The liturgy, familiar from a childhood of temple observance. The ink, cold and sharp-smelling, applied to her wrists in precise patterns. The feeling of something vast turning its attention toward her, pressing down on her consciousness like a hand pressing down on water.

The Attendance was real. She felt it like pressure, like being seen by something that existed outside of time. Her pattern, her future, her self laid bare before a presence that comprehended everything.

The cards turned.

She saw them. Just for a moment, before the Szòvòtar's hands moved—and his hands did move, a small motion, almost invisible—she saw what the Attendance had revealed.

Thorns. A pattern of thorns, tangled and sharp.

Then the moment passed. The Szòvòtar's hands settled. His smile didn't waver.

"Tower-Watch and Road-Path," he announced. "An excellent reading. The Warden's pattern—discipline and purpose. Your daughter has a bright future, Merchant Mészáros."

Her father's hand found her shoulder, squeezed. Her mother was crying softly, the way mothers cried at ceremonies. Everyone was smiling. Everyone was relieved.

And Vàscalìn stood in her heavy robes, the Attendance's pressure fading, and tried to remember if she'd really seen thorns or if she'd imagined it.

She must have imagined it. The Szòvòtar had said Tower-Watch. Her parents were happy. Everything was fine.

She buried the memory. Buried it so deep it became nothing. For nineteen years, she didn't think about the thorns.

Until now.

Present day. Evening.

The tea house in Shadow City smelled like smoke and secrets, the kind of place where conversations happened in corners and nothing was written down. Vàscalìn found Èitar in the back, settled into shadows like she'd grown there, a cup of something that wasn't tea cooling in front of her.

"Òràhd Vàscalìn." The information broker's voice was silk over stone. "Twice in one month. People will talk."

"Let them." She sat without being invited. "I need records."

"You always need records. The question is what you're willing to pay." Èitar's eyes caught the lamplight—dark and calculating, the eyes of someone who'd learned that information was the only currency that mattered. "Last time, I gave you names and you gave me a future favor. Still uncollected, that favor. Still hanging over your head."

"This is different."

"It always is." Èitar leaned forward. "Tell me what you want, and I'll tell you if I have it."

"Binding ceremonies. Year 419. Szòvòtar Hàlmahtfhì conducting." Vàscalìn kept her voice steady. "Specifically, records of any... adjustments."

Silence. The tea house noise faded to a distant murmur. Èitar's expression didn't change, but something shifted behind her eyes—surprise, maybe, or recognition.

"That's specific," she said finally. "And old. Nineteen years is a long time for certain kinds of records to survive."

"But they do survive. The Szòvòtarar who make adjustments—they keep records. Protection against the families who might betray them." Vàscalìn's hands were steady on the table. "You have access to those records. Or you know someone who does."

"Assuming such records exist." Èitar's smile was thin. "Assuming a Warden asking about them isn't a trap."

"It's not a trap."

"Then what is it? Professional curiosity? Academic interest?" The smile sharpened. "Or is it personal, Òràhd? Is there a name in those records you're hoping to find—or hoping not to?"

Vàscalìn should have lied. Should have invented a case, a suspect, a professional reason for asking questions that no Warden should ask.

Instead, she said: "My name might be in them. I need to know."

The words hung in the air between them. Èitar studied her—the way a merchant studied goods, assessing value, calculating risk.

"That's honest," she said finally. "Honest is dangerous. Honest gets people killed." She picked up her cup, took a sip of whatever wasn't tea. "I can get what you're looking for. But the price isn't coin."

"Another favor."

"The same favor. Expanded." Èitar's voice hardened. "If I give you proof that your pattern was adjusted, you become a liability. To your family. To your career. To everyone who benefited from the lie. I need to know that helping you won't come back to hurt me."

"What kind of expansion?"

"Unlimited. Unspecified. When I call, you answer. No questions. No Warden discretion. No deciding the favor's too big or too dangerous." She set down the cup. "That's the price. Pay it or walk away."

The terms were terrible. Open-ended debt to an information broker who traded in leverage and secrets. The kind of debt that could consume everything she'd built.

But the file was in her drawer. The name was on the page. And she couldn't keep pretending she didn't see what she saw.

"Done," she said.

Èitar's smile returned—sharper now, satisfied. "I'll have your records within the week. Come back then. And Vàscalìn?"

"Yes?"

"Whatever you find—be careful who you tell. The truth about patterns isn't like other truths. It doesn't just change what you know." Her eyes held Vàscalìn's. "It changes what you are."

Part Two

One month earlier. The morning of Fèinnav Còcalnòc's Binding.

The Great Pattern House on Temple Hill was chaos organized into ceremony—wealthy families in their finest clothes, adolescents scrubbed and nervous, offerings being counted and recorded by Szòvòtarar assistants who moved with the efficiency of long practice.

Vàscalìn moved through the crowd in her Warden's coat, watching faces, reading the subtle signs of pattern and privilege. She wasn't here for the Bindings. She was here for an echo.

An awakened echo in a noble household. Memories surfacing that shouldn't exist. Standard investigation—identify the echo, assess the threat, recommend dissolution if necessary.

But as she watched the ceremonies unfold, she noticed something else.

Szòvòtar Hàlmahtfhì—old now, seventy-one, conducting readings for the wealthiest families—moved through the Bindings with practiced ease. Card after card, pattern after pattern, futures announced with warm smiles and measured words.

His hands moved wrong.

Vàscalìn had witnessed hundreds of Bindings in fifteen years of Warden work. She knew the ritual—the Attendance descending, the cards turning, the pattern revealed and recorded. The Szòvòtar's role was to witness and transcribe. Nothing more.

Hàlmahtfhì's hands didn't just transcribe. They adjusted. A card palmed here, a substitution there, movements so subtle that no one would notice unless they'd been trained to see pattern violations.

Unless they were Attuned.

She watched him adjust three readings that morning. A merchant's son received Coin and Road instead of whatever the Attendance had actually shown. A minor noble's daughter received Tower and Star instead of her true pattern. And the Còcalnòc girl—Fèinnav, the name was—received Road and Pact, the comfortable merchant's pattern.

But Vàscalìn's Attunement caught something beneath the recorded reading. A resonance. An echo of what the Attendance had actually revealed.

Thorns, her Attunement whispered. *The girl's true pattern has thorns.*

She filed the observation. Made a note in her private records. Didn't report it.

The wealthy adjusted their children's readings. Everyone knew. The Wardens knew. The system continued because everyone agreed not to see what everyone saw.

But she couldn't stop watching the Còcalnòc girl's face as the reading was announced. A flash of something—doubt, confusion, recognition—that crossed Fèinnav's expression and disappeared. The girl had noticed something too.

And across the room, another Binding was happening. No ceremony for this one—just documentation, quick and careless. A Hand Quarter girl in threadbare clothes, standing alone, receiving her pattern without family or witnesses.

"Thorn and Maze," the assistant Szòvòtar announced flatly. "Difficult connections, complicated paths. Next."

The same pattern Vàscalìn's Attunement had sensed beneath Fèinnav's purchased reading.

Two girls. The same true pattern. One recorded accurately because no one had paid to change it. One erased and replaced because her family could afford to purchase a

better future.

Vàscalìn watched them both leave the Pattern House—the wealthy girl surrounded by family, the poor girl walking alone into the streets of the Hand Quarter—and told herself it wasn't her concern. The echo investigation was her concern. Nothing else.

But she remembered their faces. And later, when everything connected, she would understand why that memory mattered.

Present day. Seven days after the meeting with Èitar.

The records arrived by courier, sealed in black wax, delivered to her apartment rather than her office. Vàscalìn waited until night to open them—waited until the city quieted and the neighbors' lights went out and she could be certain no one would hear if she screamed.

She didn't scream. She didn't make any sound at all.

The document was old, the paper yellowed, the ink faded but legible:

Binding Ceremony Record - Year 419, Day of Frost 17 Subject: Vàscalìn, daughter of Merchant-Secondary Vàsca and Merchant-Secondary Ròzvàs Szòvòtar conducting: Hàlmahtfhì Payment received: 2,000 coins (adjustment fee) Pattern observed by Attendance: Tòvismaht Vèszttar (Thorn-marked, Maze-path) Pattern recorded in Registry: Tòrònyvår Ûtcai (Tower-Watch, Road-Path) Notes: Standard adjustment. Parents requested Warden-compatible pattern. Subject showed no awareness of discrepancy.

She read it once. Read it again. Read it a third time, waiting for the words to change, waiting for the document to reveal itself as forgery or mistake or anything other than what it was.

The words didn't change.

Tòvismaht Vèszttar. Thorn and Maze. The pattern of difficult connections and complicated paths. The pattern of the Hand Quarter girl. The pattern of the Còcalnòc daughter's true reading.

The pattern that should have meant she'd never become a Warden at all.

Her hands started to shake. She pressed them flat against the table, but the shaking spread—up her arms, into her shoulders, down her spine. Her whole body trembling with something that wasn't cold, wasn't fear, wasn't anything she had a name for.

Nineteen years. Nineteen years of believing she was Tower-Watch, Road-Path, the perfect Warden's pattern. Nineteen years of training and service and dissolutions and believing she was exactly what she was supposed to be.

All of it built on a lie her parents had purchased when she was fifteen.

She stood up. The room was wrong—too small, too close, the walls pressing in like the Attendance had pressed down during her false ceremony. She needed air. She needed to move. She needed—

The mirror. The small mirror on her washstand, the one she used every morning to check that her uniform was straight, that her Attunement marks were properly visible, that she looked like a Warden was supposed to look.

She crossed to it. Stared at her reflection.

The fog was there. The permanent haze around her eyes that she'd told herself was just Attunement, just the price of service, just what happened to Wardens who saw too many patterns dissolve.

Bleed, she thought. It's bleed. Pattern contamination from all the echoes I've dissolved, all the memories that seeped through before the screaming stopped.

And beneath the bleed, beneath the Attunement marks, beneath everything she'd built herself into—

Thorns. My true pattern has thorns.

She thought of the Hand Quarter girl. Àrnnav. Sharp-eyed and calculating, surviving through exactly the qualities her Thorn-pattern described.

She thought of the Còcalnòc daughter. Fèinnav. Living a purchased future, carrying a true pattern she might never know.

She thought of herself. Fifteen years of hunting pattern violations. Fifteen years of dissolving echoes that remembered too much. Fifteen years of being exactly what the system needed her to be.

I've been hunting my own kind, she thought. Dissolving people like me. Enforcing a lie I didn't know I was part of.

The mirror showed her a Warden's face. Tower-Watch discipline. Road-Path purpose.

All of it false. All of it purchased. All of it built on the foundation of a ceremony where an old man's hands had moved and her true self had been erased.

She didn't sleep that night. She sat in her apartment, watching the fog thicken behind her eyes, and waited for dawn to come so she could begin the work of deciding what to do with the truth.

Two weeks earlier. The confrontation with Vèirnav.

The Hand Quarter room smelled like poverty and Residue—that sharp metallic scent of echo-maintenance, the price of carrying the dead. Vàscalìn stood in the doorway with two Wardens behind her, her seal of authority visible on her belt, her voice carrying the particular flatness she used when she needed people to be afraid.

"You've been harboring an awakened echo," she said. "Failure to report is a serious violation."

Vèirnav—forty-three, pattern-constrained, face lined with twenty years of carrying the dead—looked up from the bed where Cèresnav's body lay. The echo was already fading, its pattern dissolving, the stolen flesh going grey and slack.

"He was dissolving on his own." Vèirnav's voice was steady, but his hands were trembling. "Whatever he knew died with him."

"That's not your determination to make."

She could see the bleed in his eyes. That fog, the same fog she saw in her own mirror, though she'd never admitted what it meant. Pattern contamination. Memory seepage. The price of carrying too much of someone else for too long.

"I'm taking your other echoes," she said. "Evidence in an ongoing investigation."

"Those are my livelihood—"

"And you'll get them back when the investigation closes. Assuming you cooperate."

She watched him calculate. Watched the mathematics of survival play across his face—the economics of compliance, the cost-benefit analysis that the constrained learned to perform before they could walk.

She'd done that calculation herself a thousand times. Decided what to accept and what to fight. Built a career on making the right choices at the right moments.

But she'd made those choices believing she was Tower-Watch. Believing her pattern was stability and purpose and the straight road of Warden service.

What choices would she have made if she'd known she was Thorn and Maze? If she'd known her path was supposed to be difficult connections and complicated ways?

"What do you want?" Vèirnav asked finally.

"Information. The echo—Cèresnav—what did he remember? What did he tell you about the pattern fraud?"

And Vèirnav told her. Names and dates and fragments of memory, the dying echo's final gift spilling out in desperate words. She listened. Made notes. Filed everything away.

Then she did something she shouldn't have done.

"The bone disc," she said. "The anchor. Give it to me."

He hesitated. The disc was evidence—she should take it, log it, add it to the investigation file. Standard procedure.

"Keep it," she said instead. "Hidden. Don't let anyone know you still have it."

"Why?"

She didn't have an answer. Didn't know why she was letting him keep evidence, why she was breaking protocol, why something in her responded to the fog in his eyes like recognition.

"Because you'll need something," she said finally. "When this is over. You'll need something that proves what you carried."

She walked away. Left him with the dissolving echo, the hidden anchor, more questions than answers.

And she told herself it was strategy. Better to leave him functional. Better to have a contact in the Hand Quarter who owed her something.

But standing in her apartment now, the proof of her own adjustment in her hands, she wondered if it had been something else.

One Thorn-pattern recognizing another. Even before she knew what she was.

Part Three

The house where Hàlmahtfhì lived was comfortable by Merchant City standards—not grand, but solid, the kind of home that generations of careful bribes could purchase. Vàscaìn arrived at dawn, when the streets were empty and the neighbors' shutters were still closed.

The old Szòvòtar answered the door himself. Seventy-one years old, moving slowly, but his eyes were sharp—the eyes of a man who'd spent fifty years reading faces and calculating odds.

"Òràhd Vàscaìn." He used her title carefully. "You're the second Warden to visit me this year. The last one had questions about the Còcalnòc family."

"I'm not here about the Còcalnòcs."

"No. You're here about yourself." He stepped back, gestured her inside. "I've been expecting this visit. Not you specifically, but someone. They always come eventually."

The sitting room was warm, comfortable, lined with books and the accumulated comforts of a profitable life. Hàlmahtfhì settled into a chair by the window, the morning light catching the ink stains on his fingers that fifty years of ceremony had made permanent.

"Sit," he said. "You'll want to sit for this conversation."

She remained standing. "You know why I'm here."

"You found the records. You learned your pattern was adjusted." His voice was calm, matter-of-fact. "You want to know why. You want to understand what was taken from you."

"I want the truth."

"The truth." He smiled—not cruel, not kind, just tired. "The truth is that your parents loved you. They wanted the best for you. And the best, for a girl with your intelligence and your attention to detail, was a future in the Wardens. A future they could give you if they were willing to pay for it."

"They paid you to change my pattern."

"They paid me to adjust the record. The pattern itself—" He spread his hands. "The Attendance reads true. Always. What it showed when it looked at you, it showed. Thorn and Maze. Difficult connections, complicated paths."

"Then what's written in the registry—"

"Is what I wrote. What your parents asked me to write. What a thousand families have asked me to write over fifty years of service." His eyes held hers. "Tower-Watch and Road-Path. The Warden's pattern. The future you've been living ever since."

Vàscalìn's hands were fists at her sides. "You stole my pattern. My future. My—"

"I gave you a better one." His voice sharpened. "Thorn and Maze—do you know what that pattern means? Difficult connections. Relationships that hurt. Paths that twist and turn and lead nowhere good. You'd have ended up in the Hand Quarter, Vàscalìn. Scraping for work, building alliances that cut you every time you leaned on them. That's not a life. That's a sentence."

"It was my sentence. Mine. Not yours to change."

"Your parents disagreed. And they had the coins to make their disagreement matter." He leaned back in his chair, studying her. "You've been a Warden for fifteen years. You've built a career, earned promotions, done good work. Are you going to tell me none of that was real? That the pattern I recorded was a lie that made nothing true?"

She wanted to argue. Wanted to tear apart his comfortable justifications, make him see the damage he'd done.

But something in his words caught at her. Hooked into the part of her that had built a life on the foundation he'd laid.

"If my true pattern is Thorn," she said slowly, "then everything I've done—the cases, the dissolutions, the people I've—"

"Was still you doing it. The pattern doesn't determine your choices. It just describes the shape of them." Hàlmahtfhi's smile sharpened. "You came here looking for absolution or accusation. I can't give you either. What I did, I did for money. What you've done since—the Wardens you've trained, the echoes you've dissolved, the truths you've buried—you did for your own reasons."

"You made me into what I am."

"I gave you a door. You walked through it. Every day for nineteen years, you've walked through it again." He stood, moving toward a cabinet by the wall. "Don't blame me for who you chose to become, Vàscalìn. I adjusted a reading. You built a life."

She watched him open the cabinet, remove a bottle, pour two measures of something amber into glasses she hadn't noticed.

"Drink," he said, offering her one. "You look like you need it."

"I don't drink with—"

"With what? Criminals? Fraudsters? People who've spent fifty years making comfortable lies for comfortable families?" He set her glass on the table beside her, kept his own. "You've done the same thing, Òràhd. Every case you've buried, every investigation you've closed without report, every truth you've decided was too dangerous to speak. The only difference between us is that I knew what I was doing from the start."

She didn't take the glass. But she didn't leave either.

"The records you kept," she said. "The shadow ledger. Where is it?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because it's evidence. Decades of fraud. Hundreds of families. The whole architecture of the system, documented."

"And you want to—what? Expose it? Bring down the families who benefited? Destroy your own career in the process?" He laughed softly. "You're more idealistic than I expected from a Warden."

"Where is the ledger?"

He studied her for a long moment. Something shifted in his expression—calculation giving way to something that might have been curiosity.

"Somewhere safe," he said finally. "Somewhere you won't find it. Not because I'm protecting myself—I'm seventy-one, I've had a good life, I'll be dead soon enough—but because that ledger is dangerous. To you. To everyone whose name is in it. To the whole comfortable system you've spent your life enforcing."

"Maybe the system deserves to be uncomfortable."

"Maybe." He took a sip of his drink. "But you're not the one to make that decision. Not yet. Not until you understand what you're really dealing with."

"What am I dealing with?"

"Go talk to your Fòlòràhd," he said. "Cèrvascalìn. Ask him about the sealed cases. Ask him about the Wardens who came before you—the ones who discovered the truth and tried to do something about it." His smile was thin, knowing. "Ask him about his own Binding. His own pattern. His own comfortable lies."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying you're not the first, Vàsçalìn. You won't be the last. And the system that made you—" He raised his glass in a mock toast. "The system knows how to handle people like you. It's been handling them for a very long time."

She found Cèrvascalìn in his office that afternoon.

Fòlòràhd Cèrvascalìn—her superior, her mentor, the head of the Fonváros Òràhdar chapter—looked up from his paperwork with the measured calm he'd worn for as long as she'd known him. Silver-haired, sharp-eyed, the face of Warden authority.

"Vàsçalìn. I was just thinking about you." He gestured to the chair across from his desk. "The Merchant-VII dissolution—clean work. The family is grateful."

"Fòlòràhd, I have questions."

"Of course you do. Sit."

She sat. Chose her words carefully.

"The sealed archives. The cases marked 'resolved without report.' I've been reviewing them."

His expression didn't change. "That's part of your new responsibilities. Understanding the history of pattern integrity."

"The history is disturbing."

"It often is." He set down his pen, giving her his full attention. "What specifically troubles you?"

"The fraud investigations. Generation after generation, Wardens discovering systematic pattern adjustment. Generation after generation, the investigations closed."

"And?"

"And you closed most of them. For thirty years."

Silence. The office suddenly felt smaller, the walls closer, the air thicker.

"You've been busy," Cèrvascalìn said finally. "Reviewing sealed archives. Visiting retired Szòvòtarar. Asking questions about your own Binding." His eyes held hers. "Did you think I wouldn't notice?"

"I didn't care if you noticed."

"No. You're past caring about things like that." He stood, moved to the window, looked out at the city he'd spent three decades protecting from truths it couldn't afford to know. "You found the records. You know your pattern was adjusted. You've been to see Hàlmahtfhì, and he told you—what? That the system is corrupt? That everyone is lying? That you're just another victim of a machine that's been grinding up people for generations?"

"He told me to ask about your Binding."

Cèrvascalìn laughed softly. "Of course he did. Misery loves company." He turned to face her. "Yes, Vàscalìn. My pattern was adjusted too. Forty-one years ago. The same Szòvòtar—Hàlmahtfhì was younger then, but already practicing his trade. My parents wanted a future for me, and they paid for it."

"And you became a Warden anyway. Knowing what you knew."

"Because knowing what I knew made me better at the job." His voice hardened. "The pattern system is corrupt. It's been corrupt since before either of us was born. But it's also stable. It works. People know their place, understand their roles, build their lives around the structure it provides."

"A structure built on lies."

"A structure built on stories. Very old, very useful stories that keep millions of people from tearing each other apart." He moved closer, his voice dropping. "Take away the pattern system—expose the fraud, destroy the registry, tell everyone their readings were adjusted—and what do you have? Chaos. Violence. Everyone sorted by wealth and force instead of Weaver's design."

"At least it would be honest."

"Honest?" He laughed again, but there was no humor in it. "Honesty is a luxury, Vàscalìn. A luxury that the comfortable can afford and the desperate can't. The Hand Quarter girl—the one you let keep her documents—do you think honesty helps her? She's survived by lying, manipulating, playing the system against itself. Honesty would have gotten her killed."

"So we maintain the lies. Forever. Generation after generation."

"We maintain stability. We prevent chaos. We make sure that when the system fails—and it does fail, in small ways, every day—the damage is contained." He stopped in front of her, close enough that she could see the marks around his eyes. The same Attunement marks she wore. The same fog beneath them.

"That's what Pattern Integrity does," he said. "Not prevention—management. Controlling which truths escape, which lies survive, which adjustments are allowed to stand. Reform from within. Maintenance."

"You've been managing the fraud."

"For thirty years. And the Wardens before me managed it for thirty years before that. And it will go on being managed long after both of us are gone." His eyes held hers. "Unless someone breaks the system. Unless someone decides they know better than centuries of careful, painful, necessary lies."

She understood what he was offering. The same choice Hàlmahtfhì had shown her—complicity or destruction. Management or chaos.

"And if I don't want to manage?" she asked.

"Then you become a problem that needs to be managed." His voice was almost gentle. "I've been grooming you for leadership, Vàscalìn. Pattern Integrity. The division that decides what truth escapes. You have the intelligence, the discipline, the attention to

detail—and now you have the knowledge. You understand what we're protecting and why."

"I understand what you're hiding and how."

"Same thing. Different words." He returned to his desk, sat down, picked up his pen.

"I'm giving you a week to decide. Use it wisely. And Vàscalìn—"

"Yes?"

"The people you've been protecting. The binder, the merchant's widow, the Hand Quarter girl. They're not as safe as you think they are. The truth they're spreading—it's making problems. Problems that will need to be solved."

"Solved how?"

"However the situation requires." His smile was thin. "That's what Pattern Integrity does. Whatever the situation requires."

Part Four

Ten days earlier. The tea house conversation with Àrnnav.

The Hand Quarter girl sat across from Vàscalìn with the particular stillness of someone who'd learned that movement attracted attention. Seventeen years old. Pattern-constrained. Carrying documents that could destroy half the wealthy families in Fonváros.

"You could have run," Vàscalìn said. "Disappeared into the Quarter, sold what you know, started over somewhere else."

"I could have." Àrnnav's voice was flat, controlled—the voice of someone who'd learned to keep emotion out of negotiations. "But they have my brother."

"Vèircai."

"Fèincal. He took Fèincal as leverage. The documents or my brother—that's the choice he's offering."

Vàscalìn studied her. The girl's face was closed, unreadable—but her hands were trembling slightly. The only sign of fear beneath the surface.

Thorn and Maze, Vàscalìn's Attunement whispered. *The same pattern you carry beneath your purchased one.*

"I can help you," she said. "Protection for information. You tell me what you know about Vèircal's network, and I make sure you and your brother survive the next twenty-four hours."

"And after that?"

"After that, we'll see."

The negotiation that followed was careful, precise—two people who understood survival, trading advantages neither could fully trust. But through it all, Vàscalìn kept noticing things she shouldn't have noticed.

The way Àrnnav's eyes tracked the room. The way she calculated odds, weighed options, made decisions with the particular clarity of someone whose life depended on getting the mathematics right.

This is what I would have been, Vàscalìn thought. *If the adjustment hadn't happened. If I'd grown up constrained, Hand Quarter, making difficult connections just to survive.*

"You're different than I expected," Àrnnav said, when the deal was done. "For a Warden."

"Different how?"

"You're not just enforcing. You're—" She paused, searching for words. "You're watching. Calculating. Like you're trying to figure out the angle."

"Maybe I am."

"What angle?"

The angle where I discover I've been hunting people like myself for fifteen years. The angle where everything I thought I was turns out to be a lie.

"That's not your concern," Vàscalìn said instead. "Just keep your end of the bargain. And Àrnnav—"

"Yes?"

"The murder records. The silencing orders. You said you burned them."

"I did."

"No, you didn't." Vàscalin held her gaze. "Keep them safe. Not because they're leverage—because they're evidence. Someday, someone will need them."

"Why do you care?"

Because you're what I was supposed to be. Because your true pattern is my true pattern. Because every time I've dissolved an echo or buried a case or enforced a lie, I've been destroying people who could have been my family.

"I'm a Warden," she said. "I care about pattern integrity."

She left the girl with more questions than answers. The same way everyone left her.

Present day. The day after the meeting with Cèrvascalin.

The week he'd given her to decide felt like a countdown to something she couldn't name. Vàscalin spent the first three days watching—observing the Warden compound, noting patterns of surveillance, identifying which of her colleagues reported to Cèrvascalin and which might be trusted.

Not many could be trusted. The system had been selecting for loyalty for generations.

On the fourth day, she started building her own records.

Not in the official archives—those were watched. In a separate ledger, hidden in her apartment, written in a code she'd developed during her first years as a Warden for cases that couldn't be documented officially.

Every dissolution she'd performed. Every pattern violation she'd buried. Every case closed without report, every truth suppressed, every lie maintained.

The list was longer than she'd expected. Longer than she could bear to look at without feeling something crack behind her ribs.

Thorn and Maze, she thought, writing name after name. Difficult connections. Complicated paths. And I've been severing connections, simplifying paths, cutting away everything that didn't fit the system's requirements.

On the fifth day, Cèrvascalìn summoned her to his office.

"Time's almost up," he said. "I need to know where you stand."

"I'm still deciding."

"No, you're not. You decided days ago—I can see it in your face." He leaned back in his chair, studying her with the attention of someone who'd spent thirty years reading Wardens. "You're going to do something stupid. Something that feels righteous and necessary and will accomplish nothing except destroying yourself."

"Maybe I'm fine with being destroyed."

"You're not. Nobody is." He opened a drawer, pulled out a folder, set it on the desk between them. "These are the people who've been spreading the truth about the fraud. The binder, the merchant's widow, the Hand Quarter girl—and others. People who heard fragments and started asking questions."

She didn't touch the folder. "What do you want me to do about it?"

"Remind them that discretion has rewards and indiscretion has consequences. The binder has echoes he cares about. The widow has a granddaughter. The Hand Quarter girl has a brother." His eyes were steady. "You know these people. You've dealt with them before. You understand what they value, what they fear, what will make them stop."

"You want me to threaten their families."

"I want you to solve a problem. How you solve it is up to you." He pushed the folder toward her. "Consider it a test. Prove you understand how the system works, and you'll have everything you've been working toward. Pattern Integrity. Real authority. The chance to shape how truth escapes instead of just suppressing it."

She looked at the folder. Three names. Three people she'd already pressured, threatened, used.

Three people whose true patterns matched hers.

"And if I refuse?"

"Then I'll find someone else to solve the problem. And I'll have to solve the problem of you as well." His voice was almost gentle. "I don't want to do that, Vàscalìn. You're the best Warden I've trained in thirty years. But the system has to survive. It has to. And

anyone who threatens that survival—even someone I care about—becomes a problem that needs solving."

She took the folder. Stood. Walked to the door.

"Vàscalìn."

She paused.

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "That you'll warn them instead of threatening them. That you'll help them instead of hurting them. That you can work against the system from inside it." His smile was thin. "Every Warden who's discovered the truth has had that thought. Every single one. And the system has absorbed them all."

"Maybe I'll be different."

"No one is different. The system is bigger than any individual. Stronger than any rebellion. You can't beat it, Vàscalìn. You can only choose how you lose."

She didn't go to threaten them.

But she didn't warn them either—not yet. First, she needed something. Evidence. Proof. Something that would survive even if she didn't.

The shadow ledger. Hàlmahtfhì had said it was somewhere safe, somewhere she wouldn't find it. But she was a Warden. Pattern Integrity. She'd spent fifteen years finding things that people wanted to stay hidden.

The archives first. Not the sealed cases—those were watched. The mundane records, the routine filings, the paperwork of ordinary Warden business that no one bothered to monitor.

Every Szòvòtar who took bribes kept records. Protection against the families who might betray them. Hàlmahtfhì had kept records for fifty years—but he'd retired five years ago. When he'd retired, he'd have needed somewhere to store them. Somewhere safe from official searches. Somewhere connected to the system but outside Warden jurisdiction.

The Pattern Houses themselves. Archives beneath the temples, maintained by Szòvòtarar who'd never let Wardens search their records because pattern readings were sacred, protected, beyond secular authority.

She waited until night. Until the compound was quiet and her colleagues were sleeping or drinking or doing whatever Wardens did when they weren't enforcing lies.

Then she put on her coat, pinned her seal to her belt, and went to commit the first crime of her life.

The Great Pattern House on Temple Hill was never fully dark. Acolytes maintained the eternal flames. Szòvòtarar kept vigil over the sacred records. The Attendance, some said, never slept.

Vàscalìn approached from the servants' entrance—the door where offerings were delivered, where supplies came in, where the mundane business of maintaining a temple happened away from the eyes of the faithful.

Her Warden's seal got her past the first guard. Her Authority card got her past the second. The lie she'd prepared—investigating a historical pattern discrepancy, requiring access to archived records—got her past the night-duty Szòvòtar with barely a raised eyebrow.

"The archives are in the lower level," the Szòvòtar said. "But they're extensive. What specifically are you looking for?"

"Records from Szòvòtar Hàlmahtfhì's tenure. Year 380 through 424."

"That's forty-four years of ceremonies. Thousands of Bindings."

"I have authorization to review whatever's necessary."

The Szòvòtar hesitated—but the seal was real, the Authority card was real, and questioning a Warden's business was the kind of thing that led to awkward conversations with the Fòlòràhd.

"This way," she said.

The archives were old. Older than the temple above them, older than the city, older than anything Vàscalìn had touched outside of dissolution chambers. Stone shelves carved into living rock, holding centuries of records, the accumulated documentation of every Binding in Fonváros history.

And somewhere in these shelves, if she was right, Hàlmahtfhì's shadow ledger. The record of every adjustment he'd made. Every truth he'd erased. Every lie he'd written.

She searched for three hours. Moved methodically through the sections, reading labels, opening containers, looking for the hiding place an old man would have chosen for his most dangerous secrets.

She found it in a case labeled *Ceremonial Supplies - Obsolete*. A false bottom beneath stacks of worn Binding cards, and under that—

A ledger. Handwritten. Hundreds of pages.

Adjustment Records - Private, the first page read. *For the protection of all parties. In case of betrayal.*

She opened it. Read the first entry. The second. The third.

Names she recognized. Families she'd investigated. Cases she'd closed.

And there, in the middle of the book—her own name. Her own Binding. Her own purchased future, documented in the handwriting of the man who'd stolen her pattern.

She took the ledger. Didn't hesitate. Didn't second-guess.

Then she walked out of the temple, past the night-duty Szòvòtar who didn't ask what she'd found, past the guards who didn't question a Warden leaving at odd hours, into the grey pre-dawn streets of a city that was about to change.

Èitar was waiting in the tea house when she arrived.

"You have something," the information broker said. Not a question.

Vàscalìn set the ledger on the table between them. "Decades of adjustments. Hundreds of families. Every lie Hàlmahtfhì ever wrote, documented in his own hand."

Èitar touched the ledger's cover but didn't open it. "This is dangerous."

"That's why I'm giving it to you."

"Giving it?" Her eyebrows rose. "This cancels debts, Vàscalìn. This is worth more than favors."

"I don't want it for myself. I want it distributed. Copied. Put in enough hands that it can't be destroyed." Vàscalìn's voice was steady. "The system is going to try to bury this. Try to silence the people who know. I need the truth to survive even if I don't."

Èitar studied her for a long moment. The calculating look—the merchant assessing goods—but something else beneath it now. Something that might have been respect.

"You've decided," she said. "Which side you're on."

"I've decided what I can live with."

"And what's that?"

"Not this." Vàscalìn gestured at the ledger. "Not protecting a system that erases people. Not hunting my own kind because someone paid to make me into something I was never supposed to be."

"Your own kind." Èitar's voice was soft. "You found out. About your pattern."

"I found out."

"And now?"

"Now I do whatever the situation requires." She stood. "Distribute the ledger. Make copies. Send them to people who'll keep them safe. And Èitar—"

"Yes?"

"The people Cèrvascalìn wants silenced. The binder, the widow, the Hand Quarter girl. I'm going to warn them. Tonight. Before the Wardens move."

"That's treason."

"That's pattern integrity." Her smile was thin, bitter. "Just not the kind they trained me for."

Part Five

She went to Vizrav Còcalnòc first.

The merchant's widow lived in a comfortable house on the edge of Merchant City—not as grand as the Còcalnòc estates, but respectable enough for a woman who'd married well and outlived well. Vàscalìn arrived at dusk, when the streets were busy enough that a Warden's presence wouldn't be remarkable.

Vìzrav answered the door herself—sixty-three, grey-haired, with the sharp eyes of a woman who'd spent forty years watching her husband's business from positions of official powerlessness.

"Òràhd Vàsçalìn." No surprise in her voice. She'd been expecting this visit. "Come to threaten me?"

"Come to warn you." Vàsçalìn stepped inside without waiting for an invitation. "The Wardens know about the documents you've been sharing. They're going to move against you within days."

Vìzrav's expression didn't change. "And you're telling me this because—"

"Because the documents need to survive. Not the originals—copies. As many copies as possible, in as many hands as possible." She pressed a paper into the woman's hands. "These are people who can help. Distribute the copies to them. Then hide the originals somewhere the Wardens won't find."

"You're betraying your own."

"My own adjusted my pattern without my knowledge and spent thirty years using me to enforce their lies." Vàsçalìn's voice was flat. "I don't have 'my own' anymore. I just have what I can live with."

Vìzrav looked at the paper. At Vàsçalìn. Back at the paper.

"You're one of them," she said slowly. "Adjusted. That's why you're doing this."

"Does it matter?"

"It might. It might matter a great deal." She folded the paper, tucked it into her sleeve. "I'll do what you're asking. But I want you to know—my husband knew. About the adjustments. He was part of it. I've been living with that knowledge for twenty years."

"How?"

"The same way you're going to have to. One day at a time. One truth at a time. One decision at a time." She opened the door for Vàsçalìn to leave. "Thank you for the warning, Òràhd. I hope you survive what's coming."

"So do I."

Vèirnav next.

The Hand Quarter was dark by the time she arrived—no street lamps here, no watch patrols, just the huddled masses of the pattern-constrained making their way through another night. Vàscalin moved through the narrow streets with her coat collar turned up, her seal hidden, looking nothing like a Warden.

She found him in his room on Rag-Picker's Lane. The same room where Cèresnav had dissolved. The same smell of Residue and poverty.

"Warden." His voice was wary. "Come to take more of my echoes?"

"Come to tell you to protect them." She stepped inside, closed the door. "The Wardens know about the memories you've been sharing. The fragments from Cèresnav. They're going to try to silence you."

"Silence me how?"

"I don't know. Dissolution, maybe. Making you disappear." She met his eyes—the bleed-fog matching her own. "The memories you carry—the bleed—it's protection. They can't extract what's dissolved into your own pattern. But they can still hurt you. Hurt the people you care about."

"I don't have anyone I care about. Cèresnav's gone."

"Then find someone. Build something. Because the truth you're carrying—it matters. And when the system falls, someone's going to need to know what it was built on."

He was silent for a long moment. Studying her the way he'd studied her a month ago, when she'd taken his echoes and let him keep the bone disc.

"You're not just warning me," he said. "You're asking me to do something."

"I'm asking you to survive. To teach others what you know. To make sure the memories outlast both of us."

"Why?"

Because your pattern is my pattern. Because your path is my path. Because I spent fifteen years destroying people like you, and this is the only way I know to make it mean something.

"Because someone has to," she said. "And you're the only one who can."

Àrnnav last.

She couldn't reach the girl directly—too much surveillance, too many Warden eyes on the Hand Quarter since the Vèircai arrest. Instead, she went through Èitar, passing a message through channels that even Cèvascalìn couldn't monitor.

Your ledger is leverage. Don't give it up for anything less than survival. Make copies. Hide them. And when the time comes—use them.

The message was short. Probably too short. But it was all she could risk.

She returned to her apartment at midnight to find Cèvascalìn waiting.

He was sitting in her chair by the window, her private ledger open in his lap. The one she'd been building. The list of every dissolution, every buried case, every truth she'd suppressed.

"Interesting reading," he said. "Did you really think I wouldn't notice you accessing the temple archives? That I wouldn't have people watching Èitar's tea house?"

"I assumed you would."

"Then why do it?"

"Because it needed to be done." She stood in the doorway, not approaching, not retreating. "The shadow ledger is already distributed. Copies in a dozen hands by now. You can't suppress it anymore."

"You've destroyed yourself. You understand that."

"I've destroyed my career. That's not the same thing."

He closed her ledger. Set it aside. Stood.

"You're under arrest," he said. "For theft of sacred documents. For conspiracy against pattern integrity. For treason against the Warden authority."

"I know."

"You'll be dissolved. The same way you dissolved hundreds of echoes. The same way you'd have dissolved everyone who threatened the system." His voice was almost sad. "I gave you everything, Vàscalìn. A career. A future. A chance to matter. And you threw

it away for—what? People who don't know your name? Truths that won't change anything?"

"For the chance to be what I was supposed to be." She met his eyes. "Thorn and Maze. Difficult connections. Complicated paths. You can dissolve me, Cèrvascalìn. You can make me disappear. But the ledger's out there now. The truth is spreading. And eventually—maybe not tomorrow, maybe not this year—eventually it's going to be too big to contain."

"Eventually is a long time."

"I know. I'm playing a long game." She smiled—the first real smile she'd worn in weeks. "You taught me that. Play the long game. Make decisions that will matter in thirty years, not thirty days."

He stared at her. And for just a moment, something cracked in his composed expression—something that might have been doubt, or regret, or the faintest stirring of recognition.

"You're wrong," he said. "The system will survive. It always survives."

"Maybe. But it won't survive unchanged. That's the thing about truth—you can suppress it, bury it, pretend it doesn't exist. But it keeps coming back. Every generation, someone finds it again. And eventually, someone's going to find it who's strong enough to do something about it."

"And you think that's you?"

"I think I'm the one who starts it. The one who makes the first crack." She held out her hands for the restraints she knew were coming. "That's enough. That's all anyone can do—start cracks and hope they spread."

Epilogue. Six weeks later.

The cell was small and cold, and Vàscalìn had stopped counting days.

They hadn't dissolved her—not yet. Cèrvascalìn was too smart for that. A dissolution would raise questions, create paperwork, leave traces. Better to let her rot in a cell until everyone forgot she'd existed. Better to manage the problem quietly, the way the system had always managed its problems.

But the ledger was still out there. She knew that, even in the darkness, even in the silence. Èitar had copies. Vizrav had copies. Somewhere in the Hand Quarter, Àrnnav was building something with her own ledger, her own truth, her own complicated path.

And somewhere outside the city, the truth was spreading. Whispers at first. Questions. Doubts.

The kind of cracks that eventually brought down walls.

The cell door opened. She looked up, expecting a guard, expecting interrogation, expecting another attempt to break her.

Instead, she saw Èitar.

"You're being released," the information broker said. "Charges dropped. Cèrvascalin has decided you're more useful alive and discredited than dead and martyred."

"That's convenient."

"That's politics. He's trading your silence for your freedom." Èitar's smile was sharp. "Of course, you don't have to be silent. The ledger's still spreading. The truth's still out there."

"And if I keep talking?"

"Then you become a problem again. And problems get solved." She stepped aside, gesturing for Vàscalin to leave the cell. "But I have a proposal. A way to keep talking without getting dissolved."

"What kind of proposal?"

"The kind where you work for me instead of against everyone." Èitar's eyes glittered. "I need someone who understands how the Wardens think. Someone who can predict their moves, anticipate their strategies. Someone who used to be one of them."

"You want me to spy on the system."

"I want you to help me break it. Carefully. Slowly. One crack at a time." She smiled.

"You said it yourself—start cracks and hope they spread. Well. I've been starting cracks for twenty years. And I could use a partner who knows where the foundation is weakest."

Vàscalìn stood in the doorway of her cell, feeling the weight of the choice. Go back to silence, to the comfortable lies, to pretending she was still Tower-Watch when she'd always been Thorn. Or go forward into something uncertain, something dangerous, something that might get her killed but might also matter.

Difficult connections. Complicated paths.

For the first time in her life, she was walking her own pattern.

"Tell me where to start," she said.

Closing image.

Vàscalìn in the grey morning light of Fonváros, walking through streets she'd patrolled for fifteen years. No Warden's coat now. No seal at her belt. Just a woman with fog behind her eyes and truth in her pocket, heading toward a meeting that would determine everything that came next.

The city looked different from this side. Smaller. More fragile. The pattern system that had shaped her whole life suddenly visible as what it really was—not divine order, not immutable truth, just stories people told because the alternative was chaos.

But stories could be changed. Lies could be exposed. And somewhere in the architecture of comfortable falsehood, the cracks were spreading.

She didn't know what came next. Didn't know if she'd survive it, or if the truth would survive her, or if any of it would matter when the dust settled.

But she knew this: she was finally what she was supposed to be. Thorn-pattern. Maze-walker. Making difficult connections. Walking complicated paths.

And somewhere in the future, a wall was going to fall.

She could feel it coming. Could feel it in the fog behind her eyes, in the weight of what she carried, in the silence of a city that didn't know yet how much it was about to change.

The pattern was still being woven. The ledger was still being written.

And she was finally holding her own thread.

End of "The Warden"