

A young lad peeked out of the door. He looked at Isa, standing in the middle of the field, and froze frightened.

"Isa, damn you," Philip's heavy hand gripped him by the collar and dragged him back to the troop. "You've found a fine place to rest."
"Phillip, Phillip!" Isa shouted, waving his arms. "The passage!"

The guy who looked out of the tower began to slowly close the door behind him.

"Where?"

"There!" Isa jabbed his finger at the secret passage.

Philip turned his head and froze. So did the stranger, who still hadn't managed to close the door behind him.

"That's crazy."

"I told you, everything simple is actually simple... Ouch! What for now?" Isa tried to wriggle out of Philip's grasp, but he held him tight.

"For the instructive tone."

"Do I get a bonus for that?"

"For the tone of voice?"

"For sneaking around!"

"The concept of a siege of the fortress does not imply bonuses."

"The concept of the word 'concept' does not imply using it once a minute."

Isa prepared for another slap, but there was none: Philip let go of Isa, and the latter, not expecting it, collapsed to the ground. The mage waved to the rest of the group. The man in the secret passage turned pale and said something in his native language, that Isa had never met. Regardless, one could sense the mystery man's thoughts: his face was a blend of fear for his fate, bewilderment, and despair.