



TEAR APART WORLDS
CHRIS HOWARD

Author's note: while plotting and writing Teller I wrote several short pieces for Andin to tell as an integrated part of the book and his character, but not everything made it into the story. Here's one I originally wrote for Andin, but it ended up being cut from the final version. "Tear Apart Worlds" eventually found a home in Pen-Ultimate: A Speculative Fiction Anthology, Edited by LJ Cohen and Talib S. Hussain.

Tear Apart Worlds

Chris Howard

Fundra put the thunderbird to sleep, her tips pressing the two-meter wings into hundred-fold angles. Bird bone spines and feathers fused into layers, the whole animal sliding paper thin and easily rolled into her community pocket. She made a gesture of sixteen tips because she felt sad, because she had fallen in love with the bird's eyes, glassy dark and wise.

Under the shade of fanning citrus orchards she could just see Bilk's house across Jihmeer Warless Meadow in the guest human settlement, ovals of light and smeared reflection along a tube that stuck out of one end of the Gib-Letton family residence. She thought it fun that Bilk called his piece of the house his "wing."

“Not like a thunderbird has wings?” she had asked him, and played the memory again.

Fundra had arrayed eleven tips like one raised eyebrow and Bilk had nodded. “Just like them. A limb off the main structure.” He held out his muscular arms, hands dancer straight, fingers rigid. He smiled. “An arm, a leg will work well for the word, but a wing has a beauty that humans don’t possess. You gave us the maps and tools to jump the gaps between stars. Since the beginning we’ve crossed worlds with our legs, and built them with our hands. But to soar over them without machinery? We do not have the grace, the beauty of a bird. We can only dream of having wings.”

Ugliness was a funny subject with humans. They rarely looked anywhere but inside themselves for it. Ugliness and sorrow—so intimate for humankind. Fundra had made a sound like a laugh, a choppy twist of her voice that she had learned to perform when she was with her fellow otherworld colonists. Then she had pointed to Bilk’s wing of the house. “And you sleep in a wing?”

“Normally.” He had mimicked her laugh, sounding not quite human. “I dream when I sleep. Sometimes of wings. But more often of fins and swimming quick beneath the sea. Or I dream of a long time ago when I kicked under the waves of Chaleur Bay with my sister Nikola.”

Fundra turned away from the memory, drifting home in the waves, and thought about tomorrow, when she would spend more time with Bilk, the human boy who had ugly and sorrow inside with his beauty and love of growth, who spent his sleeping time with shadows of himself running from old

worlds, building new ones and flying over them, all in the wing of his house.

Unanchored to the sea floor, she fanned out and flowed with the currents, becoming a part of the water around her, chemically so much like her origin world so far away—but so much more than that world because she had grown into her forty-eight tips here on the planet her kind had opened to the humans. And, as if returning the gift, they'd called it Thetis. This world Thetis, where she had learned enough to understand the folding rules and how to tip the shapes of things like thunderbirds—things from Bilk's own mind and memories—into this world with them. Even with forty-eight, she wasn't allowed to make whole worlds yet—not without supervision.

Nothing slowed Fundra down when the sun rose over the great oceans of Thetis, when she could return to Bilk's house without alarming anyone, when the humans would wake and rub their beautiful eyes. She pulsed in the strength of the shore's currents, surfacing near the settlement at the end of the beach that wrapped one side of the Warless Meadow.

The Gib-Lettonns were up and making coffee when Fundra used two tips—a simple move—to coil long cables of her body into a hard lump she used to knock on the front door. Humans were informal—at least these were. Gustav, Bilk's father, called out, "Door's not locked," and she slid through the opening, fanning out in the tiled area they called a "dinette." Jovita swung around the counter with a mug of hot coffee, lifting it a little in offering. Fundra declined, but continued staring. Bilk's mother had eyes rich and green like chlorophylled shallows.

Inside the Gib-Lettons' house, Fundra pulled together most of her body, long tendrils weaving into thick globs that hung over chairs, rolled halfway up the stairs, draped like heavy cloth over the banister, but she kept her senses focused on the kitchen and the pungent citrus smell—a good smell, she had determined.

Leaning over the bundles at the foot of the stairs, Jovita shouted, “Bilk, get up. Fundra’s here.”

“Lemons” said Gustav, catching Fundra’s interest in the citrus smell. Then he went on sipping his coffee, spinning slowly inside a cylinder of infosccreens, keeping just enough focus on his surroundings to know that he had an audience. “The Cansons and us have a fine citrus crop going this season. The Huberys’, alas, are still catching up.”

“Have you eaten? You’re early.” Bilk stood at the top of the stairs, yawning, rubbing one eye with a fist.

“Every moment I’m in the water, and I have no need of early. Oceans do not sleep, my friend Bilk.” Fundra streamed rows of fluid appendages toward the open front door. “We have little need for early or late, spending all our time looking for the answer. Is the answer to humanity open in the way you delight in things that grow? Lemons? Does it hide in the ways you express sorrow? Or is there something more?” Humans were like sharp little tidal forces, each one an ocean in the grasp of a strong moon, drawing up and awake for a short time, then falling asleep, waking, sleeping, spending their entire lives tied to the cycle. It was one of the first interesting facts she had learned about her world guests. The second had been that they had named the colonized world after a mythical sea deity—and how lovely of them.

Realizing he wasn't dressed in much, Bilk tugged at his shirt, and back-stepped to his room to get ready for their day of exploration. He threw on his drysuit, jumped the bundles of Fundra at the bottom of the stairs, and raced for the front door with a wave at his parents. Thetis was cleared of most human threats by Fundra's family of oceanfarers. And any bad things that remained were land-based. "The waters are clear," as Fundra's mother Niyallor had said when the humans arrived.

Down at the shore, Bilk slid the suit's seams closed to his throat, and bayoneted his helmet seal, mimicking—with his tongue behind his teeth—the hard click the pressure locks made. He looked up at Fundra. "All set?"

"Are you asking if I have reconfigured for a different environment in the last few moments? I am ready to journey, if that's what you mean."

"Don't want to jinx anything." Bilk wagged finger, and a worried look pressed itself into his features. "I have to ask the check-off question." Bilk waved away the conversation and started a new one, pointing over the sea. "Dawn is here. I have until dusk to make the most of the day. Where shall we go, Fundra?"

"Down is always good. I usually advise that to start out."

"You usually? You're a body of water. When don't you think down is good?"

"Thunderbirds have been on my mind lately."

"And you can now advise a course of up to start out instead of down? Or how about both, hopping up and down like a kangaroo?"

"Kangaroos do not interest me in the same way the thunderbird does."

“Ever hear of the prehistoric vampire kangaroo—tales of the monstrous, the blood-thirsty, the pouched predator, fangaroo?” Bilk strolled into the foam and rolling waves, bending to get his fingers wet. He looked over at her, smiled. “They’re silly—sillier than a thunderbird by far.”

Surf crashed against Fundra’s fluid bulk, and she flowed with it, lapping up the beach, ten meter nerve strands and paddles drawn into the curl of the next wave. “My ancestor Jelishild would have been able to create a fangaroo if she wanted. She could create anything. She grew to one hundred and fourteen tips, and could topple and twist and turn whole galaxies on edge. Her volume spanned a thousand planets, and she tip-built the plumbing to a thousand unflowing galactic spaces. You and I are here on Thetis because Jelishild tipped here before us.”

“Tipped a world?” Bilk spread his fingers in a flowing gesture. “How do you build a world-path? How do you chart the paths to stars and worlds? So many out there. How do you even know which stars to choose?”

“How do you know this is the right place to enter the sea?” Fundra twirled a few tips into a pointing finger, and wagged it along the beach. “Because you have been here before, Bilk. Because you have made the path through the dunes to this point on the shore. Finding a new and whole breathable world is not easy. It’s not impossible, but it’s also not productive. Jelishild’s way—and now ours—is to create the worlds, form them with her power, flow over their surfaces, supply the life and wealth, and then tread the path from other worlds a few times to make it

clear and mappable by others—our own kind, and our guests.”

Excited by the thought of some of Fundra’s kind—the over-hundred-tipped among them—building their own worlds, Bilk lunged forward, and went under the waves, determined to explore more of this one, Fundra smoothing out around him in long threaded currents that curled and pulsed.

Tears started up as soon as Bilk hit thirty-one meters, soft salt splattering the inside of his face mask. He tried to stop them, tried to shove the safety checklist from his mind, and he sucked in a deep breath over shuddering rows of sorrow. He was still sobbing at sixty meters.

“Bilk?” Fundra ran three tips along the back of his suit, curling at his shoulders, sent the last to coil over his helmet and tap on the face mask.

“I looked down at my depth meter right at thirty-one. Sorry.” Bilk’s voice came back distant, choppy with pain. “I thought I’d cried it all out a long time ago. My twin, my sister, died at thirty-one meters. When we lived on Chaleur Bay—on Earth. We moved to Florida, then to Coquimbo in Chile.” He waved a thick gloved finger at the surrounding dark blue. “We are here not because Jelishild made the path, but because I lost my sister. My parents had to get away from everything. They couldn’t bear to be in the same world that killed her.”

Running tears slid down the inside of his face mask, puddling in the voice instruments. Bilk blinked to clear his vision, throwing one arm out reflexively, cupping the water and pulling at it to find his direction. He heard Nikola’s voice—his sister speaking, and then a tingle up his neck. He felt

someone breathing the same air. Then he lost touch with the world. It slipped away from him.

“Do not move.” Fundra went into an emergency mothering curl, surrounding Bilk in a sphere of surface pressure space, and he drifted into a roll, landing on his back, his helmet thumping hard on an artificial floor.

A web of finger-thin appendages shot out and spun off Bilk’s shoulder and throat cuffs. The helmet sagged back and skidded away, and Fundra’s gentle fingers slipped around his neck and head to hold him up.

“Wait, Bilk. Do not leave this world yet.” Fundra gave him a few tugs. “Come back to me. Look at me.” Then panic slipped into her voice as she watched a fresh flow of tears start. “No, Bilk. Do not create new worlds here. I will not be able to contain them. You must hold on to your tears.”

A shudder ran through Bilk, and he focused, swiveled his gaze to Fundra’s face, a mass of sensory knobs and wave flaps and chemoanalyst panels. She was beautiful and he smiled as she lifted one of his tears away with a single tip, gently, a benign goddess handling someone’s soul. The little sphere of saline wobbled and Bilk felt her fear.

“You are too late, my friend.” Fundra spread seven tips for sorrow.



They were all there—and all worried: Bilk’s mother and father, two of the human colony reps, Tenna Serice, Greg Kintreias, and the whole Hubery family,

who were just really nosy and had a mild rivalry going with the Gib-Lettons.

“Gone for two days?” Serice, the col-rep, used the tip of her shoe to make an S in the sand at her feet. “We contacted Home, but it’ll be another couple days before we get an answer back. In the meantime ...” Her voice trailed off with the hope that a good idea would appear before she had to take the next breath.

“They sent us this.” Bilk’s father, Gustav, held up a thin, metallic-looking elliptical shape with feathered edges and four rows of irregular spines. He got a shaking head from Kintreias, who had already run the thing through the labs.

Bilk’s mother, Jovita, pulled it from his hands, holding it up to the light. “No idea how to open it.”

“Do you read it?” said one of the Huberys, mildly irritated that the Gib-Lettons had received something they hadn’t.

“It looks like it needs to be opened or turned on.” Jovita handed it back to Gustav, sighing. “Bilk would know what to do with it. We’re assuming it’s a message, something to be read, or to interact with.”

Kintreias was chewing his lip, then stopped to say, “Most of their tech requires a minimum of twenty-eight tips—something all their children have grown into.” He chewed a little more, then added, “Twenty-eight’s the minimum just to read the labels, just to find out what something is. Their simplest toys require the twenty-eight. We’ve analyzed thousands of their tools and devices with up to sixty tip requirements, recorded molecular structures and patterning, and tried to match particle signatures. We’ve seen nothing like this. It could be a simple

letter. It could be payment for losing your son.” He scratched his head. “We have no idea.”

The surface of the sea before them flattened and then heaved with eight giant watery shapes, tendrils swinging into the air. Three more of Fundra’s kind seeped up through the sand behind the humans, curling and flattening out so they wouldn’t tower over them and frighten them. Oceans in their smallest forms were still terrifyingly large.

Fundra’s father was in the center of the group, looking angry to Jovita’s eye. But he didn’t sound angry, his voice smooth, soft surf over level sand. “Jovita and Gustav, welcome.” He swung forty transparent tendrils into a fan shape across the beach with a graceful stem that pointed at the metallic thing in Gustav’s hands. “I am glad you have received and accepted our request for a formal meeting.” He indicated the two human colony reps, made a curling motion with half his body, perhaps attempting a bow. “And you have gathered advisors and friends.”

Jovita stepped forward, one hand gripping Gustav’s shoulder hard. She pulled in a breath, let it out to put some calm in her voice. “What can you tell us of our son—and Fundra?”

“A confession first. We were just speaking among ourselves of confessions and coincidence and loss. We have lost our daughter Fundra and you have lost your son Bilk. It is no coincidence that they were together to share a day, and together they are lost. We are searching, and we must confess that we have found no trace of Fundra in this world. She is...” He spent a few seconds searching for a word. “Gone.”

Gustav looked past the gathering at the horizon. “And Bilk is with her.”

“You are not equipped ...” Fundra’s father stammered in translation, mixing in choppy notes and long curling R sounds.

“We do not mean to offend,” said another of Fundra’s kind from behind the humans.

“We blame my daughter. She is an answer gatherer—trained to find the answer of your kind, but she is also ...”

They didn’t find out what Fundra also was. Fundra’s father sounded unsure. “She has perhaps grown into another twelve tips, giving her enough to create and visit another world. Perhaps she pushed too hard for the answer.”

Gustav stepped forward, holding the metallic device in both hands, shaking. “I don’t understand. She has taken Bilk with her? Can they come back to this one?”

Just the wind over the waves for an answer.



“You said it’s too late.” Bilk laughed, scooping the water past his body. “In what way is it too late?”

“Your mother will be upset with you.”

Bilk frowned. “And not my father?”

“He is concerned with lemons,” she said as if this made perfect sense.

“And you think citrus fruit will ease his mind?” He laughed again.

“At least it is clear to me that he will understand growth.” Fundra lifted long strands of her own body and slipped under him, surrounding and protecting

him, closing as if preparing to pull him out of the life inside his own tear.

Bilk waved her off. "I'm not ready to leave."

He spun, taking it all in. How could he leave? A single teardrop contained all this.

The world around Bilk was thick like the sea but full of winged creatures soaring—some like thunderbirds that flew in fluid. He bent his body and headed straight down, the darker, the deeper, the scarier the better. He just knew it. And Fundra was there with him, racing alongside, keeping pace in her between-the-water frictionless form.

Bilk looked over his shoulder and watched the last of the tears slide off his face, tiny flashes of bright silver skipping end over end into his turbulent wake. He was on his way back to the shallows when he noticed he wasn't wearing his helmet—and then with some choking shock—that he didn't seem to need it. The water was inside his lungs ... if he still had lungs here. This was a different world. He was different. And like a dream in which the most absurd things can slip by without question, Bilk forgot about possibilities and breathing devices, waving playfully at Fundra and laughing.

His drysuit slipped away, imaginary here, dissolving in the sea. He was soaring in a sleek new body, silver bright arms and cupping transparent fingers catching the water and moving it under him. And he felt ... infinite and multiple and connected to every reflection of himself the sea showed him. He felt the memory well in every molecule made of other-worlds and friends long gone. And suddenly he knew what to do.

“Let’s go to thirty-one meters. Let’s see what’s there.” He kicked harder and pulled ahead. “Race you, Fundra!”

Bilk’s twin sister Nikola was there waiting for them.

And she told them it was time to go home.



Bilk and Fundra unfolded and slipped over the sand on Thetis, but not without changing, returning to their real forms, the lumpy dry suit clinging to his body. He dropped his helmet in the surf. Fundra sent all forty-eight tips over his body, checking his health, and it seemed to Bilk that twelve of them—six on each side—danced in the air, feeling for a long trail of invisible shapes, something he had never seen her do before.

Fundra’s words came out charged, snapping around this new experience, this new array of answers. “Wings and sisters and reasons why. This is unexpected. You have power beyond me, Bilk Gib-Letton.”

He stretched, yawning as if he’d just slipped out of a long night’s sleep, liking the pull of morning on his muscles. “You say the funniest things. Beyond you?” He laughed, letting one hand glide along Fundra’s body, following the distorted reflections of his face in her shiny rolling surface. He saw six of himself mirrored in her, all with the same stupidly comical, astonished face. He stretched his mouth into a wider grin, but only one of the reflections followed his change, and the expression died. He blinked, returned

to Fundra's statement, and whispered, "Your kind, Fundra, are so far beyond us. We'd still be bound to Earth without you."

"You answered our call."

Bilk opened his hands, curling his fingers as if holding something with a strange non-uniform shape. He glanced at his reflection again and saw the shape in his mirrored hands, conjured out of his imagination. "You do things with nature that we don't comprehend. You fold things inside themselves, and unfold them when you need them. Fundra, you have non-symmetric seventeen-sided shapes that we examine without conclusion—to the end of our abilities. We can't unfold them. We can't determine their purposes. The shape could open into a full-grown flowering plum tree. It could open into a city with a kilo high vertical and a pop zone and cap of ten million inhabitants. We have eyes. We just can't see it." He expanded his gesture to the reach of his arms, ignoring the reflection of the city unfolding between his hands. "And there is nothing in the form, in the mass, in any perceptible aspect of the shape that—to us—determines its function." He repeated something his father always said about Fundra's kind. "It's like you have access to other worlds in everything you touch." He held up one hand to hold off her response. "And I'm not even talking about your sophisticated tech. This is trivial everyday use stuff that children among you can operate." Bilk shook his head as if to be certain there was nothing loose inside. "And you think I'm beyond you?"

It took Fundra a few moments, but she managed a heavy sigh—very human. "I do not believe you understand. We invited you here, my friend Bilk, to

find the answer to your kind.” She sent a handful of stringy appendages sweeping the sky. “We invited you across a hundred planets. We gave you the maps and means to communicate in methods suitable for you. And you have just given me a glimpse of the answer to what makes you what you are. You have shown me a world of your own making, and given me many more questions. You told me, ‘We are here because I lost my sister. My parents had to get away from everything.’ It is almost as if ...” She stopped to shape the words. “Almost as if you can grow like a tree without roots—or without remembering your roots. Running away from a world, leaving it out of your memory and moving on as if there was no before. That is a strange idea to me—to us. It is an ability we would like to understand. You create and shed whole worlds. You build them, and leave them behind. In all our encounters with life in the Greatest Ocean, you are the most private and sorrowful ... and world-full life we have encountered.”

Bilk laughed sadly. “We can do some pretty nasty things, too. You know our history. What we’re capable of?”

She dismissed his objection. “We measure you by your interest in growth, in your ability to understand, by the worlds you want to create, not in your capacity to destroy.” Fundra made a shrugging motion, a roll of waves like shoulders. “Destruction is simple. Growth is difficult—understanding why things need to grow is the most difficult of all. Thetis is what it is because you are here. Earth is what it is because you are there. A hundred worlds are what they are because you have settled on them and brought your love of growth.”

Bilk shifted his focus to the pale sun-flowing shape of his sister, and then along to the five copies of himself in the reflection off Fundra's surface. Apparently everyone had followed him to Thetis. Were they permanently attached to him? Were his memories real in a way he had never known? There was a sense of all five copies of himself being parts of a whole, and he could act for them all. Then there was the ghostly reflection of his sister Nikola, who was there but not part of him. She was there ... like she was there. And how did that happen? Bilk had always had questions for answer-seeking Fundra, but now that's all he seemed to have. Questions.

"I don't have any more answers," he whispered.

Fundra smiled at him, a rippling glow in her depths. "I think that's because it is my turn to have some for you."

Bilk frowned, and looking over Fundra, not far up the beach, he saw his mother and father and a bunch of others, a couple of the colony reps, gathered with Fundra's family. All at once the adults turned and ran or washed down the beach toward them.

Fundra's tone changed, her words coming quicker, as if she only had a short time to explain things before more formal interactive constraints would be lowered on them. "You have your twin sister."

Bilk tried to re-word her statement into something he understood. "I carry everything she meant to me?"

"You carry everything that made her your sister—with access to everything she is and was, and you carry it in your world ..." Fundra fanned a dozen tips over his head. "You brought her together. The

Greatest Ocean holds all things, not only memories, but the substance of the things in it at all points in time. Touch that idea with your thought, Bilk, and see your sister. It is your world. It is right to put in it the things dear to you.”

Bilk turned, still trying to comprehend that, and then his mother cried out, cutting through his thoughts, and grabbed him. “Two days, Bilk? Where have you been?”

“I knew you’d come back,” said Gustav, but gave Bilk a playful swat on the shoulder anyway. He pulled a lemon from his pack, the size of both his fists clasped together, and handed it to Fundra.

The col-reps were taking voice notes and nodding approvingly. The Hubery family looked disappointed for some reason.

Fundra’s father, eyeing the lemon as if it was an egregious breach of etiquette, did not look pleased, turning his feelings on his daughter. “Give me everything of yours, the thunderbird, all of the things you have tipped from Bilk’s memories. Until you do not fail in your responsibilities, you are no longer permitted to see Bilk.”

Fundra swayed back defiantly, tips tucking in. “I did not create the lost world. Bilk did. He has all the ability and components. He just needed to be shown how to assemble them.”

Bilk gave Fundra’s father an open-handed gesture. “She came with me to protect me.”

Fundra copied his gesture. “He made tears, and I didn’t understand his purpose at first. I thought he was going to create a world for me, one in which his dead sister still lived. I didn’t know it was possible, but I helped him anyway, and he ... did it. He made

one. We went to a place created from his control of materials, his ideas, his perceptions. His world.”

Her father made a confusing gesture, throwing water everywhere, and the expression he gave his daughter took a minute for Bilk to understand. There was a strong show of disbelief mixed with a flurry of signatures: doubt, a thin current of fear, a long chain of patterns that meant something like physical impossibility and tied in biological capabilities and limitations, culture, physiological incompatibility. Then there was revelation. “But with so few ... tips?”

“Bilk solved that as well. He has grown five of himself—five copies of Bilk.” She blended a hundred strands into one reflective sheet that sent the light of Thetis’ star through the near transparent copies of her human friend, arranged foot-to-foot and hand-to-hand like an unfolded paper cutout of Bilk-shaped patterns.

Fundra’s father spent a moment studying Bilk. “An interesting path.” He noticed with a two-tip prod the girl standing next to Bilk in the reflection, but didn’t comment on her.

“Five of him grown off the original, using each finger as a tip, producing sixty. In this way, he can be considered elder to me.”

Bilk looked up and into the vast and wise ocean eyes of Fundra’s father. One side of Bilk’s mouth curled into half a smile. “Fundra helped me. Don’t take anything away from her. She has taught me so much, how to find what we have lost, how to feel the motion of the tides. How deep the water is in every one of our tears.”

“Bilk has answered.” Fundra said solemnly, folding three long tendrils over Bilk’s shoulders. “He

has given us more than we were seeking. Our journey is never complete, but in this one regard, it is over.”

Bilk looked around, from his parents to Fundra’s father, and then up to Fundra. “Over?” He pointed out the tides. “Tomorrow’s always a new day with new things to learn, new things to teach.”

Fundra made her very human sounding laugh, holding up Gustav’s gift. “That is so. And still many old things.” She held up Gustav’s gift. “Lemons. Your father’s warm fingers curled around the seedling of a lemon tree. Try to find that across the Greatest Ocean.” She paused only a moment. “I will spare you the challenge. You will not find it outside yourselves and a few other kinds.” Fundra held up all forty-eight of her tips, her full fan. “We have looked. We have tipped whole worlds for others who have—as you say, climbed far. If they exist, they have not heard our call.”

Fundra’s father made a rolling motion that everyone understood to mean he was intrigued by this change, that he was surprised by its apparent depth, and he would have to spend a long time thinking about it. He bowed to Jovita and Gustav, curled up and stabbed nineteen tips, nine of them fanned into the air, the others at the waves, directing his accompanying oceanfarers away.

And Bilk took that to mean that he and Fundra were off the hook—everyone’s hooks. “See you tomorrow, Fundra?”

She made a gesture with almost all of her tips, the rest of them still holding the bright yellow lemon. “Yes, you will.”

He took his mother’s and father’s hands, gave them each a squeeze, and then let them go. “I have

one more thing to tell you.” Bilk pointed to his head. “I found Nikola. She was in here and across the universe—the Greatest Ocean—the whole time, waiting to get out, waiting to come back together. Maybe we tried to leave her at Home. But she followed us here.”

Bilk looked up on the last few words, smiled, following the curve of sand to his sister who had run ahead. Nikola stopped with the starlight shining through her and turned, smiling back at him, her feet sinking in the seawater that played at the edge of their new world.

There was a promise in her smile, that she would be there tomorrow.



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Chris Howard—just a creative guy with a pen and a paint brush, author of *Seaborn* (Juno Books, 2008), *Salvage* (Masque/Prime Books, 2013), *Nanowhere* (Lykeion, 2005), and a shelf-full of other books. My short stories and essays have appeared in various zines and anthologies, including “Lost Dogs and Fireplace Archeology” in *Fantasy Magazine* and “How to Build Worlds Without Becoming the Minister for Tourism” in *Now Write! Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror* (Penguin, 2014). My story “Hammers and Snails” was a *Robert A. Heinlein Centennial Short Fiction Contest* winner. I write and illustrate the comic *Saltwater Witch*. My art has appeared on dozens of book covers, in *Shimmer*, *BuzzyMag*, various RPGs, and on the pages of books, blogs, and other interesting places.

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