



...CUTTER!

WHAT IF THE SEARCHERS CAN'T FIND HIM--

--BEFORE MIND-SICKNESS DRIVES HIM TO AN UGLY DEATH?



IF MY CHIEF DIES...AND YOU FLY TO THE STARS, MY EYRN...THEN ALL REASON TO LIVE WILL BE STOLEN BY GRIEF.

SO LONG, IT SEEMS, SINCE WE LAST HELPED EACH OTHER!

HAVING IGNORED "THE CALL" SO FAR, STRONGBOW OPENS ALL--HEAD, HAND, AND HEART--TO IT NOW.

SINGING LIKE THE MIGHTIEST OF ARROWS JUST RELEASED, "THE CALL" CARRIES HIS SENDING FAR BEYOND A WOLFRIDER'S LIMITED RANGE--

--TO THE DISTANT PALACE OF THE HIGH ONES, WHERE ELFIN DWELLERS EXERCISE THEIR QUICKENING POWERS.

AND WHERE THE ONE HE LONGS FOR LEARNS TO SHAPE NOT ONLY HER CRYSTALLINE SURROUNDINGS--



--BUT ALSO HER OWN ESSENCE!

"BELOVED! I NEED YOU!" COMES HIS ANGUISHED THOUGHT. "EVEN IF ONLY LIKE THIS, LET US TOUCH!"

WYL! YOU'RE WITH ME! AT THE PERFECT MOMENT! DID MY GREAT JOY MAKE IT POSSIBLE?

SEE, DEAR LIFEMATE! SEE WHAT I'VE LEARNED TO DO!

FOR A WHILE HER REACHING THOUGHTS DETECT NOTHING. THEN, ONCE MORE, HE SENDS...BUT IN A DARKER VEIN.

"I AM GOING TO LOSE YOU. FOR THE FIRST TIME, I TRULY BELIEVE IT!"

OH, WYL! I'VE BEGGED AND BEGGED YOU TO JOIN ME HERE...TO LET ME SHOW YOU ALL WE COULD SHARE!

MUST YOU BE SO STUBBORN? CAN YOU SEE NO OTHER PATH BUT THE ONE YOU'VE ALWAYS TAKEN?

IS THERE NO HOPE FOR YOU AND ME...?

