



## Prologue

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Her people were new to the world of Tyria, and she was even newer than most. The Dream of Dreams yet clung to her like the scent of the pod from which she had emerged, and its memories from before birth propelled her forward into life. They filled her head with knowledge for which she had no matching experiences, and she longed to fill that gap as earnestly as a child.

Yet there was only so much she could learn in the Grove where she was born. Sheltered among the roots of the Pale Tree, beneath its leaves as high and distant as floating clouds, the firstborn lectured and instructed with the best of intentions. Those oldest of the Pale Tree's children tried to impart their wisdom on the fresher sprouts, but she was not patient enough for such things. Like a ripened milkseed, she yearned to break free and float where the winds would take her, to see the wider world with her own eyes, to touch it with her own hands and run through it with her own two feet. She had blossomed into this strange land of Tyria with all the strength and vigor her body could ever need, and though her heart soared at the freedom it promised, the Dream of what came before would not leave her.

She could feel its ebb and flow, clinging like a tangible thing to each sapling that stepped forth from a pod. It resonated from her stronger brethren and stirred her restlessness. She was buffeted by the scents of memory, pushed and pulled in a thousand directions she couldn't quite

discern. Not all of her kind could sense the Dream like this. To most it would fade when they left the pod, a life before life that evaporated in the new light of day. She herself was not strong enough in such talents to do more than sense its presence, but like all who were sensitive to it, she did not long remain at the Grove. To some the Dream's presence was an irritant, and they fled the chatter of countless voices that could not be silenced. To her, however, it was a call to action, a glimpse of the things she would learn and do if she went out into the world.

So it was that she set out from home with not even one full summer yet to her name, intent on chasing after what she felt must be her purpose in life. It lead her north and west, ever deeper into the jungle, and well past the normal ranges of her kind.