

Lesson {6} Kaunan

| Cen (*torch*) | Kannan (*mortality*) | Kano (*opening*) |

| Kaunan (*fire*) | < *bent bow or boomerang* |



| (*a torch*) is known by every living being to be on fire, white and bright, most often burning where the nobles rest themselves within. ~ *Anglo Saxon Rune Poem*

Heracles battles the nine-headed Lernaean Hydra as the 2nd of his twelve labors. The hero wearing a lion-skin cape slices at the heads with his sword while his armoured squire Iolaus applies a burning brand to the neck stumps. A giant crab (which would become the constellation Cancer) nips at the hero with its claws. The goddess Athena stands behind him wearing a helm and snake-trimmed aegis cloak. This is a montage of several photos of the vase.

<https://www.theoi.com/Gallery/M13.2.html>

Although some sources claim that Heracles successfully killed the Lernaean Hydra, others state that the monster survived as “Scylla,” the Greek man-eating monster created by Circe. In the image, Scylla’s legs can be seen wriggling below the serpentine heads of men Circe sewed onto Scylla’s hips.

LESSON SIX



KAUNAN



It wasn't until approximately 1600 AD, during the time of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, that Scylla was moved from Lerna, Greece to the Kimberly Region of Western Australia by Odysseus. Along with Scylla, Glaucus was also left in the region and eventually became known as the sea-swallowing monster, Charybdis. Together, they have come to be known as the idiom, "between the devil and the deep blue sea," or "between a rock and a hard place."



Heracles Attacked by the Crab & the Lernaean Hydra



Circe Invidiosa

There was a cove,
 a little inlet shaped like a bent bow,
 a quiet place where Scylla, at midday,
 sought shelter when the sea and sky were hot;
 and, in midcourse, the sun scorched with full force,
 reducing shadows to a narrow thread.
 And Circe now contaminates this bay,
 polluting it with noxious poisons; there
 she scatters venom drawn from dreadful roots
 and, three-times-nine times, murmurs an obscure
 and tangled maze of words, a labyrinth—
 the magic chant that issues from her lips.
 Then Scylla comes; no sooner has she plunged
 waist-deep into the water than she sees,
 around her hips, the horrid barking shapes.