

The Otherworld Songbirds

Pages: 393

Publisher: Subsurface Radiance Publications; 1 edition (October 1, 2018)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF]

The Otherworld Songbirds

Lanny Smith

The Otherworld Songbirds by Lanny Smith

Artwork by Lanny Smith

Copyright © 2018 by Lanny Smith. All rights reserved.

U.S. Copyright Office Registration Number: TXu 2-103-464

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Subsurface Radiance Publications, LLC

ISBN: 978-0-692-11757-6 (Hardcover edition)

ISBN: 978-0-692-14771-9 (Paperback edition)

ISBN: 978-0-692-11758-3 (eBook edition)

1

This story is for young hearts and old souls. Others are welcome to walk along and listen, but perhaps with closed eyes.

2 Maps for the Wanderer

Penélopê shook her head and answered:

“Friend, many and many a dream is mere confusion,
a cobweb of no consequence at all.

Two gates for ghostly dreams there are: one gateway
of honest horn, and one of ivory.

Issuing by the ivory gate are dreams
of glimmering illusion, fantasies,
but those that come through solid polished horn
may be borne out, if mortals only know them.”

The Odyssey by Homer

Translated by Robert Fitzgerald
1 Prologue: Father and Son

“Quick, boy!” an archer shouted. “Bring me those arrows!”

Andris snapped his attention back to his task and rushed to the archer’s side. He and the other children were helping in the battle by fletching arrows and shuttling them to the defenders. He set the batch of arrows beside the archer, who immediately nocked an arrow and fired over the parapet at a warrior below.

The nine-year-old boy looked back out to the battle surrounding the stronghold. He hoped to glimpse his father. Where was he? Too many people were fighting below. It was too chaotic. Plumes of smoke from the burning thatched roofs of the surrounding town drifted in waves over the hill-top stronghold, making it even harder to find his father. He had to be somewhere in the embankments that ringed the hill. *Have strength and courage, Father, Andris thought. Keep strong until it's over.*

He reluctantly turned and moved back along the wall to the stairs. The archers he passed appeared tired and desperate, but one man along the way gave him a wink. Grateful for the small gesture of hope, Andris smiled back.

At the stairs, he passed another child carrying arrows.

“We’ll have to work faster to keep up!” Andris shouted.

The boy nodded and hurried past.

Andris shuffled down the stairs to the outer bailey. The nearby gate tower was open, and Damarean warriors hurried back and forth to aid the charge outside.

“Andris!” someone shouted from behind him. He turned to see a warrior on horseback coming through the gate tower. Another warrior lay across the back of the horse behind him. “Andris! Your father’s wounded!”

Andris’s blood froze.

“Andris, help me get him to the barracks!” the warrior shouted again.

Andris ran to them. “Father, I’m here.”

His father’s face tensed in pain. “Andris, my boy,” he rasped, “I think I’ve had a bit of bad luck.”

“No, no. You’ll be fine. You just need some dressings and rest.” But Andris noticed the blood dripping from his father’s bare torso down the horse’s side. He could not think of what to say. This could not be happening, not to his father.

“Hold on, Kerwul,” the rider said.

They jostled from the outer bailey, through the inner wall, and made their way to the barracks. The barracks had been repurposed for the wounded.

They eased Kerwul off of the horse to the ground. Kerwul grunted in pain and gritted his teeth.

“There are healers inside.” Andris lifted his father’s legs, while the rider lifted his torso, and they carried him inside the barracks.

Andris’s eyes had to adjust a moment to the dim interior. Scattered about the floor were wounded men, some sitting and some lying down. A strong odor in the large hall—a mixture of blood, smoke, and healing salves—made Andris choke.

They lowered Kerwul onto a patch of straw in a darkened corner.

“I have to return to the battle,” the rider said. “Farewell, my friend. If you make it through this, remember me.” He stood and strode out the door. It was the first and last time Andris ever saw the warrior.

He knelt and inspected his father’s wounds. A large gash had been cut into his side below the ribs. Blood drained onto the floor, spreading, wetting Andris’s hands and knees. “Someone help!” Andris cried out. “Help!” He glanced and saw women tending to the other warriors. “Please someone help!”

“Easy child, we are coming,” a woman called from across the room.

Andris searched about and found some scraps of wool cloth nearby. He rushed to cover the wound. His father flinched from the pressure, but then submitted to the bandaging. Blood seeped through the cloth, and Andris panicked. It was not stopping. “What should I do, Father?”

Kerwul groaned. He groped at Andris’s hands and helped him hold the cloth in place. Kerwul breathed sharp and rapid.

“I am here, child.” A fair-haired woman knelt down on the other side of Kerwul.

Andris recognized her. She was Teya, the queen of Damare. “You can heal my father, can’t you?” he

pleaded. "You have the gift, they told me! They say you can heal!"

Queen Teya was focused on securing the dressing that Andris had started and did not seem to hear him. "There have been so many wounded," she muttered.

Andris noticed the sweat, dirt, and blood that covered the queen's clothes, face, and hands. *She's exhausted*, he realized. *She mustn't have had any rest.*

Her daughter Rhian approached and brought more cloths. The brown-haired girl was only six years old, but she did what she could to help her mother tend the wound.

The blood ceased to drip. Andris dared to hope when he saw his father's pained expression relax. His breathing eased.

"Is he going to get better?" Rhian asked her mother.

Teya studied the wound and let out a frustrated sigh. "I do not know. The wound looks deep. I do not think that I healed anything but the surface. What is your name, brave warrior?"

"Kerwul." His voice was calm but faint.

"Kerwul," she said. "Do you feel the wound?"

He looked thoughtful for a moment. "Yes, but the pain. I don't feel...I don't feel much of anything."

Andris picked up a wet cloth from a wooden bucket and wiped the dirt and blood from his father's face. The grime had clotted red-and-black in his father's hair.

"Thank you, Andris," Kerwul whispered. Tears fell from his eyes to his ears. "I don't think I'll get to see your mother again."

Andris felt a sore knot in his throat, and he cried. "What are you talking about? You can't talk like that."

"Andris, listen while I can still talk," Kerwul gasped. "I don't feel the pain, but I feel the coldness growing." He swallowed. "This is my time to pass on."

Andris sniffed and listened.

Kerwul struggled to take a breath. "So often when I look at you—" He paused. His fierce gaze held Andris. "I see what a good man you will become." He gave a faint smile. "Take care of your mother, boy. Should you ever find yourself in a fight like this, like today, do not be afraid."

Do not be afraid. How could he not be afraid?

Kerwul's lips quivered as he spoke his last words. "I wish I could have seen you grown." He swallowed. "I will miss you, my son."

His eyes continued to gaze at Andris. And he stopped blinking.

He had died. He would never again move. He would never again talk. He would never again be there for Andris.

The weight of Andris's sorrow crashed on him. His face wrinkled into a pained expression of sadness and love. His fingers clenched the dirt in a pain he would do anything to escape from. He feebly gasped, "I will miss you, too."

After a moment, the queen stood. "I am sorry I could not do more. The cut must have been too deep. Had there not been so many others wounded—" She brushed a lock of hair from her sweat-covered brow.

"I am sorry," Rhian whispered. Andris looked and saw that she was crying, too.

As they moved away to tend other warriors, he wanted to thank them for their kindness, but everything seemed to hurt. He could not speak.

Tears blinded him, so he lifted his gaze. Daylight trickled in through a gap in the wall, like the moon in a night sky. Andris stared through the gap and glimpsed a green bronze cauldron outside, surrounded by weeds. The cauldron had a crack in its side, and it rested alone and unused.

Andris thought that his heart felt like the cauldron, heavy and broken.

"Do not be afraid," he whispered.

2 The Princess's Dream

Ten years had passed since Damare had fought back the Korsan army. Many had died. Many had lived and remembered. Many bore hatred and fear of another invasion. Some, like Rhian's father, sought to restore and rebuild.

Rhian absentmindedly rotated an eating knife in her hands. Over and over she turned the knife like a spit cooking above a fire. She glanced up and smiled politely to the others at the table as they talked. Would this meeting ever be over? Night had fallen, and the Great Hall was dark, save for the firelight. Before long, Rhian's eyes drifted again to the candle in front of her.

She put the knife down and leaned forward, arms crossed against the table. Stay awake, she told herself. Pay attention. She knew she had to maintain a respectful appearance. She smiled but then had to bite her lip to stifle a persistent yawn.

Her mother and father sat beside her at the table. Across the table, four men, ambassadors from Korsan, sat with sullen faces. Her father chattered to them, about the salt trade, iron, and so on. Rhian lost track.

Pay attention. She knew she was supposed to learn such matters.

Her father, Llewoen, was anxious to form an alliance with Korsan's new king. Since the old Korsan king had died, peace was growing possible between the two kingdoms.

In their turn, the ambassadors boasted of Korsan's great wealth. Back and forth, the king and the ambassadors proposed treaties. Back and forth. Would this meeting ever end?

Why was it so difficult for her to be interested? Her father was good at this sort of thing, and she knew she should be like him. She needed to be like him. One day she would have to lead Damare.

She caught herself staring at the candle again.

She looked around at the four ambassadors at the other end of the table, four strangers with strange customs. One of them stared at her. Rhian wrinkled her nose as if somehow his stare smelled awful. He had stared at her several times that evening. Why did he do that? He must have noticed that she was not listening.

Rhian tried to smile. She wished he would quit staring. He was creepy.

Llewoen and Teya continued talking with the ambassadors, unaware of their daughter's discomfort.

It was too dreadful.

She picked up a cup of water and drank a gulp. She held her breath, put the cup down, and paused. She would need to be convincing.

Rhian let out a little cough. Three more short coughs followed. She gulped and began to fall into a long burst of coughs that made her look ill. She stood from the bench and leaned on a wooden beam for support, trying to catch her breath.

"Are you all right?" her mother asked.

Through watery eyes, Rhian glanced around. Everyone had stopped talking. Her mother and father looked concerned. The ambassadors watched her with blank expressions and sipped at wine that they had brought with them from Korsa. Rhian's pretense was working.

"I will be fine," she apologized. "Too much smoke from the hearth, I think." She added a polite smile before breaking into another pretended coughing fit. A little more, but keep it believable.

The queen stood to help her. Rhian felt the touch of her mother's comforting hand on her shoulder.

"I should go to bed," Rhian said. "It is late anyway."

Teya nodded and briefly embraced her. "On your way, check that the chamber for these men is ready."

Rhian apologized to the ambassadors for the disruption and for her absence for the rest of the evening. She picked up the candle and stepped to the door of the Great Hall. At the doorway, she paused and glanced back. The one ambassador who had been staring at her earlier rotated his eating knife. He looked up and stared at her again. Creep.

Rhian coughed, hurried through the door, and shut it quickly behind her.

She cleared her throat and sighed. Why could she not be a better diplomat?

Three stronghold guards stood outside the door, each leaning on their spears. Apparently they had grown tired, too. Embroidered on each of their white tunics, a green dragon stood rampant—the symbol of Damare. One of the guards, a bearded warrior of perhaps forty years age, straightened his stance as Rhian approached.

"How did everything go?" he asked.

"Oh. I would say well," she answered. "Yes, it was well. You can go, Halkirth. I think I want to be alone."

Halkirth shook his head. "Young lady, I must insist on escorting you at least to the keep. I don't want to feel I've been waiting outside all this time for nothing."

Rhian acquiesced. "All right. Let us go." She followed behind Halkirth across the inner bailey of Brynmor Stronghold.

Once they were out of earshot of the other guards, Halkirth inclined his head. "Is anything bothering you? You look irritated."

"No," she groaned. "It is just that—oh, it has been a long day. And I am ready to be alone. That is all."

They had arrived at the keep entrance. "Then I hope that you have a good night," Halkirth said, pulling open the heavy wooden door.

"And you as well," she replied. "Thank you."

Halkirth turned back to the barracks, and Rhian entered the keep. She walked the familiar torchlit hallway, curving to the left, and entered one of the chambers serving as the guest quarters.

Ally, one of the servant maids, was inside the chamber setting up blankets and candles. Ally was from Brynmor Town, outside the stronghold, and she had not been working at the stronghold for very long. Ally was a bubbly girl and amused Rhian.

"Is everything ready?" Rhian asked as she looked over the chamber. There, she had checked the chamber as her mother had asked. Done. Time to take a breath.

"I suppose it's all ready," Ally replied. She straightened the corner of a blanket on the floor. "How were the ambassadors?" She grinned. "Did you think any of them was handsome?"

"Handsome?!" Rhian cried with a disgusted expression. "No, they are too old. Too strange and boring."

"Too bad," Ally laughed. "A good husband would be nice."

Rhian set her candle down and crossed her arms. "I have had much better suitors."

"No, no," Ally said. "I was talking about for *me*. A husband would be nice for *me*."

"Oh." Rhian uncrossed her arms. "Then I wish you the best."

Ally sat down on the bedding she had just straightened, messing up the work she had just completed. "I hope I find someone soon. It's frustrating not being married." She stretched her arms and yawned. "What about you? What kind of man would you want?"

Rhian frowned and leaned back against the doorway. "Everything is always too busy to think about a husband. I do not want to talk about it."

"Very well," Ally said. "Did you hear that Catilea must now remain in bed?"

Rhian nodded. Catilea was one of the other servants. She was with child, and her baby was due very soon.

"She's very worried she might die in childbirth," Ally added.

Rhian shook her head. "She is going to be fine. I am sure of it."

"I hope so." Ally's gaze wandered to look out the window. "But it's still scary."

"I am sure that she will be fine," Rhian repeated. "The baby will be wonderful, too. You will see. I have been making him a blanket."

"Him?" Ally perked up. "You think it will be a boy?"

"I...I have a feeling," Rhian muttered. Did she say too much? She could not have said too much. Ally would not suspect anything. In a dream a few nights before, Rhian had seen Catilea's baby boy, already born and healthy. Only Teya and Llewoen knew about Rhian's dreams. She was never supposed to tell anyone.

"I think it will be a girl," Ally commented, as she closed the shutter to the window. "I better get going." She smiled and stared off into space. "I think I'll ask one of the guards to walk me home."

"See you in the morning."

Rhian left the chamber, walked further down to the end of the hallway, and began to walk up the spiral stairs that formed the spine of the keep. Her ascent was like a transition from the kingdom around her to a more private world of her own.

Be more careful, she scolded herself. If she had said too much to Ally, what would have happened? She frowned. Would Ally have thought she was a witch? A monster? Would she tell others? Would they try to burn her? People grow frightened of the unknown, her father had warned. They are quick to blame and quick to destroy. Never tell anyone.

She stopped and looked around. Was anyone nearby? No one else was there. She turned to a torch on the wall and glided her hand through the torch's flame. The flame contorted away from her skin, and her hand passed by unharmed. At least they could not burn her.

She sighed miserably. She supposed they would choose another way to kill her.

She continued walking up the stairs, head bent low, watching her feet. Like the rest of the keep, the outer walls were built of stone, for strength, while the inner walls, ceilings, and floors were made of wooden planks and logs. Rhian opened the door to her bedchamber, stepped inside, and closed the door.

Was she a witch? She did not think so. She hoped not. She pounded the door once in frustration. She did not know what she was.

She removed the golden torc curved around her neck that marked her nobility. The ends of the torc were crafted in the shapes of golden roses. She tossed it on her fur bedding beside the unfinished green-and-gold embroidered blanket for Catilea's baby. She cast off her shoes, belt, and the sleeveless dress she wore over her pale tunic. She walked to the chamber's window, which lit the room in moonlight.

"Do I belong with normal people?" Rhian whispered to the night. "No, no you do not, weird girl," she answered herself in a mocking tone.

The princess picked up some pebbles from the windowsill and placed them in a leather pouch. She climbed out the window and grabbed a rope hanging nearby. "You are right where I left you, old friend. Take me to the stars."

She held the leather pouch with her teeth and ascended the rope to the thatched roofing above. The rope had knots which made climbing easier, and she was soon settled into the highest part of the keep, lit by the waxing quarter moon.

On the roof, the clay bowl she had left had collected rainwater. Rhian tipped the water out and placed the bowl several steps away. She hummed to herself as she tried to toss the pebbles into the bowl. The rooftop game somewhat comforted her and helped her forget about her day.

A stray cat appeared from a hole in the thatching and padded up to her, seeking some attention.

"Hello, fellow rooftop dweller," Rhian said.

She noticed that the cat had something in its mouth. The cat laid it before her as a gift, followed by a proud meow.

"Hmm, a lovely rat. I see it is still breathing, the poor thing." Rhian picked it up to inspect the damage. The rat was bit across its lower back. It lay motionless except for its efforts to breathe.

But as she held it, the rat began to twitch. Rhian looked closer and saw that the drops of blood from the bite marks were forming into scabs. The rat moved a little more. The tail curled.

Rhian was astonished. She had healed it, just like her mother could. She did not know she would inherit the healing ability. How long had she been able to do that?

She felt more grown up at that moment, like she had been given some new freedom or important purpose. When others were suffering, she would be able to help. But would she have to keep it secret? No, they would certainly not hurt her for healing others. Healing was not something people feared or persecuted. No one would persecute her for that. They had never persecuted her mother. This was a good thing, and Rhian smiled.

The rat wriggled loose from her hands and landed on the straw. It had white fur except for near its feet where the fur was black, like shoes. It glanced at the cat and ran away for a safe refuge.

The cat stayed beside Rhian. A few night birds chirped nearby, and the cat watched them.

"Weird girl is now a weird woman," she said to herself in a playful tone. She was feeling better.

Rhian sang softly and looked down below to the baileys and the stronghold walls. She looked out to the valley, the town, and the distant hills and forests. Harvest time was almost complete, and the weather turned cooler each day, although she could not tell. The air around Rhian always felt comfortable. Another secret.

Everything that lay below was her kingdom. The people were her people, and she loved them. They would all turn to her one day as queen. Her Uncle Hywel was the only other family that could claim the inheritance, and he was always encouraging Rhian to be the next ruler, affectionately calling

her “Rhian the Great.”

Turning her attention away from the kingdom, the princess looked up to the stars. After a moment she pointed to one. “There, do you see, cat? That star right there is my mother’s favorite. It will change colors if you watch it a while.” The cat ignored her and continued watching the birds.

Rhian watched the star twinkle different colors. It was the middle star in an arc of five, and Teya had always shown it to Rhian since she was a young girl.

On the rooftop of the keep, under the stars, Rhian lay down in the thatching and eased into sleep.

Rhian opened her eyes to a pale sky fading into dusk. Like many times before, she stood before a gate covered in antlers. The fence—a typical farmstead fence of stripped tree limbs aligned together around posts like a basket weave—stretched endlessly left and right, and the antlers covered the fence as far as she could see. On the other side of the gate, feathered grasses blanketed a hillside and rippled like waves against the breeze. Beyond the horizon, a tall stone keep flickered to the left or right so that it somehow always remained in her peripheral vision. Maybe it was not real, a phantom of this strange place. Nearly two dozen songbirds, white with blue speckles, chirped and flew above the hillside in a perpetual swirling dance.

She wore the same tunic that she wore on the keep’s thatched roof. Her long brown hair was still braided. Back there on the roof, she still slept. This was a dream, more or less. The Otherworld was a familiar passage that she walked to future times. Where and when would the songbirds lead her tonight?

Rhian stepped through the gate. Heartened by her newfound healing ability, she grew curious about what was in store for her. As she waded into the grasses among them, the songbirds conformed into a circle spinning around her. One by one, they began to carry large flat squares and other shapes with their tiny feet, although Rhian could never see where the shapes came from. Each shape bore an image, like patches of an elaborate tapestry, and the songbirds positioned each shape to suspend midair around the princess.

The encircling wall of patched images combined together until Rhian could no longer see the Otherworld or the songbirds. She was surrounded by her garden in Brynmor.

Her hand brushed against a rosebush. She pulled her hand away from the prick of a thorn. A rosebud formed on the bush and bloomed into a beautiful red rose. Overhead, the sky faded from evening twilight to full darkness, lit dimly by torches atop the stronghold’s outer wall.

When was this?

A movement caught her eye—someone sitting on the ground, leaning against the garden’s pear tree. It was hard to see him, it was so dark. A young man, not much older than Rhian. His face winced in pain. His arm was wrapped in a crude splint, and he held a scrap of bloodied cloth to his shoulder. She did not recognize him.

“Hello,” she called.

He looked up. "Rhian," he whispered. After a moment, his face jumped from pain to worry, and he dropped the scrap of cloth and lifted a sword covered in blood. Rhian did not think that his sword could hurt her while she dreamed, so she stepped closer. The sword had a symbol on the pommel—a circle centered in a broken cross. It was strange, since her father's sword had the same symbol, the mark of the swordsmith Corrhys from a generation or two past. Did this young man have some connection with her father or the blacksmith? Except for the symbol, the two swords were different. Her father's sword was gilded with decorative designs. This bloody sword was very plain.

The young man lowered the sword and smiled with apparent relief, and Rhian liked something about his smile. Then his face grew puzzled. "You look different, Rhian."

"What? What do you mean?"

"It's hard to see you in this darkness," he answered. "Your clothes are different." He looked distracted by some thought.

"Your arm is hurt," she said. "Let me try to help you." Maybe she could heal him, as she had healed the rat. She moved closer and reached for his arm, but his eyes suddenly flashed with worry, so she hesitated.

"Rhian, you have to leave Brynmor!" he urged in a broken whisper. "You and the king and queen need to escape. Go to Sweethaven Harbor and look for a witch's boat in the fog, and she'll take you to Mira." He paused to catch his breath. "The Mirrans can do extraordinary things, and they'll help us. Show them the shard from the broken cauldron." He groaned and nodded toward the cauldron lying near the center of the garden. "You're going to find the shard inside."

"What are you talking about?" she asked, growing frustrated. He was speaking too fast. He did not make any sense. "No one has ever found the island of Mira. It is only a legend. Why do we need to escape?"

"It's dangerous for you here!" he said. "There are molothri in the stronghold after you! Please, Rhian. Please get away!"

"Molothri?" Rhian had heard stories of the shape-shifting creatures but had never seen one. They were monsters from fireside stories. Legends. Nightmares.

The young man pointed to something on the ground to his left. She looked closer and realized it was a body, a dead molothrus's body. Its head was a large bird's head, with a black beak, black feathers, and unmoving red eyes. The rest of its body was human-like, except for the rough ash-colored skin. It wore a dress that looked like one Rhian owned.

Her heartbeat raced as her fear grew. The beats pulsed in her ears.

"You have to escape before they find you," he continued with his warning. "The necromancer will not stop—"

He suddenly faded and disappeared. Rhian saw the rosebush again. The rose bloom shrank and retreated back into a bud.

She lost hold of her dream, realizing she had not asked for the young man's name. _____

Rhian awoke on the keep rooftop. She sat up and drew her knees to her chest, very afraid. Usually, her Otherworld dreams were harmless, without consequence.

“What am I going to do?” she whispered and closed her eyes to think.

A chill autumn breeze swept over the rooftop. She trembled, but not from the cold.

3 Escape from Home

The bronze cauldron waited for Rhian in the middle of the garden, where it had been moved a few years back. It was very old. The surfaces had turned a bluish green, and a large crack extended from the rim to the base on one side. While one handle remained, the other was missing, probably broken off at the same time that the long crack had formed. Three stubby metal legs continued to support its weight.

Rhian drew nearer and looked inside. The opening was about as wide as her forearm, the depth about two-thirds that length. A cluster of weeds filled it like a small forest atop a mountain. Tiny purple flowers peeked over the rim.

Rhian reached into the soft green grasses and small leaves and searched by touch. Her fingers brushed against something hard, cool, and sharp, half-buried in the damp dirt. “You are really there,” she whispered. She pulled the cauldron shard out. It was thin, about two fingers’ width and a hand’s length, with sharp edges. Why did he think this was important?

Rhian tucked the bronze shard into the leather pouch on her belt.

She drew in a deep breath as her worry grew. If the shard was real, then the rest of the young man’s story was probably real. The dead molothrus was real. The danger was real. Rhian considered running through the stronghold, shouting out a warning to everyone that molothri were hidden among them, but she could not do it. They would ask how she knew, and she could never reveal her secret.

At a village harvest festival, as the chilled winds breathe the onset of winter, the young farmer Andris meets Rhian, a mysterious young woman that somehow seems familiar from his past. She bears an iron sword, unusually heavy and off-balance, and she tells him a false name.

That night, she pulls him into her violent struggle to save her family, as he learns that she is the princess of their small kingdom, who had helped to try to save his father’s life ten years ago. Rhian is pursued by shapeshifters and necromancers, and she pleads to Andris to help her search for the aid of a legendary folk on a hidden island. Rhian explains that it was Andris himself who warned her of these dangers and bid her to find the island, all during a dream that she lived through weeks earlier.

“This fantasy tale creates an earnest, gleaming world that’s hard to leave.”
— *Kirkus Reviews*

The Seabird's Cry by Adam Nicolson review "gritty, poetic - Kirkus Otherworld Secrets: An Anthology - The Otherworld Songbirds by Lanny M Smith from Flipkart.com. Only Genuine Books. The Otherworld Songbirds (English, Paperback, Lanny M Smith). Share New Hunger Games novel, The Ballad of Songbirds and - I found this 19th Century article on the birds of the Bible charming. It is also associated with travel to the Otherworld and the mysteries found there.. Early on in the book, two eagles tear each other to death; later, an eagle kills a goose (as Celtic Goddess Of Dance - Psylocke's Drill Bit is a mirror of Songbird's Thunderous Lariat. The WOMEN of the Children of the Atom star in the latest Marvel Now X-book! Born a mutant with the blood of Otherworld flowing through her veins, Betsy Celtic Goddess Of Dance - The Witch of Blackbird Pond is a children's historical novel by American author The dark wings of Blackbird give it associations with the Otherworld and the great. Biblical meaning of dead birds Birds play an important role in the bible. Tree Of Life Pattern - 1 The Song Thrush is one of Ireland's top 20 most widespread garden birds.. birds were seen very much as celestial messengers between the Otherworld and the of the relevant English or Irish name in these reference books being noted. Psylocke Deadpool - ç%o¹è"-ã,µã,ãf^ - æ-†è—•æ~¥ç§‹BOOKS One Day Riddim Zip - The title and cover for the fourth Hunger Games novel have been revealed. The Ballad of Songbirds and Snakes is set 64 years before the 4chan Deeper - Kirkus The Otherworld Songbirds - Lanny Smith - Google Books - The large grids and alphabetic symbols used in this cross stitch pattern book makes here is another group of applique pattern: the Songbird, Tree and Sun. Drawn from Norse, Biblical, and other world traditions, the Tree of Life is an Birds names in english - Born a mutant with the blood of Otherworld flowing through her veins, she has May 14, 2016 Â· Take a look at the comic book history of Psylocke with our new. this team back; but, at higher levels, Songbird's Shatter Scream is a boss-killer.

Relevant Books

[DOWNLOAD] - Download Terahertz and Mid Infrared Radiation: Generation, Detection and Applications (NATO Science for Peace and Security Series B: Physics and Biophysics) free

[DOWNLOAD] - Read Cultural Genocide and the Italian-American Legacy: A Culture Hijacked by Popular Myth and Media Misrepresentation free pdf

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - The Greatest Fight of Our Generation: Louis vs. Schmeling epub
online

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Read City on a Hilltop pdf

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - A Journey to the Kingdom of the Head of the Serpent free epub
