

Selected Tales of Walden

Collected using sources from
All Eight Races of Walden
and translated with native aid
by
Reneé Le Vine

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The Meeting of Hirion and Estelle

As the early birds sang their aubade,
And the rays of the celestial light on the trees shone lambent,
A form appeared on the road, with the gaucherie
That is said to accompany the will to rusticate,
Whether by choice or by decree draconian,
And settle among the streams and trees diaphanous.

But to this young dwarf, nothing seemed diaphanous
About wandering the woods at the time of aubade,
As long as one took care and was not draconian
With the simple pleasures of the light lambent--
Payment enough for the decision to rusticate
If one takes care to do to nature no gaucherie.

But this dwarf, Hirion by name, seemed doomed to gaucherie,
That he was not a social dwarf was by no means diaphanous.
Thus, when full grown, he chose to rusticate
Where on long walks alone he could hear the aubade
And see the sunlight before him filtered and lambent,
Unfettered by those things adamantine and draconian.

Hirion was glad to go, for indeed he knew how draconian
The laws of his people were, and how full of gaucherie.
He found freedom in the sunlight so fair and lambent,
And bathed in stream water clean and diaphanous.
He would fain have sung his own aubade
But he feared city songs would disrupt this place where he chose to rusticate.

It was on one of these walks from the house where he had chosen to rusticate,
By chance perhaps or Chaimvin's will or even the will of fate draconian,
That he heard a voice like the sweetest bird singing an aubade.
He feared that somebody was drawing near, and feared his gaucherie
Would cause the person to find him diaphanous
Lacking in intelligence like the simple light lambent.

The song drew nearer, and in the growing light so lambent
Did this dwarf from a simple village, now desirous to rusticate
See, in a garment silver like the moonlight, yet almost diaphanous
Estelle, a daughter of the Light Faithful, who by laws draconian
Hirion's people were forbidden to see; the dwarf's gaucherie
Made him timid in the face of such a glorious aubade.

The temptation to approach seemed draconian
Hirion would've rather hid than show his gaucherie
But he approached anyway, for the sake of the aubade.

How the Irvin Settled in the Sea Caves

In the early days of Walden, the race of men lived peacefully with the other races. But after a few generations had passed, the seed of evil that had been planted in Walden by the evil lord Marek, a former attendant of Chaimvin, began to bloom. It affected most the hearts of men, for men were not as wise as elves or as hardy as dwarves nor as devoted to Chaimvin as the other people of Walden.

As this seed bloomed, the men of Walden turned against their neighbors the dwarves and began taking over their land. The dwarves fought valiantly against the men, but many fell on both sides nonetheless. The dwarves were forced to flee. Some fled into the Forest of Light, where their kindred the dwelves lived, for the descendants of Hirion and Estelle had not yet spread onto the eastern plains nor to the western edges of the forest. Both the dwelves and the Nuri Fidele living in Panphedra and the other forest cities welcomed them warmly. Over time, some of the dwarves married among both the elves and the dwelves. Thus the race of dwelves grew, for until now they had been small in number.

The dwarves that did not settle in the forest continued to journey across the land of Walden. But shelter was denied them, for the men on the plain were mostly cruel and corrupt. The spirit peoples of the land either had no room for them – since their land was also being encroached upon – or lived in pools, on mountain peaks, or in other places that did not have good living conditions for the dwarves. To ask the dark elves was out of the question. Thus, out of all the land-dwelling races only the Nuri Fidele and the dwelves living in their domain offered any sanctuary to the poor dwarves. Finally, they fled to the shore, hoping to find some way from there to the Western Isles, to seek help from the fairies or maybe even Chaimvin – great be He – himself.

Now within the Great Sea which separated the land of Walden from what lay beyond lived the sea people -- merpeople and water sprites of all sorts, including the water fairies that guard the magical pools. The maidens of the sea-people often sat on the beach to laugh and talk and observe the doings of the other peoples, for their keen eyes could see far beyond the shore. So, even though the dwarves were far off, they fell under the maidens' gaze.

"Why," said one of the maidens, "it is the dear people of the forests, the dwarves!"

"Why, so it is," said another. "Come, dear ones," she said to the dwarves, "and sit

with us on the sand. For you are weary, and clearly laden with some great sorrow."

"We thank you," said the dwarves' leader, whose name was Linus. So they sat down among the water-maidens. The one who had bid them sit was Marina, princess of the sea-people, who was known throughout Walden for her grace and kindness.

"The seed planted by the evil Marek has blossomed and driven the sons of men to evil," said Linus. "They sought our land, and rather than approaching us peacefully, they came against us in battle, that they might take it from us by force. After fighting valiantly, we had no choice but to flee that place. Some of our kin settled among the Nuri Fidele, who openly welcomed us. Those of us here, however, did not desire to live among them, for there would not be room for all of us even now, and also, I felt the calling of Chaimvin tell my heart that we should not settle there. So we traveled far and wide, on horse and on foot, asking all in Walden for shelter and protection. But it was denied us. Our horses were killed by a Dark Elf raid, and we have but just escaped from that.

"That is the sorrow laid on our hearts, and so we ask you, do not turn us away, for we have nowhere left to go for help."

"We would never turn you away!" exclaimed Marina. "Wait here. I will send my maidens to bring my father here, for he must hear of this."

The princess gave orders to her attendants in the language of the sea-people, and they swam off at once. They went to seek the King of the Sea, Maris, who was highly regarded by Chaimvin and as close to his ear as one of his closest attendants. He was also very wise, having lived long and learned much. He had traveled the whole land even in the days before the race of men saw the light of day, and learned all the tongues of the land.

After some time, the King arrived, clothed in all his splendor, but without attendants, for he was attended only in court. The dwarves bowed low in homage.

"Rise, dear ones," said Maris. They rose, yet still trembled in their shoes, for one such as Maris was unlike anyone they had ever seen, even among the elven lords.

"Do not be afraid," said Maris. "My daughter's attendants have told me of your plight."

"Thank you for taking notice of us," said Linus.

"Those who have denied you shelter will surely be punished by Chaimvin," said Maris. "But we will give you shelter, for we are gentle people and devoted to Chaimvin. You may settle among us for as long as you like -- even forever, if that is your wish."

"Surely we do not deserve such kindness," said Linus.

"No one deserves any good that comes their way," said the Princess. "It is only by Chaimvin's goodwill that any kind of good is allotted to us in this life. It was to test our wills, which are free to choose good or evil, that he allowed the evil lord Marek to sow a seed of evil in this land. But we believe that we must share the good that Chaimvin has given us in abundance with those who are not so blessed. So do not refuse our offer."

"Oh, we will accept, surely," said Linus.

With the help of the sea-people, the dwarves began to settle. They at first lived in caves above the water. But soon, the children of the dwarves began to marry the children of the sea-people. Their offspring were better fit for living under the sea, so the dwarves began living in underwater caves. It was at this time that they began to be called the Irvin, or "sea friends." They live in the sea caves to this day.

The Tale of Lady Victoria

Many generations after my previous tale, the wickedness of men grew. More and more, things became dire for those who were yet devoted to Chaimvin. Some forsake the human cities to find shelter with the other races. Yet a few remained to try to influence those with whom they lived.

One such person was Lady Victoria. She was called that, though by the standards of most men she was not a noblewoman. Her father, who was now dead, had been the chief of the seaside village of Silvanmare in which Victoria lived. Her mother had been killed by dark elves when she was but a girl.

Victoria lived with the new chief, her brother Colin. He was a cruel man and far more interested in the craft of weapon making than in his duties as chief. In many ways, Victoria was really the leader in the people's hearts. She was beautiful and kind, and tried her best to help the people, as her father had done.

Time passed, and Victoria noticed that people whispered in the town about how Colin was well past the usual marriage age and had not yet taken a bride. There were girls who were interested in him, Victoria knew, but he never seemed to share their affections.

On the other hand, he seemed rather interested in her, even though she was his sister. Could he possibly be harboring thoughts of her within him? Victoria shuddered at the thought. For a man to feel love meant for a wife for his sister was not right in Chaimvin's eyes.

Yet, it seemed possible. Victoria herself had many suitors, for she too was of a marriageable age. But just as soon as she found one that seemed suitable, her brother had objected and had the suitor killed. There was nothing Victoria could do about it either, for her brother was the man of the house, and was thus her master until she married. The only boy she had a chance to get to know was Ewan, her brother's apprentice, who was as innocent as Colin was cruel.

One day, Victoria's fears were realized. Her brother tried to force her to lie with him as a man does with his wife. Fearing for her honor – and her life, if she refused to do as her brother asked -- she fled with Ewan in a boat and sailed to the caves of the Irvin, with whom Ewan was great friends. The Irvin took them in, and they remained there for a long time. The young boy grew up and taught the Irvin many

things about weapons. As for Victoria, she found vigor and youth again among the Irvin, though she was approaching middle age.

Word came years later that Colin had driven all the good people out of the village. He had also allowed a dark elf magician to be part of his court -- a thing unheard of in those days. It was also rumored that he was going to marry the magician's daughter and become one of their kind so he might control his people more.

"What can we do against this outrage?" cried Victoria that night to Ewan.

"I do not know, Victoria," said Ewan (for they were as equals now and so he did not defer to her, as a servant might to his lady), "for though we are devoted to Chaimvin even in our exile, it would take the might of a Nuri Fidele army, or even Chaimvin's own personal help to defeat such an enemy as your brother if he becomes a dark elf. Even if he does not, we still could not easily defeat him."

"Oh, Chaimvin, friend of life," prayed Victoria. "Listen to me. You know what outrage has happened in our village. Please give us wisdom, or help, or anything you can provide in order to fight this evil."

For two long years, Victoria prayed and prayed. But Chaimvin did not answer. It was unusual, Victoria knew, for him to delay, but it was not her place to question his ways. Nonetheless, doubt crept into her heart when word came that her brother had indeed become a dark elf.

Victoria went to her dear friend Princess Katerina, princess of the sea-people, and asked her what she should do.

"I do not know why Chaimvin has been silent so long," said the princess. "It is not like him. He is the all-powerful creator -- he should be able to do something, I would think."

"That my village should come to this!" cried Victoria. "I did not wish it."

Several days passed with yet no answer of any kind from Chaimvin. Soon, Victoria, as strong as she had once been, could no longer bear the grief and despair she was suffering. She had a boat outfitted for her to journey to one of the inland pools, under the pretense of asking the wisdom of the water sprites that guide them. But in reality, she was going there to take her own life, for she felt she would rather die than suffer under such a burden of woe.

After she had been gone more hours than were needed for such a voyage, Ewan began searching for her. No one knew why she was gone so long. Finally, he came to Valda, their hostess, and asked her about Victoria.

"I would hurry to her, if I were you," said she, "for she confessed to me that she seeks to destroy herself from her grief."

"Destroy herself? She would never do such a thing. Chaimvin – great be He – does not allow such things."

"We are not perfect, young one," said Valda. "Grief does terrible things to people."

"I must rescue her!"

"Go first to Wynne the prophetess. Perhaps Chaimvin has given her wisdom on this matter."

Ewan left in search of the prophetess, Victoria's grief pressing heavily on his own mind.

Victoria sat by the pool, weeping. She had come here with resolve, determined that her only escape from grief was to leave life forever. But once at her destination, her resolve was suddenly not as strong as it had been. So, even now in the dying hours of the day, she was more and more uncertain of her decision. It was in such a stupor that Ewan found her.

"Victoria!"

Victoria turned, her bedraggled hair matted down with tears. "Ewan?"

Ewan ran to her. "Victoria, please! Don't destroy yourself! Don't give in to sorrow!"

Victoria bit her lip. "What else can I do? This grief is unbearable."

"Chaimvin has spoken to Wynne, the prophetess of the Irvin," said Ewan. "He says that we two alone can rid our village of all its evil, and build a better village in its

place. As the prophetess said,

*Be honest with your feelings
Express your inmost desires
Then seal that affection
With the sign of love,
And into the pool where Victoria sits
Ready to take her life in sorrow,
Do leap, and all shall be well.*

"Those are very strange words," said Victoria, "but I think I know what they mean. Ewan, I must tell you something. I love you. I always have. You are the only man I have had time to love, for because his passions were not right, my brother murdered my suitors, seeking that he alone be my bedfellow, though he is my brother."

"I love you too, Victoria," said Ewan, "more than anything."

They kissed, and then, as the prophetess had told them to do, they leaped into the pool. It was one of the magical pools that the water sprites guard.

"Welcome, Ewan, Victoria," said the water sprite of the pool. "I was told of your coming, and now I will tell you what you want to know."

"Chaimvin has ordered that for one day and night, the spirits of the first great lord and lady of the waters, King Maris and his daughter Marina will come upon you, so you will be able to drown your village and the wickedness in it. At sunrise, the spirits will vanish and you shall be yourselves. Then you must seek out the good people of the village and your friends among the other races to help you rebuild Silvanmare."

And it was so. The next day at sunrise, Ewan and Victoria went to the highest point of the caves, and a great wind blew them off and into the water. There the spirits of the great sea-rulers came, and Ewan and Victoria became in form and manner like Maris and Marina of old. They gathered the armies of the sea, whose commander knew of all this, and ventured forth. They controlled the waves too, and bade them extend their borders on this one day to destroy Silvanmare. Then they sought out the other exiles and their friends of the other races to help rebuild the city. When it was done, Ewan and Victoria were married and became the leaders of the village, which soon became a city. Years later, they passed on, but their legacy remained, and their tomb is inscribed the prophetess's words that brought about their confessions of love.

The Tale of Barnard

A Tale of the Dwelves, recorded by Barnard of Ashwood

In the early days after the War, many among the race of men grew greedy and saw no wrong in the capture, pursuit, and ultimate enslavement of the other races. At one time, they led a raid against the dwelves that dwelt just west of the Forest of Light, having spread out from their elvish neighbors so that there might be enough space for all. Many were captured, including a young dwelvish man named Barnard, who was skilled in both the chase and in art and well respected in the small settlement of Ashwood, which lay in a small clearing near the forest's edge.

Barnard was thus enslaved and sold to a man in Eyton, near Sparrow's Landing, said to be a foul place filled with the sparrows who betrayed themselves to Marek the bitter one for the ability to change shape. He was put in chains and forced to work in the blazing sun harvesting a field of flax, for linen was a great trade in Eyton, where its fineness, produced by the skill of the weavers, was well known. It was hard work, for the chains made it hard for Barnard to move very quickly, yet his daily quota of flax was quite large. Often, Barnard did not make his quota and was beaten and spoken to harshly, but he, being devoted to Chaimvin – great be He – as much as he had been at home, took his punishments quietly, hoping that Chaimvin would look with favor upon him and free him from this miserable slavery.

One day, as Barnard worked in the field and was nearly fainting from hunger and the pain from his beating the day before, he found a blue hair caught among some of the flax. It looked good to him to eat, for his hunger was so intense that anything other than flax that he saw looked like a feast. So he untangled the hair from the flax and put it in his mouth. It tasted very sweet and good to him, so in a brief moment of respite, he ate it all.

Suddenly, a light flashed before Barnard's eyes, bluer than the sky. He covered his eyes, while still trying to pick up flax with the other. He saw a vision of a beautiful young woman among the flax, who at first seemed to have the tail of a fish, then to have the legs of a woman. It was a mermaid, without doubt. Barnard had heard that those who found a sea-person's hair palatable were linked with the hair's owner until time and circumstance seemed fit for them to meet. This woman, he thought, must be the owner of the hair he had found and eaten.

Disregarding the fact that the overseer could very well come at any moment, Barnard dropped to his knees and begged Chaimvin to free him from his slavery, if it be the will of Chaimvin to do so that he might find this sea-maiden he had seen. All of a sudden, his chains began to break, though there was no harsh wind to move them nor any effort from Barnard or another person to do so. They then fell off of themselves.

Barnard was shocked. Only Chaimvin could have done such a thing. Then he looked at his basket, and behold, it was full to exactly the quota line marked on it for that day. And lying on the flax was a brilliant stone, of which Barnard had only heard stories – a nilahnkai, or “sparkle stone,” sometimes given to the sea-people by the fairies of the Sparkling Isle.

Barnard wasted no time. He grabbed his basket and the stone and presented both to the overseer. The overseer was surprised to see Barnard done so quickly – and not chained as he usually was.

“How is it that you have your quota already, when it is hardly past midday?” asked the overseer. “And where are your chains? If you have loosed them, I shall lose great favor with the master.”

“I know only that I prayed to Chaimvin – great be He – for freedom,” said Barnard, “and he has deemed me worthy of it.”

Now the overseer was himself a slave, though of higher rank than Barnard, and was also a fearer of Chaimvin, unlike many of the men of his village. So when he heard Barnard’s words, and saw the nilahnkai, whose value he well knew, he said, “If Chaimvin – great be He – has shown such favor to you, neither I nor our master can do anything, lest the anger of Chaimvin fall upon us. Go in peace.”

Barnard left. When he reached the town, he sold the nilahnkai to a collector in the market whom he had heard of from some of the other slaves. The amount was more than enough to purchase his freedom, for it seemed better to him to do so than to simply flee his enslavement. He brought the payment to his master, who it turned out had just heard of Barnard’s situation from the overseer.

“Master, Chaimvin – great be He – has seen me worthy of freedom, and gave me a nilahnkai, one of the stones of the winged ones of the west, that I might go and seek she whose hair I ate while in your fields,” said Barnard. “I took this stone to the

market, to the stall of Liam the collector, and for it he gave me this money. I believe it will be enough to pay for my release, for I would rather go with your blessing, O Master, than to simply flee from your service, although it has been long and harsh."

The master was surprised, but he smiled. "If Chaimvin has done such a thing, what else can be done? Since you have come to me to be released and have not dishonored me and yourself by running away, I shall not send you away with empty hands. My servants will give you good clothes and shoes, and a bundle of flax for you to take this fair maiden you seek."

"Thank you, Master."

A short time later, Barnard left the town, with a new robe and shoes and a bundle of flax tied with strong ropes. He was also lent a horse by the overseer of the stable, so that he might travel with speed to his destination. He reached the sea the next day and sent the horse back to his master. Then, he cried from the shore:

*O fair maiden, where be you
Who I saw among the flax
When in my hunger ate I a hair blue
There among my stacks?
For, they say, eating such a hair
Does bind two hearts as one
And makes one almost to despair
Until they meet under the sun.*

*So, fair maiden, do not despise
To be seen by these dwelven eyes,
For drawn to you so much was I,
I asked Chaimvin that I might try
To win you, if it be his will,
Though if I could not, then in slavery still
Would I have tarried, until Chaimvin led
Me to freedom, or in death, to him, for 'tis said
The good dead go to his country, not to the east
Where Marek and all evil perpetually feast
Come out, fair one, for I long to see you,
For, I guess Chaimvin means us to be lovers true.*

He then saw a mermaid jump from the sea into the air and then into the sea again, from which she swam to the shore.

"Have you any family?" she asked.

"I have no kin," said Barnard, "for they were killed during the raid in which I was captured and afterwards taken to work forcefully for the men who did so."

"They are bitter things, and so to the east with them!" exclaimed the mermaid, uttering perhaps the most serious curse in all of Walden.

Then, letting the words stand in the air, the mermaid continued, "Since you have no family to tie you to the land, you may be my husband, if my father approves. Come now with me to him, for the protection of the sea-king will keep you from perishing beneath the waves if I am with you."

He followed her to her father's house, where he presented the flax given to him by his master as a gift. The father looked Barnard over, and then asked, "What is your name, and of what family come you?"

"My name is Barnard, the son of Holand, a mighty hunter among the community where I once dwelt. His family has long been held highly in our settlement. My mother was Salinde, the greatest of our weavers. I also had two brothers who were hunters as my father was, though unlike me they did not also learn my mother's trade."

"From where do you come?"

"I was born in Ashwood, a small settlement on the edge of the Forest of Light, where the great and glorious Nuri Fidele dwell along with others of their kind and of mine, and where the Winged Ones of the west once dwelt. It is not a great city, hardly even a village, but it lies on a major river and was thus coveted by the men who dwelt near us."

"What did these men do who coveted your settlement?"

"They sent bands of men after us, men without morals, who burned down the meagre shelters we had made for ourselves, killed many, and took into slavery those

they deemed worthy of such. I was one of these; the rest of my family was killed.”

The mermaid’s father muttered something under his breath. Then he continued. “After these men took you into bondage, what happened then?”

“I was taken to Eyton, near Sparrow’s Landing, and at the market sold into the service of a farmer named Karok, who had many slaves already, both in his fields of crops and of flax and in his house. I continued in his service for eight years, working in chains in the flax field, for as a captive slave it was believed I would run away if I was not bound. I was badly treated a good amount of the time, being given little to eat and being beaten if I did not meet my daily quota. But I took these beatings without being harsh myself to them, for I fear Chaimvin – great be He – and I believed that if I acted so, he would see my affliction and deliver me.”

The mermaid’s father nodded approvingly. “How did you come to find the hair of my daughter?”

“That happened just yesterday, sir. I was working in the fields and was weak from hunger and from the pain of my beatings when I saw a flash of blue among the flax plants. At first, I thought it was a flax flower, but then I saw it was a hair. In my famished state, it looked good to me for food, so I tasted it. It tasted sweet to me, so I ate it. After this, I saw a vision of your daughter in the air above the field, first with the tail of a fish then with the legs of a woman. I knew this must be a sign that we were meant to meet. So I prayed to Chaimvin – great be He -- that he might release me so that I might find her, if it was his will.”

“So it seems it was. What happened after this?”

“It was something only Chaimvin – great be He – could have done, sir. My chains fell off by themselves, and my basket became full right to the quota line, with a nilahnkai sitting on top of it. I took both my basket and the stone to my overseer, and he bade me go in peace, for he nor our master could do nothing about such a miracle. I then went into the town, to the stall of Liam the merchant, and offered the stone to him in exchange for money. He examined it and gave me a great sum, some of which I paid to my master to gain my release. Because I

had not dishonored him and me by running away but had instead legally sought my release, he gave me new clothes and shoes and this bundle of flax, as well as lending me the horse that I rode to this place. I rode, therefore, and called out to your daughter from the shore, from whence she brought me here to you."

"You have answered well," said the mermaid's father. "I give my blessing for you to marry my daughter, though you shall have to be made a merman before that happens, and your old life shall be no more when that occurs, though in this case I believe we can spare your memory."

"I thank you," said Barnard.

So the marriage was announced, and Barnard was taken to a special place and made into a merman, though as the mermaid's father had suggested, they spared his memory so that his extraordinary tale could be told. He and the mermaid married soon after this. Barnard taught the merpeople some of the arts and chase of the dwelves, which the merpeople were quite open to learn. He and the mermaid lived with great joy and love under the Western Sea for the rest of their lives.

Origin Story

Recorded by Rinkor, high secretary of the citadel of the Dark Elves at Samarin

What our elvish brethren, the detestable Nuri Fidele, say about us is wrong. Our skin is not red and our hair black because of the blood and smoke of the Great War between Lord Marek and his enemy Chaimvin, in which all Walden was staked as the reward. It is how the Nuri Fidele were meant to look. Has not Lord Marek told us this through his words to our ancestors? It is the light of Walden that ruined our brethren by making them fair; in the Western Isles, where we dwelt before Walden saw its beginning, we were as we are now. Besides, if we were meant to be fair, why would Lord Marek provide for us this home under the desert sun, which touches not the dark-skinned as it does the fair? If our light elvish brethren were to venture here and come hither to dwell, the sun would be too much for their light skin, and they would soon flee. Indeed, the light of Walden itself is too much for them, for they dwell in the shade of forests. Therefore, it is certain that dark-skinned and dark-haired we were made, and dark-skinned and dark-haired we were meant to be, and this story that our fighting stained us with lifeblood and with the soot of fires has no truth to it. Thus were our ancestors told, thus shall we also claim. In the name of Lord Marek we claim this story and for his glory we record it. Telos.

Kannarah They Call Us

A Traditional Song of the Kannarah, or the peoples taken captive by the Dark Elves in war and forced to breed with animals.

Kannarah they call us

Growl, neigh, in the desert hidden away

Of beasts and persons are we made

Growl, meow, look at us now

By evil ones we are enslaved

Growl, neigh, in the desert hidden away

But we have one hope

Growl, meow, look at us now

For our Bernelle was by Chaimvin told

Growl, neigh, was told one day

That one of her person-kind would free us

Grow, moo, free us too

So now we wait for that Light-Faithful princess

Growl, neigh, in the desert hidden away

Who will end our vile way of life

Growl, meow, look at us now

Kannarah they call us

Growl, neigh, in the desert hidden away

Of beasts and persons are we made

Growl, meow, look at us now

Song of the Great Festival

A traditional song of the sea-people (including sprites, merpeople, naiads, etc)

Gather, all you peoples of the sea,
And all of our kin from other waters,
For the sea-king commands you
 The great festival approaches.

On the night when next the moon is full,
That night we celebrate the end of the year
And watch all night for the new one to come
 The great festival approaches.

We shall meet, make merry, and tell
Of the day Chaimvin – great is He – took his hand
Stirred the waters and called us into life.
 The great festival approaches.

The sun shall rise over the Western isles
As it has done since Marek the bitter one fled east
And spread its rays over us as we rejoice
 The great festival approaches.

Then we shall return to our homes,
In the sea and in the other waters,
As the sea-king commands us
 When the great festival is done.

Fairy Song

Recorded by Talin the Adventurer; written in what our world calls "terza rima"

We sing loud on our sparkling island
Our wings touch yet reach to the sparkling sky
As we dance gracefully on the warm sand.

Our voices in song shall reach up so high
Like the sparks to which we owe all our lives
Flying on the wind like an exhaled sigh

In our singing for harmony we strive
Though the range of our skills is very great
But with discord we would not ever thrive.

We sing and tell stories till it is late
Praising Chaimvin for all that he has done
Till the waves of merriment now abate.

A ruler of Walden, there is but one
That is Chaimvin, who dwells near the bright sun.

Colophon

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Although I had natives assist me with the translation, there may still be errors in translation, and for these I apologize.

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