

Abigail quickly walked towards the headmaster's desk and sat on the chair. For few minutes she was looking around discovering more of the old portraits she didn't see here before. Not like she visited Mr. Williams office a lot, but when she stepped in this old, dusty room she found herself seeing new things during every visit. There were mainly old headmasters and headmistresses in the frames some of which were staring at her with warm eyes and smiling, some of them were reading and some, as Abigail's mind told her, were just daydreaming as well as she did during some classes. Even though it was very calm in the office she couldn't get out of her head what she overheard on the way to headmaster. The scar on her right wrist began to hurt again.

After waiting for over half an hour, somehow, Abigail started to get more and more relaxed, now when she knew that soon she will see Mr. Williams and share her dream with him. With nothing much to do she continued examining the room and now was looking at the wall behind the desk.

A huge tapestry of a beautiful main school building hang there covering most part of the wall. Next to it was a glass case with the delightful jeweled comb that were made in the depths of mines of Afanora. Her eyes fell on the teeth of a comb and she instinctively grabbed her right wrist. She remembered as it was yesterday their sharpness and the cold metal of which it was made as the scar never let her forget. Long ago it belonged to Isilfarrel, the first elven witch that challenged her own kind. Lost in her thought she didn't even notice the dancing and shimmering lights on the stones. As if waking from a deep sleep, Abigail sat straight and started to turn her head to find where the lights were coming from, when she saw a silver light going from the behind of the bookshelf that was gently pushed away showing off the way to a secret room. Abigail was mesmerized by the silver-white light and wanted to see what's going on there. She looked around to make sure she was alone, then slowly went to the door to listen if anyone was coming or talking nearby. When noone was there, she took a deep breath and quickly walked across the room to the bookshelf.

An entrance to the room was quite small but Abigail was not so tall anyway, so she got there without any problems. In the middle of the room was a stone basin with odd language carved around the edge: old symbols and a form of elvish language that no one used for centuries for it was a black magic. The silvery light was coming from a small palm size stone that laid inside of a basin and at first Abigail couldn't understand what was wrong with it. The gas floating around it made it look as if the stone was under the water. The stone looked so precious that from the first glance Abigail felt huge desire to touch. It was so strong that she didn't pay attention to the gas. She put her hand into the basin trying to get it but as soon as her hand touched the surface, terrible pain shot through her whole body and she stopped feeling her hand up to her shoulder. When the shock passed she tried to pull her hand out barely keeping herself from screaming.

Only now she saw that the little clouds of gas so lights and smooth before turned red as blood and was becoming darker and barker. The surface of it became bright and more like a liquid. The inside of the basin started to move faster with every second.

Abigail tried to push herself away from it but every time something pushed her closer and closer to the basin. Her whole arm still was in enormous pain which made it harder to get out of there fast. Suddenly everything stopped and the liquid became transparent as if the basin had

the water from lake Eysbelle in it. Even though she wanted to leave her interest was bigger. She came closer to look one more time at the stone but instead she saw a throne room of Thilandell below the surface like if she would be looking at the palace in a miniature. It was the most beautiful room Abigail had ever seen; she recognised it at once because it was one of palace they discussed at her last Elven History class, two days ago. The room had plenty of light that fell on the statues and paintings and gave that huge hall the comfort of the real home. Lowering her face to see more of it Abigail's nose was less than an inch away from the surface. She saw rows of people, witches and elves that were seated around every wall and seemed to be arguing about some very important matter. An empty throne stood in the very center of the throne room. That were something strange but at the same time very familiar that made Abigail feel uncomfortable. The worn out silver chains covered with dust were laying next to it as if the person who occupied the seat before were tied to it for a long time.