

Coileain Chumhacht

“Somewhere in the genes of these dogs are those of the Hound of Culain,” the rather wild-eyed wizard assured me (please assume that her half of this conversation was in the *oddest* accent that I’ve ever heard). I scratched my head for a moment.

“Yes, I got that. And you think that I’m descended from that Cuchulain guy” - yes, I was winding her up - “who killed the dog, so I get why you need me for the spell. Kinda. But why do I need to sit in a chair and have puppies gently dumped on me?”

Her brow wrinkled. “Need?”

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