

IN Narshe, the icy air had throbbbed with magic. Those two chills were the first things Terra had noticed there, once she had been in a state to notice anything at all. Out of the two, the magic had seemed more remarkable; the snow was just a fact of life. People wore great thick coats if they were just stepping out for a second, not blinking when they opened their front doors to fresh drifts.

Mobliz was different: snow was rare, and, she learnt, a cause for celebration. It made the children laugh; and that, in turn, made Terra smile.