



Why should you read “The Witcher”

*Made by Volvach
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Pavlo*

ANDRZEJ
SAPKOWSKI

OSTATNIE
ŻYCZENIE

WIEDŹMIN

supernOWA

ANDRZEJ
SAPKOWSKI

MIECZ
PRZEZNACZENIA

WIEDŹMIN

supernOWA

ANDRZEJ
SAPKOWSKI

KREW
ELFÓW

WIEDŹMIN

supernOWA

ANDRZEJ
SAPKOWSKI

CZAS
POGARDY

WIEDŹMIN

supernOWA

ANDRZEJ
SAPKOWSKI

CHRZEST
OGNIA

WIEDŹMIN

supernOWA

ANDRZEJ
SAPKOWSKI

WIEŻA
JASKÓŁKI

WIEDŹMIN

supernOWA

ANDRZEJ
SAPKOWSKI

PANI
JEZIORA

WIEDŹMIN

supernOWA

ANDRZEJ
SAPKOWSKI

SEZON
BURZ

WIEDŹMIN

supernOWA





that even the trees bent down to listen to the two of them.
Then Little Eye, smelling of verbena, lay down beside him, squeezed in under his arm, wriggled her head onto his chest, sighed maybe once or twice and fell peacefully asleep. The Witcher fell asleep, much, much later.

Dandelion, staring into the dying embers, sat much longer, alone, quietly strumming his lute.

It began with a few bars, from which an elegant, soothing melody emerged. The lyric suited the melody, and came into being melodiously with it, the words blending into the music, becoming simultaneously like insects in translucent, golden lumps of amber.

The ballad told of a certain witcher and a certain poet. About the witcher and the poet met on the seashore, among the crying of seagulls, and how they fell in love at first sight. About the crying of and powerful was their love. About how nothing – not even death – was able to destroy that love and part them.

Dandelion knew that few would believe the story told by the 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 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.