

Zavyn-story

Gyntery: small, sparrow-like bird. Don't call me hairy. Hops between poisons. Ouch. Tests wings.

Edges onto concrete books of jewels. I like those. What do I know.

Switcheroos. Consequences of cross-outs. ; I hop from log to log to build myself.

Horticulture? I am Zavyn. Call me Zavyn from close by, Zavon from afar, Zavan from the middle. Or Zavyn for any. Surely, call me Zavyn. I like green.

I speak Umviar.

I don't speak Iriscandescentmyaaloslioun very well.

Umviar is a language
of hopping between logs,
and, I think, sky.

So. This is the island. We don't capitalize nouns—I mean names—in Umviar. We let them be.

That was a joke, or a kind of expression, but I'm not sure
it translated. Ah, catch it when you can!

Sounds so weird in this language.

Many words. Few punctuation.

Hello. Means "start over", as far as I know. I know jokes, too. So, you know my name. I know emblazonment.

How about who I am? I'm male, a boy.

Well. I'm a trickster.

Zavyn. Resident . . . mage? We all are, though. Twisted.

Fires.

I'm not so twisted, as some. I play games with myself. Not . . . perverted games. Tricky
trickster games. I make up tongues.

Then I go into them.

I will go to an academy of fame. An academy of renown is what I mean. It will—start to
rain.

Umviar:

!

Rain.

The dice will topple out their own heads. Do you know what I...?

So little panache in this language—that I know how to use. So little panache I know how to use. I know threads, then more threads.

Your language—the one I meant.

I'm older than you think.

I live near a circus, and this ages me. Thank goodness I never had to be in it. It was odd. It was a close step.

Too close.

No, that—means something else. Light.

Tell me: What does "sorry" mean? "I'm sorry," for example.

Does it mean "I dropped you in the mud" or something like this? Or is it more akin to "I ate you"? Or more like "We are together (but we won't be)."? Which, as you notice, is a blend of the other two.

I speak to no one. Sad.

Many historical events, historical trash-cans. Naturally I have friends. At least five: a healthy number.

I am older than you think. I am younger than you know.

I live in a cave. Not really. No.

I live in a den. Really. Yeah.

Friends call on me.

No.

I travel to them, call on them. And. We get things done. We mark points, for example

Hard to explain

Not exactly maps

Hard to find.

I have dads. Quite a few. Not uncommon, quite a few dads.

I also have people who function as sisters. I have hard-wired

Hm.

Well, Hm. I shall have to think, and "get back to you". I have no one like that., who you're thinking of.

That kind of person.

One and only. "One and only." Not how it's done here.

...

I'm smarter than you suspected. I study smartly.

They don't—always. The friends, the eyes. You know?

I'm an eye—too. Of other . . . eyelashes. Ah, deities.

Or is that too scary a word in which case take "eyelashes".

Ship of slaves. : "eyelash". Famous mythology: death. To-us famous.

Yes. You are lucky.

No language-games.

Not mine, at least.

Hm. Mythologies? I'm bored. I'm irritated. When does life pick up, I wonder.

Blue-black marks all up & down. Ship of slaves in my pants' pocket. We don't exactly do pants, but I think . . . close enough.

We have tighter-fitting, and looser-fitting, clothing. Both. One, another. Colorful if you're not me. I can be colorful . . . I wear black. Offset my hair.

I wish.

I have very pale hair.

Not good. "Sinful". No, not: quite: that. Hm. Disturbed, I suppose. Something disturbed.

Dark hair being the natural variant.

I may be kidding. It's ok. I wear brown. "E.g."

Not black, usually. Black, brown, dark brown, dark green, dark gray. We have other words, though. It makes sense. It's of a theme. Decay, really.

Hm . . . No, not quite.

Yes. Yes.; decay. With the hair it means decay. Recycling. Second half of . . . life. Second half of arc, or second arc. Feces for blanket. Har, har.

I'm sorry. Ah. That's—I see. You see . . .

That wasn't an expression, I just predicted it. Said it. The blanket one.

What do I know about, of . . . anything . . . of anything. I know runes.

Can you tell me why you read this? Are reading this? I wonder how people decide the library.

I don't live in royalty. I don't live in the woods. I live upon Cynia, island name of which I mentioned.

I have to go somewhere. Strikes me like a symbol. Or do I mean cymbal.

The one that clangs.

First: unroll everything in my den. Black and pale means antitheses. (Breathe.)

Not so many pale people. Means "having pale hair". I unroll heart. Oh, what's that?

What we do. It's what you say "magic". heart to we say. "heart," we say, I mean. No panache. I curse. I swear. I swear. I attest.

There we go. I attest. Umviar is way bendier than this old thing. I'm just cranky. Your language is good at being cranky. Which is fun. I shall use it someday.

In my . . . upbringing. Heh. I don't mean adulthood.

I am too trusting.

You could actually read this, and know everything!

[Chortle.] No. You know nothing. I witness.

Chapter 1

---Zavyn---

It rains infrequently. I'm not sure if anyone will read this—notebook.

Pen marks all up my arm it has left. I jump; it rears.

I mark chapters when they end. Makes more sense.

Concluded. I run. How unusual. I usually hop. I hop higher, further than . . .

I did.

I'm svelt. As we said.

It's a compliment. I'm smart, too, but that's a bit of a back-handed compliment.

A bit of a . . . viola? I heard they are . . . smart? Too smart?

No, backhanded.

No. Hello. I played an unpopular, if classy, instrument. Not musical, however.

Not as wooden . . . as . . . a viola.

It's called a house. It's called a House. Capitalized.

Not a name; an instrument. Instruments. Instruments are capitalized; or their names are.
Are.

If you capitalize it, it means it is your instrument, basically. So. I played House.

The House. I played The House.

The House was a motorcycle of doom. In my dreams. In my dreams.

It was basically a model house. You didn't need to know that. We have two sides here.
They wouldn't be. They're not meant to come together. I wish there were a third, but so far, no
word.

The House was . . . Made of roofing.

Lots of things float in here from the mainland. Carcasses, whether alive or not. I mean cast-
off pieces, parts. Books.

Problem: leave-ing. Magic., magic., What's a magic? Ah. Nice.

[. . .]

I'm so sick of apologizing. Magic is magic.

What kind do I do? Why do you say, "kind"? Sorry. I'm irritable.

We say, "What sort" do you do, does one do. "Sort" is short for "anthology". "Sort" and
"Siertann". I made that up.

It's "Sié" and "Siertann". You may say "sort" and "anthology". What sort do I do. What
anthology do I reference.

It chose me, will choose me, as they say. As is said. As orbits.

What does it mean. What is this. Well, it's an anthology.

You have to read it. It means building houses, in part. Means mental manipulation, in part.
Means eyes, in parts.

We have a thing called the lattice. Everyone uses it (the lattice). I don't.

I don't—like it. It is not good to people like me. Unmoored people.

Unlanded people.

For. I am unlanded in the extreme. Many faces. Flip!

It is I—again!

It is I—again! You see. Or do you. I'm the one with the eyes.

Yes, I do magic.

What's it like?

Well for one I play The House. Or I did. I do, I did, I will. Your language has a poor conception of time, may I just say. Unsound. On a fundamental level. But that can be fun, for a trickster god.

Ooh me, did I say, "god"? My sincerest condolences.

Don't worry, I know what "sincerest condolences" means. And I meant it. For once and for all. Mm. Or not.

Hm. Indeed, or not. Alright, alright. Enough.

Strike.

Chapter 2

---Leaving:

Transition---