

In The World Above...

by Judith Nolan

A torrent of gold spilled from the bag, glinting in the firelight. Aaron frowned, keeping his eyes down, well away from the horrifying damage to the left side of his master's angular face.

"I want a mask." Paracelsus leaned closer, his eyes feasting greedily on the coins. "To cover this..." His left hand flicked impatiently at the damage.

"I need to take some measurements..." Aaron's voice trembled. "To be sure of the fit."

Another bag thumped on the counter. Blood leaked from its seams, darkly staining the old wood.

"Use this," Paracelsus growled. "Its owner won't object."