































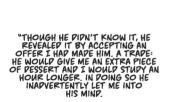






"AFTER YEARS BEGGING ON THE STREETS, A SEEKER PISCOVEREP I WAS A CONPUIT FOR THE WELL AND THE MOSAK TOOK ME IN. IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE AN ORPHAN, IT'S FORTUNATE TO HAVE MOSAK GIFTS.

"PACROUS, THE MONK ASSIGNED TO ME, WAS IN THE FIRST STAGES OF PISCOVERING WHAT ASPECT OF THE WELL I CONNECTED WITH. WHAT MY MOSAK CHANNEL COULD BE USED FOR.



"HE'P BEEN TEACHING ME FOR MONTHS, I'P BEGUN TO SEE HIM AS A FRIENP. IN MY PESPERATION EVEN BEGUN TO LOVE HIM. BUT THERE I WAS INSIPE HIS MINP, SURROUNDEP BY WHAT HE TRULY THOUGHT.

"HE HATED ME.

"SAW ME AS A HALF-BREEP, RABBLE
THAT WAS BENEATH HIS STATION. HE
WAS FURIOUS AT BEING ASSIAN
SUCH A LOW PUPIL. SAW IT AS A
REFLECTION OF HOW THE OTHERS
RATEF HIM. HE ONLY CAREP FOR ME
TO APPEAR CHARITABLE.

"I SAW AT THAT MOMENT THE ONLY THING THAT STOPPEP HIM FROM OPENING MY THROAT AND THROWING ME INTO THE GUTTER WAS APPEARANCES.

"AS THE YEARS WENT ON, THE MORE HEAPS I WORMEP INTO, THE CLEARER IT ALL BECAME..."





