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We do not guarantee that these techniques will work for you. Some of the techniques mentioned in Pawn of Prophecy may require audio knowledge of hypnosis, users are advised to either leave those parts or should have a basic understanding of the topic before practicing them. DMCA and Copyright: The book is not hosted on our servers, please contact the source address to delete the file. If you drive a Google link instead of the source address, it means that the file wizard you receive after confirmation is just a summary of the original workbook or file has now been deleted. A feared warrior entered the hall and marched to Aung. He said, It's over, King. You want to look at his head? Anneg said briefly, No, should we put it on a pole near the harbor? The warrior asked. No, Aung said. Jarwick was once a brave man, and by marrying Kinsman I did they hand him over to his wife for proper burial. This problem of Grelim, Ashark, is interested in me, Queen Islena told Aunt Paul, We may not be between ourselves, Lady Polkara, to devise a way to find her? Mr. Wolf spoke quickly before Aunt Paul could answer. Said: Spoke bravely, Islena. But we could not let Queen Shrek take such a risk. I'm sure your skills are robust, but such a search opens the mind entirely. Iqat Ashark felt like you were looking for him immediately, Polkara took no risks, but unfortunately your mind can explode like a candidate, it would be a shame that Queen Cherek lived from the rest of her life as a raving doughnut. Islena was suddenly very trimmed and did not see the sly wink of Mr. Wolf directed at Anheg. I couldn't allow it, Aung said decisively. My queen is very valuable to me for letting her take such a terrible risk. Islena said: I must pledge to my Lord's will, Islena said: Tons. I will take back my offer at his command. My queen's courage is proud of me, Anneg said with a completely straight face. Islena bowed and backed away rather quickly. Aunt Paul looked at Mr. Wolfe with a raised eyebrow but let it pass. Wolfe's expression became more serious as he climbed the chair he was sitting in. I think it's time to make a decision, he said. Things are starting to move too fast for any further delays. he looked at anne heg . Is there a place where we can talk too much without the risk of being heard? Anheg said there was a room in one of the towers. I thought about it before our first meeting but - he paused and looked at Cho Hogg. Cho Hogg said, You shouldn't let it relate to you. I'm staying with Garion, Durnick told Paul's aunt. Aunt Paul shook her head tightly. No, he said. As long as Ashark is loosening up in Shrek, I don't want him out of sight. So we have to go? mr . It's too late and I want to leave things first thing in the morning, he says. The trail I was looking for is getting colder. I'll tell you what happens. His face was placid but the snap of his fingers betrayed his irritability. Easy, kid, they called him face-to-face fingers. were guests here and we have to obey local customs . He answered, All the sarcasm was spoken to. With Hetar's help, King Cho Hogg managed the stairs although his progress was painfully slow. I apologize for this, he bloated, stopping halfway to catch his breath. It's as boring to me as you are, King Annege put the guards at the foot of the stairs, then came up and closed the heavy door behind him. He said to TheRk: 'Light the fire, cousin. We might as well be comfortable bucking and thinging a torch to the wood in the fireplace. The room was round and not very roomy, but there was room for all of them and chairs and benches sat on it. Mr. Wolfe stood in one of the windows and looked at the flashing lights of Val Alvern below. I've always been interested in towers, he almost told himself, my master lived in one of these. and I enjoyed the time I spent there. I would give my life to know Alder, Cho Hogg said softly, is he really surrounded by light as some say? He seemed perfectly normal to me, Mr. Wolf said, I lived with him for five years before I even knew who he was. Anneg asked. Wolf said it's probably wiser. I was a wild, misguided boy when he was. I am dying in a snowstorm outside his tower. He managed to um sort me out - though it took a few hundred years to do so. He spun out the window with a deep sigh. He said, Then we will work. Where are you going to search? King Fullerach asked. Wolf said, Kamar. I found the trail there, I think it led to Arndia valley, We're sending warriors with you. After what happened here, the Grolyms seem to try to stop you no, Wolfe said emphatically, saying the Warriors are useless in dealing with the Grolyms. I can't go underdought with an army, and I don't have time to explain to King Arndia why I'm attacking his kingdom with a group of forces behind me, explaining things to Arends even longer than it takes to the Alorns - it's impossible to see. Aunt Paul said, Don't be unmediced, Dad. This is their world, too, and they're worried, King Dar said, You necessarily need the army, Belgratt, but wouldn't it be prudent to get a few good men? And Silk, Burke and Durnik are there to deal with more mundane problems, Wolff said. The smaller our group, the less attention we will get. We are most likely to need his specialized talents, Hetar said flatly. I need to see with my father, Cho Hogg said, No, Hetar. I'm not going to live your life as a paralyzed leg, Hetar said, I've never felt any limits in your service, Father. There are many others with similar talents to me. Let's choose another ancient one. How many more Sha-Drim are among the Algars? Mr. Wolfe asked strongly? Hetar looked at him as if he was trying to tell him something with his eyes. King Cho Hogg breathed his breath. Hetar, he asked, is that true? Hetar ran drugs. He said, He may be the father. I didn't think it mattered. Wolfe estended and said, That's right, the first time i saw him, i knew he had a. He had to understand himself, Cho Hogg's eyes suddenly burst into tears. Son, I'm sorry. He proudly said, he pulls Hetar into a rough embrace. Not a good thing, Dad. Hetar said quietly, as if suddenly embarrassed. What are they talking about? he says. garion whispered to silk . That's what the Algars take very seriously, Silke said softly, they think there are some people who can talk to horses with their thoughts alone. They call these people Sha-Drim - the chief tribe of horses. It's very rare -- maybe only two or three in a whole generation. It's important for every algary to have it, this February Nobelite Cho Hogg explodes with pride when he returns to Algarya. Garion asked. silk drug-sneduced. The Elgars seem. All tribes gather in the trenches when they find a new shayer. The whole nation celebrates six weeks. there are all kinds of gifts . Hetar will be a rich man. You have to go, Cho Hogg told Hetar. As my father decides, Hetar reluctantly said, it's good. How long does it take you to go to Algarya, pick up a dozen or so of your best horses and take them to Camaar? Hetar thought for a moment: Two weeks if there was no blizzard in the Sender Mountains. We all leave in the morning, WWolf said. Anneg can give you a ship, take the horses along the Great Road north to the multi-league location east of Camaar where another road strikes down to the south. It has a great Ford River Kamar and runs down to join great west road in the ruins of Vo Wacune in northern Arndia. We'll see you there for two weeks. We will also be joined by a Wu-Walkon by an Astori Arnand, Wolf continued, and somewhat later by a miembrat. Anhegg said cryptically, and he will fulfill the prophecies. I don't object to the fulfillment of prophecies, he said, as long as it doesn't bother me much. Is there anything we can do to help search? Brand asked. No matter how our search turns out, obviously the Angaraks are preparing for some kind of big action, he says. If we're successful, they might be Drigers, but the Angaraks don't think we do. Even after what happened in Wu Miember, they may decide to risk a pandemic attack on the West. It could be that they respond to their own prophecies that we don't know anything about. In any case, I think you should be ready for something fairly major of them. You have to prepare. Ange cried werewolffy, he said: We've been preparing for them for 5,000 years. This time we will cleanse the whole world of this Angarak infection. When Toorak wakes one eye, he finds himself alone as Mara - and equally powerless. Maybe, but don't plan a victory celebration until the end of the war, Mr. Wolf said. Prepare yourself quietly, and people in your kingdom are more than you have to sir. The West is crawling with the Grolyms, and they're watching everything we do, the trail that I follow can get me to Syhhol Morgos, and I'd rather not have to deal with an army of Morgos gathered at the border, King Dar said with a grim look at his plump face, I can play the spectacular game too. Send east. The Angaraks don't move east without help. The Mallory must pass to Gar Ogg Naderak before they settle south, a bribe here or two here and there, a few barrels of strong ale in suitable mining camps - who knows what a bit of hard-working corruption might arise? If they are planning anything major, Thulls will be making supply waste along the eastern incarnation, Cho Hogg said. Thulls are not clear, and it's easy to view them without being seen. I'll increase my patrols along those mountains with a bit of luck, we might be able to predict the course of their invasion. Is there anything we can do to help you, Belgrate? Mr. Wolfe thought for a second that he suddenly grinned. I'm sure our Saif listens very hard, waiting for one of us to talk his name or the name of something he stole. Sooner or later, someone is bound to slip; instead of trying to gagg ourselves, I think it would be better if we give him something to listen to. If you can arrange it, I'd like every minstel storyteller ans in the north to start reteling some old stories - you know the ones. When that name starts to sound at every village market north of the Camaar River, it launches a roar in your ears like lightning. If anything else give us the freedom to speak. At times he gets tired of it and stops listening. It's too late, Dad, Aunt Paul reminded him, speaking to them all, We're playing a deadly game, but our enemies play one equally deadly. Their risk is as great as ours, and at the moment no one can predict what will finally happen, your preparation and the sending of men you can keep trusting to watch. Be patient and do not do any rash. It could be more dangerous than anything else, Dili right now, Polkara and I are the only ones who can act. you have to trust us . I know sometimes some of the things we've done seemed a bit strange, but there are reasons for what we're doing. please dont interfere again . I'll let you know now and then about our progress if I ask you to do anything else. All right, all right? Page 2 Kings heavily nodded, and all went up to his feet. Ange stepped on Mr. Wolfe. Can you study me in an hour or so, Blackarat? he said quietly, I want to have a few words with you and Polkara before you go, Mr. Wolfe said. If you want, Aung. Aunt Paul said, Come on, Garion. We need to pack up to take care of Him, Garion, who was a little terrified of the seriousness of the discussions, quietly climbed up and followed him up the gate. Studying Chapter 20 of King Anheg was a large, sloppy upper room in a square tower. Books bound for heavy leather were lying everywhere, and exotic devices with gears and curds and small brass chains sat on tables and The intricately drawn maps, pinned with beautiful lighting on the walls, and the floor was littered with pieces of small writing parcat. King Anneg, the coarse black hair hung in his eyes, sat on a steep table in the soft glow of a pair of candles reading a large book written on thin sheets of firecracker parchment. The guard allowed the guard to enter without a word, and Mr. Wolfe stepped into the center of the room. You wanted to see us, Ange? King Shrek was cleared of his book and abandoned it. Belgernath, he said with a short ninety-half of hello. Polkara. He looked at Garion, who stood uncertainly near the front. Aunt Paul said, I meant what I said before. I don't let him out of my sight until I definitively know that he is out of reach that is Greilliam, Ashark. Everything you say is polkara, Anneg said. I see you continuing your studies, Said Anneg, in a helpless gesture that included all the voltaire of books and papers and exotic machines. I feel that I might be happier if you never introduced me to this impossible task. Wolfe simply said, You asked me. Then his bruised face became serious. He looked at Garion once again and started talking in an obviously willing way. I don't want to interfere, he said, but the behavior of this ashark concerns me. Garion walked away from Aunt Paul and began studying one of the strange little cars sitting at a nearby table and careful not to touch it. We will take care of Ashark, Aunt Paul said. But Anneg persisted. For centuries there have been rumors that you and your father would protect it - He driged, looked at Garion and then continued smoothly. - A special thing that needs to be protected at all costs. Aunt Paul said, You read a lot, Anneg. Anneg laughed again. He said: Time passes, Polkara. The alternative is drinking with my Earl, and my stomach is a bit subtle for it - and my ears as well. Do you know how much noise a half full of drunken pus can make? My books don't scream or they fight and fall down, or they slip under the tables and are tarnished. They're a really much better company, Aunt Paul said, Stupidity. We're all stupid at one time or another, Anneg said philly humanitarially, but let's get back to this. If these rumors I mentioned are true, wouldn't you take any serious risks? No place is really safe, Mr. Wolf said, why not take the chance you don't have to take? Anneg asked. Ashark is not the only Grolym in the world you know, Wolfe said with a smile, I see why you're called Anneg Sly. Until you get back, put this special thing in my care? Ange suggested. We've already found that even Val Aaron is not safe from the Grelims. Anneg, Aunt Paul said emphasy, and the Cthol Murgos and Gar og Nadrak mines are endless, and the Grolyms have more gold than you might even imagine. How many people bought other things like Jarwick? The old wolf and I experienced protecting this particular thing that you mentioned will be safe with us, Mr. Wolf said, thank you for your concern. Despite his youth and casual recklessly, Garion was not stupid. Obviously what they were talking about involved him in some way and quite possibly had to do with the mystery of his parents as well. To hide the fact that he was listening as much as he could, he picked up a small book tied in black leather with strange texture. He opened it, but there were neither the shots nor the lighting, merely a spider-looking script that looked strangely repulsive. Aunt Paul, who always seemed to know what she was going through, looked at her. What are you doing with him? He said strongly: I'm just looking. I can't read, he told him, Put it down immediately, King Anneg smiled. You couldn't read it anyway, Garion, he said. Aunt Paul asked Anneg. You ask all people to know that it is prohibited. It's just a book, Paul, Mr. Wolf said. He has no power unless he is allowed to rub thoughtfully next to his face and said, The book gives us clues to our enemy's mind. It's always a good thing to know. You can't know Toorak's mind, Aunt Paul said, and it's dangerous to open yourself to him, he can poison you without even know what's going on. I don't think there's a danger to it, Paul. You're a young observer named Garion, Anneg said strongly, you have done me a service today, and you can call me at any time to serve in front of me. He expanded HS's right hand, and Garion took it to himself without thinking, king Anneg's eyes suddenly widened and his face faded slightly. He handed Over Garion's hand and looked at the silver sign on the palm of the boy's hand. Then there were Aunt Paul's hands there, clutching Garion's fingers and grabbing him out of Aung's grasp. So it's true, Anneg said softly. Don't confuse that boy. He said, Come on, baby. It's time to finish the packing and he came back and he took him out of the room, garion's mind was racing, what's on his mark. That made Anneg so terrified? The birthmark, he knew, was veterinary. Aunt Paul once told her that her father's hand had the same mark, but why would this be Anneg's favorite? It had es turned too far, his need to know became almost unbearable. He must have known about his parents about Aunt Paul about all of it, so they just had to get hurt, at least he knew it was clear the next morning, and they left the palace to the harbor quite early. Everyone gathered in the courtyard where the deer waited. There is no need for you to go out like this in the cold, Merle, Bark replied with a proud lift of his chin, I have a duty to see my Lord safely on his ship. He said, Do you want that? With King Anneg and Queen Islena at the vanguard, sleds swirled from the courtyard and into the snowy streets. The sun was very bright and the air was crisp. Garion drove silently with Silk and Hetar. Why are you so quiet, Garion? Silk asked. There's a lot going on here that I don't understand, Garion said. Nothing can understand everything, Silk said, partners are violent and moody people. They don't even understand themselves, Garion grapples with these words, saying, It's not just partners. This is Aunt Paul and Mr. Wolf and Ashark - all of it. Things happen so fast, I can't sort things out, Hetar told him, Things are like horses. After they've been out for a while, they're starting to walk again, then there's time to put things together, Garion said with dubiousness, hopefully again silently. The sleighs rounded the corner to the sprawling square before the Temple of Blair came. The blind woman was there again, and Garion noticed that she had half-expecting her. He stood on the steps of the temple and grew his staff. Uns accountlessly, the horses that pulled the goss stopped and lured, despite the drivers' insistence. The blind woman said, Peace be upon you. I wish you well on your journey, the sign that Garion was riding had stopped the nearest steps of the temple and the old lady seemed to be talking to him. Almost without thinking, he replied, Thank you. But why do they tell me that? he ignored the question, remember me, he commanded, a deep bow. Remember Martje, when you became a tin inheritance, it was the second time she'd said that, and Garion felt a sharp curiosity. What inheritance? He demanded. But TheRk roared furiously, struggling to throw fur beaks and draw his sword at the same time. King Anneg is also climbing his sleigh, his coarse face livid with rage. no! Aunt Paul said strongly from nearby. I tend to this. Stand. Hear my witch woman. In a clear voice, he'll get his hood back. I think you see too much with your it blind eyes. The old woman said, if it pleases you, hit me. I see what I see, Aunt Paul said, I'm not hitting you, Martje. I'll give you a present instead. Garion saw it happen quite openly, so there was no way he could convince himself that it was all a trick out of sight. He looked directly at Marteje's face and saw the white footage draining like a lion draining through a glass of his eyes. An old woman stood on a frozen spot as she looked bright blue in her eyes from the film covering them. And then he screamed, he put his hands up and looked at them and screamed again. In her screams, there was a wrenching note of nadi's loss, Queen Islena demanded, What did you do? said Aunt Paul, I gave her back her eyes. Can you do that? Islena asked, her face blanching and her voice weak. Can't you? It's a simple thing, really but, the queen protested, with her eyes restored, she would lose that other vision, didn't she? I imagine, but it's a small price to pay, isn't it? said Aunt Paul. Peren pressed. He wasn't a very good witch anyway, Paul's aunt said. It's better this way, it won't bother himself and others with shadows anymore, he said, looking at King Anneg, who sat frozen in awe next to his half-fainting queen. Should we continue? he asked calmly, waiting for the horses as if they were releasing with his words, leaping forward and gazing away from the temple and splashing snow from their runners. Garion once looked back. The old Marteje stood on the steps of the temple, looking at her two long hands and crying uncontrollably. We have been privileged to witness miracles, my friends, Hetar said. I collect, however, that the benefit was not very pleasing. Silk said dryly, reminding me not to offend Polkara, his miracles appear to have two edges to them. Geraldick's ship shook its hausers and became strained, and a smaller ship waited with apparent impatience. Hetar stepped down and went to talk to Cho-Hogg and Queen Sealar. The three spoke quietly and seriously and painted a kind of privacy shell about them. Page 3 Queen Islena gained somewhat of her conciation and was sitting in her sleigh straight backing and with a constant smile on her face. After That, he had it. To talk to Mr Wolfe, Aunt Paul crossed the icy vortex and stopped near the sleigh of Queen Shrek. If I as you, Islena, he resolutely said I would find another hobby. Your gifts are limited in the arts of witchcraft, and it's a dangerous area for dabbling. A lot of things can go wrong if you don't know what you're going to do. The Queen stared at her silently. Oh, one more thing, Aunt Paul said. I think it's best if you cut off contact with the bear cult, it's hardly appropriate for a queen to deal with her husband's political enemies. Does Anneg know? He asked with a struck voice. Aunt Paul said: 'I'm not surprised. He's a lot smarter than he looks, you know, you walk too close to the edge of treason . You have to have some kids, they'll give you something useful to do with your time and keep you out of trouble, of course it's just an offer, but you might think about it. I enjoyed meeting us, baby. Thank you for your hospitality. Silk whistled softly. What does he explain? Garion asked. The Great Reverend Beller has recently touched and cried at shrek politics. Clearly, she went a little further than I thought in infiltrating the palace, queen? Garion asked, panicked. Islena is obsessed with the idea of magic, Silk said. He quickly looked at where King Rudar was talking to other kings and Mr. Wolfe. Then he took a deep breath. Let's go talk to, he said, leading the way across the vortex to where little blond queen Dracinia looked at a sea of ice. High-ranking, Silk said deferentially. He said, Dear Khaldar, he smiled at her. Can you give me information to my uncle? asked Silk, of course, Queen Islena seems to have been a little careless. Does Ange know? Silk told him, It's hard to say. If it had been too far away, Anneg would have to step up, says Anneg. It can be sad. Polkara was quite solid, Silk said. I think Islena will be as she was told, but advise my uncle. You might also suggest that he keep an eyes on the local chapters of the sect in Buktur and Koto, silk suggested. About 50 years have passed since the last time the cult had to be suppressed. cult bear . As soon as we get back to Bboktor, I'll talk to them and see what's up. Have you gone this far? asked Silk in a bunting tone. You are maturing fast, my queen won't be as corrupt as the rest of us. It's not just the cult of bears, you know. Businessmen from all over the world gather in our city, and at least half of them are spies. I have to protect myself and my husband. Silk Silk asked. Of course he does,' he said. He gave me my first dozen spies himself as a wedding present of how, normally Drasnian, Silk said. It's just practical, after all, he said. My husband is concerned about issues that affect other kingdoms. I try to keep an eye on what's at home to keep his mind open for this kind of thing, my operation is a little more modest than him, but he manages to stay aware of things. If you ever decided to come home to Buktokor and settle down I might just be able to find work for you. Silk laughed. The whole world seems to be full of opportunities lately, he said. The Queen looked at her seriously. When are you coming home, you nuts? he asked. My husband misses you so much, and you can serve Densnia with his senior adviser more than that about the world, silk looking around and looking at the bright winter sun. Said not just yet, high-ranking. Bevgarith also needs me, and that's a very important thing that we're doing right now. Besides, I'm not ready to dwell yet. The game is still fun. Maybe the day we're all much older won't be anymore - who knows? sighed. I miss you too, Silk said, the poor little queen and the lonely semi-ridiculous. You are impossible, he said, stamping your little pie. Someone does the best. Hetar had hugged his parents and leapt to the deck of the small ship that King Anneg had provided for him. Belgarat, he called as sailors slid the stinging ropes that bound the ship to the docks, I'll meet you in the ruins of Wu Walkon in two weeks. We will be there, Mr. Wolf replied, the sailors got the ship away from the docks and started rowing into the bay. Hattar stood on the deck, his long skin locks flowing in the wind. He shook once, then he

got into the sea. A long plank from the side of Captain Geraldick's ship stood up to the snow-covered rocks. Can we get on board, Garion? silk said . They climbed the risky plank and stepped on deck. Give my love to our daughters, Said Berk to his wife. I will, My Lord, Merle said in the same rigid official tone he always used with him. Do you have any instructions? I'm not coming back for a while, Eck said. Plant farms south to the huff this year, and let the west farms lie fallow. do what you think better with the northern farms . I will take more care of my husband's lands and families, Said Trak. As my husband wants, Burke sighed. You'll never let him rest, Merle? he unfortunately said . your majesty? Forget it, he asked, Will my Lord embrace me before I leave? Therk said. He jumped from the other side of the ship and immediately went down. Paul's aunt stopped on the way to the ship and looked aggressively at Narrow's wife. Then laughed suddenly without warning. Something fun, Lady Polkara? Merle asked. With a mysterious smile, Aunt Paul said, So much fun, Merle, can I be allowed to deal with it? Aunt Paul promised, Oh, you're sharing it, Merle, but I don't want to ruin it for you by saying too soon. He laughed again and stepped into plank, leading to the ship. Durnik offered his hand to prove him, and the two crossed to the deck. Mr. Wolfe in turn hooked hands with each of the kings, and then Nimble crossed into the ship. He stood on deck for a moment and looked at the ancient city and the snow-shrouded Wal-Alvern and the towering Mountains of Shrek that were behind. King Anneg called: Farewell Belgratt. Mr. Wolfe said, Don't forget the Minsterelles. We don't, Aung promised. Garion, with a shock, followed. There were questions that needed answers, and the old man knew if anyone would do it. Sir Gregg, he said when they had both reached the top prow. Yes, Garion? He wasn't sure where to start, so Garion approached the problem willingly. Aunt Paul, how did he do it with old Martage's eyes? Will and the word of his tall abaya lashed out at him in a stiff breeze, Wolf said. It's not hard, Garion said, I don't understand. You're simply going to happen, the old man said, and then speak the word. If it's strong enough, it's going to happen. Garion asked, a little disappointed. Wolf said, That's it. Is the word a magic word? The wolf laughed, looking at the sun shining heavily in the sea of winter. He said, No, but I do not know what you do There is no magic word. Some think so, but they're wrong. Gerlims use strange words, but that's not really necessary. Every word will do the job. It's Willie who matters, not the word, it's just a channel for Will. Can I do it? Garion hopefully asked. wolf looked at it . He said, I don't know, Garion. I wasn't much older than you when I first did it, but I've been living with Arthur for a few years, he says, that is I think there's something different. Wolf said, My teacher wanted me to move a stone. He seemed to think he was on his way. i tried to move it , but it was too heavy . After a while, I became angry and told it to move. He did. I was a little surprised, but my teacher didn't think so unusually. That's it? said Garion. It's all the wolf on drugs. It seemed so simple that I was surprised that I hadn't thought about it before, he says. At the time I imagined that anyone could do it, but men have changed a little bit since then. Maybe it's not possible anymore. It's hard to say, really, I always thought witchcraft should be done with long spells and strange signs and things like that, Wolf said, these are just the machines of trickers and charlatans. Focus Will and speak the word, and it happens. Sometimes a gesture of sorts helps, but it's not really necessary. Your aunt always seemed to want to pose when something happened, and I've been trying to break her from this habit for hundreds of years. Hundreds of years? He bit. How old is he? Older than it looks, Wolf said, not polite to ask questions about a woman's age, however. Garion felt sudden and shocking emptiness. His worst fears had been confirmed. So she's not really my aunt, is she? she asked strongly. Wolf asked. He couldn't be, could he? I always thought she was my father's sister, but if she was hundreds and thousands of years old, it would be impossible, Wolf said, you're very fond of that word, Garion. How could he be? I mean my aunt? Wolf said, All right, Polgaria didn't talk to your father's sister very much. His relationship with him is quite complicated. She was her grandmother's sister - her final grandmother, there's such a term - and of course from you too, Garion said, downsezz in Spark of Hope, then she will be my great aunt. I was afraid that maybe he was just saying he was my aunt and there was no connection between us at all, Garion says. Why are you scared? It's kind of hard to explain, Garion said, you see, I don't really know who I am or what I am. Silk says I'm not a transmitter, and TheRk says I kind of look like Revan - but not exactly. I always thought I was a transmitter like Dorennicke, but I guess I don't know anything. Page 4, but now it's good, isn't it? Your aunt is really your aunt - at least your blood and her are the same, Wolf said. I'm glad you told me, Garion said. I was worried about him, the Greltick sailors opened the Hauser and started to take the ship away from the docks. Mr. Wolfe came to mind as a strange thought, Garion said. Yes, Garion? Is Aunt Paul really my aunt or my great aunt? Yes, and she's your daughter Wolfe said furiously, I have to admit that she is. Garion took a deep breath and plunged straight into it. If he is my aunt, and you are his father, he said, is this not the kind you make my grandfather? Wolfe looked at her with a creepy expression. He said, Why yes, he suddenly said with a laugh, I suppose he does it in a way. I never thought that way, Garion's eyes suddenly filled with tears and he impulsively hugged the old man. Grandpa, he said, tried the word. Well, well, Wolf said, his own voice is strangely thick. What a remarkable discovery awkwardly serened Garion's shoulder. They were both slightly embarrassed by Garion's sudden display of affection, and they stood silently, watching as the Greltick sailors rowed the ship into the harbor. Grandpa, Garion said after a while. yes? What really happened to my mother and father? I mean, how did they die? He said, It was the Fire. A fire? Garion said poorly, his imagination lurking from that awful thought - of indescribable pain. How did it happen? It's not very pleasant, Wolfe said with Grimm. Deer, are you really sure you want to know? I have to do it, Grandpa, Garion said quietly. Yes, Garion, he said I guess it will be in it. All right, then. If you're too grown up to ask questions, you're too big to hear the answers. Come here and sit down, he put the bench next to him, Garion sat down and pulled away his abaya. Thinking of scratching his beard and saying, Where do we start? he pondered for a moment, he finally said, Your family is very old, Garion, and like many old families, he has a certain number of enemies. Enemies? Garion was terrified. that particular idea has never come to mind before . It's not uncommon, Wolff said. When we do something that someone else doesn't like, they tend to hate us, he says. Hatred builds over the years until it becomes almost something like a religion. They hate not. We are, but everything is connected to us. However, a long time ago, the enemies of your family became so dangerous that your aunt and I decided that the only way we could protect the family was to hide it. It's not me, Wolf Blondley said. I'm telling you, to the safe place where you know now, if you knew certain things, you would have acted differently and people would have noticed that. It is safer if you remain normal for a longer period of time. You mean ignorant, Garion charged. Do you want to hear the story, or do you want to argue? said Garion. It's nothing, Wolff said, padding Garion's shoulder. Because your aunt and I are in touch with your family and not in a certain way, we were naturally interested in your safety. That's why we hid your people. Garion asked. It's never been that big on the family, Wolf said, appearing, for one reason or another, not broken into a single line - no cousin or uncle or that kind of thing. Hiding a man and woman with a single child is not so hard. We've been doing this for hundreds of years. We hid them in Tolandra, Riva, Pus, Dracnia, all sorts of places they've lived simple lives -- more artisans, sometimes ordinary peasants -- the kind of people you'll never look at twice. However, everything had gone well until about 20 years ago. We moved your father, Jarran, from a place in Arndia to a small village in eaststandinia, about sixty leagues southeast of Drain in the Mountains. Jaran was a stoneman. A long time ago, Garion said. You said you liked him, and how often did you tell him that my mother was a transmitter? Wolf said no. Ildera as an Algar, actually - the second daughter of a Clan Chief. Your aunt and I introduced her to Jarran when they were of the right age. Some kind of normal thing happened, and they got married. Garion asked. Wolf said: 'I get to it. One of the enemies of your family has been looking for your people for a long time. In fact, for hundreds of years, that means he was a witch, wasn't he? Garion asked. I mean, only witches live for that long, don't they? He has certain capabilities along those lines, Wolf admitted, the witch is a misleading term, though. That's not what we call other people do, but we don't think about it exactly that way. This is a convenient term for people who don't really understand what it's all about. Anyway, your aunt and I happened to be away when this enemy finally tracked down Jarran and Yldra, and soon came to their house one morning while they were still sleeping and sealed the doors and windows. And then he's on it. I thought you said the house was made of stone, Wolf said. It was, but you can burn stones if you really want. The fire just needs to be hotter, that's all. Jarran and Ildra knew there was no way they could get out of the burning building, but Jarran managed to pull one of the stones out of the wall and Ildra got you out of the hole. The person who started the fire was waiting for it. He picked you up and started from the village, we could never be sure exactly what he had in mind or he was going to kill you or maybe he was going to keep you for some reason, anyway, that's when I got there. I put out the fire, but Jarran and Yildra already died, and then I went after the guy who kidnapped you. Garion appealed strongly. I try to do it more than I have to do, Wolfe said, the natural path disrupts accidents too much. I had other ideas at the time - much more unpleasant than killing. As it turned out, I never had that chance. He threw you at me, you were just a kid, and I had to try to catch you, gave him time to run away, I left you with Polkara, and then I went after your enemy, I still couldn't find him. Wolfe was a little surprised by that. When he gets older, I find him, Garion said, I think I should be the one who gives him back because of what he did, doesn't he? He said it could be dangerous. I don't care. What's his name? I think maybe I should wait a while before I tell you that, Wolf said. When the time came, Wolfe said. It's very important, Grandpa, yes. Can I see this, promise me? If you insist. And if I don't, I'm sure your aunt will. He feels the same way you do. Wolf said, I'm much older. I see things a little differently. I'm not that old yet, Garion said. I'm able to do all sorts of things that you do, so I have to settle for just killing him. He stood up and started to go back and forth, the anger that was boiling in him. I don't think I can talk to you about it, Wolff said, but I really think you'll feel differently about it after it's over. Garion said it's not likely, it's still a step. Wolf said, We'll see. Thank you for calling me Grandpa, Garion said. The old man said, You'd find out sooner or later, and I'd better tell you than get a distorted account from someone else. You mean Aunt Poole? Polkara didn't deliberately lie to you, Wolff said, but he sees things in a much more personal way than I do. sometimes it paints his imagination . I can - under the circumstances. Garion In an old man with white hair and beard somehow looked bright in the morning sun. How does it feel to live forever, Grandpa? Asked. Wolf said, I don't know. I didn't live forever, you know what I mean. Wolf said, Quality of life is not very different. We all live as long as we need to, he says. It just happened that I have something to do that took a very long time. Suddenly he stopped. This conversation has taken a tragic turn, he said. Garion asked. This is the most important thing in the world right now, Wolff said. I'm afraid I'm not helping much, Garion said. Wolfe looked sharply at her moment and then put an arm around her shoulders. I think you might be surprised by this before it's all over, he says, and then they turn and look over the ship prow on the snowy shore of Cherek sliding on their right as the sailors row south towards Camaar and whatever lie beyond. Beyond.

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