

The Lightbearer by Marcy Weydemuller

“Son of Leil, search your heart. Ask yourself what you could not bear to live without. Ask yourself what would fill you with shame or shrink your soul to do day after day. Ask yourself what would be worth dying for or even harder, living for, with no hope of reward or recognition or assurance you had chosen rightly. Especially when the Darkness returns. What will you choose then?”

Jonne stared at Moroc.

“When you can answer these questions, your path will open.” Moroc bowed before Jonne, then set off west toward the vineyard.

Jonne watched him disappear as if into air. Then he rubbed at his neck again. This time he could feel the beginnings of a rash.

That’s exactly my difficulty, Moroc Sir, Jonne thought. There is nothing that moves my heart. He kicked at one loose dirt clod until there was nothing left. His head jerked toward Moroc’s trail.

“What Darkness?”