

# Sadyra



**T**here was something mysterious about the cabin on the hill—something sinister, if Sadyra cared to dwell on it. She didn't. She had suffered too many sleepless nights worrying about the rumours whispered in her presence whenever she visited the village of Fishmonger Bay sprawled at the bottom of the hill. The backwater village rife with rumours concerning the shack she called home.

Standing at the end of a path that led away from her family's dilapidated hut, she examined the coastline spread out far below; jagged reefs relentlessly pummeled by ocean swells. Her gaze followed the main trail down a steep slope in the opposite direction of Fishmonger Bay to where it

connected with the shoreline and continued northward beneath a promontory of black rock projecting over the ocean at a dizzying height. The Summoning Stone.

She shivered. There was something ominous about that large, flat rock. Perhaps its name. Why would anyone summon anything out there? If there was a place in Zephyr farther away from meaningful civilization, she didn't know of one.

And yet, every three years during the spring equinox, people migrated to the Summoning Stone to take part in a bizarre celebration known as the Mating Festival.

Mesmerized by the relentless waves crashing against the reef, Sadyra shivered. It was high summer, two years after the last gathering, and already she had witnessed the heightened activity surrounding next year's festivities.

She cringed. The hedonistic rituals performed during the weeklong Mating Festival had always repulsed her. Ever since she could remember, her parents had dragged her and her younger sisters to watch the barbaric rituals unfold—all in some bizarre act to appease the dragon gods. Every festival except the last.

The Mating Festival was a time of coming together for the hardy people eking out a meagre living on the rugged shores of the Niad Ocean. Fishermen mostly. The dangerous shoals abutting the coastline around Fishmonger Bay provided those tough enough to live here an abundant supply of fish with which to trade in larger cities like Thunderhead and Storms End, many leagues to the south.

For most of its residents, Fishmonger Bay provided a haven from society—harbouring those seeking refuge from people who might take exception to their past deeds should they ever run into them again.

To Sadyra, the backwater village was a dead-end place to live. Unless, of course, one was content to work themselves from sunup to sundown, breaking their back in hopes of reaping the puny rewards their catch might net them from

the skinflint buyers in the big city. Not to mention the ever-present danger of plying one's trade along the razor-sharp reefs lining the northwestern coast of Zephyr. A danger Sadyra was all too familiar with.

Many were the evenings Sadyra's father would stumble into their hut, stone drunk and babbling about the latest victim of the surf. Those days were mostly behind him now. It was Sadyra's turn to brave the unpredictable ocean currents and provide for the household—allowing him and her mother more time to maintain their constant state of semi-consciousness.

Brought up to be a hard worker, Sadyra had done as she had been instructed for as long as she could remember; mending nets, gutting fish, and hauling backbreaking buckets laden with the day's catch from her father's leaky dory to the warehouse fronting the rickety pier. She had learned the value of a hard day's effort, and the daily routine had conditioned her to maintain the rigours of working on the ocean.

Being the eldest child, Sadyra knew nothing else. Up before dawn, expected to prepare breakfast—one her parents would inevitably complain about—and then off to the village to assist her father. Day in and day out, she lugged the family's scant fishing gear down the steep trail into Fishmonger Bay, to where their poor excuse of a boat lay on the gravelly beach.

Every now and then, as they worked the ocean swells, the miserable man would look at her and grumble something about a reckoning. She had no idea what that meant but judging by his scowl, whatever it was, it had to be her fault.

A hand clamped on her shoulder. "Nice view."

Sadyra jumped and reached for the filleting knife tucked in its worn sheath at her waist but the hand stayed her arm.

She swallowed, knowing the voice all too well. Bano Shell. The young man her parents had betrothed her to in the

spring. The man with whom she would be expected to take part in next year's Mating Festival.

Sadyra cursed the day she had, in her mother's words, blossomed. At seventeen, her womanly physique had filled out quicker than other girls her age, making her popular with the boys. An attribute she wasn't keen on. Other than her wish to someday get out from underneath the life sucking pall of her parents, she wanted nothing more than to be left alone.

The advent of Bano Shell's betrothal had gone a long way to keeping other suitors away, but Sadyra wasn't convinced that was a good thing.

Faking a smile; dimples lifted her freckled cheeks. "It's beautiful."

"I'd say."

She sighed. Bano's eyes weren't looking at the scenery. Shrugging free of his grasp, she waited until his dull, brown gaze met hers.

He raised his eyebrows suggestively. "Tural give you the day off?"

"Couldn't drag himself out of bed, more like."

"Again?"

"What else is new?"

"I guess it's no big deal. You're running the boat on your own most days now, aren't you?"

"Pretty much." She looked away. Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I hit a reef yesterday."

"Oh, oh."

She nodded. "Capsized, too. Had to swim it back to shore."

"Much damage?"

"I'll say. That's why I'm standing here. I need Father's help to fix it."

Bano looked up the path leading to Sadyra's hut and said under his breath, "Lose much?"

"The whole lot."

"And?"

Sadyra fought off tears. She pulled the waistband of her breeks down her hip and lifted her shift part way up her back, exposing a series of deep bruises.

“From the shoals?”

Sadyra shook her head.

“Oh Sadie. I’m sorry.”

Sadyra swallowed. Steeling her emotions, she stared at the raging surf breaking over the reefs far below. She didn’t appreciate Bano calling her by her nickname. Only people she considered friends were allowed to call her Sadie. “Ain’t your fault.”

“True, but you shouldn’t get beaten for an act of nature.”

“Ya, try telling him that. He says I need to keep my mind on what I’m about, not where I want to be. If I paid better attention, I would’ve seen the reef before I struck it.”

“The sea was angry yesterday. You had no business being out there. My father spent the day tending his nets.”

Sadyra grimaced. “Ya? Well, according to *my* father, it’s my duty to earn me and my sisters’ keep. At least until they’re old enough to join me.”

“Sleena’s old enough. What is she? Twelve?”

“Ten.”

“Weren’t you fishing with your father before then?”

“Oh, aye. I can remember dragging the buckets across the shore. They were half as big as me.”

“Why doesn’t she help?”

Sadyra shrugged. “Don’t know. Father’s got a sweet spot for her.”

“What about...?” Bano’s brow furrowed.

“Sable?”

“Yes, Sable.”

It was useless trying to figure out her parents’ motivations. “Who knows? If anything, Father detests Sable more than me.”

“Come on. It can’t be that bad.”

Sadyra glowered at him until he broke eye contact.

He shook his head. “And he hasn’t said anything more to you about your ancestors?”

Her breath caught. Her family history was a sore point with her parents, and Bano knew it. He had convinced her to inquire about it a few months ago and she had been beaten unconscious as a result.

She glared at Bano and noticed what appeared to be the hilt of a priceless dagger protruding from an ancient sheath attached to his belt. “Where’d you get that?”

He followed her gaze. “Huh? Oh, that? It’s nothing, really. Just something my parents gave me.”

“Looks expensive.”

“Bah. Appearances can be deceiving.”

She thought he seemed embarrassed. “Hmm. Well, anyway, I don’t care to discuss my father, okay?”

Bano nodded, letting it go. His gaze lingered on the two small headstones barely visible amongst the undergrowth—their amateurish inscriptions no longer legible.

Shaking her head at the impetuous man’s fascination with her family heritage, she sat down on the brink of the steep drop-off to await her father.



The sound of a door squealing and banging made Sadyra cringe. Tural Ors was awake.

Bano had grown bored with Sadyra and returned to the village a while ago. She didn’t blame him. She wasn’t good company today.

Rising to her feet, she looked at the ground as her father lumbered down the path. Stepping onto the main trail, he grunted and made his way toward Fishmonger Bay.

Sadyra fell in behind, mindful to keep her distance lest her presence awaken his latest irritation with her.

The sleepy village of Fishmonger Bay was built in a small clearing at the base of Peril's Peak—the mountain's permanently snow-capped summit sparkling in the afternoon sunshine.

She had climbed those heights on many occasions as a child to escape the wrath of her parents. Two years ago, just before the Mating Festival, she had fled there with her younger sisters to keep them from harm's way. Her parents had indulged in a drunken bender worse than any she could remember. Fearing the outcome, as these episodes never ended well, she snuck Sleena and Sable away from the hut and led them to an abandoned cabin high upon Peril's Peak.

Sadyra had been fourteen then; her sister Sleena, eight, and Sable, five. It wasn't lost on Sadyra that their birth years coincided with the Mating Festival. Nor could she forget the day she had brought her sisters home; weary, starving, and afraid. It had taken her a good month before the resulting injuries of her disobedience allowed her to sleep through the night. It had been a lesson she wouldn't soon forget.

Watching the slumped shoulders of her downtrodden father crunching across the gravel common area between the buildings lining the base of the mountain and the warehouse dominating the shore, Sadyra found herself feeling sorry for him. As much as she hated the sight of the grizzled, pepper-grey haired man, she knew deep down there had to be an underlying reason for his perpetual malaise. One that he blamed her and her sisters for.

Many of the villagers shunned Tural Ors. Upon seeing him, they would change direction and avoid having any dealings with the man. Sadyra had always thought it was largely due to her father's mean streak, but lately she had begun to rethink her views on *both* of her parents' mannerisms.

Feeding on Bano's peculiar interest into her family's past, she started to wonder whether something deeper and darker lie at the root of her parents' troubles. She wished there was

someone she could speak to but it was a touchy subject to bring up. It wouldn't end well if her inquiries made it back to her parents. She couldn't afford to spend time recovering if she wished to keep deflecting their everlasting anger from her sisters.

Tural stopped and stared at the damaged boat. Hands on hips, he shook his head and grumbled.

Sadyra couldn't make out what he said, nor did she want to know. Whatever it was, was no doubt directed at her.

She took a deep breath and looked around, hopeful to see other villagers in case he went off. She grunted. Even had there been anyone close by, their presence wouldn't make a difference. Though not the biggest man in the village, she doubted anyone was brave enough to challenge Tural when he was in one of his moods. It was all she could do not to run away as his dark gaze turned on her.

"Where's the rest of the boat?"

She swallowed. The surf pounded the shoreline. Curling waves rose above a ramshackle jetty that extended into the brine. She forced a smile and shrugged, trying to ease the tension with a high-pitched voice. "Out there somewhere?"

Tural followed her gaze. He took a couple of deep breaths. "Your mama's gonna be livid if we don't make this week's quota."

*More like, Mama's gonna be angry she can't afford enough grog to keep her pickled,* Sadyra thought. Had it been anyone else facing her, she would have voiced her feelings. But not her father. She had enough bruises.

"I reckon you best head into the mountain and fetch us some grub while I see if I can repair this tub."

"Yes, Father."

"It ain't to be pretty, I can tell you that." He shook his head as he examined the damage. "Next time you hit a reef, you best pray your head's between the boat and the rock."

She bit her lips, fighting the angry rebuttal that demanded release; the hurt evident in her soft answer. "Yes, Father."





Bano must have been watching for Sadyra because he caught up to her as she crunched across the commons and slipped between two buildings to gain the trailhead.

“Wait up.”

Sadyra stopped, her shoulders stiffening. She rolled her eyes before turning to meet his approach. A forced smile briefly crossed her face. She wanted to be left alone.

“How’d it go?”

She shrugged. “He didn’t hit me again, if that’s what you’re asking?”

“I know. I mean, what did he say?”

So, he *had* been watching. “Not much. Said it was my fault.”

She looked toward the ocean swells so Bano wouldn’t see her struggling to keep from crying. Her father’s words echoed in her mind, *‘Next time you hit a reef, you best pray your head’s between the boat and the rock.’*

Taking a deep breath, she turned to Bano and lifted her eyebrows. “Father wants me to hunt while he mends the boat.”

“I’ll grab my bow and go with you.”

Not waiting for a reply, he spun around and jogged into the village.

Sadyra sighed but waited for his return.

Bano on her heels, she climbed the foothill to where a smaller path veered toward her family’s cabin. She couldn’t help but look at the two grave markers hidden amongst the undergrowth. She had never given them much thought before. They had always been there. They were part of the familiar landscape; just as the mountain slope climbing high above their hut, or the dark promontory projecting from the cliffs beyond the foothill.

She took a couple of steps up the side path but Bano's voice stopped her.

"Don't you ever wonder who they were?"

She didn't have to turn around to know who he was talking about. Following his gaze as he crouched and parted the grasses around the granite markers—the eroded inscriptions covered in lichen—he ran a hand over one of the gravestones.

"No. Not really. Father says they were distant relatives from centuries ago."

Bano nodded. "And that doesn't interest you?"

"Why should it? I never knew them."

Bano straightened and faced her, his usual smugness absent. "You do know the history behind the cabin you live in, don't you?"

Sadyra shrugged. "Ya. Kind of. Don't really care, to be honest. I'm just counting the days until I can get away from here."

"I don't blame you."

Sadyra thought he was referring to her treatment at the hands of her parents but his next words surprised her.

"A witch used to live in your cabin. A family of them."

She scrunched her eyebrows. She had heard something to that effect a few times over the years, but hadn't paid any attention to it. The residents of Fishmonger Bay had nothing better to do once the catch was brought in than tell tall tales of people they had heard about. As a young girl, she had been as frightened by the stories as the next child, but like everything in the forsaken village, nothing was what it seemed. She had had a hard time differentiating truth from folklore until she started hanging out with the older children.

"So I've been told."

"You don't believe it?"

"Doesn't matter what I believe. That was a long time ago. It has nothing to do with me."

“But it does.” Bano’s eyes grew wide. He pointed a dirty fingernail at her. “According to Father Cloth, that hut has been in your family for over five hundred years.”

He nodded as Sadyra frowned.

“Aye. Back to the time of the Dragon Witch.”

Sadyra held his stare and swallowed.

“That means you’re related—”

“Pfft!” Sadyra scowled and stormed up the path. “Doesn’t mean anything. It’s a rumour to scare children into staying off the mountain to save them from the trolls.”

Bano breathed heavily behind her as he tried to keep up—a small hut appearing at the end of the path. “So, you’re calling Father Cloth a liar?”

Sadyra stopped abruptly and spun on him, her finger in *his* face. “I never said that. I said I don’t believe what everyone says.”

“What? You don’t believe in magic?”

The question quenched her rising anger. She took a couple of deep breaths. “I’ve never met anyone capable of doing anything out of the ordinary. Have you?”

“No but... What about the sorcerer who almost seized the Ivory Throne a couple years back? Surely Queen Quarrnaine didn’t give her life to defend the realm from a commoner.”

“That’s different.”

“How?”

“I don’t know. Just is. That man came from across the ocean.”

“That *man*? His name was Helleden Misenthorpe. People claim he descended from the Wizard of the North.”

Sadyra shook her head, tired of the conversation. Bano was speaking in riddles. She had no idea who this northern wizard was, nor did she care. “Whatever. It doesn’t matter. Yes, I’ll admit there used to be magic users in Zephyr, but from what Father tells me, there aren’t anymore.”

“Sadyra! What are you doing here? You’re supposed to helping your father.”

Sadyra rolled her eyes for Bano's benefit and turned to see her mother hanging onto the doorjamb of their one-roomed hut for support. Not even midafternoon and the sour-faced woman was heavy into the spirits.

"It's okay, Mother. Father told me to hunt until he gets it repaired."

Her mother, Areeza Ors, scowled, her weathered face wrinkled well beyond her years. The villagers often remarked how much Sadyra looked like her mother, but Sadyra couldn't see it. She hoped she didn't look anything like the old hag.

Areeza's glassy stare found Bano, as if just realizing he was behind Sadyra. Her face lit up. "Oh! Bano. What a pleasant surprise." Areeza primped her rat's nest—traces of auburn struggling to coexist with mid back length grey strands.

Bano puffed out his chest. "Hi, Mrs. Ors. You're looking swell as ever."

"Och. You're such a flatterer."

Sadyra glared at Bano and said under her breath so only he could hear, "Really?" She shook her head and twisted to slip past her mother into the dingy hut.

Sable and Sleena looked up from the sewing they were doing at the dinner table, their dirty faces following her to the small space the three of them shared at night in the back corner of the cabin on the far side of a cluttered counter.

Retrieving her crude bow hung on a couple of pegs, she found her the protective sleeves for her forearms, snatched up her half empty quiver, and stormed from the hut.

She didn't bother looking at her mother, but Areeza's voice followed her around the back of the cabin, "See to it you get one with meat on it this time. The one you brought back the other day could barely feed a chicken."

Biting back an angry retort, Sadyra stomped across the backyard.

"Sadie, slow down," Bano protested, his gear rattling.

She stopped where the mountainside shot steeply up—its upper heights disappearing beyond an inaccessible ridge—and gave him a dark look. “If you see magic in that woman, you’re as drunk as she is.”



Candles of varying height flickered around the musty interior of the Ors’ family hut—the evening darkness masking the filth and clutter.

Sadyra sat beside her youngest sister, Sable. The skinny whelp nestled into Sadyra’s side—more to get away from the sour smell of their mother’s breath and her surly looks than to be close to Sadyra.

Sadyra didn’t mind. The two shared a special bond. She understood Sable’s feelings better than anyone. Other than the times Sadyra took a beating to save her sisters from their parents’ wrath, there wasn’t an occasion she despised more than gathering for the evening meal.

Sleena sat across the table, minding her own business, but she needn’t fear. For the most part, their parents left her alone. Why, Sadyra had no idea. She found herself happy for Sleena and jealous at the same time. Whatever the reason, it wasn’t Sleena’s fault.

To break the monotonous, brooding silence that gripped every dinnertime, Sadyra said between mouthfuls of venison—part of the catch her mother had complained about earlier. “Do you think there are any magic users left in the world?”

Tural exchanged looks with Areeza before staring hard at Sadyra. “Why do you ask?”

Not sure whether to continue, Sadyra thought, *why not?* It had been Bano’s idea anyway, and they loved the cretin.

“I don’t know. Something Bano said.”

Her parents waited for her to continue.

Sleena stopped eating and watched with interest.

Sable snuggled into Sadyra as if trying to disappear.

Sadyra wrapped a comforting arm around her little sister and examined the slovenly cabin. “Bano said this used to be a witch’s hut.”

Tural frowned.

“He thinks we might be related to the...” Sadyra swallowed at the dark glares she received from her parents—her last words coming out as no more than a whisper, “...Dragon Witch.”

Tural stiffened and stared hard at Sadyra, his face unreadable. Putting down his well-honed knife with the greatest of care, he wiped his lips on his cuff. His chair scraped on the wooden floorboards as he rose to his feet.

Sadyra felt Sable tremble against her.

Sleena bowed her head, not daring to look at either of their parents.

They all knew by their father’s mannerism what was about to happen.

“Outside with you,” was all he said before he stomped across the hut and threw the door open to the night.

Sadyra looked from Sleena to their mother and sighed. She had the uncanny knack of igniting her father’s anger.

Resigned to the fact that she had no choice but to obey, Sadyra swallowed what was left in her mouth, took a sip of water from an old, wooden cup, and followed her father into the darkness.

He waited for her on the end of the rotting porch fronting the hut—its sagging boards in dire need of replacing.

“In the back,” Tural grunted.

Not waiting, he disappeared behind the cabin. She contemplated bolting down the path, but she had nowhere to go. The hunting cabin up by the summit was the only place she could think of. Her father would look there first.

She was confident she could get to the old cabin long before he would—a day at least, as she had discovered a

back route that no one else seemed aware of. That, however, would only intensify the violence her father would hand out. One of these days, she feared he would kill her.

It took every ounce of strength she had to walk down the porch and into the backyard to where Tural waited with hands on hips, refusing to look at her.

She followed his gaze to the full moon—its face partially obscured by a thin veil of cloud.

“What am I to do with you?”

Sadyra didn’t trust herself to speak. She interlaced her thin fingers and stared at them clasped together beside the sheath holding her filleting knife.

A dark thought seeped into her mind. It would be too easy to stick him with it. Over and over again until his ridicule and vile ways lay dead at her feet.

She shivered. Where had that come from? She couldn’t seriously consider such an action... Could she?

She bit on her lips and forced her gaze to settle on her father’s unshaven face. His once chiselled features had sagged over the years—distorted by deep lines and extra weight. Recalling how he looked years ago, she might have considered him handsome once upon a time. But not now. Not with her knowledge of who he really was. A drunken leech who resorted to violence whenever life didn’t go as he thought it should. That happened most days now that Sadyra had grown up.

Tural fixed her with that evil glare of his, his dark eyes narrowed beneath heavy brows.

Sadyra flinched and cowered, expecting the inevitable, but Tural crossed thick, hairy forearms on top of his protruding stomach.

“What do you know of magic?”

Surprised, Sadyra gulped, her voice meek. “Nothing, Father. Just what I hear from my friends and Father Cloth.”

“Have you felt anything unusual stir inside you?”

Sadyra squinted, trying to find relevance in the odd question. She thought of Bano and felt like spitting. “Not at all. Bano and I have never...” She didn’t know how to finish the sentence in an acceptable manner.

“I didn’t ask if you were pregnant.” Tural tilted his head. “Are you?”

“No!” Sadyra spit out harsher than was wise, but he didn’t appear to take exception to her tone.

“That’s good. That’s the last thing your mother and I need right now.”

*You and mother? What about me?* she thought, but kept it to herself.

He stepped up to her and grabbed her shoulders in his large hands, painfully squeezing as he stared into her eyes. “I mean, have you noticed anything *different* inside? Something weird or foreign to anything you’re used to?”

Sadyra swallowed. His grip made her squirm under its pressure but she knew better than to pull away. Wild thoughts raced through her mind as she tried to make sense of his question. “You mean my moon flow?”

He shook her hard—her head whipped back and forth. “No, you dolt! Are you experiencing anything *magical*?”

She couldn’t respond until her head stopped shaking. Her scared eyes found his. “No, Father? Why would you ask something like that?”

He shook her again; not as hard this time. “Think! Have you noticed anything out of the ordinary? Like, how you survived the shipwreck when the boat was damaged almost beyond repair? Did you do something a normal person couldn’t?”

She remembered the boat being carried on the tidal surges into the reefs. No amount of rowing had been able to avert the water’s pull once it had the boat in its clutches. If anything, it was chance that had saved her. Just before the boat hit the shoal, the undertow had exposed the jagged reef. Without thinking, she had jumped over the side of the boat



into the heavy surf. The next surge had lifted her over the razor-sharp ridge of stone and deposited her and the remains of the boat on its far side.

“No, Father. I was lucky, I guess. One moment I was rowing for my life, and the next, I was in the water.”

His fingers tightened on her shoulders.

She feared he would separate her muscles from the bone. She involuntarily tried to pull away. “Ow! You’re hurting me.”

He shoved her backward and let go.

She tried to catch herself with several quick backsteps but couldn’t help falling on her backside.

Tural stood over her.

She prepared to feel the toe of his boot, but it didn’t come.

Tural let out a long breath. “Lucky? Pfft. Weren’t lucky for me or your mother.”

Sadyra pondered what that meant. She knew all too well that her father would rather she had hit the reef instead of the boat.

He started to walk away but stopped. Without looking back, he said, “If you ever mention the Dragon Witch again, I’ll dash your head off the reef myself.”

A dark rage festered in Sadyra. She was tempted to get up off the ground and drive her dagger into his back. Gaining her feet, she fought to steady her breathing and glared at his receding form; unabashedly wishing he’d drop dead on the spot.

Her blood ran cold as he stopped at the corner of the hut and turned—shadows casting his features in an evil light.

“You’d best be making up for your mistake tomorrow. Or perhaps you’d rather I put your mongrel to work.”

Sadyra’s eyes widened. “No. Please. Sable’s too young. I’ll do better, I promise.”

He held her gaze as if searching her soul. “See that you do, else she’ll be taking your place, you hear?”

Sadyra swallowed at the inference. If something happened to her, her youngest sister would bear the brunt of their parents' unhappiness. That scared her more than any threat of being beaten.

For some reason Areeza despised Sable almost as much as her. Their father had mentioned Sable looked just like their mother when Areeza was good looking. Before Sadyra had come along and ruined their mother's body.

As her mind returned to the present, she realized her father had gone. Tears dribbled down her cheeks but she didn't care. They fueled her resolve. She would do better tomorrow. Much better. If everything went as she hoped, she could pocket a little coin herself. That was her goal. Work harder than ever before and keep a little for herself—saving it until she had enough to take her sisters away from here. Out of harm's way.

She wasn't concerned about Sleena at the moment, but if she left Sleena behind, their parents would have no one else to vent on. It might do her middle sister some good to see how she and Sable were treated, but in her heart, Sadyra would never do that to her.

She kicked at a half-submerged stone in the grass, dislodging it from a pocket of dirt. Picking it up, she threw it at the back of the cabin; wincing as it almost struck the lone window. If the glass had shattered, so would her body—at the hands of her parents.

Swallowing the bitterness, she trembled with anger at her helplessness. Teeth clenched, she promised herself that someday soon, she and her sisters would be free of the mysterious cabin on the hill. When that happened, she would never go by the family name, Ors, again.