

Copal Jenness – A Prologue [Part 8]

By: FastWinger

It was the morning of the last week of summer on Teak.

Old Em was happy. She sat quietly in her bright garden, busy with embroidery needle and thread. Yesterday she had finished the colourful Crest of the House of Jenness on the shoulder of the child's forest green travelling cloak in her hands. It would be her gift to the child Miyu, now the daughter of Copal Jenness.

She turned to the soft lining in the cloak where she had made a deep pocket to hold Miyu's doll. Her skillful fingers began a new shape, that of the Crest of the House of Tabuaeran. She copied it carefully from the bright silver medallion atop her sewing basket, musing over the ancient name.

Copal Jenness had brought the child to her mid-summer, for there was much he had to do to set things right in Tamarind. She had cared well for the child and found her such a delight it would now be hard to part with her. But part she must, at least for now.

Copal's jutaku had been empty for many weeks. Old Em knew that he had sailed to Sunrise Island as a guard for the little ladies from the Tea Shop of the Sun as they travelled to their new life in a new city far from Tamarind. With them they took the freed girls. For none of them wished to stay any longer on Teak Island.

When Copal returned from Sunrise Island alone, he had gone up the Mountain to bring Master Tele and Master Tele's graceful wife back to visit with him.

Now, they all were leaving again; Copal, Master Tele and his wife, and the child Miyu were going to visit Copal Jenness' family in The North.

Old Em approved. It was time. She called Miyu from the garden to try on her new cloak.

“Miyu, you see how lovely the Crest of your House of Jenness is here on the shoulder,” as she buttoned the cloak. “I have made a pocket for your doll, so you can carry it in your cloak.”

“Thank you Grandmother Em.” Miyu picked up the doll and the bright silver medallion beside it from Old Em’s thread basket. The child turned the doll’s arm and fit the silver medallion into a slide on the side of the doll. Turning the little doll’s arm again made the medallion’s hiding place disappear. The child tucked the doll down in the pocket.

Copal Jenness looked over the Town of Tamarind from his wide veranda. There was nothing to hold him here any longer. Truly he wanted to be gone from these shores. He would take with him only his friendships, and leave the sorrows behind.

The Questors Four had told him of a land of rain and mists in The North. Perhaps he would go there in time.

Leaving Master Tele and Master Tele’s wife enjoying tea on the wide and sun filled veranda, Copal strode across the terraces to Old Em’s.

“Miyu, give your Grandmother Em enough hugs to last for at least a year! We are away on the trip I promised you. Grandfather and Grandmother Tele are very happy to be going with us, for just like you, Grandmother Tele has never seen The North! It will be your chance to explore it together.”

Copal Jenness’ work on Teak was done.

It was time to go home.