

ALVIN JOURNEYMAN

BOOK FOUR OF
THE TALES OF ALVIN MAKER



ORSON
SCOTT CARD

*'From beginning to end
this novel is full of riches'* Booklist

ALVIN JOURNEYMAN

THE TALES OF ALVIN MAKER IV

ORSON SCOTT CARD



An Orbit Book

First published in Great Britain by Orbit 2001

Copyright © 1995 by Orson Scott Card

The moral right of the author has been asserted.

All characters and events in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library.

ISBN 1 84149 029 6

Printed and bound in England by
Mackays of Chatham plc

Orbit
A Division of
Little, Brown and Company (UK)
Brettenham House
Lancaster Place
London, WC2E 7EN

Orson Scott Card is one of the world's most popular science fiction and fantasy writers. In addition to *The Tales of Alvin Maker*, he is the author of the *Ender Saga* and the *Homecoming* series, as well as many other stand-alone novels. He lives in Greensboro, North Carolina.

By Orson Scott Card

Ender

Ender's Game
Speaker for the Dead
Xenocide
Children of the Mind

The Shadow Trilogy

Ender's Shadow
Shadow of the Hegemon

Homecoming

The Memory of Earth
The Call of Earth
The Ships of Earth
Earthfall
Earthborn

The Tales of Alvin Maker

Seventh Son
Red Prophet
Prentice Alvin
Alvin Journeyman
Heartfire

The Worthing Saga
The Folk of the Fringe
Wyrms

Songmaster
Maps in a Mirror (volumes 1 and 2)

To Jason Lewis,
long-legged wanderer,
walker through woods,
dreamer of true dreams.

Acknowledgments

FOR THE PAST few years, at every book signing or speech I gave, I was asked one question more than any other: Will there be another Alvin Maker book? The answer was always, Yes, but I don't know when. My original outline for *The Tales of Alvin Maker* had long since been abandoned, and while I knew certain incidents that would happen in this book, I still did not know enough about what would happen to Alvin, Peggy, Taleswapper, Arthur Stuart, Measure, Calvin, Verily Cooper, and others to be able to start writing.

At last the logjam broke and the story came right, or as near right as I could get it. As I composed, I was constantly aware of those hundreds of readers who were waiting for *Alvin Journeyman*. It was encouraging to know that this book was much looked for; it was also frightening, because I knew that for some, at least, the expectations would be so high that any story I wrote would be bound to disappoint. To the disappointed I can only express my regret that the reality is never as good as the anticipation (cf. Christmas); and to all who hoped for this book, I give my thanks for your encouragement.

I thank the many readers on America Online who came to the Hatrack River Town Meeting and downloaded each chapter of the manuscript as I wrote it, responding with many helpful comments. These sharp-eyed readers caught inconsistencies and dangling threads—questions raised in earlier books that needed to be resolved. Newel Wright, Jane Brady, and Len Olen, in particular, won my undying gratitude: Jane, by preparing a chronology of the events in the previous books, Newel, by saving me from two ghastly continuity errors, and Len, by a thorough proofreading that caught several errors that all the editors and I had missed. Thanks also go to David Fox for an

insightful reading of the first nine chapters at a key point in the composition of the book.

Quite without my planning it, a peculiar and delightful community has grown up within the Hatrack River Town Meeting on AOL; people began to arrive, not as themselves, but as characters living within Alvin's world, and set up in trade or farming in that fictional town. Thus Hatrack River has taken on a life of its own. The temptation was irresistible to include mention of as many of these characters as I could within this storyline; I only regret that I couldn't work them all into the plot. If you want to know more about the wonderful characters these good people have created, come visit us online (keyword: Hatrack).

The only active online character I made extensive use of in this book was one I devised myself as a fictional foil, whom Kathryn Kidd (town identity: GoodyTradr) and I (town identity: HoracGuest) referred to from time to time in a comical way as a notorious gossip: Vilate Franker. A couple of years after we invented her, along came a good friend, Melissa Wunderly, who volunteered to portray her in the online community; so it was Melissa who brought her to life, false teeth, hexes, and all. Vilate's "best friend," however, was mine, and Melissa is not to be blamed for Vilate's unpleasant behavior in this book. And I appreciate Kathryn Kidd's allowing me to use her character, Goody Trader, at a couple of key moments.

I must tip my hat to Graham Robb, whose excellent, well-written *Balzac: A Biography* (Norton, 1994) gave me not only respite from writing but also the foundation of a character I personally enjoy.

As with many previous novels, each chapter was read as it emerged from the printer or the fax machine by my wife, Kristine; my son Geoffrey; and my friend and sometime collaborator, Kathryn H. Kidd. Their responses have been of incalculable value.

My thanks also go to those who keep our office and household functioning when I'm (too rarely) in writer mode: Kathleen

Bellamy, who tends to the business, and Scott Allen, who keeps the computers and the house itself in running order. A tip of the hat also goes to Jason, Adam, and (on one occasion) Michael Lewis, for holes dug and holes filled; and to Emily, Kathryn, and Amanda Jensen for giving us those nights out.

If it weren't for Kristine, Geoffrey, Emily, Charlie Ben, and Zina Meg, I doubt that I would ever write at all: They make the work worth doing.

NORTH AMERICA POLITICAL FEATURES

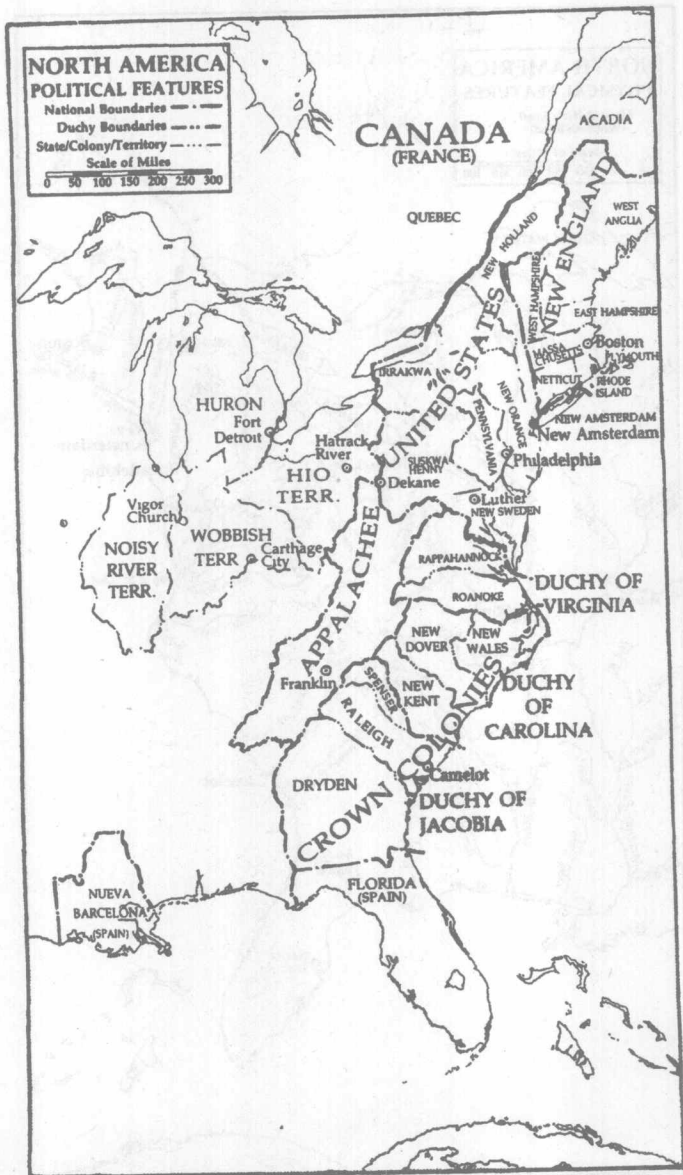
National Boundaries — — — — —

Duchy Boundaries - - - - -

State/Colony/Territory - - - - -

Scale of Miles

0 50 100 150 200 250 300

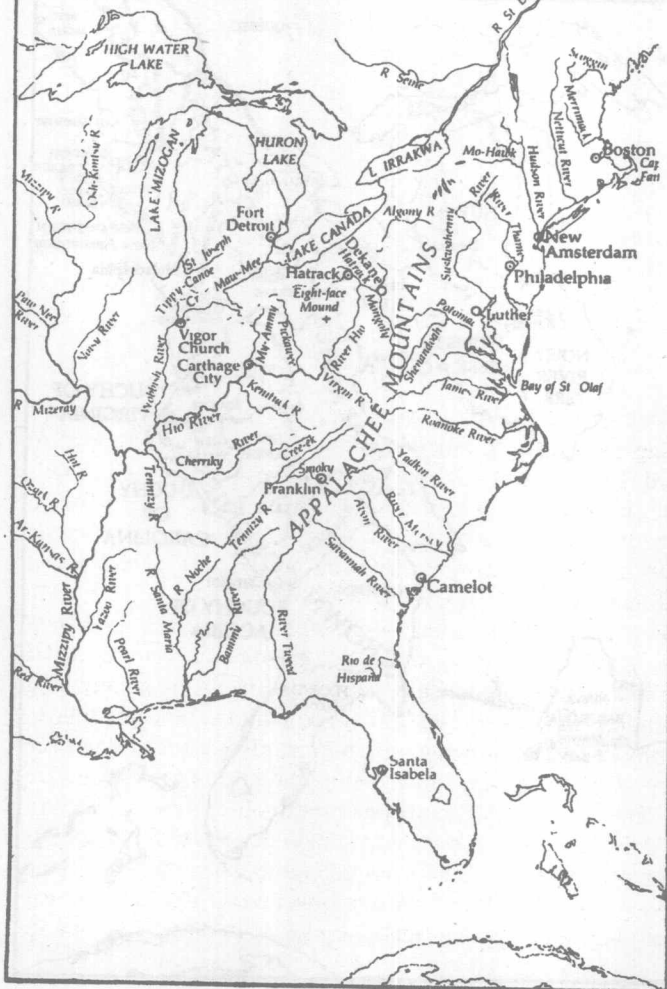


NORTH AMERICA PHYSICAL FEATURES

Alvin Miller's Road
(Wobblish Road)

Scale of Miles

0 50 100 150 200 250 300



HEARTFIRE

The Tales of Alvin Maker V

Orson Scott Card

Peggy is a torch, able to see the fire burning in every heart. She can follow the paths of each person's future, and know their most intimate secrets. From the moment of Alvin Maker's birth, when the Unmaker first strove to kill him, she has protected him. Now they are married, and Peggy is a part of Alvin's heart as well as his life.

But Alvin's destiny has taken them on separate journeys. Alvin has gone north into New England, where knacks are considered witchcraft, and their use is punished with death.

Peggy has been drawn south, to the British Crown Colonies and the court of King Arthur Stuart in exile. For she has seen a terrible future bloom in the heartfires of every person in America, a future of war and destruction. One slender path exists that leads through the bloodshed, and it is Peggy's quest to set the world on that path to peace.

Orbit titles available by post:

<input type="checkbox"/> Seventh Son	Orson Scott Card	£6.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Red Prophet	Orson Scott Card	£6.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Prentice Alvin	Orson Scott Card	£6.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Heartfire	Orson Scott Card	£6.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Ender's Game	Orson Scott Card	£5.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Speaker for the Dead	Orson Scott Card	£5.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Xenocide	Orson Scott Card	£6.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Children of the Mind	Orson Scott Card	£6.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Ender's Shadow	Orson Scott Card	£6.99
<input type="checkbox"/> Shadow of the Hegemon	Orson Scott Card	£16.99

The prices shown above are correct at time of going to press. However, the publishers reserve the right to increase prices on covers from those previously advertised, without further notice.



ORBIT BOOKS

Cash Sales Department, P.O. Box 11, Falmouth, Cornwall, TR10 9EN

Tel: +44 (0) 1326 569777, Fax: +44 (0) 1326 569555

Email: books@barni.avel.co.uk

POST AND PACKING:

Payments can be made as follows: cheque, postal order (payable to Orbit Books) or by credit cards. Do not send cash or currency.

U.K. Orders under £10 £1.50

U.K. Orders over £10 **FREE OF CHARGE**

E.C. & Overseas 25% of order value

Name (Block letters)

Address

Post/zip code:

☐ Please keep me in touch with future Orbit publications

☐ I enclose my remittance £

☐ I wish to pay by Visa/Access/Mastercard/Eurocard

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Card Expiry Date

--	--	--	--	--

£30

Contents

Chapter		
1	I Thought I Was Done	1
2	Hypocrites	9
3	Watchers	21
4	Quest	52
5	Twist	61
6	True Love	74
7	Booking Passage	81
8	Leavetaking	92
9	Cooper	112
10	Welcome Home	131
11	Jail	149
12	Lawyers	172
13	Maneuvers	197
14	Witnesses	230
15	Love	290
16	Truth	314
17	Decisions	336

18	Journeys	370
19	Philadelphia	395



I Thought I Was Done

I THOUGHT I was done writing about Alvin Smith. People kept telling me I wasn't, but I knew why. It's because they'd all heard Taleswapper and the way he tells stories. When he's done, it's all tied up neat in a package and you pretty much know what things meant and why they happened. Not that he spells it all out, mind you. But you just have this feeling that it all makes sense.

Well I ain't Taleswapper, which some of you might already have guessed, seeing how we don't look much alike, and I don't plan on becoming Taleswapper anytime soon, or anything much like him, not cause I don't reckon him to be a fine fellow, worthy of folks emulating him, but mainly because I don't see things the way he sees them. Things don't all make sense to me. They just happen, and sometimes you can extract a bit of sense from some calamity and sometimes the happiest day is just pure nonsense. There's no predicting it and there's *sure* no making it happen. Worst messes I ever saw folks get into was when they was trying to make things go in a sensible way.

So I set down what I knew of the earliest beginnings of Alvin's life right up till he made him the golden plow as his journeyman project, and I told how he went back to Vigor and set to teaching folks how to be Makers and how things already wasn't right with his brother Calvin and I thought I was done, because anybody who cares was there from then on to see for themselves or you know somebody who was. I told you the truth of how Alvin came to kill a man, so as to put to rest all the vicious rumors told about it. I told you how he came to break the runaway slave laws and I told you how Peggy Lerner's mama came to die and believe me, that was pretty much the end of the story as far as I could see it.

But the ending didn't make sense of it, I reckon, and folks have been pestering me more and more about the early days and didn't I know more I could tell? Well sure I know. And I got nothing against telling it. But I hope you don't think that when I'm done telling all I know it'll finally be clear to everybody what everything that's happened was all about, because I don't know myself. Truth is, the story ain't over yet, and I hope it never will be, so the most I can hope to do is set down the way it looks to this one fellow at this exact moment, and I can't even promise you that tomorrow I won't come to understand it much better than anything I'm writing now.

My knack ain't storytelling. Truth is, Taleswapper's knack ain't storytelling either, and he'd be the first to tell you that. He collects stories, all right, and the ones he gathers are important so you listen because the tale itself matters. But you know he don't do nothing much with his voice, and he don't roll his eyes and use them big gestures like the real orators use. His voice ain't strong enough to fill a good-size cabin, let alone a tent. No, the telling ain't his knack. He's a painter if anything, or maybe a woodcarver or a printer or whatever he can use to tell or show the story but he's no genius at any of them.

Fact is if you ask Taleswapper what his knack is, he'll tell you he don't have none. He ain't lying—nobody can ever lay