



Castle Myon was a breath of fresh air after spending so long in the burning inland heat. Its city was small and pleasant, perched up on the headland and surrounded by lush forest. The sun was setting as I walked up the hilly meadow along the cliff, and smoke was just starting to rise from the Myon chimneys.

The inn was bursting with tired travellers looking for a comfortable bed for the night, but the mousey-haired girl at the front desk appeared to be used to that. A polite smile was glued to her face as she efficiently directed the vagabonds off to various rooms over the inn's two storeys.

When I reached the front of the line, I gave her a false name.

"Hmmm. You don't look like a Jones. You sure that's your name?" she asked.

A traveller somewhere behind me groaned. "Come on, who cares, Iona? Just give him a room."

"No. No false names!" she yelled, still smiling. "Real name?"

I studied her intently, not quite sure what was going on, or how I was going to avoid a scene. "What if I told you I don't have a name?"

"That's stupid. Everyone has a name!"

"Not where I come from. We earn our names with our deeds, and when we turn fifty, we're given names with the appropriate stature."

Her eyes widened. "Really? Then what do people call you?"

"They just call me the Envoy."

"That's still stupid. But your name here can be Envoy. I was going to guess you had the same name as the ruler of Castle Hulnarth, but I can never remember it. I know it starts and ends with the same letter. Do you remember?"

"I'm afraid not," I confessed. "But I am quite tired, Iona. Perhaps we can talk more in the morning. I'll tell you all about my home land."

