

## Zlata Ruznikova Perenel, the Weaver (8733.1)

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When the bats clear, you are alone (or, perhaps, not entirely alone), and within three heartbeats you have forgotten there was anyone else here.

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The trees around you give way to a rolling moor, beneath the night sky. The white-stoned path stretching away before you. The moon hangs orange and heavy in the east, half-way between full and empty, like a lidded dragon's eye. Watching you.

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He has his back to you, standing between you and a campfire that burns low and cherry red. There is a spit across it, and the remains of a suckling pig.

Without turning round, he stops playing and greets you. He calls you by a name not your own – Will or Jack or Bill or Bob – and invites you to share his fire.

An old, tired warrior-mage. He thinks you are one of his company. He has little heart for the battle tomorrow. He will face his cousins, his brothers, and people who were once upon a time his friends. He is filled with sadness. He speaks of politics that mean little to you – the petty arguments of Marcher households that lead to civil war, and shameful defeat, and of fleeing north to rally to the banner of the Boyar who says he will make all better again.

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The fire dies down as he speaks, and then there is silence for a few moments, and then...

... everything shifts and tilts suddenly. Vertigo overwhelms you. You squeeze your eyes closed and when you open them you are alone. White sand surrounds you – fine white sand – a desert that stretches as far as the eye can see.

There is a white tower – a lighthouse? - to the left of you but you can't really focus on it. The sky seems to be spinning lazily anticlockwise, the thousands of glittering stars turning around a point somewhere above the lighthouse.

You feel queasy.

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# Lutobor (Lut) Branislavovich Glinka (9157.1)

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The fire dies down as he speaks, and then there is silence for a few moments, and then...

... there is a terrible roaring, a sound that is almost a physical force assaulting you from all sides. You clap your hands to your ears. It almost drives you to your knees. It seems to go on and on. You squeeze your eyes closed and when you open them you are alone. White sand surrounds you – fine white sand – a desert that stretches as far as the eye can see.

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## Aleksandr Zoravich Novosad (12200.1)

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## Zoria (10516.1 )

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## Lechovitch-Poza (13366.1)

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