

Excerpt from Autumn Road to Yessar

By Tannara Young

Amian slept poorly, waking at every small noise and even at the silence. Living in a house full of children, with her nearest neighbor a thin wall away, she had forgotten such silence. In the caravan camps music and laughter lasted until the early risers were banging their posts and cursing their horses. Alone, in the high hills, with Mona dozing under an acacia tree, the silence below was as immense as the night sky above.

Tossing and turning in the chill before dawn, Amian decided she would turn back. She would go down to the high road and finish the journey to Zamora. She would visit old friends, and see the Palace Glasshouse Gardens again, and then show up on Pama's doorstep and make peace with her and Gother.

She rose, wrapped herself in her fleecy coat, and crawled out of the tent. Sunlight poured over the eastern rim of the world turning the distant river to pearl and pink. It shone gold on the fading mist and glittered on the distant roofs of Fertha. The lowland spread out before her like embroidery upon a festival shawl – green-gray olive groves, emerald vineyards and orchards, golden barley and wheat fields, white twisting roads. Mona came to the end of her tether rope and nudged Amian's elbow.

“Look at that,” Amian told her. “I can't go back to live in the narrow lanes of the city yet. Just imagine – if I can see this from here, what will I be able to see at Yessar at the top of the world?”

Read the rest of Amian's Story in *The Great Tome of Fantastic and Wondrous Places*

