

"'The Secret Tower'," Philip, one of the mages, answered instead of the commander, "is the name."

Philip was about two meters tall, and seemingly the same in the shoulders, so Isa was afraid of him and respected him, of course (try not to respect the big man like that).

Robinson nodded at him and opened his mouth to continue, but there was a rumbling sound as another of the cannonballs crashed inappropriately into the ground right near him. Philip held up his hand, and a faint glow escaped his fingers, keeping the shrapnel from striking the group.

In general, this whole siege didn't seem to work out so well for Isa. Neither did serving in the king's army. After all, Isa dreamt of becoming an actor.

"You said there was a secret passage through here somewhere," he reminded, glancing warily at the cannons that were being fired at the walls. "Besides, I'm not an expert, but standing right in the line of fire is not exactly conducive to longevity, and..."

"Isa!" Philip snarled grudgingly, giving him an imposing slap in the back of the head. "What did we say about that?"

"'Keep silent and listen to your elders'," he squeaked, rubbing his head resentfully. "I got it."

Robinson pretended not to notice.

He respected his commander, too, for he looked very imposing, with his armor gleaming in the sun and his weapon. Robinson never slapped Isa on the wrist, for instance. Probably because there was always someone nearer and more impatient.

Sometimes Isa was a nuisance to himself, but it's not the reason to be beaten, is it?

"Now," Robinson cleared his throat, "let's get closer. Sebastian, how long does your invisibility spell last?"

"About five minutes," he said.

"I hope we make it."