



No! Let them go!

Rascal!



Just because Jones has taken a shine to you, it doesn't mean the other Wodelings trust you as well.

Most of them think we're King Petor's spies, remember?



So? Maybe you're too scared to stick up for your friends, Dalone, but I'm not.



Look, will you please just let them go? I'll vouch for them, I swear.



Oh, you swear it, do you?

Well, I suppose that's all right, then.



See? Shows what Dalone knows.



Go on, say hello to your friends...



KLANG

...after all, if you're so close, maybe you should be in there with them instead of roaming free out here!

Oh. Stupid, stupid Rascal.



It is good try, girl. But these bastard Wodelings trust only the white skin, I think.

We spent all night trying to convince them we're innocent. They're not buying it.



Send 'em back to where they came from!

Put 'em on the first boat back to Azqar!

Burn 'em!



Aaah! A chattering jack!



It was watching us, from the trees! Its eyes shone like fresh blood!

Where'd it go

Fetch a hunter

Set the silvali on it!



Okay, Dalone, that's pretty smart. Distract everyone long enough...



...for me to do my thing.



I know I shouldn't be surprised that you always carry a lockpick, but still.

You're just too honest for your own good, Munty.



Now, move quiet but quick, while they're distracted--

Hey! They're escaping!

--Bugger it.



Stop, all of you!

The girl is right. These outsiders aren't spies.



Rubbish. You're just soft on her, James.

It's not that. The Azqari pirate and I are... old friends. If you want proof, she's got a birthmark on her left cheek.



I don't see anything.



Not that cheek.





Hello, Shayim. It's been a long time.



SMACK



Too long indeed, so-called friend. You and I will do talk much later.



Only talk?



They gave us a treehouse when we came here. Follow me.