

Beneath that giant sky, he was no one. He was nothing.

Varjak's stomach lurched. He was going to be sick if he stayed on the wall any longer. Down. He had to get down, and quickly – the black cats would be looking for him. But how? He couldn't climb down the wall: it was sheer. He'd over-balance and crash if he tried.

There was a tree Outside the wall, just one. He could climb down a tree, if he could only make it that far.

He stretched out a paw. His pad zipped on the wet moss that cloaked the stone. He clung on with his claws and regained his balance. A blast of bitterly cold wind almost pushed him over the edge. Another wave of giddiness washed over him. The wind seemed to taunt him with its song. *Too high*, it sang. *Too high, too soon!* Varjak tried to shut it out, but the song was everywhere. *You've gone too high too soon. You'll never make it to that tree!*

He ignored it, positioned his tail for extra balance and took another step along the mossy stone. It was like walking on ice: treacherous: impossible. In his mind, he saw himself slip, slide, skid off that wall, smash to pieces on the ground below. He shuddered.

Think of something else, he told himself. Think of the Way. What was it? Slow-Time. Moving Circles.