

The Dragon Lady and the Earth Lord

In the flickering light the old man seemed near ghostly in appearance. But on hearing the laughter of approaching children he stoked the fire. It leapt high into the air, crimson light showered in the faces of the gathering children as they eagerly looked towards him. He smiled seeing the anticipation on their bright faces and relented to their unasked question.

"Gather 'round now children, let me tell you an ancient tale of bravery, of heroes and of high romance! Long before you were born or even a twinkle in your father's eye, there lived a little girl. She was born in the sky. Full of excitement and danger it was, but no harm came to her from the spirits of the sky. She had hair of gold and the skin of white marble. Her cheeks were adorned with the kisses of the sun". At this point a little girl interrupted: "What's a sunkiss?" The old man laughed again, "It's a freckle, little one." The girl smiled, then the tale continued.

"From her birth she was marked by those about her by the nobleness of her bearing and the wisdom of her ways. Her parents named her Mary and watched her grow with humble pride. From the first words she spoke Mary shone like the glimmering moon above. Her manner was softly comforting like the dim light of the night. Mary seemed ever to soar in the heavens, bold and challenging." Once more the children clamored, "But how can someone be bold and challenging while comforting?"

The storyteller shrugged at being caught, "Mary was bold in her wisdom, challenging in her dreams. She sought not the embrace of physical struggles, but the fires which light the mind. When Mary spoke, people felt lightened of their burdens. Nothing great or small could be in her presence without feeling the light which drew her to the skies. From her lips came the tales of dragons soaring high above. She drew those about her into her exuberance and made dreams possible. Her gift was great indeed for even the dour and cold were touched. From the dreams which her voice and wisdom resurrected, Mary gained fame. To honor her, those about her began calling her the DRAGON LADY."

A great murmuring and squirming started as soon as he said the name. The storyteller paused, "Yes..." his voice asked softly, knowing once more he had lost his audience. "Why would she be called the Dragon Lady? I thought dragons were nasty fire-breathing meanies?" a chorus of agreement followed. "Mary was called the Dragon Lady not because she had those qualities. Not those of the nasty meanie dragons. I mean the good dragons. Good dragons are rare, they are noble and brave. They are strong and just, never the first to strike a blow. Good dragons are foes of despair and doubt. Mary was all of this and more. For Mary was indeed a Dragon Lady!" Back the children screamed as the fire sent a sudden burst of flame into the sky.

Chuckling as he pulled the poker back the old man continued, "The Dragon Lady filled with the dreams of those around her thrived in the skies that she made her home in. At first, guarded by her parents she stayed in the wilds secluded from others. But soon a calling she felt in her soul. Spreading her golden wings into the sky the Dragon Lady went east. East into the domain of the cities!

Her hair streaming behind her the Dragon Lady landed in the great capitol of the sky, leaving the place where she had been born and now made a new home. Seeking the wise men of her sky she learned the words of the ancients. Of all the lore she learned however, the Dragon Lady above all was drawn to the tales of a far away place. In this place had lived a great king whose mystic deeds rang with the wisdom and goodness she felt within her own heart. The Dragon Lady drank deeply from this cup of knowledge. Her mind was filled with the duels between the Red and White Dragons of the Isle of the Mighty. Ever searching for proof that this spirit yet dwelt in the hearts of people, she roamed the ancient tomes and questioned the scholars. She roamed the skies covering every place that they covered. At last however, her search seemed doomed and the Dragon Lady was balked. Not by her own desires nor a lack of will did the Dragon Lady fail. Indeed the Dragon Lady had not failed at all. In her wisdom she knew she could not fail. Flying among the heavens as she did the Dragon Lady knew not why she could not feel the depths of her need, a need which pressed ever more urgently in the passing days. Roaring forth her frustration the Dragon Lady soared once more, flying from the east back towards where she had grown.

Apprehension shone on the children's faces, a cloak of fear and worry had wrapped their squirrely tongues to silence. Raising his arms, waving to show the beat of her wings, the storyteller's face showed pain. It was the pain of the Dragon Lady. Of a need which could not be filled by the coolest waters or the most fiery pit. "The Dragon Lady turning in the skies however did not return home. For it seemed to her that this would admit failure. Sternly refusing to submit to despair, the Dragon Lady, she who lived among the clouds, descended to earth. Her life spent in the heavens little prepared her for its hardness and she balked at coming too close. Instead she rested herself on a ledge of clouds to observe and learn from the land.

While Mary dwelt there, she was surprised by a strange sight. On the ground which she watched had come a man. But no man as she had ever seen. His cheeks were smooth, his bearing tall and lordly. On his head crowned a flame of concentrated light so hot it could burn. His face was fierce and noble, but his gait showed exhaustion and weariness at every step. His eyes riveted to the ground searched with passion for something unseen. Despite the ringing of the ground the man seemed to be battling a will to lay down. Admiring his courage and concerned for his plight, the Dragon Lady braved her fear of the ground to speak with him.

She smiled her best and asked what ailed him; the man was shocked by a voice coming from above. "I am the Earth Lord." he said. And then he told his tale. He had come from a land far away. His journeys and deeds had been many. From his youth he had been one with the earth. He knew the ways of the land like an apple its skin. The Earth Lord had studied long texts and equations till his eyes bled tears of weariness. He could tell the rate an apple would fall from its tree; the number of subatomic particles in a helium atom. The Earth Lord's wisdom was such that no space of the earth did not fall within his wisdom. But in his heart he knew an emptiness. The Earth Lord was doomed he knew because he lacked in something that fell outside his knowledge.

The Dragon Lady and the Earth Lord spoke long together. Both suffered from an unknown malady which had filled their glowing souls with emptiness. The Dragon Lady listened with rapture as the Earth Lord described how he sought to excite cold helium with hot electrons. By doing this he hoped to reveal the secrets of the passion line. The Earth Lord was convinced that these secrets were the ones which eluded him and thwarted his will.

The Dragon Lady in turn spoke of her own quest, for the Isles of the Mighty and the dragons they held. Between them an understanding grew at what ailed their hearts. It was not wisdom or knowledge which balked their wills, it was vision. The Earth Lord, master of what he surveyed turned towards the sky. The Dragon Lady with her bright eyes gazed into the depths of the earth. Then at last the weight which had born on their souls was lifted as the mistress of the sky and the son of the earth joined hands.

Many were their adventures as they roamed the sky and the depth of the earth. Soon a son was born, flaming hair of red like the rising of the sun. They gave him a name, it held him not. The Red Son/Sun born of the union of the sky and earth looked to both for guidance. Even in his youth he showed the results of their tremendous natures. Born by them from the mountains of his birth through earth, water and sky, the Red Sun shined forth. He learned the tongues of sky and land with haste. No barrier or delay could hold back the Red Sun. Within him burned a fire urging him ever onwards. Breaking barriers and holds, the Red Sun waited for none. Later in his days the Red Sun went to a land mixed among the sky and the earth far to the south. It was there in a mighty struggle he was wounded by forces foul to the glowing brightness of his parentage. But enraged, the Dragon Lady came to protect her pup and vanquished those who would do her children harm.

This hurt suffered by the Red Sun changed him. His haste slowed into wisdom as he no longer sought barricades to break. With practiced skill he awoke his father's powers and learned the languages of those of the earth. Filled he was with a need to

investigate the far corners of the world in which he dwelt. Such was his will that given a place he might easily tell one how to reach it and what to bring. In him shined truly the Earth Lord's knowledge of how the world worked. But well-tempered it was by the Dragon Lady's love of dreams and imagination.

After the Red Sun, while in a distant land the Dragon Lady and the Earth Lord had a second son. This one they gave a name as well, but it held him no more than the first child's. Springing free he took the second name offered just as he was the second son. Where the first had been filled with an unstoppable need for haste, the second was not so inclined; he was light and bright of hair and also of character. Born in a land which spawned the same tales which had drawn the Dragon Lady he took them unto himself. The second son however, also looked to the skies as his brother did to the earth. In him was found the dragon tales his mother had sought. Walking the earth he spread to the children of his father's world the wisdom of his mother's land. His words rang with such truth coming as they did from his being, the union of sky and earth, that none could hear and fail to believe them. Such was the nature of the second son.

At long last the Earth Lord and Dragon Lady grew weary of their constant wanderings. They had two growing boys trailing after them and begging to be carried. The Earth Lord went forth and found a dwelling close to where he had met the Dragon Lady. Pleased that was where they made their home.

A third boy came after they had settled into their new home. This one had the same flaming hair as his eldest brother, but was most unlike him. Neither was he as the second son, he was his own form. This new creation of the sky and earth turned not to the skies nor to the earth. He turned all ways and regarded all things of the sky and earth in his view. Because of his view he also changed his name, a single letter for the four directions. He was filled not with a desire to investigate as the eldest, nor to spread by words the language of the sky and earth, as the second. In his own way the third son expressed the wonder of his world. The wonders of the sky and earth came together in his drawings and his paintings. So beautiful were the images that he created that rare was it that those who saw them did not fall to their knees in wonder.

The final child of the Dragon Lady and the Earth Lord was unlike all his brothers in many ways. Where they were filled with storming passions and lightness, he was different. Darker was his hair, slower his speech and more weighted his words. He suffered many attacks in his youth but by the strength of the Earth Lord and the care of the Dragon Lady, he surpassed those difficulties.

But the youngest son was as strong as his brothers. No child born of that union could

be claimed by weakness and so he persevered. At first he seemed quieter, more removed than his brothers. In time however, this one showed his true intent in assuming such manners. Long had he watched as his brothers rode forth like shining suns, then he also unfolded his wings. No more capable of keeping his name than the others, he shed it taking one which suited better his ways. Like the vast dinosaurs of old he was. His words were spoken for effect. His goals always clearly defined and his paths known in advance. Although he might seem slow, his progress continued unabated by any attempt at distraction. This was the nature of the fourth child of the Earth Lord and the Dragon Lady.

In the safety of the haven found by the Earth Lord the children prospered into men. The Dragon Lady watching her flock was ever protective but mindful of lessons they must learn. In time as they grew of age they spread their wings and explored the world for themselves. They left their haven with the knowledge born of two worlds: the wisdom of both sky and earth, of dragons and lords. Because of this they drew as their parents had drawn admirers and followers. At long last when the last one had departed the Dragon Lady looked up from her many works and sought a fresh challenge.

The Dragon Lady was seized by an impulse she had left years before in the swirling passion of meeting her mate. Diving in wildly she took on this new challenge with the same energy and will that had pursued knowledge and raised children. The racket caused by this upheaval distracted mightily the Earth Lord as well. Long had he struggled with electrons and quarks, smashing atoms and analyzing light patterns. Watching his wife he longed to regain that thrill he knew lay within him. Too long however had he lain in the comforts of their lair. The Earth Lord realizing this went forth and found a new place. In this place he found woeful ignorance of his knowledge and slothful students who resembled not at all those sons he had known. Driven by the fires of burning indignation at their ignorance the Earth Lord set forth on a new quest. He would teach once more the laws of the earth that he knew so well and spread the knowledge to all."

As the fire burned away, the storyteller smiled at the smiling faces. Then the children laughed, released at last from his spell. "Where did you learn about the Dragon Lady and the Earth Lord?" one asked yawning. The storyteller smiled, "From an old book made by the children themselves. The wisdom of the first, the words of the second, the images of the third and the perseverance of the fourth." The children looked at him trying to make up their minds. Finally one giggled, "You're acting like that really happened. Everybody knows Dragon Ladies and Earth Lords don't exist!" A general chorus of agreement followed. But the storyteller giggling to himself only replied, "Perhaps my children, perhaps. Look closely however and you might find your own Dragon Lady and Earth Lord."

The Author's Notes

[*Transcriber's comment*: modesty seems to have prevented the document's author from identifying himself - I suspect he may be a direct ancestor/descendant of the (Hynesian? or Beirygo?) storyteller - the document was recently re-found in an old lady's memorial papers- she, of the Hynesian tribe, had maintained an interest in their oral traditions.]

I had thought perhaps that a few words on the document might aid its readers. Of primary importance is to mention that while I have attempted to be true to the ancient document from which this tale came, it is by no means complete. A reader will note in particular that the ending is sudden. I believe that the manuscript discovered is both incomplete and was a part of an ongoing work. My judgement in these matters is supported by several pieces of evidence. The most telling evidence is the state of the manuscript itself: handwritten it contained no less than four distinct styles which obviously lead one to conclude that it had more than one author. This suggests that rather than having been written all at once, the manuscript passed through a series of authors. The second most compelling evidence is not apparent in this translation. The document had been damaged by long years of neglect, several pages had been torn out. These clues lead me to believe that the work as I have put forth was part of an ongoing family work.

The document itself was discovered not ten years ago northeast of the plains of Lexington. The dwellers in the time that this has been dated were of two tribes it is believed. The Hynesia and the Beirygo, both at class four level of civilization. Its actual discovery site seemed to be an early aborigine or maori campsite. The manner of its preservation also leads one to speculate about the whole culture of the Hynesia and Beirygo. Unfortunately, from the evidence found at the site, I have not been able to determine which tribe the document descends from. (An associate has recently put forth that perhaps the site was a joint camp of the Hynesia and Beirygo. I have not personally rejected this theory as the quarrels between the Hynesia and Beirygo tribes as they moved westward are well documented!). The document itself was preserved in a bag of sorts that had been filled with dusty waste material - most probably an integral part of an old cleaning machine from this time period. What makes this discovery so important is that it practically confirms my theory that neither the Hynesia or Beirygo tribes placed a great value on cleanliness. In a final note I will add that this document was not a singular manuscript. References to this tale have been found in many Beirygo pieces of literature. Because most Hynesia traditions were far more inclined towards oral recording however I cannot judge the likelihood of this connection. I hope you find this translation legible and interesting. I continue to search for documents which might continue the stories to their conclusions. I request your help in this worthwhile search.