

AYLCEE TARHA

FEUDALISM

ROMAN FANTASY



Éditions Aylcée-Tarha@Aylcée-Tarha Éditions

Book Summary

For Adults.

Medieval adventures, rebellious characters, extraordinary landscapes, a plot full of twists and turns where hatred and love, jealousy and kindness adorn every page, making it as lively as it is vibrant! A family adrift, honor to save, lies to root out, loneliness and crime to boot: that's what wild love is all about!

The Author

I, Aylcée Tarha, have decided to speak directly to adults, parents of young children and teenagers. A storyteller before being a novelist, my imagination is put to the service of liberated writing.

NB:

Defending freedom of expression, I leave it to these parents and readers to decide the content of my works by encouraging them to read them first. You are responsible for their intellectual structure.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Dualities, a romantic novel
- Clara, a Witch's Love, a fantasy tale
- Clara and the Stone Circle, a fantasy tale
- The Watchtower, a fantasy novel
- The Elemental Peoples, a collection of tales
- Lost Stories, a text collection
- Epidamus, a fantasy novel

DEDICATION

'Just out of a desire to tell stories where everyone has the right to a wild imagination, without morals but with a touch of fanciful storytelling under a historical thread where love has its place!

This text can be downloaded FREE of charge directly from my website by adults, parents, family members, friends, etc., who remain solely responsible for opening the minds of their children (specifically, those between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, in their teens).

I am an independent author and editor.

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Prologue

Once upon a time, a feudal castle belonged to a family of valiant knights from the year 1000, somewhere in a wooded region of Avelpriz. Located within a solitary region, atop a rocky peak, above a very old medieval village, dating from a time so remote that even the village's "memories" no longer knew its true origins: the Slavic soul reigned supreme there!

This state represented the profusion of ancient trees with allegorical mysteries whose darkness foresaw all punishment.

The Magna Hungaria of the Ancestors was lost in the Siberian night of centuries past. From the steppes of the Urals to those of the Carpathians, these proud nomadic herders and skilled light horsemen converged on territories stretching from present-day Poland, Hungary, Romania, to Slovakia. They eventually settled down, dividing these virgin lands among all the Magyars by the 4th century.

'Brother, your tribe is dwindling: let's marry your eldest daughter and mine, we'll be better protected together!'

According to more or less common legends, these latter were known as the Ancients, the Avars, the Ossetians, the Alans, and then the Huns, from whom Attila was said to have descended through a branch of the kings of Hungary. In those distant centuries, nomadic peoples migrated among themselves, through battlefields, marriages, or strategic trade treaties. It was the law of the strongest and the most cunning!

'Gentlemen, you are gathered here to plan a battle aimed at enriching us, expanding our reach, and expanding our influence.'

In these isolated places, this warrior clan had the privilege of taking charge of the withdrawn people of Orgüyll, a semi-terrestrial territory where the hierarchical role of power reigned supreme. It was responsible for leading several vassals of the lesser nobility. The inhabitants lived mainly from hunting and fishing, trade, commerce, agriculture,

livestock breeding, extraction of minerals, rich in iron and tin: weapons, utensils and textiles.

-Tomas, how are you feeling after your street fight yesterday?

-Really in a funk, my dear Zorka. All that for that.

-Who are you trying to convince, you or me? You're doomed!

-You're clever for a girl from the people. What do you say about me?

-Well, you're exuberant, impulsive, reactive, and fierce!

-Not so bad, is it? I would have preferred romantic and proud.

-You can't have it all at once, but that's a start.

The women were outstanding embroiderers, mixing wool, beads, and embroidered threads, creating unique, varied and colorful geometric patterns. The fabrics were sturdy, woven on site, and the boiled-tanned hides held a secret to their robustness and reliability. During jousting matches, breastplates or leather armor were reinforced to avoid the brunt of the impact of the lances!

'For tomorrow's tournament, don't forget to coat this breastplate with animal fat; I'll put it under the chainmail.'

The place was far from all major trade routes, removed from the rest of the civilized world. Surrounded by almost impenetrable forests, crisscrossed by rather bumpy roads where only horses or bumpy carts trotted, these picturesque inhabitants managed to rise up, smiling, their majestic site, their city clinging to this mass nicknamed 'the rock of the mad devil'.

Troubadours roamed the countryside, dropping a certain long poem drop by drop, terrifying every sensitive soul.

There was something unshakeable and fragile in the same impulse. An ancestral identity was battered by wind and rain, buried beneath drifts of snow, sometimes ice, sometimes hidden beneath dense fog or seasonal mist. Nature, wild and unruly, covered everything: stones, vegetation, uneven

terrain, even hiding ditches and water sources from visitors' eyes.

A man emerged from a grove carrying a deer on his shoulders.

This fortress stood alone, at the edge of the dark forests, lost in verdant vegetation, proudly raising its tall towers to the sky. They rose straight and crenellated to attack the clouds: drizzle or mist often enveloped them in hazy vapors. At dawn and dusk, at the center of atmospheric turbulence, it gave him a breathtaking appearance of invulnerability.

-Do you see those soldiers up there, Làszlù, on the north tower?

-Yes, of course, Grandpa, I can see them, spying on the birds?

-No, come on, they're standing guard and scanning the other towers of the neighboring castles, in case there's a signal.

-Oh, to warn of danger coming from armed groups?

-Yes, little one, you must know how to recognize certain signs; it's important for everyone's protection, both within and outside the walls.

This bastion had thick, very solid walls with fine serrations that allowed pitch or boiling oil to be thrown at potential attackers. A solid oak drawbridge, studded with iron, operated by a system of incredibly sophisticated pulleys and gears, was itself connected to an enormous central wheel driven by two pairs of oxen, oiled and checked daily.

'Come on, lads, harness them up, take a look at the machinery, and drink from the barrel!' ordered the master carpenter.

This masterpiece of martial architecture had a wide, very deep moat filled with water. Its four round towers with pennants and its keep, where the lord's standard flew, also had multiple arrow slits; a famous machicolation provided an impregnable defense. Its patrol path was occupied by its regular garrison, stationed on day and night shifts, permanently positioned.

'It's payday, don't go spending it all on the local loose women, dice, or gambling, eh?' their leader would say.

This steep peak overlooked the rolling countryside, where the fertile land brought brilliant profits to the peasants who tended it admirably: nature always gave back what was lovingly given to it, from sowing to harvest. The.....