

The wind howled desperately, like a spirit trapped among the living. It was the coldest wind she had ever felt, and it cut right through her. She shivered as she sat up and wrapped her cloak tightly around her body. Her eyes gazed north toward the source of the wind. That's when she saw the Bear Shaman standing atop of a large boulder. He was facing into the wind, his arms spread wide, with his bear-hide cape billowing behind him.

"He summoned the North Wind during the night," a voice explained from behind her.

Anastasia turned quickly, startled by the sudden and unannounced arrival of the speaker. It was Folke, smiling and watching the Bear Shaman while the wind blew his dark hair away from his face to reveal the rich green of his eyes, like the leaves of the dogwood tree in their backyard in springtime. She felt a strange peace just looking into them.

"What do you mean he's summoned the North Wind?" Anastasia asked. "Can't it just be a cold winter day?"

"No, Anastasia—I can smell it on the wind. Ice and snow that haven't melted for centuries. This wind has come all the way from the Arctic," Folke said, as if it were a normal explanation. As if it were something anyone could identify, like the smell of fresh bread baking.

"Okay. The North Wind it is," Anastasia said, staring closely at his leaf-green eyes once again. You talk with Krakens and can smell permafrost a thousand miles away. What planet are you from?