

Teller of Tales

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This was an english assignment for grade 12, some people seemed to like it so I thought I'd upload it and see what the response was here

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1 - Teller of Tales

The Teller of Tales

The geisha sat serenely on the edge of the fishpond, reading her favourite book of poetry, as the goldfish glided lazily through the maze of lily pads. Her triple-layered, silk kimono made not a noise as her hand, moving with the grace of a swan, reached up to turn the page. She seemed oblivious to the world as she sat there, completely absorbed in her book, her face occasionally breaking into a smile when she read a particularly amusing stanza. So engrossed was she with her book, she did not seem to notice the deepening of the shadows as a dark shape silently dropped over the garden wall.

He had trained long and hard for this moment. Ever since he was 7, he had undergone the intense physical and mental training required of a ninja. Tonight, 12 years later, was the final test of his skills. His masters were not watching him now, he was sure of that, but if he failed, they would find out as soon as if they had been. Not that he was going to fail. His target was the illustrious Kyoko, a woman of no social standing or power, except for that which she gained due to her god-like beauty. She had supposedly even caught the eye of the young Shogun. It really did seem like a waste to kill her but that was the mission he had been assigned. He dismissed all thought and returned his focus to the geisha, slithering along on his belly, slowly getting closer to her.

Kyoko had known that she was being watched, even before she felt the air stirred by the ninja dropping off the wall. She ignored her instinctive urge to spin around and check, knowing that a move like that could cost her her life. Instead, she checked to make sure her tanto was within easy reach under her sash, and continued to pretend to read her book. In actual fact, the book was not that of poetry but a guide to the teachings of Buddhism, a religion Kyoko had found refreshing compare to the rigid teachings of Shinto. Slowing her breathing rate, she once more checked her tanto and made a quick calculation as to the distance the ninja was away from her. She had not yet decided what to do about him, if it was indeed a man, when there was a low pitched whistle behind her left ear. She tilted her head ever so slightly, and a feather-tailed dart proceeded to pierce a hole through her book.

Annoyed now, Kyoko spun silently, dropping into a crouch by the pond s wall, as the obviously under-trained ninja sprang forward. He completely missed her, having expected her to freeze with fright, and ended up knee-deep in the fishpond, the goldfish fleeing for their lives. She stood then and before she could stop herself, released an infectious giggle that soon broke into full-blown laughter. The ninja stood in the pond, dripping wet and covered in lily pads, trying to figure out whether or not Kyoko was insane or whether or not this was a dream. When she was finished laughing, Kyoko walked over to the pond and offer the ninja a hand. He &&

Tell us another story

This one is boring

Did she really laugh at a ninja?

Do you think I could be a ninja?

Whoa! Slow down now, little ones. One at a time said the old man to the crowd of children swarming

around his feet. He would often tell the children of the village stories, especially when it was raining. He was often frowned upon by the mothers in the village, who believed that children should be working in the house if they could not be working in the fields. This did not bother him very much, as he knew their frowns were only for show. He had often caught some of the very same mothers leaning against a door frame or pausing while carrying water to listen to his tales.

Now, who's first?

Me! Me! shouted Kenji, the self-appointed leader of the children. He was 7 years old, old enough to know (according to his mother) that the old man's tales were never true, but young enough to enjoy them nonetheless. He was the leader of the children due to his daring and his ability to laugh when he got in trouble. This made him instantly popular with the other children.

Tell us about the time when you were a samurai!

Are you saying I am not a samurai now?

No, you know what I mean, when you were in the rebellion!

Hmmm& The old man leaned back against the wall, looking out over the valley he had fought to protect some 50 years ago. He had been a scout in the rebellion against the corrupt emperor Meiji, watching the enemy and reporting their numbers. He thought of how he was going to tell this story to the children without frightening them too much. He concluded that he should simply summarize and abridge the parts that were too violent or atrocious, as he did not want mothers complaining about their children having nightmares.

Okay then, everybody find somewhere comfortable to sit, this is going to be a long one Kenji piped in. Who's telling the story here? It all started with the boat from far off in the east, from the Americas, some 50 years ago&..