



This tale is of **Saja Tajlora**. She was a slave of the Nemorians many lifetimes ago. Her name means '**Tailor the Wise**' and her life is known by many slaves in Asavea. Tailor was born in the **House of Chains**, a temple of a **false god** of the Nemorians. The priests of this god deal in the sale, breeding and transport of **people** and they claim that it is the will of their god that slaves are property, and that their **Prosperity** was for others to claim for their own.

The House of Chains stands upon Maracossa's **Road of the Gods** and is close to its port. Each day many people **whose lives are not their own** move in and out of its marble halls. It is the only temple that the feet of slaves may touch and the only one that they may pray within. There they are treated like **goods at a market** - they are bought and sold in auctions and held where people from across Asavea can look upon them **like cattle in a pen**. Behind this temple is a walled district where people are kept. It is here that Tailor the Wise was born. **Born as property.**

As Tailor was born to slaves owned by the House of Chains, she was owned by the House of Chains. This meant she was taught a little of the mysteries of **The God of Chains** such as counting, the working sums, how to find disease or infirmity and the signs and phrases to come and go from where slaves were held. Tailor was not loved, however - her masters thought her **lesser** and **beneath notice** because of her birth. The slaves she was sent to examine or count and price did not love her either - for she appeared no different than any other servant of the **false gods** - but worse, for her god demanded their slavery.



Tailor's heart had no rest - she knew that her 'god' was **nothing but a lie** and hated that she must lie or else be harmed until she learned to lie once more.

As Tailor grew older she was trusted to assist her masters as they **schemed** and travelled across Asavea to keep **the lie that was their god** known and feared. Wherever Tailor went she found people like her - people robbed of **Pride** and **Prosperity**. The people she met were also robbed of a language of their own, so that when they were bought and sold across the sea they would not understand one another and so **could not hope to strive together**. Only slaves who proved their value were permitted to learn to read and write and these would be kept away from the great many who toiled.

Through these travels, Tailor came to understand that these were the true chains of her god: that none might know the stories of the rest, nor record the history of those like them - **they were denied the Wisdom that might make them free**. Learning this, Tailor wept inside, bound herself in that **she could not**

even be seen to lament before her masters. After a time, Tailor's sadness hardened into **Courage** – she would give her life to break but one of these chains.

Tailor refused the comforts of the House of Chains that the priests used to keep trusted slaves apart from others and chose duties that placed her where less favoured slaves were held. There she sought the trust of those who by rights should hate her. Wherever she travelled **she would strive to learn all she could** of the slaves she met, about their language, their stories and their **Wisdom** – whatever she could to use to help those at the next port or at the next estate.

In this way Tailor learned many languages and many uses of plants and medicines and **she worked to fit these broken shards into a whole** that she and every slave could share. Wherever Tailor found need, she was inspired to act – taking bigger and bigger risks to break the chains that she felt tightening with every year that passed: **Tailor smuggled medicines to the sick, she lied to her masters so that the sick may have a chance to recover and she stole what writings she could so that she may learn to write herself** – and teach this most forbidden skill to others.

But still the years passed and Tailor feared that with her death the mosaic of her people would once again be shattered. Where the slaves of one household may learn to read a

word or two of the tongue of a distant shore, there was no single tongue that might hold each slave of Asavea together against time. **This was to be Tailor's greatest gift: the reckoning of a language from the many she had learned through her life – creating something new. Something for her people.**

Though how Tailor's story ends is unknown, **the gifts she risked her life for, which she defied the whole of Asavea for, live on.** Though the secret of literacy did not spread well, the tongue she devised is widely spoken – from Maracossa to Geberra and even at the heart of Nemoria. So too are the lessons she taught in **treating sickness or pain, the use of herbs and the safe delivery of children** greatly cherished.

Today we look to **Wise Tailor's** example to guide us and we thank her for what she has given us – not only those things she taught us, but also for the **Wisdom** to never accept falsehoods of those who seek to denigrate others or lead them astray and that **Wisdom is to be shared widely so that it might uplift all.**

