WILL WIGHT

NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

EXTRA BLOOPERS!

BLOODLINE

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Bloodline

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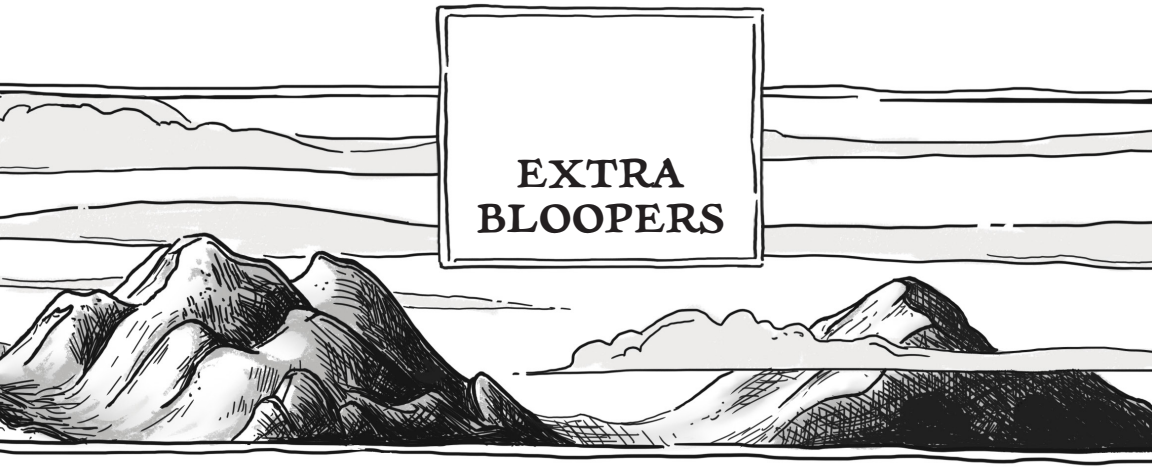

Lindon stepped across the boundary and sagged, his body suddenly weakened.

Eithan rubbed his chin. “Hmmm. There seems to be some kind of field weakening us as we enter your valley.”

“Oh, there’s a mysterious ancient boundary formation that takes our powers away?” Lindon turned around. “Nope, not messing with that. Time to leave.”

“I thought we were going to evacuate the people,” Mercy said.

Lindon marched his way through the snow away from Sacred Valley. “Don’t like ’em that much.”

“Shouldn’t we at least warn them?”

Lindon shouted back over his shoulder. “We’ll send them a letter!”

Lindon advanced on the two men who hadn't run. The Patriarch and the First Elder.

The elder looked regretful, sighing into his long white beard. The Patriarch remained stone-faced.

"Why?" Lindon asked.

"You may have learned powerful sacred arts," the Patriarch said, "but you haven't learned how the world works."

"yOu HaVEn'T leARneD hOw thE wORlD woRkS," Lindon said.

The old men stopped. Sairus glanced around for an explanation. "Are you...mocking me?"

"ArE yOU mOcKiNG mE?"

"Stop that!"

"Oh lOoK aT Me, I'm lIKe nInETy YeArS oLD aNd I'm StIlL jAdE!"

"You disrespect your own clan!"

"My bEaRd mAKeS mE lOok lIKe aN elEctrOcuTEd mONkey."

"It...it does not!"

The Patriarch ran away in tears.

"Ah, I see," Seisha said. "So they lent you their power."

Jaran leaned forward. "Can they give it to us too? At least Kelsa, she's young."

"That's not how it works" Lindon said. "I have the resources

here, so you can try to advance as much as you want, but getting to this level took me years."

About ten minutes later, Lindon's family were all Underlords.

"Wow, this was easy!" Kelsa called as she levitated into the sky.

Jaran tested his newly healed foot and patted Lindon on the shoulder. "It's not your fault, son. We're just all way more talented than you."

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