

A book

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I

THE CASE OF THE NIGHT-RUNNER

* * *

Note: this work uses the convention of placing the surname before the given name.

As the dim moonlight forspread through the ever-waking boughs of cedars rustling in a gentle lullaby among the placid wind, and the nearby creek, once a leviathan waterfall from the distant peaks, flowed as it always did, a young person with flowing lavender hair in open clothing sat on the birch-plank floor of the fifth-story loggia, enjoying a rare hour free of mundane housework. Cytaen Myllada, no more than thirteen years of age at that time, once could fantasize of tales and legends, war and peace, the great and the small, that lay beyond the cedars, or even this village, and had even written of them, but now her imaginations had nearly run out. After all, speculating what is there does not compare to actually knowing what is there, nor does mere knowledge compare to seeing these places firsthand.

Myllada also held a long-standing interest over mathematics and nature, interests that her parents, allegedly desiring an ignoramus to perform chores and marry young, would not tolerate. Having seen no interior of a school or library, she had learned to read using a book she had received eight years ago from an eccentric instructor, stashed in a closet alongside seven score pages of her own writing, avoiding the wrath of the flame.

By then, this inquisitiveness had vexed the young person for no fewer than three thousand nights in the confines of the mansion uneroded by time, wherein one could not find any traces of modern society.

The unexpected clamor of bushes snapped her out of reverie. Myllada, who seldom had the opportunity of conversing with those outside her family, transitioned into a kneeling position, peering over the rails in order to discern who, or what, made that sound.

Flashing a cloak as dark as the rest of its outfit, a form scurried along the side of the building.

Loudly enough for the figure to hear the sound, but quietly enough to avoid waking up anyone else in the house, Myllada whistled.

The figure stopped and turned around, running to the source of the whistle.

Knowing that any speech would attract attention, Myllada brandished her

hand, receded into her room, pulled out a sheet of paper and a pen, and scribbled a message before folding the paper several times and tossing it onto the needle-covered grounds, ensuring that the letter did not land on a lower loggia.

The note thudded on hitting the ground, at which the unidentified scampered to collect it, before bowing shallowly and making haste out of the forest.

As the surroundings of the house again became desolate, Myllada again felt the hopelessness of residing there. But with this cloud came a silver lining: the narrowest probability that whomever she spotted would respond to her plea; help her escape the wretched prison.

* * *

As the sun rose, a person, having returned home not long ago, opened a note that flew from a mansion untouched by centuries past. Not only was the letter unsigned, but the handwriting flew in all directions, hardly organized, and a style unexpected from someone who would live in such a place.

I have been stuck in this house for many years, without a day of school, being raised as an ignoramus whose only purpose is to maintain the house and marry young. You are one of the few people other than family members whom I can reach.

Please consider replying by any feasible measures. If I find you helpful, then I will find something for you in return. Make sure to arrive at night and bring clothing.

The recipient wondered why the sender asked for clothing – perhaps the sender was naked? In any case, there was work to be done, to which the message was completely irrelevant.

* * *

By midday the excitement over the mysterious visitor has eroded, and the possibility of any further external contact seemed a distant dream. *That person will never come; what do I have in return?* Myllada pondered as she swept the corridors, lapsing for a few seconds.

“A woman who does not sweep is worthless!” came a deep yell behind her, shocking her back into the monotonous task.

I could count the people who use that word with one hand. Well, on the bright side, if I’m worthless, then it shouldn’t matter much to get out of here! Myllada humorously concluded while joining thought and movement into the same rhythm. *But, of course, I can’t just brazenly say “I’m useless to you” and frolic out through the door.*

* * *

Once again the moonlight diffused through the tree-branches and save the ever-running creek and the whispering of the trees all was quiet. Myllada was

in her room tonight, lying in bed, when she heard the familiar clamor of bushes and opened the door to the loggia in response.

It appeared to be the same night-walker, now peering upwards toward her vicinity. The figure observed the trees, as if it were finding a path into the house, but after a long moment, it left behind a large sack and ran away into the depths of the woods.

Whatever it left... it must be coming back, but for what? pondered Myllada as she receded to her room. She opened the closet door and pulled out a stack of papers hidden behind the immodest clothing she had. Kneeling toward the moonlight, she picked up random pages to read and held them to the air.

Sturdy wooden bridges span the mountains between which the river was born, connecting the buildings suspended in the air. Most of the rooms are open to the cold air, with tall windows with no glass.

Near the valleys tunnels a veten wide are bored in the walls of the mountains, leading to mineshafts reaching up to three navso underground.

And another:

In the forests to the south there once existed a great city, two navso across, whose tallest structures could be observed from eighty navso away. One who traveled through it would be confused about whether it was day or night.

It has been long since it was flattened to ruins, but several visitors still frequent a mysterious shack near its center –

Hearing a whistle, Myllada opened the door to the loggia and noticed a contraption brought by the night-runner – what seemed to be a tray with a crank to the side.

Upon depositing the sack onto the tray, the figure turned the crank, causing the machine to lift the tray up to the fifth floor using some sort of metallic arm.

Myllada retrieved and opened the sack, finding a pair of sandals and a plum-colored robe. Inside the robe was the note she had sent, with a message on the back: *Can you get out?* to which she, still in the open dress, and discerning that the platform obviously could not support a human being, took out a pen and replied:

All of the doors are sealed. Perhaps I could jump off, but how would I return?

II

THE TAILLESS LONG-TAIL

* * *

When Myllada rose again in the morning, she felt that she had not slept enough, but her father was yelling for her in the voice she had learned to abhor. Her name, her appearance, her voice – she detested nearly everything in her current life, but now was the wrong time for absentminded mentation, and she reluctantly stood up and opened the door to the rest of the edifice.

At the table over the early meals, always eaten in sleeping-clothes, her father inquired, “Thou lookest half-asleep. Hast thou been awake all night?”

“I have not,” replied Myllada, while sipping her tea. The taste, she noticed, was slightly exotic.

* * *

Another night fell and Myllada was alone in her room, putting on the clothing that she received the past night and anticipating another visit, reading her old compositions to keep herself occupied.

Suddenly, she felt exhausted and could not concentrate on the passages. A desire to sleep encroached on her mind, more influential than the anticipation of a friend, and she, still covered to the feet and down the arms, unfolded her body and laid her head on her right arm, allowing a curtain of darkness to descend.

* * *

Myllada woke up, face in a bucket of water. To the side there was a person no more than four and twenty years old, with short dark brown hair, as well as a lantern, which was somehow lit without a flame.

Rising into a sitting position, Myllada asked, “How did you get in?”

“One of the windows wasn’t sealed properly. My name is Darmjarel Telto.”

“Cytaen Myllada. Where’s your tail? I can’t find it.”

“I’d like to look at your necklace. It looks quite attractive on you.”

Myllada pulled out a fine golden chain fitted snugly around her neck. The red gem at the front was cut into a rhombus, but there was an orange mist trapped inside it.

Telto almost jumped in surprise. “This is a *tracking charm*. Long since they’ve been banned. As long as it’s on, whoever put it there knows where you

are. Severing the chain isn't of any use either; that person will be notified with immense pain. Now if you could find where the two ends of the chain were connected, you could disconnect them and avoid these measures. However, the necklace is hot to the touch for anyone but the wearer."

"Now, how difficult is disconnecting the two ends like that?"

"Finding the joining point isn't too difficult; you can just look for an abnormality in the chain. The hard part is actually disconnecting them without triggering the notification; as doing so requires precision. Even connecting the charm into a full circle is a huge feat."

"That's almost impossible, much less doing it the night of your escape."

"If they dare to use forbidden magic like that," pointed out the acquaintance, "they wouldn't hesitate to kill a person of anything less than pure blood. This is a dangerous place to meet; we should gather a short distance from here. A sleeping person can't track you, of course. And for this purpose, I brought something." Telto pulled a knotted rope out of a sack. "Tie this to one of the pillars out there and climb down. And take a bag too."

"Thank you very much."

"So you can read and write, is that correct? Do you enjoy it?"

"I can. I used to enjoy writing, but now my imagination has run out. At the same time, I'd like more books to read."

"I'd like to talk more, but morning is approaching, and I'd like to survive. I will see you next night."

While Telto, carrying the lantern, leaped from the loggia, Myllada started stashing the rope and the bag into the closet and changing into the open dress, crawling into the bed before sleep caught her again.

III

THE SPIRE TO THE SKY

* * *

When the old man Nasrelten opened the door to his daughter's room, he was puzzled to see a bucket of water inside.

"Why is there a bucket of water in thy room?"

To which Myllada replied, "The room was hot."

"Beware: I am not a foolish man. If thou thinkest of departing without my consent, I will promptly encounter and escort thee back here. Now let us eat." The old man left toward the table.

Myllada had no choice but to follow the old man, and she recalled the tea tasting slightly unusual. *Perhaps it contained a sleeping ingredient.*

* * *

Once again did night fall, but so did a heavy rain, sliding off the leaves and assimilating into the ground. Myllada, not wanting to read that night, knelt toward the exterior in the clothing given by Long-Tail, with the rope to her side.

The pattering of the rain muffled the whistle, but Myllada could detect it; in response, she opened the door and walked outside to tie the rope to one of the pillars and slide across it onto the muddy ground, making a splash and dirtying her feet. Without saying a word, Telto ran away, prompting Myllada to follow her under an old spruce tree, whose soft floor of spent needles were moistened only by the occasional drop of rain that managed to pass through the canopy.

The cold light from the lantern turned on, lighting the underside of the tree with a white glow. Telto opened her own bag and took out a small book.

Looking at the pages, Myllada scooted herself beside Telto while she opened the book and started reading aloud, following the elegantly printed letters.

In the great days of Asnar, winter came every year and covered forests and plains in an untouched blanket of snow. Winter after winter, the snowflakes flew down onto the ground and piled up two reašyr high, and the two sisters frolicked across the land, leaving no footprints, neither above the other.

That is, until the fall of Asnar and the succession of Fenran, when the snow clouds advanced less and piled up lower each year, and

the summers grew warmer. They prayed to the Commander of the Sky to undo this effect, yet still the snow melted more quickly every spring and became less inclined to visit when autumn had stripped the trees of their leaves.

At last on the end of winter of the 1289th year, when the snow piled up no more than a half reaser, the elder one cursed the Commander for the diminishing cold season.

In hearing this curse, the Commander snatched the gift of coldness and imposed an eternal summer where they dwelt, to the degree that even the shade became too hot for the two. The sun scorched the mud into bricks, and the river fell an avanta.

The younger sister, while seeking retreat in the lukewarm stream, thought and told to the elder about building a spire to reach the heavens and knock down its potentate.

For sixteen years they advanced the heavens, brick by brick, digging the ground for materials, forming the walls and the stairs, no longer being equals but rather having the elder command the younger.

After sixteen years of sweltering heat, the spire reached half of the clouds, overlooking the Evil-Telling Mountain, and with a bow they shot the Commander from her cloud, dropping her onto hard soil. The spire toppled, dropping the sisters onto the earth, their falls softened by the white layer deeper than ever before.

Myllada interrupted, "They didn't start speaking a different language than before, did they?"

Telto paused for a few seconds for a breath, the replied, "They still spoke the same language: our language." She continued:

Upon seeing the spire topple and the ground shake, magicians from the surrounding areas investigated what happened. They found the remains a suitable place for them, as their insides felt warm and filled with magical power.

The newcomers showered thanks onto the sisters for a shelter. They replaced the mud-brick walls with stone and lit the interior with torches, and near the edges, they built new rooms.

What was the center of the spire became a great library, lit by the sky, with more than one million books, the shelves towering like the trees of an old forest, filled with works from all directions and distances, from the common to the esoteric.

Across a door, the air was warmed by giant candles, and the walls were made of sandstone from the deserts. Scrolls and books spanned the tables, their text in an illegible script.

And across the hallway, beyond another door, once an underground river was a great canal, two and a half navso long. If one manages to swim that distance, then one encounters another door.

Past that one is a garden of unusual, almost otherworldly flowers. It seemingly floats in outer space, the stars shining brightly, and yet another door lies at the end.

What is beyond that door? A former resident has been known to construct esoteric devices, but has long since left for greater ambitions. No one knows if there is another door, let alone what may exist behind it.

And thus the edifice came to be known as the Castle of Magic Snow.

Myllada added, "I apologize for being asleep last night."

"An ingredient with an unpronounceable name. Ingest it in the morning; be quick asleep at night. Where did you find it?"

"I suppose it was in my morning tea. If I don't drink it, though, the old man will get suspicious."

"Could you swap the glasses when he's not looking? I could make a distraction."

"Only when no one else is looking."

For a short time, only the rain made any sound, while the halo of scarlet light made its first appearances in the east. Telto lifted Myllada, carrying her to the rope back up.

"Let me have your clothes and I'll bring them clean next night."

Feeling guilty for having another person do her chores, but at the same time knowing that doing so was also the only way not to get caught harboring a friendship forbidden by her parents, Myllada climbed the rope and took off her clothing. She threw them down and, after untying and stowing the rope, collapsed on the bed naked.

IV

THE LAW OF THE TETRADEUS

* * *

The next morning, the rain ceased to fall, and Myllada could hardly wake up that, when the old man came into her room, he thought that she might be ill.

“Art thou well, my daughter?”

Recognizing the opportunity for a day off, Myllada, remaining in her bed, replied, “No, I am not.” Now that she said it, she truly might not have felt well.

“Then thou shalt remain in bed. Be dressed, but do not overwork thyself.”

* * *

While Myllada was in need of more sleep, the day was still dull and uneventful when she was awake, and, without a clock in the room, she scrutinized the passing of the clouds across the vivid blue sky through the window, imagining kingdoms behind them. Myllada, however, knew from the book that clouds were formed from water vapor, throwing her imagination through the clouds, into the ground.

And that the sun was a star (contrary to what the old man insisted), too hot to live on.

Or that the stars were too far away to visit.

Or the moon only reflected the sun’s light.

Or trees can only become so tall.

Or the world did not expand in a plane into infinity, but rather into itself as a sphere.

Or the Castle of Magic Snow was only a tale, and not reality.

Even if it were, would the sisters have been more content if the snow did not recede and the castle had never been built, or if all happened as in the story?

And *this* reality was only several *etago* in area, devoid of knowledge, with no worthwhile endeavors, only the drudgery of housework, or when fortunate enough to be ill, lying in bed, and doomed to commit early to another person and not choose him – except that this reality was not the only one, and today she could jump out of the window and abandon it forever – if only she had not dirtied her clothes yesterday night.

Myllada stretched her arms and extended the right one over the lower area, rubbing it like the gentle breeze blowing through the window (which the old man had left open), until the knob turned and the back door creaked –

“*Myllada!*” gasped and scolded the old lady Cytaen, who arrived to take her to a bath, quickly cocking her head away and covering her eyes. “Why is thy hand where it is?”

Unable to speak, Myllada slowly shifted her hand away from the area. “No, no reason! It was just a coincidence, mother!”

“Now come with me.”

More energetic than at sunrise, Myllada, still in bed-dress, followed her mother down the stairs, toward the bathing room, a granite chamber with the only windows being the wide ones near the ceiling, entering one of the doors inside while the old woman retrieved several buckets of water.

Now without any clothes, Myllada felt a rough, soapy cloth scratch her, with torrents of water continually raining down, before the woman, strapped *nenfya* drenched, rubbed her body with soft towels and wrapped a long, thin sheet around her many times and pushed her into the water.

Even the sheet did not dull the pain from the ice-cold water – not to mention the bucketfuls that her mother poured over her head every ten seconds, leaving Myllada unable to admire the scenery through the windows. Beneath her audible shivers was a silent prayer to not die from hypothermia – to see it stop any time. Just as the frigidness was about to surpass Myllada’s endurance and she was about to start screaming and pass out, her mother commanded sternly, “Get out.”

The young person processed a thousand different apologies and promises through her head before she felt the sheet being unwrapped from her and towels drying her, this time, more thoroughly, giving a hint that the brutal coldness was now over.

Her mother, gently enunciating, “Thou seem’st well enough,” dried herself and carried her child on her back to another door. On letting Myllada slide off her back, the old woman covered her with a delicate layer of chalk from head to toe.

Great, well enough for some festival. I’ll probably walk limp for the rest of my life too.

* * *

They arrived by apparition to a garden near a brick houses, Masters Nasrelten and Cytaen wearing masks, with the elder child of the latter name beside them. (The younger child, naturally, was still at home, too young to attend.) Candles gave a dim but sufficient light on the many-colored flowers, while quiet music played in the background.

Having been exacted to stay at her parents’ side and not wishing for retribution, Myllada clutched her mother’s hand, whispering, “I do not feel that well.”

“Please stop making excuses.”

“I really don’t –”

Myllada felt a pinch on her back.

* * *

Two hours passed, with Myllada passing them by fondling the grass and the flowers, when she heard her name. She looked up, wondering why she was needed, when her parents pointed to an evacuated center, occupied only by another man, as well as a boy two years older than she.

Myllada took several steps in that direction, but suddenly she gained an insight on what was happening and took a step back.

The crowd went quiet.

“Go forward.”

Several seconds passed before Myllada scurried, still barefoot, although even doing so quietly didn’t prevent the others from noticing her run away.

Myllada jumped around the mansion a quarter of the way before she hopped into a bush to buy a few more hours.

* * *

Four hours passed when Myllada felt a touch and suddenly found herself at home. The mother sobbed, her tears washing away the powder off her face.

The old man Nasrelten first uttered a single word: “What?”

Myllada felt that if she waited a few minutes –

“What is thy problem?” the old man exploded in fury.

Not knowing how to reply, Myllada froze in dread –

“*What is thy problem?*” repeated the enraged person.

“That...” and she paused. “I am worthless to you and therefore should be forced out of this family.”

In a softer voice, the old man refuted,

What will thou get outside this home, thou wretch,
For what a cold and bitter place that is
And weak in mind and body thou canst be –

“Because you made me so, and when you die!” raised she the volume of her silky voice.

The response appeared in a firm tone, “By the time we perish, thou wilt be married.”

“I do not wish to be married – to depend on another mortal for my success.”

“This is against the nature created by the Four Gods; when it is shattered, the shards will stab society.”

“And when you prove that there are four gods and no more; when you prove that they wrote rules; when you find the correct one, then I’ll gladly marry.”

As a reaction the old man collapsed, and his spouse, wiping up her tears, warned, “It has already been too late to return. Carry thy father to the room, and beware that I expect the entire house cleaned by sunrise,” before returning to wash herself and go to bed.

Myllada, on the other hand, walked down the stairs to the basement, gathering a broom and a rag, and back up to the first floor to carry her father to the room. She wet the rag and picked up the particles of chalk remaining on

the floor, then returned to the basement and sat on the floor until she was sure that both of her parents were sleeping.

After half an hour, she checked to see that the bathing-room was unlit, and washed herself there in the dark (after all, it is hard to clean a house when covered in chalk).

Managing to discern some footsteps on the southern side of the domicile, Myllada crawled up the stairs to her room. The familiar sound of the flying tray started, and she picked up the clean sandals and robe, as well as a wide-brimmed hat, all of which she put on in her room before taking the blanket and running to the kitchen.

It did not take long for her to reappear with a sack full of food. Myllada pulled out two sheets of paper; on the first, she wrote, in the most haphazard handwriting that remained legible:

*I AM WORTHLESS TO YOU!
MAYBE I WILL BE MORE USEFUL TO SOMEONE ELSE!!!
SIGNED, YOUR USELESS FIRSTBORN!!!
(P. S. I took some of your food; it should be less than what you
spend on me.)*

On the second, more neatly:

*Just escaped the union.
We're going for good. Gather a pile of leaves below.
Bringing some food too.*

Myllada left the first note on her bed (not hers anymore) and the second on the flying tray. Telto wound the crank the other way, eagerly read the letter, and piled up leaves a half *avanta* high.

Meanwhile, Myllada packed the book and her loose writings into her bag, coiled the rope over her left shoulder, and jumped off the ledge...

V

A DIVINE PROMISE

* * *

Myllada landed with a soft thud, albeit with her hair all over the place and her hat off-center.

Swiftly and lightly did Telto run, hardly making any sound, and swiftly and lightly did Myllada follow her. By then the moon was only half its size, but the stars shone almost as brightly as it did on the first encounter.

Behind bushes and trees, Telto had cut eight of the iron bars from the fence, and near that opening Myllada stopped. "Give me the knife."

Telto handed Myllada a makeshift knife, with its blade sticking out at a peculiar angle from the handle, now wrapped in paper. Myllada first made two cuts through her hair at the shoulder level, and then took out the amulet, aimed for the chain, and pulled the blade through it, grinning as she heard a distant cry of pain.

Dropping the severed necklace, the two dashed through the improvised exit, straight toward an unpaved dirt path...

* * *

While Telto was experienced with running long distances, Myllada was wound down when they reached a small wooden hut next to a lake. It had few windows, all of them plain, and a boat was propped to its side.

Telto opened the door and turned on the lantern. Myllada followed, silently appreciating the austerity of the interior.

"I live with my parents here. Let's scare them," whispered Telto.

As they crept toward the bed, Telto put down the lantern.

* * *

"What in the world are you doing this late?" gasped the one with Telto's hair.

The other, with long red hair, added, "You almost scared us to hell!"

"I came here with someone," Telto pointed to Myllada.

The dark-brown-haired one asked, "Do you two know each other?"

Myllada answered, "Yes."

And the red-haired one: “Anyway, we always welcome visitors.”

The red-haired person, appearing forty-eight years old, flipped a lever, flooding the kitchen with a cold white light.

Curious of what arcane sorcery could generate light without a fire, Myllada questioned, “How did you light the room like that?”

“Electricity,” that person chuckled. “Did you travel through time?”

“Her parents wanted her to marry young, so I’d say so figuratively.” Telto, too, wanted to know more about Myllada’s origins.

“What’s your name, young person?”

“Cytaen Myllada. It seems to me, too, that I’ve stumbled into the far future.”

“Ercelco Šypros,” introduced the red-haired person, who promptly drew five fish out of a white box and carefully placed them on a pan.

“And my name is Darmjarel Cidene,” followed the brown-haired one. “Telto, even you look weary. How far did you run?”

“Six *navso* forward and six back. For my partner it’s just the six back.”

Noticing that Myllada was taking a loaf of bread from her makeshift sack, Cidene thanked her. “What brought you here, stranger?”

“I didn’t like living there. Couldn’t go to school at all –”

“(Nalarylar marahatan es, what kind of parents were hers?)”

“and had to teach myself how to read, forced to wear immodest –”

“(speak of the devil!)”

“and, in general, held worthless unless I was cleaning the house or something. I first saw Telto four days ago, in fact. Dropped a note, and surprisingly she came back the next night. The night after, I fell asleep. This person found an open window, climbed inside, and submerged my head in water.

“She asked for my necklace, which was actually a tracking charm. It’s fortunate she noticed; otherwise, we’d be doomed by morning! I told her that I wanted to read more books,

“and the following night in the heavy rain, she brought a book and read it with me under a tree –”

“(that explains the dirty clothes! If I’d known –)”

“I returned the clothes to her for the day, so content that I forgot to put on clothes before going to bed.

“I was sleepy the next morning, so my father thought I was sick, so he left me in bed. Spent most of my waking hours staring at the sky –” she carefully omitted the part about onanism – “until my mother opened the door to take my bath. That was cold enough for me to think I’d be walking limp for the rest of my life.

“Then she spread chalk on my body, and I wondered what was happening. Took me down to the closet so I could put on an outfit – of course, showing the sides (speak of the devil again) – and my parents and I held hands.

“We suddenly appeared at a garden near a brick house, filled with soft chatter and thousands of candle-flames, reminding me of fireflies. At the center was a stone-brick circle, with six paved paths diverging, their borders delimited by trellises.

“For the most part, I was bored. There was food, but I had to be careful enough not to wipe off the chalk. I spent most of my time with the grass and flowers.

“Then my parents called me and pointed at the circle, where a priest stood with an open scroll and a young person a few years older than I was. I eagerly took the first three steps before realizing what they were trying to do.

“Knowing that I couldn’t go forth, I ran back instead, across one wall of the mansion, and jumped into a group of shrubs and hid in a hole.

“By the time I was found, it was too late. I saw myself back at home, one parent crying and the other raging in disgruntlement. I don’t remember the whole discussion, but I do recall that not marrying was against the law of the gods.”

“How many gods?” interrupted Telto.

“Four. I’ve probably angered them quite a lot.”

Šypros, still frying the fish, chimed in, “Ah, but we believe in only one god, who loves all who act kindly and use reason.”

“Just imagine what would have happened if all hadn’t occurred as planned,” added Cidene. “I know what I’d do if I were the old man in that case. I’d let you back in, give you a warm bath, and find the real reason that you’d want to be somewhere else.”

Myllada rested her arm on the table, lowered her head, and let her tears be absorbed. “I’m sorry... you are the kindest people I’ve ever met.”

“Well, you’ve known only three other people, right?” answered Telto. “It’s a fifty-fifty chance.”

By then, the cooked fish arrived at the table.

Myllada continued, “eventually, he decided to make me clean the whole house that night –”

“(that’s unreasonable.)”

“and sometime later, when the rest of the family was sleeping, I listened to Telto’s footsteps and the sound of the flying tray. Got back the clothes she gave to me, took some of the food, and wrote them a note.”

“*What did it say? What did it say?*”

“Ah, I definitely memorized that.” Myllada took a deep breath –

I AM WORTHLESS TO YOU!

MAYBE I WILL BE MORE USEFUL TO SOMEONE ELSE!!!

SIGNED, YOUR USELESS FIRSTBORN!!!

(P. S. I took some of your food; it should be less than what you spend on me.)

Explosive laughter.

“Asked my friend to pile up some leaves for a soft landing, and jumped over the rails. When we reached the place where some of the iron bars were severed, I asked Telto for a knife. Cut my hair – it used to reach over here –” pointing somewhere mid-back – “, you know – and that tracking charm, and buried both of them in the ground.”

* * *

The sun was now rising.

Myllada helped herself up. “Well, I have to go soon. I don’t want to land on square one again.”

“Telto,” Cidene asked, “you’re going with your friend, right?”

“I will.”

“I pray for both of you; make it back alive!”

The birds sang the song of the morning sun, and the lake reflected the axiomatic scarlet glimmer. Myllada and Telto continued along the path, satiated from the late dinner and feeling reinvigorated.

From then on Myllada found it more fitting to believe in their god and to follow their advice.

VI

THE ISLAND FEARED EVEN BY DRAGONS

* * *

The dirt path gradually vanished and became only a line clear of trees, and when there was no actual grassless area anymore, the trees, displaying the newborn leaves, closed down until the clearing was only two *avantar* wide, too narrow for two people to travel abreast, and thorny brambles spanned the path. Myllada, her hat now tied to her back, was grasping Telto's shoulder in order to avoid falling.

Telto couldn't handle another person's weight. "Stop grabbing my shoulder! I might fall too!"

Myllada complied and knelt on the ground, digging through yesterautumn's deciduous leaves, and fished out a straight stick that towered to her shoulders, firmly prodding the ground with it. "Sorry, didn't want to lose my balance."

* * *

In an half hour the forest opened to a wide, rushing river foaming white, unsuitable for swimming. Not far from them was a shelter constructed from a cliff, and fishing nets scattered in its vicinity.

Myllada put on her hat as they approached the house, leaving prints in the sand.

Out of nowhere, a stray arrow flew across the air as Myllada felt a heavy tug on her robe. Only then did she read the sign:

There is NOTHING free here!
Trespassers WILL be shot!

"Stop being careless here; this isn't your home or mine anymore!" warned Telto as she tore down the post and scurried back into the every-man's-land.

Another arrow flew and hit Telto's back –

* * *

They were now inside a small cave in the middle of the forest, lit only by the electric lantern and the stars, the unreachable stars.

"Why'd you tear down the sign post? That was probably an absurd act."

Telto remained silent as Myllada cleaned her wounds and laid down the stick that was retrieved to her side.

Surely she must have a reason, however unusual. I wouldn't shoot everyone coming on my land, but if someone broke... In any case, we're completely defenseless here. "Can you stay here for some time?"

"What reason?" Feeling a fraction of the pain she did before (as well as mild humiliation), Telto put her clothing back on.

"Gathering materials."

"I'd say proceed."

Myllada did gather sticks and cut thorns, but, in fear of losing her friend, never lost sight of her.

* * *

Another day, of course, came, and Telto arose.

Amused by the amount of sticks, vines, and food retrieved (Myllada consulted her book for every plant collected), she smiled and immediately took some of the sticks and vines.

Not having slept for a day and a half, Myllada laid her head on Telto's lap, watching her friend weave a net out of those vines.

* * *

The sun's feet touched the horizon, splashing a splosh of pink and orange. Myllada found herself lying down on grass, next to the river, where Telto, holding a handle to a net, was catching fish. Myllada tidied her hair and started to sit to the left of Telto.

Noticing someone on her side, Telto commented, "You don't seem afraid of many things. I can run farther than you, and I can catch more fish in a day, but I still fear the unexpected arrows and imaginary creatures in the dark."

"As long as you're here, the only fear I have is of my family."

Telto picked up two of the baskets full of fish. "Well... I'm exhausted. I'm going back to the cave."

And Myllada followed, two more in her hands and bag over her shoulder.

Without prior notice, the ground shook lightly and the river gave a heavy splash. A malachite-green serpent, its rhombic scales as long as a human hand, coiled itself above the surface.

In response to the event, Myllada and Telto turned around.

The dragon lunged toward the land, and Telto bolted farther inland, Myllada tailing her, into the cave. Still spotting the creature heading at the shelter, the former retrieved one of the sticks and a vine. In rage, she held the vine like a whip and released it –

Crying in pain with bloody hands, Myllada caught the thorn. "Stop! That won't hurt it!" A fish flew into the air, and the dragon flew toward it, returning when it caught the bait.

But the dragon returned not to attack. It arrived more slowly, crawling and waiting for something.

By the time Myllada climbed up its body, caressing its head, Telto realized what the former had done. “That is the *Eltesa Ardan*, the river dragon... how did you befriend it? I haven’t heard of a single person do that.”

* * *

As the *Eltesa Ardan*, carrying two passengers and their luggage, neared the center of the river, it headed for an island located there and slowed down.

Myllada and Telto jumped onto that island, one where the sunlight never touched the ground and the water glowed purple.

“What happened there?”

“Somehow afraid to continue rest of the way.”

“That doesn’t make sense, unless that involves getting lost. In any case, we’re stuck here, and we need a way to reach the other side.”

This time, the younger one led the way, her hands still dripping. As the drops of blood hit the river of purple, they disappeared, producing a harsh fizz.

Higher up the mound, thirty *avanto* above the shore, the trees thinned out, and the ground became black ash. Storm clouds, waiting to shower luminescent rain, hovered from where the trees stopped. The narrowing of the rivers indicated that the peak was not far from them.

Myllada whispered, “Varpiss Island,” – no relation with waste – “I read about it.”

* * *

They reached the peak, a plateau with a fountain of pale blue stone – the source of the bright liquid.

Opening her bag, Myllada knelt to the west of the fountain and fished the book.

Varpiss Island: located halfway through the Ardssa River; forty navso southeast of Enmanteten. Formerly a volcano relocated by Mevaneltes Agerne. At the top, a fountain spews moevero – a glowing, purple liquid whose interactions with other materials has been largely undiscovered.

The island was formerly used as a fortress by the Order of the Birch-Leaf, but in the year 1304 it was forsaken. More recently, however, it became occupied by [redacted] –

“We need to leave!”

Lightning struck the center of the fountain, causing it to gush out the liquid and overflow the minuscule streams. The clouds danced as Myllada and Telto hopped the rest of the diameter.

Then there was a patter. Myllada lowered her head, clutching her bag to her chest, heading straight toward the canopy of the trees, ignoring the searing pain of the occasional raindrop.

“*Moevero!*” shouted Telto, also running for her life. “It’s *emveoro* – poison – scrambled!”

“That explains it!” Myllada jumped under the trees in time, a few seconds before Telto.

From a distance, a voice could be heard. “Who was that? What do they want?”

Another: “I bet that they spattered unclean blood on this land.”

Myllada could discern two tall figures, completely unaffected by the rain.

The first: “The rain will have washed the bl’ud anyway. They ran that way.”

Before they knew it, Telto and Myllada reached the shore.

“Where do we go from here?” asked Telto frantically. “Swim?”

“In *that* river, and with my books?”

Telto jumped into the violent current. “Your bag’s waterproof!”

Myllada suddenly found herself flying through the air, enjoying the scenic view of the river but dreading the landing; Telto was not far behind her. In a sudden flash of inspiration, she unwrapped the blanket and handed Telto a *meona*. “This might be our last snack!”

Dead fish flopped from the sky, and what food remained in the sack tumbled to the ground, on the forest floor to be enjoyed by the animals afterwards.

* * *

Back at Varpiss Island, the first to appear seemed disillusioned. “Is that all thou could’st do?”

“I do not know.”

“Thou imbecile, didst thou know who that person was?”

* * *

Myllada felt a bewitching aura, and found herself in a windowless bedroom with stone-brick walls, lit by fluorescent lights from the ceiling. Four paintings were scattered across the room, and she thought she saw parts of them moving. *It was they; I know that act. Lucky to still live. Apparently they didn’t know my origins either.*

Telto was still asleep in the bed next to hers. Although Myllada was hungry, she felt as if here were the most suitable place to recuperate.

VII

THE SEALED ESOTERIC LABORATORY

* * *

When Telto woke up, she was hungry and found herself in different clothes.

“We almost *died*! What the hell were you thinking?” *So much for having only one fear.*

“Hey, relax. We’re on the other side of the river now, and we’re in a nice place.”

“Well, if we were dead, then I’d beat you over until we resurrected! We shouldn’t even have entered Varpiss Island in the first place. After all, you could have asked your dragon to fly to a different one, right?”

The door opened, and a person with long, sky-blue hair and a navy coat, wearing glasses, entered. “Actually, due to erosion, there are no other islands in that river. Varpiss Island remains only because it was moved to its current location relatively recently.

“There’s also a reason that the *Eltesa Ardan* feared crossing the rest of the river. Long ago, Narantar walked over to the river to avenge his master’s death, and nearly slew the dragon, but fortunately for her, she sank back into the water in time.”

Telto, surprised, asked, “How do you know that much?”

Myllada added, “And what is your name?”

“Arcame Derner, master of the Magic Snow Castle, and I happened to read about the river.”

“As usual, Darnjarel Telto —”

“— and Cytaen Myllada, but find another name to call me.”

To which Telto answered, “Find another name yourself, you lazy grass-hair!”

“That’s a beautiful name, though.”

“I agree, Myllada; you should keep it!”

“*Stop!*” shrieked Myllada. “I don’t want to keep it.”

“Hey,” offered Telto, “I bet you can’t find a nickname by the end of the day. Loser gets an extra punch in the face.”

“I’d *love* to punch you in the face.”

“Just aim away from the eyes.”

“Well,” interrupted Derner, “wouldn’t you like to sing with me?”

“Actually, we’re hungry.”

* * *

The dining room carried around sixty tables and had a floor made of wooden planks. Tall windows scattered the walls, taking in the strengthening sunlight.

On Myllada's plate was a mix of fresh vegetables, a fried fish, and a piece of the *amana* fruit. At the same table, her friend and the keeper of the place sat.

"You seem to have landed badly. Did you break any bones?"

"Eh, I doubt it."

"If you feel that you can walk, feel free to navigate this place yourself."

* * *

Myllada entered the great library, flooded with sunlight. As in the legend, the bookshelves towered like the trees of a forest, and the ground between them received relatively little light.

The center circle, however, was open. At a table sat a person with long, pink hair, wearing a pointed hat and a maroon coat, behind a stack of books.

Glancing at the books on the shelves as she passed, Myllada approached the focus.

The other, hearing the footsteps, decided to ignore them.

At arriving at the table, Myllada noticed that the person seemed to be working, and decided that distraction was not a good idea. Therefore, she leaned on one of the bookshelves, observing that person from a distance.

It took only a short time before the person noticed another sitting on the floor.

"Hey, I'm only doing light reading right now."

Myllada approached the one at the table and took another chair.

"Are you new here?" continued that person.

"I came here only last night. Not exactly a soft landing, either. What do you do?"

"I am Erynor Cjanden, the librarian here. I read here, but I also keep track of the books and answer questions about them."

While Myllada desired to read more books, she also wanted to, if the story was real, tour the rest of the edifice. "I'd like to reply with a name, but I've yet to find one, so I'll come back later."

* * *

As Myllada opened the door, she could feel a warm breeze. Braziers lit the sandstone walls, now slightly worn, and the tables were littered with papers and various powders, herbs, and solutions.

"Hello," greeted one with light red hair and catlike ears. "I usually have students in this room, but I don't have any today. But feel free to come as one some other day."

"Thank you." Myllada jogged to the next door, behind which lay a dark, musty canal.

* * *

There was no boat anywhere. *Have to swim, I guess.* Checking if her bag was truly waterproof, Myllada set aside the book and the papers and submerged the bag into the water. Surprisingly, when she fished out the bag, the insides were completely dry. *She was right.*

Suddenly, Myllada felt something clasp her leg – something pulling her underwater. She tried to swim and stay afloat, but that thing was dragging her body down – tighter and tighter. Under the surface, she couldn't breathe; water was entering her lungs as she gasped for air –

* * *

Profoundly drenched and dripping onto the blue-green grass, Myllada raised her head, locating herself in the celestial garden beyond the boxy river. *I swam only one navsa; how am I already here?*

"Ah, you've died and come back alive, carried here by a spell. The residents of the canal often drown swimmers, so we've felt the need to cast it there."

"So am I alive or dead?"

"It's not the case that you were never dead, but right now, you are alive."

"And how long have I been dead?"

"The spell takes effect in only a few seconds."

Shivering and still soaked, Myllada lifted herself. The garden was as described in the story: extraterrestrial flowers blossomed in the edges, and the glass walls, reinforced with a metal frame, separated the interior from the endless void of the rainbow-colored stars.

A mechanical-looking door existed at the end, and before it was a blue circle with patterns traced in gold – a flowerlike drawing surrounded by writing.

The apparent master of this area wore an oversized leaf as a hat and a pea-green robe with depictions of leaves at the edges. "Where did you come from?"

"I swam – or *tried* to swim – across the canal."

"I meant: how did you get to the castle?"

"Rode a dragon to Varpiss Island and two people catapulted me off there."

"Wait... you rode a dragon? Did you tame the *Eltesa Ardan*, the River Dragon?"

"Apparently, I've managed it."

"That's known to be a difficult feat. How did you manage it, then?"

"Is it sufficient to say that I just threw a fish and let her catch it?"

"It's not just throwing fish; it's something else."

"Look, we had no weapons that could pierce her scales. What else was I supposed to do?"

The apparent master paused a few seconds before asking, "What is your name?"

"Well, I'll tell you when I make one up."

"Do you have no name, or are you just reluctant to tell me?"

“Reluctant.”

“If you’ve been welcomed by Master Arcame, then I’d be ejected from this place if I sent you back home, and if I don’t have this place, then where am I to live? Your secret is safe.”

“Then my real name is Cytaen Myllada.”

“Hello, I am Genreto Narendani. And your parents’ surnames are Cytaen and what?”

“Cytaen and Nasrelten.”

“Nasrelten? So you’re one of the descendants from an order of dragon-tamers. The slayer Narantar was too, a descendant of one of the order’s founders, though nearer than you. I also infer that you are a pure-blood who ran away from home, is that correct?”

“That is correct.”

“Don’t tell your parents about me, either!”

“I would *never*!”

“Well, welcome to the Castle of Magic Snow.”

“Thank you. Could you please open that door at the end?”

While walking toward the door, Narendani ranted, “I’d like to do so, but I’ve never been able to open it. I found the key, and it fits and turns, but the door never even opens.”

Myllada leaned against one of the side posts, and out of nowhere, the halves split and retreated to the side. “Whoa, what happened?!”

Myllada flipped the light switch, and the lights worked as they did when the room was last in use a decade ago. The now-uncovered room, with a floor still swept and tidy, held desks with a variety of machines, tools, papers, and terminals. Myllada grabbed a chair and pulled herself to a desk with a gargantuan monitor.

Narendani pointed to a red button. “I think you need to press that.”

Upon pressing that button, the monitor burst into a glow, displaying a warm *Welcome* and asked for a login, whatever that was. Myllada tried to type in random words, to no avail.

Running back, Narendani carried a note. “I think someone left this for you.”

I have left this facility in 1508 and left the laboratory in the state it was. Please be safe and wear proper protection, and do not mess around. In addition, it will be necessary to study science extensively before starting any work; please consult the library for relevant texts.

*To log into the terminal, input **resanal** for the username and **23h1A0fb69** for the password. You will find instructions for many of the inventions on the computer, in the directory **~/device-usage**.*

P. S. if you are still wondering how the lock works, one of the lighted dots on the right pillar is actually a camera that detects a specific shade of purple.

Upon reading the note, Myllada commented, “Well, we’d better not touch anything without knowing what they do. She typed in the username and password, and the computer displayed a prompt. After frustratingly typing random

words, she gave up. “I don’t have any idea how to use this.” Embarrassingly, she turned off the machine, flipped the light switch again, and stepped out of the room, proceeding back to the library.

* * *

By the time Myllada returned to the library, the heat in the sandstone room had dried her clothes.

“Welcome back,” greeted Cjanden. “Where did you go?”

“To that garden in space.”

“Did you mean you crossed the canal?”

“Well, I kind of drowned on the way... I also managed to open the door to a laboratory. Strangest lock ever: it detected a specific shade of purple. I think my hair activated it.” Myllada walked away, searching for an interesting book to read. Between the shelves, she encountered her old friend.

“Where were you?” asked Telto, surprised at her sudden appearance.

“I’ll show you later. But now I’m looking for books.”

VIII

NOT TO DELIVER, BUT TO LOCATE

* * *

The old lady Cytaen wept, head on table, lamenting her elder daughter's disappearance, worrying about her demise.

The old man, sitting across his spouse, was now used to the daily pandemonium, the gap at the table, but he was not prepared to let her go. At least until she was sixteen, she could not pass the border to the outside world.

The only trace of the escape was the broken amulet and the severed hair near an opening made by cutting some of the wrought-iron bars. Any person who created that opening must have had access to special tools – capable of melting iron or exerting enough force.

Of course, it was not feasible to repair the fence, either.

And when Myllada was ill... Could that have been from the rain – could she have gone outside for the night?

The old man then recalled the note. *Perhaps I have erred, in implying that she had no value.*

But would she take an apology? Was it even moral to prevent her from chasing her ambitions?

Of course not, but it is even less right for a woman to do that sort of thing. To do nothing in this case would be to want a century in hell.

There was a knock on the door.

The old man walked out of the dining room, through the corridors, toward the front door.

"Hello, Senanpros!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Good evening, Acrynevon! What brings thee here?" interrogated the old man as he let the visitor inside.

"I was observing Varpiss Island, when I saw two young girls running around. At first, they seemed like visitors from anywhere else, and I triggered the clouds. After chasing them into the woods lower on the island, I launched them from the shore – but alas! – it was too late until I realized my mistake."

"Thou mindless, unobservant goat! Why dost thou visit here? I would prefer if thou hast not squandered my time; squander no more and smell the manure outside!"

"I apologize; I came here not to return your daughter, but to tell you that

she has crossed the Ardssa River.” Acrynevon promptly walked out of the front door, humiliated by the old man’s insults.

IX

THE ONE-TO-A-THOUSAND BATTLE

* * *

It was now winter, and Myllada glanced at the first snow. Despite spending most of her waking hours studying the science (mostly physics and chemistry) that intrigued her, she still struggled with the subject and had much left before she were to be familiar with the laboratory. At some point, Cjanden, tired of answering the multitude of questions from Myllada, started telling her to “fuck off”.

In spite of her difficulties in her studies, Myllada did manage to construct a wooden trebuchet three *avanto* tall and learned to work with the terminal, well enough to read the previous scientist’s comments on the equipment.

Telto, on the other hand, while making the occasional visit to the library for pleasure reading, was more anxious to leave the castle and encounter more places, and had little interest in what Myllada, whom she had learned to call “Vija” (wrench), was doing in the lab. She spent most of the day lazing around, occasionally singing with Dernar.

Dernar, however, started shedding tears at times, and Telto found her sleeping more often and eating less, to the point that the latter had to deliver food to her room.

* * *

As Myllada rolled her trebuchet to a lookout balcony on the north (as such a large thing could fit through that path), Narendani carried wheelbarrows of *natan* fruit – twenty *ceanto* in diameter, covered in spikes, and filled with purplish juice.

Across the wall, snow covered the ground and the crowns of trees, although Varpiss Island was somehow free of snow. The Ardssa River, always rushing, day and night, was, of course, still liquid.

Meanwhile, Cjanden led a crowd, eager to watch the launch. While Telto was a member, Dernar, to her disappointment, wished not to attend.

“Why are we here?”

“What is this?”

While Myllada loaded one of the fruit, Cjanden tried to convince the crowd to stay. “I think she built this herself.”

Myllada pulled a lever, and the fruit jumped and flew into the distance, toward the Ardssa River, disappearing from view.

“Do you think it landed in the river or on the island?”

* * *

Desperate to capture the old man Nasrelten Senanpros’s daughter and regain his honor, Acrynevon rose from the south bank, beaten by the waves and soaked all the way inside. “Now we search in this area.”

Verenon, previously with Acrynevon on Varpiss Island, followed him. “What was in the air? It seemed to come from that castle.”

“Let us check there first.”

* * *

“Hey, I see someone!”

Myllada answered, “Really? Who are they?”

A person ran up, holding a telescope. “Use this.”

Peering into the telescope, Myllada spotted two familiar beings in a clearing, fresh from the river. *Were those the people I saw on the island?*

Telto reached out from the crowd. “Let me take a look!”

Myllada gave her the telescope. “What do you see?”

“Vija, *those are the people we saw on the island in the spring!* They’re coming for the castle!”

“No problem, I can aim at them.” Myllada loaded another *natan*, adjusted the angle, and pulled the lever again.

Telto lowered the telescope. “You idiot, you can’t just hurl fruit at some people and hope to kill them! They can easily spot and dodge them by a wide margin!”

Ignoring Telto, Myllada loaded another fruit, readjusted the angle, and fired.

* * *

“Another one is coming!”

Acrynevon and Verenon moved out of the way – or they thought they did.

Luckily, Acrynevon dodged the fruit, but Verenon was hit directly in the head, rendering him unconscious.

“What? Hear me, Verenon! Art thou alive?” Acrynevon tried repeatedly to wake his partner up, but as he feared another flying *natan*, he was forced to continue to the castle alone.

* * *

Acrynevon, now alone, climbed the iron gate surrounding the castle, when suddenly another fruit came flying, in the vulnerable moment when it was too late to jump off, and he feared his demise as well –

luckily, it seemed that the *natan* was mis-aimed, as it landed several *avanto* to his right. Acrynevon, now depetrified from the relief, continued climbing the fence and hopped into the inner grounds, a vast clearing around the castle, covered entirely in snow.

* * *

By now, it was apparent who was inside the castle grounds. Telto knew that person and his intentions, and therefore announced, “They’re coming for my friend! We need to provide a defense! I will stay at this ledge for observation. The rest of you can retreat.”

* * *

Receded in her laboratory, Myllada, still lacking any magical powers, held a simple, lightweight sword in her hand. *Any intruder will have to know when this door opens or activate it by a mishap.*

* * *

“Open the door or thou wilt be turned into fine sand!” Acrynevon, covered in wounds, but still alive after various attacks, held Narendani by the neck.

“I – I am stronger than you think, intruder. I can unleash a wind of leaves at you, or hit you with trees from the starry heavens –”

“Thou canst say the same for me.” Acrynevon knelt and tore a flower. He cast it against the glass, to Narendani’s horror, decimating it into a fine pulp. “Actually, methinks thou need’st to feel it thyself.”

Narendani felt a strong, quick air-shove into the door, strong enough to break her bones but not enough to quite extinguish her soul. Fearing any more retaliation, she gave in, “To open the door you need to show the right color to one of the lit dots on the pillars.”

“That answer is useless.”

As Myllada heard that worrying comment, she decided to open the door and stab the offender before he noticed. She pressed the button and lunged her sword but found herself launched at a high speed –

* * *

When Myllada regained consciousness, she found herself dropped on the floor of a hallway, a trail of blood behind her. Around her, flashes of light crossed each other in a chaotic disarray, with paintings dropped to the floor and doors left half-open.

Realizing that she was exposed and in danger, Myllada ran to a random door and entered the room, slamming the door behind.

In the corridor, Cjanden ducked behind a vase, extending her wand around the corner, firing green bolts with the hope to land a hit.

However, Acrynevon, accumulating wounds over his skin and appearing more grotesque every second, was searching stochastically, but rather, noticeably, following a path, as if he had a destination in mind.

Cjanden showed herself in front of the vase, following Acrynevon and carrying an intricate silver shield that was dropped during battle.

The bloody intruder decisively approached a door and yanked the handle, tearing it off the hinge.

But with Acrynevon flooded a few sixteen wizards, shielding Myllada from his grasp, and yet –

Unexpectedly, Acrynevon drew a long sword and knelt, raising the blade and shoving it through his clothing –

“Your necklace!” Cjanden approached Myllada, while observing the suicide. “He put a tracking charm on you – if he is dead, then so are you.”

Myllada dug and found a short blade on a table nearby, and sawed the amulet –

and Acrynevon rose in anguish, finally dropping onto the floor. Cjanden took his sword and severed his head for good measure.

The corridor, from start to end, was drenched in scarlet blood from bodies laying fetidly – the souls detached from their bodies. Only the occasional bolt or spark sprang from those unaware that the skirmish had ended.

Cjanden, hands stained in blood, knelt before the corpse. “If one person alone could take two hundred of us, I fear an attack from a more significant part of their association. They pursue *you*, and if they know that you reside here, then the existence of this edifice is imperiled. Your secret is safe with me, but you must leave immediately – not from your own faults, but for our lives.

“You and your friend are to depart as soon as possible, covering yourselves up in order to avoid revealing your identities. Exit not from the front gate – as a murderer stands in the way – but down the stairs from the armory.” Cjanden removed a small flask from one of the pockets and opened the lid, forcing the colorless liquid down her throat.

X

A DEPARTURE THROUGH ANOTHER'S FAULT

* * *

Not more than an hour after the death of Arcynevon, Myllada walked through the laboratory another time. Other than the chair, which was knocked, nothing has been touched that day. She noted a door, wondering what was behind it, and turned the knob.

It was not a large room or any sort of hallway, but rather a storeroom, but what interested Myllada were the contents. *Those high-tech weapons... If I've known of them earlier, I'd have been able to defeat the man overwhelmingly.*

"Hey, come on! Dernar is waiting!"

Myllada grabbed a few small devices. "Sure, I'm coming!"

* * *

"Thank you for coming. We want to get you out as quickly as possible."

Neither Myllada nor Telto knew how to respond.

Dernar continued, "Vija, your bag is too small for a long-term vacation. Put this one on your back; it can hold what you need before you leave. I've put in some spare clothes and your papers, as well as food and coins."

"Thank you very much."

"I've laid your clothes on your bed, and I'll be waiting for you in the dining room."

* * *

Myllada stepped into the dining room, carrying her backpack (holding what high-tech weapons she could fit inside) and wearing long boots and a loose, thick, olive-green robe with a hood that almost completely obscured her hair, which she cut again, this time to six *ceanto*. Over her hands, she wore leather gloves with woolen insides, matching her outfit. Telto trailed close behind, in dark orange with a wide-brimmed hat.

"Thank you for your swiftness." Dernar crossed the dining room and entered a narrow passage about five *veči* long, the other two accompanying her.

At the other end was, as predicted, the armory, a windowless, stone-brick room lit only by magic torches.

Telto, eyes lit up, approached a sword and held it in her hand, stroking it gently.

"I'm sorry, but I can't allow you to carry that. You're going to have to use something you can conceal."

Myllada added, "How about one of those small daggers – they're easy enough to hide in your bag and useful even if you don't want to kill humans."

"That works too." Telto picked up two sheathed knives and handed one to Myllada, stashing the other in her own bag.

Dernar started walking toward a tunnel opposite to the entrance. "That should be sufficient."

It took fifty steps to reach the bottom of the stairs, their stone surfaces uneven that Myllada feared tripping and falling on each step. The dim hallway, dripping with water, measured nine elečyn.

"At the other end is an exit in the nearby village. Avoid going north or south. To the east, you will find the border to the outside world, but you will not be able to leave until you have turned sixteen. Therefore, I would advise traveling west."

"Well, it's been a nice stay here while it lasted. When, or if, I can visit again, I will return."

Walking across the final corridor, Myllada felt hope of new sights and adventures; Telto was also relieved to travel farther away.

XI

ELEVENTH CHAPTER

* * *

They exited to a crowded village under the winter sun, noticing that the exit was well-hidden, a nice distance from the denser parts.

APPENDIX A

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

* * *

The names of people and of many places are in a language named *Necarasso Cryssesa*, meaning “forest language”. This guide has been provided to help readers pronounce such names correctly. For more details, please consult *A complete grammar of Necarasso Cryssesa*.

- *C* is pronounced as in *cat*, never as in *cell*.
- *Č* is pronounced as the *ch* in *cheat*.
- *G* is pronounced as in *gate*, never as in *gentle*.
- *H* is pronounced as in German *Buch*, or *loch* as pronounced in Scottish English. This sound is to *k* as *th* is to *t*.
- *J* is pronounced as the *y* in *yell*.
- *L* is always pronounced in a light fashion, as in *let*, as opposed to *well*.
- *Ll* is to *s* as *l* is to *r*.
- *R* is pronounced as in English, except when it follows another *r* before a vowel, in which case it is pronounced like the *w* in *window*, except with the lips unrounded.
- *S* is an *s* sound, except when it is adjacent to a voiced sound, in which case it is pronounced as a *z*.
- *Ss*, similarly, is the *th* in *thin*, except when it is adjacent to a voiced sound, in which case it is the *th* in *there*.
- *Š* is pronounced as the *sh* in *shell*.
- *Css* is a simultaneous pronunciation of the Necarasso Cryssesa *h* and *ss*.
- Technically speaking, *f* and *v* are pronounced with the lips touching each other, but this difference rarely matters.

- The sounds represented by *c*, *f*, *h*, *ll*, *p*, *s*, *ss*, and *t* are pronounced like the *t* in *top* as opposed to the *t* in *stop*, even though English does not pronounce all of the sounds listed as the former.
- *A* is near the *o* in *cot*, although it is pronounced with the tongue closer to the front.
- *E* is pronounced as the *e* in *pen*.
- *I* and *y* are pronounced as the *ee* in *feed*.
- *O* is the initial state of the *o* in *code*; i. e. it does not have any glide.
- *I* is always long, and *y* is always short. Other vowels are long if and only if they end a word, or they precede a vowel, *r*, or *ll*. *E* and *o* are pronounced with a more open mouth when they are long.