

## Jaimzey's Fantasy Yoga Class

Jaimzey looked out over the hall he had planned to have this new class in. He had installed his recently acquired "The Woods" painting on the back wall and it seemed to fit the ambience of the room. His mind pondered who would come along and decided that there would be some big blondes, he was sure of it.

The door at the far end opened and people started to spill in through it. A couple of druids tentatively led the way followed by a few of the outland barbarians. Not quite the big blondes he had hoped for but there was time yet. Alchemists, mages, blacksmiths arrived and he was pleased his ideas had inspired so many different types to come together. Especially as they normally only wanted to throttle the others due to their opposing viewpoints.

After they had all found their way to the reed mats he had laid out he bade them all welcome, explaining briefly the exercises he intended to lead them through. The response was a sea of blank faces. He pulled out his ear trumpet and setting it to his right ear inquired, "Anybody awake out there? Hullo?"

One of the druids piped up "How much was your painting there? I think it's fantastic."

"Ah thank you," Jaimzey replied. "Though it cost me a fiver."

A few low whistles echoed in the silence trying to crush them back. It was a tidy sum indeed, enough to buy a fair sized house in the merchant district! The door at the back opened again and a familiar face walked in. Jaimzey did not hear one of the mages asking what the name of the session was.

"Yo Gharr," he called to the newcomer.

"Sorry I'm late Guy Leone's Sensei," Gharr called back and took a space. He would explain to Gharr later that he wasn't teaching Guy Leone this, he just allowed use of his hall.

"Yogar," the crowd seemed to be muttering and the mage's earlier question had slowly made it's way from his ear to his brain. He wasn't sure he had come up with an actual name so that might be as good as any. He rolled with it.

"Yes right, let's get started. Oh, is anybody pregnant?" Nobody spoke up so he started to lead them through a few simple stretches to warm up their bodies first. Most of them wouldn't just drop their sword, staff etc just by asking. They will decide to do it on their own eventually, he reasoned, it won't be long until the gear got in the way. He realised he could have said 'Only me then' earlier but it was too late now to have proper comic impact. Next time...

"Now come up to standing. We are going to do the warrior pose."

Most of the room dropped into some kind of stance or crouch and had unsheathed a blade or club of some sort. The scholarly types were waiting to see what he would do.

"Not *your* warrior pose," he sighed realising their train of thought right away. 'Mental note,' chimed in his mind. 'Make sure to tell them to watch your demonstration first.' He proceeded to show them what he meant and tell them the pitfalls like the wobbly front knee. As he finished running through the opposite side a monkey hopped in through a window. After a brief stare off, it cartwheeled, rolled and finally hurdled out of the window on the other side of the hall.

"Are we meant to do that too?" one of the alchemists almost squeaked out the question.

Jaimzey knew the antics would be hard to do as there was limited space for them all to move, but, the way it hopped out the window enchanted him and he decided they would try at least something later on. "Only a wee bit and not until later on," he answered. Quickly, he started a short sequence to prepare them for this new, experimental pose. Staff pose was all it took to get the mage's to set aside their staves. The irony amused him.

A few hand binds got the warriors to discard the blades on their backs. Backbends and a shoulderstand tipped all of the alchemy potion bottles out of their pockets. Some of the last members of the class were sitting their gear down as it clicked what he was doing.

"Next we will try the tree pose," Jaimzey announced. "Try not to shoogles too much." The druids gasped excitedly, suddenly quivering with anticipation. His mind started drifting to what the fuss might be about. He smoothly moved into the balance and gave a few tips on how to get into it.

Some of the class moved into the pose fine, but, although a few druids were happy being trees, a couple were frantically looking around trying to pick one to hug. One went for another druid who didn't care but the other chose a complete stranger who was not so happy about a weird druid type getting up close and personal. He tried to focus on his painting for calm but the giant barbarian trees were in the way! Was this an alternative interpretation for not being able to see the woods for the trees? Before anything else could happen Jaimzey called out that they wouldn't be continuing tree pose and would be moving onto cobra. Another flurry of action as weapons were drawn and thrust around towards empty ground. The wandering druid sulked back to their mat.

"No cobras!" he quickly shouted, grimacing inwardly at his luck. "Let's try and be monkeys instead." It was time to try the little jump he had pictured earlier. Drawing his mental focus, he crouched low then hopped straight up in the air, opening his arms and legs for a moment before gravity took him back to the original crouched position. A few "Oohs" and "Aahs" and "Wows" came from around the room. When he invited them to try it was greeted by silence and awkward laughter. When he tried to encourage them a handful had a try but many just looked around nervously.

At this point the monkey came scampering back in the window it had departed by. It stopped and glanced around. Rather than skipping back out it walked over and sat in the corner as though waiting to see what would happen next. Jaimzey figured if it would sit quietly there was no harm letting it stay. They were almost finished working through the routine he had in mind anyway.

"Okay, for this last posture you are going to want to pull in your abdomen and push your heels." He sat down with his legs out and folded forwards onto them. There was more "Oohing" and "Aahing" before they proceeded to attempt it themselves. One of the barbarians seemed to be

doing well, then all of a sudden had to dash outside. "That's why I put on my poster not to have a curry supper before coming to the class," he sighed out loud unintentionally.

"Finally lie back and rest a few minutes." In the middle of the relaxation he glanced around, noticing the monkey had slumped in the corner as though feeling the peaceful lull at the end of the class. To close he got them all seated with their hands in at the heart chakra. "May wings of peace carry you on winds of happiness." It just popped out. Not bad he thought, but it just didn't quite feel right. Something to ponder at a later stage.

The class all started picking themselves up and he made his way outside, waiting to catch up with Gharr. When he came out of the hall he came over to thank Jaimzey for the class. "I only saw your poster this morning, did you get the coach into town?"

"No, I came on the riverboat. The one on the Bussaes" he replied.

"Of course the dock is much closer to you than the coach house. Are you in town long?"

"No," said Jaimzey. "I have a few other halls lined up to see if people are looking to learn something new. I better head off in fact to get home to rest up. Got further to go tomorrow, take care."

"Later," Gharr called back as Jaimzey started to head off then slowed and stopped.

Looking over his shoulder the rest of the class had come out, looking very expectantly at him. "Is something wrong?" he hazarded.

"When are you coming back?" a few piped up.

Given some of the expressions he saw earlier he was happy people were keen to try again. He thought about the other few places he had agreed to go and the days of travel it would take in between. He could probably get back here... "Mebbe next week," he smiled.