



Clarise sat in the mud amongst the twisted trunks in Artha, her father's head resting in her lap.

“Clarise, my daughter. You are as beautiful now as such day I left you. I did miss you so.”

“Father, where have you been for so many years? How did you leave the living? Why was the dagger in your chest? It brought me tears to see you had met with such fate.”

“We have not time for talk. Hear me, Daughter. You must kill him, the one with the Hayson.” His face became vile. “He shan't leave you behind.”

Clarise looked away. “I cannot. He has brought us together again, and I have given my promise.”

“Clarise, you must kill him! We will again hide such Hayson; hence, never to be found. Then all may be free from such fear.” He brushed her hair away from her eyes and said, “Tease him with thy beauty. Lure him with such charm. Upon his weakest moment, you must take the dagger and force it upon his chest.” He put his thumb to Clarise's chin and slowly raised her head for a dead on stare. “It must be done, dear Daughter ... it must be done.”