

"Gods, get that idiot out of here."

"I could kill him myself."

"And why would we do that?"

"What kind of fool places a secret passage in the 'Tower of Secrecy'?" Robinson summed up. "It's a secret passage."

"Well, why don't they?" said Isa, frustrated. "What did they call that tower?" he pointed to the red brick structure.

"'The Red Tower'," Philip answered.

"And this one?" Isa pointed to the far side of the wall, where there was another tower in the corner.

"'The Corner Tower'."

"And this one?" this time Isa pointed to the tallest and bulkiest of the towers, where the main gate was, now shut tight.

"'The Big Tower'."

Isa looked at Robinson meaningfully, and then added: "It's not that I don't respect our enemies, but you must admit they're not very imaginative, so I thought..."

"Shall we take him back to camp?"

"Yes, I'd rather be punished later by Them than suffer HIM now."

Isa looked at Robinson. He sadly shook his head, disappointed in Isa (Robinson has got used to it already), who folded his arms across his chest in an aggrieved manner.

"Oh, come on."

"We don't have much time. Five minutes. Alan lights it, we cover it. That's all there is to do. Then back."

In Isa's opinion, things in this world were a little more obvious than everyone used to think. And people were simpler (he judged that by himself). However, no one respected him for that philosophy: for his philosophy, and also for the stupid songs of his composition and his inability to swing a sword.

DYMENT