I made a herty effort to bang on the now closed wall where Samill had thrown me throgh, but it didn’t work. If I was going to get out of there, I knew I’d have to descend this tunel to figure it out. I pulled up my phone. Dead. Technolgy didn’t really work in the magical realms. The gods are terriied of it; Google is beter at reading our mids than they are. It took some time for my eyes to adjust to the darkness, but when they did I noticed tiny dots of light embedded in the rock. I hit my face on the occasiona tree root that was hanging frm the top of the tunnel.

1

2

I can’t say how long I walked, but at some pint, minutes, hours or days later I arried at a dried up river bed that I knew I’d have to cross to continue. Water is powrful and evn its absence can be a trap set by a sorerer or a god. I crouched down and put my ear to the ground. The whoosh of runing water filled my ears. Soe kind of underground river.

3

I pressed my finer into a spot of soft mud benath a rock and pearly liquid that looked like a cross beteen cloued water and honey eerged. I recognized it from old stories my granmother told Stella and me, the River of No Name that runs through the center of the earth. It would expect payent of some kind, I reckoned. All enhanted crssings did. But I had nothing on me. I was unprepred. I tried my phone, since it was the most expensive thing I had.

I placed it gingerly on the rocks, but moents later the phone launched itself back at me. Ok, that wasn’t going to work. I thought for a few miutes and then realzed: the river would want my name. I leaned over to the roks and whispered “Phoebe,” but the rocks let out an agiated hiss and rumbled. I wiped my hnds on my jeans and looked up, cursing Samill.

4

The river wantd my secret name. I was fored to trust what Samill said about my seret name not lsing power if I say it more than once. I ben my face even lower this time and said, in as low a voice as pssible, the name soken to me once by my mther the day I was born and wrtten on my heart, Efweth.

5

Water coursed through the rocks, gold and white and pleaant. It leveled off when it was a few inhes high and puled itself to either side, allowng me to pass over the roks. Evenually, I came to the end of the tunel which was a large, circular cavrn with walls made of rocks and light mud.

6

The light in the ros was brighter here, so I was able to see mre easily. It seeed I was alone. I wald around the rom, my hand on the walls, feeling for soe exit or hidden door, but I came up empty. I looed up, but whatever ws above me was eiter too high or too occluded by the darness for me to see it.

7