

We are quiet. I can hear the creek nearby, and I know that in the woods, Calandra's armies follow us. Every few steps, a twig snaps, a leaf rustles. Kheelan shoots me a glance, and I nod.

Yes, I heard it. He nods back. We both heard the noise, and we both know what it means. I'm surprised, but not surprised. He and I can talk without saying a word.

We are in real danger, I understand. We aren't being pursued; we're being tracked. And when Lucy and I leave, Kheelan will still be here, and he'll still be in danger.

