
Small Losses, Pt. 2

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2860.09.04 – Dorado Hold

As days went, Lord Kairo reflected, he had had better. And it was only time for the midday meal.

"I don't know what the source of the dispute is," his brother Dalpha was explaining patiently as they made their way up from the stables towards the hall, where supper awaited them. The steward had always had a knack for maintaining calm when his brother's usually even temper became sharp. "Goran of Flatlands has always complained about Dirra controlling the waterway that leads to his Hold, but now..." "The steward shrugged.

"Now," observed Gerrig grimly, from behind them, "he's feeling the pinch, no doubt, if all his firelizards are sick and not flying, the way everyone else's are."

"Flatlands Hold hardly suffers alone," Kairo responded, caustically. "What I do *not* need is for my Holders to use this as an excuse to dredge up ancient grievances." He took a deep breath, reining in his temper. "Has Teilled of Dirra given Flatlands any actual provocation?"

"I don't know yet," Dalpha admitted. "We've only heard from Goran –"

"Then find out!" Kairo snapped. He caught the look of surprise on his brother's face, and the sidelong glance thrown towards Gerrig. It only made him feel more irritable. "Why report it to me if you haven't even done that?"

They were nearing the hall now, and a part of Kairo knew that he would need to get a hold of his temper before he sat down at table with his lady-wife and lady-mother, in front of his holders. But that thought did nothing to calm him.

Dalpha took a deep breath, which meant he was gathering his patience. "I thought you would want to know," he said, in a tone that clearly meant, *you always have before*. "And I would have sent immediately to Teilled, but Dart is just as ill as any of the others –" Dart was the steward's blue firelizard, unusually reliable for his color.

Kairo grunted, and then they were in the hall, where Lady Narna was already seated, along with Lady Kameko, Harper Bedlow, Kairo's daughters, and his son Fintal. Fintal rose hastily, Bedlow with more grace, when they entered; the ladies did not. Kairo immediately noted that Narna's brown Sandy was perched on the back of his lady's chair, looking the picture of health. His mother's blue Piper, in contrast, was draped across her shoulders limply, like a stole, and Bedlow's green was nowhere to be seen.

"Then apply to Narna to send Sandy, instead," Kairo instructed brusquely, as he seated himself. The other men found seats, while the drudges took his arrival as their cue to move forward with platters of food.

"Send Sandy where?" his wife asked, looking between her husband and his brother with raised eyebrows.

"To Teilled of Dirra," Dalpha explained.

"To see if there's any substance to this complaint of Goran's. I'm not inclined to take his word on faith, at least, though he would doubtless like me to," Kairo added sourly.

"Dirra squeezing Flatlands for ship-passage again?" said Lady Kameko, with a sniff. Flatlands had been making those claims since her husband, the former Lord, had been his father's Heir.

"Perhaps. We'll see what Teilled has to say about it." Kairo began to attack the meat on his plate. Did Holders do nothing but think of ways to add to their Lord's burdens in uneasy times? Was it too much to expect them to be sensible men, and cooperate with each other, instead of bickering like children?

"You can hardly think he'll come right out and admit it!" barked Gerrig, with a humorless laugh.

Kairo shot his senior Guard captain a glare. "Hardly. Of course I know he'll deny it. But if Dalpha asks, it will put him on notice. If there's any nonsense going on, perhaps that will be enough to make him cease – before the situation moves on to our paying his Hold a visit."



Later, after the meal, while Narna accompanied Dalpha to his office where he would draft a note for her brown to send, Kairo gave his arm to his mother to escort her to the solar.

"You are not truly concerned about this spat between Flatlands and Dirra?" she asked, looking up at him while he matched his pace to her slower one.

"What? No, of course not," Kairo said immediately, his tone scornful. Whatever the problem between the two Holds, it would be sorted out quickly. Dalpha was perfectly capable of handling it, without the Lord needing to become involved.

"You sound more disturbed by it than I would have expected," his mother observed lightly. Across her shoulders, her blue firelizard had still not stirred. It looked asleep, its wheezing breath just audible to Kairo's ears.

"I am not disturbed at all," he said firmly. But his mother's subtle warning made him listen to himself with her ears.

"If not that, then what?" Kameko asked. She settled herself in her favorite chair in the solar, the one with the padded footrest that was placed to catch the afternoon sun. Her sewing basket sat beside it. Matter-of-factly, she lifted her little blue from his perch and laid him out along the sun-warmed ledge of the nearby window.

Kairo went and stood by the window, taking in the view of the riverfront stretched out below. He ran a tired hand over his face, thinking of the surprised, uncertain looks thrown his way by his brother and Captain Gerrig. "I don't know," he admitted. On a different day, this foolishness between the two Holders might have amused him.

"Is Sage feeling any better?" the dowager lady inquired, cocking her head up at him.

He almost asked what that had to do with anything, and then stopped. Everyone knew that Sage had been the first to sicken with the illness that had swept around the Hold. It had swept a number of Holds, Kairo knew; the reports that came in from the few that still had firelizards left to send had mentioned it.

"No," said Dorado's Lord slowly. "No, if anything, she is worse. But I haven't seen her in days."

That, at least, was normal. It had been the green's habit for as long as he'd had her that, a few sevendays after a mating flight, she made herself scarce. He thought that she went to find a place to hide her clutch; and though she was reliable in other ways, Sage had no wisdom when it came to such things. But it wasn't unusual for him not to see her during those sevendays when she became egg-heavy. She would return to him once she'd laid the clutch. In the meantime, he made do with the services of the firelizards that looked to those around him – there was never a shortage of firelizards at Dorado. Except for recently.

"I wondered if her illness was affecting your mood," said his mother simply.

Well, come to that, what little echo of her did come to him through their link was tinged with misery and discomfort. He'd supposed it seemed worse than usual because her desire to have him fuss over her and make things better was at odds with her longstanding habit of avoiding him at this time. "It doesn't help," he admitted, with a sigh.

"You aren't the only one who's worried," Kameko told him, with a glance for her own Piper, stretched out and sleeping, his sides working like a bellows. The skin around the little blue's muzzle glistened with discharge from his nose, and his breathing still sounded bad even from where Kairo was standing. "Perhaps the dragonhealers at the Weyr -?"

"Mother! I cannot disturb the Weyr's dragonhealers for a rash of late-winter colds." He shot her an incredulous look. "They have far more important duties, looking after dragons."

Kairo was seized by a sudden, dreadful thought – firelizards and dragonkind were related. What if the illness spread to the great beasts that Pern relied on to keep them all safe from Thread? He wished he could see the watchdragon's perch from this window. But blue Vhiath had seemed in perfect health the last time the Lord had seen him.

"Well, I expect you're right," she said with a sigh. "Though I never recall seeing so many of the Hold's firelizards affected before, this badly."

Neither had Kairo, and the fact that even his mother did not remember such a thing didn't reassure him.

"There is a hatching coming up, if I am not mistaken," Kameko went on. "The first clutch of the young queen who hatched in the past? Orylath, I believe."

Kairo nodded, and then, after moments under his mother's steady gaze, he smiled slightly. "Yes," he said. "It was my plan to attend."

"Exactly so," she agreed with him. "Even the dragonhealers will be at the Hatching Feast, I expect."

"Exactly so," Dorado's Lord repeated.



2860.09.05 – Kadanzer Weyr

Something was wrong with Balt. Usually the blue firelizard was perpetually hungry – always ready to beg a titbit here or steal a mouthful there. But this morning Dunia received no transmitted hunger pangs from him, and he refused to budge from her shoulder, even when she took him up to the kitchens to get his breakfast of scraps.

Silly creature must have been stuffing himself with lazybugs! The Weyr was awash with the wretched things and, in her opinion, the more the local firelizards ate, the better. The last few days Balt had been broadcasting feelings of satiated contentment and images of lazybugs. Dunia could see enough of the pesky crawlers with her own eyes – a firelizard's point of view was not likely to make her suddenly appreciative of them. Besides which, Nioranth's vote outweighed Balt's – and the queen most certainly did not like the "little crawly things" that had invaded her wallow. Thank Faranth she didn't have a clutch on the sands this time!

Batting a couple of the irksome insects aside as they droned past, Dunia scooped up a morsel of meat from the bowl of scraps that her cousin Kedria had given her. She held it up to her pet. Balt nosed at it unenthusiastically and gave it a lick. With a little encouragement he took the piece into his mouth, and chewed at it in a half-hearted way. He refused the second morsel she offered him.

"Off his food?" asked Kedria, as she came out to collect the bowl. Leaving bowls of food scraps unattended attracted vermin, so the kitchen staff were careful to keep the firelizard fodder indoors unless an owner was nearby. Not that vermin cared much about scraps when there was a plague of lazybugs to feast upon. "There's a few of them like that this morning. I think all those lazybugs have turned their stomachs!"

Perhaps that was it – Balt had had too much of a good thing. Last time she had encountered lazybugs – at Southern Weyr – she had not had a firelizard linked to her, so she had no experience of what overindulgence in bugs felt like to an owner. Dunia returned the uneaten scraps to Kedria and set off for the Weyrhall and her own breakfast, her feet crunching on the crawling lazybugs that littered every path. She turned her nose up at the fried lazybugs that the Southern Weyr survivors had added to the menu, and helped herself to a bowl of porridge. A pair of weyrlings stood by the food table, tasked to keep lazybugs away from the food.

Still, as Dunia ate it didn't seem that Balt was just full. He was broadcasting unhappy and tired firelizard thoughts, but not the usual feelings of an uncomfortably tight gut brought by overindulgence in something he shouldn't have eaten. Throughout Dunia's own breakfast he was constantly rubbing his eyes with his forepaws, and his hide seemed a tad hot. Concerned, the goldrider decided to take her pet to the dragonhealers, telling an irritable Nioranth that she would be back 'soon' to sweep yet more lazybugs from her wallow.

"He has a touch of fever," said Journeywoman Aretei, after a cursory examination of Balt. "We've had a dozen owners through here this morning already – Giselle thinks

it's probably just a reaction to eating too many lazybugs. If that's the case, he'll likely be off his food for a few days." The journeywoman sounded less irritated at having to deal with such a trivial aliment than Dunia had expected – Aretei was not known for her love of firelizards.

"A few days?"

"A seven-day at most, I'd say." Aretei nodded curtly. "Try to prevent him eating more lazybugs if you can."

Dunia was simultaneously relieved and guilty that it wasn't just her Balt who was off colour. Those wretched lazybugs!

There are little crawly things everywhere! Nioranth's petulant tone intruded on her relief. ***I need you to make them go away, rider!***

I'll be there soon, dearest, Dunia assured her. *Balt is sick.*

There were discontented grumblings from Nioranth. To the queen, a sick firelizard was not nearly as important as a lazybug-free wallow.

Balt was pawing at his eyes again. "Can I stop him rubbing like that?" she asked Aretei.

"What? Yes." Aretei was distracted by a call from one of the other dragonhealers about needlethorn supplies. Dunia found it reassuring that feverish firelizards were not very high on their agenda. She scooped up Balt from the table and put him back on her shoulder.

"What was I saying? Ah, yes – his eyes. The soreness around the eyes seems common. One drop of dilute numbweed solution into his eyes twice a day should ease the problem." Aretei went to a cupboard and retrieved a bottle and a tiny stoppered flask. She poured some liquid into the flask and handed it over. "Here. This is more than enough for a half dozen firelizards."

The goldrider gave her a smile and a thank you, and popped the small flask into a pocket. Well then – nothing to worry about. Dunia rubbed at Balt's eyeridges affectionately. The little blue monster would probably be back to his greedy thievery in short order.

Rider, I need you here!

Yes, yes! Dunia placed Balt back on her shoulder and hurried back toward her weycot. Time to deal with her big gold monster!



"We've just had another one in – goldrider Dunia and her blue." Aretei pushed her way into Giselle's office to find Kadanzer's two master dragonhealers in heated discussion. "Same symptoms as before. Whatever it is, it's spreading and fast."

Giselle, seated behind a desk almost buried beneath record hides and ledgers, frowned and looked at Corsan, who was pacing around the room. "Are you *sure* that this isn't just a reaction to overeating? Those creatures could carry a defensive poison that –"

"I'm positive!" Corsan ran his hands back through his short reddish hair. "The lazybugs might be new for Kadanzer, but they're old news for Southern. And *everything* overeats them – firelizards, wherries, tunnelsnakes, other crawlers... That's just how they work – they all emerge in a rush and overwhelm their predators with

sheer numbers until they're literally sick of the sight of them."

"Some of us are already sick of the sight of them," Giselle muttered irritably, flicking one of the offending bugs from the edge of her desk. Her bronze Benn eyed the creature from his perch on top of the bookcase but made no effort to chase it, his belly already distended from his earlier feasting. "So, we have a lot of firelizards with indigestion *and* a fever."

"It certainly seems that way," Aretei said, pulling the heavy curtain that served as a door closed behind her. "Assuming that the indigestion, lethargy and lack of appetite is down to pure self-inflicted gluttony, they're presenting with elevated temperature and inflamed membranes around the eyes."

Giselle shook her head. "It still seems like too much of a coincidence to have this happen just as these crawlers emerge."

"If the lazybugs were poisonous, they'd advertise with colour, not just meander vaguely around being dull brown, dumb as a brick and desperately tasty," Corsan insisted. "This is the sixth emergence I've seen and the first time I've seen firelizards – or anything else – get sick beyond simple over-indulgence."

"All right," Giselle said slowly. "So, the question is, what *is* it that we're seeing? And, more importantly, is it something that might affect the dragons?"

"Evidence so far suggests it's some variety of cold," Aretei suggested. "If we're lucky, they'll simply recover in a few days, but we don't yet know the progression beyond what we've seen."

"Colds don't usually start with itchy little eyeballs." Corsan frowned. "Have we had any indication that the dragons might be affected? They're usually immune to 'lizard-sniffles.'"

Giselle shook her head. "Nothing so far, but then the *dragons* aren't eating the lazybugs..." She sighed, looking up at Benn. "And it's far too late to attempt an effective quarantine given the number of riders who've brought their pets to us; I don't doubt that the ferals are suffering too – they were probably the ones who brought it into the Weyr in the first place."

"So, wait and see?" Aretei asked.

"Yes." Giselle nodded. "We don't yet know what we're dealing with and it may well prove to be nothing... or something vitally important. I'll alert the other journeymen – everybody is to keep *strict* notes on the sick 'lizards brought in and to pay close attention to any dragons who have had contact with them. The last thing we need is to let a plague slip in under our noses."

"Do you *really* think that's likely?" asked Corsan, his tone tinged with disbelief... and not a little concern.

"Given that we have dragons – two of them young queens – carrying the old Benden blood in the Weyr?" Giselle raised an eyebrow at the other master. "I don't want to take any chances... but I also don't want to cause a panic. Let's just keep our eyes open and see how – and if – this illness progresses."



From where Revanne had been seated, in the place of honor at the edge of the viewing stands (where she could still be ready to respond should something go wrong and Orylath summon her out onto the Sands, slim chance though there might be of that), even she could see that the viewing stands were only half-full.

That was unusual, she knew. Kadanzer had so many holders and crafters that most Hatchings fetched a good crowd of onlookers, and there had been some expectation of wide interest in Orylath's first clutch. The Ninth-Pass-hatched queen's virgin mating flight had lacked many of the spectacular features of Amiseth's the previous Turn, but this clutch too had the legendary blood of old Benden Weyr in it. There were some who wanted to believe that it was that old blood's resurgence that had resulted in Amiseth's clutch hatching two queens, and thus betting on the results of Orylath's clutching had gotten somewhat out of hand.

Now that the clutch was safely hatched, and there had been no such surprises in it – just a healthy number of bronzes, whom the other Weyr would no doubt be eyeing with great interest – Revanne thought to herself that any riders who'd lost significant wagers deserved what they'd got. She'd always believed that Amiseth's two queen-daughters had been the result not of Vhauth's astounding virility, but rather of Amiseth's bleeding from another queen before she flew – an experiment very unlikely ever to be repeated by anyone, so it was doubtful that they would ever know for sure.

Still – it was a good thing that Orylath was not one of those attention-seeking queens. Revanne had wondered whether maturity would have a negative effect on her oddly even-tempered gold; but, apart from the morning of the flight itself (on which irritability and aggression and an overflow of energy was, apparently, quite normal), no matter who the queen, Orylath was the same as she had ever been, unruffled by anything, not very broody over her eggs. She liked courtesy when people came to admire her eggs, but didn't demand attention for them. So at least she hadn't taken the light attendance at the Hatching as a snub.

Thank goodness for that, Revanne thought. She'd been irritated enough herself with the reappearance of the lazybugs over a sevenday ago – it would have been unbearable if Orylath had become fussy over them. But unlike her rider, the great golden queen hadn't cared about the bugs, or the firelizards who had swarmed in to feast on them; or, eventually, the tunnelsnakes that had swarmed in to take the firelizards' place once those were all sated. Revanne frankly drew the line at the latter, and wished she could have roused the queen to do a bit more stomping. Orylath's only reaction had been serene reassurance that the tiny 'snakes could not possibly harm her eggs.

The feast seemed to be going well enough, at least, when Revanne arrived, flicking lazybugs off the skirts of her gown. The Weyrwoman and Weyrharper Andrian were the first people she saw, standing at the edge of the gather square talking. Lybelle gestured for her to join them.

"A good Hatching, goldrider," said Lybelle warmly. "Smooth, quick, and uneventful – just the way I like them."

Revanne nodded. "How lucky for all those who stayed away, that they didn't miss anything!" she replied, with a thin smile. Bierly, from the kitchens, appeared at her elbow with a goblet of wine for her, and she took it with a nod of thanks; being the rider of the queen whose clutch had hatched did have its perks.

Lybelle laughed shortly, and then her face sobered. "Noticed that, did you? It would seem, from what I've seen and heard, that the Weyr's firelizards are not alone in their mystery ailment."

Revanne looked around then and noticed the absence of firelizard fairs from the rooftops. To be honest, she hadn't been paying much attention to their numbers, since she didn't have one herself.

"I'm afraid so," said Andrian. His blue was absent from his shoulder. "It seems that some are afraid to come to the Weyr – afraid of spreading the disease? Or picking it up? It's hard to tell. But of those who *have* come, I can already report that it weighs on their minds. I saw Lord Kairo of Dorado, and he mentioned particularly that he hoped to speak to the dragonhealers while he was here."

Revanne frowned. "Dorado, too? I thought the dragonhealers said that our problem here was due to the lazybug outbreak, and all of the over-eating, though I don't recall it happening before. Is the same thing happening in Dorado as well?"

"I don't know how widespread it might be," Andrian confessed.

"Hmm." The Weyrwoman's eyes narrowed, and she looked off into the middle distance. "In that case we need to find out. I'll have Ihyanith bespeak our watchriders, see what they have to report."

"Have our dragonhealers been able to treat those in the Weyr that have turned up sick?" Revanne asked the Weyrharper.

"Not really." He spread his hands. "There doesn't seem to be a great deal that can be done for them. It hasn't been for lack of trying – but then again, they have more pressing duties than ill firelizards. And usually they are such resilient little creatures..."

"It sounds," said Lybelle, "as if I had better have a short word with Giselle before I encounter any more of the Lords who *have* come today. Andrian – have you seen the Masterharper? I didn't see him before the Hatching started..."

Andrian shook his head. "No. I would have expected him to be here, but – well, Hatchings sometimes have awkward timing. Perhaps he had some other engagement today that he could not break when the word came." But the Weyrharper looked unhappy with that explanation.

"Or perhaps his firelizard is sick," Lybelle suggested, then frowned. "Time for me to find my Dragonhealer, I think. Go enjoy the feast, both of you – if you can. It sounds as if there may be some ruffled feathers to be soothed. Feel free to refer them to me."

"Gladly!" said Revanne, with feeling. "Thank you, Weyrwoman." When Lybelle had gone, she turned to the Weyrharper. "You look as if ruffled feathers might be the least of our problems."

Andrian gave her a painful smile. "I don't want to be alarmist –"

"Oh, go on," the goldrider told him. "There's no one else in earshot, at the moment."

"I know it may seem hard to believe, for you dragonriders who do not have firelizards of your own, but... the sense of attachment is real, and it is... distressing, when they are unhappy or sick. And they are not usually sick," Andrian explained. "So it is not something your average firelizard owner is used to. And what's worse, it's hard to overstate how much nonriders rely on their small friends to help them keep in contact with the wider world." He shrugged. "That isn't likely to become a problem for the Weyr, but elsewhere..."

"People are getting a taste of what a world without firelizards would be like," concluded Revanne.

Andrian looked at her with an expression of surprise. "That's right – they only became common in the middle of the Ninth Pass, didn't they?"

"That depends on what you mean by 'common'. My cothold didn't have one, at least, not before I left. But they were all over Southern Weyr, much like here." Another lazybug went *thwap* against Revanne's skirt, and she reached down to pluck it off and fling it away. "They were rediscovered before I was born. But you could still find people who'd talk about the old days – Harpers, especially. Talk to V'harn – he'd remember."

"Perhaps I will," said Andrian thoughtfully. He didn't look as if he was eager for the prospect. "Though, I certainly hope that it doesn't come to that. For all of the illnesses, I haven't heard that any firelizards have died, yet."

"Not yet," Revanne agreed. Though, she didn't know how long the reported illnesses had been going on. There might, she thought with a grim detachment she was glad she could afford, still be time for things to get worse.



"Dragonhealer!"

Giselle looked up as Lybelle swept through the Dragon Infirmary, looking utterly out of place in her long gather gown. "Weyrwoman," she acknowledged with a brief nod, wiping her hands on a cloth and indicating for the green she had been tending to lower her wing – the sick didn't suddenly get better for the duration of a Hatching Feast. "Is there a problem?"

"I was rather hoping that you could tell me." Lybelle glanced at the young woman now rubbing her green's muzzle, murmuring reassurances, and nodded towards Giselle's office. "I have a question for you."

"Now? I need to –"

"Now." Lybelle's expression brooked no argument. "This is a matter of some urgency."

Leading the way to the office, Giselle said, "Is there something wrong with the hatchlings, Weyrwoman? With Orylath? She was still developing when she came to Kadanzer, but there was no indication that her health was affected in the long-term and her pregnancy was –"

"Were you at the Hatching?" Lybelle asked, stepping into the room.

"No, I was busy here." Giselle frowned. "Corsan was on duty for this one."

The goldrider nodded. "Let's just say that the problem wasn't *on* the Sands. This was the single most under-attended Hatching I've seen in my time at Kadanzer, all the more so for the interest in Orylath's bloodline. People aren't coming because their firelizards are sick."

Giselle's frown deepened. "The lazybug outbreak does appear to have caused some issues amongst the Weyr's firelizard population," she said carefully.

"There *are* no lazybugs in Dorado," Lybelle told her, "yet Andrian tells me that Lord Kairo is very eager to speak with you."

"Dorado?" Giselle glanced up to where her bronze Benn sat in his favourite spot atop her bookcase. He yawned and stretched contentedly, sending a small flurry of dismembered lazybug wings fluttering down to the rug. "We have had a lot of firelizards brought to us recently," she told the Weyrwoman. "Mostly indigestion and simple over-eating, but there have been anomalous symptoms that could be a reaction to the change in diet or could indicate a virus of some variety. We've been adopting a wait-and-see approach, treating the symptoms as they arise."

"And have any recovered?"

"Not yet," Giselle admitted. "But none have died either."

Lybelle nodded thoughtfully. "The watchdragons tell Ihyanith that firelizards have fallen ill at almost every major Hold and Crafhall in our territory within the past few sevendays. Whatever it is, it's not peculiar to the Weyr." She looked up at Benn, then met Giselle's eyes. "What we *need* to know is, will it affect the dragons?"

"There has been no indication so far," the Dragonhealer told her, bristling slightly at the implication that the thought had not been uppermost in her mind as well. "We have been monitoring those dragons who have been in close proximity with the sickly firelizards and none has reported any ill-health. Did any of the watchdragons report feeling unwell?"

"None," Lybelle replied, "but my main concern is for the new hatchlings. They'll have no resistance and the feral population scavenges freely from the Weyrling Complex – even if we barred pets from the Barracks, contact would be inevitable. And given the history of the Benden bloodline in the face of disease –"

"They will be monitored," Giselle said, a little more sharply than she had intended. If the disease had spread beyond the Weyr – if, indeed, it had even *started* at the Weyr – then that gave even more weight to Corsan's assurances; they could no longer blame the lazybugs.

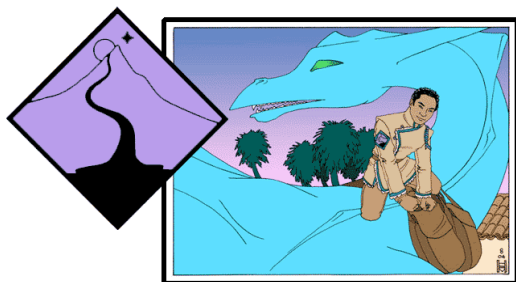
And firelizards were used as messengers across the Continent, were in close attendance at every gather, every Hatching. If the illness was contagious, as would seem to be the case given the speed of its reported spread, then any quarantine established now would be too little and *far* too late.... "My apologies, Weyrwoman," she added a moment later. "I have a great deal to think on here."

"Of course." Lybelle's smile didn't quite reach her eyes. She turned back towards the curtained entrance, clearly preparing to return to the social fray. "Keep me informed on developments here. I'll make sure to pass on any information I hear during the course of the day and I'll

ensure than Andrian does the same. In the meantime, what should I tell Lord Kairo?"

"Tell him that we know of the illness and are working towards a cure," Giselle told her, then sighed. "But don't offer any promises."

To be continued



Kadanzer Weyr

Alternate Tenth Pass *Dragonriders of Pern*® Fanclub

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