





Universidad Latina de Panamá

Facultad de Ciencias de La Educación y Desarrollo Humano

Traducción del libro “Los Poetas de Twingfir: El camino a Beskan” de Theö Stamper  
págs. 19-92

Proyecto final de graduación presentado como requisito para optar por el título de  
Licenciatura de Inglés con énfasis en Traducción

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4-822-2041

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2026



Universidad Latina de Panamá

Faculty of Sciences of Education and Human Development

Translation of the book “Los Poetas de Twingfir: El camino a Beskan” by Theö Stamper

Pages 19-92

Final graduation project presented as a requirement for the bachelor’s degree in English  
with an emphasis on translation

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## Carta de autorización



Universidad  
**LATINA** de Panamá  
SUMMUM DESIDERIUM SAPIENTIA

David, 11 de septiembre de 2025

Señor

Theo Stamper

Autor de

“Los poetas de Twingfir”

E. S. M.

Respetado Señor Stamper:

Por este medio le solicitamos la autorización para la traducción parcial de la obra escrita por usted, titulada “Los poetas de Twingfir”. Dicha traducción estará siendo realizada por el estudiante:

- Hidekel Barría (4-822-2252)
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Sin más que agregar, le agradecemos su valiosa atención y contribución.

Atentamente,

  
**Dra. Carmen Concepción**  
Directora Ejecutiva

Firma del autor



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## Introduction

Translation is an essential key of communication because it allows people from different linguistic backgrounds to understand each other. Through translation, ideas, knowledge, and literary works can be shared across cultures, and it helps texts written in one language reach a wider audience. Translation also aims to preserve the original meaning while adapting it to another language. In today's modern world, translation plays an important role in education, culture and communication because it helps to reduce language barriers and promotes mutual understanding, for it is important to point that out. For these several reasons, translation is transformed into a key tool and instrument to have effective communication.

On top of that, there are the translation techniques that help with the process of translation. Their purpose is to guide translators during that translation process. Each technique helps solve linguistic and cultural problems that may appear in a text. They allow the translator to choose the most appropriate way to express ideas or concepts in the target language, while maintaining the accuracy of the text and making it sound natural. The technique is selected according to the type and purpose of the text and choosing their correct use improves the quality of the translated work. Therefore, translation techniques are necessary to achieve a clear and meaningful translation.

The purpose statement of this final project is to translate at least fifty pages of the book *Los Poetas de Twingfir*, written by Theö Stamper while applying various translation techniques that will determine our knowledge on how to implement them properly and functionally. In this project, we will try to answer the following questions: how does the implementation of certain translation techniques reflect the meaning and content of the book *Los Poetas de Twingfir* written by Theö Stamper.

In the first chapter of this translation work, we discuss the antecedents prior the translation process and its significance, the justification of the project, the objectives and the methodology of the translated work. In the second chapter, all the pages of the source text are translated from Spanish into the target language, English, presented in two columns. Also, the analysis of the translation techniques is viewed in this chapter. In the third chapter of this translation project, there are some conclusions and recommendations as

well as the challenges that were faced during this whole process, and a glossary of the key terminology of this translation. At the end, a bibliography is presented with the sources consulted for this project and some annexes

## Dedication

First, I would like to dedicate this work to my mom, that precious and strong woman who gave birth to me and now supports me in everything. Despite all the challenges, she was always there, motivating me and giving me that mental and physical strength to reach where I am today. There were years of arduous effort when I was not sure what to do with my life, but I could always count on her, and I know it will always be that way in the future.

Likewise, I give thanks to my dear grandmother. She was always attentive to me, asking if I needed anything for university, which I appreciate immensely. In short, I am blessed to have a family that was present in every step of my academic journey.

## Acknowledgement

I wish to express my deepest gratitude to all those who contributed to the completion of this final graduation project.

In the first place, I give my sincere thanks to my advisor, professor Irving, whose great guidance, expertise and his understanding were key factors throughout the translation process and to develop this project. I am also grateful to Professor Juan, the course instructor, for his patience and dedication in reviewing and reading my graduation project, even though it was not really his responsibility, he always kindly accepted everything to help me on this journey.

Also, my appreciation goes to Universidad Latina de Panamá, for providing the academic resources, library access, and environment that made this project possible. And most importantly, I give a big thanks to Theö Stamper, the author of the book “Los Poetas de Twingfir”, whose work served as the foundation for this translation. His literary work inspired and challenged me, enriching a great outcome of this project.

## Abstract

This final graduation project focuses on the translation of a book and the correct application of translation techniques to maintain meaning, style, and the intended message of the author. Translation plays a fundamental role in allowing literary texts to cross linguistic and cultural boundaries, making them accessible to readers who speak different languages. In this way, literary translation requires not only linguistic knowledge but also cultural awareness and interpretative skills to deliver an accurate translation. This project seeks to explore translation as both a technical and a creative process, highlighting the challenges involved in translating a literary material from one language to another.

The book selected for this translation project is “Los Poetas de Twingfir: *El camino a Beskan*”, written by the author Theö Stamper. The author’s writing is characterized by imagination, creativity, fantasy and a strong emphasis on language and poetic expression. For what is known, his literary works explore different themes which make his texts rich in meaning but complex to translate. “Los Poetas de Twingfir” showcase a fictional world which language and poetry goes hand by hand, resulting in an epic fantasy novel. These characteristics make the book a suitable choice for a translation process.

As a fact, the main objective of this project is to translate at least fifty pages of “Los Poetas de Twingfir” from the source language (Spanish) into the target language (English) while applying different translation techniques. The project aims to analyze how these techniques influence the final translated text, how they help maintain the author’s original message, and test all the skills taught and learned over the years to become future translators. The translation process seeks to balance fidelity to the source text with naturalness in the target language.

This final graduation project is organized into three main chapters. The first chapter presents the introduction of the project; while giving information about the author, the book, the aim, and the translation techniques applied to the translated text. The second chapter contains the core of the whole project, the translation, where the selected pages of the source text are translated and presented in two columns. This chapter focuses on the application of translation techniques and the translation itself. Finally, the third

chapter presents the challenges throughout the process, some conclusions, and recommendations derived from the translation experience.

In addition, it includes a glossary of key terms found in the translation process. The glossary helps clarify any essential word, especially those related to the fictional world created by the author. Some references are included in credit and allow verification for sources used, and annexes.

Overall, this project demonstrates the importance of translation techniques in literary translation and highlights the complexity of translating a text with a lot of symbolism and creative language. By translating *Los Poetas de Twingfir*, this project contributes to making Theo Stamper's work accessible to other audiences while preserving the essence of his literary style and message in his work. Translation is not merely a process of transferring words from one language to another, but a careful process that requires interpretation, creativity, understanding and respect for the original text.

# First Chapter

## 1.1 Antecedents

Translation has always played an important role in the publication of literary works across different languages and cultures. Through translation, readers can access texts that would otherwise remain limited to a single linguistic community. In the field of literature, translation is especially important because it allows stories, emotions, and ideas to be shared while respecting the original meaning of the text. It also preserves the author's voice style, and intention, even when the language changes. For this reason, translation is not only a linguistic activity but also a cultural and creative process that readers benefit from it.

Theo Stamper, the author of "Los Poetas de Twingfir", is a contemporary writer whose work is characterized by imagination, symbolism, and a strong focus on language. He was born on July 18, 1991, in Panama City, and son of an American father and Panamanian mother. Stamper's works often explore abstract ideas related to creativity, identity and the role of words in shaping reality. Across his work, he shows a consistent interest in fictional worlds and poetic expression that suggests an author that is deeply connected to artistic and philosophical themes. His writings style often includes abstract ideas, symbolic language, and invented elements, which give depth to his narratives. These features make his work different to others because it requires careful analysis to deliver a great job.

"Los Poetas de Twingfir" presents a fictional universe in which language and poetry play a central role. The book explores themes such as self-expression, creativity, and a lot of imagination. In brief, the book is set in a fictional Empire named Karf, where there is a great drought due to an imprisonment of some dragon named Thuren, that provides vegetation wherever he lays down. The last three wizards of the kingdom, Adam Migfield, and his sons, Leinad and Amir, undertake a journey to unleash this creature so that everything can return to normal, but a supreme witch from one of the kingdoms of the Karf Empire tries to prevent them from succeeding.

Through his narrative, the book seeks to highlight how creativity and imagination can create a whole new universe that influences culture and human relationships. The purpose

of “Los Poetas de Twingfir” is to convey a message about how different individuals come together to achieve a greater good and transform the story into something brand new.

As we imagined, translating “Los Poetas de Twingfir” involves more than transferring words from one language to another; it requires preserving the author’s message, tone and literary style to maintain the impact of the source text into the target text. Therefore, the translation of this work is important, as it allows Theö Stamper’s ideas and artistic vision to reach a wider audience while maintaining the essence of the original text.

## 1.2 Justification

This final project is needed as a requirement to complete the career and obtain a degree English with an emphasis in translation at Universidad Latina de Panamá. As my graduation project, it gave the final stage of my academic training in the translation field as well as the application of theoretical knowledge to a real literary translation. Translating “Los Poetas de Twingfir” provides an opportunity to work with a complex and meaningful text. Through this work, the original message of the book might reach a wider audience and can be necessary for academic, literary, and cultural contribution.

This project is a huge part of my life as a student of English with an emphasis in translation at Universidad Latina de Panamá because it allows me to apply the knowledge acquired during the whole 4 years of the degree. Through this project, I can put into practice my different skills as a translator and some translation techniques in real literary work. Additionally, this project helps me to strength my other skills in problem solving and text analysis, for it represents an opportunity to gain experience that will be useful in my future professional career. For this and other reasons, this project represents an important part of my academic development.

The translation of this book may benefit readers who are interested in literature but do not speak the original language (Spanish) of the book. Students and professors of Universidad Latina de Panamá can find some benefits for future example of projects as well as finding value in analyzing the translation process and techniques applied into the literary translation. Therefore, the translated text is intended for a broad and diverse audience that can be interested in my project.

Moreover, the translation text is supposed to preserve the meaning, message and the style of the original work. It tries to communicate the author’s ideas and intended message clearly and naturally as possible in the target language, while also maintaining the poetic and creative elements present on the source text. Another goal is to make the book reach a wider audience and be accessible to readers from different parts of the world (if that is possible). As a fact, the translated version should allow readers to understand and appreciate the message of “Los Poetas de Twingfir” and demonstrate the effective use of translation techniques into the work.

## 1.3 Objectives

### 1.4.1 General Objective

To translate from Spanish (or English) into English (or Spanish) the pages 19 to 92 from the book “Los Poetas de Twingfir: El camino de Beskan” written by Theö Stamper.

### 1.4.2 Specific Objective

1. To implement 8 translation techniques from the source language of the book “Los Poetas de Twingfir: El camino de Beskan” written by Theö Stamper into the target language, in this case English.
2. To identify the challenges faced in this final project process so they may serve potential readers of this thesis as foundations of what to expect and how to make of this journey a problem solving one.
3. To demonstrate effective use of the mechanics of writing in the target language (the book that is translated): pronunciation, capitalization, coherence, and unity.
4. To analyze the structure of the target language, the syntax and pragmatics of both languages are identified and properly translated.
5. To interpret the cultural and sociological aspects that may determine the translation of the source text in order to be aware of the cultural and sociological elements of the source and target languages.
6. To provide some conclusions and recommendations so our translation research experience may enrich future generations of translators in Panamá.

## 1.4 Methodology

It is a fact that a good translation ensures that cultural nuances and regional characteristics are considered to avoid misunderstanding and increase credibility. Translation is at the heart of how we share knowledge and ideas, and translators act as custodians of literary treasures, introducing them to new audiences each year. This enriches our literary landscape, inviting us to explore the vast ocean of the world of literature. Undoubtedly, translation serves as a bridge in our connected world, enabling the exchange of ideas, political cooperation, and cultural understanding, while connecting us and enhancing our collective pursuit of knowledge.

Translation techniques are processes used by translators to solve problems that arise when transferring meaning from a source language to a target language. Molina and Hurtado Albir (2002) define translation techniques as tools that help describe how equivalence is achieved at the micro-level of the text. These techniques guide the translator in making decisions when there is no direct linguistic or cultural equivalence. They are divided into direct and oblique translation techniques that include literal translation, modulation, adaptation, borrowing and more.

# Second Chapter

2.1 Translated Text

<p>I Desahogo <i>16<sup>a</sup> Gekarva de 2892</i> <i>Época de la Sombra</i></p> <p>Página 19</p> <p>El susurro del viento levantaba la falda de Ania y hacía volar su cabello en el ocaso, al borde del acantilado del Reino Auxis. La brisa respetaba su cuerpo al soplar solo lo suficiente para no mostrar más arriba de sus muslos. La sostenían sus pies descalzos. Hombres, mujeres y niños escuchaban sus relatos. Entre la multitud compuesta por razas excéntricas, destacaban las antorchas que los que cremánticos elevaban en el aire, las mantenían muy alto y sus brazos parecían nunca cansarse. Su vestido blanco de tiras que dejaban ver sus delicados hombros bailaba al son del viento; viento que parecía enamorarse de Ania. La única a la que soplaban con intensidad. Quizás era solamente porque estaba muy al borde de la cima de aquel acantilado, más ella parecía controlar la tormenta que se avecinaba. Los cremánticos son conocidos por contar historias, no mitos, historias reales sobre el universo y el cosmos. Pero no son estas las únicas cualidades o características que hacen de estos seres algo extraordinario, también sus pieles blancas en su totalidad, sus cabellos oscuros que a la luz del sol brillan tenuemente de un tono azulado, sus cejas y pestañas del mismo color; sea hombre o mujer, todos poseen largas cabelleras. Pero la cualidad más significativa en su inmortalidad, razón por la cual contar historias estaba entre sus mejores hazañas. Ania contaba cómo el planeta fue formado, hablaba de los dioses y cómo es que estos nacieron. Sus historias eran complejas para la gente del pueblo, incluso para la de los reinos más elitistas. Y la única historia que terminó convirtiéndose en leyenda fue la de un gran animal que fue apresado en las tierras lejanas de Beskan. Aquel...</p>	<p>I Solace <i>16th Gekarva of 2892</i> <i>Age of the Shadow</i></p> <p>Page 19</p> <p>The wind's whisper lifted Ania's skirt and made her hair fly in the twilight, at the edge of the cliff in the Kingdom of Auxis. The breeze respected her body, blowing just enough to lift her skirt no higher than her thighs. Her bare feet held her up. Men, women, and children listened to her stories. Among the crowd made up of eccentric races, the torches held high by the cremánticos stood out. They held them high up to the sky and their arms seemed never to grow tired. Her white strappy dress, which revealed her delicate shoulders, danced to the rhythm of the wind—a wind that seemed to fall in love with Ania. She was the only one the wind blew against with such intensity. Perhaps it was simply because she stood so close to the edge of the cliff, but she seemed to command the storm that was approaching. The cremánticos are known for telling stories, no myths. There were true based stories about the universe and the cosmos. But these are not the only qualities that make these beings extraordinary. Also, their completely white skin, their dark hair, their eyebrows and eyelashes shine with a dim bluish color hue under the sunlight, whether man or woman, all possess long hair. Yet their most remarkable trait is their immortality, which is why storytelling was among their greatest feats. Ania narrated how the planet was formed, spoke about the gods and how they came into being. Her stories were not easy to follow up for the people of the village, even for those from the most noble/elitist kingdoms. And the only story that eventually became legend was related to great beast that was captured in the distant lands of Beskan. Such</p>
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acontecimiento no permitía a la mayor parte del continente de Alghorn obtener sus frutos, ya que esa enorme bestia era la causante de los mejores cultivos y minerales de las tierras místicas; criatura que cada ocho años descansaba en lugares desiertos e infértiles. Los únicos, por alguna extraña razón, que obtenían beneficios de los poderes de esa criatura, eran los reinos del imperio Karf. Y digo extraña porque Beskan está muy distante de aquellos reinos de testarudos y ambiciosos nobles. Se requería navegar para llegar a Beskan.

Cruzar los mares para liberar al dragón no era la mejor opción, ¡era lo peor que cualquier guerrero podría hacer! Los mares esconden, bajo el peso de sus aguas, los monstruos más macabros que protegen con celo sus riquezas o simplemente su territorio. Esto permitía al imperio dominar las mejores tierras y tener a sus pies a todos los demás reinos y pueblos que, en su pobreza, se vendían como esclavos y soportaban las peores humillaciones; todo por un pedazo de pan.

La voz de la inmortal Ania temblaba de pavor al contar la historia, porque en su mente no había ni la mínima posibilidad de hablar de ellos sin recordar lo que sus ojos presenciaron: criaturas indescriptibles. No hallaba manera de explicar lo que eran con tantos detalles, porque nada se comparaba al abismal concepto de creación monstruosa y grotesca con la que estos seres fueron concebidos. Aquel Dios que tuvo, por desgracia, la imaginación más perversa y la conciencia más sucia como para dar vida a lo que ahora era el temor de los habitantes de Alghorn, no merecía ni ser nombrado.

—¿Yo vi con estos malditos ojos a las bestias que crearon los dioses oscuros, pero ¿qué puedo reclamarles yo? Si soy también una creación. Por más que haya sido creada por los dioses de luz, soy una miserable creación. Ellos crearon guerreros como los éniars, como los ángeles. Pero ¿los cremánticos? «Démosle inmortalidad»

an event prevented most of the continent of Alghorn from obtaining its fruits, as that enormous beast was the source of the finest crops and minerals of the mystical lands. Every eight years, the creature would rest in uninhabited and infertile places. For a strange reason, the kingdoms of the Karf empire were the only ones that gather/gain benefits from the creature's power. And I call it strange since Beskan is too far away from those kingdoms of stubborn and ambitious nobles. Reaching Beskan required a journey by sea.

Crossing the seas to free the dragon was not the best option, it was the worst thing any warrior could do! Beneath the weight of its waters, the sea hides the most horrifying monsters that fiercely protect their treasures or simply their territory. This allows the empire to take control of the finest lands and keep all other kingdoms and people at their feet, those who, in their poverty, sold themselves as slaves and endured the worst humiliations, all for a piece of bread.

The voice of the immortal Ania trembled with fear as she told the story, because in her mind there was not even the slightest possibility of speaking about them without recalling what her eyes had witnessed: indescribable creatures. She found no easy way to explain what they were in detail because nothing compared to the abyssal concept of monstrous and grotesque creation which these beings had been conceived/created. Unfortunately, that God who possessed the most twisted imagination and the filthiest conscience to give life to what had become the fear of Alghorn's inhabitants, does not even deserve to be named.

“I saw with these damned eyes the beasts created by the dark gods, but what can I reproach them for? I am also a creation. Even if I was made by the gods of light, I am a miserable creation. They created warriors like the éniars, like the ángeles, but the cremánticos...?”

‘Let's give them immortality’

<p>—Dijo con lágrimas de sangre—. Hagámoslos débiles, hagámoslos pálidos. ¡Hagámoslos eternos!</p> <p>Aquel monólogo dejó de ser un discurso de aprendizaje para los pueblerinos y se convirtió en un desahogo sufrido hasta por los que escuchaban.</p>	<p>She said, with tears of blood. ‘Let’s make them weak, let’s make them pale, let’s make them eternal!’</p> <p>That monologue stopped being a lesson for the villagers and became a painful release/solace, even for those who listened.</p>
<p>Página 21</p> <p>Todos sufrían con ella y guardaban silencio en la alumbrada tarde que escondía el sol en el horizonte, intentaban no hacer ruido al tragar saliva para esconder el temor que les erizaba la piel. Toda la magia que se esparcía hasta en el más recóndito espacio del continente no era suficiente para detener la maldad de las creaciones oscuras. Se necesitaba más que eso, se necesitaba coraje y más poder mental que mágico.</p> <p>—Estos ojos fueron creados hace más de tres mil años y estuvieron malditos durante cinco días, lo suficiente como para no querer vivir más. Fue aquel día que vi a los oceánicos llevar a cabo un ritual para invocar a su dios. ¿Sabes lo que hicieron cuando se dieron cuenta de que los espiaba? Yo esperaba la muerte, hubiese preferido eso. Pero me sujetaron de manos y pies, me desnudaron y los huesos del animal que mataron para su ritual fueron incrustados en mi pecho y en la palma de mis manos. Les rogué que me mataran. En su lugar, el que parecía ser el líder del plan me besó con sus pegajosos labios, sosteniendo mi cabeza con sus grotescas manos. Sentí su lengua tocar mi cerebro. Me mostró una profecía, me mostró a su dios. Era tan inmenso que no pude terminar de verlo, solo vi uno de sus ojos y parte de su cuerpo que era difícil distinguir. Yo me veía hundida en el fondo del mar sin poder emerger.</p> <p>En este punto de su historia, a Ania no le importó que hubiera niños ahí, ella siguió contando su terrible testimonio y fueron los padres los que tuvieron la sensatez de alejarlos de la que ahora no parecía una mujer tan cuerda, sino una maniática. Siguió contando:</p> <p>—Desperté a orillas del mar. No había nadie a mi alrededor y las olas se llevaron la sangre</p>	<p>Page 21</p> <p>Everyone suffered with her and remained quiet in the lit afternoon, as the sun hid on the horizon. They tried not to make a sound as they swallowed, hiding the fear that made their skin crawl. All the magic that spread even into the most remote corners of the continent was not enough to stop the evil of the dark creations. It needs much more than that; it took courage and greater mental strength than magical power.</p> <p>“These eyes were created more than three thousand years ago and were cursed for five days, just long enough to make me not want to live anymore. It was that day when I saw the oceánicos performing a ritual to summon their god. When they realized I was watching, you know what they did? I expected death, and I would have preferred it. But instead, they grabbed my hands and feet, stripped me of everything, and embedded the bones of the creature they had sacrificed into my chest and the palms of my hands. I begged them to end my life. Instead, the one who seemed to lead the situation held my head with his grotesque hands and kissed me with his sticky lips. I felt his tongue reach into my mind. He showed me a prophecy, a god, their god. It was enormous that I could not see all of it, only one of its eyes and a part of its body, which was hard to distinguish. I saw myself sinking to the bottom of the sea, unable to rise.</p> <p>At this point in her story, Ania no longer cared that there were children at the place. She kept telling her terrible testimony, and it was the parents who had the good sense to take them away from the woman who now seemed less sane and more like a madwoman. She continued:</p> <p>“I woke up at the shore. There was no one around me, and the waves had washed away</p>

<p>derramada la noche anterior, incluso mis heridas habían sanado. No podía cerrar los ojos porque cada vez que lo hacía volvía a ver el magno ojo de aquel ser. Caminé por el bosque intentando llegar aquí y me detuvo un fuerte dolor en el vientre. Dentro de mí se sacudía algo, lo que me hizo pensar que habían abusado de mí. Pero ¿cómo podría algo moverse de tal manera con tan solo horas de haber sido concebido? Así que, al llegar aquí, me ayudaron a abrir mi vientre hasta que desmayé. No había nada, pero...</p>	<p>the blood spilled the night before, even my wounds had healed. I could not close my eyes because every time I did, I saw the great eye of that being again. I walked through the forest, trying to make my way here, but was stopped by a sharp pain in my abdomen. Inside of me something began to move, leading me to think that they took advantage of me. But how could something move like that just hours after being conceived? So, when I arrived here, they helped me open my abdomen until I passed out. There was nothing there, but...</p>
<p>Página 22</p> <p>yo sentía algo. Y fue así durante cinco días en los que volví a escuchar la voz del dios, volví a sentir la lengua del oceánico lamer mi cerebro, y el maldito hijo imaginario que se movía dentro de mí como un pez queriendo escapar. Hasta que, de repente..., se detuvo. Hace dos mil años deje de sentir todo aquello que me hacia odiar mi vida, deje de soñar con la bestia. Pude dormir, pude volver a enamorarme, pude ser feliz.</p> <p>Ania se despojó de su vestido y quedó en total desnudez. Se podía ver algo revolotear en su vientre. Ella seguía, literalmente, llorando sangre y ahora, sin su vestido, la sangre viajaba por sus mejillas hasta sus senos para luego caer gota a gota sobre el pasto en el que hablaba. Las pesadillas, esa sensación de llevar un niño en su vientre y la agonía de una vida tortuosa que estaban latentes en su interior habían vuelto, llevándola a la locura que la condujo al borde del acantilado del cual se lanzó.</p> <p>Todos pensaron que la historia terminaba con un final feliz, pero no había manera de que así fuera. Su cuerpo cayó sobre las rocas que el mar no tapaba. Las olas que crecieron mediante Ania estuvo contando su desdicha, embestían con gran fuerza aquel día. Fueron aquellas olas las que se llevaron el cuerpo, golpeaban las rocas y agitaban a Ania. Al final, regaló su muerte al dios que habita en el mar, aquel que la torturó durante pocos días, que bastaron para llevarla al extremo contrario de la cordura.</p>	<p>Page 22</p> <p>I felt something. Thus, for five days, I heard the voice of the god again, felt the tongue of the oceánico licking my brain again, and felt the cursed imaginary child moving inside me like a fish trying to escape. Until it suddenly.... stopped. Two thousand years ago, I stopped feeling everything that made me hate my life, I no longer dreamed of the beast. I could sleep, fall in love again, and be happy.</p> <p>Ania took off her dress and stood completely naked. Something could be seen fluttering/moving insider her abdomen. She was still, quite literally, crying blood, and now, without her dress the blood ran down her cheeks, over her breasts, and dripped slowly into the grass where she spoke before. The nightmares, the feeling of carrying a child within her, and the agony of a tortured life had returned, driving her to the madness that led her to the edge of the cliff from which she jumped.</p> <p>Everyone thought that the story concluded with a happy ending, but there was no way it could have. Her body fell onto the rocks that the sea did not cover. That day, the waves that grew as Ania recounted her sorrow, crashed violently against the shore. It was those waves that carried her body away, hitting the rocks and tossing Ania. In the end, she gave her death to the god that lives in the sea, the one who had tortured her for only few days, yet enough to push her to the farthest edge of sanity.</p>

<p>Los truenos que acompañaban el crepúsculo desaparecieron tan pronto el cuerpo de la cremántica hizo contacto con las rocas. Y, muy brevemente, aquello se convirtió en una metáfora: «Ania se llevó aquella tormenta cuando su tormento se la llevó a ella», Toda esta desgracia la presencié Bec, una hechicera del Reino de Alinns, que, junto a su mascota (un perro enorme), había ido intentando aclarar sus dudas, pero salió con más preguntas en su cabeza. Presenció la partida de Ania a El Péndulo, donde todos los que mueren dejan de sufrir, o al menos eso se suponía.</p>	<p>The thunders that had accompanied the twilight vanished the moment the body of the cremántica (woman) hit the rocks. And, for a brief moment, it all became a metaphor: “Ania took the storm with her when her torment took her away.” All this tragedy was witnessed by Bec, a sorceress from the Kingdom of Alinns, who had come with her pet, a massive dog, seeking answers to her questions. But she left with even more doubts going around in her mind. She witnessed Ania’s departure to El Péndulo, the place where all who die are said to stop suffering, or at least, that is what people believed.</p>
<p>III MUÑECAS</p> <p>Página 25</p> <p>Cecilia jugaba con sus muñecas en el jardín de su palacio, mientras su padre cazaba en los alrededores para llevar algo de comer a la mesa. La niña se preparaba para cambiar de atuendo de los recientes juguetes que su padre le había conseguido cerca de las aldeas de Twingfir: cuatro muñecos. Todos atados de pies y manos.</p> <p>—A ti te llamaré Gina —dijo, sosteniendo a la hermosa rubia.</p> <p>Tomo a otro, un viejo calvo y desnutrido que no hacía falta atar porque estaba débil. Cortó las cuerdas que lo amordazaban y, cargándolo en sus manos, le habló:</p> <p>—Debería botarte, pero serás el mayordomo de estas dos lindas muchachitas; ni siquiera mereces ser hombre.</p> <p>Una vez lo soltó, el viejo quedó tendido en el pasto, con los labios resecaos y partidos por la deshidratación. Provocaba lástima. Agarró a la señora y también soltó sus ataduras. La nombro Jeina. La señora golpeaba la grotesca mano de la niña para que la soltase.</p> <p>—La última muñeca que tuve se parecía mucho a usted. ¿Quiere saber qué le pasó? —dijo, y la acercó a su rostro.</p> <p>La señora lloraba, denotando el sucio en su cara y su cuello, producto de la pelea que</p>	<p>III DOLLS</p> <p>Page 25</p> <p>Cecilia played with her dolls in her palace’s garden, while her father hunted around to bring something to the table.</p> <p>The girl was preparing to change the outfits of the new toys her father had brought from the villages near Twingfir: four dolls. All of them tied up by hand and foot.</p> <p>“I will call you Gina.” she said, holding the beautiful blonde.</p> <p>She took another, an old, bald, malnourished man who did not need to be tied because he was so weak, so she cut the ropes that gagged him and carrying him in his arms, said to him:</p> <p>“I should throw you away, but you will be the butler for these two pretty girls; you do not even deserve to be a man.”</p> <p>Once she let him down, the old man stayed stretched out on the grass, his lips dry and cracked from dehydration. He inspired pity. She grabbed the woman and loosened her bindings and named her Jeina. The woman hit the girl’s grotesque hand, trying to make her let go.</p> <p>“The last doll I had looked a lot like you. Do you want to know what happen to her?” she said, bringing her closer to her face.</p> <p>The woman cried, the dirt on her face and neck revealing the struggle she had put up</p>

<p>intentó dar antes de que el padre de esta gigante la capturara. La niña contó cómo pisó a su muñeca anterior causando en breve su muerte, cual moneda que dejas caer al suelo y se intenta escapar rodando.</p>	<p>before the father of this giant girl captured her. The girl told how she had stepped on her previous doll, causing its quick death, like a coin you drop on the floor and watch roll away as it tries to escape.</p>
<p>Página 26</p> <p>Por último, levantó a Clara, una jovencita de cabello oscuro y hermosa figura. Sin preguntarle cómo se llamaba, la nombró Frey. A todos los desnudó y los lavó con agua helada. Ellos intentaban tapar su desnudez y miraban los alrededores para buscar una salida, lo cual fue imposible por los altos muros de madera, que lo único que dejaban ver era el cielo y las enormes y abominables manos de esa niña. Cecilia los vistió.</p> <p>—Le diré a mi padre que les consiga novios. Tomó a las muchachas y las chocó entre sí para obligarlas a besarse, y es que le hacía falta muñecos que jugaran el papel de príncipes. Rompió sus labios cuando estrelló sus rostros y en el caso de Frey, la dejó con un ojo morado en su enojo de ver que las muchachas no unían sus labios.</p> <p>—Si no hacen lo que pido apretaré sus cabezas como uvas. Gina se acomodó la tira de su vestido y le pidió disculpas a Frey antes de propinarle un beso apasionado con el fin de dejar feliz a su nueva dueña. Cecilia aplaudía y reía a la vez. Cada aplauso lastimaba los oídos de los rehenes y el aire producto del choque entre sus manos los despeinaba.</p> <p>—Quiero escuchar sus voces y disfrutar de una buena actuación. El viejo cayó sobre sus rodillas, ensuciando su traje elegante. Gina notó el rostro de molestia del monstruo que las apresaba y antes de que hiriera al pobre señor, se dispuso a actuar.</p> <p>—Mi nombre es Gina. Bella dama, ¿Cuál es su nombre? —Frey —dijo la jovencita, a punto de romper en llanto.</p>	<p>Page 26</p> <p>At last, she picked up Clara, a young lady with dark hair and graceful figure. Without asking her name, Cecilia called her Frey. One by one, she stripped and bathed them in freezing water. They tried to shield themselves from the cold and looked around, searching for a way out, but it was impossible due to the high wooden walls. The only view was the sky above and the monstrous hands of the child. Cecilia dresses them up.</p> <p>“I will ask my father to find you boyfriends.” She grabbed the girls and pushed them together to force them to kiss, indeed she needed dolls to play the part of princes. Their kiss split when she smashed their faces together, and in Frey’s case she left her with a black eye in anger at seeing that the girls would not press their lips together.</p> <p>“If you do not do what I ask, I will squeeze you heads like grapes.” Gina fixed the strap of her dress and apologized to Frey before giving a passionate kiss to her to please their new owner. Cecilia clapped and laughed at the same time. Each clap hurt the hostages’ ears, and the air from her hands slapping together messed their hair.</p> <p>“I want to hear your voices and enjoy a good performance.” The old man fell to his knees, getting dirty his elegant suit. Gina notices the annoyed expression on the monster’s face as it held them captive, and it could hurt the poor man, she hurried to act.</p> <p>“My name is Gina. Pretty lady, what is your name?” “Frey,” said the young girl, on the verge of tears.</p>

<p>—¿Cuántos años tienes? ¿Y qué haces aquí tan sola?</p> <p>—Diecisiete años. Estoy ... esperando a que llegue mi carruaje.</p> <p>Cecilia dejó de fruncir el ceño y se mostraba contenta.</p> <p>—¿Está usted casada? —preguntó Gina.</p> <p>—No, ¿Por qué le interesa?</p> <p>—Puedo desposarla. Llévame con tu padre y muéstrame tu hogar.</p> <p>Gina intentaba sacar información a Frey, pero el miedo no le hizo caer en cuenta de la estrategia de su compañera actriz.</p>	<p>“How old are you?” And what are you doing here all alone?”</p> <p>“Seventeen. I am... waiting for my carriage to arrive.”</p> <p>Cecilia stopped frowning and looked pleased.</p> <p>“Are you married?,” asked Gina.</p> <p>“No, why do you ask?”</p> <p>“I could wed you. Take me to you father and show me your home.”</p> <p>Gina was trying to get information out of Frey, but fear kept her from realizing her fellow actress’s strategy.</p>
<p>Página 27</p> <p>—No tengo papá. Vivo con mi madre —Esa información era real.</p> <p>—¿Y ustedes qué esperan para unirse al diálogo? —preguntó Cecilia a los señores.</p> <p>—Yo... yo soy la madre de Frey. ¿Qué quiere con mi hija?</p> <p>—Quiero que sea mi esposa. Necesito su bendición —dijo Gina.</p> <p>—Sí —respondió Jeina con su voz quebrada por el temor.</p> <p>—¡¿Sí qué?! —gritó la niña gigante, escupiendo a todos sus muñecos involuntariamente—. ¡Esmérate!</p> <p>—¡Sí tiene mi bendición, señorita!</p> <p>La señora en realidad fue una gran negociante en su juventud, antes de que la escasez llegara a la vida de los que vivían lejos de los reinos. Fue rica y ahora era pobre, y nunca aprendió a respetar a los que les costaba conseguir un sustento. Ahora el destino se encargaba de hacerle sentir en carne propia lo que era la miseria.</p> <p>El padre de Cecilia llegó al fin a casa y traía arrastrando a un gorfín, un animal parecido a un bisonte, pero totalmente blanco y con seis patas. Estos olmánsaros eran animales poco comunes, mamíferos enormes parecidos a los que con regularidad se ven en la naturaleza; leones gigantes y de diversos colores, bisontes inmensos y con extremidades de más, caninos de absurda estatura (como el de Bec), y muchos otros que fueron creados para el cuidado de su especie. Pero ya poco se les veía, y los gigantes eran una de las razones por las</p>	<p>Page 27</p> <p>“I do not have a father. I live with my mother.” —That information was true.</p> <p>“And what are you all waiting for to join the conversation?,” Cecilia asked the elders.</p> <p>“I... I am Frey’s mother, what do you want with my daughter?”</p> <p>“I want her to be my wife. I need your blessing.” said Gina.</p> <p>“Yes,” answered Jeina, her voice broken by fear.</p> <p>“Yes what?!” shouted the giant girl, spitting on all her dolls unintentionally. “Put some effort into it!”</p> <p>“Yes, you have my blessing, young lady!”</p> <p>The woman was in fact a great negotiator in her youth, before scarcity reached the lives of those who lived far from the kingdoms. She was rich and now poor, and she had never learned to respect those who struggled to earn a living. Now fate itself was making her feel in her own flesh what misery truly was.</p> <p>Cecilia’s father finally returned home, dragging behind him a gorfín, a creature resembling a bison, but entirely white with six legs. These olmánsaros were rare beasts, massive mammals that resembled familiar animals but with exaggerated features: lions of immense size and vibrant colors, colossal bisons with extra limbs, and canines of absurd stature like Bec’s companion. Many of these creatures had once been created to protect their kind.</p>

<p>que algunos se extinguían; otros aún se esconden, pues sus carnes eran usadas en perfectos bocadillos y sus huesos convertidos en armas de guerra.</p> <p>—¿Otra vez gorfin? Su piel es muy dura, papá.</p> <p>—Fue lo único que conseguí. Ya está oscureciendo. ¿Acaso quieres que se pierda tu padre en el bosque?</p> <p>—No. No quiero que el bosque ni los malos te atrapen.</p> <p>Incluso los gigantes temían. Su tamaño y fuerza no les impedía preocuparse de que algo o alguien les hiciera daño. Los éniars eran su mayor temor. Estos guerreros nunca se presentaban ante la gente del pueblo quienes —sintiéndose indignos— los veían como dioses. Lo único que sabían por historias que se contaban era que su presencia...</p>	<p>But now, they were seldom seen. Giants were one reason had gone extinct; others still hid, for their flesh had become prized delicacies and their bones forged into weapons of war.</p> <p>“Another gorfin? Their skin is too tough, father.”</p> <p>“It was all I could find. Night is falling. You would rather your father get lost in the forest?”</p> <p>“No...I do not want the woods or the bad things to take you.</p> <p>Even the giants felt fear. Their size and strength did not shield them from the possibility of harm. Their greatest fear was the éniars, warriors who never revealed themselves to common folk, who, feeling unworthy, saw them as gods. All that was known of them came from stories passed down through generations, and what those stories said was that their presence...</p>
<p>Página 28</p> <p>era una experiencia divina, sus cabellos más deslumbrantes que el mismo sol y sus armaduras tan pulcras como la conciencia de un recién nacido. Además, los éniars contaban con el mejor ejército.</p> <p>—Tengo que ir a comer —dijo Cecilia con su tierna voz—. Espero que sus dientes sean fuertes; les traeré comida y agua por su maravillosa actuación, menos al mayordomo. Si no pones de tu parte, me desharé de ti.</p> <p>—Te lo agradecemos —dijo Gina.</p> <p>Cecilia los miró con desconfianza y los encerró en una jaula sobre un lago infestado de pirañas que se encontraba bajando la colina en donde jugaba. El uso de estos peces carnívoros y voraces fue idea del padre de Cecilia, y se convirtió en una forma de evitar la infiltración de intrusos o el escape de los rehenes usados como muñecos. La niña también era experta en trampas gracias a todas las personas que habían intentado huir. A pesar de todo esto, el lugar se veía tranquilo y pacífico, con pasto abundante y vegetación colorida, acompañada de animales silvestres un tanto desnutridos, pues</p>	<p>Page 28</p> <p>was a divine experience, their hair more dazzling than the sun itself and their armor as spotless as the conscience of a newborn. Moreover, the éniars had the finest army.</p> <p>“I have to go eat,” said Cecilia with her tender voice. “I hope your teeth are strong; I will bring you food and water for your wonderful performance, except for the butler. If you don’t do your part, I will get rid of you.”</p> <p>“We appreciate it,” said Gina.</p> <p>Cecilia looked at them with suspicion and locked them in a cage above a lake infested with piranhas, located down the hill where she played. The use of these carnivorous and voracious fish was an idea from Cecilia’s father, and it became a way to prevent intruders from infiltrating or hostages from escaping that were treated like dolls.</p> <p>The girl was also an expert in traps, thanks to all the people who had tried to flee. Despite all this, the place looked calm and peaceful, with abundant grass and colorful vegetation, accompanied by slightly malnourished wild animals. For as green as</p>

<p>por más verdes que fueran los bosques, los frutos no abundaban. Una verdadera lástima.</p> <p>Mientras Cecilia se alejaba, Frey aprovechó para llorar y Jeina luchaba por no gritar, ya que tenía a las alturas; y estaban al menos a unos cien metros sobre la tierra.</p> <p>—Tenemos que hacer todo lo que diga si no queremos morir.</p> <p>—¿Cómo es que no tienes miedo, Gina? —preguntó Jeina.</p> <p>—¿Quién dice que no tengo miedo? Vamos a salir de aquí. Pero debemos tener paciencia e intentar no hacerla enfadar. Si les dice que se desnuden, se desnudan, si les pide que salten, saltarán.</p> <p>La noche cayó y Cecilia regresó para guardar a sus muñecas en su habitación. Los transportó en la misma jaula con pequeños orificios en los que cabían si acaso los dedos de los presos. Cuando los puso sobre su cama, abrió la puerta para que salieran y en el suelo lograron ver el festín que la niña había preparado a escondidas de su padre. Él no la dejaba comer en su cuarto y alimentaba a los humanos con frutas solamente, frutas podridas o de muy mal sabor.</p> <p>—Coman rápido, si me regañan por su culpa, me enojaré mucho.</p>	<p>the forests were, fruits were nowhere to found. A real shame.</p> <p>While Cecilia walked away, Frey took the chance to cry, and Jeina struggled not to scream, as she was afraid of heights, and they were at least a hundred meters above the ground.</p> <p>“We have to do everything she says if we don’t want to die.”</p> <p>“How come you’re not afraid, Gina?” asked Jeina.</p> <p>“Who says I am not afraid? We are going to get out of here. But we need to be patient and try not to make her angry. If she tells you to undress, you undress. If she tells you to jump, you jump.”</p> <p>Night fell, and Cecilia returned to put her dolls away in her room. She transported them in the same cage, which had small holes barely big enough for the prisoners’ fingers. When she placed them on her bed, she opened the door so they could come out, and on the floor they saw the feast the girl had secretly prepared, hiding it from her father. He did not allow her to eat in her room and only fed the humans with rotten or terribly flavored fruit.</p> <p>“Eat quickly. If I get scolded because of you, I will be very angry.”</p>
<p>Página 29</p> <p>Comían como si lo disfrutaran, pero el sabor era horrible. El padre de Cecilia no sabía cocinar y la carne de gorfín tenía una textura poco agradable. Lo que sí aprovecharon fue el agua que sirvió en sus pequeñas tazas. Gina le dio de su agua al viejo moribundo.</p> <p>—Él no merece comer. ¿Por qué le das de comer?</p> <p>—Haría un mejor trabajo si come algo. Es lo único que le hace falta para que pueda cumplir con tus órdenes.</p> <p>—Pero ya no puedo traer más, así que compartan con él.</p> <p>La manera en que Gina le hablaba siempre la hacía entrar en razón y mostrar que no le temía hacía sentir a la niña más cómoda. Cecilia precisaba siempre tratar con mano dura a sus</p>	<p>Page 29</p> <p>They ate as if they were enjoying it, but the taste was awful. Cecilia’s father did not know how to cook, and gorfín meat had an unpleasant texture. What they did appreciate was the water served in their tiny cups. Gina gave some of her water to the dying old man.</p> <p>“He does not deserve to eat. Why are you feeding him?”</p> <p>“He may do a better job if he eats something. That’s all he needs to be able to follow your orders.”</p> <p>“But I cannot bring more, so share with him.”</p> <p>The way Gina spoke always made her come to her senses, and showing no fear made the girl feel more at ease. Cecilia always felt the need to treat her human toys with a firm hand,</p>

<p>juguetes humanos, tanto que al final terminaba matándolos a todos. En el fondo ella quería tener amigos con quienes jugar, pero no había ser que no quisiera escaparse de sus mórbidas manos. La ternura con la que hablaba y sus hermosas pecas, escondida su temperamento y una vez alguien le llevara la contraria, dejaba salir todo por lo que siempre se les teme a los gigantes: su ira.</p> <p>Después de encerrarlos nuevamente, Cecilia cayó en un profundo sueño, lo que permitió que sus prisioneros pudieran hablar entre sí, ideando un plan de escape. Pero la única manera de salir era abriendo la puerta con una llave, que, aunque los cuatros intentaran cargar, no lograrían sostener por mucho tiempo; era muy grande y pesada.</p> <p>—¿Y si nos mata? —preguntó Frey con sus ojos cristalizados.</p> <p>—Su padre mató a mi esposa. —Habló Serhian por primera vez.</p> <p>—Lo lamento, señor. Juguemos a su juego. Sigamos sus reglas —dijo Gina, intentando mantener a todos calmados y esperanzados de que saldrían.</p> <p>Obviamente era imposible tranquilizarlos, pero durmieron.</p> <p>La mañana siguiente se despertaron por los movimientos bruscos de la niña, que saltaba de felicidad porque su padre le había prometido nuevos juguetes. Se cambió de ropa frente a ellos sin complejos y notaron que Cecilia estaba en su etapa de desarrollo por su vello y el tamaño de sus senos. En su limitada mente, ellos eran simples juguetes. A ella no le importaba lo que pensarán.</p>	<p>so much so that she ended up killing them all in the end. Deep down, she wanted friends to play with, but there was not a single being who did not try to escape her morbid hands. The tenderness in her voice and her beautiful freckles hid her temper, and once someone contradicted her, she unleashed everything that made giants so feared: her wrath.</p> <p>After locking them up again, Cecilia fell into a deep sleep, which allowed her prisoners to speak among themselves and begin thinking about an escape plan. But the only way out was by opening the door with a key that, even if all four tried to carry it, they would not be able to hold it for long. It was too big and heavy.</p> <p>“What if she kills us?” asked Frey, her eyes glistening.</p> <p>“Her father killed my wife,” said Serhian, speaking for the first time.</p> <p>“I am sorry, sir. Let’s play her game. Let’s follow her rules,” said Gina, trying to keep everyone calm and hopeful that they would eventually escape.</p> <p>Obviously, it was impossible to calm them, but they slept.</p> <p>The next morning, they got away by the giant girl’s sudden movements as she jumped with joy all due her father had promised her new toys. She changed her clothes in front of them without the slightest concern, and they noticed that Cecilia was in her stage of development, revealed by her body hair and the size of her breasts. In her limited mind, they were nothing but toys. She did not care what they thought.</p>
<p>Página 30</p> <p>Su padre se despidió de ella llevando consigo una jaula y dos lanzas. Salió únicamente a cazar juguetes para su hija. Él estaba acostumbrado a dejar sola a la niña porque nadie en su sano juicio se acercaría a la zona donde vivían. Además, era difícil encontrar sus palacios porque se encontraban en terrenos peligrosos.</p> <p>Hacia miles de años, los gigantes vivían en Agamonk, una zona rodeada de vegetación y</p>	<p>Page 30</p> <p>Her father waves at her while taking with him a cage and two spears. He went out just to hunt toys for his daughter. He was used to leaving the girl alone because no one in their right mind would dare to approach the area where they lived. Besides, their palaces were difficult to find, hidden away in dangerous lands.</p> <p>Thousands of years ago, the giants lived in Agamonk, a region surrounded by vegetation</p>

<p>enormes montañas, rocas gigantes y caminos por donde solían correr las aguas de los ríos. Pero entraron en conflicto y se separaron, y los que fueron seducidos por los poderes del mal se trasladaron a otras tierras. Ahora, para llegar a sus palacios tenebrosos, se debía cruzar El Camino de los Escrabos, una ruta llena de espinas, animales salvajes y criaturas peligrosas, donde las hojas secas de los bosques delatan a los intrusos y perfecciona el <u>sigilo</u> de los que ahí viven. Aunque el sol <u>cayera</u> sobre esos caminos, terminaba creando sombras que inquietaba hasta al más valiente. Hacía mucho no era visitada por los humanos y en su mayoría se evitaba cruzar los límites en donde la hostilidad comenzaba a reinar. Todos pudieron ver La Glorieta de los Gigantes cuando Cecilia los colgó muy alto en aquella jaula, era la única información que tenían, peor no había nadie quien informar para que los rescataran. Esta edificación quedaba al norte del antiguo reino de los gigantes benevolentes, así que escapar para cruzar El Camino de los Escrabos resultaba más peligroso que convivir con esta niña macabra.</p> <p>—Hoy llegan sus novios y se van a casar, así que espero que se preparen para los besos en la boda doble.</p> <p>Serhian seguía deshidratado y Frey advirtió a Gina que el anciano corría peligro. Gina no se atrevió a pedir agua para él. Tenía que ser cautelosa y era poco lo que conocía de esta niña consentida.</p> <p>—Traeré flores para que adornen el altar. No se les ocurra irse.</p> <p>Apresuró sus pasos en la emoción de conseguir todo para la boda que celebrarían para Frey y Gina. La señora buscaba ranuras en las que pudiera caber, pero irónicamente, ni en las más grandes de las grietas había, debido a la parte baja de su vestido de gala y el tamaño de su panza.</p>	<p>and enormous mountains, colossal rocks, and paths once carved by flowing rivers. But they fell into conflict and separated, and those who were lured by the powers of evil moved on to other lands. Now, to reach their shadowy palaces, one had to cross El Camino de los Escrabos, a route filled with thorns, wild animals, and dangerous creatures, where the dry leaves of the forest betray intruders and sharpen the <u>stealth</u> of those who dwell there. Even when the sun <u>shone</u> upon those paths, it creates shadows that unsettled even the bravest.</p> <p>It had been a long time since humans had visited, and most avoided crossing the boundaries where hostility began to reign. They could all see La Glorieta de los Gigantes when Cecilia hung them high up in that cage; it was the only information they had, but there was no one to tell who could come to their rescue. This structure lay to the north of the ancient kingdom of the benevolent giants, so escaping to cross El Camino de los Escrabos was more dangerous than enduring life with this macabre child.</p> <p>“Today your boyfriends arrive, and you are going to get married, so I expect you to get ready for the kisses at the double wedding.”</p> <p>Serhian was still dehydrated, and Frey warned Gina that the old man was in danger. Gina did not dare ask for water for him. She had to be cautious, and she knew little about this spoiled child.</p> <p>“I will bring flowers to decorate the altar. Do not you dare leave.”</p> <p>She hurried off, excited to gather everything for the wedding she planned to hold for Frey and Gina. The woman searched for cracks she might squeeze through, but ironically, not even the largest holes could fit her, due to the lower part of her gown and the size of her belly.</p>
<p>Página 31</p> <p>—Todavía no es el momento, señora —dijo Frey.</p> <p>—Cualquier momento en que ese monstruo se aleje es oportuno.</p>	<p>Page 31</p> <p>“It is not time yet, ma’am,” said Frey.</p> <p>“Any time in which that monster is away, it is a good one.”</p>

—Hará que nos maten, Gina. Dile que se calme.

—Frey tiene razón. Cállese o la acuso de que quiere escapar.

La señora enojada se recostó contra la madera, y se deslizó, dejándose caer en el pasto. Serhian se debilitaba cada vez más, tanto que ya no pudo sostenerse. Se escuchaban los pasos de la gigante acercándose y dejó caer montones de pétalos sobre ellos, cubriendo casi el piso entero.

—¿Qué hace el viejo durmiendo?

—Con un poco de agua se repondrá — propuso Gina.

—No, la verdad ya no lo necesito.

Lo agarró con furia y lo acostó en la palma de su otra mano. Apretó el puño y el cuerpo del anciano crujió como las muñecas, machacando inevitablemente sus vestidos de ceremonia.

—¿Ves lo que me hiciste hacer?! —le gritaba al cadáver.

Soltó los restos que cayeron afuera de los muros, y se podían ver entre las pequeñas grietas por las que intentó escapar Jeina. Cecilia se lavó las manos en el lago y comenzó a matar a las pirañas que se pegaban a su piel y la mordían como si fueran hormigas.

—No podrán casarse hoy. Hay que posponer la boda —dijo luego con ternura, como si la vida de Serhian no fuese nada. Como si se tratara verdaderamente de un muñeco.

La niña recogía sus cosas cuando escuchó los pasos de su padre y le habló mientras le daba la espalda en el afán de dejar todo limpio para que él no le regañara. Al voltear, vio a su padre caer al suelo con su cuello cortado a la mitad. Quién le infringió tal daño no logró decapitarlo por completo, pero hizo que este huyera y mostrara con su sangre el camino hacia su hogar.

—¡Papá! ¡¿Papá, qué te hicieron?!

—Se está acercando el momento —aclaró Gina, mirando entre las maderas para presenciar el dolor de la niña.

“She is going to get us killed, Gina. Tell her to stay calm.”

“Frey is right. You need to calm down, or I will accuse you of trying to escape.”

The angry woman leaned against the wood and slid down, letting herself fall onto the grass. Serhian was getting weaker, to the point that he could no longer hold himself up. The sound of the giant’s footsteps approaching could be heard, and she dropped piles of petals over them, covering almost the entire ground.

“Why is the old man sleeping?”

“He will recover with a little water,” Gina suggested.

“No, I don’t really need him anymore.

She grabbed him furiously and laid him on the palm of her other hand. She clenched her fist and the old man’s body cracked like a doll’s, crushing his ceremonial clothes beyond repair.

“See what you made me do?!” she shouted at the corpse.

She dropped the remains, which fell outside the walls, and it could be seen through the small cracks where Jeina had tried to escape. Cecilia washed her hands in the lake and began killing the piranhas that clung to her skin and bit as if they were ants.

“You will not be able to get married today. The wedding must be postponed,” she said softly, as if Serhian’s life meant nothing. As if he were truly just a doll.

The girl was gathering her things when she heard her father’s footsteps. She spoke to him while keeping her back turned, hurrying to leave everything clean so he would not scold her. Few seconds later, her father falls to the ground with his neck cut halfway through just when she turned around. Whoever had inflicted such harm had not managed to decapitate him completely, but the wound made him flee, leaving a trail of blood that marked the path to their home.

“Father! Father, what did they do to you?!”

“The time is coming,” Gina said, peering through the wooden planks witness the girl’s pain.

Detrás del cuerpo del gigante se acercaban los éniars, quienes ahora sí decapitaron por completo la cabeza del gigante moribundo. Cecilia intenta defenderse de los hermosos caballeros y luchadoras, que apuntaban con sus arcos a la pequeña gigante. Ella logró aplastar a algunas, pero el resto tiraba de sus cuerdas para atarla, consiguiendo ganarle la batalla. Usaron las cortinas negras del palacio para hacerla callar.

Quien lideraba la tropa se acercó a los muros de madera y cortó con su espada hasta liberar a los prisioneros. Gina (que en realidad se llamaba Hiulin) abrazó a aquel hombre que los ayudó. Era su hermano, de cabello dorado también y fuerte contextura. A diferencia de Hiulin, poseía unos ojos grises oscuros.

—¿Estás bien?

—Sí, solo mató a un anciano y tiró los restos al lago.

—Eres una éniar; tu cabello, tu seguridad y la ausencia de miedo, ¿Cómo no lo vi? —dijo Frey.

En ese preciso instante en el que la muchacha descubrió la verdadera identidad de Gina, el claro verde en los ojos de la éniar empezó a perder color, tornándose así en los ojos grises oscuros más hermosos que jamás alguien podría presenciar. Eran seres mágicos, poderosos, hermosos, y respetados en todo el continente, aunque nunca se les viera por los alrededores de los bosques o aldeas.

—Lamento no haberles dicho antes.

—¡Pudiste haber hecho algo para salir antes de aquí! —grito Jeina.

—Señora, sea agradecida —respondió el hermano de Hiulin.

Oyeron un extraño sonido, como una avalancha. Era Cecilia que, atada, rodó cuesta abajo donde estaban todos. Hiulin tomó a Frey de su mano ayudándole a correr por sus vidas y Tirvein, su hermano, intentó ayudar a Jeina, que quedó paralizada ante la que se convirtió en su asesina. Al igual que Serhian, murió aplastada pero por el busto de la gigante. Hiulin pensó que su hermano había muerto, pero únicamente tenía su brazo dislocado. Al menos veinte de sus soldados y la señora

Behind the giant's body, the éniars approached, and this time they completely cut the head of the dying giant. Cecilia tried to defend herself from the handsome knights and female warriors who aimed their bows at the little giantess. She managed to crush a few of them, but the rest pulled on their ropes to tie her up, ultimately defeating her. They used the black curtains from the palace to silence her.

The one who led the troop approached the wooden walls and cut through them with his sword until the prisoners were freed. Gina (whose real name was Hiulin) embraced the man who had helped them. He was her brother, a man with golden hair and a strong build. Unlike Hiulin, she had dark gray eyes.

“Are you alright?”

“Yes, she only killed an old man and tossed his remains in the lake.”

“You are a éniar; your hair, your confidence, and the lack of fear. How did I not see it?” said Frey.

At the very moment, when the young woman discovered Gina's true identity, the bright green in the éniar's eyes began to fade, turning into the most beautiful dark gray eyes anyone could ever behold. They were magical, powerful, and beautiful beings, respected throughout the continent, though they were never seen around the forests or villages.

“I am sorry I did not tell you earlier, guys.”

“You could have done something to get us out of here sooner!” shouted Jeina.

“Ma'am, be grateful,” Hiulin's brother replied.

At one point, they heard a strange sound, similar to an avalanche. It was Cecilia who, still tied up, rolled down the hill to where everyone was. Hiulin grabbed Frey by the hand, helping her run for their lives, while her brother, Tirvein, tried to help Jeina, who was paralyzed before the one who would become her killer. Just like Serhian, she was crushed but this time by the giantess's chest. Hiulin thought her brother had died, but he only had a dislocated arm. At least twenty of their

<p>fueron víctimas del acto ingenioso de Cecilia en su desesperación por matar a los que le quitaron a su padre.</p>	<p>soldiers and the lady were victims of Cecilia's desperate and cunning act of vengeance against those who had taken her father from her.</p>
<p>Página 33</p> <p>—No pensé en matarte. Ahora no me importa que seas una niña.</p> <p>Tirvein empezó a estrellarse contra el cuerpo de Cecilia muchas veces y los que quedaron con vida imitaron su acción. Su fin era hacerla rodar aún más abajo, justo en el lago en el que las pirañas nadaban.</p> <p>—¿No piensas detenerlos? Es una niña —dijo Frey.</p> <p>—¿Cuál es tu verdadero nombre? —le pregunto sin mirarla.</p> <p>—Clara.</p> <p>—Clara, no podemos mantenerla presa para siempre, sería una carga. Y mientras viva, buscara la manera de vengarse. Entonces no matara porque sus muñecos le aburren, sino porque le quitamos a su padre; su felicidad.</p> <p>Cecilia amordazada, intentaba gritar, pero las cortinas en su boca solo le permitían gemir de desesperación. Finalmente lo lograron. La niña rodó hasta caer en el lago donde las pirañas se alimentaría de ella poco a poco, pero lo que en realidad la mataría sería el ahogamiento. El pasto quedó mojado por sus lágrimas y por la sangre que derramaron los soldados. Clara, tan joven como hermosa, lucía desaliñada y a su vez traumatizada. Hiulin sufría un poco la muerte de Cecilia, pero sufría más la muerte de sus compatriotas. Y a Tirvein, aunque estaba herido, la victoria le hacía olvidar su dolor.</p> <p>Los éniars se dejaron ver en el pueblo de Twingfir después de mucho tiempo, cuando se ofrecieron a dejar a Clara en casa de su madre. Algunos se arrodillaron y otros simplemente los admiraron.</p> <p>—Eres una sobreviviente, Clara. Cuéntale a todos tu historia.</p> <p>—Gracias, Gina —respondió con una leve reverencia.</p>	<p>Page 33</p> <p>“I never think about killing you but now I do not care that you are a child.”</p> <p>Tirvein began smashing himself repeatedly against Cecilia's body, and those who were still alive copied him. Their goal was to make her roll ever farther down, right into the lake where the piranhas swam.</p> <p>“Aren't you going to stop them? She is a child,” Frey said.</p> <p>“What is your real name?” she asked her without looking at her.</p> <p>“Clara”</p> <p>“Clara, we cannot keep her imprisoned forever; she would be a burden. And as long as she lives, she will look for a way to take revenge. Then she will not kill because her dolls bore her, but because we took her father, her whole happiness.</p> <p>A gagged Cecilia was trying to scream but the curtains in her mouth only allowed her to moan in despair. At last, they succeeded. The girl rolled down until she fell into the lake, where the piranhas would feed on her little by little, but what would truly kill her was the drowning.</p> <p>The grass was soaked with her tears and with the blood shed by the soldiers. Clara, as young as she was beautiful, looked disheveled and deeply traumatized. Hiulin mourned Cecilia's death a little, but she grieved even more for her fallen comrades. And Tirvein, though injured, let the feeling of victory dull his pain.</p> <p>The éniars showed themselves in the village of Twingfir after a long time, when they offered to take Clara back to her mother's house. Some knelt before them, while others simply looked on in admiration.</p> <p>“You are a survivor, Clara. Tell everyone your story.”</p> <p>“Thank you, Gina”, responding with a slightly bow.</p>

<p>Hiulin sonrió por cómo ella seguía llamándola y dio media vuelta con su cabello hasta galopar junto al resto, dejando la luz del sol pintar su cabello.</p>	<p>Hiulin smiled at how she still called her, then turned halfway around with her hair flowing as she galloped alongside the others, letting the sunlight paint her golden strands.</p>
<p>EL REY, EL LAGO, EL MAGO III</p> <p>Página 37</p> <p>La caballería del reino de Khandria hacía sonar sus trompetas anunciando la llegada del Rey Mitrios a la humilde aldea. El pueblo de Twingfir, pobre pero noble, era famoso por una práctica tan común como difícil; era la cuna de los poetas. Estas no eran simples personas que escribían en papel hermosas palabras, eran tres magos que aprendieron (de grandes filósofos y románticos ancianos del pueblo) la virtuosa tarea de adentrarse en lo más profundo de los sentimientos, al abismo de nuestro sistema límbico. Vivían en este pueblo oprimido por el imperio Karf, compendio de tres reinos; Khandria, Preen y Jukrol.</p> <p>A pesar del poder que el imperio ejercía sobre el pueblo de Twingfir, nunca se atrevieron a invadir o destruirla con todo y sus aldeanos; temían al poder oscuro de los poetas. Su excusa era que los poetas eran de gran utilidad para los reinos, pero la verdad era que el pavor los frenaba. Los poetas le hacían cartas con lindos versos a las mujeres con las que estos reyes y príncipes estaban destinados a casarse. Los hombres de la realeza eran sanguinarios y tan horribles que jamás conseguirían que una hermosa princesa se fijara en ellos, ni siquiera la más pobre de las mujeres del pueblo más cutre.</p> <p>Una manera rápida de distinguir a un mago era por su apellido y el color mora en sus ojos, una combinación entre rojo y morado. Por otra parte, Twingfir no era conocido por su humildad ni lo generoso en sus habitantes, esas eran características menores que la gente solía pasar por alto. Siempre se le conoció como el hogar de los magos, de...</p>	<p>THE KING, THE LAKE, AND THE WIZARD III</p> <p>Page 37</p> <p>The cavalry of the Kingdom of Khandria sounded their trumpets, announcing the arrival of King Mitrios to the humble village. The town of Twingfir, poor yet noble, was famous for a practice as common as it was difficult; it was the cradle of poets. These were not mere people who wrote beautiful words on paper, they were three wizards who had learned, from the great philosophers and aged romantics of the village, the virtuous task of delving into the deepest parts of emotion, into the abyss of our limbic system. They lived in this village, oppressed by the Karf Empire, a compendium of three kingdoms: Khandria, Preen, and Jukrol.</p> <p>Even though the power that the empire exerted over the town of Twingfir, they never dared to invade or destroy it along with its villagers because they feared the dark power of the poets. Their excuse was that the poets were of great use to the kingdoms, but the truth was that the fear held them back. The poets wrote letters with precious verses to the women whom these kings and princes were destined to marry. The royal men were so bloodthirsty and hideous that they could never make a pretty princess notice them, not even the poorest woman from the humblest village.</p> <p>A quick way to distinguish a wizard was by their last name and the mulberry color in their eyes, a mix of red and purple. On the other hand, Twingfir was not known for the humility or generosity of its inhabitants, these were minor traits that people usually overlooked. It has always been known as the hometown of the wizards, of...</p>

los seres más fuertes de todo el continente, y tanto fue el temor de los pueblos vecinos y los reinos lejanos, que no se atrevían a pisar los alrededores. Pero su reputación fue devaluándose al transcurrir los años por la desaparición de estos místicos guerreros. Aun así, nadie se atrevía a subestimar a los únicos tres que quedaban.

—¡Derramaremos sangre en el campo de batalla, sangre del reino Auxis! Soldados cobardes que rehúsan unirse a nuestro imperio. ¡Nos robaremos a sus mujeres y nos darán hijos! ¿Dónde están los poetas? —vociferó el rey.

—No hace falta tanto espectáculo, su majestad.

—Adam, hace cuánto no te veía.

—Sí, sí, ya tengo canas. ¿Qué quieres? —dijo sin ánimos de ayudar.

—¿No escuchaste mi discurso? Puedo repetirlo.

—Sí escuché, Mitrios —le interrumpió—. Solo necesito la información completa para entregarte la carta. Págame a Lia, y no asustes a la gente, por favor. Suficiente con tu rostro.

—Vaya, qué falta de respeto. Mago. Te crees invencible, tú y tus hijos, pero tienen una debilidad muy grande. Si quieres mantener a tu pueblo con vida, empieza mostrando respeto.

El rey se bajó de su caballo y caminó mirando con desprecio a los humildes. Tomó con sutileza el cabello de una dama que cargaba a su hijo y la olfateó, frotándolo contra su cuerpo. El susto de la mujer le hizo abrazar a su hijo más fuerte con temor de que lo hiriera.

—¿Para qué lastimaría a esa pobre criatura? No soy un monstruo.

Mitrios se acomodó el cinturón donde descansaba su espada, tomó una cinta roja de la mesa de una artesana y se amarró su larga cabellera, se sentó y golpeó la superficie

...the strongest beings on the entire continent, and such was the fear they inspired in the neighboring villages and distant kingdoms that no one dared set foot in the surrounding lands. But their reputation gradually declined over the years with the disappearance of these mystical warriors. Even so, no one dared to underestimate the only three who remained.

“We will shed blood on the battlefield, blood of the Kingdom of Auxis!” Cowardly soldiers who refuse to join our empire. We will steal their women, and they will give us children!”

“Where are the poets?”, the king bellowed.

“There is no need for such theatrics, your Majesty.”

“Adam, it’s been a long time since I last saw you.”

“Yes, yes, I already have gray hair. What do you want?” he said, with no inclination to help.

“Did you not hear my speech? I can repeat it.”

“Yes, I did listen to you, Mitrios,” Adam interrupted.

I just need the whole information to give you the letter. You can pay Lia, and stop scaring the people, please. With your face it is enough.

“Well, what a lack of respect, wizard. You think you’re invincible, you and your children, but you have a great weakness. If you want to keep your people alive, start by showing some respect.”

The king dismounted from his horse and walked among the humble folk, looking at them with contempt. He gently took the hair of a woman carrying her child and sniffed it, rubbing it against his body. The woman’s fear made her clutch her child even tighter, afraid he might be hurt.

“Why would I hurt that poor child? I am not a monster.”

Mitrios adjusted the belt where his sword rested, took a red ribbon from a craftswoman’s table, and tied up his long hair. He sat down and banged on the surface,

<p>pidiendo algo de tomar. Todos simplemente miraban lo que sea menos a él.</p> <p>—Ya te dije que dejes de asustar a la gente.</p> <p>—¿Dónde están tus hijos, Adam? ¿Ya tienen canas como tú?</p> <p>—Son muchachos, ¿por qué tendrían canas?</p> <p>—Tienes razón. A veces no pienso antes de hablar, y eso que estoy sobrio —respondió con su voz carrasposa.</p>	<p>asking for something to drink. Everyone simply looked at anything but him.</p> <p>“I already told you to stop scaring the people.”</p> <p>“Where are your children, Adam? Do they have gray hair like you?”</p> <p>“They are boys, why would they have grey hair?”</p> <p>“You are right. Sometimes I speak without thinking, and that is while I am sober,” he said with her raspy voice.</p>
<p>Página 39</p> <p>Adam pensaba en lo estúpido que era Mitrios y cómo el Rey Apriaf (rey del imperio) había puesto a alguien tan inepto como él a cargo de todo un reino. Pero, así como el mismo Mitrios admitía que no pensaba antes de hablar, Adam y todos los del pueblo sabían que tampoco pensaba antes de actuar. Ellos mismos fueron testigos de lo cruel que podía ser el rey más torpe de todo Alghorn, desde incinerar hasta decapitar lentamente la cabeza de los que desobedecían.</p> <p>Adam le dio una jarra hasta el borde al rey, que escupió el primer sorbo y se levantó de la mesa a punto de vomitar.</p> <p>—¿Qué mierda es eso?</p> <p>—Adivinaste. Es mierda.</p> <p>—¿Estas jugando conmigo, sucio mago? ¡Nadie se burla de mí!</p> <p>—Es lo único que tenemos —dijo Adam calmadamente—. Nadie más que ustedes son los culpables de la escasez de lo que rodea sus reinos, ¿crees que no lo sé? Pero tranquilo, está bien procesado y no te hará daño, aunque su sabor sí es horrible.</p> <p>—Terminemos con esa estúpida carta para largarme de aquí.</p> <p>Mitrios se limpió la barba y miraba con odio al mago.</p>	<p>Page 39</p> <p>Adam thought about how stupid Mitrios was and how King Apriaf, king of the empire, had put someone so inept in charge of an entire kingdom. But just as Mitrios himself admitted he did not think before speaking, Adam and everyone in the village knew he did not think before acting either. They had witnessed firsthand how cruel the clumsiest king in all of Alghorn could be, from incinerating people to slowly decapitating those who disobeyed.</p> <p>Adam handed the king a jug filled to the brim, but the king spat out the first sip and stood up from the table, nearly vomiting.</p> <p>“What the hell is that?”</p> <p>“You guessed it. It is crap.”</p> <p>“Are you messing with me, you filthy wizard? No one mocks me!”</p> <p>“It is all we have,” Adam said calmly. “No one but you are to blame for the scarcity surrounding your kingdoms. Do you think I do not know that? But do not worry, it is well processed and will not harm you, though the taste is awful.”</p> <p>“Let’s finish that stupid letter so I can get out of here.”</p> <p>Mitrios wiped his beard and glared at the wizard with hatred.</p>

<p>Lo que el mago había respondido era cierto, razón por la cual Mitrios suprimió su ira. Casi todo lo que se alejaba de las fronteras del Imperio Karf era tierra infértil, tanta era la escasez que muchos se enemistaban peleándose por una manzana del tamaño de limones. Los reinos nunca ayudaron a los que morían de sed o hambre. Aquella bebida que le ofreció al rey no era en realidad lo último que les quedaba para tomar, y tampoco eran desechos animal o humano, sino el jugo de una fruta hermosa pero con mal sabor. Adam intentó hacerle entrar en razón al rey y a su caballería, pero la torpeza de Mitrios y el enojo que sentía le impedían pensar con sensatez.</p> <p>—¿A quien va dirigida la carta? —preguntó el poeta, sacando del bolsillo de su cinturón una pluma parecida a la de un ave, ya que el raquis y el cálamo se dejaban ver y se notaban fuertes como el mármol, casi ausente de barbas; podía fácilmente ser un arma mortal punzocortante.</p> <p>—Para la princesa Jilia. Hermosa como el pantano de las brujas.</p>	<p>What the wizard had said was true, which is why Mitrios suppressed his anger. Almost everything beyond the borders of the Karf Empire was barren land so scarce that people would fight over an apple the size of a lemon. The kingdoms never helped those dying of thirst or hunger.</p> <p>That drink he offered the king was not actually the last thing they had left to drink, and it was not animal or human waste either, it was the juice of a beautiful fruit with a terrible taste. Adam tried to reason with the king and his cavalry, but Mitrios's clumsiness and the anger he felt kept him from thinking sensibly.</p> <p>“Who is the letter addressed to?” asked the poet, pulling from the pocket of his belt a feather that resembled a bird's. Its rachis and calamus were visible and appeared as strong as marble, almost devoid of barbs; it could easily be a deadly piercing weapon.</p> <p>“To Princess Jilia. Pretty as the witches' swamp.”</p>
<p>Página 40</p> <p>—Lo que para ti es hermoso para ella puede no serlo.</p> <p>—¿Resplandeciente como el filo de mi espada ensangrentada?</p> <p>Adam lo miró con desprecio hasta que Mitrios se calló.</p> <p>—Te recuerdo que el poeta soy yo.</p> <p>—Pero quiero que sea mía, asegúrate de eso.</p> <p>Aquella carta nunca funcionó, porque Jilia era una cremántica y sabía muy bien lo que tramaba el espantoso rey de Khandria. Con mucha más razón en días posteriores, Mitrios quiso declararle la guerra a Auxis, porque su orgullo era más importante que cualquier otra</p>	<p>Page 40</p> <p>“What you find beautiful might not be the same for her”</p> <p>“Radiant like the edge of my bloodied sword?”</p> <p>Adam looked at him with contempt until Mitrios fell silent.</p> <p>“Let me remind you, I am the poet.”</p> <p>“But I want her to be mine, be sure.”</p> <p>That letter never worked, because Jilia was a cremántica and knew very well what the dreadful king of Khandria was plotting. Even more so in the days that followed, Mitrios wanted to declare war to Auxis, because his pride mattered more than anything else. But</p>

<p>cosa, pero, así como algunas veces lo detenía el miedo que sentía por Adam, también lo frenaba el miedo por el líder del reino Auxis, Olev, padre de Jilia.</p> <p>Las cartas que los poetas escribían enamoraban a toda aquella mujer que la leyera. Eran palabras certeras, pero su magia no se escondía únicamente tras los versos que, aunque eran hermosos, no era la razón del enamoramiento de las féminas. La magia se escondía tras el pulmón (de procedencia también desconocida) y la tinta que los poetas utilizaban, que se mezclaba con la sangre de ellos, y con unas cortas palabras en skiif —el idioma de los magos— se sellaban los nombres de los destinados a enamorarse. La magia era efectiva. Solo en dos ocasiones no funcionó como debía: la primera vez que Mitrios pagó por los servicios y cuando el rey Adrion intentó seducir a una hechicera del reino Alinns. Los poetas implementaron el uso de los dos nombres para evitar confusiones como había pasado antes.</p> <p>—Más vale que funcione esta vez.</p> <p>—Asegúrate de que lo lea frente a ti, idiota. —Esa última palabra la dijo en voz baja.</p> <p>Todos montaron sus caballos y entonaron, con sus feas voces, una canción de las que usaban en sus batallas. En la marcha del rey, Adam recordó aquel ultimo incidente en el que Mitrios, en su búsqueda por enamorar a una doncella, acudió a él por una de sus famosas cartas. Mitrios mandó a uno de sus soldados a entregar la carta, la doncella la abrió y la llevó a su nariz por el aroma que la tinta expulsaba. Aunque la carta estaba sellada con el nombre de Mitrios, nada impidió que la...</p>	<p>just as he was sometimes held back by the fear he felt toward Adam, he was also restrained by the fear he had of the leader of the kingdom of Auxis, Olev, Jilia’s father.</p> <p>The letters written by the poets enchanted any woman who read them. Their words were precise, but the magic did not lie solely in the verses which, although beautiful, they were not the true reason the women fell in love. The magic was hidden within the lung, also of unknown origin, and the ink the poets used, which was mixed with their own blood. With a few shorts words in skiif —the language of the wizards— they sealed the names of those destined to fall in love.</p> <p>The magic was effective. It only failed twice: the first time Mitrios paid for the service, and when King Adrion tried to seduce a sorceress from the kingdom of Alinns. The poets began using both names to avoid confusion like what had happened before.</p> <p>“It better work this time.”</p> <p>“Make sure she read it in front of you, you fool.” he muttered the last word under his breath.</p> <p>They all mounted their horses and, with their ugly voices, sang a song used in their battles. During the king’s march, Adam remembered that last incident when Mitrios, in his quest to win over a maiden, came to him for one of his famous letters. Mitrios sent one of his soldiers to deliver the letter. The maiden opened it and brought it to her nose, drawn by the scent the ink released. Although the letter was sealed with Mitrios’s name, nothing stopped the...</p>
<p>Página 41</p> <p>mujer se enamorar del soldado que llevó la carta, y nada impidió a aquel soldado aceptar a esta mujer que, en su amorosa ceguera, se la</p>	<p>Page 41</p> <p>woman from falling in love with the soldier who delivered it, and nothing stopped that soldier from accepting the woman who, in her</p>

abalanzó desnudándose y desnudándolo. Los dos murieron a manos del rey, decapitados y sin ropa. Aquella pobre mujer no esperaba nada de lo que pasó y parte de su muerte fue debido a la carta que Adam escribió, lo que le hacía sentir verdaderamente mal; el trabajo que tenían los poetas no los enorgullecía.

Adam no se permitía ser dominado por la fuerza oscura que corría por sus venas, él era mejor que es. El mago quincuagenario tenía ganados el respeto de su gente por su altruismo más que por el temor a sus grandes poderes. Le acompañaba siempre una gabardina de color verde oscuro en deterioro, que escondía la mezcla entre lo oscuro de su cabello y sus canas, dejando ver solo su frondosa barba. Y en la capucha, a la altura de su frente, caía un cristal amarillo que hacía de su simple vestimenta una armadura blindada.

Poseía un cinturón negro con pequeños compartimentos que guardaba algunos otros cristales destellantes, un mazo de cartas amaras y su tinta especial a base de su propia sangre. Dichos cristales eran creación de un dios conocido como Arwin, y las cartas por la creadora y madre de los magos y hechiceras: Amara. Eran estas las únicas cosas que con mucho cuidado poseía de los divinos y temerarios dioses, y lo usaba con prudencia.

El color verde era característico en la magia de Adam, asimismo cualquier elemento que hiciera brotar con sus conjuros, como el fuego, el agua o incluso al manipular el viento.

—¿Todavía no llegan mis hijos?

—No deben demorar, señor —respondió Lia, la tesorera.

—Que me busquen en El lago cuando lleguen.

Leinad y Amir habían salido a buscar carbón para confeccionar más de la tinta, y su demora se debía a que siempre buscaban un pretexto

blind love, threw herself at him, undressing herself and him. Both were killed by the king, decapitated and unclothed. That poor woman had not expected anything that happen and part of her death was due to the letter Adam had written, which made him feel truly guilty; the work poets had was nothing of which they were proud.

Adam did not allow himself to be dominated by the dark force that ran through his veins, he was better than that. The fifty-year-old wizard had earned the respect of his people more for his altruism than for fear of his great powers. He was always accompanied by a worn dark green trench coat that concealed the mix of his dark hair and gray strands, revealing only his thick beard. And on the hood, at the height of his forehead, it hung a yellow crystal that turned his simple garment into a suit of armor.

He carried a black belt with small compartments that held several other shimmering crystals, a deck of cartas amaras, and his special ink made from his own blood. These crystals were creations of a god known as Arwin, and the cards were made by the creator and mother of all mages and sorceresses: Amara. These were the only items he carefully possessed from the divine and fearsome gods, and he used them with great caution.

The color green was characteristic of Adam's magic, as it was any element he summoned with his spells, whether fire, water, or even when manipulating the wind.

“My children have not arrived yet?”

“They should be here soon, sir,” replied Lia, the treasurer.

“Tell them to find me at the lake when they arrived.”

Leinad and Amir had gone out to gather coal to make more of the ink, and their delay was due to their constant need to compete. They

<p>para competir. Mataban a grandes bestias para llevar de comer al pueblo, y la mayoría de las veces tenían que recorrer largas distancias para conseguir comida, ya que los animales buscaban siempre acercarse a los reinos donde sí había buena vegetación.</p>	<p>hunted large beasts to feed the village, and most of the time, they had to travel long distances to find food, since animal always sought to move closer to the kingdoms where vegetation was still plentiful.</p>
<p>Página 42</p> <p>Leinad era un joven de ventidos años, fuerte y noble; delgado y de cabello desordenado y frondoso. Se convertiría en el sucesor de su padre si este legase a faltar alguna vez, y tal responsabilidad traía consigo también el hecho de que las cartas de amor por la que los reyes tanto pagaban, serian su obligación. Se había ganado el respeto de los pueblerinos con cariño y sin imposiciones, ayudando a los enfermos tanto con su magia como con brebajes que los ancianos odiaban tomar. Fue apodado por sus allegados como El Mago Azul.</p> <p>Y los valores que caracterizaban a Leinad, eran los mismos que a su hermano representaban. El joven Amir, cinco años menor que Leinad, tendía a ser un mago perspicaz. Los detalles que Leinad pasaba por alto, Amir se los cuestionaba, haciendo de él un muchacho sagaz; se notaba incluso en el cuidado que tenia con su imagen, siempre con buena vestimenta y bien peinado.</p> <p>Le gustaba mucho leer los libros que su madre les leía de niños y los conservaba con mucho celo; podía repetir su lectura hasta tres veces al día si así lo deseaba. Esta era una manera de intentar recordar a su madre, pues rememorar su rostro le costaba mucho y lamentaba el hecho de que no volvería a verla. Amir buscaba siempre animar a los mas pequeños con pirotecnias y muñecos de fuegos violeta, el color característico de su magia. Y lo que se suponía era un juego para los niños, en el fondo era también una forma de enseñarles cómo se veían algunos animales o flores que estos nunca habían logrado ver más que en libros o dibujos. Y es que era peligroso</p>	<p>Page 42</p> <p>Leinad was a twenty-two years old young man, strong and noble; slim, with thick and messy hair. He would become his father's successor if he were ever to be absent, and such responsibility also brought with it the duty of writing the love letters for which kings paid so dearly. He had gained the respect of the villagers with kindness and without impositions, helping the sick both with his magic and with potions the elders hated to take. He was nicknamed by those close to him as The Blue Wizard.</p> <p>And the values that characterized Leinad were the same ones that defined his brother. The young Amir, five years younger than Leinad, tended to be a perceptive wizard. The details Leinad overlooked, Amir questioned, making him a sharp young man; it was evident even in the care he took with his appearance, always well-dressed and properly groomed.</p> <p>He loved to read a lot the books their mother used to read to them as children, and he kept them with great care; he could read them up to three times a day if he wished. That was a way of trying to remember his mother, as recalling her face was difficult to him, and he deeply regretted the fact that he would never see her again. Amir always sought to cheer up the little ones with pyrotechnics and violet fire puppets, the characteristics color of his magic. And what was supposed to be a game for the children was, deep down, also a way of teaching them what certain animals or flowers looked like, ones they had only ever seen in books or drawings. It was dangerous</p>

<p>salir y era prohibido a su vez, porque otra peculiaridad de Twingfir era el tenebroso bosque que la rodeaba.</p> <p>Las cualidades de los magos se interpretaban según el color de su magia, y es que el brillo que expulsaban con cada hechizo, incluso el color de los elementos que se veían modificados gracias a su magia, tenía un significado, un porqué. El verde en Adam representaba un dominio del cuerpo y el alma, y su magia era más efectiva que la del resto en cuanto a hechizos de restablecimiento de salud. Leinad, un joven incluso más noble que su padre, lo representaba el color azul, el color del equilibrio y la paz, el color del alma. Y el fuerte de su magia se concentraba en el dominio mental, hechizos telequinéticos que</p>	<p>to go outside, and forbidden as well, because another peculiarity of Twingfir was the dark forest that surrounded it.</p> <p>The wizard's qualities were interpreted according to the color of their magic, as the brightness they emitted with each spell, even the color of the elements altered by their magic, it had a meaning, a reason behind it. The green color in Adam represented mastery over body and soul, and his magic was more effective than the others when it came to healing spells. Leinad, a young man even more noble than his father, was represented by the blue color, related to the balance and peace, the color of the soul. And the strength of his magic resides in the mental mastery, telekinetic spells that</p>
<p>Página 43</p> <p>podían ayudarle manipular artefactos sin siquiera tocarlos con sus manos, o también infiltrarse en la mente de una persona, pero este último era algo que le faltaba mucho por dominar a la perfección. Amir, en cambio, preocupó a todos los testigos cuando su padre empezó a enseñarle sobre magia, pues el color que reveló era violeta —casi negro— y representaba el ocultismo, el color de los magos mas temidos. Y debido a tal descubrimiento, el muchachito se concentró en usarlo para mejorar el embrujo de la tinta que su padre creaba, porque su magia podía hacer mucho más efectivo todo lo que tuviera que ver con engaños. Asimismo, era común ver a los magos levitar, no volar libremente como las aves, pero tanto el poder que acumulaban que les era posible flotar por los aires, más cuando realizaban maléficios poderosos. Y ellos tres se convirtieron en los magos que desafiaron las reglas del juego de los dioses, como se canta en algunas tierras.</p>	<p>Page 43</p> <p>could help him to manipulate artifacts without even touching them or even infiltrate a person's mind. But the latter was something he still had a long way to go before mastering perfectly. Amir, on the other hand, worried everyone present when his father began teaching him magic, because the color he revealed was violet, almost black, and represented occultism, the color of the most feared wizards. Due to that discovery, the young boy focused on using it for improving the enchantment of the ink his father created, since his magic could make anything related to deception far more effective.</p> <p>Likewise, it was common to see wizards levitate, not flying freely like birds, but the power they accumulated allowed them to float through the air, especially when performing powerful spells. And the three of them became the wizards who defied the rules of the gods' game, as it is sung in some lands.</p>

<p>Amir y Leinad hablaban en el camino sobre la visita de los éniars cuando rescataron a Clara de los gigantes, y miraban los alrededores para cerciorarse de estar fuera de peligro. Leinad ensuciaba su espalda con la madera que recientemente habían quemado hasta volverla carbón, y debían regresar cuando antes a la aldea con cautela y sigilo. Cuando por fin llegaron, Lia les indicó dónde se encontraba su padre.</p> <p>—Papá siempre va a El Lago cuando está deprimido.</p> <p>—O pensativo. No todo tiene que ser malo, Amir.</p> <p>Al acercarse, notaron que su padre estaba completamente empapado. Aquel sitio donde su padre los citó llevaba ese nombre porque solía ser un manantial. El agua que corría desde la montaña hasta su desembocadura era pura y abundante. El Lago llevaba años sin una gota de agua, y apenas el día anterior habían caminado cerca de él. La sorpresa de los muchachos era tal que no supieron qué decir. Adam los miró, también sorprendido, y se pudieron distinguir sus lágrimas del agua.</p> <p>—Es pura, hijos. ¡Es pura!</p> <p>—¿Cómo pasó esto? —preguntó Amir.</p>	<p>On the way, Amir and Leinad talked about the visit of the éniars when they rescued Clara from the giants, and they looked at the surroundings to make sure they were out of danger. Leinad dirtied his back with the wood they had recently burned down to charcoal, and they had to return to the village as soon as, with caution and stealth. When they finally arrived, Lia pointed out where their father was.</p> <p>“Dad always goes to the Lake when he is feeling down.”</p> <p>“Or thoughtful. Not everything has to be bad, Amir.”</p> <p>As they approached, they noticed their father was completely soaked. That place where their father had summoned them got its name because it used to be a spring. The water that flowed from the mountain to its mouth was pure and abundant. The lake had been dry for years, and the day before, they had walked near it. The boys were so surprised they did not know what to say. Adam looked at them, also astonished, and it was hard to tell his tears from the water.</p> <p>“It is pure, boys. It is pure!”</p> <p>“How did this happen?” Amir asked.</p>
<p>Página 44</p> <p>Leinad caminó con cautela por el borde, con miedo de sumergirse o de tan siquiera rozar el agua con la yema de sus dedos.</p> <p>—¿Es segura? —preguntó.</p> <p>—Sabes que lo es, Leinad, así como yo lo supe apenas llegué.</p> <p>Los magos podían saber si las frutas, el agua o un animal estaba envenenado, pero la incertidumbre lo abrazaba. Amir no dudó en meterse al agua, que lo cubrió hasta su cintura. No sabían nadar. Nunca tuvieron la dicha de quitar el sucio de su cuerpo en un agua tan</p>	<p>Page 44</p> <p>Leinad walked cautiously along the edge, afraid of diving in or even brushing the water with the tips of his fingers.</p> <p>“Is it safe?” He asked.</p> <p>“You know it is, Leinad, just as I knew it the moment I arrived.”</p> <p>The wizards could know if fruits, the water, or an animal was poisoned, but the uncertainty was there. Amir did not hesitate to step into the water, which reached up to his waist. They did not know how to swim since they had never known the joy of washing the</p>

pura, solo Adam y los más adultos que experimentaron alguna vez la fortuna enriquecedora de la naturaleza sabían nadar.

— No es seguro si no saben flotar, yo les enseñaré.

Y aunque no se atrevían aun a sumergirse en la parte honda, en pocos minutos pudieron aprender a flotar, sin firmeza ni confianza.

La cascada en su pasado siempre fue ruidosa. Escupía el agua con gran fortaleza, pero ahora El Lago se llenaba poco a poco. Adam mandó a su hijo mayor, Leinad, a avisar a los del pueblo.

Eran pocos los adultos que no estaban enfermos, la mayoría de los ancianos yacían en sus camas y, con un poco de magia, Adam lograba mantenerlos más tiempo con ellos. Algunos se cansaron de esperar una cura de parte de los magos o un milagro de los celestiales porque sin recursos como el agua o las plantas medicinales se dificultaban la efectividad de los menjunjes. Muchos murieron con la esperanza en sus corazones.

Leinad corrió lo mas rápido posible, asustando a los que le vieron llegar, pues ver correr a un miembro del pueblo era sinónimo de peligro, pero no esta vez. Intentando recobrar el aliento, el joven habló:

—Hay agua en El Lago. Tomen sus baldes y llénelos. No se metan al agua los que no saben nadar, y los padres cuiden a sus niños. ¡Hay agua en El Lago!

Gritó mirando al cielo y reía a carcajadas de la emoción. Todos hicieron lo que él pidió y los mas jóvenes cargaron a los enfermos para hacerlos testigos del suceso. Quizás era el amor que se tenían entre ellos mismos que Twingfir se veía limpia y ordenada, y les aseguro que...

dirt from their bodies in such pure water. The only ones who had once experienced the enriching fortune of nature and knew how to swim were Adam and the older ones.

“It is not safe if you guys do not know how to float, I will teach you.”

Although they did not yet dare to dive into the deep part, within a few minutes, they managed to learn how to float without steadiness or confidence. In the past, the waterfall had always been loud. It used to spit out water with great force, but now the lake was filling up little by little. Adam sent his eldest son, Leinad, to warn the people in the village.

There were few adults who were not ill; most of the elders lay in their beds, and with a bit of magic, Adam managed to keep them a little longer. Some had grown tired of waiting for a cure from the wizards or a miracle from the celestials, for without resources such as water or medical plants, the effectiveness of their brews became limited. Many of them died with hope still in their hearts.

Leinad ran as fast as he could, startling those who saw him arrive, for seeing a member of the village running was a sign of danger, but not this time. Trying to catch his breath, the young man spoke:

“There is water in the lake! Grab your buckets and fill them up. Those who cannot swim avoid getting into the water, and parents, watch over your children. There is water in the Lake!”

He shouted, looking up at the sky, laughing heartily with excitement. Everyone did what he said, and the youngest ones carried the ill so they could witness the event. Perhaps it was the love they had for one other that made Twingfir look clean and orderly, and I assure you that...

esta fue una de las pocas veces que se veían cosas mal puestas en la calle que lleva a la parte trasera del pueblo, directo a El Lago. Sus humildes casitas y los espacios recreativos donde los niños jugaban o donde entrenaban los más jóvenes, guardaban buena imagen, aunque con poco pasto y carencia de lujos. Lo que sí abundaban eran altos árboles, animales domésticos y las risas; era un pueblo alegre.

La ruta hasta El Lago duraba unos quince minutos caminando, pero ellos llegaron en cinco tras la carrera. Se acercaron lo más posible a la caída del agua y llenaron sus jarras, sus baldes y sus manos, aunque el agua se escapara de ellas. La carencia de algo tan vital como el agua puede volverte disciplinado o tacaño, depende mucho de tu moral. En el caso de ellos, pensaban en ayudar a los que carecían del mineral en los pueblos aledaños, y es que era tanta agua y la cascada no dejaba de caer. No sabían si se trataba de la alegría, pero el cielo se pintaba hermoso sobre ellos, el sol fue condescendiente con sus pieles y la escalonada oscuridad se sentía agradable.

Una vez terminaron la tarea de recolectar agua, disfrutaron del manantial hasta caer la noche. Camino a sus cabañas, notaron a lo lejos un poco de humo. Adam se adelantó y los demás desaceleraron sus pasos. Nadie había dejado fogatas antes de ir hasta El Lago, y nadie se había quedado fuera de la celebración que tuvieron. La alegría y júbilo se convirtieron en incertidumbre de un segundo a otro, y abrazaban la esperanza de que no se tratara de algo malo. Pero la fogata había sido recientemente encendida.

Al llegar, Adam vio a una mujer sentada y calentando sus manos, aunque el frío no era tan cruel. Tenía un vestido rojo que le había hurtado a Clara en su ausencia, el cual le había regalado Hiulin, la éniar.

Su piel blanca adornada con pequeños tatuajes, que parecían escritos oscuros, y su cabello negro hasta la parte baja de su espalda la delataban. Era una hechicera.

this was one of the few times when things were seen out of place on the street that leads to the back of the town, straight to The Lake. Their humble houses and recreational spaces where children played or where the youngest ones trained, maintained a good appearance, although with little grass and a lack of luxuries. However, what was abundant were tall trees, domestic animals, and laughter; it was a joyful village.

The way to the Lake took about fifteen minutes on foot, but they arrived in five after running. They got as close as possible to the waterfall and filled their jars, their buckets and their hands, even though the water slipped through their fingers. The lack of something as vital as water can make you disciplined or miser, it all depends on your morals. In their case, they thought about helping those who lacked the mineral in nearby villages, especially since there was so much water and the waterfall never stopped flowing. They did not know if it was joy, but the sky looked beautiful above them, the sun was gentle on their skin, and the layered darkness felt pleasant.

Once they finished the task of collecting water, they enjoyed the spring until nightfall. On the way to their cabins, they noticed a bit of smoke in the distance. Adam went ahead while the others slowed their pace. No one had left any campfires burning before heading to the Lake, and no one had stayed behind from the celebration they had. The joy and jubilation turned into uncertainty in an instant, and they clung to the hope that it was not something bad. But the fire had been lit recently.

As Adam arrived, he saw a woman sitting and warming her hands, even though the cold was not that bad. She was wearing a red dress that she had stolen from Clara during her absence, a dress that had been gift to her by Hiulin, the éniar.

Her pale skin was adorned with small tattoos that looked like dark writings, and her black hair that reached down to the lower part of

<p>—¿Qué haces aquí? —preguntó Adam. No volteó y se mantuvo en silencio hasta que llegaron los demás. —Tu gente disfrutó del agua gracias a mi gente. Ustedes obtuvieron riqueza y nosotros muerte.</p>	<p>her back gave her away. Indeed, she was a sorcerer. “What are you doing here?” Adam asked. She did not turn around and remained silent until the others arrived. “Your people enjoyed the water thanks to my people. You gained wealth, and we got death.”</p>
<p>Página 46</p> <p>—Responde a mi pregunta. —Necesito de su ayuda, así como nosotros les ayudamos. —¿Cómo nos ayudaron? ¿Fueron las responsables del agua? —Alana ya es la dueña del trono. El rey Adrion murió y ahora la muerte nos perseguirá. Todo aquel que no le sirva sufrirá las consecuencias. ¿Nunca te preguntaste por que el resto vivimos como miserables? ¿Por qué prohibieron el acceso a Beskan?</p> <p>Desde su niñez, Adam se preguntaba muchas cosas. Conforme fue creciendo supo que a la desaparición de las riquezas naturales eran obras de algún mezquino o malintencionado ser. Los villanos siempre fueron los principales sospechosos: las brujas, los magos, incluso dudaron de los éniars en su momento, pero sus riquezas también disminuyeron. Como los éniars son creación de los olkjar, eran capaces de hacer fértil, la tierra, donde ellos vivían. Se limitaron siempre ayudar, únicamente a los que eran creación de sus dioses. No era una ley impuesta por los celestiales, pero sí una costumbre muy arraigada a su perfecta existencia.</p> <p>—¿Qué tiene que ver esa bruja con el agua? —No fue Alana la responsable, fuimos las del reino. —El reino de Alinns es el hogar de Alana, ¿no es lo mismo? —Nosotras no seguimos sus caminos ni ambiciones, no le servimos y moriremos antes de vivir sumisas a su voluntad. —Mi gente quiere descansar, van a enfermarse. Ve al grano.</p>	<p>Page 46</p> <p>“Answer my question.” “I need your help, just as we helped you.” “How did you help us? Were you the ones responsible of the water?” “Alana is now the ruler of the throne. King Adrion is dead, and now death will chase us. Anyone who does not serve her will suffer the consequences. Did you never wonder why the rest of us lived like miserable people? Why was access to Beskan forbidden?”</p> <p>Since childhood, Adam has questioned many things. As he grew older, he came to understand that the disappearance of natural riches was the work of some selfish or ill-intentioned being. Villains had always been the main suspects: witches, wizards, even the éniars were doubted at one point, but their riches also lessened. Since the éniars were creations of the olkjar, they were capable of making the land fertile wherever they lived. They always limited their help only to those who were creations of their gods. It was not a law imposed by the celestials, but rather a deeply rooted custom tied to their perfect existence.</p> <p>“What does that witch have to do with the water?” “It was not Alana who was responsible; we were, the ones from the kingdom.” “Alana’s home is the kingdom of Alinns, isn’t that the same?” “We do not follow her paths or ambitions. We do not serve her, and we would rather die than live in submission to her will.” “My people want to rest; they are going to get sick. Get to the point.”</p>

<p>Bec, que intentaba pedir ayuda a los magos, pero se enredaba en su propio auxilio hablando de todo menos el favor que necesitaba, tomó el fuego entre sus manos y contó cómo es que ahora era posible que ellos disfrutaran de algo que a ella le había costado la vida de sus hermanas hechiceras.</p>	<p>Bec, who was trying to ask the wizards for help but kept getting tangled in her own plea by talking about everything except the favor she needed, took the fire in her hands and told how it was now possible for them to enjoy something that had cost her the lives of her sister sorceresses.</p>
<p>Página 49</p> <p>EL RELATO DE BEC IV</p> <p>Una mezcla de tristeza y calma invadía a la hechicera que contaba una historia con pequeños fragmentos de fuego rosa, amoldándolos como muñecos. Este embrujo era prueba de que necesitaba que todos entendieran lo que estaba a punto de decir, aquello que había descubierto en su visita a Auxis.</p> <p>Hace cuarenta años, el rey Adrion ocupó el trono tras la muerte de su padre. Su soberbia y ambiciones hicieron que todo su reino le temiera, más de lo que normalmente se le teme a un rey. Ese fue el comienzo de la escasez. Supongo que has escuchado sobre «Los Sanadores».</p> <p>—Eran magos, y yo soy uno. —Lo sé. Tienes el poder de sanar, pero ellos no hacían eso, hacían lo contrario con sus poderes. Robaban la vida de las personas absorbiendo sus fuerzas hasta dejar solo los huesos. Su nombre se debía a que sanaban sus propias dolencias o enfermedades a costa de la vida de inocentes. Eran tres y todos desaparecieron una vez cumplieron con la orden de Adrion.</p> <p>—Escasez. ¿Esa era su orden? —No inicialmente. Aquellos magos encerraron a una bestia dorada en Beskan, la montaña más alta de la isla Gala'nhur. Y esa era la criatura que durante miles de años dio vida donde solo había desierto.</p>	<p>Page 49</p> <p>BEC'S STORY IV</p> <p>A mix of sadness and calm filled the sorceress as she told a story using small fragments of pink fire, shaping them like little dolls. This enchantment was proof that she needed everyone to understand what she was about to say, what she had discovered during her visit to Auxis.</p> <p>Forty years ago, King Adrion took the throne after his father's death. His arrogance and ambitions made his entire kingdom fear him, more than a king is usually feared. That was the beginning of scarcity. I suppose you have heard of "The Healers".</p> <p>"They were wizards, and I am one." "I am aware. You have the power of healing, but they do not do that, they did the opposite with their powers. They stole people's lives by absorbing their strength until only bones were left. Their name came from the fact that they healed their own ailments or diseases at the cost of innocent lives. There were three of them, and they all disappeared once they fulfilled Adrion's command.</p> <p>"Scarcity. Was that his command?" "Not initially. Those wizards imprisoned a golden beast in Beskan, the highest mountain of the Gala'nhur island. For thousands of years, the creature had brought life to places where there was only desert.</p>

<p>Esta historia ya se había escuchado antes, incluso Adam se la contaba a sus hijos de pequeños. De todas maneras, la dejó hablar y...</p>	<p>This story had been heard before, even Adam used to tell it to his children when they were little. Nonetheless, he let her speak and...</p>
<p>Página 50</p> <p>escuchó atentamente porque todo lo que contaba tenía sentido ahora que no lo veía como un mito, sino como algo que en realidad pasó.</p> <p>Ella siguió explicando que el dragón dormía durante ocho años y siempre escogía un lugar diferente para hacerlo, dando frutos y recursos minerales a los lugares donde se posaba. Al despertar, se mantenía sobrevolando las zonas donde había pocos recursos.</p> <p>Grandes dragones se habían dejado ver a lo lejos y hacía mucho que no se acercaban al suelo o los terrenos bajos de Alhorn (por fortuna para todos), pero El Dorado no había sido visto en siglos, convirtiéndose en un personaje para la recreación de cuentos infantiles. Bec añadió:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>—Es inmortal, pero puede morir.</li> <li>—Entonces no lo es —replicó Adam.</li> <li>—No morirá de vejez, pero sí si la matas a sangre fría.</li> </ul> <p>Bec aún no le había dicho cómo es que había vuelto a brotar agua en El Lago, así que Adam se lo exigió. Y ella contó que la noche anterior se habían infiltrado en el reino Jukrol, sus dos hermanas y ella, transformándose en lobos para atravesar los bosques sin que las detectaran. Decidieron no ir con sus mascotas, pues necesitaban ser sigilosas y el tamaño de estos perros se los impedía. Cuando vio que Alana emprendía un viaje al muelle a medianoche, ordenó a sus hermanas que siguieran a la nueva reina mientras ella se escabullía en su ostentosa habitación. No sabía qué buscar, pero sí que encontraría algo.</p>	<p>Page 50</p> <p>he listened carefully, because everything she said made sense now that he no longer saw it as a myth, but as something that had truly happened.</p> <p>She continued explaining that the dragon slept for eight years and always chose a different place to do so, birnging fuits and mineral resources to the places where it rested. Upon waking, it would hover over areas where resources were scarce.</p> <p>Larger dragons had been seen from afar, and it had been a long time since they came close to the ground pr the lowlands of Alhorn (fortunately for everyone), but the Golden One had not been seen in centuries, becoming a character used in the retelling of children’s stories. Bec added:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>“It is immortal but can die.”</li> <li>“Then, it is not.” Adam replied.</li> <li>“It will not die of old age, but it will if you kill it in cold blood.”</li> </ul> <p>Bec still had not told him how the water had begun to flow again in the Lake, so Adam demanded it. And she explained that the night before, she and her two sisters had infiltrated the Kingdom of Jukrol, transforming into wolves to cross the forests without being detected. They decided not to bring their pets, as they needed to be stealthy and the size of those dogs would have made it impossible. When she saw Alana heading to the dock at midnight, she ordered her sisters to follow the new queen while she slipped into her lavish room. She did not know what she was looking for, but she knew she would find something.</p>

<p>—Encontré la muerte —dijo llorando. Volviendo su cuerpo humano otra vez, desnuda y exasperada, hizo un desorden. Era un cuarto común, y el espejo estaba envuelto en sábanas con cadenas y un candado. La reina no se esforzó mucho en esconder lo que sea que contenía aquel espejo, confiada de que nadie se atrevería a irrumpir en su morada.</p> <p>La hechicera buscó en cada esquina del cuarto una llave, pero solo encontró una demasiado grande como para ser la que necesitaba. En su desesperación por obtener una respuesta, rompió las sábanas lastimando sus uñas, para luego darse cuenta de que el espejo no la...</p>	<p>“I found death.” She said, crying. Returning to her human body, once again, naked and exasperated, she made a mess. It was an ordinary room, and the mirror was wrapped in sheets with chains and a padlock. The queen did not make much effort to hide whatever the mirror contained, confident that no one would dare to intrude into her dwelling.</p> <p>The sorcerer searched every corner of the room for a key, but she only found one that was far too large to be the one she needed. In her desperation to find an answer, she tore through the sheets hurting her nails, only to realize that the mirror did not...</p>
<p>Página 51</p> <p>reflejaba, Más bien mostraba una oscuridad tenebrosa. Hipnotizada por el baile de la niebla en lo que parecía ser otra dimensión. Fue repentinamente asustada por el reflejo de un par de ojos que se abrieron. Parecían los ojos de un reptil y eran de un color rojo sangre.</p> <p>—La llave en tu mano. Ella miró lo que el ser desconocido le mencionó, era muy antigua y peculiar, y notó en su agarre la letra «N».</p> <p>—¿Qué abre? —Mi libertad, tesoros y la verdad. —¿Cuál verdad? —replicó ella — ¿Dónde estás? —Estoy en Beskan. La reina se acerca a tus compañeras. Debes apresurarte si deseas que sigan con vida.</p> <p>—¿Cómo sabes eso? —Puedo sentir el vibrar de cada cuerpo que pisa estas tierras y todo lo que nada en las aguas turbulentas. Toma la llave y busca a un mago encontrara la manera de librarme.</p> <p>—¿Cómo sé que no nos matarás al encontrarte? —Tengo miles de años entre ustedes, nunca han escuchado sobre mi matando personas. Thuren nunca mata, da vida.”</p>	<p>Page 51</p> <p>reflect on her. Instead, it showed a terrifying darkness. Hypnotized by the dance of the mist in what seems to be another dimension, she was suddenly startled by the reflection of a pair of eyes that opened. They looked like reptilian eyes and were blood red in color.</p> <p>“They key in your hand.” She looked at what the unknown being had mentioned, it was very old and strange, and she noticed letter ‘N’ engraved on its grip.</p> <p>“What does it open?” “My freedom, treasures and truth.” “What truth?” She replied. “Where are you?” “I am in Beskan. The queen is approaching your companions. You must hurry if you want them to stay alive.” “How do you know that?” “I can feel every body’s vibration that steps on these lands and everything that swims in the traveling waters. Take the key and seek a wizard. He will find a way to set me free.”</p> <p>“How do I know you will not kill us when we find you?” “I have lived among you people for thousands of years; you have never heard of</p>

<p>Bec corrió hacia sus hermanas. Volvió a su estado animal para llegar más rápido, pero era demasiado tarde. Encontró a sus hermanas sin vida. Galiel había sido partida a la mitad y Ena decapitada sin siquiera poder volver a su estado natural. El frío intenso congelaba sus lágrimas. Su piel producía humo por el contraste del calor en su cuerpo y el frío de la montaña, su grito de lamento la delataría ante la reina, ya que los soldados se encontraban cerca. Con la llave en su posición, debía entregarle un mago para no sentir que fue en vano arriesgar sus vidas.</p> <p>—¿Dónde está la llave entonces? —preguntó Adam.</p> <p>—Cuando venía en camino vi una flor crecer ante mí del mismo color del par de ojos de aquella bestia, me encontré un duende entre los arbustos que, sin decirme nada, me pidió que le siguiera.</p> <p>—Te la robó.</p>	<p>me killing anyone. Thuren never kills, in fact, he brings it to all he touches.”</p> <p>Bec ran towards her sisters. She returned to her animal form to get there faster, but it was too late. She found her sisters lifeless. Galiel had been split in half and Ena decapitated without even being able to return to her natural form. The intense cold froze her tears. Her skin produced steam from the contrast between the heat of her body and the mountain’s chill. Her cry of sorrow would give her away to the Queen as the soldiers were nearby. With the key in her possession, she had to deliver it to a wizard to avoid feeling that their lives had been risked in vain.</p> <p>“So where is the key then?” asked Adam.</p> <p>“On my way here, I saw a flower bloom before me, the same color as the eyes of that beast. I found an elf among the bushes who, without saying in the world, asked me to follow him.”</p> <p>“He stole it from you.”</p>
<p>Página 52</p> <p>—No, lo contrario —Extendió su mano entregándole la llave—.</p> <p>Me mostró dónde estaba una de las puertas, son tres y, obviamente, tres llaves, pero no pude abrirla. Es de un metal fuerte, no tan grande como una puerta común, es cuadrada y hay un escrito en skiif en su centro.</p> <p>Antes de Bec se despidiera de Thuren, Cuando estaba a punto de ir a intentar salvar a sus hermanas, aquel ser le habló sobre Twingfir y le dijo que era el único lugar en donde encontraría magos. Dijo que el agua de El Lago era un regalo y una prueba de su existencia. El agua era signo del poder que esta criatura emitía; aunque estaba encerrada y lejos del pueblo, logró hacer brotar el agua nuevamente, gracias a Bec destapó el espejo</p>	<p>Page 52</p> <p>“No, quite the opposite.” She extended her hand, delivering the key.</p> <p>It showed me where one of the doors was. There are three doors and obviously three keys, but I could not open it. It is made of strong metal, not as large as a normal door, it is square, and in the center, there is writing in skiif.</p> <p>Before Bec farewelled Thuren, as she was about to go and try to save her sisters, that being told him about Twingfir and said it was the only place where she would find wizards. It said that the water of the Lake was a gift and a proof of his existence. The water was a sign of power that this creature radiated; although it was locked up and far away from the village, it managed to make the water</p>

<p>Místico. Thuren conocía a los magos y ellos pensaban como una simple leyenda de cuento para dormir.</p> <p>—Entonces mi padre fue uno de los que lo encerró. —dijo Adam. Hubo un silencio que nadie se atrevió a romper.</p> <p>—Tienes que deshacerlo. —No hechicera, yo no tengo que hacer nada. —Deberías —insistió—. Si todos se enteran de que hay una solución y que ustedes fueron los responsables, vendrán a hostigarlos.</p> <p>—No voy a permitir que me involucres o a mis hijos en lo que Los Sanadores hicieron. Tú misma dijiste que no somos lo mismo.</p> <p>Adam afirmó que su padre tuvo que haber sido partícipe de aquel acto, pero no estaba seguro. Lo afirmó porque su padre fue el fundador de aquel pequeño grupo. Durante su infancia, la madre de Adam intentó ocultar el oscuro secreto de su esposo, pero él, como un niño curioso, sabía que su padre no era bueno. No envejecía y cada vez que regresaba de sus viajes lo notaba muy diferente, como si las vidas que absorbía le hicieran mutar. Cuando no regresó y toda planta empezó a morir, el pequeño Adam supo que no había sido un simple abandono.</p> <p>Su madre le intentaba convencer de que su padre había muerto, sacrificándose en alguna guerra, pero él sabía que su padre no era un guerrero y que de sacrificarse lo haría en nombre del mal. Dos años después de la maldición, su madre murió. Fue encontrada por él mismo colgada de un árbol.</p>	<p>flow again. All of this, thanks to Bec uncovering the mystic mirror. Thuren knew the wizards, and they thought of it as nothing more than a legend from a bedtime story.</p> <p>“Then my father was one of the ones who locked him up,” said Adam.</p> <p>There was a silence that no one dared to break.</p> <p>“You have to undo it.”</p> <p>“No, sorcerer, I do not have to do anything”</p> <p>“You should” she insisted. If everyone finds out that there is a solution and you were the ones responsible for it, they will come to harass you all.</p> <p>“I would not allow you to involve me or my children in what the Healers did. You said it yourself; we are not the same.</p> <p>Adam claimed that his father must have been involved in that act, though he was not sure. He said it because his father was the founder of that small group. During his childhood, Adam’s mother tried to hide her husband’s dark secret, but as a curious child, Adam knew that his father was not a good man. He did not age, and every time he returned from his journeys, Adam noticed he was very different—almost as if the lives he absorbed made him mutate. When he did not return and every plant began to die, little Adam knew it had not been a simple abandonment.</p> <p>His mother tried to convince him that his father had died, sacrificing himself in some war, but Adam knew that his father was no warrior—and if he ever sacrificed himself, it would be in the name of evil. Two years after the curse, his mother died. He found her hanging from a tree.</p>
<p>Página 53</p> <p>—¿Quieres que tus hijos sigan creciendo en esta miseria, mago?</p>	<p>Page 53</p> <p>“Do you want your boys to keep growing up in this misery, wizard?”</p>

Intenta recordar la abundancia que de niño te rodeaba. Eso nos merecemos.

Adam quería negarse, no conocía a esta mujer. Podría ser una trampa, un engaño más de una hechicera. Si no fuese por su mirada, por el temblor en su voz y el riesgo que esta corría al presentarse de la nada, Adam la hubiese echado en un santiamén. Pero miró a sus hijos, a su gente, miró a su humilde pueblo, y por primera vez en mucho tiempo sintió esperanza en su corazón.

—Te prometo que si intentas engañarnos, sufrirás la peor de las muertes. Tú y los que te importan —Adam le clavó una mirada amenazadora y Bec se inclinó ante él.

—Conozco tu poder, sé del linaje Migfield. Y te digo con toda honestidad que preferiría ser amenazada por Alana que por ti, Adam.

El mago le dio la espalda. Pero decidió creer.

—¿Cuál sería el plan?

—Aún no lo sé —respondió ella—. Quizás los duendes sepan algo.

—Esos duendes son unos ladrones, son como ratas —espetó Adam.

—No, el que me ayudó se notaba desesperado y me siguió la mitad del camino hacia aquí, pero lo perdí de vista antes de llegar.

—Vete y hablemos otro día, necesito procesar toda la información.

Ella caminó lentamente sobre la fogata, descalza. El vestido era largo arrastraba por el piso y se incendió, pero no se consumía. El robo de aquella prenda fue un intento por no morir de frío y tapar su cuerpo corito y maltratado. Su intención nunca fue hurtar, pero la magia que la ayudaba a ella y a sus hermanas a transformarse en lobos, hacía rasgar sus telas hasta quedar en completa desnudez. Bec no sabía que ese vestido que se ajustaba tan bien a su figura no era una prenda común. Y entre los árboles del bosque, su luz se apagó. Parecía no querer irse, como si la muerte de sus

Try to remember the abundance that as a kid surrounded you. That is what we deserve.

Adam wanted to refuse—he did not know this woman. It could be a trap, another deception from a sorceress. If it had not been for her gaze, the tremble in her voice, and the risk she took by appearing out of nowhere, Adam would have cast her out in an instant. But he looked at his boys, at his people, at his humble village—and for the first time in a long time, he felt hope in his heart.

“I promise you, if you try to deceive us, you will suffer the worst of the deaths—you and those you care about.” Adam gave her a threatening look, and Bec bowed before him.

“I know your power. I know the Migfield lineage. And I say this with complete honesty—I’d rather be threatened by Alana than by you, Adam.”

The wizard turned his back on her, but he chose to believe.

“What would the plan be?”

“I do not know yet,” she replied. “Maybe the elves know something.”

“Those elves are thieves, like rats,” Adam snapped.

“No, the one who helped me seemed desperate. He followed me halfway here, but I lost sight of him before arriving.”

“Go, and let’s talk another day. I need to process all this information.”

She walked away slowly over the bonfire, barefoot. Her dress was long, dragging across the ground, and it caught fire, but it did not burn. The theft of that cloth had been an attempt not to die from the cold and to cover her bruised, fragile body. She never meant to steal, but the magic that helped her and her sisters transform into wolves would tear their clothes until they were left completely naked. Bec did not know that the dress, which fit her figure so perfectly, was no ordinary cloth. And between the forest’s trees, her light was

<p>hermanas fuera sinónimo de no tener un hogar, como si la soledad estuviera ya aferrada a ella.</p>	<p>extinguished. It seemed that she did not want to leave, as if the death of her sisters meant she no longer had a home—as if loneliness had already latched onto her.</p>
<p>Página 54</p> <p>El reino Alinns es el más pequeño de todos. Situado entre los terrenos de Agamonk y el desierto escarpado Tohmer; este pueblo, de oscuras edificaciones guardaba misterios, pero el más comentado era lo que se escondía en las montañas que se alzaban detrás de ellos. Lúgubre y nublada, tanto como para no tenerse a escalarla. Sin embargo, ni siquiera las hechiceras manejaban información fehaciente sobre dicho lugar; algunos sepulcros y tumbas comunes se visualizaban desde ciertas zonas específicas, pero nada más se sabía. Quien subía no regresaba, se especulaba que las brujas guardaban con celo aquello que todos deseaban saber.</p> <p>Eran pocas las hechiceras que comulgaban con la postura de Alana, quien solía ser la bruja suprema del tal reino. Alana aceptó, sin necesidad de una carta de los poetas, la propuesta de matrimonio del rey Adrion. Lo único que ella quería era poder y un ejército digno de su malvada ambición. Ahora, con la muerte de Adrion, era libre para desatar el mal.</p> <p>—Nunca nos contaste sobre el abuelo.</p> <p>—Ni siquiera yo lo conocí bien, Amir. ¿Qué podría contarles de él?</p> <p>—¿Qué haremos, papá? —preguntó Leinad</p> <p>—Ustedes nada, yo buscaré respuestas.</p> <p>Era imposible deshacerse de sus hijos, ellos no permitirían a su padre enfrentar solo una situación tan compleja. Amir y Leinad le permitieron pensar a su padre que no intervendrían, pero la manera en que los hermanos se miraron mutuamente era señal de</p>	<p>Page 54</p> <p>The Kingdom of Alinns is the smallest of all, located between the lands of Agamonk and the rugged Tohmer desert, this village with its dark buildings, held many mysteries. But the most talked about was what lay hidden in the mountains rising behind it. Gloomy and cloud-covered, so much so that no one dared to climb them. However, even the sorceresses manages reliable information about that place; some sepulchers and common graves could be seen from certain specific spots, but nothing else was known. Those who climbed never returned. It was speculated that the witches fiercely guarded whatever it was that everyone desired to know.</p> <p>There were few sorceresses that shared Alana’s stance, who used to be the supreme witch of that kingdom. Alana accepted King Adrion’s marriage proposal without needing a letter from the poets. The only thing she wanted was power and an army worthy of her wicked ambition. Now, with Adrion’s death, she was free to unleash evil.</p> <p>“You never told us about grandpa.”</p> <p>“I did not even know him well, Amir. What could I tell you about him?”</p> <p>“What are we going to do, Dad?” asked Leinad.</p> <p>“You will do nothing. I will look for answers.”</p> <p>It was impossible to get rid of his children, they would not allow their father to face such a complex situation alone. Amir and Leinad let their father believed they would not intervene, but the way the brothers looked at each other was a clear sign they</p>

<p>que buscarían la forma de persuadirlo, de convencerlo de no actuar solo.</p> <p>Adam Migfield y sus dos hijos eran los únicos magos que quedaban en pie en el pueblo de Twingfir, pero sabían que había posibilidades de que alrededor del mundo vivieran más de ellos. A diferencia de su malvado padre. Él sí les enseñó a defenderse tanto en la magia como en el combate cuerpo a cuerpo. Los jóvenes del pueblo sabían pelear, pero nunca lo habían hecho en un campo de guerra y una pelea entre amigos en las prácticas que organizaba no podría compararse jamás a pelear por tu vida.</p>	<p>would find a way to persuade him, to convince him not to act alone.</p> <p>Adam Migfield and his two sons were the only wizards left standing in the village of Twingfir, but they knew there was a chance that others like them would still live around the world. Unlike his evil father, Adam had taught them to defend themselves—both in magic and in hand-to-hand combat. The young ones from the village knew how to fight, but they had never done so on a battlefield and a fight between friends during training could never compare to fighting for your life.</p>
<p>Página 55</p> <p>...</p> <p>Al amanecer, las aves cantaban viajando hacia el sur, cosa extraña. Un olor extremadamente nauseabundo invadía el lugar e hizo a todos despertar. Detrás de las aves se acercaban los lupiadoks a gran velocidad. Volaban con desesperación hacia las aguas de El Lago y los hermanos magos, junto a sus amigos, Andi y Pol, corrieron para intentar frenar lo que fuera que intentaban hacer tales aves demoníacas.</p> <p>Una vez que tocaron Tierra, los acechadores vomitaron los restos de animales que parecían descomponerse en su estómago más no digerirse. Andi lanzó una flecha con su arco y el ave más grande lo desvió con su ala, pero Leinad, con la ayuda de su magia y el viento, la devolvió al animal traspasando su cabeza. Faltaban dos mas por derribar. Estas bestias no podían comunicarse a través de palabras. Por lo que era difícil conocer sus intenciones, pero parecían querer contaminar el agua de El Lago. Los lupiadoks eran el doble del tamaño de los muchachos y olían muy mal, ellos devoraban animales mayormente, pero no dejaban de ser peligrosos para el resto de los seres vivos. Sus vómitos, además de ser restos de lo que comían, contenían un ácido capaz de derretir la piel, aunque no los huesos.</p>	<p>Page 55</p> <p>...</p> <p>At dawn, birds sang as they flew south—an unusual sight. A nauseating smell filled the whole place and woke everyone up.</p> <p>Behind the birds, the ludiadoks were approaching at great speed. They flew desperately toward the waters of the Lake, and wizard brothers, along with their friends, Andi and Pol, ran to try to stop whatever those demonic birds were trying to do.</p> <p>Once they touched the ground, the demonic birds vomited the remains of animals that seemed to decompose in their stomachs but were never digested. Andi fired an arrow from his bow, and the largest bird diverted it with its wing, but Leinad, with the help of his magic and the wind, sent it back, piercing the creature's head. Two more remained to be taken down. These beasts could not communicate through words, making it difficult to understand their intentions, but they seemed to want to contaminate the waters of the Lake. The lupiadoks are twice the size of the boys and smelled terrible. They mostly devoured animals, but they were still dangerous to all other living beings. Their vomits, apart from being the remains of what</p>

<p>Amir golpeó la tierra que pisaba y durante segundos pareció no pasar nada, hasta que del suelo salieron raíces que ataron a sus enemigos, y Pol con su espada perforó sus vientres, ocasionando un error más intenso, pero un daño bastante importante.</p> <p>Las raíces eran cómplices de los magos únicamente porque estaban dentro del terreno de Twingfir, porque el bosque no se dejaba manipular por la fuerza de los magos, como si de rencor supieran y como si leyeran sus intenciones y el sentir de sus corazones, pues los poetas no prestaban sus poderes oscuros para el beneficio del mal.</p> <p>Parecía que Leinad, el más fuerte de los cuatros, no tenía que intervenir más gracias a la valentía y fuerza del resto. Una vez ultimados, las aves se derritieron hasta los huesos. Las plumas verdes se confundían con los musgos de este sucio animal, y al derretirse se confundió lo que eran restos del ave con los restos de lo que comían.</p>	<p>they had eaten, contained an acid capable of melting skin—though not bones.</p> <p>Amir hit the ground beneath him, and for a few seconds, nothing seemed to happen, until roots burst from the earth, binding their enemies. With his sword, Pol pierced their bellies, causing a more intense error but also significant damage.</p> <p>The roots were accomplice of the wizards only because they were inside Twingfir’s land, for the forest could not be manipulated by their power, as if it knew resentment and could read their intentions and the feeling in their hearts, since the poets did not lend their dark powers for the benefit of evil.</p> <p>It seemed that Leinad, the strongest of the four, no longer needed to intervene thanks to the courage and strength of the others. Once they were finished off, the birds melted down to the bone. Their green feathers blended with the mosses of that dirty animal, and as they melted, it became impossible to tell the remains of the birds from the remains of what they had eaten.</p>
<p>Página 56</p> <p>Entre risas y abrazos, los muchachos se dieron la vuelta celebrando su victoria, menos Leinad.</p> <p>—Esperen un momento —dijo, acercándose a los cadáveres.</p> <p>—¿Qué tienes?</p> <p>—Mira, Amir, sus huesos. Tienen un mensaje.</p> <p>—Está en su idioma, tienen que llevárselo a su padre —dijo Pol.</p> <p>—Pronto nuestro salvador volverá —leyó Leinad en voz alta.</p>	<p>Page 56</p> <p>Between laughs and hugs, the boys turned around celebrating their victory, but Leinad was still.</p> <p>“Wait a minute” he said, approaching the corpses.</p> <p>“What is wrong?”</p> <p>“Look at their bones, Amir. They have a message.”</p> <p>“It is in their language. You need to take it to your father.” said Pol.</p> <p>“Our savior will return soon” Leinad read aloud.</p>

Los hermanos magos sacaron agua del lago y limpiaron el cráneo de las tres aves para regresar al pueblo. Cada uno llevaba un cráneo en su hombro menos Pol, que quitaba la sangre de su espada con su camisa blanca. La defensa y ataque de los jóvenes demostraba al pueblo que estaban bien protegidos, demostraba incluso que no tenían nada por qué temer.

Mientras relataban lo sucedido, Adam escuchó a lo lejos los aplausos. Él estuvo toda la mañana buscando alguna pista sobre lo que le había contado la hechicera, sin mucho éxito.

Sus hijos le contaron todo y no dudó en felicitarlos sin alardear mucho. Se notaba serio y pensativo.

No sabía por dónde empezar, así que tomando una hoja de papel —casi parecido a una tela— hizo un ave, escribiendo con su tinta mágica el nombre de la criatura que le menciono Bec. Moviendo levemente sus labios, recitó un conjuro que le dio vida a aquello. Este hechizo permitiría recopilar información de todo aquel que hablara sobre lo que escribió en el papel, en este caso, de Thuren.

La tinta con la que escribió sería suficiente para formar las palabras del diálogo de los que hablasen sobre aquella bestia, siempre y cuando el ave de papel volase cerca de ellos. Una vez el papel hechizado regresara, sabrían si este era un tema del que se hablaba mucho en los alrededores.

—Es hora de pedirle el favor de vuelta al durien Milos.

—¿Cómo nos puede ayudar él? Pregunto Leinad.

—Necesito viajar a Beskan, necesito alas.

—El favor que le hicimos no es ni la mitad de lo que le pedirás.

The wizard brothers took out water from the lake and cleaned the skulls of the three birds before heading back to the village. Each one carried a skull on his shoulder, except for Pol, who was wiping the blood from his sword with his white shirt. The defense and attack of the young boys showed the village that they were well protected; it even showed that they had nothing to fear.

Meanwhile they were narrating what had happened, Adam heard applause in the distance. He spent the whole morning searching for some clue about the sorceress had told him, without much success.

His boys told him everything, and he did not hesitate to congratulate them, without showing off too much. He looked serious and deep in thought.

He didn't know where to begin, so taking a sheet of paper —almost like a piece of cloth made a bird, writing with his magical ink the name of the creature Bec had mentioned to him. By moving his lips slightly, he recited a spell that brought it to life. This enchantment would allow the bird to gather information from anyone who spoke about what he had written on the paper —Thuren, in this case.

The ink he used would be enough to form the words of the conversation of anyone who talked about that beast, as long as the paper bird flew close to them. Once the enchanted paper returned, they would know whether this was a topic widely spoken about in the surrounding areas.

“It's time to ask durien Milos for the favor he owes us.”

“How can he help us?” Leinad asked.

“I need to travel to Beskan. I need wings.”

“The favor we did for him isn't even half of what you are about to ask”

<p>—Para él significó mucho ver a su esposa por ultima vez.</p>	<p>“To him, it meant a lot to be able to see his wife one last time.”</p>
<p>Página 57</p> <p>Pasa que, hace algún tiempo, Milos, un coleccionista durienmita (perteneciente a un clan de humanos de poder superior) de una aldea vecina, se acerco al pueblo de Twingfir pidiendo ayuda. Le rogó a Adam que le permitiera hablar con su esposa muerta. Los magos tienen el don de enviar a los vivos al otro mundo, a lo que llaman El Péndulo, durante unos minutos. Como la vida muchas veces se trata de ayudar al prójimo, acepto. Algo le hizo confiar en que no cometía un error, ya que Milos parecía sufrir lo que en algún momento Adam sufrió. La esposa de aquel recolector murió y él buscaba venganza, buscaba un porqué. Cuando logró comunicarse con su difunta esposa, juró a Adam que le devolvería el favor, ya que no tenía nada con que pagarle en ese momento.</p> <p>Milos se encargaba de recolectar piezas de armamento, órganos que mantenía funcionando con aparatos que él mismo fabricaba y, además, recolectaba memorias.</p> <p>—Quiero que me acompañen. Posiblemente tengamos mucho que traer. Partiremos en quince minutos.</p> <p>—Pero acabas de llegar —dijo Amir.</p> <p>—Y ellos no pueden quedarse desprotegidos —agregó Leinad.</p> <p>—Esa era la respuesta que esperaba. Andi, Pol.</p> <p>—¿Sí? —dijeron a la vez.</p> <p>—Ustedes vendrán conmigo.</p> <p>Andi enderezó su espada y contuvo la alegría para mostrar madurez a Adam y así no se arrepintiera tan pronto de haberlo escogido. En</p>	<p>Page 57</p> <p>It so happened that some time ago, Milos — s durienmita (belonging to a clan of humans with superior power) collector from a nearby villagr — came to the town of Twingfir asking for help. He begged Adam to let him speak with his dead wife. For a few minutes, Wizards have the gift of sending the living beings to the other world —what they call El Péndulo—. Since life is often about helping others, he agreed. Something made him trust that he was not making a mistake, since Milos seemed to be suffering from what Adam himself had once gone through. The collector’s wife had died, and he was seeking Revenge, searching for a reason. When he finally managed to communicate with his deceased wife, Milos swore to Adam that he would repay the favor, since he had nothing to offer him at that moment.</p> <p>Milos was in charge of collecting pieces of weaponry, organs that he kept functioning using devices he built himself, and he also collected memories.</p> <p>“I want you guys to go with me. We probably have a lot to bring back. We leave in fifteen minutes.”</p> <p>“But you just got here” Amir said.</p> <p>“And they cannot be left unprotected” Leinad added.</p> <p>“That’s the answer I was expecting. Andi, Pol.”</p> <p>“Yes?” They said at the same time.</p> <p>“You two will come with me.”</p> <p>Andi straight his back and hold back his happiness so he could seem mature to Adam so he would not regret choosing him so</p>

<p>cambio, Pol brincó y empezó a deshacerse de su ropa mientras corría a su hogar por nueva vestimenta, convirtiéndose en motivos de risa para los que lo conocían. Esta era la típica dupla del sensato y el que no tanto, pero sería un error subestimar sus habilidades por los jóvenes que eran y lo risueño, pues, así como los ludiadoks fueron testigo de su poder y valentía, muchos soldados de los reinos vecinos conocían sobre sus hazañas.</p> <p>Andi y Pol eran más que muchachos inmaduros, eran la segunda opción de Adam después de sus hijos. Esto dice mucho.</p> <p>Los hijos de Adam se arrepintieron de haberse comportado como adultos cuando escucharon que sus amigos irían en una travesía a la</p>	<p>quickly. Pol, on the other hand, jumped and began stripping off his clothes as he ran home for a fresh outfit, becoming a source of laughter for those who knew him. They were the classic duo: the sensible one and the not-so-sensible one. But it would be a mistake to underestimate their abilities because of their youth and playfulness; just as the ludiadoks had witnessed they power and bravery, many soldiers from neighboring kingdoms knew of their feats. Andi and Pol were more than immature boys —they were Adam’s second choice after his own children. That says a lot.</p> <p>Adam’s sons regretted having acted like adults when they heard that their friends would be going on a journey to the</p>
<p>Página 58</p> <p>Aldea de Gárida, donde vivía Milos, pero sabían que su padre estaría orgulloso de la labor que implicaba proteger a los humanos que no tienen el poder suficiente para valerse por sí mismos contra el peligro que rodeaba a Twingfir, situada en los bosques de Minadir.</p>	<p>Page 58</p> <p>Village of Gárida, where Milos lived. But they knew that their father would be proud of the work that involved protecting humans who did not have enough power to defend themselves from the dangers surrounding Twingfir, located in the forest of Minadir.</p>
<p>Página 61</p> <p>LA BRUJA V</p> <p>Los copos de nieve viajaban de un lado a otro por la noche. Los árboles se sacudían despertando a las aves, haciéndolas trasladarse muy alto a los techos del palacio de Jurkol. Gran parte de las edificaciones del reino se encontraban en la cumbre de una montaña, adosadas como siameses rocosos.</p> <p>Los soldados no dejaban de entrenar o reclutar nuevos miembros para la protección de su reina, incluso a altas horas de la noche. Los pueblerinos se mezclaban entre los obedientes y los sirvientes, siendo los primeros</p>	<p>Page 61</p> <p>THE WITCH V</p> <p>The snowflakes traveled from one side to another throughout the night. The trees shook, awakening the birds and causing them to fly to the rooftops of Jurkol palace. Most of the kingdom’s buildings stood at the top of a mountain, clustered together like rocky Siamese twins.</p> <p>The soldiers never stopped training or recruiting new members for the protection of their queen, even in the late hours of the night. The villagers blend among the obedient and the servants —the former were</p>

<p>gente buena, pero intimidada por su líder, y los segundos los que han sido seducidos por los discursos de la misma. Jukrol era, por excelencia, el segundo reino mas grande del imperio, al igual que su ejército. Sus columnas altas y de techos alargados y puntiagudos ondeaban siempre sus banderas en lo alto. Sus mercados variaban entre lo normal y lo prohibido, lo que lo convierte en el reino más visitado por quienes buscan armas, artefactos embrujados; incluso vendían esclavos y prostitutas. Todo esto avalado por Adrion antes de su muerte, y ahora por Alana.</p> <p>La reina Alana llegó con sangre en su vestido y una sonrisa enorme. La oscuridad de su cabello cubría la mitad de su rostro. Acomodó su corona y subió las escaleras que llevaban a su habitación. Antes de entrar, presintió que alguien había estado ahí y al abrir la puerta lo confirmó. Fue directo a la caja con su joyería, donde guardaba la llave.</p> <p>—Malditas —gritó por la ventana—. ¡Malditas carroñeras!</p>	<p>good people but intimidated by their leader, while the second ones had been captivated by her speeches. Jukrol was, by excellence, the second largest kingdom in the empire, also its army. Its tall columns and long, pointed roofs always displayed their flags high above. Its markets goes from ordinary to forbidden, making it the most visited kingdom by those seeking weapons or enchanted artifacts; they even sold slaves and prostitutes. All of this supported by Adrion before his death, and now by Alana.</p> <p>Queen Alana arrived with blood on her dress and a broad smile on her face. The darkness of her hair covered half of her face. She adjusted her crown and walked up the stairs leading to her room. Before entering, she sensed that someone had been there, and when she opened the door, she confirmed it. She went straight to the Jewelry Box, where she kept the key.</p> <p>“Damn them!” she shouted out the window. “Damn scavengers !”</p>
<p>Página 62</p> <p>Se dirigió al espejo que seguía encadenado, pero la protección que le dio con sus frágiles sábanas lo único que hizo fue encender la curiosidad de Bec. Con su enojo atrapado en el pecho, sin tener con quien desquitarse, Alana llamo a Febren, uno de sus soldados. Le hizo mirar el espejo. La bruja abrió el candado con un conjuro y quitando la corona de su cabeza, preguntó al joven soldado:</p> <p>—¿Qué ves aquí?</p> <p>—No veo nada, mi reina.</p> <p>—¿No ves nada? Porque yo veo que no esta cubierto por las sábanas. Yo veo que tuve que abrir el candado que ha estado por años cerrado. Yo veo algo que ya debiste haber visto. Mira de nuevo.</p>	<p>Page 62</p> <p>She went toward the mirror, which was still in chains, but the protection she had given it with her fragile sheets only served to spark Bec’s curiosity. With her anger trapped in her chest and no one to take it out on, Alana called for Febren, one of her soldiers. She made him look at the mirror. The witch opened the lock with a spell, and removing the crown from her head, she asked the young soldier:</p> <p>“What do you see here?”</p> <p>“I do not see anything, my queen.”</p> <p>“You don’t see anything? Because I see that it is not covered by the sheets. I see that I had to unlock the padlock that has been closed for years. I see something you should have already seen. Look again.”</p>

<p>El muchacho sabía que estaba en problemas, pero miró.</p> <p>—Veo humo.</p> <p>—Yo veo muerte —dijo, tomándolo de su cabeza para estrellarlo.</p> <p>Cada vez que lo golpeaba contra el objeto, el cristal se restauraba. Se convirtió en eterno el violento ataque de la reina sobre uno de los suyos y, aunque no lo mató, lo dejó inconsciente, mostrando al resto lo molesta que estaba.</p> <p>—No merezco un mal servicio por parte de ustedes. ¡Alguien entró a mi cuarto y nadie se enteró! Espero que esto les sirva de lección. Encuentren a la hechicera que se robó mi llave; el que me la traiga con vida será recompensado con mi misericordia.</p> <p>Todos los presentes se marcharon en busca del objeto robado y Alana agregó a su orden que sacaran al golpeado Febren. Dormir ya no era una opción para la reina. Tuvo que cancelar su viaje al muelle —con intenciones de dirigirse a Beskan—debido a las hechiceras que se habían infiltrado en su reino. Ellas solían ser su familia, pero tuvo que matarlas. Las hermanas de Bec tuvieron la mala fortuna de emprender un viaje que las llevaría a la muerte en manso de su antigua maestra de magias oscuras.</p> <p>Alana volvió al balcón de su habitación y miró al cielo, presenciando como se adornaba con las luces de las estrellas. Estaba</p>	<p>The young man knew he was in trouble, but he looked.</p> <p>“I see smoke.”</p> <p>“I see death” she said, grabbing his head to smash it.</p> <p>Each time she struck him against the object, the cristal restored itself. The queen’s violent assault on one of her own became endless and, although she did not kill him, she left him unconscious, showing the rest just how angry she was.</p> <p>“I do not deserve a poor service from any of you. Someone entered my room, and no one noticed! I hope this serves as a lesson.</p> <p>Find the sorceress who stole my key; whoever brings her to me alive will be rewarded with my mercy.</p> <p>Everyone present left for the search of the stolen object, and Alana added to her order that the beaten Febren be taken out. Sleep was no longer an option for the queen. She had to cancel her trip to the dock —with the intention of heading to Beskan — because of the sorceresses who had infiltrated her kingdom. They had once been her family, but she had been forced to kill them. Bec’s sisters had the misfortune of embarking on a journey that would lead them to their deaths at the hands of their former master of dark magic.</p> <p>Alana returned to the balcony and looked to the sky, witnessing how it was decorated with the sparkle of the stars. She was</p>
<p>Página 63</p> <p>muy enojada y lo único que la hacía sentir bien era recordar la forma atroz en que mato a las muchachas.</p> <p>Parecía buena idea infiltrarse en el reino como lobos, pero aquellos majestuosos animales estaban casi extintos. Encontrar uno real era difícil y el aullido que los caracterizaba</p>	<p>Page 63</p> <p>very angry and the only thing that could make her feel good was remembering the atrocious way she killed the young ladies.</p> <p>Infiltrating the kingdom as wolves seemed like a good idea, but those majestic animals were almost extinct. Finding a real one was difficult, and their characteristic howl hadn’t</p>

no se había escuchado en un buen tiempo, ni en los bosques ni en las montañas, ni siquiera con el frío intenso que sacudía la mayor parte del continente. El error de las hechiceras, además de subestimar a su antigua reina, fue acercarse demasiado a ella. El crujir de las ramas caídas de los árboles por donde pisó Galiel encendió la alarma de Alana, que sin pedir ayuda a sus soldados, se elevó en el aire unos cuantos centímetros y voló hacia la hermana menor de Bec, Ena. No le dio ni cinco segundos de oportunidad para defenderse, cortó su cabeza y la muchachita murió como el animal en el que se disfrazaba. Galiel, al sentirse vulnerable ante el poder de la nueva reina de Jukrol, se transformó, revelando su identidad para intentar que se le perdonara la vida. Alana la tenía acorralada entre dos arboles demasiado gruesos como para caber entre el espacio que dejaba pasar, tenuemente, la luz que reflejaba la luna.

—No vinimos a herirte, Alana —dijo Galiel casi llorando.

—¿Y cual es tu excusa entonces?

—Queríamos convencerte de unir nuestros reinos. —Mentía.

—¿Infiltrándose como animales? No, no como cualquier animal, sino como lobos.

—Era la única manera de acercarnos a ti.

—Me siento mas tranquila de saber que mate a una sucia hechicera, y no a un lobo genuino —confeso mientras pateo su rostro, haciendo golpear su cabeza contra el árbol a la vez y dejándola casi inconsciente.

—Por favor, ¡por favor! —suplicaba con dificultad.

Pero la bruja suprema estaba lejos de perdonar. Tomó el bastón con el que ni siquiera se sostenía para facilitar su caminata, sino que lo usaba para sentirse poderosa y, esta vez, para usarlo como arma. Alana enterró su bastón de plata tras un fuerte esfuerzo, ya que la punta de

been heard in quite some time —not in the forest, nor in the mountains, not even with the intense cold that shook most of the continent.

The sorceresses' mistake, beyond underestimating their former queen, was getting to close to her. The cracking of fallen branches under Galiel's steps set off Alana's alarm and, without calling for help from her soldiers, she rose a few inches into the air and flew toward Bec's young sister, Ena. She did not give her even five seconds to defend herself; she cut her head and the young lady died like the animal she had disguised herself as. Galiel, feeling vulnerable before the power of Jukrol's new queen, transformed, reveling her identity in an attempt to have their life spared. Alana had her cornered between two trees too thick for anyone to pass through the narrow gap where the faint light of the moon filtered in.

“We did not come to hurt you, Alana.” Galiel said, almost crying.

“And so, what it is your excuse?”

“We wanted to convince you to join our kingdoms.” She lied.

“By infiltrating like animals? No, no like any animal, but as wolves.”

“It was the only way to get closer to you.”

“I feel calmer knowing that I kill a filthy sorcerer and not a genuine wolf” she confessed as she kicked her face, smashing her head against the tree and leaving her nearly unconscious.

“Please, please!” she begged with difficulty.

But the supreme witch was far from granting forgiveness. She took up the cane she did not even use to steady her steps, but rather to make herself feel powerful, and this time to use it as a weapon. With a great effort, Alana bury her silver cane forward —its tip was not sharp—yet she managed to pierce the

<p>esta no era filosa, pero logró traspasar el pecho de la intrusa justo entre sus senos y, además, traspasó el árbol también. El impacto fue tal que</p>	<p>intruder's chest right between her breasts and also, it runs through the tree too. The impact was</p>
<p>Página 64</p> <p>Galiel no pudo gritar, pero el dolor del golpe no se comparaba a lo que sufrió después, y como si fuese poco, se congelaba por el temor y por falta de ropa.</p> <p>La bruja, con su mano derecha tapó su boca para silenciar su dolor, mientras con la otra mano sostuvo su cintura apretando tan fuerte que desgarró su piel y así fue como poco a poco, deslizando sus garras por todo su vientre, la partió a la mitad. Galiel sostuvo su mirada. Miraba fijo a los ojos de su homicida, y cinco segundos después dejó de respirar.</p> <p>Alana había matado antes, pero nunca a una de sus hermanas hechiceras, y ahora que sabía que otra había robado su llave sentía mucho más placer al recordar la sangre salpicando su rostro y su lujoso vestido. Pero no siempre fue así.</p> <p>Algunos dicen que el amor, o más bien, la traición convierte un alma pura en un agobiante fantasma. Años atrás, cuando aun era una dulce hechicera, Alana Briff estaba enamorada de un humano, y estaría de más aclarar que esto no era bien visto. Por lo general, las hechiceras se juntaban con magos o algún ser con un poder similar o superior al de ellas, pero ¿un humano? Los humanos, además de ser débiles eran pobres, no tenían nada que ofrecer a cualquier otro ser mágico, solo amor. El amor era lo único de valor que podían ofrecer, pero en el planeta Trier todo se trataba de poder, de control, de reinar.</p> <p>Deilier era el nombre del enamorado de Alana, era un tipo fornido de piel oscura y cabello largo. Era fuerte si de poderes humanos</p>	<p>Page 64</p> <p>so strong that Galiel could not scream, but the pain from it was nothing compared to what she suffered afterward, and as if that were not enough, she was freezing from fear and from lack of clothing.</p> <p>With her right hand, the witch covered her mouth to silence her cries of pain, while with the other hand she gripped her waist so tight that she tore her skin, and this, little by little, sliding her claws across her entire abdomen, she slit her in two. Galiel held her gaze. She started straight into the eyes of her killer, and five seconds later she stopped breathing.</p> <p>Alana had killed before, but never one of her sorceresses' sisters, and now that she knew another had stolen her key, she felt even greater pleasure as she recalled the blood splattering her face and her luxurious dress.</p> <p>Some say that love, or rather betrayal, turns a pure soul into an oppressive ghost. Years earlier, when she was still a gentle witch, Alana Briff was in love with a human, and it goes without saying that this was not well received. Sorceresses generally joined with wizards or with beings whose power was similar or superior to their own, but a human? Humans, besides being weak, were poor; they had nothing to offer to any magical being except love. Love was the only thing of value they could offer but on the planet Tier, everything was about power, about control, about ruling.</p> <p>Deilier was the name of Alana's beloved. He was a well-build guy with dark skin and long hair. He was strong as far as human</p>

<p>se hablaba, pero en las tierras mágicas seguía siendo un debilucho. Lo que diferenciaba a este hombre del resto era su coraje, su valentía y su locura al enamorarse de una futura bruja. No todo era permitido en el reino Alinns. De hecho, muy pocas cosas eran permitidas tratándose de amor. Mejorar la raza era el fin y lo que Alana estaba por hacer era devaluarla al querer una familia con aquel semental.</p> <p>Y es que este era uno de los motivos por el que ella se había enamorado de Deilier. La fuerza que ejercía al hacerle el amor provocaba en ella no querer soltarlo nunca, pero no se trataba solo del sexo, el amor que sentía cuando el al arropaba con sus fuertes brazos, es protección que en su</p>	<p>abilities were concerned, but in magical lands he was still a weakling. What set this man apart from the rest was his courage, his bravery and his madness in falling in love with a future witch. Not everything was allowed in the kingdom of Alinns. In fact, there were few things that were allowed when it came to love. Improving the bloodline was the goal, and what Alana was about to do was devalue it by wanting a family with that stallion.</p> <p>This was one of the reasons she had fallen in love with Deilier. The strength he exerted when making love to her made her never want to let go, but it was not just about sex—the love she felt when he wrapped her in his strong arms, the protection he offered her despite his</p>
<p>Página 65</p> <p>fragilidad humana le ofrecía, enamoro a la hechicera. Ella era la única que veía el poder en él y él era el único que no la veía como hija de seres oscuros.</p> <p>Alana le trenzaba su extensa barba y rapaba los costados de su cabeza cuando este se iba a cazar. Deilier usaba sus dedos como peine para acariciar la larga cabellera oscura de su amada, cocinaba del animal que cazaba y exprimía las uvas y naranjas, cuando la escasez aún no había llegado a Alghorn. A pesar de los intentos, Alana nunca pudo embarazarse y esto la entristecía, pues las mujeres consideraban que dando un hijo a sus hombres su valor como persona se acrecentaba. Lo mismo pasaba con un hombre que aportaba su semilla a la familia, era sinónimo de salud, bienestar y bendición.</p> <p>Esto trajo duda y confusión a ambos, pero se amaban tanto que estaban dispuestos a aceptar su destino de crecer solos, sin la presencia de un infante que dejará un legado. Fueron días maravillosos para hechicera enamorada y su</p>	<p>Page 65</p> <p>human fragility, made the sorceress fall deeply in love. She was the only one who saw power in him, and he was the only one who didn't see her as the daughter of dark beings.</p> <p>Alana would braid his large beard and shave the sides of his head when he went out to hunt. Deilier used his fingers as a comb to caress his beloved's long dark hair; he cooked the animals he hunted and squeezed grapes and oranges when scarcity had not yet reached Alghorn. Despite their efforts, Alana was never able to become pregnant, and this saddened her, because woman believed that giving a child to their man increased their worth as a person. The same happened with a man who contributed his seed to the family—it was a sign of health, well-being and blessing.</p> <p>This brought doubt and confusion to both of them, but they loved each other so much that they were willing to accept their fate of growing old together, without the presence of a child to carry on a legacy. There were</p>

<p>valiente hombre, que recibía amenazas por parte de la familia de Alana y su reina. Las amenazas de estas tierras no son para intimidar, sino para advertir. Todo aquel que recibiese una debía dormir con un arma bajo su almohada, y si era posible que un ojo entreabierto.</p> <p>El fatídico día llegó después de años. La cabaña en la que vivían fue víctima del fuego de la magia de las hechiceras; Alana y Deilier no se encontraban ahí en ese momento. Una nota bastó para hacerle entender a Alana que le perdonarían su decisión rebelde y desafiante, pero no Deilier. ¡Él debía ser ejecutado!</p> <p>Deilier murió a manos de quien era la bruja suprema en aquel entonces, Mara. Fue ella quien ordenó a otras hechiceras traer y exhibir su cabeza, y fue desde entonces que Alana, viendo la cabeza de su amado rodar a sus pies como símbolo de irrespeto al reino, se convirtió en un fantasma viviente. Parecía no tener alma al mirarla a los ojos.</p> <p>Más tarde hizo alianza con los cinocéfalos, específicamente con Vic.</p> <p>Estos hombres con cabeza de perro —pero que parecían de ratas— vivían de la sangre, fuese humana o no. Drenaban a sus víctimas hasta la última gota, y esto los llenaba de poder. Al verlos desde lejos, daban</p>	<p>wonderful days for the sorceress in love and her brave man, who was receiving threats from Alana’s family and her queen. The threats in these lands are not meant to intimidate but to warn, and anyone who received one had to sleep with a weapon under their pillow and, if possible, with one eye half-open. The fateful day came after years, when the cabin where they lived was victim to the fire of the sorceresses’ magic, though Alana and Deilier were not there at the moment, a single note was enough to make Alana understand that they would forgive her rebellious and defiant decision, but not Deilier, for he was to be executed.</p> <p>Deilier died in the hand of the former supreme witch at that time, Mara. She was the one who ordered the other sorceresses to bring and expose his head, and that was the time when Alana, by seeing his beloved’s head roll to her feet like a symbol of disrespect to the kingdom, turned into a living ghost. When looking into her eyes, she seemed soulless.</p> <p>Later on, she formed an alliance with the cinocéfalos, specifically with Vic.</p> <p>These dog-headed men —though they looked like rats— lived on blood, whether human or not. They drained their victims to the very last drop, and this filled them with power. Seen from afar, they gave</p>
<p>Página 66</p> <p>la impresión de criaturas intelectuales. Vestían largas túnicas, como los sacerdotes del imperio Karf, pero estaban lejos de ser unos santos.</p> <p>Alana se convirtió en la mano derecha de Mara, que la perdonó y acogió como su aprendiz, y ganando su confianza, dio inicio a su implacable plan para vengarse. Sus nuevos «amigos» interceptaron el carruaje de la reina</p>	<p>Page 66</p> <p>the impression of being intellectual creatures. They wore long robes, like the priests of the Karf empire, but they were far from being saints.</p> <p>Alana became Mara’s right hand, who forgave her, and accepted her in as her apprentice, and by gaining her trust, she began her relentless plan for revenge. Her new “friends” intercept queen Mara’s carriage in one of her journeys and since the</p>

Mara en una de sus travesías y como la magia era nula ante estos enemigos, lograron drenar la sangre de la bruja suprema y la de sus soldados sin mucha dificultad.

Alana observó todo, incluso se dejó ver cuando Mara agonizaba colgando de sus piernas en un árbol y con un corte en su yugular, desangrándose, mientras un cinocéfalo abría su boca debajo para beber de su sangre. Alana terminó cortando su cabeza y la pateó hacia el resto de hombres con cara de perro, que absorbían de ella como si se tratara de una fruta jugosa.

Estos grotescos seres eran creación de los vitjars, dioses oscuros que nacieron de la parte más lóbrega de la conciencia de Daamon, el Dios Singular. Toda conciencia está llena de cosas buenas y cosas malas, y estas criaturas pensantes no podían ser más que una creación mórbida de la más podrida conciencia. ¿Sería esto prueba de la imperfección de Daamon?

Los cinocéfalos eran sabios y eso los hacía más peligrosos aún. Con la reina Mara muerta, su sucesora, Alana, convirtió el reino en un lugar oscuro y hostil. Adquirió tanto poder que no le era suficiente al ser dueña de un reino no tan grande; ella quería más. En su mente no concebía que al ganarse el título de bruja tendría que compartirlo con otras cinco en su mismo reino, gobernando todas a la vez, pues así eran las cosas en Alinns. Se nace hechicera, las brujas se hacen. Esta muy corta jerarquía, no existía para los magos, no existe tal cosa como hechiceros o brujos, sólo magos. Se nace mago y así será hasta sus últimos días.

El vacío que dejó la partida de Deilier, El corazón roto que nunca se reparó, las heridas que nunca cicatrizaron y el dolor que aún seguía a flote no le permitirían descansar hasta encontrar su felicidad. Fue

magic was useless against these enemies, they managed to drain the blood of the supreme witch and her soldiers without much difficulty.

Alana watched everything, even allowing herself to be seen when Mara writhed in agony, hanging by her legs from a tree with a cut in her jugular, bleeding out, while a cinocéfalo opened its mouth beneath her to drink her blood. Alana ended up cutting off her head and kicked it toward the other dog-faced men, who absorbed it as if it were a juicy fruit.

These grotesque beings were the creation of the vitjars, dark Gods born from the bleakest part of Daamon's consciousness, the Singular God. Every consciousness is filled with good and bad things, and these intelligent creatures could only be a morbid creation of the most rotten corner of that consciousness. Could this be proof of Daamon's imperfection?

The cinocéfalos were wise and it even made them more dangerous. With queen Mara dead, her successor, Alana, turned the kingdom into a dark and hostile place. She acquired so much power that ruling a not-so-large kingdom was no longer enough for her; she wanted more. In her mind, she could not accept that by earning the title of witch, she would have to share it with five others in the same kingdom, all ruling at once, for that was how things worked in Alinns. One is born a sorceress; witches are made. This very short hierarchy did not exist for wizards; there is no such thing as sorcerers or warlock, only wizards. One is born wizard, and so it will be until their last days.

The absence left by Deilier's death, the broken heart that never mended, the wounds that never healed and the pain that still lingered would not allow her to rest until she found happiness. It was

<p>Página 67</p> <p>entonces, cuando decidió abandonar el reino de las hechiceras para convertirse en la esposa de Adrion, el rey de Jukrol; el rey que tenía una fijación por las hechiceras.</p> <p>No había persona que viviera en su mente, no había hombre que habitara su corazón, ni siquiera Adrion; no había nada ni nadie que la detuviera. Y esa llave (la robada) abría una puerta hacia mas poder. Daba la sensación de que la única manera de sanar su dolor era matando a todo ser que le robara oxígeno. La traición de su propia gente al matar a la persona más importante en su vida era lo que hacía de esta bruja un enemigo feroz, porque aquel vacío mencionado estaba lleno de rencor que, mezclado con el poder, la hacía una mujer casi indestructible. El poder la hacía suprema.</p>	<p>Page 67</p> <p>Then that she decided to leave the kingdom of sorceresses to become the wife of Adrion, the king of Jukrol, the king who had a fixation on sorceresses.</p> <p>There was no person living in her mind, no man living in her heart —not even Adrion; there was nothing and no one to stop her. And that key (the stolen one) opened a door to even greater power. It felt as though the only way to heal her pain was by killing every being that stole oxygen from her. The betrayal of her own people, who had killed the most important person in her life, was what made this witch a fierce enemy, because that emptiness mentioned before was filled with resentment which, mixed with power, made her almost an indestructible woman. Power made her supreme.</p>
<p>Página 71</p> <p>VIAJE A GÁRIDA VI</p> <p>Andi y Pol no sabían a lo que Adam se refería cuando dijo que «necesitaba alas». Ellos jamás le llevarían la contraria al líder del pueblo e interrogarlo les causaba algo de vergüenza, pero Pol se atrevió.</p> <p>—Señor Adam, ese coleccionista... ¿puede hacerlo volar?</p> <p>—Puede quitar tu cabeza y reemplazarla por la de un duende.</p> <p>Pol miró hacia atrás para cruzar mirada con Andi; Pol sonreía de oreja a oreja y Andi arrugaba la cara, asqueado por tal descubrimiento.</p> <p>—¿Dolerá? —añadió a su pregunta anterior.</p> <p>—Todo sacrificio duele, Pol. Así que puede ser que sí.</p>	<p>Page 71</p> <p>A TRAVEL TO GÁRIDA VI</p> <p>Andi and Pol didn't know to what Adam referred when he said that he "needed wings". They would never contradict the village leader, and questioning him caused them some embarrassment, but Pol dared to do so.</p> <p>"Sir Adam, that collector... can make you fly?"</p> <p>"He can take off your head and replace it with that of a dwarf."</p> <p>Pol looked behind to exchange glances with Andi; Pol smiled broadly and Andi wrinkled his face, disgusted by such a discovery.</p> <p>"Will it hurt?" he added to his last question.</p> <p>"Every sacrifice hurt, Pol. So, maybe yes."</p>

<p>—¿Por qué nos pidió que viniéramos? Sus hijos son mas fuertes.</p> <p>—Y por eso están allá, Andi. Ellos pueden proteger a todos, y ustedes pueden ser de ayuda cuando llegemos a Gárida.</p> <p>El rocío de los árboles mojaba los cortos rizos de Pol por ser más alto que Andi. Era el habitante más alto de Twingfir gracias a su genética. La familia de este muchacho es descendiente de los hombres del continente más lejanos de Alghorn. Poco se sabe sobre aquello, pero siendo él y su familia de los escasos hombres gigantes (por lo menos en Alghorn, y que no guardan consanguinidad con los gigantes habituales) se encendió una chispa de curiosidad en él. Por lo tanto, descubrir más sobre sus antepasados se había convertido en una misión de vida. Y Andi era rubio y de ojos sumamente negros, hijo de arqueros. Le encantaba leer y aprender cosas nuevas. Era reservado</p>	<p>“Why you ask us to come with you? Your sons are stronger.”</p> <p>“That’s why they are on the village, Andi. They can protect everyone, and you guys may be helpful when we arrive at Gárida.”</p> <p>The dew of the trees dampened Pol’s short curls because he was taller than Andi. He was the tallest inhabitant of Twingfir thanks to his genetics. The boys’s family is descended from the men of the most distant continent from Alghorn. Little is known that, but since he and his family are among the few giants men (at least in Alghorn, and unrelated to the usual giants), a spark of curiosity was lit within him. Therefore, uncovering more about his ancestors had become a life mission.</p> <p>And Andi was blond with extremely black eyes, son of archers. He loved to read and learn new things. Andi was reserved</p>
<p>Página 72</p> <p>y obediente. A pesar de eso, nada lo separaba de su buen y extrovertido amigo Pol.</p> <p>Los muchachitos nunca habían viajado tan lejos, por lo que Adam les pidió que no se separaran de él. Perderse en los bosques no podía resultar en nada bueno y enfrentarse al mundo no era fácil ni siquiera para un mago de la talla de Adam.</p> <p>Caminaron poco más de dos horas hasta que vieron unos caballos salvajes alimentándose de la hierba fresca y húmeda, y el líder pidió silencio. Necesitaba ser cauteloso para no ahuyentarlos. Era mucho más difícil conjurar a distancia sin un bastón mágico, así que el mago enterró sus uñas en la Tierra y, a través de las raíces, su magia viajó hasta el pasto del que comían los siete caballos, paralizándolos por breves minutos para poder acercarse a ellos y</p>	<p>Page 72</p> <p>and obedient. Despite that, nothing could come between him and his good and outgoing friend Pol.</p> <p>The boys had never travelled so far before, so Adam asked them not to stray from his side. Getting lost in the woods could not lead to anything good, and facing the world was not easy, not even for a wizard of Adam’s stature.</p> <p>They walked a little more than two hours until they saw some wild horses feeding on the fresh, damp grass, and the leader called for silence. He needed to be cautious in order to not scare them away. It was much harder to cast spells from a distance without a magic staff, so the wizard dug his fingernails into the Earth and, through the roots, his magic travelled to the grass the seven horses were eating, paralyzing them for a few brief minutes so he could approach them and see which ones would be useful to travel more quickly to the lands of Gárida.</p>

<p>ver cuáles le servirían para trasladarse con más rapidez a las tierras de Gárida.</p> <p>Una vez se aproximaron, Adam sacó del bolsillo de su cinturón las cartas amaras. Este mazo contaba tan solo con treinta cartas. Todas se enmarcaban con líneas trazadas de oro en la parte posterior, y en la parte interna de la carta solo un par de ellas repetía sus dibujos (un mago con dos brazos de fuego, dos de agua, dos de roca, una de aire y una de chispas) mientras que el resto eran todas distintas. En cuanto a los colores de este mazo, se dividían en cuatro grupos de 5 colores distintos: Verde Esmeralda, Azul Oscuro, Rojo Vino y Negro Absoluto. Cada una de estas ilustraciones variaba, menos en el color dorado con que se dibujaron. Algunas ilustraban, animales, brujas, lobos, personas, cetáceos o lugares. Conociendo estos detalles, sus hijos dedujeron que cada una servía para algo diferente, con excepción de las que se repetían. Su uso era efectivo y brindaban mucho poder.</p> <p>—Nadie debe exceder su uso. Puede corromperlos —les alertó.</p> <p>Adam escogió una carta que fue puesta en la frente de cada uno de los caballos. Sólo bastó esa carta, que se adhería mientras el encantamiento los amansaba, y luego se desunía de la piel del animal para ser utilizado en el otro. Brillaba desde donde fue puesta y se veía la magia recorrer a través de sus venas. Cuando la luz cesaba, el caballo se ponía de pie y obedecía a sus mandatos. Era un conjuro irreversible.</p>	<p>Once they were close, Adam took the amara cards from the pocket of his belt. This deck had only thirty cards. All of them were framed with gold drawn lines on the back, and on the inside only a couple of them repeated their drawings (a wizard with two arms of fire, two of water, two of rock, one of air and one of sparks), while the rest were all different.</p> <p>As for the colors of this deck, they were divided in four groups of five distinct colors: Esmerald green, Dark blue, Wine red, and Absolute black.</p> <p>Each of these illustrations varied between animals, witches, wolves, people, cetaceans, or places, except for the golden color they were drawn with. Knowing these details, his sons deduced that each one served a different purpose, apart from the ones that were repeated. Their use was effective and granted great power.</p> <p>“No one should overuse them. They can corrupt you.” He warned them.</p> <p>Adam chose a card and placed it on the forehead of each of the horses. That single card was enough; it adhered itself while the enchantment tamed them and then detached from the animal’s skin to be used on the next one. It shone where it had been placed, and the magic could be seen coursing through their veins. When the light faded, the horse stood up and obeyed his commands. It was an irreversible spell.</p>
<p>Página 73</p> <p>Nunca nadie que no fueran sus hijos había visto el uso de las cartas, y los jóvenes estaban escépticos.</p> <p>—Son salvajes, nunca nos obedecerán —dijo Andi.</p> <p>—Con esa actitud no —replicó Pol.</p>	<p>Page 73</p> <p>No one but his sons had ever seen the cards being used, and the young boys were skeptical.</p> <p>“They are wild; they will never obey us” Andi said.</p> <p>“Not with that attitude” Pol replied.</p>

<p>—Los dos están equivocados, no es cuestión de actitud ni de que sean salvajes. Subestiman mis poderes y los de las cartas.</p> <p>Primero se levantó uno gris con manchas más oscuras, era el más grande de todos, el que Pol cabalgaría. Luego el blanco y de larga melena fue el que utilizó Andi, y por último se levantó del suelo el de pelaje negro y una crin aún más oscura. Los que fueron descartados seguían paralizados y pronto se levantarían; estar cerca de ellos tras lo que hicieron era peligroso.</p> <p>Galoparon lo más rápido posible y después de más de cuatro horas de viaje en total, con pausas para descansar o comer, llegaron a su destino; seguir caminando les hubiera tomado demasiado tiempo, días, quizás, porque ir por caminos de tierra a pasos cortos era la manera más fácil de ser presa de los enemigos. En todo caso, hubiesen tenido que ir entre los árboles, serpenteando por los amplios y numerosos bosques.</p> <p>Y como si fuera un adivino, Milos los esperaba en la entrada de la aldea. Su cabello rubescente, a pesar de su edad, alumbraba con el reflejo del sol. Pocas canas delataban su avanzada edad.</p> <p>Los caballos fueron atados y el dolor en sus piernas por cabalgar sin silla era bastante molesto. Así que descansaron, se sentaron junto a la fogata en donde se cocinaba un cerdo salvaje y Milos les ofreció licor.</p> <p>—No tenemos edad para beber, señor —dijo Andi, el más sensato de los dos, porque Pol estaba a punto de tomar.</p> <p>—Es lo único que tengo. El agua aquí sabe muy mal.</p> <p>—No les des licor, Milos. Yo traje agua —agregó Adam.</p> <p>—¿Entonces tu agua sabe mejor que la de acá?</p> <p>El mago miró al coleccionista, desvió la mirada y le regaló una sonrisa al fuego que cocinaba la cena, pensando cómo decirle lo que recién habían descubierto en Twingfir. Y Pol rompió el hielo.</p>	<p>“You are both wrong. It is not a matter of attitude or of them being wild. You are underestimating my powers and the power of the cards.”</p> <p>The first to stand was a gray one with darker spots; it was the largest of them all and the one Pol would ride. Then the white one with the long mane was the one Andi used, and lastly, the black horse with an even darker mane rose from the ground. Those that had been discarded remained paralyzed and would soon get up; being near them after what they had done was dangerous.</p> <p>They galloped as fast as they could, and after more than four hours of traveling, with breaks to rest or eat, they reached their destination; to keep walking would have taken too long, days perhaps, because going along dirt roads at a slow pace was the easiest way to fall prey to enemies. In any case, they would have had to go among the trees, winding their way through the wide and numerous forests.</p> <p>And as if he were a fortune-teller, Milos was waiting for them at the entrance of the village. His reddish hair, despite his age, shone in the sunlight. The few gray hairs he had betrayed his advanced age.</p> <p>The horses were tied up, and the pain in their legs from riding without a saddle was quite uncomfortable. So, they rested, sitting by the campfire where a wild boar was being cooked, and Milos offered them liquor.</p> <p>“We are not old enough to drink, sir,” said Andi, the more prudent of the two, because Pol was about to accept.</p> <p>“It is the only thing I have. The water here tastes very bad.”</p> <p>“Don’t give them liquor, Milos. I brought water,” Adam added.</p> <p>“So your water tastes better than ours?”</p> <p>The wizard looked at the collector, then looked away and gave the fire that was cooking dinner a smile, wondering how to tell him what they had just discovered in Twingfir. And Pol broke the silence.</p>

—Me puede dar el agua, por favor?

Cuando Adam le dio de beber a los muchachos, Milos pudo ver la claridad del agua que tomaban, y entendió el comportamiento inusual de su amigo mago.

—¿De dónde sacaste eso? ¿Lo has creado tú?

—Sabes que no puedo crear algo tan puro. Bebe un poco.

Milos se tomó su tiempo para llevar el agua a su boca, y la ironía que se tornaba el saborear la frescura del agua le sacó lágrimas de felicidad. Hacia tanto no había probado un agua tan pura. Adam estimaba mucho a Milos porque era un señor muy listo e ingenioso, pero principalmente porque era honesto. Así que le contó lo que había sucedido y todo lo que había hablado con Bec, la hechicera. Justo antes de que le pidiera el favor por el que viajó con los chicos desde tan lejos, el ave de papel con la tinta mágica llegó a él.

A punto de tocar el fuego, Adam atrapó el papel y lo abrió sin pensarlo. Sus ojos se abrieron más de lo normal y estaban todos a la espera; la intriga los ponía muy nerviosos.

*«Thuren no es el verdadero problema, escuché a la reina decir que los oceánicos y los cinocéfalos despertarán a otra criatura que destruirá al menos la mitad del planeta.»*

Por un momento, Adam quiso creer que el papel había sido alterado, pero nadie podría —sin la tinta mágica— escribir sobre aquel. Así que las palabras textuales que leía en voz alta para que los presentes escucharan tenía que ser información real. Aquella ave que envió y ahora regresaba a él sobrevoló el reino de Alana, así que supuso que uno de sus soldados

“Could you give me the water, please?”

When Adam gave the boys a drink, Milos could see how clear the water they were drinking was, and he understood his wizard friend’s unusual behaviour.

“Where did you get that from? Did you create it yourself?”

“You know I cannot create something this pure. Drink a little.”

Milos took his time to bring the water to his lips, and the irony of tasting such fresh water brought tears of happiness to his eyes. It had been so long since he had drunk water so pure. Adam held Milos in high esteem because he was a very clever and resourceful man, but mainly because he was honest. So he told him what had happened and everything he had talked about with Bec, the sorceress. Just before he could ask him the favor for which he had travelled with the boys from so far away, the paper bird with the magic ink reached him.

Just as it was about to touch the fire, Adam caught the paper and opened it without thinking. His eyes widened more than usual, and they were all waiting; the suspense was making them very nervous.

*«Thuren is not the real problem; I heard the queen say that the oceánicos and the cinocéfalos will awake another creature that will destroy at least half the planet.»*

For a moment, Adam wanted to believe that the paper had been tampered with, but without the magic ink no one could write on it, so the exact words he was reading aloud for everyone to hear had to be real information. That bird he had sent out and that now returned to him had flown over Alana’s kingdom, so he assumed that one of

<p>fue el que dijo lo que ahora sostenía en sus manos. Adam tiró el papel a la fogata haciendo que el fuego tomara un color verde por unos cuantos segundos.</p> <p>—¿Eso cambiará el sabor del cerdo? — preguntó el tonto de Pol.</p> <p>Andi le dio un codazo por su impertinencia y Adam sonrió.</p>	<p>her soldiers was the one who had said what he now held in his hands. Adam threw the paper into the campfire, making the flames turn green for a few seconds.</p> <p>“Will that change the taste of the pork?” Asked foolish Pol.</p> <p>Andi elbowed him for his impertinence, and Adam smiled.</p>
<p>Página 75</p> <p>—Es muy común escuchar sobre Thuren, Adam. Pero los cinocéfalos, y los oceánicos... eso sí puedo asegurar que es un problema — dijo Milos, bastante preocupado. Se que no vienes de visita. ¿En qué puedo ayudarte?</p> <p>—Necesito uno de tus inventos, el carruaje que te ayuda a volar.</p> <p>Andi miró a su atorrante amigo y entendieron a la vez que Adam bromeaba sobre incrustar alas en su piel para poder volar. Milos, un poco apenado, tuvo que negarse, ya que no tenía nada como lo que Adam necesitaba, pues había vendido hasta el último de sus ingeniosos artefactos a uno de los reinos; mejor dicho, intercambió todo aquello por comida, frutas y bebidas.</p> <p>—Pero sé cómo puedes conseguir algo mucho mejor.</p> <p>El coleccionista llamó a una de sus hijas y le pidió que contara lo que había visto hacía un tiempo, algo que en las aldeas de Gárida jamás se había presenciado. Todos escuchaban atentos a la jovencita, en especial Andi y Pol, que se sumergieron en la belleza de esta chica de ojos verdes y cabello naranja, suelto y libre a antojos de la brisa.</p> <p>Ella traía un vestido blanco, adornado con un cinturón rojo, y botas negras. Sus brazos estaban casi cubiertos por completo de joyería fina, aunque todos ellos parecían gente pobre. Aquellos brazaletes que la</p>	<p>Page 75</p> <p>“It is pretty common to heard about Thuren, Adam. But the cinocéfalos, and the oceánicos... that I can assured you that it is a problem.” said a worried Milos. “I know you are not here to visit. How can I help you?”</p> <p>“I need one of your inventions, the carriage that helps you fly.”</p> <p>Andi looked at his reckless friend, and they both understood at once that Adam was joking about having wings embedded in his skin so he could fly. Milos, a little embarrassed, had to refuse, since he had nothing like what Adam needed; he had sold every last one of his ingenious devices to one of the kingdoms, or rather, he had traded them all for food, fruit and drinks.</p> <p>“But I know how you can get something much better.”</p> <p>The collector called one of his daughters and asked her to tell them what she had seen some time ago, something that had never been witnessed in the villages of Gárida. Everyone listened attentively to the young girl, especially Andi and Pol, who were drawn into the beauty of this girl with green eyes and orange hair, loose and free at the whim of the breeze.</p> <p>She wore a white dress, adorned with a red belt, and black boots. Her arms were almost completely covered in fine jewelry, although</p>

<p>adornaban eran brillantes, pulcros y dorados; muy llamativos. Pronto comenzó a endulzar a todos con su voz:</p> <p>—Se parecen mucho a las criaturas que están dibujadas en las cuevas de Hervin, esos caballos con rostros esqueléticos. Thlemaquias, o al menos eso fue lo que entendí de los escritos.</p> <p>—¿Cómo me ayudarían? Necesito ver desde muy arriba.</p> <p>—Fácil: tienen alas, y la criatura por segundos puede invisibilizarse.</p> <p>—No tan fácil: son imposibles de domar — agregó Milos a lo que dijo su hija, racionando el cerdo para la cena—. Pero creo que puede ser de ayuda porque tú también eres poderoso, puedes ingeniártelas.</p> <p>Los tres pueblerinos de Twingfir no podían viajar en la oscuridad. Todo aquel que se atrevía a cruzar el bosque caída la noche podría morir o en su defecto, volverse loco. Literalmente loco. Incluso los árboles parecían ser parte de la maldad que gobernaba en aquellas</p>	<p>they all looked like poor people. Those bracelets adorning her were bright, polished and golden—very striking. Soon, she began to enchant everyone with her voice:</p> <p>“They look very much like the creatures painted on the caves of Hervin, those horses with skeletal faces. Thlemaquias, or at least that is what I understood from the writings.”</p> <p>“How would they help me? I need to see from very high up.”</p> <p>“Easy: they have wings, and the creature can turn invisible for a few seconds.”</p> <p>“It is not that easy; they are impossible to tame.” Milos added to what his daughter said, rationing the pork for dinner. “But I think it can be helpful because you are also powerful, you can figure it out.”</p> <p>The three villagers from Twingfir could not travel in the dark. Anyone who dared to cross the forest at nightfall could die or go mad. Even the trees seemed to be part of the evil that rules those</p>
<p>Página 76</p> <p>tierras, incluso el animal más indefenso podía resultar en un temible enemigo, Así que cenaron y durmieron, todos menos Adam, que se quedó a contemplar la noche y el sonido de los insectos que se escondían entre los arbustos.</p> <p>Estar en Gárida le hacía recordar a su difunta esposa, quien murió a manos de Sina, una mujer que se arrastraba por el suelo debido a la parte inferior de su cuerpo, que era parecida a las serpientes y al final de su cola poseía una aguja venenosa que podía coagular la sangre de sus víctimas en cuestión de segundos.</p> <p>Ter murió protegiendo a sus hijos un día que Adam buscaba recursos para los del pueblo. Ella solía llevar a los niños a contemplar las aves cantar a tempranas horas de la mañana. Leinad tenía apenas ocho años y su hermanito, Amir, tan solo cinco. Sentada en el pasto, viendo a los niños saltar y rodar por una</p>	<p>Page 76</p> <p>lands; even the most defenseless animal could turn into a fearsome enemy. So, they had dinner and slept, all except Adam, who stayed awake contemplating the night and the sound of the insects hiding among the bushes.</p> <p>Being in Gárida made him remember his late wife, who had died at the hands of Sine, a woman who crawled along the ground because the lower part of her body was snake-like, and at the end of her tail she had a venomous stinger that could coagulate her victims’ blood in a matter of seconds.</p> <p>Ter died protecting her children on a day when Adam was out searching for resources for the villagers. She used to take the children to watch the birds sing in the early hours of the morning. Leinad was only eight years old, and his little brother, Amir, just five. Sitting</p>

<p>pequeña colina de pasto seco, notó que detrás de la cima de aquella montaña se acercaba una mujer con un atuendo blanco. Era hermosa. Y sostenía en sus manos dos naranjas en perfecto estado. Extendió sus manos ofreciendo las deliciosas frutas a los infantes. Y Ter los detuvo. Como madre celosa, se colocó por delante de ellos recordando las palabras de su esposo, y es que tal fruta era imposible de ver con la escasez que los rodeaba.</p> <p>Les pidió a los niños que corrieran. Las naranjas en las manos de aquella deslumbrante mujer se volvieron cenizas y al mismo tiempo sus ojos cambiaron. Sus pupilas, como la de reptiles, denotaban un color amarillento y fue entonces que dejó ver la parte baja de su cuerpo. Sus escamas negras se ensuciaban con el lodo y levantaba el polvo de la tierra donde descansaba la familia.</p> <p>Ter era una simple mujer humana, pero era fuerte. Adam siempre había enseñado a todos a defenderse, incluso los ancianos guardaban armas bajo sus almohadas en caso de que alguien quisiera meterse con ellos, y su pueblo estaba rodeado de trampas, menos la entrada principal, que era custodiada por los guerreros más fuertes entrenados por Adam. Por suerte, Ter y los niños se encontraban lejos de las aldeas, pero aquella fortuna solo la pudieron disfrutar los niños, pues Ter fue mordida por Sina justo en el cuello, y la sangre se le escapaba</p>	<p>on the ground, watching the children jump and roll down a small hill of dry grass, she noticed a beautiful woman approaching from behind the mountain's peak, dressed in white. In her hands, she held two perfectly ripe oranges. That woman extended her hands, offering the delicious fruits to the little ones. And Ter stopped them. As a jealous mother, she stood in front of them, remembering her husband's words, and the fact is that such fruit was impossible to find given the scarcity that surrounded them.</p> <p>She asked her children to run. The oranges in the hands of that dazzling woman turned to ashes and at the same time, her eyes changed. Her pupils, like those of reptiles, showed a yellowish color, and that was when she revealed the lower part of her body. Her black scales were stained with mud, and she lift the dirt from the land where the family was resting.</p> <p>Ter was an ordinary human woman, but she was strong. Adam had always taught everyone to defend themselves, even the elderly kept weapons under their pillows in case someone tried to mess with them, and their village was surrounded by traps, except for the main entrance, which was guarded by the strongest warriors trained by Adam. Luckily, Ter and the children were far from the villages, but that good furtune was only enjoyed by the children, for Ter was bitten in the neck by Sina, and her blood poured out</p>
<p>Página 77</p> <p>por las perforaciones que causaron los grandes colmillos. Sina no usó su arma más letal porque Ter había logrado cortar esa punta venenosa con su espada minutos antes, un daño bastante severo. Pero a la criatura le bastó con acorralarla e incrustar sus colmillos en la yugular de su presa. Se la devoró por completo, dilatando su boca como hacen las serpientes al tragar enormes animales, dejando solo</p>	<p>Page 77</p> <p>through the punctures made by the big fangs. Sina did not use her most lethal weapon because Ter had managed to cut off that poisonous tip with her sword minutes earlier, causing quite severe damage. But the creature only needed to corner her and sink its fangs into the jugular of its prey. It devoured her completely, stretching its mouth wide as snakes do when they swallow large animals,</p>

<p>recuerdos de una gran mujer y una tumba vacía.</p> <p>Adam podía escuchar la melodiosa voz de su querida esposa cuando la brisa soplaba, pero el mago sabía que se había ido y que no volvería. Él a sus cincuenta años seguía estando en forma y seguía atrayendo a hermosas mujeres, tanto por su físico como por su poder y, como notó el rey Mitrios, por sus canas, sinónimo de sapiencia.</p> <p>Pero Adam estaba lejos de pensar en conquistar a otra mujer. Por más que sus hijos le juraron que entenderían, él seguía enamorado. A diferencia del coleccionista que pidió ver a su mujer con aquel conjuro, Adam nunca intentó ver a Ter nuevamente. El miedo siempre le ganaba.</p> <p>Verla una vez más podría hacerle querer quedarse en el mundo de los muertos, donde descansan los desafortunados que se fueron sin despedirse y los afortunados que prefirieron morir para escapar del caos.</p> <p>Al alba no le faltaba nada. El sol acariciaba sus pieles suavemente mientras que el rocío que se posaba en las hojas secas mantenía un frío típico de los bosques. De repente, una gran criatura tapó el sol, haciendo sombra en sus pequeñas tiendas de acampar, y sus aleteos provocaron un ruido que despertó a todos.</p> <p>—¡Coleccionista, entrega al mago! Adam salió y no podía creer lo que veía.</p> <p>—Un <i>ékatron</i> —se dijo a sí mismo.</p> <p>—¿Eres tú el mago? —dijo con su imponente voz.</p> <p>—¿Qué quieres?</p> <p>—Tengo algo que te pertenece —respondió la bestia, sosteniendo un bastón mágico.</p>	<p>leaving behind only the memory of a great woman and an empty grave.</p> <p>Adam could hear the melodious voice of his dear wife when the wind blew, but the wizard knew that she was gone forever.</p> <p>At his fifty years old he was still in good shape, and he continued to attract beautiful women, not only because of his physique but also due to his power and, as king Mitrios had noticed, because of his gray hair, a symbol of wisdom. But Adam was far from thinking about winning over another woman. Not matter how many times his sons swore they would understand, he was still in love. Unlike the collector, who asked to see his wife through that spell, Adam never tried to see Ter again. Fear always wins over him.</p> <p>Seeing her one more time could make him want to stay in the dead's world, where the unfortunate, those who left without saying goodbye, rest and the fortunate who chose to die to escape chaos.</p> <p>Dawn was near. The sun gently caressed their skins while the dew resting on the dry leaves kept a chill typical of the forests. Suddenly, a great creature blocked out the sun, casting a shadow over their small camping tents, and the flapping of its wings made a noise that woke everyone up.</p> <p>“Collector, hand over the wizard!” Adam came out and could not believe what he was seeing.</p> <p>“An <i>ékatron</i>,” he said to himself.</p> <p>“Are you the wizard?” it said in its imposing voice.</p> <p>“What do you want?”</p> <p>“I have something that belongs to you,” replied the beast, holding a magic staff.</p>

Estos eran dos avistamientos poco comunes. Los ékatrones no se dejaban ver nunca. Es más, nadie sabía dónde vivían. Y solo se sabía de tres de ellos, era una raza casi extinta. Adicional a eso, sostenía un bastón de los que solo los magos pueden sacar magia. Una cosa era un mago que, aunque sus poderes superan al de las brujas y hechiceras, no se comparaba al poder de un mago con un bastón. Cuando la insuficiencia de los recursos minerales y alimenticios llegó a las tierras de Alghorn, los árboles mágicos murieron también.

—No tiene mi nombre, ¿por qué dices que es mío?

—Corrijo. Puede ser tuyo. Enfrentame.

—No tengo ánimos de pelear y sin él jamás te ganaría.

Kert, el ékatron, le lanzó el bastón.

Con el artefacto en sus manos, Adam logró sentir un poder inconmensurable a través de su cuerpo, que además sacudió el terreno en el que estaban parados, y una brisa despeinó de manera sutil a los árboles que les rodeaban. El cristal blanco en la punta del bastón empezó a brillar y de pronto se volvió verde. Todo cristal en el bastón toma el color de la magia característica del mago que la posee, únicamente cuando tuvieran el control total sobre su poder y sabiduría, adquiriendo conocimiento de algunos conjuros que el propio bastón les comunica. Que el cristal cambiara de color a segundos de haberlo tomado en sus manos, indicaba que Adam era un mago con mucho control de su poder. Se decía que, por lo general, a un mago común le tomaría tiempo, días o meses despertar el poder completo del cristal en el bastón. Kert se mostraba sorprendido y Adam bastante indiferente. Él sabía de lo que era capaz, pero no alardeaba por ello.

La invitación a la pelea era algo confusa. El mago no sabía por qué peleaba, pero se alejó de la aldea para no causar daños.

These were two highly unusual sightings. The ékatrones never led themselves to be seen, in fact, no one knew where they lived. And only three of them were known, making them an almost extinct race. In addition to that, it was holding a cane from which only wizards can draw magic. A wizard on his own, although his powers surpass those of witches and sorceresses, could not compare to the power of a wizard with a staff. When the shortage of mineral and food resources reached the lands of Alghorn, the magic trees died as well.

“It doesn’t have my name, why would you say it is mine?”

“I was wrong. I can be yours. Face me.”

“I am not in the mood to fight, and without it I would never beat you.”

Kert, the ékatron, threw the staff at him

With the artifact in his hands, Adam felt an immeasurable power through his body, Shaking the ground where they stood, while a breeze subtly disheveled the trees around them. The white crystal at the tip of the staff began to shine and suddenly turned green. Every crystal in a staff takes on the color of the characteristic magic of the mage who owns it, but only when they have complete control over their power and wisdom, having gained knowledge of certain spells that the staff itself imparts to them. The fact that the crystal changed color just seconds after he took it in his hands indicated that Adam was a wizard with great control over his powers. It was said that, in general, it would take an ordinary wizard time, days or months to awaken the crystal’s full power in the staff. Kert looked surprised, while Adam remained rather indifferent. He knew what he was capable of, but he did not brag about it.

<p>Kert volaba con sus alas gigantes, parecidas a la de los dragones. Poseía rasgos de león en su rostro, pelo frondoso, barba abultada y largos colmillos, y su cuerpo era como el de un humano común pero fornido, y era el doble de la estatura de Adam. Era atemorizante. Pero el mago no tenía</p>	<p>The invitation to fight was somewhat confusing. The mage didn't know why he was fighting, but he moved away from the village to avoid causing damage. Kert flew with his giant wings, similar to those of dragons. He had lion-like features on his face, thick hair, a heavy beard, and long fangs. His body was like that of an ordinary human, but muscular, and he was twice Adam's height. Indeed, he was intimidating. But the wizard was not</p>
<p>Página 79</p> <p>miedo y hasta se sentía ansioso por empezar la pelea. Fue cuando Kert se le acercó que Adam decidió actuar.</p> <p>El bastón era un poco más grande que Adam y el cristal en su punta iluminó más la mañana, ofreciendo su verdoso color al bosque. Con él, Adam golpeó el enorme rostro de Kert, desviándolo a los troncos secos que se partieron con facilidad por su peso y la fuerza con la que fue lastimado.</p> <p>A toda velocidad, el ékatron regresó el golpe cuando voló hacia Adam, dejándolo sin aire y de rodillas ante su aterradora presencia. Todos pensaron que había roto sus costillas por el fuerte sonido que expulsó el mago. Inesperadamente, Kert recibió un fuerte golpe por la espalda, en su costado izquierdo, haciéndole estrellarse contra una gran pared rocosa. Era el mismo Adam que parecía haberse duplicado, pero que en realidad solo le hizo creer a su oponente que estaba ganando, creando un delirio en su mente con uno de sus hechizos y con la ayuda de uno de los pequeños cristales que guarda en su cinturón. Kert nunca lo golpeó, pero estuvo muy cerca de hacerlo.</p> <p>—Ya puedes parar, Kert — dijo Milos.</p> <p>—No tenía intenciones de seguir — respondió casi sonriendo, aún tendido en el piso y con la mirada al cielo.</p> <p>—Entonces sabes quién es este tipo.</p>	<p>Page 79</p> <p>Afraid and even felt eager to begin the fight. It was when Kert approached him that Adam decided to act.</p> <p>The staff was a little bigger than Adam and the crystal at its tip illuminated the morning even more offering its greenish color to the forest. With it, Adam struck Kert's enormous face, knocking him sideways into the dry tree trunks, which split easily under his weight and the force of the blow with which he was hurt. At full speed, the ékatron struck back as it flew toward Adam, knocking the air out of him and leaving him on his knees before its terrifying presence. Everyone thought it had broken his ribs because of the loud sound the wizard let out. Unexpectedly, Kert received a hit from behind, on his left side, sending him crashing into a large rocky wall. It was Adam himself, who seemed to have duplicated, but in reality he had only made his opponent believe he was winning, creating a delusion in his mind with one of his spells and with the help of one of the small crystals he kept on his belt. Kert had never actually hit him, though he had come very close to doing so.</p> <p>“You can stop now, Kert.” Milos said.</p> <p>“I had no intention of continuing,” he replied, almost smiling, still lying on the ground and staring at the sky.</p> <p>“So you know who this guy is.”</p>

<p>—Sí, Adam. Kert y yo somos amigos hace mucho y créeme, se contuvo en esa pequeña pelea.</p> <p>El poder de aquella criatura tampoco se podía medir y Milos quiso ser modesto por su amigo, pero en realidad, una verdadera pelea entre estos dos, de vida o muerte, no duraría tan poco y causaría mucho más daño del que hicieron. Adam era muy fuerte y demostró muy poco, aunque no sabía que Kert estaba de su lado.</p> <p>Incluso se abstuvo de usar magia y recurrió solo a los puños y a usar el bastón como si se tratara de un martillo contra el enorme cuerpo de Kert.</p> <p>El ékatron, si juzgamos por el exterior, parecía creación de los vitjars, pero, como los éniars, era creación de los olkjars. Los dioses de luz crearon a este aberrante pero noble ser para intimidar a las</p>	<p>“Yes, Adam. Kert and I have been friends for a long time, and believe me, he held back in that little fight.”</p> <p>The power of that creature could not be measured either, and Milos tried to be modest on his friend’s behalf, but in reality, a real fight to the death between those two wouldn’t have ended so quickly and would have caused far more damage than they did. Adam was too powerful and had shown very little, even though he didn’t know Kert was on his side. He even refrained from using magic and relied only on his fists and wielding the staff as if it were a hammer against Kert’s massive body.</p> <p>The ékatron, judging by its appearance, seemed like a creation of the vitjars but like the éniars, it was a creation of the olkjars. The Gods of light created this strange but noble being to intimidate</p>
<p>Página 80</p> <p>creaciones de los vitjars, pero si de seres raros y abominables se trata, los dioses oscuros tienen mucha más creatividad.</p> <p>—¿Dónde encontraste esto? —preguntó Adam.</p> <p>—No lo encontré, lo creamos.</p> <p>—¿Tú y quién más?</p> <p>—Los nobles éniars. Tienen todo tipo de árbol: desde roble hasta seledes, hanes, galu.</p> <p>—Mencionaba todo tipo de madera.</p> <p>—¿Esos mezquinos trabajaron contigo?</p> <p>—Por lo que veo, solo sabes hacer preguntas, mago. Los éniars están tan hartos como tú y como yo; como todos.</p> <p>—Y salvaron a Clara de los gigantes —agregó Pol.</p> <p>Todos miraron al mismo tiempo al joven entrometido.</p>	<p>Page 80</p> <p>the vitjars’ creations, but when it comes to strange and abominable beings, the dark Gods are much more creative.</p> <p>“Where did you find this? Adam asked.</p> <p>“I did not find it, we create it.</p> <p>“You and who else?”</p> <p>“The noble éniars. They have all kinds of trees: from oak to seledes, hanes, and galu.” He mentioned all kinds of wood.</p> <p>“Did those mean ones work with you?”</p> <p>“From what I can see, all you know is to ask questions, wizard. The éniars are as fed up as you and me; like everyone else.</p> <p>“And they saved Clara from the giants,” added Pol.</p> <p>Everyone looked at the intrusive young man at the same time.</p>

<p>—Más de tres décadas y nunca se acercaron a brindarnos alimentos, nunca preguntaron si necesitábamos medicinas. Nunca han convivido con otras especies, menos con los humanos. Disculpa si parezco un idiota, pero los éniars y yo no congeniamos.</p> <p>—Tienes razón, nunca hicieron nada de eso, pero ¿pediste ayuda?</p> <p>También es cierto que no sabes pedir ayuda. Ellos saben de ti y por eso ahora yo sé de ti. Muchos hablan sobre los magos de Twingfir, los poetas de corazones generosos. Esto no es un regalo de mi parte, ellos te lo envían. Saben que para poder ganar esta batalla contra el imperio necesitan de ti, pero tú también necesitas de ellos.</p> <p>Kert atinó en todo lo que dijo. La manera en que Adam hablaba de los éniars se debía al enojo de nunca recibir una ayuda por parte de ellos, pero salvar a Clara de la muerte a manos de una gigante abrió una puerta que incluso el mago había dejado abierta. Solo necesitaba desahogarse un poco y sacar esa espina. Y lo mejor era sacar ese pequeño rencor lejos de la presencia de estos perfectos seres celestiales, así se evitaba una trifulca innecesaria.</p> <p>Ellos no solo no congeniaban por el supuesto egoísmo del que hablaba Adam, sino que eran seres totalmente opuestos. Unos creados por dioses buenos y Adam y sus hijos, por dioses malos. El clásico escenario entre perros y gatos ahora necesitaba un final distinto, un final más amigable.</p>	<p>“More than three decades and they never showed to offer us food, nor asked if we needed medicine. They never coexisted with other species, less so with human. I am sorry if I seemed like a jerk, but the éniars and I do not get along.</p> <p>“You are right, they never did any of that, but did you ask for help?”</p> <p>It is also true that you do not know how to ask for help. They know about you and that is why I know about you. Many people talk about the wizard of Twingfir, the poets with generous hearts. This staff is not a gift from me; they send it to you because the éniars know that to win this battle against the empire they need you, but you also need them.</p> <p>Kert was right about everything he said. The way Adam spoke about the éniars came from the frustration of never receiving any help from them, but saving Clara from death at the hands of a giant opened a door the wizard himself had left cracked open. He just needed to vent a little and pull out that thorn. And it was best to let out that small grudge far from the presence of those perfect celestial beings, that way he avoided an unnecessary conflict.</p> <p>They didn’t get along not only because of the supposed selfishness Adam spoke of, but because they were completely opposite beings. Adam and his sons were created by evil gods. The classic dogs and cats scenario now needed a different ending, a more friendly one.</p>
<p>Página 83</p> <p>LA CAÍDA DE UN PUEBLO NOBLE VII</p> <p>Bec corría por caminos rocosos. Era perseguida por los soldados jukrolianos; alrededor de quince hombres armados y con</p>	<p>Page 83</p> <p>THE DOWNFALL OF A NOBLE VILLAGE VII</p> <p>Bec was running through rocky paths. She was being chased by the jukrolianos soldiers— around fifteen armed men eager to</p>

<p>ganas de llamar la atención de la reina, más que las de ganar una recompensa. Montaban sus caballos también protegidos con armaduras en algunas partes de su cuerpo. La hechicera iba camino al reino Auxis, donde los humanos convivían con los cremánticos, aquellas personas de pieles muy blancas que le contaron a Bec y a sus hermanas sobre la criatura que se escondía en Beskan. Y ella quería regresar por más información.</p> <p>Nuevamente viajo sola, sin su <i>olfriar</i> (su mascota canina de nombre Reol-Qui). Bec logró esconderse de los soldados hasta que el sonido de la marcha persecutoria se perdió a la distancia. Volvió a encaminarse hacia la ruta que llevaba a Auxis, traspasando los bosques de Minadir. Entre los arbustos se escuchó un suspiro y las ramas crujiendo, pero era otra vez el duendecillo que le había ayudado el día que robó la llave en Jukrol. Tanto fue el susto de Bec que estuvo a punto de hechizarlo, y este se arrodilló ante sus pies. Él intentaba con desesperación decirle algo con sus manos, pero ella no comprendía lo que hacía.</p> <p>—De todos los duendes que me pueden ayudar, me tocó el que no habla. ¿Por qué no hablas?</p> <p>El pequeño parecía ser un niño por su manera de comportarse, pero a pesar de eso y de su rostro no tan grotesco, tenía una barba tan</p>	<p>catch the queen’s attention rather than earn a reward. They rode their horses, which were also protected with armor on several parts of their bodies. The sorcerer was on her way to the kingdom of Auxis, where humans lived alongside the cremánticos, those very pale-skinned people who had told Bec and her sisters about the creature hiding in Beskan. And she wanted to go back for more information.</p> <p>Once again, she traveled alone, without her <i>olfriar</i> (her canine pet named Reol-Qui). Bec managed to hide from the soldiers until the sound of their pursuit faded into the distance. Then, she returned to the path that led to Auxis, crossing through the forest of Minadir. Between the brushes a sigh and the branches creaking were heard, but it was again the little elf that helped her the day she stole the key in Jukrol. Bec was so frightened that she was about to cast a spell on him, and he dropped to his knees at her feet. He was desperately trying to tell her something with his hands, but she could not understand what he was doing.</p> <p>“Of all the elves that could help me, I got the one who does not speak. Why don’t you talk?”</p> <p>The little one seemed like a child by the way he behaves, but despite that and his not so grotesque face, he had such a long beard</p>
<p>Página 84</p> <p>larga que amarraba en la punta, por lo que era difícil saber la edad de aquel amigable y particular duende.</p> <p>—¿Sabes dibujar o escribir? —preguntó ella, y él asintió.</p> <p>Bec abrió la palma de su mano en dirección a un árbol haciéndolo romperse a la mitad y, atrayendo un trozo de madera hacia ella, lo</p>	<p>Page 84</p> <p>Tied at the tip, that it was difficult to know the age of that friendly and peculiar elf.</p> <p>“Do you know how to read or write? She asked, and he nodded.</p> <p>Bec opened her palm toward a tree, splitting it in half, and by pulling a piece of wood toward herself, she took it and used it to make a cut in her skin so she could use her</p>

tomó y con el mismo se hizo una herida para usar su sangre como tinta. De haber sido un camino de tierra no hubiese tenido que herirse y el camino era en su mayoría de piedra; además, el tiempo era algo muy valioso en ese momento. Su nuevo amigo tapó sus ojos al verla lastimarse. Pero aceptó usar la sangre y en un dibujo muy mal hecho logró explicar lo que quería decir.

El dibujo era un hombre con cabeza de perro. El duende extrañamente no sabía el nombre de tales criaturas, por eso recurrió al dibujo.

—¿Dónde? —preguntó ella, mirando los alrededores.

Él, con un poco de dificultad, logró usar un dedo de su mano izquierda y cuatro de su derecha para indicar que, a unos catorce metros, aproximadamente, estaba aquello que dibujó, pero ella no entendió con exactitud, ¿cómo podía? Fue cuando escucho los pasos —como los de un animal de cuatro patas— que decidió tomar a su amigo por la mano para correr hacia el reino, pero ya era demasiado tarde. Un cinocéfalo los perseguía y los alcanzó sin mucho problema, mordiendo el brazo de Bec hasta arrancarle un pedazo de piel. Ella intentó defenderse con un conjuro de paralización, olvidando que a ellos no les afecta la magia. Bec sangraba mucho y gritaba de dolor, entonces el duende se puso delante de ella, intentando protegerla. Resie, el cinocéfalo, tomó al duende por un brazo y una pierna para arrancar lo que sea que se desgarrase primero. Bec intentaba detenerlo, pero el cinocéfalo la tumbó con un puntapié, dejándola tendida en el suelo sin oxígeno. El fin de su pequeño cómplice se veía cerca, pero una espada atravesó el cuerpo de Resie, permitiendo al duende escapar de la muerte. La espada estaba marcada con palabras en skiif y brillaba con un aura azul, y en la empuñadura podía verse con claridad el apellido *Migfield*. El engendro con rostro canino no percibió el olor del

own blood as ink. Of having been a first road, she wouldn't have needed to wound herself, but the path was mostly stone; besides, time was something very valuable at that moment. Her new friend covered his eyes when he saw her injure herself. But he agreed to use the blood, and with a very poorly drawn sketch, he managed to explain what he wanted to say.

The draw was a man with dog head. Strangely, the elf didn't know the name of those creatures, that's why he decide to draw.

“Where?” She asked, looking the surroundings.

With some difficulty, he managed to use one finger from his left hand and four from the other to indicate that, about fourteen meters away, the thing he had drawn was there. But she did not understand exactly — how could she? It was then, when she heard footsteps, like those of a four-legged animal, that she decided to grab her friend by the hand to run toward the kingdom, but it was already too late. A cinocéfalo was chasing them and caught up to them without much trouble, biting Bec's arm and tearing off a piece of her skin. She tried to defend herself with a paralyzing spell, forgetting that magic doesn't affect them. Bec was bleeding heavily and screaming in pain, so the elf stepped in front of her, trying to protect her. Resie, the cinocéfalo, grabbed the elf by one arm and one leg, ready to tear off whatever ripped first.

Bec tried to stop him, but the cinocéfalo knocked her down with a kick, leaving her in the floor without oxygen. The end of her little accomplice seemed near, but a sword pierced through Resie's body, allowing the elf to escape death. The sword was marked with words in skiif, and glowed with a blue aura, and on the hilt the surname *Migfield* could be clearly seen. The mutant with a dog-like face did not perceive the scent of

mago porque este estaba lejos. Leinad usó la magia telequinética para cargar su espada y así lograr clavarla en el centro de su pecho desde su espalda.

Bec tomó al duende y lo alejó de Resie, que intentaba sacarse la filosa arma de su cuerpo y, a punto de lograrlo, Leinad volvió a incrustarla, ahora con sus propias manos. Empujó tan fuerte la espada que la enterró también en las duras rocas del camino, aplastando al oscuro ser contra el suelo con el peso de su brazo.

—¿Qué haces aquí? —preguntó el joven poeta.

—Cazando.

—¿Para comer o para obtener información?

—¿Quién te crees que eres?

—Responde a mi pregunta, asqueroso animal.

—No quiero información, quiero que dejen de obtenerla, en especial esa hechicera. Buscas respuestas que no podrás cargar en tu conciencia. Tienes que detenerte.

Leinad sacó la espada del suelo, cortó la cabeza de Resie y la cargó por una de sus orejas. Se paró frente a Bec, que seguía abrazada al duende, y le tendió su mano.

—Te vas a desangrar. Déjame ayudarte.

Bec dudó, pero se apoyó en él. Leinad la cargó, pues le costaba caminar después de haber perdido tanta sangre. Terminó postrada en una cama de las aldeas de Twingfir, que quedaba relativamente cerca de la zona donde se suscitó la pelea contra el infernal cinocéfalo. Bec no pudo finalizar su misión.

Leinad curó las heridas de la hechicera, aunque no pudo restaurar el pecado de piel que le fue

the wizard because this one was far away. Leinad used the telekinetic magic to charge his sword so it could go through the center of his chest from his back.

Bec grabbed the elf and pulled him away from Resie, who was trying to pull the sharp weapon out of his body, and just as he was about to succeed, Leinad drove it back in, now with his own hands. He pushed the sword so hard that he buried it into the hard rocks of the path as well, crushing the dark creature against the ground with the weight of his arm.

“What are you doing here?” Asked the young poet.

“Hunting.”

“To eat or to gather information?”

“Who do you think you are?”

“Answer my question, you filthy animal.”

“I do not want information, I want you to stop gathering it, specially that sorcerer. You are looking for answers your conscience won't be able to bear. You must stop”

Leinad pulled the sword from the ground, cutt off Resie's head, and lifted it by one of its ears. He stood before Bec, who was still holding the elf in her arms, and offered her his hand.

“You will bleed out. Let me help you.”

Bec doubted, but she leaned on him. Leinad carried her since she could barely walk after losing so much blood. She ended up lying in a bed in one of the villages of Twingfir, which was relatively close to the place where the fight had occurred with the infernal cinocéfalo. Bec was unable to complete her mission.

Leinad took care of the wounds of the sorcerer, although he couldn't restore the

<p>arrancado. Amir no podía creer que ella había vuelto, entró a la cabaña donde descansaba y se ruborizó por hermosura, cosa que Leinad había notado también en el momento del rescate.</p> <p>—Tu hermano, ¿dónde está? —preguntó Bec.</p> <p>—Buscando más agua en El Lago —le respondió Amir.</p> <p>—Tengo que irme. Necesito ir a Auxis.</p>	<p>patch of skin that had been torn off. Amir could not believe she had returned; he entered the cabin where she was resting and blushed at her beauty— something Leinad had also noticed at the moment of the rescue.</p> <p>“Your brother, where is he?”</p> <p>“Looking for more water at the Lake.” Amir answered.</p> <p>“I need to go. I need to get to Auxis.”</p>
<p>Página 86</p> <p>—No es buena idea, mira lo que te pasó a la luz del día. ¿Por qué no cargas un arma contigo? Además, caminar hasta allá te tomará mucho tiempo y por las noches el bosque habla.</p> <p>—¿El bosque habla?</p> <p>—Sí. Te pierde, te mantiene dando vueltas en círculos, aunque creas que vas en línea recta, escuchas voces: «fuera de aquí» —dijo, intentando imitar los sonidos terroríficos que se escuchaban, pero más que asustarla, le sacó una sonrisa.</p> <p>—Lamento ser una carga para ustedes.</p> <p>Amir se levantó del suelo para salir de la cabaña donde descansaba Bec, y antes de irse le regaló una sonrisa, haciéndole saber que más que una carga, era un placer poder ayudarla. Y era rara la manera en que los magos se comportaban. Ellos fueron creados para gobernar, matar y, en la mayoría de los casos, para seguir ordenes de sus superiores. Pero Adam nunca fue el villano que se suponía que tenía que ser, y así educó a sus dos hijos. Quizás no quería convertirse en lo que sea que se convirtió su papá, quizás los dioses habían errado en lo que a hechicera y magos se refiere, porque tanto Adam como Bec buscaban un bien común. Ya no eran dos razas similares atentando contra los reinos, eran dos místicos</p>	<p>Page 86</p> <p>“It not a good idea, looked what happened to you in board daylight. Why don’t you carry a weapon with you? Besides, walking there will take you a long time, and at night the forest speaks.”</p> <p>“The forest speaks?”</p> <p>“Indeed. It gets you lost, it keeps you going in circles even when you think you are walking in a straight line. You hear voices saying, ‘get out of here’” he said, trying to imitate the terrifying sounds they had heard, but instead of scaring her, he made her smile.</p> <p>“I am sorry for being a burden to you.”</p> <p>Amir got up from the floor to leave the cabin where Bec was resting, and before leaving he gave her a smile, letting her know that more than a burden, it was a pleasure to be able to help her. And it was strange the way wizards behaved. They had been created to rule, to kill and, in most cases, to follow orders from their superiors. But Adam, he was never the villain he was supposed to be, and that was how he raised his two sons. Maybe he didn’t want become whatever his father was; perhaps the Gods had been wrong when it came to sorceresses and wizards, because both Adam and Bec sought a common good. They were no longer two similar races threatening the kingdoms; they were mystics in search of fairness, in search</p>

<p>en busca de la equidad, en busca de lo justo, pero más importante, en busca de respuestas.</p> <p>Leinad llegó con más agua para ella, que tenía sus labios rotos y su piel más pálida de lo normal. Mientras ella se hidrataba, él contemplaba su hermosura. El simple hecho de verla tomar agua le hacia sentir ese calor que te da la indicación de que el corazón bombea rápidamente por los nervios y la belleza de quien admiras, que su aceleración se debe a que no piensas más que en esa persona cerca de ti, a punto de rozar tus labios con los suyos. Bec lo sacó de aquel hermoso sueño.</p> <p>—¿Dónde esta el duende?</p> <p>—Se fue. Cuando te traje aquí y volví a salir ya no estaba.</p> <p>—Él intenta ayudar y no sé por qué.</p> <p>—Deberías tener mas cuidado, ellos no son de fiar.</p> <p>—¿Y yo? —preguntó mirando fijo a sus ojos.</p>	<p>of what was fair, but more importantly, in search of answers.</p> <p>Leinad arrived with more water for her, who had her lips bruised and her skin paler than usual. Meanwhile she drank, he contemplated her beauty. The simple act of watching her drink water made him feel the warmth that tells your heart is beating rapidly from nerves and from the beauty of the one you admire, that its quickening is due to the fact that you can think of nothing but the person close to you, about to brush your lips with theirs. Bec pulled him out of that beautiful dream.</p> <p>“Where is the elf?”</p> <p>“He is gone. When I brought you here, and I went back out, he was no longer there.”</p> <p>“He is trying to help and I don’t know why.”</p> <p>“You should be more careful; they cannot be trusted.”</p> <p>“And what about me?” she asked, staring straight into his eyes.</p>
<p>Página 87</p> <p>El muchacho se sonrojó y ella, con sus delicadas manos, tocó sus mejillas hasta acomodar su cabello detrás de sus ojeras. Lo que él no sabia es que el calor que sintió al verla también lo sentía ella. Él sabia que algo pasaba, pero no quería actuar sin estar totalmente seguro de lo que haría seria consentido por ella. Pero poco a poco acercaron más sus rostros, sus miradas se conectaron y sus corazones latieron al mismo ritmo, a la misma velocidad, por la misma razón. De manera sutil sus labios se abrazaron, cerraron sus ojos y sus dudas quedaron claras.</p> <p>Bec era mayor que Leinad, pero el muchacho parecía ser de la edad de ella. No hubo nada más que los uniera que lo que recién había pasado, porque aquel día que Bec pisó las tierras de Twingfir por primera él la veía como una loca por más hermosa que fuese, y aunque ella se sintió atraída por su belleza, no lo</p>	<p>Page 87</p> <p>They young man blushed and with her delicate hands, she touched his cheeks as she brushed his hair back to his ears. What he did not know was that the warmth he had felt when he looked at her was also felt by her. He knew something was happening, but he did not want to act without being completely sure that whatever he did would be welcomed by her. Little by little, he drew their faces closer together, their gazes locked, and their hearts beat at the same rhythm, at the same speed, for the same reason. Gently, their lips met, they closed their eyes, and their doubts became clear.</p> <p>Bec was older than Leinad, but the young man seemed to be the same age. Nothing had brought them together other than what had just happened, because the day Bec first set foot in the lands of Twingfir he thought she was crazy, no matter how beautiful she was, and although she felt attracted to his beauty,</p>

<p>determinó. Salvarle la vida y verla vulnerable abrazando a una pequeña criatura que no podría defenderla, le hizo querer seguir protegiéndola. Bec, siendo rescatada de la muerte, viendo a Leinad actuar como todo un guerrero y sin miedo ante un desagradable ser, le hizo querer protegerse en él. Y lastimosamente, se le cumplió el deseo. Sus encuentros parecían estar marcados por la desgracia.</p> <p>Una vez los besos cesaron se regalaron una sonrisa, y un viento garrafal sacudió toda la aldea. El calor incesante se debía ahora a la abrasadora llama que cayó sobre parte del pueblo. Los aldeanos corrían incendiados en la desesperación y el sufrimiento que el fuego provocaba. Leinad y Bec salieron de la tienda asustados por la aberrante escena que presenciaban. El joven poeta solo pensaba si su hermano era uno de los que corrían de aquí para allá como antorcha humana.</p> <p>—Yo iré a buscar a tu hermano, tú ayuda a la gente o detén al que haya hecho esto.</p> <p>Leinad se desplazó entre el humo y el temible fuego y entre los que se quemaban sin poder ayudarles. Intento usar magia, pero el calor se lo impedía. Al salir de lo que le obstruía su visión, no vio a nadie. Nadie responsable del ataque, nadie alardeando sobre el daño que</p>	<p>she did not dwell on it. Saving her life and seeing her vulnerable, holding a small creature that could not protect her, made him want to go on protecting her. By being rescued from death, Bec seeing Leinad act like a true warrior, unafraid in the face of a vile being, made her want to seek protection in him. And sadly, her wish came true. Their encounters seemed to be marked by misfortune.</p> <p>Once the kisses ceased, they exchanged a smile, and a fierce wind shook the entire village. The relentless heat was now due to the scorching flame that had fallen on part of the town. The villagers ran ablaze in desperation and in the agony that the fire caused. Leinad and Bec came out of the tent, frightened by the abhorrent scene before their eyes. The young poet could only wonder whether his brother was one of those running back and forth like a human torch.</p> <p>“I will look for your brother, and you help the people or stop the reasonable of doing this.”</p> <p>Leinad moved through the smoke and the terrifying fire and pass those who were burning, unable to help them. He tried to use magic, but the heat stopped him. When he emerged from what was blocking his sight, he saw no one. No one responsible for the attack, no one boasting about the damage</p>
<p>Página 88</p> <p>causó; solo una enorme roca, tan enorme que ni siquiera un gigante podría lanzarla sin ser visto, y que aun ardía en llamas como sus vecinos, amigos, y quizás su hermano.</p> <p>La gente del pueblo había muerto. Hasta ese momento el joven poeta no había visto a nadie con vida. Todos estaban en el suelo, casi hasta las cenizas. La mayor parte de ellos cayeron camino al lago, intentando buscar agua para apagar el fuego, pero nadie lo logró.</p> <p>—¡Amir! —llamaba desconsolado.</p>	<p>Page 88</p> <p>caused; only a huge rock, so enormous that not even a giant could have thrown it without being seen, and it was still burning, like his neighbors, his friends, and perhaps his brother.</p> <p>The villagers were dead. Until that moment the young poet had not seen anyone alive. They were all on the ground, almost reduced to ashes. Most of them had fallen on their way to the lake, trying to find water to put out the fire, but no one succeeded.</p>

<p>—¡Leinad, por aquí! —gritó Bec entre la humareda.</p> <p>Encontraron a Amir en estado de <i>shock</i>, sentado en el pasto. Rodeaba sus rodillas con sus brazos y lloraba. Parecía no estar en ese lugar. Al principio escucharon sus balbuceos, nada coherente, pero pronto empezó a poner en orden sus palabras.</p> <p>—Amir, ¿Qué paso? ¿Qué viste? —preguntó su hermano.</p> <p>—Lo que sea que haya visto, tiene que ser el responsable —dijo la hechicera.</p> <p>—Bec, ayúdame a llevarlo a un lugar más seguro.</p> <p>—Auxis es nuestro único refugio cercano.</p> <p>—De noche no.</p> <p>En la discusión sobre donde estarían mas protegidos, Amir dijo su primera oración con algún sentido:</p> <p>—Arde mi piel, hasta en mis huesos puedo sentirlo. Sus dolores me queman.</p> <p>—¿De que hablas?</p> <p>—Tuve que hacerlo, Leinad. —Lo tomó por su camisa —. Cuanto hubiesen sufrido todos si no lo hubiese hecho. ¿Los maté yo si les arrebaté la poca vida que les quedaban? Dime, hermano. Todavía no entiendo como sucedió, pero tenia que darles paz. Siento el sufrimiento de sus muertes dentro de mi al absorber sus penas.</p> <p>» Yo vi esa roca acercarse antes de caer y no pude moverme, solo escuchaba una voz en mi cabeza decir palabras confusas. No era ninguna lengua que haya escuchado antes, pero la entendía. Dijo que me daría cuenta del por qué lo hacía, que él le daría una oportunidad</p>	<p>“Amir!” he cried in despair.</p> <p>“Leinad, over here!” Bec shouted through the smoke.</p> <p>They found Amir in a state of shock sitting on the grass.</p> <p>He had his arms wrapped around his knees and was crying. He did not seem to be there. At first, they heard his mumbling, nothing coherent, but soon he began to put his words in order.</p> <p>“Amir, what happened? What did you see? His brother asked.</p> <p>“Whatever he saw has to be the one responsible,” said the sorceress.</p> <p>“Bec, help me take him somewhere safer.”</p> <p>“Auxis is our only refuge nearby.”</p> <p>“Not at night.”</p> <p>In the discussion about where they could be more protected, Amir said his first sentence with some sense:</p> <p>“My skin burns, I can feel it even in my bones. Its pains burn me.</p> <p>“What are you talking about?”</p> <p>“I had to do it, Leinad,” he grabbed him by his shirt. How much they would have suffered if I hadn’t done it. Did I kill them if I took the little life they had left? Tell me, brother. I still do not understand how it happened, but I had to give them peace. I feel the suffering of their deaths inside me from absorbing their sorrows.</p> <p>I saw that rock coming before it fell, and I could not move, I could only heard a voice in my head speaking confused words. It wasn’t any language that I had heard before, but I understood it. It said that I would realize why it was doing it, that it would give a chance to</p>

al que le sirva. Dijo que este planeta ya no era segura, ni ningún lugar del universo, y que el mundo de los muertos sería gobernado también.

Bec asocio lo último que Amir había dicho con lo que Ania había contado antes de suicidarse. Este monstruo que había atormentado a Ania hacía mucho tiempo posiblemente era el mismo que ahora los atacaba. A la vez pensaba en la causalidad que los únicos sobrevivientes de ese atentado fueran ellos tres, los únicos místicos en el pueblo. «¿Habrá sido premeditado?», pensó.

La luz que alumbraba en Twingfir era la misma que apagaba la luz en el alma de los habitantes. El fuego que seguía ardiendo sobre el cadáver de adultos y niños tenía que parar. No podían dejarlos así.

Mientras Leinad acomodaba los cuerpos sin vida, Bec cuidaba de Amir, que de pronto cayó en un profundo sueño y parecía que hablaba dormido. Detrás de ellos, entre los arbustos, escucharon un ruido. Asustado e indignado por lo que pasó, Leinad se preparó para pelear, pero no era necesario.

Era Clara. La jovencita no estaba en el pueblo cuando el ataque se suscitó. Al ver los cuerpos se desplomó de rodillas en el suelo, preguntando por su madre. Rompió en llanto porque sentía, muy en el fondo, cómo la desgracia tocó su vida.

—¿Dónde estabas? —preguntó Leinad, desconcertado.

—¿Mi madre?

—Solo quedamos nosotros.

—Tengo que irme —dijo, mientras sus lágrimas caían.

whoever gives it a use. It said that this planet was no longer safe, nor any place in the universe, and that the world of the dead would also be ruled.

Bec associated the last thing Amir had said with what Ania had recounted before taking her own life. This monster that had tormented Ania long ago was possibly the same one that was attacking them now.

At the same time, she thought on the fact that the only survivors of that attack were the three of them, the only mystics in the village.

“Could it have been premeditated?” she wondered.

The light that illuminated in Twingfir was the same that faded the light in the soul of the inhabitants. The fire that continued burning over the bodies of adults and children had to be extinguished. They could not leave them in that state.

While Leinad carefully arranged the lifeless bodies, Bec took care of Amir, who suddenly fell into a deep sleep and seemed to speak in his dreams. Behind them, among the bushes, a noise broke the silence. Scared and anger at what had happened, Leinad prepared to fight, but it was unnecessary.

It was Clara. The young lady was not in the village when the attack occurred. Upon seeing the bodies, she collapsed to her knees on the ground, asking for her mother. She broke into tears, feeling deep inside how tragedy had touched her life.

“Where were you?” Leinad asked, bewildered.

“My mother?”

“It’s only us now.”

“I have to go,” she said as her tears fell.

<p>—¿A dónde?</p> <p>Clara estaba a punto de correr, pero Leinad la atrapó manipulando las raíces que salieron del suelo.</p> <p>—Déjame ir, Lei. Tengo que irme.</p> <p>—No sin decirme dónde y qué es lo que tramas. ¡Dime! —gritó con mucho enojo.</p> <p>—Everiannil.</p> <p>—¿Cómo hiciste para ir y volver ilesa? —preguntó Bec.</p> <p>—¿Tú quién eres?</p> <p>—Responde a su pregunta.</p>	<p>“Where to?”</p> <p>Clara was about to run, but Leinad stopped her by manipulating the roots that emerged from the ground.</p> <p>“Let me go, Lei. I have to go.”</p> <p>“No without telling me where you are going and what are you planning. Tell me!” he shouted angrily.</p> <p>“Everiannil.”</p> <p>“How did you manage to go there and come back unharmed?” Bec asked.</p> <p>“Who are you?”</p> <p>“Answer her question.”</p>
<p>Página 90</p> <p>—Ellos vienen a buscarme y me traen de regreso.</p> <p>Aún para los éniars era peligroso andar en la noche fuera de su reino, pero Clara explicó que hay un estrecho túnel que usan como conexión a diferentes lugares de Alghorn. Aclaró también que la única razón por la que se arriesgaba a ir era porque ella les facilitaba información sobre los magos, no para mal, sino porque los éniars pretendían armar a sus aliados para realizar una expedición a Beskan en busca de la liberación de Thuren. Clara les quiso ocultar en ese momento que tenía un romance con Bilor, un éniar, pero este salió de entre los arbustos para luchar por ella. Tampoco fue necesario porque Leinad la soltó, una pelea era lo último que quería el mago. Bilor, hombre esbelto de cabello largo oscuro y de rostro hermoso, escondía también a los suyos su enamoramiento. Y poco pasaba esto porque los éniars vivían apartados del resto de criaturas. Era poco habitual que un reino intimidara con otro y la amistad de Clara con Hiulin le permitió encontrar el amor que en su aldea nunca experimentó; y lo mismo le pasó a Bilor, que quedó deslumbrado con la belleza de la muchachita de Twingfir.</p>	<p>Page 90</p> <p>“They come to pick me up and bring me back.”</p> <p>Even for the éniars was dangerous to walk outside their kingdom at night, but Clara explained that there is a narrow tunnel they use to connect to different places in Alghorn.</p> <p>She also clarified that the only reason she risked going there was because she provided them with information about the wizards, not out of malice, but because the éniars intended to gather up their allies to go to an expedition to Beskan in search of Thuren’s liberation. In that moment, Clara wanted to hide that she has a romance with a éniar named Bilor, but he came out of the bushes to fight for her. Also, it was not necessary because Leinad let her go. A fight was the last thing the wizard wanted. Bilor, a skinny man with long dark hair and a handsome face, also hid his feelings of love from his own people. Such things rarely happened, for the éniars lived apart from other creatures. It was uncommon for one realm to mingle with another, and Clara’s friendship with Hiulin allowed her to</p>

<p>Bilor se quedó unos minutos para acompañar a su amada, pero pronto partió para dar la noticia en su reino. Decidió volver solo para viajar lo más rápido posible, pero prometió volver por ella con un ejército bien armado.</p> <p>El silencio era muy incómodo. Clara había dejado de llorar; Leinad pensaba que hacer, y se sentó junto al somnoliento Amir. Pero Bec sintió que alguien los observaba, miró hacia atrás y allí estaba de nuevo el duende, al que decidió apodar <i>Mudo</i>. Puso una rodilla en el suelo y le pidió que se acercara, pero parecía tener mucho miedo. Quizás pensaba que los magos lo sacarían a patadas del lugar.</p> <p>—Leinad, el duende regresó. Parece que te tiene miedo.</p> <p>—No le tengo miedo —Aclaró el duende—. No podemos irnos de aquí, estamos rodeados de los hombres con rostros de animal y también de <i>blemms</i>.</p> <p>—¿Qué son <i>blemms</i>? —preguntó Leinad.</p>	<p>discover a kind of love she had never known in her village. The same happened to Bilor, who was captivated by the beauty of the young girl from Twingfir.</p> <p>Bilor stayed for a few minutes to accompany his beloved, but he soon left to deliver the news to his kingdom. He decided to return alone to travel the fastest he could, but the éniar promised to return for her with a well-armed army.</p> <p>The silence was awkward. Clara had stopped crying; Leinad was thinking about what to do, and he sat down beside the sleepy Amir. But Bec sensed that someone was watching them. She turned around and there was the elf again, the one she decided to nickname <i>Mudo</i>. She knelt on one knee and told him to come closer, but the creature seemed terribly afraid. Perhaps he thought the wizards would kick him out of the place.</p> <p>“Leinad, the elf returned. He seems to fear you.”</p> <p>“I am not afraid of him,” the elf replied. “We cannot leave this place, we are surrounded by men with animal faces, and by <i>blemms</i> as well.”</p> <p>“What are <i>blemms</i>?” Leinad asked.</p>
<p>Página 91</p> <p>—Son seres horribles. Pero me preocupan más los cinocéfalos, Han salido de todas partes; algunos vienen desde Quelsat y otros desde sus propias tierras; otros vienen desde la zona desértica de Tohmer y muchos otros de Agamonk. Lo que tengo claro es que todos marchan al reino de Alana.</p> <p>La lluvia, como si el cielo se apiadara de ellos, cayó sobre el pueblo apagando muy lentamente el fuego aniquilador. Las gotas de agua sonaban muy fuertes, una a una, cuando</p>	<p>Page 91</p> <p>“They are horrible creatures. But I am more worried for the cinocéfalos. They’ve come from everywhere, some from Quelsat, others from their own lands, some from the desert region of Tohmer, and many more from Agamonk. What’s clear to me is that they are all marching toward the kingdom of Alana.</p> <p>As if the sky itself had taken pity on them, the rain fell over the village, slowly extinguishing the devouring fire. The drops of water sounded loudly, one by one, as they</p>

<p>golpeaban contra la superficie de la tienda de acampar en la que los cinco se refugiaron.</p> <p>—Pensé que no hablabas —dijo Bec a su nuevo amigo.</p> <p>—No solía hacerlo. Este cuerpo no me lo permitía.</p> <p>—¿A que te refieres? —preguntó Leinad.</p> <p>—Yo no soy un duende —respondió mirando a sus manos y dedos alargados—. Este pequeñín también tuvo que haber visto algo muy espeluznante como para no poder hablar, o tal vez lo silenciaron; cuando intenté hablar se me entumecía la lengua. Por cierto, mi nombre es Yüghe.</p> <p>—¿Cómo hiciste para hablar?</p> <p>—Moría por poder hacerlo, lo está volviendo loco. Pero un señor que moría, aunque parecía no sufrir, me obsequió su voz. No se la robé, no piensen así de mí, pero, de igual manera, me sentí muy mal de haberme aprovechado de su desdichada situación. — Bajó su mirada mostrando vergüenza.</p> <p>Todos reconocieron que era la voz del hombre más anciano del pueblo, Dumed.</p> <p>—¿Qué eres? —Insistió Bec.</p> <p>—No sé cómo explicarlo para que lo entiendan —dijo, quitándose su sombrero—.</p> <p>Soy a lo que llaman viajero, o al menos así me han apodado los que me han recibido en sus mundos.</p> <p>—«Mundos», en plural. ¿A cuántos mundos has ido?</p> <p>—Leinad, he estado en todos o al menos en los que hay vida. En este momento, a mucho tiempo de aquí. También se manifiestan guerras, desgracias y muertes injustas; luchas entre las creaciones de los dioses.</p>	<p>struck the surface of the tent where the five of them had taken shelter.</p> <p>“I thought you didn’t talk” Bec said to her new friend.</p> <p>“I didn’t use to. This body wouldn’t allow me to.”</p> <p>“What do you mean?” Leinad asked.</p> <p>“I am not an elf,” he replied, staring at his long hands and fingers. “The little one must have seen something truly horrifying to be unable to speak, or perhaps they silenced him. When I tried to speak, my tongue would go numb. By the way, my name is Yüghe.</p> <p>“How did you manage to speak?”</p> <p>“A man who was dying, though he seemed to feel no pain, gave me his voice. I did not steal it, don’t think of me like that, but still, I felt terrible for having taken advantage of his miserable situation.” He lowered his gaze; his face filled with shame.</p> <p>Everyone recognize that it was the voice of the eldest man in the village, Dumed.</p> <p>“What are you?” Bec insisted.</p> <p>“I don’t know how to describe it for you guys to understand it,” he said, taking off his hat. “I am what they call a traveler, or at least that’s the name given to me by those who have welcomed me into their worlds.”</p> <p>“<i>Worlds</i>, plural. How many worlds have you been to?”</p> <p>“Leinad, I have been to all of them, or at least to those where life exists. Even now, far from this time and place, there are still wars, tragedies, and unjust deaths; struggles among the creations of the gods.</p>

Sabiendo que no podían irse de Twingfir durante la noche, Yügue se tomó todo el tiempo que le requirió contar la razón por la cual estaba ahí. Y Adam estaba en lo cierto, no se puede confiar en los duendes. Pero como éste no era más que un cuerpo habitado por otro ser, la confianza fue aumentando.

Yügue contó que era un viajero, que tanto en cuerpo como en mente podía trasladarse a distintos lugares, incluso si estaban a miles de años luz de distancia. El desdoblamiento en el planeta donde éste vivía resultaba en un nivel superior de dominio del alma, ya que son seres de alto nivel intelectual; y él era un hombre sumamente espiritual, el único de su especie que hablaba sobre los dioses. Pero solo él pudo dominar esta técnica que lo llevó a poder visitar planetas lejanos.

En la cabeza de los muchachos se posaban las preguntas y la imaginación volaba en sus mentes, creando cada cosa que Yügue decía.

Por breves instantes olvidaron los cuerpos tendidos en el suelo que ahora el agua arrastraba, mezclada con la ceniza que se unía a la piel y restos humanos de sus seres queridos.

La madre de Clara, los padres de Pol, los padres y abuelos de Andi, los pequeños indefensos; incluso los cráneos de los lupiadoks que los muchachos mataron, nada de eso quedó. Sólo había devastación y una misión fallida, porque los hermanos Migfield habían prometido a su padre cuidar de los suyos, mientras que de a «milagro» ellos lograron sobrevivir.

By knowing that they could not leave Twingfir during the night, Yügue took all the time that he needed to tell the reason he was there. And Adam had been right; you cannot trust elves. But since this one was merely a body inhabited by another being, their trust in him gradually grew.

Yügue explained that he was a traveler, that both in body and mind he could transport himself to different places, even if they were thousands of light years away. The unfolding on the planet where he lived represented a higher level of mastery over the soul, as they were beings of great intellectual stature. However, he was a profoundly spiritual man, the only one of his kind who spoke of the gods. Yet he alone managed to master this technique, which allowed him to visit distant planets.

Questions lingered in the minds of the young folks, and their imagination took flight, shaping every word Yügue spoke.

For brief moments, they forgot about the bodies lying on the ground, now carried away by the water, mixed with the ash that clung to the skin and the remains of their loved ones.

Clara's mother, Pol's parents, Andi's parents and grandparents, the defenseless children; even the skull of the lupiadoks that the young boys killed, any of that remained.

There were only devastation and a mission failed, because the Migfield's brothers had promised their father to look after their people, although by some "miracle" they managed to survive.

# Analysis of The Translation Techniques

## 2.2 Translation techniques

### 1. Translation technique: Literal

Definition: Direct translation or word by word translation, is a translation of a text done by translating each word separately, without looking at how words are used together in a phrase or sentence. (Literal Translation, 2020)

#### Example #1

ST:	—O	pensativo.	No	todo	tiene	que	ser	malo,	Amir
TT:	“Or	thoughtful.	Not	everything	has	to	be	bad,	Amir

Analysis: The literal translation technique was applied in this example since both the grammatical structure and the meaning are preserved from the ST to the TT. No adjustments were needed because Spanish and English share the same word order in this fragment, allowing the translator to stay faithful to the original message while maintaining clarity in the target language.

#### Example #2

ST:	Su	cuerpo	cayó	sobre	las	rocas	que	el	mar	no	tapaba.
TT:	Her	body	fell	on	the	rocks	that	the	sea	did not	cover.

Analysis: This is a word-by-word translation, where the grammar and structure align in both languages, meaning that there is no need of changes because it is clearer to the reader to understand the intended meaning of the ST to the TT.

## 2. Translation technique: Borrowing

Definition: It is a common translation technique. It basically means that the translator makes a conscious choice to use the same word in the target text as it is found in the source text. This is usually the case when there is no equivalent term in the target language. (Grassili, 2016)

### Example #1

ST: Disculpa si parezco un idiota, pero los éniars y yo no congeniamos.

TT: I am sorry if I seemed like a jerk, but the éniars and I do not get along.

Analysis: The word “éniars” in the ST is a word that does not exist in real world, it is a fictional proper term by the author, so the word remains the same in both languages since there is no equivalent in the target text, which is English.

### Example #2

ST: ...y con unas cortas palabras en skiif —el idioma de los magos— se sellaban los nombres de los destinados a enamorarse.

TT: With a few shorts words in skiif —the language of the wizards— they sealed the names of those destined to fall in love.

Analysis: The translator maintained the word “skiif” for both languages since there is no equivalence in the TT (English) for the type of word that the author created. With this, the translator maintains the significance of the word in the target text.

### 3. Translation Technique: Calque

Definition: Calque translation, also known as loan translation, is a type of translation where a foreign phrase or word is directly translated into the target language. (Salti, 2024)

#### Example #1

ST: A pesar de todo esto, el lugar se veía tranquilo y pacífico, con **pasto abundante** y **vegetación colorida**...

T.T: Despite all this, the place looked calm and peaceful, with **abundant grass** and **colorful vegetation**...

Analysis: The translator used the right word order into the TT, since there is no possibility of using the literal translation technique because it will not sound natural nor adequate into the TT(English). A clear example is *vegetación colorida* translated as *colorful vegetation*, where the adjective shifts position to match English grammar rules.

#### Example #2

ST: Ahora, para llegar a sus **palacios tenebrosos**, se debía cruzar El Camino de los Escrabos, una ruta llena de espinas, **animales salvajes** y **criaturas peligrosas**, donde las **hojas secas**...

TT: Now, to reach their **shadowy palaces**, one had to cross El Camino de los Escrabos, a route filled with thorns, **wild animals**, and **dangerous creatures**, where the **dry leaves**...

Analysis: In this piece of text, the translator encountered various examples of the translation technique calque. With that, the technique is used to respect the structure, the style and the word order (Adjective shift position) of the source text (Spanish).

#### 4. Translation technique: transposition

Definition: This is the process where parts of speech change their sequence when they are translated. It is in a sense a shift of word class. (Client Challenge, n.d.)

##### Example #1

ST: Cecilia amordazada, intentaba gritar, pero las cortinas en su boca solo le permitían gemir de desesperación.

TT: A gagged Cecilia was trying to scream but the curtains in her mouth only allowed her to moan in despair.

Analysis: The translator made a grammatical restructuring from the source text to the target text. In the source text, the phrase “Cecilia amordazada, intentaba gritar...” is a structure with a participle and a verb, while for the target text an adjective and a verb in past continuous was used, concluding in “A gagged Cecilia was trying...”. This modified the structure but not the intended meaning.

##### Example #2

ST: Las cartas que los poetas escribían enamoraban a toda aquella mujer que la leyera.

TT: The letters written by the poets enchanted any woman who read them.

Analysis: The translator shifts the structure from a relative clause “Las cartas que los poetas escribían” to a past participial phrase “The letters written by the poets” while keeping meaning and this form sounds more natural in the TT.

## 5. Translation technique: Modulation

Definition: Means using a word or phrase that is different in source language and target language. A technique of shaping or regulating the words of source text. (Client Challenge n.d.-b)

### Example #1

ST: Tirvein empezó a estrellarse contra el cuerpo de Cecilia muchas veces y los que quedaron con vida imitaron su acción. **Su fin** era hacerla rodar aún más abajo, justo en el lago en el que las pirañas nadaban.

TT: Tirvein began smashing himself repeatedly against Cecilia's body, and those who were still alive copied him. **Their goal** was to make her roll ever farther down, right into the lake where the piranhas swam

Analysis: In the source text, the words "su fin" refers to purpose of something so in the target text, the translator use the words "their goal" to express purpose naturally in English and the save the intended meaning of the source text.

### Example #2

ST: La magia era efectiva. **Solo en dos ocasiones no funcionó como debía...**

TT: The magic was effective. **It only failed twice...**

Analysis: In the source text, there is a descriptive phrase "solo en dos ocasiones no funcionó como debía..." but when it is translated into the target text, the phrase turns into a more direct verb by using "It only failed twice...", without loss of meaning/information and just changing the point of view to sound more natural.

6. Translation technique: Compensation

Definition: it is a standard lexical transfer operation whereby those meanings of the SL text, which are lost in the process of translation, are rendered in the TL text in some other place or by some other means. (Kinga Klaudy, 2008)

Example #1

ST: —¿Qué **mierda** es eso?  
—Adivinaste. Es **mierda**

TT: “What the **hell** is that?”

“You guessed it. It is **crap**.”

Analysis: The word *mierda* appears twice in the ST but is rendered differently in the TT. In the first instance, it is translated as *hell* to fit the natural expression “*What the hell*”, which is a common English phrase that conveys the same surprise and frustration. In the second instance, it is translated as *crap*, maintaining the vulgar and informal tone of the original. This variation ensures that the overall effect and intent of the source text are preserved, even though the same word is not repeated in the TT.”

Example #2

ST: —Tengo miles de años entre ustedes, nunca han escuchado sobre mi matando personas. **Thuren nunca mata, da vida.**

TT: “I have lived among you people for thousands of years; you have never heard of me killing anyone. **Thuren never kills, in fact, he brings it to all he touches.**”

Analysis: When translating to the TT, the translator eliminates of the ST the phrase “da vida” and makes a more dramatic adjustment by using “in fact, he brings it to all he touches.”. So, the effect of the ST is lost, but it is recovered in the TT by giving it a more natural tone.

## 7. Translation technique: Omission

Definition: If the meaning conveyed by a particular item or expression is not vital, it can be simply omitted during translation. (Client Challenge, n.d.-c)

### Example #1

ST: Ellos no solo no congeniaban por el supuesto egoísmo del que hablaba Adam, sino que eran seres totalmente opuestos. **Unos creados por dioses buenos** y Adam y sus hijos, por dioses malos.

TT: They didn't get along not only because of the supposed selfishness Adam spoke of, but because they were completely opposite beings. Adam and his sons were created by evil gods.

Analysis: The phrase “unos creados por dioses buenos...” was omitted with the intention to avoid redundancy and improve fluency in the TT. At the end, we just focused on “Adam and his sons were created by evil gods.” because at this point, the reader already knows that the other characters are part of the good gods.

### Example#2

ST: —¿Cómo hiciste para hablar?

—**Moría por poder hacerlo, me estaba volviendo loco.** Pero un señor que moría, aunque parecía no sufrir, me obsequió su voz

TT: “How did you manage to speak?”

“A man who was dying, though he seemed to feel no pain, gave me his voice.

Analysis: The translator thought that the phrase “Moría por poder hacerlo, me estaba volviendo loco...” in the ST was an unnecessary piece of information that the person asking the question above was not expecting. It is true that it sets the tone, but it also delays the expected direct response, so the part is removed.

8. Translation technique: Addition

Definition: It can be an explicit statement of some information that was merely implied or hinted at in the source text or an extra piece of information that was not there in the source text. (Bbspanish, 2022)

Example #1

ST: Oyeron un extraño sonido, como una avalancha.

TT: **At one point**, they heard a strange sound, similar to an avalanche.

Analysis: In order to ensure fluidity for the reader, the translator added the prepositional phrase “at one point,” at the beginning of the sentence since there is nothing in the source text to indicate when they “heard a strange sound...”

Example #2

ST: Entonces no matara porque sus muñecos le aburren, sino porque le quitamos a su padre; su felicidad.

TT: Then she will not kill because her dolls bore her, but because we took her father, her **whole** happiness.

Analysis: In the TT, the word “whole” was added to implied that her father was everything for her, since there was nobody else for her but her father. In this case, the translator wanted to make emphasis on that.

# Third Chapter

### 3.1 Challenges

Some challenges faced at the time of producing the final graduation project.

<b>Challenges</b>	<b>Solutions</b>
Choosing or finding books available for translation	It is clear that finding a book for translation requires a lot of searching but even with the adequate time, it was not easy to discover a book available for translation. It was even more complicated to find one by a Panamanian author. In regard of this, I really hope that the university helps students by providing them with suitable books that are available for them to translate.
Difficulty of completing the translation techniques	If only translating is kind of complicated, applying translation techniques is a headache. There is always a confusion between transposition, modulation and equivalence. You might even have those translation techniques into your translation, but the real deal is to localize them. I recommend reviewing the techniques so that you are clear about what you are doing, because it is no use having an incredible and impeccable translation if you cannot identify a key component in it, the techniques.
Time distribution	It was a hard time for me to follow the time distribution to complete the final project. But I tried my best and did everything I could to catch up with my classmates and keep up with all of this. It is important that you give your thesis the time it needs to complete it, so you avoid problems like these. I am thankful that my professor was very understanding, but not all professors are the same. It is crucial to take that into consideration.

### 3.2 Conclusions

As a student finishing the degree in English with emphasis in translation at the Universidad Latina de Panamá, the following conclusions are based on this whole process:

This enormous final project shows all the hard work during a period of four months. The process was demanding but with the right guiding everything could be done and complete with success. To be clear, this project focused on the translation of literary work and the application of translation techniques to preserve the intended meaning, style and message. The main aim of it was to translate more than 50 pages of the book “Los Poetas de Twingfir” by Theo Stamper while analyzing and using different translation techniques in the process of translation. By completing this translation, the project sought to demonstrate an accurate, clear and natural interpretation of the source text into the target text in a literary translation.

Throughout the translation, several translation techniques were applied according to the context presented by the source text. Techniques such as literal, borrowing, calque, transposition, modulation, and more, were used to address linguistic differences, cultural references and stylistic elements. These key methodological findings, wrote in Chapter 2, allowed the translated text to remain faithful to the source text while sounding natural and appropriate in the target language.

Overall, the translated text tries its best to communicate the author’s ideas, themes and literary intention to a new and possible audience. This project contributes to translation examinations by showing how translation techniques can be applied in a literary context. As well, it helps make “Los Poetas de Twingfir” accessible to readers who tries to improve their language skills.

Finally, this project allowed me to view certain development in my experience as a student of English with an emphasis on translation. It helped my analytical skills, improved my decision-making skills, and increased my role of being responsible when it is needed. This experience has contributed to my academic growth and preparation as a future professional. Indeed, it has an especial part in my heart since its my first time experiencing this hard but rewarding journey.

### 3.3 Recommendations

- **Book Search in Advance:** It is better to have several options than none. Based on my experience, it is advisable to decide ahead of time which book to translate, since choosing and finding one that interests you can be quite challenging. Therefore, manage your time wisely and look for a book that catches your attention early on, because having a book that generates no interest or motivation to read and translate will not work in your favor.
- **Planning of the Final Project/Thesis:** From the moment you choose your book, it is important to stay on top of the administrative processes required for the approval of the translation, as these can take time and delay your work. Organizing and having a clear, detailed plan with specific dates and goals is essential to meet all requirements and keep everything on track. Having that plan also helps you communicate more effectively with your advisor and make the most out of every meeting.
- **Professional Internships as Part of final Process:** One of the gaps that exists in this degree is the lack of professional internships. Through them, not only would the knowledge acquired throughout the years be put to the test, but students would also expand their understanding of the field. Therefore, it is recommended to include a practical component, whether as an internship or as an assistant to a practicing translator. With this experience, by the time the student writes their thesis, they would have a much stronger practical foundation, which would enrich their analysis and give greater depth to their final work.
- **Improved Administrative Support During the Thesis Process:** Administrative processes tend to be tedious and endless, largely due to a lack of information and communication. For this reason, it is recommended that clear information be provided from the start regarding the steps to follow and the established timelines, or that specialized staff be assigned specifically to support students throughout the final

project process. This way, students will not have to go through unnecessary stress during a stage that is already quite demanding on their own.

### 3.4 Glossary

	S.T	Definición	T.T	Meaning
1.	<b>A</b> Acechador	Centinela, observador silencioso o alguien que está en la sombra esperando.	Skulker	Someone or something that moves stealthily with malicious intent.
2.	Altruismo	Diligencia en procurar el bien ajeno aun a costa del propio.	Altruism	Concern for the welfare, happiness, and well-being of others; selflessness.
3.	Amordazar	Poner una mordaza en la boca a alguien, para impedirle hablar o gritar	Gag	Something put into a person's mouth to prevent speech, shouting, etc
4.	Atorrante	Alguien desvergonzado o de moral dudosa.	Reckless	completely unconcerned about the consequences or results of one's actions; rash; careless:
5.	<b>B</b> Brebajes	Bebida elaborada con ingredientes que, por lo general, resultan poco agradables al gusto.	Potions	A drink having powers of medicine, poison, or magic.
6.	<b>C</b> Cálamo	Caña hueca cortada oblicuamente en su extremo, utilizada en la antigüedad como instrumento de escritura para escribir sobre papiro o pergamino	Calamus	A reed or cane used as a pen.
7.	Carencia	La falta, privación o insuficiencia de algo necesario o indispensable.	Lack	Absence of something needed or desirable; not enough of something needed or desired
8.	Carroñera	Se utiliza para describir a una persona ruin o despreciable, que aprovecha las desgracias ajenas para sacar beneficio.	Scavenger	A person who take advantage of others' misfortune.

9.	Concebido	Utilizado para describir algo que ha sido creado en la mente (idea), empezado a sentir (emoción) o fecundado (vida).	Conceive	Used to describe something that has been created
10.	Consanguinidad	El parentesco de sangre entre dos o más personas que descienden de un antepasado común, compartiendo material genético.	Related	Associated or connected by family, marriage, or common origin.
12.	Corito	Utilizado para indicar que alguien está sin ropa.	Naked	Being without clothing.
13.	Crin	Conjunto de pelos largos y gruesos que crecen en el cuello y la cola de caballos, cebras y otros équidos.	Mane	The long thick hair around or at the back of the neck of some animals, as the horse or lion.
14.	Cutre	Describir algo o alguien que es de mala calidad, pobre, sucio o descuidado.	Humblest	Low in importance, status, or condition; lowly.
15.	<b>D</b> Desdichada	Desgraciada, infeliz, o que padece infortunio o mala suerte.	Miserable	Someone or someone unfortunate, unhappy, or uncomfortable.
16.	Desdoblamiento	Acción de separar, dividir o extender algo que estaba doblado o unido, resultando en dos o más elementos.	Unfolding	To (cause to) come out of a folded state; (cause to) be spread or opened out
17.	Despojar	Desnudar, desvestir o eliminar elementos accesorios de un objeto.	Took off	To remove something.
18.	Desunía	Separar, apartar o romper la unión entre dos o más elementos, cosas o personas que estaban juntas o estrechamente relacionadas.	Detach	Something that is separate, unconnected, or standing alone.
19.	<b>E</b> Elitista	Describe a una persona, grupo o práctica que favorece o pertenece a una minoría selecta (élite), considerándola	Noble/elitist	A person who believes that a select group of people—those with superior intellect,

		superior en poder, riqueza, inteligencia o cultura sobre el resto		wealth, power, or specialized talent— are inherently better than others and should hold greater influence.
20.	Emerger	Salir a la superficie desde el agua u otro líquido, o aparecer y hacerse visible algo que estaba oculto o sumergido	Emerge	To come forth into view, as from hiding.
21.	Escarpado	Adjetivo que describe un terreno, montaña o lugar con una pendiente muy pronunciada, abrupta o vertical, lo que lo hace difícil de transitar, escalar o acceder.	Steep	Having an almost vertical slope or angle.
22.	Esmerar	Poner sumo cuidado, atención, diligencia o esfuerzo máximo al realizar una acción para lograr un resultado perfecto o exitoso.	Put a lot of effort into	An earnest or strenuous attempt
23.	<b>F</b> Fehaciente	Adjetivo que describe algo que es auténtico, verdadero y que sirve como prueba indudable de un hecho.	Reliable	That may be relied on; dependable in achievement, accuracy, honesty, etc.
24.	Frondoso	Término que se vincula a la abundancia.	Thick	The densest or most crowded part
25.	<b>G</b> Garrafal	Algo que es enorme, fuerte o monumental	Fierce	Something violent in force, intensity, etc.
26.	Grotestco	Se usa a menudo para describir formas extrañas y deformadas.	Grotesque	Odd or unnatural in shape, appearance, or character; fantastically ugly or absurd; bizarre.
27.	<b>H</b> Humareda	Una nube abundante, espesa o densa de humo que produce algo que se quema.	Smoke	The visible vapor and gases given off by a burning substance.

28.	<b>J</b> Júbilo	Alegría intensa, viva y extrema que se manifiesta exteriormente a través de signos como gritos, saltos, risas o expresiones de entusiasmo.	Jubilation	A feeling of, or the expression of, joy, satisfaction, triumph, or great happiness.
29.	Lóbrega	Para describir lugares que provocan miedo, tristeza o una sensación desagradable.	Bleak	Something bare, cold, and uninviting.
30.	Lúgubre	Algo que causa tristeza y ánimo sombrío.	Gloomy	Causing sadness or depression.
31.	<b>M</b> Magno	Es un adjetivo que califica a aquel o aquello que es grande, pero más de lo habitual.	Great	Unusually or comparatively large in size, dimensions, or number.
32.	Morada	Es el lugar, casa o vivienda donde una persona habita, reside o se aloja de manera continuada o temporal.	House	It is the place, house, or dwelling where a person lives, resides, or stays on a permanent or temporary basis.
33.	Moribundo	Alguien o algo que está muriendo, agonizando o muy cercano a la muerte.	Dying	The act or process of ceasing to live, exist, or function,
34.	Mórbida	Caracterizado por ideas o sentimientos sombríos o enfermizos.	Morbid	Suggesting an unhealthy mental state because of too much gloominess, gruesomeness, etc.
35.	<b>O</b> Ostentosa	Algo o alguien que llama la atención o que es llamativo.	Flashy	Ostentatiously or vulgarly smart; showy; gaudy.
36.	<b>P</b> Pédulo	Cuerpo grave que oscila suspendido de un punto por un hilo o varilla.	Pendulum	A heavy object suspended from a single point by a string or rod.
37.	Puntapié	Un golpe dado con la punta del pie a una persona, animal o cosa.	Kick	To strike with the foot or feet.

38.	Punzocortante	Objetos o instrumentos con puntas agudas y bordes afilados, capaces de perforar, penetrar y cortar la piel o tejidos.	Piercing	Objects or instruments with sharp points and edges capable of piercing, penetrating, and cutting the skin or tissue.
39.	<b>Q</b> Quincuagenario	Una persona que tiene entre 50 y 59 años de edad.	Fifty-year-old	A person between the ages of 50 and 59.
40.	<b>R</b> Raquis	Término anatómico utilizado para referirse a la columna vertebral o espinazo, una estructura ósea, articulada y resistente que constituye el eje central del esqueleto en los vertebrados.	Rachis	An anatomical term used to refer to the spinal column, a strong, articulated bony structure that forms the central axis of the skeleton in vertebrates.
41.	Récondito	Adjetivo que describe algo que está muy escondido, oculto, reservado o de difícil acceso.	Hidden	Something that is very hidden, concealed, private, or hard to reach.
42.	Rocío	Es agua que pasa de estado gaseoso a líquido sin precipitar de las nubes.	Dew	It is water that changes from a gaseous to a liquid state without falling from the clouds.
43.	Rubescence	Algo que tiende al color rojo, es rojizo, o que se enrojece.	Reddish	Somewhat red; tending to red; tinged with red.
44.	<b>S</b> Santiamén	Significa un instante, un momento brevísimo o un periquete.	In a instant	Describe a short period of time.
45.	Sapiencia	Es la sabiduría, conocimiento profundo o erudición que posee una persona sobre una o varias disciplinas.	Wisdom	The quality or state of being wise; knowledge of what is true or right coupled with just judgment as to action.
46.	Sistema límbico	Es la parte del cerebro implicada en nuestras respuestas conductuales y emocionales.	Limbic system	It is the part of the brain involved in our behavioral and

				emotional responses.
47.	Soberbia	Sentimiento de superioridad y valoración excesiva de uno mismo que lleva a despreciar o colocarse por encima de los demás.	Arrogance	A sense of superiority and an inflated sense of self-worth that leads one to look down on others or consider oneself superior to them.
48.	Suscitar	Causar, promover, provocar o motivar una reacción, sentimiento o suceso.	Provoke	To cause, promote, provoke, or elicit a reaction, feeling, or event.
49.	T Testarudo	Que se mantiene excesivamente firme en sus ideas o intenciones, incluso si son *erróneas o falsas.	Stubborn	Someone who clings too stubbornly to their ideas or intentions, even if they are wrong or false.
50.	Trifulca	Enfrentamiento desordenado, riña o pelea que involucra a varias personas y suele generar gran alboroto, gritos o estrépito.	Conflict	A chaotic confrontation, brawl, or fight involving several people that usually causes great commotion, shouting, or uproar.

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## 3.6 Annexes



THEÖ STAMPER

LOS POETAS DE  
TWINGER

*El camino a Beskan*



Desde hace 40 años, el lejano pueblo de Twingfir está siendo assolado por una terrible sequía. Según una enigmática hechicera, esta es provocada por el aprisionamiento de una bestia en la cima de la montaña Beskan, situada en una distante isla. Adam Migfield y sus dos hijos, Leinad y Amir, son los únicos magos que quedan en las místicas tierras de Twingfir, y tendrán que dejar a un lado su labor como poetas para desmentir o confirmar la veracidad de dicha información.

Pero cruzar los mares sería una locura, pues los oceánicos, una raza de seres celosos y malévolos, no permiten a ninguna criatura pasearse sobre sus aguas. Y, como si fuese poco, la bruja suprema de uno de los reinos del Imperio Karf intenta llevar a cabo planes que afectarán a todo el planeta.

¿Podrán los Poetas de Twingfir detener cada uno de los desastres que están por venir?



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