

Avatar Fan Fiction – Singers, by Jerathai

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Jake was enjoying one of A'tey's roasted mushrooms at the evening meal. He had no idea what she did to prepare them, but they came out tasting like the tenderest, juiciest steaks he'd ever eaten. He vividly remembered the neverending meals of spirulina algae back on Earth; compared to that stuff, he preferred teylu grubs!

He looked up when a startled shriek sounded nearby, as did most of the Omaticaya present. Laughter erupted when the clansmen saw a giggling youngster running hell-for-leather away from an adult – obviously a parent – who was holding her tail-tip protectively and doing her best to keep her language under control.

"If you were not Olo'eyctan, you would have a number of parents complaining to you for teaching that game to the children," Neytiri teased.

Jake chuckled and went back to his mushroom. He finished it and was contemplating another when he noticed an older Na'vi woman wearing a great number of formal decorations approaching the center of the gathering-circle. He wasn't the only one; the hush that fell over the area was nearly absolute. "What's going on?" he whispered to Neytiri.

"That is Pohtey, the First Singer of the Omaticaya," she replied. "She is responsible for keeping all of the sacred songs alive, as well as the history and teaching songs. It is very rare for her to address the People."

The woman waited until she had the clan's full attention and then gestured to the other singers to take their positions. When they were ready Pohtey addressed the clan, "It is the responsibility of the Singers to teach the history of the People to each generation. It is also our responsibility to create new songs when it becomes necessary to add to the history of the Na'vi." She looked around at her audience. "There is a history-song for each of the five Toruk Makto that Eywa has sent us in the past. Tonight, I answer my responsibility as First Singer of the Omaticaya to add a song to the lore of the Na'vi for the sixth Toruk Makto."

Jake flushed a deep blue. *Oh god, no. No. Please! Please don't. Oh my god I don't believe this....* He knew that this was intended to honor him, but it took every ounce of willpower he had to keep himself seated and not run off into the night. From the way Neytiri was looking at him she clearly knew how he felt, and was just as clearly telling him to stay put.

When the other Singers were ready, Pohtey raised her voice and began.

*Eywa reached far across the stars with her mighty hand.
She knew our salvation lay hidden among the enemy.
She brought him from far across the stars to the People.*

The other Singers chorused:

*Eywa has blessed us,
Eywa saved us in our hour of need,
Eywa has blessed the Omaticaya*

There was absolute silence as the entire clan listened intently. Pohtey continued her song:

*The atokirina identified him to us.
Strong heart dreamwalker,
Passed all tests, became one of the People.*

Ninat led the other choristers, her sweet soprano voice rising crystal clear in the gathering-circle.

*Strong heart dreamwalker,
Na'vi not born of Na'vi,
Eywa made him one of us.*

The Master Singer continued,

*He tried to warn the Omaticaya,
Came out of the fire of Hometree's destruction.
Mighty Toruk bowed to him.*

The junior Singers repeated the first chorus:

*Eywa has blessed us,
Eywa saved us in our hour of need,
Eywa has blessed the Omaticaya*

The only audible sound besides the Singers was the crackling of the cook-fires as Pohtey went on with the story:

*The sixth Toruk Makto flew,
he gathered all the clans.
The dreamwalker prayed to Eywa.*

Ninat and the chorus answered in antiphon:

*Eywa heard his prayer,
Strong heart dreamwalker,
She protects Her children.*

The First Singer of the Omaticaya continued:

*In the hour of our most desperate need,
She sent all Her creatures to save us, at His plea,
Toruk Makto destroyed the flying demon in a great ball of fire.*

The chorus sang again:

*Eywa has blessed us,
Eywa saved us in our hour of need,
Eywa has blessed the Omaticaya*

Pohtey concluded the narrative line:

*He saved the Tree of Souls,
Fought the evil Olo'eyctan hand-to-hand,
Eywa sent mighty Palulukan to help Toruk Makto.*

Then all the Singers closed the song together:

*Now he walks among us,
Strong heart dreamwalker,
Omaticaya Olo'eyctan,
Dreamwalker Toruk Makto.*

There was a long profound silence in the gathering-circle. Then a loud approving roar that startled the pa'li sleeping outside the Tree came from the assembled Omaticaya. Pohtey and the Singers bowed in response to the tribute. Excited conversation broke out all over the cavern and each of the junior Singers was mobbed by groups of Na'vi demanding repeats of the song.

If the ground had suddenly opened up before Jake, he would have jumped into it gladly. Neytiri saw his mortification and couldn't resist twisting the knife a bit. "Pohtey will see to it that all the Omaticaya keep hearing the song until they have it memorized, and the Singers will teach it to all the new children from now on, so that everyone will remember our history."

Jake moaned, "But everyone knows the story already, they were there! At least only the Omaticaya will hear this," he tried to console himself.

Neytiri corrected him gleefully, "It is part of the training of a Singer that they leave their home clan for a time and journey to at least four other clans, spending time with each one to learn the songs they do not know and teaching the ones that their hosts do not. Those clans will in turn visit other clans to spread the songs. And don't forget the gathering! I do not doubt that Pohtey and her journeymen will be singing the song nonstop for all to hear and learn the entire time. Once the gathering-clans return home, they will ensure that all their neighbor-clans hear it. Before long, all Na'vi will hear the Song of the Sixth Toruk Makto.

Neytiri happily began humming the song to memorize it. *And guess what song I will teach our children first?* she thought gleefully.

Jake buried his head in his hands.