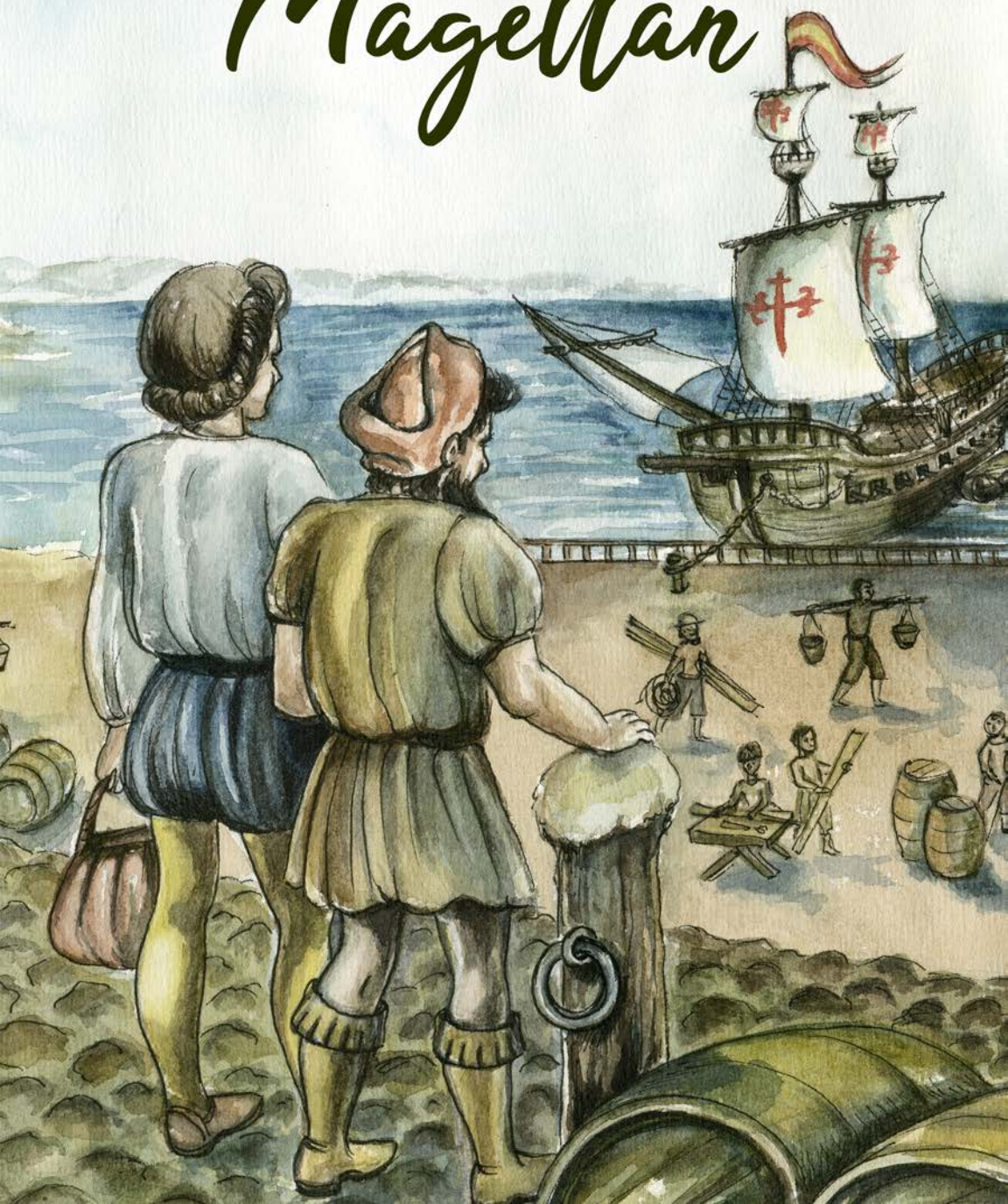


LOUISE ANDREWS KENT

He Went With
Magellan



Publisher's Note

He Went With Magellan was written over 70 ago and tells the story of a young man accompanying Magellan on his adventures around the world.

An excellent storyteller, Louise Andrews Kent provides the reader with the opportunity to experience a different time and place through the eyes of the main character, including the social customs, religious beliefs, and racial relations. Taking place over 500 ago, many parts of life are foreign and sometimes offensive to us now, including specific customs, practices, beliefs, and words. To maintain and provide historical accuracy and to allow a true representation of this time period the words used and the customs and attitudes described have not been removed or edited.

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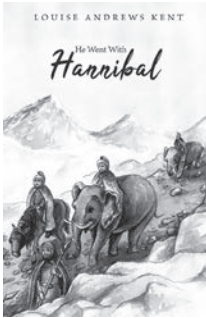
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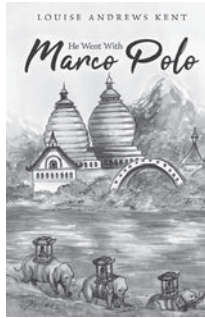
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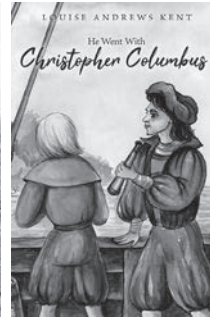
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Hannibal



Marco Polo



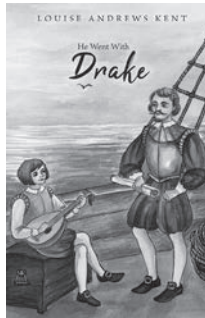
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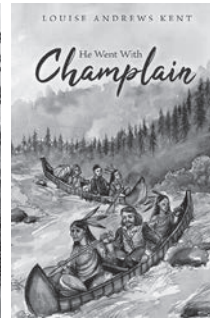
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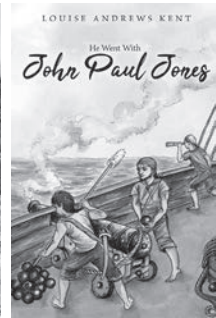
Magellan



Drake



Champlain



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CHAPTER 1

NOBLE PAGE; NOBLE SQUIRE



THAT DAY— a spring day in the year 1517—began for Vasco Coelho like many other days. He was at the palace early, but not early enough for the schoolmaster, who scowled at him and picked up his rod with inky fingers. He was a little man and cross-eyed. This made it hard to tell just where he would hit you when you stumbled over a French word.

Vasco spoke French about as well—or as badly—as any of the other pages at King Manuel’s palace in Lisbon, but his mistakes seemed especially annoying to the schoolmaster. Perhaps that was because Vasco Coelho did not care whether his long legs were swished or not. He had a way of looking through you, or over your head, with his dark blue eyes that made the schoolmaster turn red and stammer.

He stammered now as he said: ‘And if S-Señor C-Coelho would do me the favor to take his eyes off the harbor and t-turn them to the sonnets of Ronsard, a poet worthy of consideration even by those who esteem themselves p-poets...’

Vasco wrenched his eyes away from the Tagus. It was a

ruffled blue and white that morning. The ships tossed up and down on it at their moorings and their flags and pennants whipped sharply in the strong breeze. White clouds blew over fast and made purple shadows on the blue water. The sun winked on gilded carving, on colored banners, on painted sails.

‘Where will those sails go?’ Vasco wondered. ‘To Calicut? To Mozambique? To the Spice Islands? And I sit here,’ he thought, ‘reading French.’

‘Swish, crack,’ went the rod. Vasco looked thoughtfully at the welts that showed through his best stockings as if the marks belonged on someone else’s legs.

Yes, this day was certainly going to be like every other day. There would be the lesson in geography. The schoolmaster had learned it thirty years ago and had learned very little since. Vasco Coelho—whose godfather was Vasco da Gama, whose father had sailed to India with da Gama—knew more about geography than the schoolmaster, but he had learned not to say so. The schoolmaster still thought the world might very well turn out to be flat like a dinner plate.

Vasco knew how the morning would drag on. Music and dancing. Horsemanship. Swordplay. His fingers would slip on the strings of the viol. He would step on the toes of Princess Isabella’s ladies-in-waiting and they would whisper to each other about his large feet. When he tried to mount, the horse would stamp and roll the whites of his eyes. After a while he would throw Vasco into the horse trough.

With the sword in his hand, things would be better. He could pretend he was on a deck that tipped and slanted under his feet. Yellow-faced pirates with knives in their teeth would come swarming over the rail and he would fight them till they fled to their junks...

‘And if Señor Coelho would honor us with his attention for a m-moment...’

Swish. Crack. More welts on his legs.

Yes, it was like the other mornings, except that the horse threw him into a rosebush instead of into the trough. Vasco picked the prickles out of his hands and went in to help serve King Manuel’s dinner.

King Manuel the Fortunate was in a sour mood. Probably someone has been asking him for money, Vasco thought, or perhaps the cook used too many eggs, or too much cinnamon.

King Manuel, being one of the richest kings in the world with the spice trade in his hands, wore a threadbare and moth-eaten gown of a style forgotten by most of his Court, and had an unpleasant way of nosing around the kitchen, hunting for waste. He paid his noble pages—*moços fidalgos*, in Portuguese—a few small coins a month and a certain amount of barley. You might eat the barley—if you could; or feed it to your pigs—if you had any; or sell it in the market—if anyone wanted it. If you kept on being a page for enough years, you might after a time become an *escudeiro fidalgo*—a noble squire—and get a few more coins and some more barley. Sometimes a noble squire might find himself on a ship going to India, and after that the world might be his. Or so Vasco Coelho thought, as he poured out scented water for King Manuel’s greasy fingers. The King had just been smacking his lips over a small piece of roast pork. He threw the bone to one of his dogs. After King Manuel got through with a bone, a dog was likely to be disappointed. This dog, a white spaniel with a brown spot over one eye, chewed half-heartedly at the bone and then came and sat beside Princess Isabella’s chair and turned up his soft pleading eyes at her, just touching the skirt of her dress with

a silk-fringed paw. She slipped him a piece of meat while her father was not looking.

She looked more beautiful than ever as she did it, Vasco thought. She had warm golden-brown hair, the clearest and biggest blue-gray eyes, the sweetest smile, the loveliest fair skin, always changing from pale to pink and back again. If King Manuel had ever bought her any new dresses, she would have been the most beautiful princess in Europe, Vasco thought loyally. (He had not seen any others.) Even in her shabby chair, in the room with its dingy tapestries, in a dress made out of faded brocade that had once belonged to her dead mother, she was lovely enough so that some great painter ought to come from Italy and paint her portrait. There was a man in Italy called Bellini, Vasco had heard. One of the pages had travelled to Venice and had seen him at work.

‘When I have my ship,’ thought Vasco, ‘I will bring back satin and velvet and fine linen, gold cord with pearls twisted in it, too. I will hire that Bellini—or that pupil of his called Titian they spoke of—and he shall get out his finest colors and put her on canvas...’

‘You’ve put too much perfume in the water,’ King Manuel whined. ‘You boys will ruin me with your extravagance.’

He pushed his plate away and shoved back his chair. The pages began to clear the table. The Princess got up, swept her father a courtesy, which he noticed only with a small sharp movement of his hand, and disappeared behind a frayed curtain embroidered with tarnished metal. The red-haired lady-in-waiting, who was Vasco’s cousin Angela Luisa O’Connor, looked back through the curtain and made a face at the King’s back.

The big room was full of people who had come to watch the

King eat his dinner. He was ready now to receive petitions. He generally granted those that cost him nothing.

He freed a boy whose father claimed the boy had been put into prison unjustly. Manuel often freed prisoners: prisoners eat. He granted licenses of various kinds: there were fees to be paid in return. He approved plans for carved doors for a church. These cost a large sum, but Manuel was more generous with large sums than with small ones. The thought of taking a *milreis* out of his purse made his fingers shut up tight, but he could promise to pay out many thousands of *milreis* in two years time with hardly a quiver. He could always raise the tax on cloves.

Perhaps if the short, sallow, black-bearded man who limped up to Manuel had asked for a large sum, things might have been different.

‘Who is that ugly little lame man?’ another page whispered to Vasco.

‘Ferdinand Magellan—he came to our house once. He’s been to Africa, to India, to Malacca, almost to the Spice Islands. He may be lame and ugly, but he’s brave. I could tell you things about him...’

Vasco broke off because the lame man was speaking. He had a voice that seemed too big for such a small man. It was deep, not loud, yet it could be heard so clearly through the big room that the courtiers who had been murmuring and whispering to each other fell silent and listened.

‘For many years, Sire,’ Magellan was saying, ‘I have been a member of Your Majesty’s household: first, as is the custom, when I came here from Tras-os-Montes, I was a *moço fidalgo*. Later I went to sea in Your Majesty’s service. I served in the East under that noble gentleman, Francisco d’ Almeida. I

have been wounded more than once, and lately in Africa the Moors have injured me so that I shall now go lame for the rest of my life. I have been shipwrecked and once I had the honor, in Malacca, to help save part of Your Majesty's fleet from the Moors. I was promoted to the rank of *escudeiro fidalgo*, with pay of nearly two *milreis* a month, some time ago. I ask now, Sire, for further increase of rank and to have my allowance increased by a *milreis* a month if I am to remain at Court. Or else, which I would much prefer, that I may take service in one of Your Majesty's fleets. Any service on sea or on land to which Your Majesty sends me I will perform loyally and faithfully. There is much of the world still to explore.'

King Manuel had let his eyelids droop over his pale eyes. He seemed to be half-asleep, but at the mention of the increase of a *milreis* a month in pay he opened his eyes and looked sharply at Magellan. His look had so much dislike in it that the courtiers began to whisper and mutter again.

'This request is impossible to grant,' Manuel said at last in his thin, sharp voice. 'If we increased the pay of every sailor who pretends to limp into our presence, our kingdom would soon be bankrupt. We acknowledged your valuable services, Señor, on your return from the East, when we gave you the rank of *escudeiro*. More is impossible.'

Under Magellan's sallow skin, a dark red flush showed, but his voice was steady and courteous as he said: 'And my request for service as a captain? Denied?'

'It's denied,' the King said with that small sharp gesture of his hand.

'I have Your Majesty's permission, then, to seek service in some other country?'

'You have it.'

Magellan limped a step or two forward. There was a little wave of laughter behind him, and one of the courtiers imitated the limp. The King saw it and smiled.

Magellan, thinking perhaps that the smile meant that the King was, after all, relenting towards him, said, 'Your Majesty will, I hope, allow me to kiss your hand in farewell.'

'It is unnecessary,' the King said coldly.

It is difficult to limp backwards with dignity with smothered laughter behind you, yet Ferdinand Magellan managed it somehow, though his face was gray with pain and humiliation. He could not have helped seeing the snickering courtiers—there were two of them now—who were imitating his limp. He could not have helped hearing an *escudeiro*—a slender, elegant young man in puffed and slashed violet satin—say: 'It seems that lameness does not bring promotion. So, after all, my noble squires, we shall not have to cut off our legs.'

The young man had a very handsome pair of legs. He stuck out one and admired it and by doing so missed seeing Ferdinand Magellan walk for the last time through the door of King Manuel's throne room.

The King's astronomer had made a globe for King Manuel with Portuguese trading-posts in India and Africa and Brazil marked on it. The globe was on a table near the door of the throne room. It happened that the spring sunlight fell on the western half of the globe, on the bulging shoulder of Brazil, and on the coastline south of it that sloped away to the west. The astronomer had written 'Terra Incognita'—Unknown Land—on this coastline, and beyond it he had drawn an ocean full of sea serpents and mermaids. This was the astronomer's way of saying that he didn't know anything about that ocean either.

Magellan paused for a moment looking at the globe. No

one but Vasco Coelho noticed the keen glance that Manuel's discharged squire turned on the Western Ocean: the ocean that, if you sailed over it long enough, would lead to the Spice Islands by a road no one had ever taken.

The moth-eaten curtains of the door to King Manuel's throne room fell together behind the small limping figure in black, and Ferdinand Magellan was forgotten there—for a while.

CHAPTER 2

ASTRONOMERS IN A GARDEN



WHEN THE King went to his room to doze happily over his account books, Vasco's duties for the day were over. He ran through gardens scented with red and white roses, found a door he knew, a door half-hidden by trailing vines, pulled it open far enough for a snake—or a boy—to get through, and was outside the palace wall.

Far along the path that twisted down the hill a black figure limped slowly through the dust. Vasco walked slowly too, keeping the figure in sight.

'What will Señor Magellan do now?' Vasco wondered. 'He must be angry. Anyone would be.'

The boy's cheeks flushed as he thought of the King's cold, mean look, of the laughing courtiers, of the strange gray color of Magellan's face as he stopped near the globe.

'I must catch up with him, tell him I am angry that he has been treated so by those fools,' Vasco said half-aloud, but his feet moved no faster. He could not think of the right words to speak to a proud man who had just been laughed at in public,

tossed aside by his King as if he had been a bone thrown to a dog—one of King Manuel’s bones, already well gnawed.

Vasco moved forward so slowly that his feet soon ceased to move at all and he stood still, looking at the river and the bright ships. A new ship had come in and was lying at the end of the dock that belonged to his father’s warehouse. Her flags were tattered by many winds, faded from sun and salt spray. Her paint was dull and dingy and much of the gilded carving at her stem had been carried away in angry gales between Malacca and Portugal. Men were unloading bales and bags from her hold. Vasco could smell cloves and cinnamon and nutmeg. The wind carried them to him and brought the voices of the sailors. He could hear his Uncle Shane O’Connor shouting directions. His Uncle Shane had a voice like the wind itself, soft, but strong. Vasco could see him on the dock. Shane O’Connor with his flaming red hair and bush of red beard looked like no one else. Except that his daughter Angela Luisa, Princess Isabella’s lady-in-waiting, looked like him—in the way that a young and pretty kitten may look like an old cat—or so Uncle Shane said. Vasco had never been able to see that his Cousin Angela was in the least pretty. He liked red hair and freckles and green eyes on his Uncle Shane, but for a girl they were a calamity. Besides, Angela Luisa was always getting him into trouble.

‘You can’t really climb to the top of the grape arbor, Vasco... no one could... Oh, Vasco, how wonderful you are!—I never saw anyone climb so high... And since you’re there, throw me down one bunch of grapes, please, just a little one...’

And then the gardener would come and catch Vasco among the grapes and he would be scolded for eating them—though he hadn’t eaten even one—and Angela Luisa would have disap-

peared, grapes and all. Certainly an annoying girl. Vasco always promised himself never to be caught that way again—and yet was always caught.

The tall old house—some people called it a palace—where the Coelhos and the O’Connors lived was on the hill back of the warehouse. Vasco could see the front of the house and over the wall into the garden. The front door with its bronze figures and the carved marble around it were new. It was the fashion since Vasco da Gama had found the sea route to India to carve stone with all sorts of fruits and flowers and animals from the East. From where Vasco stood the carving around the door looked like a band of creamy lace, but he knew its pattern of palm trees and monkeys and strange flowers.

The flowers in their own garden were nothing but lilies and roses and not at all interesting to Vasco. He could look down into the garden and see his grandfather, old Abraham Zacuto, who had once been the Astronomer Royal, sitting in the shade talking to a younger man. Vasco could see his grandfather’s hands moving, so he felt sure the old astronomer was talking about stars.

Vasco’s mother—she was Zacuto’s daughter Rachel—was sitting beside him sewing silver stars and crescent moons on a new black robe for her father. Shane O’Connor’s wife, Vasco’s Aunt Luisa, was playing ball with her daughters and nieces. The game was to throw the ball and run to a certain tree before someone picked up the ball and touched you with it. Luisa Coelho O’Connor, in spite of some gray in her black hair, ran as fast as any of the girls.

It was only for a moment that Vasco looked into the garden. It was all too peaceful and familiar to hold his attention long—the rosebushes loaded with blossoms, the pretty pale

colored dresses of silvery blue, of soft rose, of dove color; the gardener working among the herbs, the butler bringing out a pitcher and a tray of silver cups. Yet the picture was printed on his mind. He did not know that it would drift before his eyes again when they were tired from icy winds or the light from a blazing ocean. He looked again at the dock. His father, Joan Coelho, a tall figure in black, was standing there now checking over lists of the cargo, and beside him was Vasco's brother, Abraham, that thin, serious model young man.

Abraham, Vasco thought, is the oldest and gravest of our family. How wonderful it would be if once, just once, he would do something wrong or foolish! Lose a paper about cloves or be late at dinner, or eat too many sardines.

But he knew Abraham never would. Abraham would always be glad to see the ships come into the Tagus full of silks and spices, and yet never wonder about the place they came from: content to see them sail and never try to stow away on one. Vasco had tried it and had been found and sent back before the ship even reached Belem at the mouth of the Tagus. And that had been his longest voyage so far. Abraham never hung around dirty little inns where sailors ate, and listened to their talk of storms on distant seas. He never thought that there were still places on the globe that no one in Portugal had ever seen. Or if such an idea occurred to him, he was quite willing to let someone else go and find out about them.

The names of Columbus, of Vasco da Gama, with whom his father had sailed to India, did not make prickles of excitement run along Abraham's spine. It did, however, excite him if a few pounds of cloves were missing, or if a length of silk was spotted with sea water. He took care of everything. It would be impossible, his father often said, to get along without Abraham.

Vasco could manage without him, however. He had meant to go to the dock and talk to the sailors. The sight of Abraham being so solemn and important made him turn to another path. His whole life, if he had known it, lay along that path.

It turned sharply, dipped down, turned again, and for twenty yards or so followed a level terrace. On this terrace someone with a love of the busy river, of ships, hills, and sunset clouds had placed an old bench of cracked and discolored marble. The man who was sitting on it now was not looking out over the Tagus towards the place where the sun was going down in a blaze of copper and scarlet and misty gold. His elbows were on his knees and his face was buried in his hands. Vasco, however, did not need to see Magellan's face to know him. He recognized the bristly black hair, the square, sunburned hands, the faded brown clothes, so much more like a sailor's than a courtier's.

Magellan heard Vasco's footsteps and looked up. Most of his plain, blunt-featured face was hidden by a bush of black beard. If you did not notice his eyes, he looked much like any other sunburned, bearded sailor. It was not only that his eyes were a changeable blue-green and seemed to see farther than landsmen's eyes. Many sailors have eyes that hold some of the color and distance of the sea in them. Magellan's eyes showed something else—pride, patience, an inflexible will. If King Manuel, called the Fortunate, had looked into them, he might have saved himself much trouble, and—more important still from his point of view—money. For the sake of a *milreis* a month Manuel nearly lost his Spice Islands. It cost him many thousand *milreis* to keep them. It had been a mistake, he found out later, to sneer at Magellan's lameness.

Vasco met this stern, proud look. It made him think of a black panther he had seen in a cage in the King's gardens.

Men had brought the panther from India and caged him, but they had not broken his spirit. King Manuel had not broken Magellan's spirit either, Vasco thought.

He said awkwardly, but so earnestly that Magellan's look grew gentler: 'Señor Magellan, I saw you look at the globe. Take me with you where you are going. We'll show them—those sniggering apes. Noble pages! Noble squires! Noble lords! If that's nobility, I've seen enough of it.'

'You were there, were you?' Magellan said, looking up to Vasco's flushed face. 'You're how old? Fourteen? You look older; you're taller than I am already. I was younger than that when I left Tras-os-Montes and came to Court. I might go back there now, I suppose. There is a little village and vineyards. They make a wine that has a strange flavor—something wild about it. There's an old house with the arms of the Magellans over the door... on a silver shield three bars of checked silver and red... above it an eagle with his wings spread... Once I thought I would see it painted on my own flag, leaping from the mast of my own ship. I said that to Francisco Serrano. I will come to you, I said, in my own ship with my arms painted on the flag.'

Magellan seemed to be talking more to himself than to Vasco. He looked out over the Tagus and went on: 'Yes. I might go back to Sabrosa in Tras-os-Montes. It's a wild place. The hills shut you away from the sea. In most of Portugal you're within reach of the sea, a short journey will put you where you can smell it and see it and hear it, but not in Tras-os-Montes. You boil there in summer and freeze in winter. They have a saying there: Nine months winter, three months inferno. Our fortunate King would be willing for me to go back to Sabrosa. He'll allow me to die quietly in that quiet corner of the world. He owns half the world, you know, because the Pope drew

an imaginary line west of the Azores. Everything east of it belongs to Portugal: everything west of it to Spain. Simple, isn't it? Only—popes and kings may know where that line begins, three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Azores, but who knows where it ends—down under? Until someone sails around the world, no one can tell how big this globe is. King Manuel the Fortunate doesn't know where that line cuts through. He can't, sitting there pinching pennies, be sure that he owns the Spice Islands. And he doesn't know that—he doesn't know it...'

Magellan stopped speaking and Vasco said in a voice that he could not keep quite steady, 'Is that what you were thinking when you stopped and looked at the globe?'

'Yes, it came to me then. I thought of my friend, of Francisco Serrano waiting for me, down under my feet, and the world seemed to swing over. I saw—as clearly as I see you—the Spice Islands west of the line.'

Magellan got to his feet and turned his sea-blue eyes towards the setting sun.

'I will come to you, Francisco,' he murmured, 'if not by way of Portugal, by way of Spain.'

'And I will go with you, Señor,' Vasco said.

Magellan laughed—a laugh with more bitterness than mirth in it.

'I talk like a fool,' he said. 'No money, no ships. Cast out by the King. I might as well try to fly to the Spice Islands.'

'There are other kings, Señor. Columbus tried Portugal; England. Then he went to Spain. By way of Spain, you said just now.'

'Did I?'

Magellan looked curiously up at Vasco Coelho. He saw a tall boy, much taller than himself, finely dressed in clothes of

crimson brocade a little too small for him. Dark hair curled untidily over his forehead. His face was flushed partly with excitement, partly with the sunset glow. His dark blue eyes under heavy black brows had a look of loyalty and courage, Magellan thought. The boy's white hands and the feet in the square-toed velvet shoes were big and clumsy, but although his hands were white, they looked strong.

'Take him out and let the sun burn him awhile. Set him to hauling ropes with those soft hands, and he'll make a man yet. And he'll never make a courtier,' Magellan thought.

He said aloud: 'I can trust you, I know. I spoke too soon and said what I ought to keep secret, but I hardly think you will run back to the King with the tale. It's a new thing for me to keep secrets. I have spoken openly what I thought till now, but I can learn. Can you? If you can, it shall be our secret, but I wish you were an astronomer. I've sailed east from Portugal to Malacca, but I don't know yet how far it is around the world. Where West turns East again—that is still unknown to anyone.'

'I know two astronomers,' Vasco said, 'and they are both sitting in our garden.'

Magellan did not often smile, but he did so now.

'Why, this is magic,' he said. 'Who are they?'

'Look down into our garden. See, in the shade of the chestnut tree, two men? One of them you know. He's my grandfather, Abraham Zacuto. I'm afraid he cannot help you much. He is very old now and he does not talk much except about the stars when he was young. The younger man's name is Ruy Faleiro. My father and my uncle think he is very clever. He had made charts for them. He is a man with a strange temper. Sometimes he is gloomy and angry and looks through you without speaking. Sometimes he is gay and likes to talk. He is a good

geographer though people say the Devil makes his charts. Shall I take you to him?’

Magellan stood for a moment looking down into the Coelho’s garden.

‘Yes, I will go,’ he said, and after one more look at the setting sun, started limping down the hill.

Luckily, Ruy Faleiro was in one of his good moods. A globe that he had made himself was on the table beside him. The long evening was over and it was growing dim in the garden. Vasco brought a lighted lantern and held it over the globe. All his life he was to remember Ruy Faleiro’s long fingers turning the globe; his pale face and Magellan’s dark one bent over it; the light slipping over the curved surface; the names of strange lands coming into sight. After a while they set the globe back on the table again and the lantern beside it and went on talking. They had forgotten Vasco. There was no one else in the garden. Old Zacuto, murmuring about astrolabes that he had made and how he was Astronomer Royal once, had gone to bed.

The girls had all gone to sit at windows of the great hall on the other side of the house, because that was where young men came along playing lutes and singing. Their mothers were sitting near them to be sure that the young men devoted themselves to music and did not come climbing up vines to the balcony. That is, Rachel Coelho hoped no one would climb up because her niece, Angela Luisa, had come home from the palace and you never could tell about Angela Luisa. She might drag the young man and his lute into the room, or she might push him down and break his lute—or his neck. Either would be unfortunate, because, after all, a lady-in-waiting to the Princess ought to *be* a lady, Rachel thought.

On the other hand, Luisa Coelho O'Connor, Angela's mother, rather hoped there would be some climbing. And if there were, she wanted to see it. She considered that modern young men were very dull and tame, and she thought that her daughter was doing wonders if she acted like a lady even part of the time. Of course in a way it would have been convenient if her nephew, Abraham, who was so good and dignified, had been a girl, and if Angela had been a boy, but you had to take the children Heaven sent you and love them. So she loved them all, her own and her nieces and nephews: good, kind, dull Abraham; the tomboy Angela; her nieces Maria and Olivia, who were so much prettier than Angela and so much better behaved; her twin sons, Paulo and Dennis, who were students at the University of Coimbra; and especially, somehow, her nephew Vasco Coelho, who was always falling over his feet like a puppy that hasn't grown used to his paws yet. There was something about Vasco's eagerness to help anyone in trouble, his generosity and loyalty, something about his good-natured smile and his clumsiness that made people like him. No one could help it. No one wanted to help it.

Only it was strange, Luisa O'Connor thought, that Vasco's father and mother wanted Vasco to be a courtier or a man of business like Abraham. Anyone could see that Vasco was at home only with ships. From the first time he sailed a toy boat in the fountain, it was always ships with Vasco. He knew the Coelhos' ships as soon as they came into sight far down the Tagus. He could tell you just how many tons they carried and how they were rigged, how their sails were painted. He would spend hours whittling out model ships, and his clumsy fingers grew clever when he painted sails for them. He knew the name of every port between Lisbon and Malacca, and could tell you

just how much salt beef and biscuit you would need for the voyage. He could describe strange harbors and their tides and currents and winds—all as if he had sailed there. He had never been out of Portugal, yet he spoke as if he saw it all. There was a little boat he had sailed up and down the Tagus, but if he had sailed her around the cape of Good Hope he couldn't have seemed to know better the icy storms that blow around the tip of Africa, or the hot rolling waves of the Indian Ocean.

'Sooner or later he'll be a sailor,' his aunt thought. 'They'll find it out.'

While she was thinking about him, Vasco was sitting cross-legged on the grass listening to Magellan and Ruy Faleiro. The lantern still burned and a swarm of moths fluttered about it. Sometimes a bat veered out of the darkness and swooped close to Vasco's head. The stars were bright now and the garden was full of the scent of roses. Outside in the street there was music. Vasco's fingers were too clumsy for the lute, and his voice was changing, but he loved music and there was usually a tune of some kind running in his head. Not the songs the other pages sang outside windows—songs about the silver moon and fair white lilies, or gentle doves, or sweet red roses. The songs Vasco knew were the kind sailors sing when they pull on ropes. The hymns sung on deck at night and morning. The calls sung when the sand has run through the hourglass and the new watch must come on deck.

'When my voice has done changing,' he thought, 'it will be loud enough to sing above the wind. They will hear me all over the ship, even when the ropes whistle and the sails are like drums.'

For a moment he felt himself carried out of the garden and down the river, saw the new tower at Belem shine in the

starlight, felt the great Atlantic rollers lift the ship and foam under her keel, felt her stagger a moment, heard the shouts of the sailors, felt the sails fill and the ship settle on her course.

Above the noises of his imaginary ship, the delicious creaking and singing and splashing, he heard Ruy Faleiro say excitedly: 'It could be—yes, you are right—the line could cut east of the Spice Islands. They could be Spain's.'

Vasco looked up. Ruy Faleiro was bending over the globe again. The lantern threw strange shadows on his pale face. He wore no beard and his whole face seemed sharp—pointed chin, high, narrow forehead, curved, beaky nose. His eyes glittered in the light like the eyes of a chained falcon. His lips were pale, but he had bitten the lower one with his sharp white teeth and a little trickle of red ran down his chin.

'Hold the lantern,' he said to Vasco in a shrill voice. 'No, higher—no, you fool, not so high. This edge of the shadow must fall where I have marked it—west of the Azores. Can't you keep your hand steady, boy? The shadow must cut the globe in halves, not wander over it like the shadow of a cloud on blowing leaves. Steady, I say.'

'Your own hand is shaking, Señor Faleiro,' Vasco heard Magellan say quietly. 'Let me take the globe.'

The globe passed from Faleiro's long pale fingers to Magellan's stubby brown ones.

Now one edge of the shadow touched the place that Faleiro had marked—that imaginary line three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Azores. And on the other side of the world within the lighted half of the globe lay the Spice Islands...

The lantern began to flicker. It went out and the smell of the dying wick choked out the smell of the roses. Vasco's eyes were still dazzled by looking at the lighted globe, so he

never knew how Magellan looked as he said, still in that quiet, calm voice: 'If your globe is the right size, Señor Faleiro, if the western ocean is as you have drawn it, the Spice Islands lie in Spanish territory.'

Faleiro said angrily: 'I do not make mistakes in my charts. Men have sailed by them to—' Here he reeled off a long list of foreign names, and followed them with a flood of figures and astronomical calculations, and wound up: 'And if this big fool had held the light steady and not let it go out, you would have seen.'

Magellan had listened patiently. He had put down the globe and at the word 'fool' he put his hand on Vasco's arm. It seemed as if patience and determination flowed from his fingers.

'The way to be sure,' he said calmly, 'will be to go and look.'