

The Assassin's Teapot

Lana finds herself on a mission to serve the emperor of the Song Dynasty. Will she be able to complete it? Or will her assassin teapot fail her?



Lana Maydor waited patiently in the dirty alleyway with a teapot clutched in her cold hands. It wasn't very large and fitted perfectly into both her palms as she guarded it. Jade green in colour and decoratively moulded to form the shape of a warrior, kneeling on both knees, a dragon staff clutched to his left hand and a resting shield in his right hand which had the Song Dynasty symbol embossed on it. The spout came out from that side and the handle next to the dragon's head.

Lana looked down at her hands, they were pale with a glow of olive. She shook her head thinking desperately of some sun, promising after tonight she would head somewhere hot, middle east maybe, somewhere no one would know her, nor wish her dead.

She tugged at the decorative kimono she wore, the silk a little too tight around her hips and breast area, she was larger than most the locals and hoped that wouldn't be too much to her disadvantage. However, she was always able to blend in well and her mixed ethnicity aided her to do so. The girl who usually wore this specific kimono wouldn't miss it, as she laid unwell in bed with a stomach ache.

The back door to the teahouse opened and a plump short man propped the door open, slung the bin bags over his shoulder and sucked the flem from his throat, then spitting it to his side. Lana's insides twisted and she pursed her lips as she slipped through the doorway.

The warmth greeted her pleasantly, Lana gripped the teapot to her chest and entered the busy kitchen, she tilted her head down as she weaved in and out of people, eager to look purposeful. She headed straight for the kettle warming on top of the fire and began to carefully pour into the first chamber of the teapot, cautious not to let it enter the second chamber, which had been filled earlier that evening.

“What are you doing girl.” Spat an old heavy woman with wiry black hair, tied in a tight knot on the very top of her head with a matching hair sprouting from her chin.

“Apologies Lui, I am new here. Mr Jin requested I bring the tea out immediately.” Lana lied politely with her head down.

“Well hurry up then.” She glanced down at the teapot in Lana’s hand. “Hold up! I’ve never seen that before.” She stuck one of her porgy fingers out directed at the jade teapot.

Lana clenched back her annoyance. “Oh this, it’s also new, I’ve been told to only use it for special guests.” She bowed her head and hastily walked away wanting to draw no more attention to herself.

The embroidered red and green curtain was drawn to the side of her and she kept her head down but her awareness was still high, all around, she noted everyone and their position until she located him. He was on a table with three other men, their voices raised, mid argument. Lana advanced to pour the tea when one gentlemen, not so gently, held his hand up and commanded, “wait”.

Lana paused invisibly; she didn’t dare look at him, the man in deep red, straight black hair swept around his pale face. The man to his left put down his hand. “You cant seriously imagine to vote against it Jin.” He fired at the man in the red cloth.

“If I don’t, the value of my copper, bronze and iron will decrease.” Jin said firmly.

“As will mine. But those who wish for banknotes to be created are too powerful to go against.” Said the man opposite.

“I implore you not to speak anymore on this Jin and let the banknotes be created. They are the future.” Squeaked a small fragile man to Jin’s right.

“Haa” said the rude man who had halted Lana, “Jin is more stubborn than us all put together.” He laughed crudely. “Tea now girl.” He waved to Lana.

She moved forward reluctantly and resisted the urge to lift her finger off the small hole near the handle of the teapot. She filled his mug and moved to his left.

“It will not stand. I wont let my livelihood and business plummet because the emperor-“

“Jin do not speak ill of the great emperor.” Lana served the man and could see him shaking a little with fear of what his companion had said hoping no one could hear. And so he should, Lana thought, of course he did not care that she would hear.

Lana moved onto the third small squeaking man. He watched eagerly, his head bouncing from left to right nervously between the conversation. Lana finally made her way to the final man, her heart pounding on the inside but from the outside she looked as she

meant to, a simple poor tea maid.

“I will speak the truth.” Jin said stubbornly. “My family should be respected, we are more pure and wealthy than most.

“Then a little decrease in value of stock should not matter.” Said the squeaky man. Jin scoffed and threw his hands in the air.

Lana’s moment had arrived, she began to pour the tea and when halfway full she lifted her thumb and the river of tea looked the tiniest bit darker. Lana quickly placed her thumb back over the hole and filled his mug, she lowered her head and backed away.

“I will fight this, I have a plan. You’ll see!” And he picked up his mug, took a sip, the water just a little too hot. He pulled the mug back and below on it. “Just you see.” He laughed hungrily and gulped the rest of the tea.

Lana turned on her heels and walked towards the curtain she had entered through. The man pulled it aside and as she stepped through the threshold, there was a thud upon the table and gasps from those around. Lana didn’t have to look around to know the poison had worked on Jin. The assassin teapot never failed.