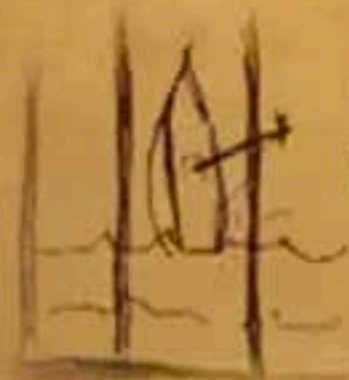


I linked to Haven
yesterday. The smell of its
beach washed over me long
before my vision cleared.

With the veil of haze
slowly lifting from my eyes,
I forced myself to breathe
very deeply. I had not told
Atrius I was doing this. He
would have argued with me,
and told me again how
dangerous it is to visit the
prison Ages before Tomahna's
linking chamber is built.
But construction takes
time, and I could no longer

wait for him.

The sight of the ship
wreck rising out of the sea



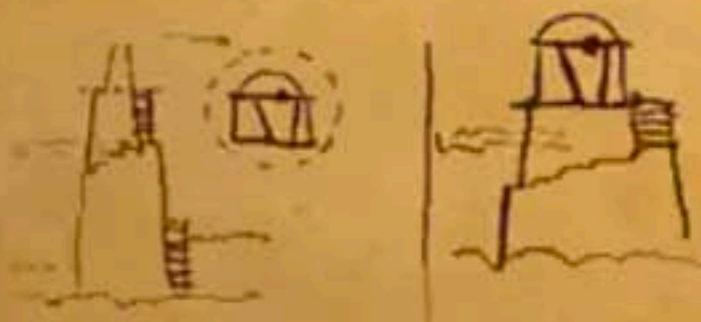
filled me with
unexpected dread.

Of course I'd known
it would be there;
I'd seen it

countless times in Atrius'
viewer. But seeing it for real
through slanted metal bars
made me realize exactly what
we'd done. I imagined the words
my son would throw at me,
and courage drained

away like summer wine. I
did not try to signal him.

I feel nothing but
numbness now. It was my
idea to write the chambers
into existence - to bend the
Art so that a secure room
might be "inserted" in each
Age, with solid walls no
force of man might break.



Only then could we risk
visiting our sons, and
leaving a Tomahwa linking
book behind us when we
left.

It took me months to
convince Atrous this could
work. But now that the
chambers exist, and I will
speak to my sons for the first
time in years, I find myself
not knowing what to say. How
will I explain our decision to
leave them prisoners? If
hardship and isolation have
not caused them to repent,

as was our hope, what words will
soothe the anger in their souls?



Weeks have passed,
and still I have not found the
courage to link again. Perhaps it
is just as well; Atrous was not
pleased when he learned what I
had done. He begged me to have
more patience, then put extra
pressure on the Guild of
Stonemasons to finish.

Today they informed us
that Tomohra's chamber will
be ready in two days.

Had we been able to use the Art
to create it, as we did with the
ones in the prison Ages, it would
have already been finished.

But things always take
longer to build
when you must
do it by hand.
Now Atrius
is looking



forward to having our
bedroom back. I should be
too, but I keep wondering
how I will be able to
sleep there, knowing our
sons are just a wall away.
I worry how they'll act
when they greet us, how
different they will be from
the laughing boys I remem-
ber playing with toy boats
in Mystr's reflection pool. They
were happy then; we all were
happy. Anna was still with us,
and the love we shared as a
family knew no bounds.

Then Anna died.
And our cozy world unraveled.

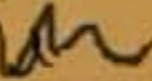
To deal with the loss
of his grandmother, Atrius
buried himself in work,
spending less and less time
with our sons. At 8 years
old, Sirus must have seen
this as rejection, but even
then his pride was too
well-formed to let it show.
And as for Achenar —
He'd never known how to
channel his emotions
appropriately.

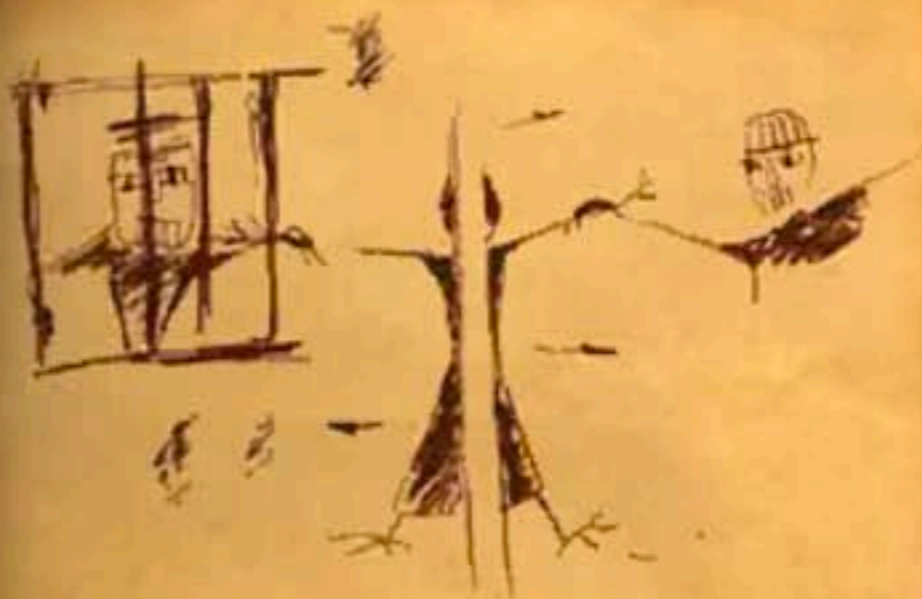


I do not excuse the
crimes committed. Sirus
and Achenar shattered so
many lives, in far worse
ways than Anna's death
shattered ours. It's for
this reason that I have
stood by Atrius' decision,
and left my sons imprisoned
all these years. But I

cannot escape my own
culpability in this. For
when Sirus and Achenar
needed me most, I was too
consumed by sorrow to see.



- I am being torn in two.
 - I am trapped between a mother's love for her children, and a woman's loyalty to her husband.
 - I don't know if 
- Love



It is so hard! I watch
Atrus and Achenar trying
to communicate, and it
feels like knife blades
ripping through my heart.
They don't know how to
relate to each other.
Achenar speaks only from
emotion, and Atrus fears
he's made his son a savage.

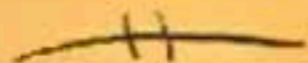
Only my presence keeps things
from fraying.

It's easier with Sirus; they share a love of science. And Sirus' willingness to discuss advancements he's made ignites a similar excitement in Atrus. Yet even then, Atrus doesn't believe. He's unwilling to trust, because he knows what monsters they might have been.

I must find a way to resolve this.

I must break through Atrus' doubts and get him

to see what he cannot.



It's been a long time since I've written in this journal. I thought perhaps I had lost it, but while repotting plants in my study I found it behind one of the incubators. It must have fallen there when Atrus reconfigured the generator.

No matter. I have it now.

Yeeshu asked me today if Atrus and I are still

arguing. She was seated at the patio table, her head bowed over her schoolbooks. She was concentrating so hard on tracing a Jarohertee, I don't think she saw my reaction. We have always been careful not to disagree in front of her. I should have realized how insightful she can be.

I watched my daughter forming the Dni words so carefully and I remembered how easy it had been to convince Atrax to start teaching her the Aro.

He never did teach Sirus or Achenar. He started to - he wrote Finanin specifically for that purpose. But after awhile he feared they would abuse it, so he stopped.

He's not worried about Yeesha. He sees how curious she is about life, and how full of warmth she can be. It's obvious how much he adores her. As, I think, do Sirus and Achenar. If there is any hope in this for all of us, it will be through her.

I must not let family
tensions upset her. Tomorrow
I will speak to Atrius about my
going to Tay for a few days.
Perhaps time away will help me
gain perspective and discover
what it is I need to do.



