



Pride is a thief. Pride stole the soul of the D'ni
people. Pride stole my own brothers. The temptation
was too great. It is not the power, but the desire for
power that destroys. That desire is in my blood. The
blood of my ancestors - the blood of my flesh. I fight it,
but I am pulled, even now.

My father tried to hide what he valued, his
Books and Ages, while my brothers tried to hide what
they valued, riches and power. Father was trusting, or
naive, and Ages and people were destroyed.

And so my family was imprisoned. My brothers in
Ages written by Father: Father in a D'nj prison he
had escaped from in childhood; and Mother in the
world she loved and feared the most - Riven - her
home - her refuge.

Perhaps it's why I now fear my home - my
refuge.

And then by the Maker, or by the roll, a
stranger found the Book. The Book had been
intended to be destroyed by fire, but by the Maker,

or by the roll, it was taken far away. The Book was
preserved until it was time. Surely it was the
Maker who preserved the Book that would bring
help.

Now it was time. A stranger found the Book,
came to the island and freed Father. A lesson was
learned, a friendship was forged.

Friendship.



The least are my friends. I must use the Least
wisely. I must listen to them. And respect them. They
are powerful, they are willing, and they are afraid.

