Why should you read "The Witcher"

Made by Volvach Maxim and Didenko Pavlo

OSTATNIE ZYCZENIE WLEDŻ DIN

ANDRZEJ

APKOWSKI

supernowa

ANDRZEJ SAPKOWSKI

CHRZEST OGNIA WIEDŻODIN

supernowa

SAPKOWSKI

MIECZ

PRZEZNACZENIA

WIEDŻODIN

ANDRZEJ

SAPKOWSKI

WIEZA JASKOŁKI

WIEDZMIN

SUDERNOWA

SAPKOWSKI

KREW ELFÓW WIEDZODIN

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ANDRZEJ SAPKOWSKI



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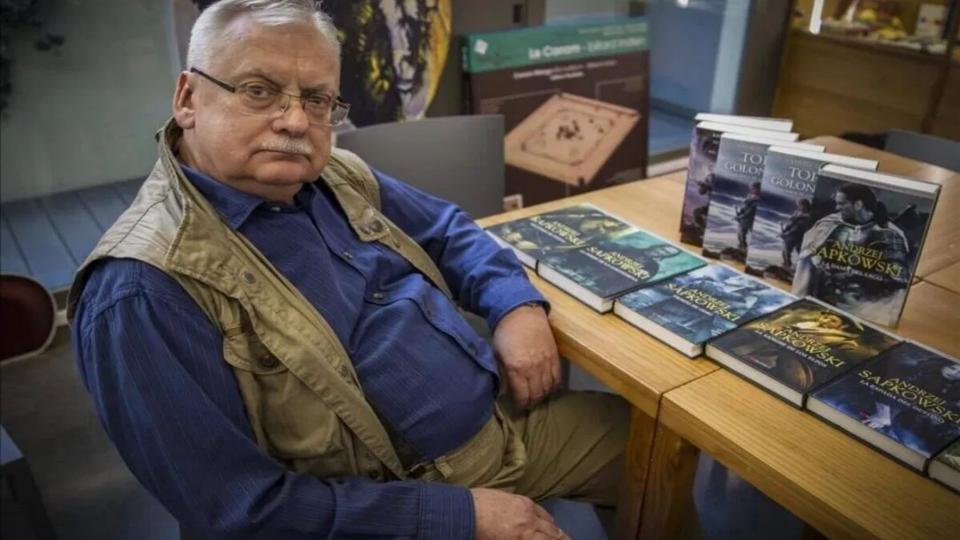
SAPKOWSKI

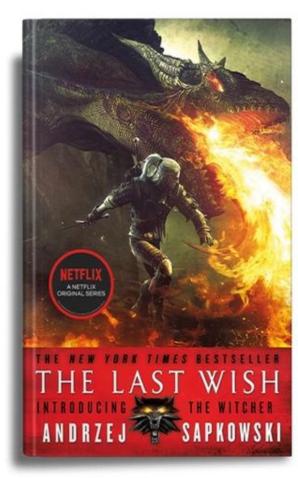


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SWORD OF DESTINY



LOWSKI

that even the trees bent down to listen to the two of them. Little Eye, smelling of verbena, lay down. at even the trees bent dotting of verbena, lay down beside him. Then Little Eye, smelling of verbena, lay down beside him. Then Little end fell peacefully asleep The thest him. that even the Then Little Eye, smeaning, wriggled her head onto his down beside him. Squeezed in under his arm, wriggled her head onto his chest, beside him. Squeezed in under his and fell peacefully asleep. The Witches of Witches of the Witches Then D. The under his and fell peacefully asleep. The Weside him, squeezed in under his and fell peacefully asleep. The Witcher field maybe once or twice and fell peacefully asleep. The Witcher field asleep, much, much later. aybe one leep, much, much later, leep, much, staring into the dying embers, sat much longer, fell Dandelion, staring his lute.

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quietly strumming his lute.

Dandel. Juietly strumming his function which an elegant, soothing melody It began with a few bars, from which an elegant, soothing melody It began with a few bars, from which an elegant, soothing melody It began with a few black the melody, and came into being melody emerged. The lyric suited the melody, and came into being simulta-It beg. emerged. The lyric suited blending into the music, being simultaneously with it, the words blending into the music, becoming simultaneously with it, the words blending blending into the music, becoming simultaneously with it, the words blending into the music, becoming simultaneously with it, the words blending into the music, becoming simultaneously with it, the words blending into the music, becoming simultaneously with it, the words blending into the music, becoming simultaneously with it, the words blending into the music, becoming set in the music becoming set in the words blending into the music, becoming set in the music becoming set in the musi neously with the music, but it like insects in translucent, golden lumps of amber.

like insects in transference witcher and a certain poet. About how The ballad told of a certain witcher and a certain poet. About how the witcher and the rest fill in love at first sight. About how the crying of seagulls, and how their love. About how nothing - not even beautiful seagulls, and now their love. About how nothing - not even deautiful and powerful was their love and part them. was able to destroy that love and part them.

as able to destroy that few would believe the story told by the Dandelion knew not concerned. He knew ballads were Dandelion knew as not concerned. He knew ballads were not written ballad, but he was not concerned. He knew ballads were not written to be believed, but to move their audience.

Several years later, Dandelion could have changed the contents of Several years the ballad and written about what had really occurred. He did not. For the true story would not have moved anyone. Who would have wanted to hear that the Witcher and Little Eye parted and never, ever, saw each other again? About how four years later Little Eye died of the smallpox during an epidemic raging in Vizima? About how he, Dandelion, had carried her out in his arms between corpses being cremated on funeral pyres and had buried her far from the city, in the forest, alone and peaceful, and, as she had asked, buried two things with her: her lute and her sky blue pearl. The pearl from which she was never parted.

No, Dandelion stuck with his first version. And he never sang it. Never. To no one.