

Gamelon Tales, Book One Series One, Finding the One

DESCRIPTIONS NARRATIVE - CHARACTERS

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Johnnarg the Jester

Johnnarg's belly is plain and simply fat. As round as a pumpkin on what used to be Halloween in old times. By comparison to the large tummy his face, legs and arms are skinny like thin bands of wood.

As fat as his belly is, he can out run and outwit many deer, rabbits, squirrels, and even the nasty troika, in the forest. He is often the nemesis of Carriel, The Ancient, who is guardian of all teraformed and a crony of Doli.

In Markesisa town his speed is reserved for teasing the shopkeepers and high tailing it when he swipes something, which he often does. His dodging usually involves treats for his round tummy such fruit, especially apples, in the markets of town. His ability to be lovable, or at least entertaining, when he is bad, makes it possible for Johnnarg to always get away with the stealing and other bad deeds, even though it is commonly known that he is a clever thief. His talent for making others laugh, because he is so careless and awkward, makes the merchants soon forget and forgive Johnnarg his many failings. This happens again and again, time after time, so it must be that Johnnarg is very lucky, cunning, or perhaps it is something else.

Apart from being a good thief Johnnarg has other skills. He can catch house flies, and other flying insects in mid-air and relieve his companions of such badgering irritations. Juggling the best fruit on the menu is his one of his favorite tricks which everyone loves to

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see him do this, even though he always eats the best when he is tired of juggling.

The most impressive skill he has is talking, sly talking and quick talking, which he calls STWEEQAKIN'G. With all this stweeqakin'g Johnnarg's charm frequently wear out others and lets maneuver to impose his will without that person knowing about it. He pretends he is dense when he does this and this cunning makes even the most cynical of sorts believe in his complete sincerity. His can talk about subjects of grave importance, of which he knows only a little information, and appear an expert, which he calls TORTAKEYIN'G. He tells hilarious stories that make his fellows roar, then roll with mirth. Johnnarg knows many farcical jokes, which he tells to compel his audience cry with glee. Johnnarg has been so overindulgent in the general exercise of talking that he has made his mouth stretch to become extremely large. His lips are wide when his mouth is closed, he has laughter lines around his eyes, forehead and cheeks, making him look like a cross little man, who is getting a little old. No one knows his age, but no one can remember his not being around.

Walking in the market, anyone can recognize Johnnarg by the short, wool capes, short baggy pants, elf like boots and scarves with brightly colored dots or other similar patterns. Distinctive in his apparel is the certainly that nothing seems connected to anything else, even if he changes clothes or wears fine ones given to him by by some well to do friend. His black and red curly hair wildly frizzles five inches into the air. He mimics a harlequin and is only betrayed by the keen intelligence in his bright, sharp, eyes and prominent nose that make his face occasionally appear perceptive and sometimes cunning. Which of the two descriptions is true is not always clear.

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He appears cocky about and delighted in his appearance and palate for apparel, visible from the way he lifts his head so high and swaggers. He is visibly intent in his own purposes by the intense look in his eyes and determined gait, which is dogged and direct unless he is in a lighter mood. At times he will suddenly smile, his eyes becoming twinkles of white dots, then he could unexpectedly animate with joy, charming all around him, with no evident thought or care in his head. In all of his moods, Johnnarg is vivacious, whether or not he is entertained by his own exuberance and jocularly.

Doli would often see Johnnarg in the marketplace of his town and was always amused by his antics, though a little distressed at his stealing and general morality. Often he thought: "Johnnarg is very shrewd and resourceful indeed... I wonder what and who he really is... Maybe he is several persons and possibilities in one."

The answer was perpetually elusive, just like Johnnarg is.