

WHERE THE SMALL THINGS ARE

by

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CHAPTER I

WISHFUL THINKING

Whoosshhh...

The wind buffeted dangerously through Adrienne's short curls. She knew exactly how high up she stood on this building, and she did not need to look down to confirm it. The queazy feeling in her stomach settled somewhat as she lowered herself in a crouch, but even the steadying index finger with which she caressed these red clay roof tiles would do little to slow the pounding of her heart.

Some rogue she was.

The clatter of loose dirt and tile under her foot siezed her rapidly beating heart to a short stop. Luckily, the sliding stopped too. Adrienne breathed a deep sigh in relief. And frustration.

Steeling her eyes, she mentally tested the grip of her rubber-soled shoes on the tiles. Her fingers wrapped around a small charm that hung from the band on her wrist.

The cat's paw-pad. An amulet of agility.

And so, like a feline spirit possessed her, Adrienne stole across the tiles with ever-increasing confidence and speed. She would need the speed when she got to the edge of the roof. Hopefully the boon of the amulet would be enough.

The sloping graduated slowly, and Adrienne found herself able to straighten into a run.

Adrienne.

Knees pulled to the sky and shoulders drew back as Adrienne lengthened her stride. The wind pulled like a gale through her rogueish robes, her speed locking in her focus.

Adrienne.

The rooftop of the second building loomed. Taller, steeper than she imagined it would be. Adrienne did not know what she expected otherwise; government buildings always had a tendency to sport those awful gothic-style roofs.

Didn't they?

Adrienne!