

AYLCEE TARHA

FREEDOMS

*ROMAN FANTASY
HEROIC*



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Book Summary

For Adults.

Adventures from the 10th and 11th centuries, colorful characters, picturesque landscapes, a tale of love stories full of twists and turns, where joy and sorrow, desire and beauty, enrich the sequel to Feudalism, giving it a second lease on life! A united family, honor held high, vibrant generations, whose loneliness and attacks shape heroes and heroines: love is a bonus!

The Author

As a storyteller and novelist, I embrace my writings, where I try to add a romantic and sensual touch, as is the case in this work. I show the human soul in each of its excesses, in each of its pleasures and desires, positive or negative.

"Any resemblance to facts and characters existing or having existed would be purely fortuitous and could only be the result of pure coincidence."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Children: (under parental supervision)

- Clara, a Witch's Love, fantasy tale
- Clara and the Stone Circle, fantasy tale
- Advent Farandole, calendar
- The Feudal Trio, The LMJ1, fantasy tale
- The Undesirables, collection of Short Stories
- The Elemental Peoples, collection of Tales

Teenagers: (under parental supervision)

- Dualities, romance novel
- The Elemental Peoples, collection of Tales
- Lost Stories, text collection

Adults:

- Dualities, romance novel
- Epidamos, fantasy novel
- Feudalities, heroic fantasy novel
- Lost Stories, text collection

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(illustrations from CANVA Pro)

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SUMMARY

Prologue
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Epilogue

DEDICATION

'With a historical thread where love has its place, this second volume, a sequel to Feudalism, continues its adventurous journey to take the reader beyond their own imagination!'

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Prologue

Adventure awaited them at every step of their horse!

'Our future demands that we leave the King's borders!'

The real expedition had begun over hill and dale, gradually leaving civilization behind: castles and cities, King and kingdom, towns and villages, Church and religions, sedentary lifestyles and nomadism, plains and forests, unknown lands to be discovered. The leaders of this convoy were brothers, fleeing the King's request, leaving behind everything that had made up their former lives, hoping for a present of freedom, shaping an uncertain future.

'Our destiny is marked elsewhere, our faith carries us!'

Noble Knights, they preferred their freely chosen wives to a truncated future, riddled with fanatical prohibitions.

'Our descendants will be proud of this decision, made out of a strong need to save our wives, children, and friends.'

They had thus put the bit between their teeth and taken on their own responsibilities as men in charge of their families. A convoy was imagined and carried out with each volunteer clan: peasants, artisans subject to heavy taxes, merchants, clergy, scribes, apothecaries, the Ganetzi tribe, warriors, nomads of all stripes, itinerants from all horizons, opportunists. In short, adventure became their daily life, their creative impulse.

'What gives me optimism, Brother, is seeing the effort made, moving forward together, united despite the hazards of the roads.'

They had left the first settler hamlet a full day earlier, symbolizing a strategic border point.

'At least now we've freed ourselves, we can breathe, fulfilling our earthly lives.'

Coming down from the surrounding hills, the expeditionary

force, having reconnoitered the terrain, finalized a sufficiently hard route without getting bogged down between the two alluvial branches. Having just forded them, the convoy felt proud of itself and its leaders. By simple deduction, flair, and intuition, everyone serenely found a more agricultural land stretching out before them, which they followed until evening.

'What a restful silence after our varied pressures...'

Not a soul! Nowhere to really stop except for a quick meal, and no high point either!

'At the next stop, we'll camp for the night.'

The next day, at dawn, they crossed stony and sandy terrain and followed a corridor between hills and valleys, climbing tirelessly. The temperatures there were cold, even in summer! However, they had an extraordinary panorama beneath their feet. Further down, their gaze was astonished by an enormous circle offering a deep breach, a sort of arid, dry, and poor open-air canyon.

'It's magnificent, but there are few options other than entering this barren corridor. Let's follow it; it's on our path.'

There was little vegetation, only a few clumps of brambles, sterile and prickly, growing in random patches.

'Let's go to its end, plunge into the gorge; we should come across a plain, if the map is reliable.'

On the morning of the third day, they entered this rocky gorge and found a steep, enclosed path, with occasional obstacles: piled up boulders to clear, a torrent to cross, leading them directly to a three-tiered platform plunging down to a remarkable site in the steppes opposite them. It was nothing but waterholes with small streams and clumps of shrubs as far as the eye could see.

'We're making progress with a breeze, pouring other groups of willing settlers onto its slopes in a short time.'

To their left, a dense forest of stunted trees cascaded down

the slope, along with a waterfall running along its length.

'Andràs, I have a feeling some of us will choose this spot to settle; we're three full days away.'