

Chapter 1 : Mira's Last Dance (Lois McMaster Bujold) » Read Online Free Book

Mira's Last Dance is the silliest thing Lois McMaster Bujold has written since A Civil Campaign. It's clear she's enjoying her semi-retirement and just writing whatever the heck she feels like. It's clear she's enjoying her semi-retirement and just writing whatever the heck she feels like.

In the town of Sosie the fugitive party encounters unexpected delays, and even more unexpected opportunities and hazards, as the courtesan Mira of Adria, one of the ten dead women whose imprints make up the personality of the chaos demon Desdemona, comes to the fore with her own special expertise. While the Father, the Son, the Mother, the Daughter and the Bastard may be deities, do not mistake them for either theoretical or hands off types. They are real in this world, they can manifest to their worshipers and sometimes to their doubters and they perform real acts in and on the world. Penric started on the road to becoming the man he is now by the agency of one of those unexpected disasters. One day on the road, ten years ago, he encountered a dying old woman far from any other assistance. When the old woman died, Penric was the only one around. His life has never been the same, but it certainly has been an adventure. They rightfully fear that agents of Cedonia are hot on their trail. And poor Penric has fallen in love with Nikys. Nikys is caught in the middle between finally doing something that she wants to do, and continuing to do her duty by following and caring for, Adelis. In the middle of all this mess the very motley trio is forced to go to ground in the small town of Sosie. Even more unfortunately, the only place that Penric can convince to take them in is a whorehouse with a very bad case of lice. But one of those 10 women was Mira, a famous courtesan over a century ago. My one complaint about this series is that each of the stories is just too short. As much as I enjoy Penric as a character, and I do very much, part of the fascination with this series is the number of very interesting issues that it manages to scoop up as it goes. This series is one of the very few in fantasy that deals with its internal theology without being preachy or judgmental. And while being very entertaining and still exploring complex questions of morality. Again, without being preachy in the slightest. Penric is, without a doubt, a cisgender as we would term it today, heterosexual male. But the 10 discernible voices in his head, his demon, are or were all female. When he needs to play the part of the female courtesan, he lets them not just help him, but take over and direct his actions. And those reactions are quite interestingly nuanced. Because the novellas in this series are short, it is easy to read them from the beginning. The action has paused, but there is so obviously more to come. I hope it comes soon. I have followers all over, so if you have a way to accept an ebook gift from one of those etailers, you are welcome to enter. And thank you for celebrating my Blog-Birthday with me!

Chapter 2 : Mira's Last Dance (signed) - DreamHaven

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What seemed to her a small sum had bought them shelter, displacing the farmer couple from their whitewashed bedroom to the loft and their half-grown children in turn to the stable. Such rural hospitality would cost their hosts a great deal more trouble than that if Imperial pursuers arrived here, Nikys reflected uneasily. She rocked her hips to bump open the bedroom door, and carried her tray within. Learned Penric was dutifully lying flat in the bed, as ordered, but not asleep. He hitched himself up on one elbow, blinking glazed blue eyes at her, and favored her with one of his strange sweet smiles. Penric tried to take the vessel one-handed, but ended up having to use two, as his hand shook. He cast her an evasive look through those unreasonably long blond eyelashes. Not for the first time, Nikys wondered exactly what it meant that the rival sorcerer, whom Pen had defeated in that bizarre twilight fight, had tried to rip his heart apart inside his body, and how much magical work Desdemona had been doing every moment since to keep it beating. That final, fatal blow had made no mark upon him. Bad hearts frightened her. Nikys finished coaxing the whole of her culinary offering down the not-unwilling man. The fact that Penric was out of breath from eating lunch was more telling than his panting protestations of recovery. She checked the artistic bandage around his right ankle, mainly placed there to help him remember which one was supposed to be sprained, and tightened it up again. The discreet blond knot at his nape had unraveled into a tangled mess. He started to indignantly refuse, and then either his wits or his demon caught up with him. He swallowed his manly declaration of self-sufficiency, converting it into a hopeful smile. The rope net strung on the bedframe, topped by the wool-stuffed mattress, was not the firmest of seating, and his narrow hips rather sank between her knees. She began at the bottom of the tail of hair that reached to his mid-back, working out the knots as though carding fine flax. She wondered if she could persuade him to let her wash it for him. She just might, judging by the way he was making low humming noises, as close to a purr as a human could come, as the tortoiseshell tines reached his neck and scalp and began slow, repeated strokes. Alternating the comb and her gratified fingers, she began to separate the soft length into three strands for braiding, only to discover that somehow there was no room left for the task between his bony back and her un-bony front. She cleared her throat and inched back, and he seemed to come awake and lurched forward, bowed spine straightening, once again the tidy Temple divine. Albeit a divine sworn to the Bastard, the fifth god, whose emblematic color was a white in real life usually ambiguously stained. Laundresses should be in His flock, really; they probably served Him on their knees more often than did divines. Learned Penric cleared his throat, too, and she caught a glimpse past his ear of milk-pale cheekbone faintly flushed. An undefeated enemy, still out there on the hunt. The memory was enough to chill her brief warm comfort. Standing straight again, sturdy, muscular; his thirty years sat lightly upon young General Arisaydia. A barely healed spray of red and raised pink welts bloomed like malign flower petals around his eyes, though Penric claimed they would someday fade pale. His formerly dark brown irises had been resurrected a garnet red from their acid destruction. Adelis ran a hand through his black hair, growing unmilitarily untrimmed, and addressed a point in the air between his sister and the man in the bed. He focused on Penric. Led at a walk? Which would at least put us farther from the pass that they know we hiked over. Des has pretty much eradicated all the small pests within range, shedding chaos. We could do with a new supply. Killing theologically allowed vermin, the divine claimed, was the most efficient such sink available. Other sinks were less efficient. She contemplated the dangerous gap between not allowed and not possible. Did Penric know where the real boundaries lay? Nikys was just as glad. Busy within him still healing his hidden damage, she guessed from the occasional flies, buzzing up from animal droppings on the farm track, that fell dead in their wake. The presence of this youth leading the mule inhibited conversation on the long trudge, thankfully more downhill than not. The farm track, which eventually grew to a farm road, followed a winding creek with the hills rising on either side. Nikys was hot, sweaty, and footsore by the noon halt, where

the boy led them out onto a local promontory shaded by old oaks, evidently a favorite stop. She could see why. It offered a last high view out over the miles-wide valley that made this province such a valuable, and defended, granary for the Cedonian empire. The mule-boy led his charge off to a distant patch of grass for its own lunch. Adelis strolled to the rim above the drop-off, pushed back his hat, and stared with eyes narrowed. Nikys and Penric joined him. Part of the Fourteenth Infantry. Only Nikys might pass unremarked. Its stone shape was just visible, rising on a hill within the city walls. You would not believe Temple expenses. Her tired feet talking, to be sure, but a carriage might be better for the convalescent sorcerer as well. We could make our way down the valley to the coast road, or even to a port for some local ship to take us south. And I guarantee any description of us will be sent to the border posts and ports first. The other way would be to find a path up through the mountains to Orbas. Which was a good part of why the current duke of Orbas was able to maintain his precarious independence from a neighbor who would be very pleased to turn his lands back into an imperial province. Nikys had always felt that Cedonia had the right of that old dispute, before. Penric can as well sail home to Adria from there. And if neither manâ€™one as stubborn as a stone, the other too supple to be pinned downâ€™would, or even could, change his mind, where would that leave Nikys? After eating, they resumed the downward trek. Penric, watching Nikys stump along, apparently forgot his sprained ankle and offered to trade her his place on the mule. But the mule-boy allowed as how they might ride double. Nikys was duly boosted onto the beast behind Penric, wriggling her way to comfort atop the blanket strapped to its barrel. Wary in the warm afternoon, she leaned her head against his shoulder and half dozed, the thousand worries coursing through her mind easing their torrent for a time. The combination of their thin purse and a house full of farm family left the stable loft the sole choice for their new bedroom. Adelis and Penric were both apologetic about it. Nikys was too tired to complain even if she had been a fussy fool, which she was not. This more fertile stretch of country also assured a good supply of stored grain, hence an abundance of the mice and rats that infested such. Penric, swinging a stick that he occasionally remembered to lean on, puffed off in the dark to hunt them for all the world like a cat. Adelis hooked the lantern on a nail safely away from the straw, and rather pointedly arranged their blankets with himself in the middle as a bolster. Adelis lowered himself to their straw pile with a grunt, looking unhappy. Sent here to suborn me, till that plan went wrong in so many ways. Suppose, in the best case, we all win through to Vilmoc alive. The man will have no choice then but to go on home, empty-handed. Although generally with older men. He threw it back. Before they could revert further to their five-year-old selves, she heard the squeak of the stable door, the object of their argument returning. She bit back retaliating rudeness. It will give you a much stronger position to negotiate from if Jurgo knows, or at least believes, that you have another offer waiting.

Chapter 3 : Review: Miraâ€™s Last Dance by Lois McMaster Bujold + Giveaway â€™ Escape Reality, Rea

With Mira's Last Dance, multiple-award-winner and bestselling author Lois McMaster Bujold returns to her World of the Five Gods, the setting of her acclaimed novels The Curse of Chalion, Paladin of Souls, and The Hallowed Hunt.

Chapter 4 : Mira's Last Dance (Audiobook) by Lois McMaster Bujold | calendrierdelascience.com

Mira's last dance is very nearly Penric's undoing, and not in any of the ways that the reader, Penric, or his current companions might have originally thought. Penric, as introduced in Penric's Demon, is a Learned Divine of the Bastard's Order.

Chapter 5 : Miraâ€™s Last Dance â€™ Eight Ladies Writing

In this sequel to the novella Penric's Mission, the injured Penric, a Temple sorcerer and learned divine, tries to guide the betrayed General Arisaydia and his widowed sister Nikys across the last hundred miles of hostile Cedonia to safety in the.

Chapter 6 : Mira's Last Dance by Lois McMaster Bujold

MIRA'S LAST DANCE is now Book 5 in the Penric & Desdemona series In this sequel to the novella "Penric's Mission", the injured Penric, a Temple sorcerer and learned divine, tries to guide the betrayed General Arisaydia and his widowed sister Nikys across the last hundred miles of hostile Cedonia to safety in the Duchy of Orbas. In the town of.*

Chapter 7 : Mira's Last Dance by Lois McMaster Bujold - FictionDB

So, first the most exciting news I had all week: Lois McMaster Bujold's new Penric novella, Mira's Last Dance came out this week (February 27th and 28th) on all the usual e-outlets!

Chapter 8 : Review: Mira's Last Dance | Book Gannet Reviews

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Chapter 9 : Mira's Last Dance Audiobook | Lois McMaster Bujold | calendrierdelascience.com

Mira's Last Dance follows closely on the footsteps of 'Penric's Mission,' so you should read this only after reading that (and the first four books in the series while you're at it). Penric and Desdemona are on a secret diplomatic mission far away from the Ibran Peninsula on behalf of the Bastard.