

The Calledar Chronicles
Part 7 – Into Onarra’s World
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Onarra was careful to **camouflage** herself before returning to the home of her master. Blending in and not being seen coming and going was of the utmost importance.

She carefully wove her way through the crowd of **boisterous** people celebrating one of the festivals of Those Who Wait. Onarra wouldn’t have made the trip if the visit wasn’t vital. The religious holiday would continue after night fell, but it would not be safe to walk the streets alone.

There were many citizens who chose to **boycott** the holidays, even with the heavy burden placed on them by the Unbeliever’s Tax. Not participating was the only way they could safely protest.

There were times when she had to push and shove people away from her. Often, Onarra had been tempted to pull her dagger. The wildness of the daytime activities could only **accentuate** the dangers that would come with darkness.

This trip was something she had to do, though if she continued to **aspire** to greater things. Improvement did not come without planning, work, and sometimes risk.

After what seemed like an endless battle she arrived at the door to her master’s home. It was plain, non-descript, many people didn’t even notice it was there.

It was time for the **bizarre** ritual of entry into the place. Odd did not begin to describe some of the things that she had seen during her time beyond the strange door.

Onarra knocked on the door with the appropriate sequence.

A small window slid back, and the doorman spoke in the deep bass that she had come to know so well.

“Speak the words, speak them true, do not try to **bamboozle** or deceive.”

“I come and present the words:

‘With winding horns winter hunted

in the weeping woods, wild and ruthless,’” she said, the words rolling off her tongue.

The **alliteration**, the repeated sounds were strange to her. It was something that she had never thought about in speaking until her time beyond the door.

Without another word the door slid open and closed behind her after she was inside.

“And so you come to report again, Onarra, the bearer of bad news, the billowing smoke in the air on a summer afternoon, heralding the rush of a wildfire, destroying all in its path,” the doorman said.

“Spare me the dramatic **analogy**, although I am flattered by the comparison. I like the idea of destroying all in my path.

“You know I wouldn’t be here if it weren’t necessary,” she replied.

“Ah, yes. You are the *antibody* the master has inserted into the Grythian system. You are the catalyst that will start the change that will halt and reverse the infection that is Those Who Wait.”

Onarra flushed, and coughed at the doorman’s words. Both he and her master often talked like this. She was just doing the best she could to repay everything that had been done for her.