

Invoking the Black-Smoke Foal

“You need to give me my seal-skin back,” I calmly told the human. “I’m not going to tell you thrice.”

“Nah, it doesn’t work like that,” he replied - and, let me say this: I get that all humans aren’t awful. I’m not one of *those* creatures. But this one just *reeked* of nasty. “I’ve read the stories. I have this, I have you.” He said ‘have’ nasty, too.

“The stories leave out things. Give me back my seal-skin.”

“Or what?” - he got out before I removed the sneer on his face. And his face.

I lowered the revolver. “Or that.”

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