

Foreword and Chapter 1: Thoughts of Nobility

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Foreword

I'm glad you've decided to read the stories of the house D'Avis. I hope you'll find it as enjoyable to read as I write. As you may have gathered, the story is set in the south-west of Estalia, San Pedro del Sur, to be exact, just south of Belmoz, where the Reconquista RPG (found in the Guildhall of Wayfarers section of this forum) is set. Also, by the time of the Reconquista RPG, the family D'Avis will have disappeared from the Fazenda. I believe a few things have to be said of the story before you start reading. The most important thing is that I've decided to keep very close to history rather than GW canon. I've done this with a reason: I found that if I included creatures like Skaven or Dwarfs as important characters, the philosophical and emotional value of the story might be lost, due to it no longer being an anthropocentric novel.

Which leads to the second note. I wrote this story as a novel, and thus it should be read as a novel. I'm aware of the fact that it is difficult to read a novel from screen, and therefore I've requested the category "A Família D'Avis" (which is Portuguese for "The Family of Avis"), which allowed me to post it in chapters. Hence I advise reading it in chapters and not all in one go. It will hurt your eyes. I took my inspiration from various novels, stories and historical articles, but most notably from D.H. Lawrence's 1926 novel "The Plumed Serpent", which is a great read. I advise you pick it up sometime if you get the chance. I find that it portrays the (controversial) thoughts of the main characters very well, and the plot is also very interesting. However, the inspiration didn't stop at the themes and setting. You'll find that the style is also very much influenced by the book. Hence why this story is in third-person and not in first-person like a lot of my other work. I've considered using first-person, but in the end decided against it for the simple reason that the story is about a family and not a single person (and third-person obviously allows for easier switching between point of views). That was all I had to say really. I'd like to thank the Round Table for allowing me to publish it here, and especially Uther for helping me out when I needed help, both in terms of the Round Table and Iberian history and culture, which obviously plays a vital part in the story.

Arthur (TheAdmiral).

Chapter 1: Thoughts on Nobility

A small cockroach landed on the balustrade. Duarte looked at it for a moment. Quite an interesting creature, the cockroach. Not just because it was almost completely invulnerable either. They lived to survive. Survive and mate, that really was all there is to the life of a cockroach. It was capable of little else beside that. That, that was the difference between man and cockroach. Perhaps between man and animal in general. Men were capable of other things, besides mating and surviving. We had art, beauty, skill and love, but was this true for every man? He doubted it. Surely the peasants, out on the fields, not the vaguely intelligent ones, but the regular ones, surely they could not do much besides mating and surviving? When had anyone ever seen a peasant, one from the fields, create, or even just admire a work of art, a book, a sculpture, a painting? Anything, any sign of sophistication. He had not seen it. How much was peasant's life truly worth then? More than that of a horse, for example? At least a horse could pull a cart. On the other hand, a peasant could control the horse. It was a difficult matter, it needed some time, some thought.

More time and thought than he had at the moment. Joãoquin was waiting for him at the stables. Apparently, João had

bought a new stallion from the market of Belmoz. Arabyan pure, he had said. Not that Duarte cared much about horses, it was more JoÃ£o's thing, but a new stallion was always worth a look. He'd take it for a ride into the hills, most likely. He could use a break from writing. He walked inside. His desk was covered in empty parchment and half-written scrolls. He wasn't much of a writer, he couldn't really keep his head at the task. His thoughts were far more valuable, but they were too quick and too complex to really write down. Nonetheless, he tried. As he walked down the stairs to the courtyard, he thought about the recent affairs. Opiedoso had returned, although JoÃ£o hadn't realized. He hadn't recognized him, but had appeared to Duarte that Opiedoso didn't want to be recognized either. It was a strange matter. Crossing the grassy field between the Fazenda and the stables, he could see JoÃ¡quin holding the reins of the new stallion. Quite a handsome young man he was. There was a sort of primitive beauty in his stature. The nobleman's physique, but with the radiating dark heart of the peasant. There was no escape to his true nature, but one of noble birth could easily recognize the lack of true virtue in JoÃ¡quin, even if his presence was so proud and, yes, perhaps even noble. He could have been his son, he could have been.

“Is he ready?” Duarte asked. JoÃ¡quin bowed, humble avoiding his eyes as he ought to.

“Yes sir, is there anything I can do sir?” He said.

“Yes, yes in fact there is. Some merchant, Robert was his name I think, has his ship docked in the eastern part of the harbor, has requested a cart-load of grapes. Not wine, grapes. I'd like you to bring them to the harbor tomorrow.”

“Yes, of course sir.” He said and he bowed and left.

Duarte watched him leave for a moment. He was a good peasant, disciplined too, for a peasant. Ezquirre was getting old, he was going to need a new squire sometime. JoÃ¡quin was an option. True, he was not of noble birth, but he was of noble stature, perhaps more so than Ezquirre. Ezquirre of TiÃ£go, fourth son of Hernandez of TiÃ£go, if he recalled correctly. Worthless as a squire, but as long as it was peace, there was little harm in having a useless squire. Servants could do the real work. Yes, yes maybe he should make JoÃ¡quin his new squire. He would tell him tomorrow. Now, it was time to take this new stallion into the hills. He was old, but he was still a knight of Myrmidia.

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