





PROLOGUE

# THE HAZE



**A** FRIGID wind whipped her hair, and Ivy cried out, burying her face into the warm, rough cloth that she gripped in her hands. Then she fell into the darkness again.

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A piercing light. Light and heat. Then a roar.  
Was she dreaming?

Then nothing.

Nothing

but

black.

## THE HAZE

Someone lifting her, a sharp shoulder in her stomach.  
Then softness, lying down. Cold air on one side, then heat  
and warmth from a fire on the other. Safety.

Sleep.

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“Ivy.”

A pause.

“Ivy.”

She struggled to swim toward wakefulness. *Almost there...*

But she couldn't break the surface.

A hand on hers.

Then

deep

sleep

again.