

**Lungbarrow?**  
**Can You Use It in**  
**a Sentence?**

By Hunter O'Connell



## Lungbarrow? Can You Use It in a Sentence?

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**La Kraw el Sol, orbiting about 200 miles above Heaven, Sheol**

It was with increasing frequency that Kwol would barge in on their designated partner Larles, during her so-called “Kwol-free” time in their ship’s library. This was why, today, Kwol made up their mind that they would knock before entering.

They forgot to do that, and would, for the hour after being made aware of it, profusely apologize to Larles, who didn’t actually care but pretended to in order that she could hold it as a dagger over Kwol’s head if she needed something.

Larles herself was reading an anthology edited by one Hunter O’Connell, who according to her intensive research did not exist anywhere in the Totality. How odd. “Hello Kwol,” she said, her nose still in the book. “Where did we end up getting this one?”

“Chris is in his room.” Kwol did not seem to register that Larles had asked a non-rhetorical question, which caused her to close her book with a sigh.

“Yes. He lives there. He tends to be in his place of residence. Our nomadic lifestyle of hopping from planet to planet is, I have been told, uncommon.”

“Yes, but he’s talking in his sleep-pod.”

“You talk in your sleep too. I imagine many people do.”

“Yeah, sure, but he’s talking like... he’s having a conversation with someone. I caught some of it. A mirror. A place called Lungbarrow. A canvas.”

“...Lungbarrow? Can you use it in a sentence?”

Kwol leaned their weight on a bookshelf, which Larles took to mean they were unenthused. “Look, I think he’s having a bad dream or something. And the last time he had a bad dream he had to have his memory cut out of his head by that Suala whatsername.”

“So you’re suggesting we watch him while he’s sleeping?”

“No, I’m suggesting we prepare to listen if he wants to get into the grimy details.”

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She considered for a beat, then prodded, “Why did you come here just to tell me to listen to Cwej? I listen to him more often and with more intensity than you.”

“Nuh-uh!”

“Oh, so this will be a very easy follow-up question. What did he say yesterday? He said it directly to you. I only overheard it, and I can remember exactly what it was.”

Kwol stammered through at least three dozen “um”s before landing on the expected answer. “I dunno.”

Larles exhaled something between a chuckle and a cough. “Right. Anyways, about this book, do you know who edited this?”

Kwol glanced at the cover. “Doesn’t ring a bell, no. But how important can they be? Not like they’re involved with you or me in any way, so why worry?”

Hunter O'Connell

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## **Cwej: Lungbarrow by Loomlight**

All is not well on the world of the Temporal Superiors. Chris Cwej is having someone else's nightmares. Reflections in grimy mirrors whisper dark secrets about a forgotten past. And Chris finds himself drawn into a plot of revenge, rooted in a murderous family conspiracy. At the root of it all, is a terrible place; the Ancient House of Lungbarrow lies waiting in ruins. Something immense is unfurling in those derelict towers. The dead House inextricably stirs from beyond the grave. Many centuries ago Chris Cwej and his forgotten mentor left that lonely House on the point of Domicide. Abandoned, disgraced, resentful; it has planned for this fateful reunion. To rewrite his fate, Chris must track down the hidden figure at the heart of it all, and traverse into Lungbarrow's storied past to kill an ancient other founder, lost in Loomlight.

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