

"But the Secret Tower... Ouch!"

Isa stopped talking, rubbed the back of his head again, and stepped away from Philip just in case.

It smelled like smoke, and the smell made everyone want to sneeze. Isa was standing, staring upward in horror. There, between the cogs, a cauldron of boiling tar was being dragged to the edge of the wall.

"Ready!"

The fire burst into flames, a shower of sparks, and Isa shook himself startled as he backed away from the wall.

"Where are you going?" Philip grabbed him by the collar and pulled him back under the shield. "Don't feel like living?"

There was shouting from above, a clang of weapons, and a crash of tar against the magical dome. There was a crackling sound, the shield cracked, and Philip grimaced painfully.

"Get out!"

With the roar of fire and magic melting under the hot tar, Isa trotted off after them all, trying not to look at the fire and the people fidgeting above, on the wall.

Isa was bad at fighting as well as running, so soon he lagged behind and stopped for a moment, breathing heavily and resting his hands on his knees. He turned around and peered at the fortress before realizing he was standing in front of the Secret Tower that had given him two good slaps today.

"Isa!"

He made an angry fist at the tower and was about to catch up with the group, but at that moment something trembled somewhere on the side of the tower. Isa looked closely and realized that it was a door opening, very carefully camouflaged with bricks. If he had not seen it with his own eyes, he would never have believed it - it was so well hidden in the wall.