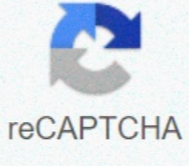




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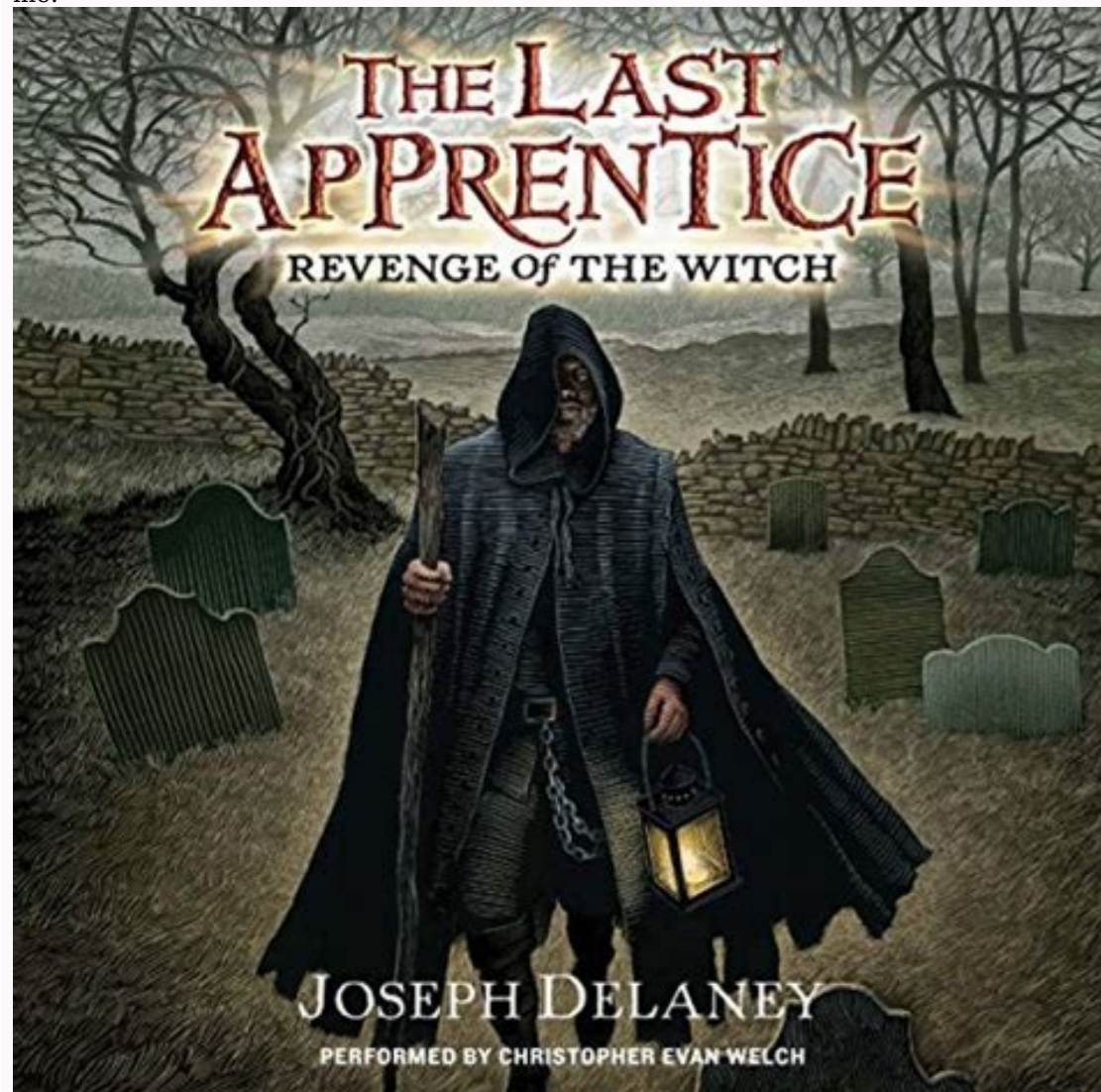


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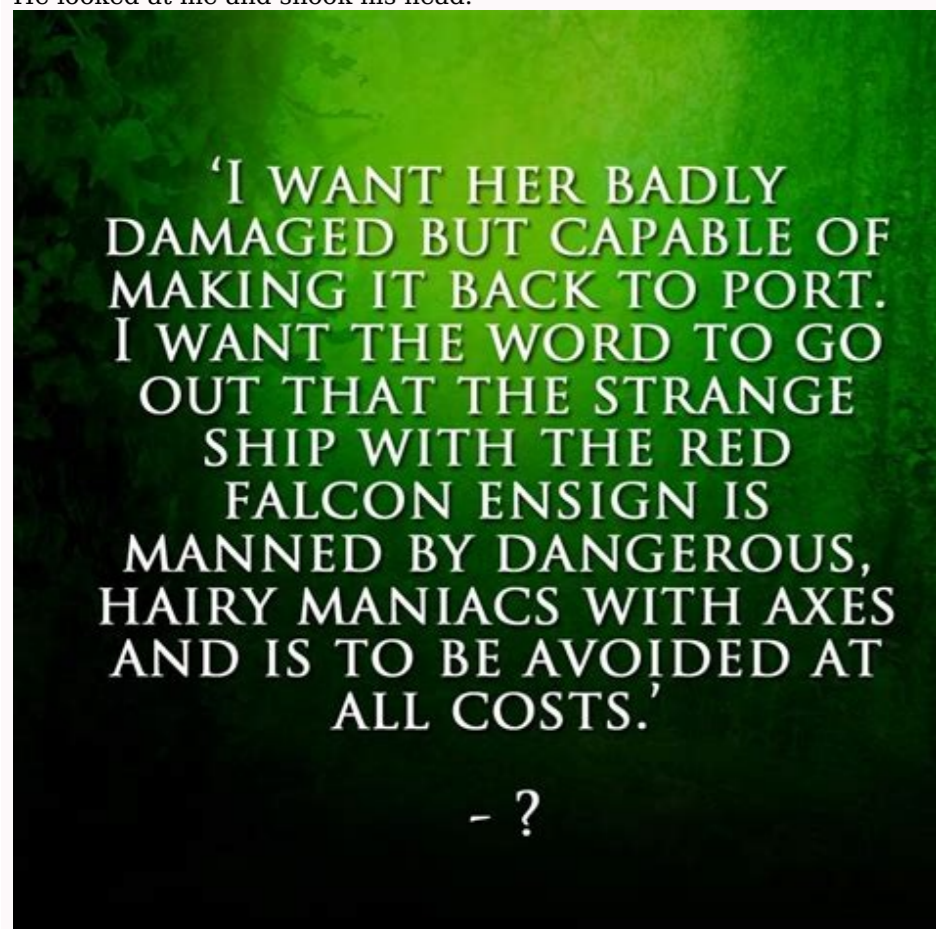
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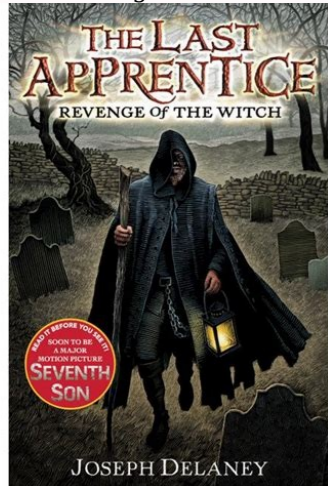
© 1996-2014 Amazon.com, Inc. or related articles © 1996-2014, amazon.com, Inc. Or connected organizations tyscheadibook.com 13.99 \$ 0.00 / instant delivery online links or post -delivery without delivery download: Joseph Delaney "Thomas Judd inconsistent audio book (Book 1) Bane Curse (Book 2) Soul Vol Night (Book 3 ) Attack on Champ La Chasseresse (Book 7) Tom Ward as the seventh son of his seventh son. As a ghost apprentices, the night will meet with Boggarts, witches, souls and other scary creatures. , When the seventh son was terrible, the light began to weaken. The day was long and difficult and I was ready for dinner R. Are you sure that he was the seventh son? He asked me.



He looked at me and shook his head.



My father pulled his head. And you were your seventh son? My father hosted his head again And impatiently began to kick in his legs and covered his pants with a drop of brown mud and feces. He rose from the top of the rain hat. He loved the month of the month. There were new leaves, but the spring air has come for a long time. My father was a farmer and his father was a farmer, and the rule of the first agriculture is to keep the farm together. You cannot only share among your children; In every generation, it shrinks and shrinks until there is nothing left. So his father leaves his farm to his eldest son. Then he finds a job for others. If possible, try to find all the stores. He needs a lot of kindness for this. A local blacksmith is an option, especially if the farm is large and if there is too much work on the blacksmith. Then it's a chance that the blacksmith offers training for education, but still just a son. I was his seventh and when I found it all kinds of use. My father was so desperate that he tried to scare me to get me as a student. Or at least then I thought. I should have guessed I was behind. He was very behind. It was the money that bought ours long before I was born © 1996-2014 Amazon.com, Inc.



or its affiliate. © 1996-2014 Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliate. Instant Delivery Free Download Author: Joseph Delaney Said: Thomas Judd The Complete Audiobook. (Book 2) Night of Thieves' Souls (Book 3) Attack on Fienda) Wrath of the Bloody Eye (Book 5) Battle of the Demons (Book 6) Rise of the Hunter (Book 7) Tom Ward is the seventh son of the seventh son. As the Phantom's apprentice, he will face boggarts, witches, ghosts, and other spooky creatures of the night. Other trainees preceded him. Some have failed. Some fled. Some are dead. Can he survive, especially if he's being targeted by the biggest cabbage in the world? Revenge of the witch leader and the seventh son, when the spirit arrived, the light began to fade. The day had been long and hard and I was ready for dinner. Are you sure he is the seventh son? He asked. He looked at me and shook his head doubtfully. Dad nodded. And you were also the seventh son? My dad nodded again and began to stumble impatiently, splattering drops of brown mud and feces onto my pants. He brushed the rain off his cap. It rained most of the month. New leaves appeared on the trees, but the spring weather lasted a long time. My dad was a farmer and his dad was a farmer too, and the first rule of farming is to keep the farm together. You can't just share it with your kids. With each generation it got smaller and smaller until there was nothing left. From then on, his father bequeathed his farm to his eldest son. Then he finds work for others. If possible, they try to find a job for everyone. It takes a lot of kindness. A local blacksmith is an option, especially if the farm is large and the blacksmiths have done a great job. Then it is likely that the blacksmith will offer an apprenticeship certificate, but it is still only a son. I was her seventh, and before I realized how much the kindness dried up. Dad was so desperate he tried to marry me as a student. At least that's what I thought. I need to know that my mother is behind all this. She was behind a lot of things. Long before I was born, it was their money that bought ours. How else can his seventh son give him? And the mothers were not in the region. He came from the land over the whole sea.

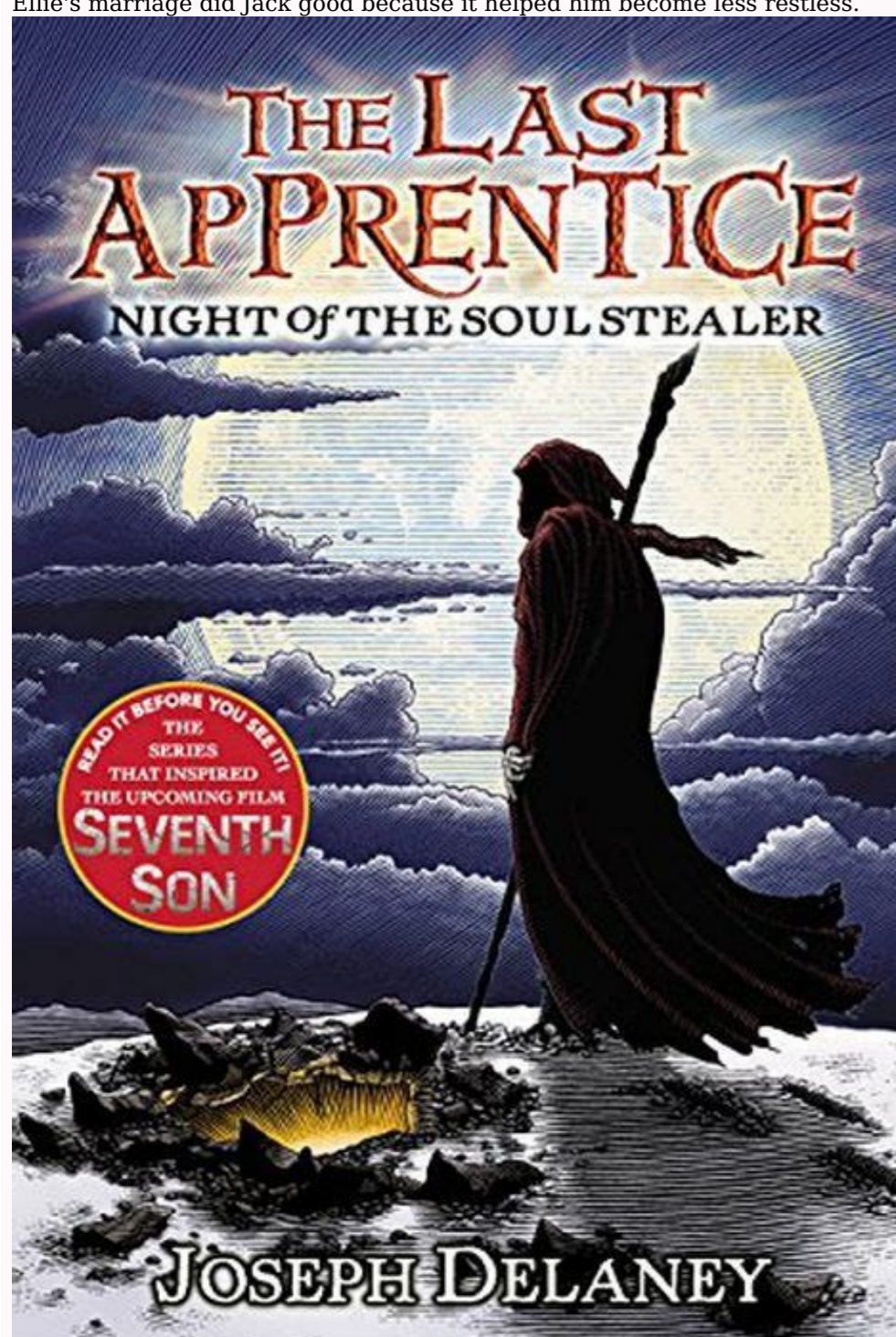
Most people couldn't tell, but sometimes, if you listen very carefully, there was little difference when he said certain words. But imagine that you are still being sold into slavery. I was getting bored of farming, and what they call the city was hardly more than a village from the back. It wasn't a place I wanted to spend the rest of my life. So for some reason I really liked the ghost idea. It was much more interesting than milking and spreading cow manure. But she was nervous because it was a terrible job. I was going to learn how to protect farms and villages from the nights. Ghosts, Boggart and all kinds of thugs would be the day.

The spirit did it, and I was his student. How many years? asked the ghost.

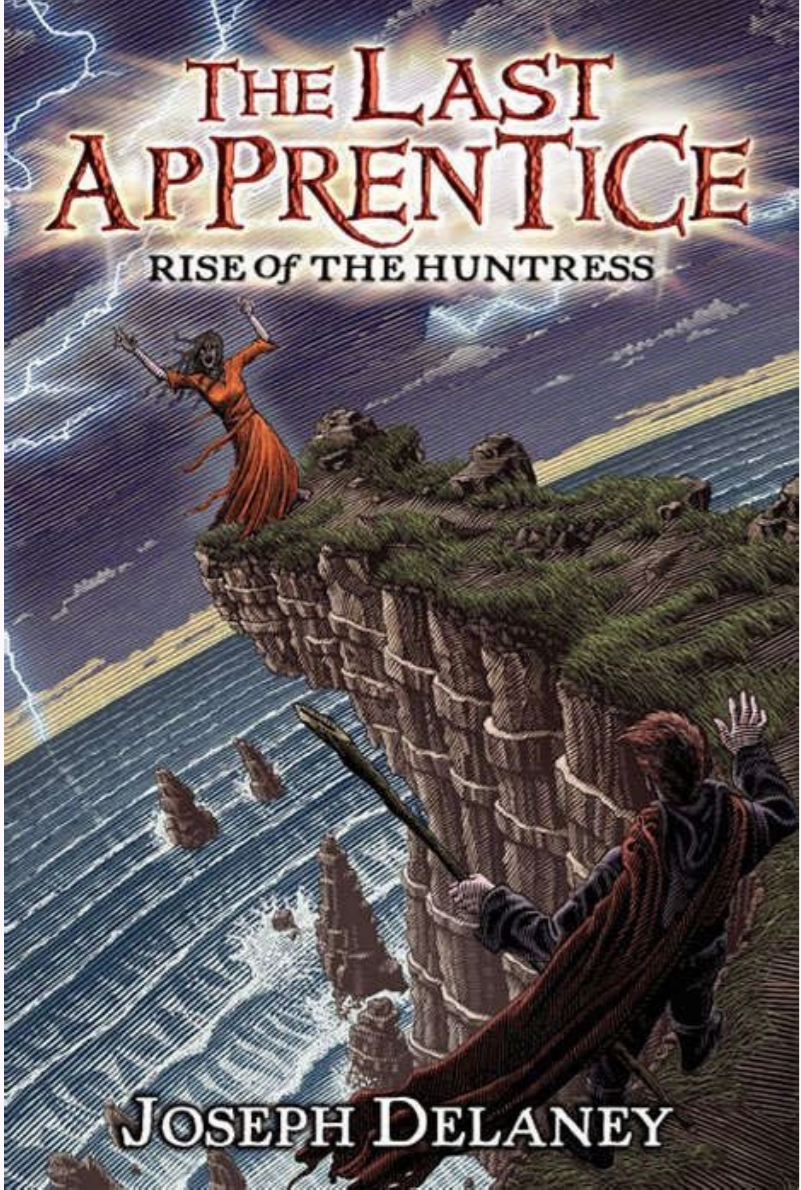
It will be thirteen in August. A bit small for your age. Can he read and write? Yes, Dad replied. He can do both and know Greek. His mother taught him and was able to speak just before walking. The ghost shook his head and looked at the dirt road in front of the country house door as if listening to something. Then he shrugged. He said it was a hard life for a man, that he never thought about having a child. Do you think he's ready? He'll be strong and big like me when he's fully grown, my father said as he straightened his back and pulled himself up to his full height. His head was just an egg with a ghostly jaw. Suddenly the spirit smiled. It was the last thing I expected. His face was huge and seemed to be made of stone. I thought he was a little angry so far. The tall black cloak and hood made him look like a priest, but when he looked directly at you, his grim expression made him more like a Manchaka on a tightrope. The hair floating in front of the hood matched the gray of his beard, but his eyebrows were black and very magnificent. There was also a lot of black hair through the nostrils, and the eyes were green, the same colors as mine. Then I noticed another about him. He wore mental staff. Of course, as soon as I arrived, but what I understood until it was in my left hand. Does this mean he was left like me? For this reason I got into endless trouble at the village school. They even called the local priest to look at me and he was still shaking his head and repeating that I had to fight before it was too late. I didn't know what he meant.

Neither of my brothers was left behind, nor was my father. But my mother was clumsy and she never bothered her too much, so when the teacher threatened to hit me and tied my pen to my right hand, she took me from school and left, she homeschooled me from that day. How long does it take? asked my father, interrupting my thoughts. Now we are dealing with the real thing. Two Guineas for a monthly trial period. If he agrees, I'll be back in the fall and you'll owe me another ten. If not, you can get it back and it will be just another guinea for my worries. Dad nodded again and the contract was made. We drove into the barn, and the guinea was paid to us, but they did not give themselves a hand. No one wanted to touch the ghost. My father was a brave man who stood six feet from one. "I have business nearby," said The Witcher, "but I'll be back for the boy at dawn." Make sure it's ready. I don't like waiting.

When he left, my dad patted me on the shoulder. Now, my son, you have a new life, he told me. Go get out. You have finished breeding. When I walked into the kitchen, my brother Jack had his wife Ellie in her arms and she was smiling at him. I really like Elijah. She is warm and friendly and you get the feeling that she really cares. My mother says Ellie's marriage did Jack good because it helped him become less restless.



Jack is the oldest and tallest of us all and, as Dad sometimes jokes, the prettiest of the ugly. He's big and strong, it's true, but despite his blue eyes and healthy, red cheeks, his thick black eyebrows come down almost in the middle, so that never works for me.



I never claimed that he managed to attract a beautiful, beautiful woman. Ellie has the best straw hair three days after a good harvest and skin that actually glows in the candlelight. "I'm leaving tomorrow morning," I burned. The horn player comes to me with the first rays of the sun. Ellie's face brightened. Does that mean he agreed to take you? I bowed. He gave me a month trial. Good job, Tomek.

I am very happy for you, she said. AndBelieve it! Jack mocked. You, Spooky's apprentice! How do you do such a job when you still can't sleep without a candle? I laughed at the joke, but he was right. Sometimes I saw something in the dark, and the best way to keep them away and sleep was a candle. Jack came to me and roared and grabbed my head and began to drag me around the kitchen table. The joke was his idea. I resisted his humor enough and left a few seconds later and caressed my back. "Well done Tom, dedi he said. You're lucky to have this job. However, there is only one problem.

. . . What's this? I asked. You need every penny you earn. I know why I shrugged. Because the only friend you have is what you buy! I tried to smile, but there were many truths in Jack's words. Spook worked alone and lived. Oh Jack! Don't be cruel! Ellie cursed. "It was just a joke," Jack replied, as if he didn't understand why Ellie was so fussed. But Ellie was looking at me more than Jack, and I suddenly saw her face hung. O Tom! said. This means that you will not be here when the baby is born. . . . He seemed really disappointed, and I was sorry that I wouldn't come home to see my new grandson. My mother said Ellie's baby would be her baby, and she never thought about things. I will go back to you as soon as possible, I promise. Ellie tried to smile and Jack went out and wrapped her arm. He said, "You always have a family. We will always be here when you need us. An hour later, I sat down to dinner very well that I was going in the morning.

Every night, my father used to tell Grace how it was, and we all mumbled as amine except my mother. He looked at his dinner as usual and waited politely until he finished his job.

I felt better, the fire in the fireplace was still burning and filling the kitchen with warmth. In the middle of our big wooden table, there was a polished rice candlestick until I saw a face. The candle was out of the wax and was expensive, but my mother did not allow her to enter the kitchen because of her smell. My father would give most of the decisions on the farm, but he always did what he knew on some issues. While we were busy with our big casserole plates, I realized how old my father looked.He was tired, and sometimes his face was shaky, a pinch of sadness. But he brightened up a bit when Jack and Jack started arguing about the price of the pork and whether it was the right time to send in the butcher. "Better wait another month," Dad said.

The price will definitely go up. Jack nodded and started arguing. It's a friendly discussion that families often have, and I can tell my dad had a good time. I still didn't participate. It's over for me. As my father told me, I graduated from farming.

Mams and Ellie graciously surrendered. I tried to hear what he was saying, but Jack was already in full bloom and his voice was getting louder. As my mother looks at her, I realize she's had enough of the noise. Continuing his mom's appearance and arguing loudly, Iblivoso, Jack improved the basement and pulled her out of the accident by throwing a small bag of salt on the table. Then she took a pinch and threw it over her left shoulder. It's an old county superstition. You should have avoided the bad luck that happened to you by throwing it away. But Jack, you don't need salt for that, she blamed her mother.

Rovinna is a good hot pot and insulting the chef! I'm sorry mom, Jack apologized. You're right. Perfect as it is. She smiled at him, then nodded. But nobody thinks about Tom. There's no way to cure him for the last night at home. It's okay, mom, I told him. I'm just happy to sit here and listen. Mom shook her head. I have to tell you something. After the meal, we stay in the kitchen and talk. After Jack, Ellie, and Dad had gone to bed, I sat in a chair by the fireplace and waited patiently to see what Mom had to say. Mom wasn't exactly a mess; He didn't say much at first, except to explain what had made me do it: a pair of spare pants, three shirts, and two pairs of good socks, each cursed only once. I looked at the burning embers, touched the tiles under her feet, and my mother picked up the rocking chair and adjusted it to face me. Her black hair is sprinkled with gray curls, but otherwise she looked more or less like a child, almost down to her knees. Her eyes were still bright, but with her pale skin,Health. He said we've been talking last for a long time. This is a big step to leave the house and start resting. If there is something you have to say, what you want to ask. now time.

I could not find a single question. I couldn't even think. As everything said, tears came to his eyes. The silence took a long time. He felt his feet on the flags. After all, my mother sighed a little. What happened? Asked. Does the cat bite your tongue? I shook my shoulders. Stop pushing, Tom and focus on what I said, my mother warned. First of all, don't you see tomorrow and start a new job? I'm not sure, Mom, I said, remembering Jacek's joke about the need to buy friends. Nobody wants to approach my spectrum. He won't be my friend. I will always be alone. It won't be as bad as my mother says. You will talk to your master. This will be your teacher and will definitely be your friend.

And you will always be busy. He's determined to learn new things. You won't have time for loneliness. Don't you think everything is new and interesting? Interesting, but this scares me. I want to do this, but I don't know I can. A part of me wants to travel and visit different places, but it will be difficult to live here. I will miss all of you.

I will miss staying at home. Im You can't stay here, dedi my mother said. Your father is very old to work and the next winter farm is going to Jack. Ellie will soon give birth to her son, of course, the first of many; After all, you won't have a field. No, it's better to get used to it until it happens. You can't come home. His voice looked cold and a little acute, and I talked to me like this, making me feel pain in my deep chest and throat, so I barely breathe. I wanted to sleep at that moment, but he had a lot to say. I rarely heard a lot of words. You have to do the task and you will do it, then it's hard. "And not just to do; you will do well. I married your father because he was his seventh son. And I gave him six children.

The new teacher is still strong, but he will end the best and time. He went to the council line while fulfilling his functions for about sixty years.What must be done. Your turn will come soon. And if you don't, who will? Who will take care of ordinary people? What will protect them from harm? Will their farms, villages and towns be safe so that women and children can walk the streets and roads without fear? I didn't know what to say and couldn't look him in the eye. I just fought to hold back the tears.

I love everyone in this house," he said. Until now, you are a child who has a lot to do, but you are the seventh child of the seventh child. He has the gift and the power to do what you have to do. I know you will make me I'm proud of you. Now when I wake up, mom, I'm happy that we have everything. Now sleep with you. Tomorrow will be a wonderful day and you want me to hug you and smile warmly. I tried very hard to be funny and smile, but sitting in bedroom on the edge of the bed, I just looked and thought how my mum is. Tell me.

My mum next door is respected. She knows more about herbs and medicines than the local doctor, and when there are problems with the baby, the midwife always sends him. My mom is an expert