



I know what to do. I see it so clearly. One more
chance to determine the destiny of the tablet. I can feel
it.

To be so close and yet so powerless - it drives me
mad. The Tablet sits there, holding the power of the
Bahro captive, and I alone know what to do. I failed
once, but what does that mean? Why am I punished
when I could accomplish so much? The rules seem so
arbitrary - some game of the Maker that only he
understands.

This legacy of failure. And now I see this final
chance to right generations of wrong. To unleash the
power that has been held for thousands of years. It is
at my fingertips! I know what must be done, but I
cannot speak of it, for fear that it would somehow
break the rules - tarnish the heart, taint the act, soil
the innocence.

I had a dream...

I am carrying the seed of D'ni, the seed of all
things that are D'ni, through a small cave. And I

come to a place where the path stops, and there are
two holes - one above me, and one below me. And
through the hole below I can see the D'ni cavern and
the great city. And through the hole above I can see
the sky and sun.

A voice calls to me "In which hole will you plant the
seed?"

And I know it is easy to drop the seed in the hole
below, and I know it is impossible to throw the seed
through the hole above. I call out to the voice, asking

for wisdom.

And the voice answers me "Do not drop the seed
in the hole below, for that is easy, but that is the way of
the poor. Do not throw the seed in the hole above, for
that is difficult, and that is the task for another. In
which hole will you plant the seed?"

And I know what to do.

And I know I am the Grower.





