

Locowrimo story: PRIPIÇ ANGASI (can rotrikes ri cindu)

Locowrimo story: FIRST STEPS (John Rodriguez on Cindu)

(Note: Telepathic conversations are enclosed in «...»; only the first occurrence in the fifth paragraph is italicized. The verb "speke", past tense "spake" means "to speak telepathically", but there is no corresponding verb for "to hear telepathically." Ordinary verbal conversation is enclosed in the usual double quotes. Occasional mentions of temperature are in the decimal scale (like Celsius) used on Cindu and by the Galactic Unity.)

ameleni:

mam, John Rodriguez, mawuri mavele karamemi *çenji rona kavatu* kotaç taç. yavirap re talunda macutato ini.

Dedication:

I, John Rodriguez, dedicate these words to my good friend Shenji rona Kavatu. It is certain I shall never forget him

1. leromi angasi

aposi-oprañolmim re uçomiçni ambinja anditingas mende yaçukaçonsa liri latondrelen re apeñasa kanawulayi, ciyoñi niya uhas i cakayukar. alo andavayi mende misosir mangosoçni ri celicur, mitikas celikaçetni. anju lulusni mende miciyundet ciyundri leroke mitanjañ re yale latondrele kuro alo lerowini. uti laraka alo terayi, yapeña ro tandiyi, mesani ukat raka i nava, liyani pando lamimik i lavi mora. ombi mende miyupan sañaç celici, eme mikaya re kaçilani içukaçon liri andritambim—i kambun ta mende içasa mepu honder—mirundindi aposini ri morani tandi laraka. alo yuruni yu riyanjuni mesa trelo mitelañ mitingas latondreleñi. mile yaçukakram re yale mengayi re mipole mipahan; yale ta mesa, mowa ro naya kanawu! ya mesa kratni yayeçen ri hutun andra, ya liya ri hutunuç umbrika i acikindaka; yale ro pandu raka, ro için raka, pando için mimik...yaletto pando içinin, pando sende, ri yuno hutunuç. mikasi miveluçun ri içiñi raka re picikni ri umbrikni acikinda, tambo ombi uti yafacol, eme ombi yacyon yapeña anika enje raka, i senda miyupan aloni pando celicur i celikaçet.

silamim micayi cinga-trakiç vara mitomen ekari yapambundo, yayukar ya angasi re mepu aponjip. macakaminda anju makenda! ombi için yu pando me yarundimbur Australia, yurun mende mawumit sambat pehanaç minda ri hendekanandru. kami yalesa enje raka re añuruñi mondra kuwa yam Sydney, ri selim aros.

1. My first day

Our research and exploration star-ship had become aware of a planet that possessed sentient life forms, apparently of great intelligence and highly developed. From afar we had heard their voices on radio, we had seen their television. When we had finally entered its solar system we realized it was the second planet from its sun. Somewhat larger than Terra, it had two moons, one quite large and far away, the other much smaller and closer in. Because we had received electronic signals, we also knew that its people were aware of our presence—and although they had not tried to attack us, we brought our ship to a stop near the larger moon. From there we studied and observed the planet for a week. It became clear to us that there was an atmosphere that we could breathe; there was not one, but two, intelligent species! One lived mostly in the northern regions, the other in southern and equatorial areas; there were two large continents, two large islands, many small islands...surely there would be many countries, many languages, in all the areas. We began to concentrate on the large island just a bit south of the equator, not only because it was somewhat isolated but also because it seemed to have several large cities, and we were receiving a lot of radio and TV from it.

Three of us had to throw dice to determine who would go down and become the first to make contact. I was overjoyed when I won! because that island reminded me greatly of Australia, where I'd spent so many happy years at university. There was even a big city at almost the same location as Sydney, on the east coast.

umit sanjeliç celikaçet re mende mikaya lirini, aposi-
indemim yayasisa emaheneç liri mesa kaçun re içevato
umit aposici ri añamuteni latondrele i mitangen enje
iyu—mitovarsa re itanjañ kar iyupansa. i hayi itanjañ
—mile irumbaçan emaheni patañ enjeyi yu re rundikas
ñuruñi cematruwini....

ende vaha marundurinsa aposici yu, mepusa sila ha
ciyur ricundri latondrelen, lulusni fanan maçumora
enjeni, matikas cematruwini ri seliñi ures, eme matikas
re mende yacanga pangaçu vara me nomo. umit
takanaçni mulet, fanapanan mahakuk aposicini.
marungayi cele-celeni i andolanaçni, matundru
epilunomi, rumbaha finduni, i pripis opor ri kacindani
—anjuni kumesa alanji aparekimi alo hayini sambat
açurak cosa.

tanju masanjañ re kandrapindalami iyorun ro cangoni
kaçila, mesa ri hambo, liya ri muñok. kaçila niya raka,
vitalni mondra ro *meter*, yam ecut pambara, re ilimbe
haloç orandi *malayos*--pilami, iyorana *panteras* ningar.
i iyapeña yunoni ambakraniçi re pipinalni itaken ri
vunu mami! (tanju matanjañ ongar yale upitmim vara
itinje ketarembike krat inji, krat velu vara mepu
aponjip angasi—pole micapakran!). akrañi iyale
kaçila çaram, ilimbe yunoni yam elimbe pambara
kuwa . mowa tiyanju matikas mesa kaç re yaningar
yakotap, inga ambakrani, yalimbe halo çisu virik, i
yakasi yaharan ri vunuwemi i mam eme kasi haran ri
vunuwe ini. mirindi kunangi ro *meter* kotapni. ri anju
yunoni, masanjañ re me icinga-cinga keyavula yambit
anduwakaç çakañuka—yale tapat andindis andiris,
mowa kratni «*kandri hat? kari hat? riyeni hat?*»
(kayaki re orandi yuno kacevala oprañol, eme mam
kekañu)—mowa ta niç mamanji. kuwacuni, pando me
yaçapat re sambat kaçila tala ciyoñi iyale kekañula—
anjopimbi memende yayukar sambat tata lavi.
lurundini, makotasapo, nanarak umit sendemi kamon,
angotamim kocamar —“*Take me to your leader.*”

(macayi rumakram tayu—yale lolok ondeka. pipinal
kaponjip-angasi yavele 10 tovacan pepehan ri
ondeyeni toye-punduñ. sañ, anju kaç pripis ri
latondreleye velu i minanja kaçileni, yakota angota
tayu umit sendeni kamon—i kendi kaçilani irumbaçan
manjini umit sende yu kuwa, kendi kaç kenda toye yu.
mowa tamende yukar.)

anju yasosirsa angotami, kaç iya re i kandimi yaciyon
cakaçungur, i virap ta yamanji, “*yes, of course, follow*

Using a TV frequency that we already knew about, our
ship transmitted an image of one man travelling by
shuttle-craft to the planet’s surface, and we pointed out
that city—we hoped they would understand what they
were receiving, and indeed they did—they sent us
back an image of the city’s map that showed the
location of its airport.

So down I flew the shuttle. I made 3 or 4 orbits around
the planet, finally slowly approaching the city. I saw
the airport on its western edge, and also saw that a
crowd had already gathered to greet me. Using the
retro-rockets, I carefully set the shuttle down. I turned
on stand-by status and the shields, picked up my carry-
all, opened the door, and stepped out onto solid ground
—for the first time since my departure from Hain so
many months ago.

Now I realized that my welcoming committee
consisted of two groups, one to the right, one to the
left. Very big people, almost two meters tall, covered
with black fur, wearing sarongs like Malays—to me
they looked like panthers standing erect. They all had
weapons, and every one was aimed at me! (now I
understood why it was our custom to select the
youngest, newest cadet to make first contact—one
could get killed!) Obviously they were military, all
dressed alike in black. But then I saw a single person
standing apart, unarmed, wearing a beautiful red
sarong; he began to walk toward me, and I toward
him. We stopped about 2 meters apart. All this time, I
realized I was being bombarded with telepathic
questions from the guards—there was some concern
and fear, but mostly «*what are you? who are you?
where are you from?*» (You should know that like all
space-travelers, I too am a telepath.)—but I didn’t
answer. At the same time, I was greatly surprised that
so many of these people apparently were telepaths—
my mission had just become so much easier. Instead, I
just said aloud, in my native language, our formulaic
phrase: “*Take me to your leader.*”

(I have to explain this—it’s an in-joke. Every first-
contacter gives 10 credits a year into a trust-fund.
Then, when you step onto a new planet and encounter
its people, you say this phrase in your own language—
and if the people answer back in the same language,
then you win all the money. But it hasn’t happened
yet....)

Having heard my phrase, the person facing me seemed
confused, and certainly didn’t answer “*yes, of course,*

me”—ombini makasi hañuçit: «manomo, marata yam nurak, arambi John Rodriguez, me lepeska John». ya liya yañurun nilus loroni ricinini epahañi i tikuluñ me yamanji yahañuçit «te manomo i eme te teca nurak, can rotrikes, rapinda ri cindu, ri enje holunda. arambi çenji rona kavatu, me lepeska çenji.» tanju yatita kaçile liya re ihakuk ambakranaçni. manuwaksa pun kaçila tala kaçarila, me yakota «tayi, nila kañavumutpo; içinimbim ta yapeña añaçarami...». me yakasi yaçumora, yakutrap nilusuçni, i mamepu kuwa-kuwa. nilusuçmim ifonjip, i pandaçu miningar orandiyu, loromim fanapanan mitingas liya-liya.

tiyanju yaciyonsa re yaminda, yahañuçit «ta yale ecutti», mamanjisa «a andulañi, napi mile anikapi yale ecut. aka yuno kaçilati kekañula?». iya: «hayi. i kaçila hati?». . . añañañ nayaci yalusok cumicuci, tiyanju yasutek re micosa ri conekni. me yaçuvirap re aposicimi yaleyalto, re poro yatitato keyavula. ne makotasa re iyu niya yaleñ mowa ta rasanje, ombi aposicimi yutu pole yalolan, i marundingas yambit tundru cangar mimik i cingar—yacatup alo andolanini. eme nile yunoni makota re ta anjayi cosa sut mora ri aposiciye ombi alo çakayi celika yu. minumba ñaki miki i micosa ri vunuweni nekan mesani cematruwini; kratni keyavula eme icoso opondri.

conek iyu cakaçungur! micetila iti senda iceliçit kambrale iti mile itingas mame çenjiye. eme iya kasi yawumit celiçit, kuwacu liya yunoni me ikasi cingacinga yambit hañuçit, cakaçindi-- «kari hat? riyeni hat? aka sinut iti luma hat? kandraya minjer hat? kari te runjosa? ta yale ecutti!» i liyani...lulusni kandira yarundindi cakaçindini, i imaçan ri ambepuçeni. anju-anjuni çenji anje ri celiçit, mowa nanarak yacindi niya huluñ i ta pole masotimbisi hañuços angocañi—iti çakañuni ta yakoça anju yaçindi, iti senda me yavingakañu... ende matingas micet mesani re yawumit apral uri. iye me yatikas, hañuçit «rataka, marundikas.», yalanot kapra velu ri aprale, kotani «tikasti—yuriçmim—lepesni hakanga—» i yakasi yatrok andekani. nanarak, “ha, ka, anga, ça, ca, anja, sa, ta...” i lusokni. «kandri epinalaçni?» manuwak, i yatrok 0 “tanda”, 1 “mesa”, 2 “ro”, 3 “sila” navani 9 “sana”, çeluñi «mesa yam tanda yawuri» “mepola 10”—orandayu maçukaya re iyumit añaran folaka. tiyanju yatrok “ani-ra-amba-ini ma-ini-na-ani, arambi mina” —« kari arandi?» ne makota “John” i yatrok “ca-ani-na”—«kambo?» makota «na, hayi, iyu liyuni, mowa miyuri yambit yuriç liya...» tiyanju ne marundikas ri kapra liya "hakanga-mi"—“e, bi, si,

follow me”—therefore I began to speke: «hello, I come in peace, my name is John Rodriguez, call me John» The other one placed both hands in the center of his chest and immediately answered me, speking—«I greet you and also wish you peace, *can rotrikes*, welcome to Cindu, to Holunda City. My name is Shenji rona Kavatu, call me Shenji.» Then he told the other people to put down their weapons. I asked if those were soldiers, and he told me «No, just police; our country has no army...» He began to approach, stretching out his hands, and I did the same. Our hands touched, and for a long time we stood like that, each of us carefully inspecting the other.

Then he seemed to smile, and said «You have no fur.» I answered «Oh, unfortunately, hardly any of us have fur. Are all your people telepaths?» He: «Yes, and yours?» Chat like that went on for while, then he suggested we go to his office. He assured me my ship would be secure, he was going to post guards; I told him that was very good but unnecessary because the ship could protect itself, and I demonstrated by picking up a little rock and throwing it—it bounced off the shield. And I told everyone not to go too close to the ship because of that electrical field. We got into a little car and headed toward one of the airport’s buildings; most of the guards went away too.

The office was in turmoil! The clerks were either telephoning friends or watching me and Shenji. He also began telephoning, at the same time all the others began bombarding me with a babble of questions — «who are you? where are you from? are you male or female? what sort of agent are you? who sent you? you have no fur!» and so forth... finally a supervisor stopped their babbling and they went back to work. Meanwhile Shenji was still on the telephone, speaking very fast, and I wasn’t able to listen in telepathically—either his telepathy didn’t work when he was speaking, or he was blocking me...so I watched one of the clerks who was using a typewriter. She saw me and said «come, I’ll show you...» She put in a new sheet of paper and said «watch—our letters—it’s called *hakanga*—» and began poking the keyboard. Aloud, “ha, ka, anga, ça, ca, anja, sa, ta...” and so on. «What are the numbers?» I asked, and she poked 0 “tanda”, 1 “mesa”, 2 “ro”, 3 “sila” up to 9 “sana”, then «one and zero writes» 10 “mepola”—in that way I learned that they used a decimal system. Then she typed “ani-ra-amba-ini ma-ini-na-ani, arambi mina” «My name is Mina. What’s your name?» I told her “John” and she typed “ca-ani-na” «right?» I answered «well, yes,

di...” i “John”, i epinalmim “1, 2, 3...”, re liyuçni ciyofni ne irundoko. anika liyani mende irata itingas, anju lulusni çenji me yakota «ará, yarata ñaki uçombim, maporo te mafilan vara nunji karune».

yalesa ñaki lipet, pambara yam çireç vanat, çumbunaçni ri celum itracivas vara kaç ta pole tikas ri ondeyeni tati ri oporeni, i keñakini yalesa kaç mesani tala re limbe pambara—maçañuke re yale ñaki kañavumut, i nakayi yale kundrini, orandi çenji me yarungaya. «lavi huluñ miratato umit tayu alo re miyumit ñakimitu iti ñakanga...i eme, lavi yavatip.»

maficas lire ta pole matikas iyuni ombi alo çumbunaçini tracivas, i keñaki yakunda, rumakrañi «orandiyu ombi tromerilan mirunguka riyani ri çelum...mowa poletu tikas nanaç re i kandi». cumicu ñakini yaciyundet enjeye, mivalin punaç mimik, çeluñi nekanaç laraka, çeluñi ñakini yaçufanan ri hutun andreçenga yurun rongo-rongo kaç iharakaran—yale lemruluñ, i çenji yarumakram re yale lusni lero-ambepu i kaçila imepu vunu ilumbak. lulusni mirata ri selimeni sutrivek, nanasani mirindi. sutrivek tayu yakunjo enje vita alo enjeyi vaha—mende yu matikas anju maturin ri vitani enje, mowa ta mende pole çañuke re yale sambat landru—kunak mondra 200 *meter* iti. mapole tikas enje vaha yunoni yaçukafar riyani ri vaha, ñondroçeni voçil, i için livek ri andoprani. i ri opondri, roçe, naponi roçe. çenji yatangen nekan ri cinini hutun orandi mindura ri için, kotani «riyun, micosa riyun, e punandula karuni». manuwak «kandri voroset yu raka troçe ri lusni nava?» manjini «iyu, e areyal krat vorok»

tiyanju cis miçukoram, i ñakini yale ri nayaci peçar umit sakreç, micosa vaha yam pando liyuç cun-cun i krici-krici alo apralini. leyal ri vaka, mimepu vunu ri ñondroçeye, çeluñi ri andra ri engol voçil, livengi sawu. ri vora hambo, hacu ilongo (mondra yuno kaç inga elimbeyi!), ri vora muñok, asit nekanaç raka añeçenga re kratni vanat i ciyon tevas niya. lulusni minopra nopat ri içine i cis cosa umbrik ri ciniyeni hutunuç kromonje yam pando pundraka re candre roçe. yarumakram çenji re tapatni punjinekeç, tapatni añeçeneç vatip re apeña kaçilayi pendoye iti vendel. tiyanju mirata ri finduwe palaraka—hulukuluñ

that’s the sound, but we write it differently...» On another piece of paper I showed her “my *hakanga*”, writing “a, b, c, d...” and “John”, and our numbers “one 1, two 2, three 3...” whose sounds seemed to amuse her. Several others had come to watch, when finally Shenji told me «Come on, a car is coming for us, I’m going to take you to meet the *karun*.»

It was a closed car, black with white stripes; its rear windows were opaque, so that one couldn’t see in or out, and the driver was one of those men dressed in black—I supposed it was a police car, and indeed it was, as Shenji informed me. «We’ll get there quicker using this, than using my own car or a taxi...and besides, it’s more private.»

I complained that I couldn’t see anything out the opaque windows, and the driver laughed, explaining «It’s like that because we put the perps back there... but you can see stuff out in front.» Soon the car entered the city, we passed small houses, then larger buildings, then the car slowed down in a commercial area where hundreds of people were walking around—it was late afternoon, and Shenji explained that it was the end of the workday and people were heading home. Finally we came to the edge of an escarpment and stopped momentarily. This escarpment divided the upper city from the lower—I’d seen it when I was flying over the city but couldn’t have imagined how high it was—maybe 200 meters or so. I could see all the lower city spread out there down below, the wide bay, and the long island on the other side. And beyond, ocean, nothing but ocean. Shenji pointed out a building in the middle of a park-like area on the island,, saying «over there, that’s where we’re going, the *karun*’s palace.» I asked «what’s that big green dome at the far end?» He answered «that’s the main temple.»

Then we started moving again, and the car was on some kind of elevator on tracks; we went down with a lot of grinding and squeaking from the machinery. Safely at the bottom, we headed toward the bay, then north on a broad avenue along the waterfront. On our right, a crowded beach (almost everyone without clothes!), on the left, a line of big residential buildings, mostly white, that looked very elegant. At last we crossed a bridge to the island and again headed south through quiet areas with many mansions that faced the sea. Shenji explained that some were embassies, some private homes belonging to the wealthy or nobility.

yaçupaha uçombim i rıyan ri kandimi nekan mesani krat tevas re talunda matikas... me rundimbür kaçeteçni *Versailles* re mende matikassa, çaçakrum sambat pandacosa ri ayok yu anduyuka ri latondrelembi.

miciyundetsa i haran mivalin tembeseç kumor ri añene raka. anika kaç mile icele...

(mende makasisa me manuwak liri iyuni ehas picikni —ri conek çenjiyi, mende matitikassa re yuno micet ne ilepes “rona”, orandi eme keñakimim. kandri tacañi kota tayu? ongar tak iyumit arañi vatip, iti arañi have (orandi maçañuke tacañi “kavatu”)? kambralun yukandri re kacut taya re napo yamepu ri cematruwin yapolesa yañukar andunji yam karunun taya, kaçun krat vorok içinini? sasandipo, acal tayu senda yarungayi anduwa-nuwakmi....)

kaç mesani, re cıyon lamarok, yaçuningar, yakutrap çenjiye nilusni, kotani “manomo, çenji.” mende makaya re tayu yatacañ *hello*, i matitikas añumitni aran vatip

Mowa çenji yamepu sumbak, niya kakambo yamanji “manomo karumbiye. endo te nurak.” aha, pilami, ende kaçut tayu hayi yale karun yu...(i tanju pole mahañuços!)

tiyanju karun me yamaçan yacati, eme çindi eme hañuçit “ende hat, can rotrikes, mile mende rata alo oporini añoloç, e? rapinda ri cindu, ri holunda, ri punami, i endo te nurak

mahañuçit (ne malepes “sir”) «*sir*, niya maminda male ritan. i eme endo te nurak». çenji me trikañu-- «kota *sir* yu ta lembo rucindi—hanjayi umit *karumbi*». mamepu horoci mimik i me marunduça, nanarak, “karumbi...” yaminda. manjini, «niya leñ re hapole hañuçit, mowa mapilato re virapni hameloto hatelañ sendemim çindi, hayi? kunak çenji te pole rundelañ—iya kaya yuno liri sendeç... eme, nulañi, akrila iyinga çakañuwi. mowa ara miçeçin—ongar harata ritan? kambralun te mipole racuñ? i kandri hamelo alomim?»

macayi manuwak «kari akrila?» manjini «a, añakan pinambatni kota angur...kaçila nila re iyeçen ri hutunuç andra.» çenji kromonje yahambos «niletu

Then we came to an imposing gate—it opened immediately for us and there before me was one of the most elegant buildings I’d ever seen...it reminded me of pictures I’d seen of Versailles, destroyed so long ago in the nuclear war on my planet.

We entered and walked past quiet anterooms to a large courtyard. Several people awaited us....

(I had begun to wonder about something a little odd—at Shenji’s office, I’d noticed that all the clerks called him “rona”, as did our driver too. What did this word mean? Why didn’t they use his personal name, or family name (as I assumed “kavatu” was)? How could it happen that this man, who just worked at the airport, had been able to arrange a meeting with this karun, the most important man in the country? Anyway, this matter was piquing my curiosity....)

One person, who looked older, stood up, holding out his hand to Shenji, and said “*manomo, çenji*.” I already knew that this meant “hello”, and I noticed the use of the personal name.

But Shenji made a sort of curtsy and very formally answered, “I greet my karun. May there be peace to you.” Aha, I thought, so this man is indeed the karun...(and now I could hear them telepathically!)

Then the karun turned to me, and said, both aloud and speaking, “So you, *can rotrikes*, have come to us from beyond the stars, eh? Welcome to Cindu, to Holunda, to my home, and peace to you.”

I spoke (calling him “sir”) «Sir, I’m very happy to be here, and also peace to you.» Shenji gave me a mental poke--«that word *sir* didn’t translate—you should use *karumbi*.» I made a little bow and corrected myself, aloud, “karumbi...” He smiled and answered «It’s very good that you can speke, but I should think you’ll surely want to learn our spoken language, no? Perhaps Shenji can teach you—he knows all about languages.... Also, unfortunately, the *akrila* lack telepathy. But let’s get down to business—why have you come here? How can we help you, and what do you want from us?»

I had to ask «who are the *akrila*?», he answered «ah, it’s the plural form of *angur*, the people who live in the northern regions.» Shenji quietly added «they call

ilepes *gwr*:» mam «ehe, misosir celicundri i tikas celikaçet—iciyon ukat cakayukar...»

tiyanju makasi rukaram e ambesa ñondruka—re yaworun kunangi 15 latondrelen, nava alo liya-liya ri ñondru tayu, re icamepunduñ ro añatareni amorati—kumes, añunayo ambakranaç anduyuka, kuro, andritañi metrita hindaka ri pipinal latondrelen—metrita yu yacayi apeña çakayi aleka—ri kotaçmi taç, iciyon çurungi yunoni, i karun me matraçitsa. «pun orandiyu, cindu tatanju yaharam yukar kamorat—ta yale ambakranaç anduyuka, i nakayi yale metrita hindaka re ukat laranda. mende lavi alo 700 pehan tapes içinin yamepu ayok! mavele çenjiye etengi amavangi alo pundekmi, yapole rucindi uçondi...kandri lavi yamepu e ambesa tayu? kambralun yapowumit amoratni?»

kotami «ena, yarundovar andreçel, añareçeleşni añañupita, angayaka, angaya yandumbraka...» cis yamatraçit karun «a, hayi, liri iyu, mapila re praminjembri kavani te melo nuwak...»

tanju yaçindi mesani liya re uritan «kandripun acangiç—kandumbrala ri hendekanandru mende me celeçit, tanju krat tanju misanjañ re kaçila trahinda poro itoli—aka ifilando onocakiç iti kandruncangiç kundi-kundi? kandumbra-lamim te imeloto titingas—aka hawupat? i çukaya pando lavi liri kañaleni kavan ri latondrelen liya...»

kotami «hayi, virapni matanjañ andindisni. miyanjayi mikocañ lirini...eme mam tindis re yavole re kuna mende me marupociç yam onocakiç cinduka! ende, hayi, mamelo makocañ yam kandumbralahi, i nakayi mawupat re me ititingas... iyanjuweni, makavasto liri añakukopmi, nahandopo andahambitu, i liyani. mowa makotato, anju mifarek ri kaceva añoprañol, mile iñuçuket munduk yuno acangi re ikaya, kuna hakota re mile imakalap! sañ, kambun yale rongo-rongo kaç ri aposimim, alo pando latondreleyi, tapes kaç yuçangi...» praminjer ya «lembo, miñukatro re letrata hatoli hendekan yandumbraka. e rona yakayato ñuruñi...»

karun: «na, yaçukoramba. mameloto re hat i çenji hinuwar ritan ri puna-punami, kepumitila ipatrundo yuno kar hipita—aka yaleñ orandiyu?» mam i çenji nasaniço tingas-mandingas; makota “hayi, karumbi” i

themselves *gwr*:» Me: «aha, we heard their radio and saw their television—they seem quite developed...»

Then I began to explain the Galactic Unity—how it consisted of some 15 planets, far apart in this galaxy, who were bound by two guiding principles of membership: first, abandonment of nuclear weapons, second, presence of a world government on every planet, a government with real powers. At these words of mine, all of them seemed to get excited, and the karun interrupted me. «In that case, Cindu is ready right now to become a member—there are no nuclear weapons, and indeed, there is a world government that’s quite effective. Already, for more than 700 years no country has waged war! I’ll give Shenji a history book from my library, he can translate it for you... What else does this Unity do? How is membership useful?»

I said, «well, it encourages trade, cultural and intellectual exchanges, medical knowledge...» The karun interrupted again, «ah yes, concerning that, I think my Minister of Health wants to ask you something...»

Now another of those present spoke up «what about diseases—doctors at the university have already telephoned me, as soon as they realized that non-Cindu people were stopping by—are they carrying any harmful bacteria or viruses? Our doctors would like to examine you—are you willing?—and learn much more about health conditions on other planets...»

I said «yes, I certainly understand their concern. We ought to discuss it...I’m also concerned that I may have contacted Cindu bacteria! So, yes, I want to discuss it with your doctors, and I’m willing to be examined... Meanwhile, I’ll be careful with my bodily wastes, I’ll eat my own food and so forth. But I will say, when we set out on a space voyage, we’re injected against every known disease, you might say we’re sterilized! So, even though there are hundreds of people on our ship, from many planets, no one has gotten sick...» The Minister: «well, we’ll arrange for you to visit the medical college tomorrow. The rona knows where it is...»

The karun: «well, it’s getting dark. I want you and Shenji to spend the night here in my guest-house; the servants will take care of everything you need—is that all right?» Shenji and I looked at each other for a

çenji yakota “yaleto andokromim, karumbi”. cumicu miharan ri añiçap faram cun kepumit mile yasaren ri punaye mimik re candri hacuni roçeñi.

karala poren eyalaç ifilan, i çenji me yambal.... mapinduça re yale anju leñ vara makasi mañoni nanaç, ende marambas apral ñoni alo epilunowimi, i lanot sila ha tripni poren ri ondeyeni uçoñi akonja, re hulukuluñ rumbende—kratni sawu, kunangi 10% puhi, camiç, naya-naya kocaç liya, i simonoç yemoka. trakundi-kundi yunoni! mawupan yalani i ñoñat picikni—niya uñat. mowa haniyumi me yakota re mesa yala kunak timbani.... cun minimu, matromat carekañu vara nuwak anduwak yu re me senda kraku:

«çenji, pun marumbo, me yale anduwak vatip.»

manjini «virap, pefaka»

«ongar kratni kaç te lepes *rona*, mowa karun (i mam) umit arandi vatip? i kaç ta te lepes *sim kavatu* iti orandi.... i eme, me yaciyon re hat i karun yale kambrala nayaci ...liyani, kambralun hapole ñukar andunjimi sambat huluñ? aka hundri? »

anjuci yapila-pila tayu, lulusni «ena, rona yale palaran vendel, tacañi *ana kuro*....i kavatu yale aran have mo eme aran içinini re marata aloni, i hayi, mam i karun yale mitimbat liya-liya...iya, ena, yale akendip have...»

«kambralun iyu? aka hameloto rumakram?»

fanapanan...«e... orandayu na... suya otambarokimi yale otaminde karuni tayu, sañ mila nanayaci titiça»

«ombini, haveti, aka eme kevendel? »

«hayi.... amami yale karun ri içinin kavatu, ri selimbroç uresni yanatros (iyu arañi için tayu).... mowa malepo ana kuro, i umundi ta yale pando pranayami trupengi yam kevendelilan liya.»

«cakaçapat! talunda mapolesa maçañuk!ende, ongar me yakota re te pole malepes *cenji*, ta *rona*?»

pandaçu me yaveliçun. tiyanju yamiminda, kotani «ombi tikuluñ makaya, alo haniyuwiti, alo akañuçititi, re miporo yukar karamala. masanjañ re hat kaç niya

moment, then I said “yes, *karumb*»” and Shenji said, “it will be our pleasure, *karumbi*.” Soon we were walking in the warm dusk while a servant led us to a little house facing the beach and the sea.

A bottle of wine and glasses were brought, and Shenji offered me some....I figured this was a good time to start testing things, so I got the tester from my carry-all, and put in three or four drops for analysis. It quickly finished—mostly water, about 10% alcohol, sugars, various other molecules and fruit flavors. All of it harmless! I accepted the glass and took a sip—very delicious. But my conscience told me that one glass would probably be enough...as we drank, I found the courage to ask the question that was bothering me:

«Shenji, if I may, I have a personal question.»

He answered «Of course, feel free.»

«Why is it that most people call you *rona*, but the karun (and I) use your personal name? And nobody calls you “Mr. Kavatu” or the like....And also, it seems to me that you and the karun are friends of some sort...otherwise, how were you able to arrange my meeting so quickly? Am I right?»

He considered this a while, finally «well, *rona* is a noble title, it means ‘second child’...and Kavatu is a family name but also the name of the country I come from, and yes, the karun and I do know each other... he...well, there’s a family connection... »

«How is that? would you like to explain?»

Slowly, carefully....«uh...it's like this...the sister of my great-grandfather was the grandmother of this karun, so we’re cousins of some sort.»

«So, your family, are you also nobility?»

«Yes...my father is karun in the country of Kavatu on the west coast of Yanatros (that’s the name of this island)...but I’m just the second son, and generally I don’t have a lot of status, except with other nobles.»

«Amazing! I never would have guessed! So, why did you say I could call you Shenji, not *rona*?»

He gazed at me for a long time, then smiled and said «because I knew right away, from your mind, from your telepathy, that we were going to become good

iña i niniya telandelañ—orandi mam, kundrini—ende sañupo makaya.»

friends. I realized that you're a very intelligent person, and very highly trained—as I am, in fact—and so that's how I knew.»

«pañ katrayi—mam mandu maçukaçon kuwa liri han»

«How interesting—I myself felt the same about you.»

titanju yarata andahan çenjiyi, i rango sawu nami uçombi—mahambos mesani pacun-andahambi i cele vara yaçulicun. soyoñi andahan çenjiyi me rumomal, i kami licucu yu mami çukuñat. makaya re macayito ñoni pando andahan cinduka pun ta melo nahan licucu rianjuni acevami yuno ri latondreleni!

Just then Shenji's dinner arrived, and a bowl of boiled water for me—I added one of my food-pills and waited for it to dissolve. The aroma of Shenji's food had made me hungry, and even my mush tasted good. I knew I'd have to test a lot of native foods if I didn't want to eat mush during my entire trip on the planet

mamepu anduwak liya: «kotani karun, hat kaya yuno liri sendeç—kandri tacañi?»

I asked another question: «The karun said that you know all about languages—what did he mean?»

«ena, yakaya re matelañ sendeç i andetende ri hendekanandru, kami mawumit mesa pehan ri hendekan angur, ri *baw da*, icinin raka ri andrani pawundu yu laraka.»

«Well, he knows that I studied languages and linguistics at university, I even spent a year at a Gwr college, in Bau Da, the big country in the north of the larger continent.»

«çapat! eme andelambi, ri latondrelembi, i pando lavi ri hendekan telandelanga ri hayin»

«Wow, my field too at university, and a lot more at the training institute on Hain.»

«kandri hayin?»

«What's Hain?»

«a, yale latondrele krat vorok e ambesayi ñondruka, kundrini, kehainila imengit re nila iyale kaçila angasi re çeva ri añañopor, i niya-niya pandaçu itoli pando latondrelelan liya ikasi e ambesa yu. e ambesa yatoli latondrelembi ri añaçeluñi ayokmim anduyuka sila i kunjo pehandrok cosa, i kaç pole kota, nila min yunek....»

«Well, it's the most important planet of the Galactic Unity, actually, the Hainish claim they were the first people to travel in space, and a very long time ago they visited many other planets. They founded the Unity. The Unity visited my planet in the aftermath of our nuclear war three and a half centuries ago, and you might say, they saved us....»

«mmm, kayati, eme ritan yale ayok anduyuka, kunangi 750 pehan cosa—ro içinin angur içakrum-macakrum; upapañi, ritan ri kunjikur umbrik, ta mikena pando ambace, mowa mondra angunjoni akrila cakombra, iti tikuluñ iti çeluñi ombi alo canduyuwi anju miyupan etengi amavangi, te marundikas kraçeteçni acakrum. kundrini, milepes amar yu *e acakrum*»

«Hmm, you know, there was a nuclear war here too, about 750 years ago—two Gwr nations destroyed each other; fortunately, here in the southern hemisphere we didn't suffer much damage, but almost half of the Gwrs were killed, either outright or later, because of radiation....When we get the history book, I'll show you pictures of the destruction. In fact, we call that era "The Destruction".»

«katrayi» kotami, «—aposimim yatromat inimiçni canduyu anduyuka marok ri mengayiti... mile minuwak lirini....»

«Interesting» I said; «our ship detected signs of old nuclear radiation in your atmosphere....We wondered about that....»

cun minahan, çenji me ambu ñoni hambiyaç andahañi ri apralmi—yunoni trahundi, kami endakni. leñ iyu,

As we ate, Shenji allowed me to test pieces of his food in my tester—everything was harmless, even the meat.

ombi makaya re towikoñoç trañupit ukat nunu pole rumek kracalaç ombrunga, acangi vaçat, kami kombra...

mimende andahambim. çenji yatromat kapra i yakota re poro yakasi me yaçivar sende kaç, mowa ne makota re yanda kracu. «makaya re tayu añumit laleñ vara telañ, mowa miyapeña añumiti lavi huluñ. kracalni, micayi mimaçan ri aposicimi—riyan yale apral celipinga uçoñi ambepu yu...» iyu ne niya yaçutrayi, nuwakni «kambralun yakoça?»

«ena, ta mavirap yuno-yuno, mowa yambit akendipiç celiyaka yatingas yanolit hutun sendeka ri hakuli mesa kaçi, i rungurip rundana angaya yu ri ondeyeni hakuli kaçi liya.; ta rakop, ta pandaçu pitani, i yuno-yuno trakundi liri ro kaçılan nila.»

«fiyan pandaçu pitani?»

manjimi, «kunangi angunjo aro...»

«çapat yu! ara micosa tatanju, lembo? manuça pun mipole umit ñaki...» i tikuluñ yakasi yaceliçit punandula i rumakram karune angañani— me yakota «karun yamelo re minumba keyavu—aka lembo?» ta malisam, mowa mayumelo.

ri yunjaki minunji keyavuwemim—“male kango” napo-naponi kotani—me yacıyon nombuk picikni—mowa mimenjar yunomim ri ondeyeni ñaki—çenji yu rungoram—i mifarek.

ende cis ri cinini enje, tanju oramba i mondra kumor; cis ri peçare, lulusni cis ri cematruwine. miçumora ri aposiciyemi—marukorem andolañi i mimenjar ri ondeyeni. marundingas çenjiye kangowe yurun iyanjayi ikuka, yurun maçangando, i nile makasi rumakram ambepuni: çenji yalimbeto acim celiyaka ricundri falakani, eme mam limbe acim celiyaka; apralni me yaveleto ñuçuket (sutumar vara rumbolo rundata telañ) re me rundukeñ picikni. etiñ meniyo anju apralni yakasi i anju yamende; ri lusni anje makenato fofoya i yeñet picikni sila ha nasa... marumorok re niniya vorok re loroni tak iyanjayi çindi tati hañuçit; çenji yanjayi çasa re kami ta pila, pun pun yapole, iti picik krat picik (virap, rakop yu!), i—kambun kango pole hara-karan titingas nanaç, krat yavorok re ta yafonjip tapes-tapesni! mepu sañ kunak

That was good, because I knew that unaccustomed proteins could quite often cause intestinal problems, serious illness, even death.

We finished our meals. Shenji found some paper and said he was going to start teaching me the Kash language, but I told him not to bother. «I know this is the best method for learning, but we have a faster method. The problem is, we'd have to go back to my shuttle—there's a computerized device for this task...» That interested him, and he asked «How does it work?»

«Well, I'm not entirely sure, but by means of electrodes it scans the language area in the brain of one person, and transmits and copies that data into the other person's brain; it's not difficult, doesn't take long, and it doesn't harm either of the two people.»

«How long does it take?»

I answered, «Maybe half an hour...»

«That's amazing! Let's go right now, OK? I'll ask if we can use a car...» and immediately began to telephone the palace and explain the situation to the karun—he said to me, «The karun wants us to take a guard along, is that OK?» I didn't like the idea, but I agreed.

At the garage we met our guard—“I'm Kango” was all he said—he struck me as a little sinister—but we all climbed into the car—Shenji drove—and set off.

So once again through the city, now dark and almost silent; once again to the elevator, at last to the airport. We approached my shuttle; I turned off the shield and we climbed aboard. I showed Shenji and Kango where they should sit, where I would be lying, and began explaining the process to them: Shenji would put a band of electrodes around his head, and I would too; the machine would give me an injection (a drug to enable easy learning) which would render me semi-conscious. A bell would sound when the machine began and finished; at the end I'd be nauseous and a little dizzy for 3 or 4 minutes...I emphasized that it was very important that neither of them should talk or speke; Shenji even ought to try not to think, if at all possible, or as little as possible (sure, that's difficult!) and—even though Kango could walk around and look

kundi eme man eme çenji. me marumirap re itanjañ yuno, marukaram mame cenjiye, maçangan i rungoça apralni.

anju maçutaku, macinga-içun i tikas re kango i çenji me i veliçun, orambun icele iyuni. lulusni falakami yaçukakram i pole me marumbefa alo aprali, çuningar, rambas akendipiç alo falakayi çenjiyi. mamelosa çindi mowa sanjañ re macakaçungur—ombi yale lavi alo mesa sende velu ri hakulimi! takanda makasi, makota “*ja...daw...*” i çenji cakunda. kotani “haçindi sende *gwr!!* çambi, te macuta rungota— sende yu eme makaya—aka yarutuvuk ambepu? pun hayi, niya me yalevur!!”

kotaçni me iracuñ vara tromat sende kambo i maçindi —“a nandayi, me çungupro... manomo çenji, manomo kango, endo hile nurak, i niniya maminda re lulusni pole hile maçindi nanarak.” loroni mepu ñar picik, çenji me kumbe, i kami e kango çenjik yaciyon cakenahañu

tanju yamelo yakaya çenji pun apralni pole rundelañ ine sende mami, mowa ne macayi makota “tayi, tamende...ta kaya. kracalni, voleni sutumandri ta yalaranda uçondi, iti te yakundi—kañandetilamim icayito mepu andindingas lirini...” kotani çenji, yakunda “facimi, akrila yu pole mepu!”

macayi hambos “yale kracal liya—tarambu re milama añandetmim yakin kandiñ re cindu yukar amorat e ambesayi, yale hutuñi angono yu, omereçmim mesani, malevur.”

kandiñ re mifarek mimaçan ri punandulaye, mamepumit liri andolini ri aposiciye vara umit eyuruñi. tiyanju malipet aposici i mifarek, cakañañañ yunovunoni. kami kango yalama, nuwakni—“fiyan kaçila çaram ri apositi raka?” maçutritan alo nuwaki: “ta mavirap, mapila hayi ... mowa iyeçen ri hutuñitu aposiyi, i mila kandingasila lundapi nile tikas.” kango mepu krongo vangur, i maçukaçon re tacañi, *hila cakevorok, e?*

maçan ri puna-punani, mam i çenji cakaçangan ri sungaçemim. sañ yaçumemdesa leromi angasi ri cindu.

at stuff, it was very important that he touch nothing! Doing so might harm both me and Shenji. I satisfied myself that they understood everything, prepared Shenji and myself, lay down and started the machine.

When I came to, I looked around and saw that Kango and Shenji were staring at me, as if waiting for something. Finally my head cleared and I could free myself from the machine. I got up, removed the electrodes from Shenji’s head. I wanted to speak but realized I was confused—because there was more than one new language in my brain! Nevertheless I started, and said “*ja...daw...*” and Shenji burst out laughing. He said, “You’re speaking Gwr!! Good heavens, I forgot to tell you, I know that language too—did it mess up the process? If it did, I’m very sorry!”

His words helped me find the right language and I said “Oh not at all, I was just confused... Hello Shenji, hello Kango, peace to you, and I’m really happy I can finally speak out loud to you.” They both made little roaring noises, Shenji hugged me, and even stoic Kango seemed moved.

Now Shenji wanted to know if the machine could teach him my language, but I had to say, “No, not yet...I don’t know. The problem is, the learning drug might not work for you, or it might be harmful—our scientists will have to research that...” Shenji said, laughing “I’ll bet the Gwrs could do that!”

I had to add, “There’s another problem—it’s forbidden to share our technology with you before Cindu becomes a member of the Unity, it’s part of the agreement, one of our rules, I’m sorry.”

Before we left to return to the palace, I took advantage of my visit to the shuttle to use its toilet. Then I closed up the ship and we set out, chattering all the way. Even Kango took part, asking “how many military people are there on your big ship?” I evaded the question: “I’m not sure, I think so... but they live in their own part of the ship, and we research people hardly ever see them.” Kango gave a deep grunt, which I took to mean, *so you’re the big shots, eh?*

Back at the guest-house, Shenji and I fell exhausted into our beds. Thus ended my first day on Cindu.

2. ri conek kamdumbralayi

sapa-sapandri lusok, haya lerowi sumbul mile rundakusa. letrayu macayi macosa ri hendekane yandumbraka.. çenji yatambes, mowa mam ta nahan—mende makenasa timbani andingasaç eningambri vara kayasa re kanbumbrola ilalisam kañaleni tranahan pun poro irambas luhu i lusokni. uwis-uwis malipet kociç re orun añakukopmi—picikni fufu i miçi uçoñi kandumbralayi—niç mahakuk ri epilunowemi. ende cis mifarek yam ñaki i keñakin. cis minumba peçandri ri enjeye vita, tiyanju ri andrani ri engol kromonje livengi seliñi surandivek—cis pole matingas enje vaka yuno i roçeñi. cun miçumora ri mindurayeni hendekanandru, çenji yatangen puna vanat, kotani “iyu punami—kunak ritan mitoli çeluñi re imende kandumbrala...” manjimi “yu malisando...”

ñakimim yaciyundetsa mindura i ratasa ri nekan yandumbraka, nekan raka i palaraka. kaçut inji mile yanunji, mile yasaren cimbrı vita ri pociyowe mesani... yaciyon orambun pipinal kandumbra ri nekan iyuritan, imikni rofola sipola, kupekni mesani re akakrañi ta yale kaç. hañuçit çenjiye «kari iya, ya mimik re varu ecutni?» manjimi «iya angur...ta matimbat, ta kaya ongar ritan...» ehe! pilami. mile mirundunji yunoni, aranaçni supatni vara manimbur—trupengi aran anguri ya—*chang li*—ombi anjiyoñi sambat mesaka.

me ikasi cinga-cinga anduwakaç; imelo kaya yuno lirimi, mondra lavi alo re pole mamanji...inuça re me matralimbe (me iveliçun yunoni niya katrayi), çeluñi me vele payo nayaci; makurip tangoçni re orun añakukopmi, re irunjosa ri pociyowe liya; isotin yulami, titingas pipinal *centimeter* eningambri i tiyanju mesani me yakota re melo yarambas luhu. mayumelosa, i ne macayi rundikas valuñi—rucim niyombi, tromat eçulukmi—mowa anju matikas ñuçupni, re yaraka-raka!! makota “he, ta hapita ñuçup raka orandiyu—aka ta yale yu lavi mimik?” ende anika ñuçupuç ifilan i matangen mesa re ciyon lavi ambik uçombi. acasani angasi yavasilus—“ayi!”—mowa yu kuro laranda. çeluñi me yakota re yaçapat re paka tata vara tromat i trik eçulukmi, ombi “kaçmim yale hendoni çuma, i virapni yuno ecutmim....”

çeluñi imelo mepu kaçepombro eningambri—“aka apralti yapupus pando canduyu?” nuwakmi (ombi ta mamelo re me mawupan canduyu lavi alo re sanje—

2. At the doctors' office :

Early the next morning, the light of the rising sun woke us up. Today I was to go to the medical college... Shenji had breakfast, but I didn't eat—I'd experienced enough exams of my body to know that doctors preferred a fasting state if they were going to draw blood and so forth. I tightly sealed the cups that contained my excreta—a bit of poop and piss for the doctors—and put them in my carry-all. Then we set out with car and driver. Once again we rode the elevator to the upper city, then north on a quiet avenue along the edge of the escarpment—once again I could see the entire lower city and the sea. As we neared the university's campus, Shenji pointed to a white house and said “that's my house, maybe we can stop in after the doctors finish...” I said “I'd like that...”

Our car entered the campus and reached the medical building, a big imposing structure. A young man met us and guided us upstairs to one of the labs... it looked like every doctor in the place was there, at least twenty or thirty, including one who obviously wasn't a Kash. I spake to Shenji «who's that, the little one with brown fur?» he answered «that's a Gwr... I don't know him, don't know why he's here...» Aha! I thought. We all introduced ourselves, too many names to remember—except the Gwr's name—Chang Li—because his appearance was so unique.

They began to throw questions at me; they wanted to know all about me, almost more than I could answer... they asked me to undress (and everyone stared at me with great interest), and after that gave me a sort of cape. I turned over the cups containing my wastes, which they sent to another lab; they listened to my heart, inspected every centimeter of my body, and then one said that he wanted to draw blood.. I was agreeable, and had to show him how—tie off my arm, find the vein—but when I saw the needle—it was huge!—I said “hey, you don't need such a large needle—isn't there a smaller one?” So several needles were brought, and I pointed out one that seemed more suitable for me. The first attempt missed—“Ouch!”—but the second succeeded. Afterwards he told me that he was surprised how easy it was to find and puncture my vein, because “We Kash have thick skin, and of course all our fur....”

Then they wanted to make an X-ray or MRI of my body. “Does your machine give off a lot of radiation?” I asked (because I didn't want to receive any more

miyupan timbani anju çeva ri añañopor); mowa me irumirap re yapupus piciknipo, re vorokni yakoça umit celiya i ambombro. kaçet orana mende yayukale ri celipin aposi-indeyi, i yu nile rundikas yambit apranguripmi, mowa sut yamimik vara powumit, i ta yale tapes valun vara yu marungurip ri celipineni. ende mayumelo, i me isaren ri atele oramba re yale apral raka-raka ri ondeni. macayi rambas payomi i me maçangan makutrap ri lacani. kandumbrala ciyombot atelni... mangos yakota “mikasi, çasaka yanda pahan!” apralni kasi mepu liyuç huru-huru i yakoram kandi-mulet rivitani eningambri... lulusni mangos yu cis kota “lemba, yamet, pole pahan” i maçuningar i cis malimbe payoci.

kandumbrala anika imamaçan ri conekeçeni iti pociyoçeni, liyani unayo i mirungoçañ acalaç çucunu. anju añoniçni imende, me rungayato pun leyalni pole maumit eyuruçuçi (içuparun lire muñaç sawu i acupor cakayundet onocakiçi tracindu...). inuwak liri andahambi—nile makota re mapeña andapatni pacun-andahan supit re timbani (i nile mavele mesa uçoñi andidingas), mowa, eme, re mapeña apral ñoni, i kundrini mende mañonisa imanimuma mesa poren, i sawuni—i re tayanju navani ta yale kracalaç. “niya leñ” kotani, “mipila re anju hakasi nahan pando lavini andahambim, iyu kuna racuñ vara rucunu ele-eleti ombrundi—mowa turole mile hacayi rungaya pun yale kracal tapatni.”

maçañi manuwak liri acangiç pembet kaçili, i ilepes uçakik, naya-naya foya, i acangiç re kena hendoni i ecutni. “kendi pandaçu hayeçen ritan, kendi kunak hakena karunjuk mesani, mowa iyu kuna ta poro yukayukar, e?”

makota re makavasto... “mowa kayati, me mende irumbuducangi liri mondra pipinal acangi ri e parañahan...ende, ara mitovar, e?”

sañ yamende andolimi yam kandumbralan.

pitani mondra ro trelo, mowa lulusni kandumbrala me rungaya re yuno-yuno mapefa alo acangiçi nobuk. anju-anjuni çenji yamamaçan ri punayenitu i ambepuweni, i mam cumet alo puna-puna ri ondeye ateleç ri punandula. mawumit pando anju ri yundrami vara ñoni andahanaç sambat krat sambat; matromat re

radiation than necessary—we get enough when we travel in space); but they assured me that it gave off very little, that it worked mainly using electricity and magnetism. Such a picture already existed in the mother-ship’s computer, and I showed it to them with my little communicator, but it was too small to be useful and there was no way to transfer it to their computer. So I agreed, and they led me to a dark room with a huge machine. I had to take off my cape and lie stretched out on its table. The doctors left the room... a voice said “we’re starting, try not to breathe!”, the machine made whirring noises and moved back and forth above my body... at last the voice said “Good, that’s it, you can breathe”, and I stood up and put my cape back on.

Several doctors returned to their offices or labs, others stayed behind and we discussed various matters. When their tests were done, they would notify me if I could safely use the toilets (they were concerned that the water and sewage systems would be invaded by alien bacteria...). They asked about my food—I told them I had a sufficient supply of my special food-pills (and gave them one for research), but, also, that I had a testing device and in fact had already tested and drunk a wine, some water—and that so far there was no problem. “Very good” they said; “we think when you start to eat more of our foods, that will help change your intestinal flora—but please let us know if there’s any sort of problem..”

I in turn asked them about common ailments of the Kash, and they mentioned head colds, various stomach upsets, and diseases that affected the skin and fur. “If you stay here a long time, you might suffer one of the cancers, but that probably isn’t going to happen, right?”

I said I’d be careful...”but you know, I’ve been innoculated against every disease in the universe... so, let’s hope, eh?”

And so ended my visit with the doctors.

It took almost two weeks, but the doctors finally notified me that I was free of harmful diseases. Meanwhile, Shenji returned to his own house and job, and I moved from the guest-house into rooms in the palace. I spent a lot of time in the kitchen testing foods, as many as possible, and discovered that I

pole manahan mondra yunoni inga kracali. çeluñi umit anju ri pundek punandulayi, manolit liri amavangini i andekindani cindu i içininiçni çucunu—eme kaçale eme angurale. matikas kaçeteçni marok *ang layi*, enjangasi *bau da*. kandiñ ayokni anduyuka re ilepes e *acakrum* mende yalesa mesani enjeç krat raka ri latondrelen, enjangasi içinini krat peçaka, krat cavelu; ri çeluñi ayok, naponi cango evumbumuç re sawuçni ñondroceni i vorini mende irundondo. anika layar matra anje potikas cakavita alo sawuwi...me yarundimbur kaçeteçni *New York* ri çeluñi ayokmindu anduyuka...niniya cakanulañ.

me ivele ñaki i keñakin, i pando pole maçeva-çeva ri enje; matoli hendekanandru, maçindi yam pando tekangilan (kupekni tapat akrila) i ombi puna çenjiyi yamora-mora, nunu makayi-kayi anju riyani—yam yalaciç i tanoreteç maçutimbat yam kambrolañi tapatni re uti ehas, ketracunila kangayala, mowa ondreç taç yunda iloloko. ri anju anjuwe macosa ri cematruwine vara rumuri rungurip aposi-indeye añandromatmi yambit celipiñi aposici

karukolunda ñukarsa aceva-ceva ri içininiçe liya ri yanatros, aranaçni *kavatu*, *çombala*, *andoli*. sendeç kavatu i çombala mondra ikuwa yam yu holundaka, ta yale kracal çindi yam kaçilañi; mowa sende andoli niya yaçunu, i riyani yunda macayi mahañuçit. emeni, kavatu i çombala ivetrita karunila, orandi holunda, mowa me yaciyon re karunulani iyapeña peçakayi pando lavi, mondra iyorana *reyes* teraka ri leroç cosa. i añadayaçni lavi cakakambo i cakandaya aloni ini holundayi.

mowa-mowa ri andoli yale metrita re yaworana *comunismo* vangı ri tera... mondra yuno-yunoç uwi-uwis yanirit metrita uti añakratitaka. yale añumbrolu picik, kratni kaçilani kepriyola, ombini mondra yuno andreçel ambriyoka; içinin yakundap alo trunjosaç. riyani na ya, angasi matikas kaçile *lañ-lañ*, anapambutila alo kañeçenili casi ri yanatros. mowa nile ta pole maçindi yañin ombi naponi içindi sende andoli i ta iyale kekañula; mende ihonga sendenitu, añañupitnitu.

anju mamamaçan alo eçeva tayu re niya katrayi, me yacele angurip marak alo aposi-indeyi... “kandri hamepu? mende anju timbani ri yanatros. mitita re

could eat almost everything without a problem. Then I spent time in the palace’s library, reading about the history and geography of Cindu and its various countries—both Kash and Gwr. I saw pictures of old Ang Lai, the capital of Bau Da. Before their nuclear war, called The Destruction, it had been one of the greatest cities on the planet, capital of the most powerful, most modern country; after the war, nothing but a bunch of bomb craters that the waters of the bay and river had filled. A few tall buildings were still visible sticking out of the water... it reminded me of pictures of New York after our own nuclear war... extremely depressing.

I was given a car and driver, and drove around the city a lot; I visited the university, talked with many professors (including some Gwrs), and because Shenji’s house was nearby, often spent time there—over cocktails and dinners I got acquainted with some of his rather strange friends, artists and intellectuals, but those evenings were always enjoyable. From time to time I went to the airport to use the shuttle’s computer to transmit data to the mother ship

The Karun of Holunda arranged a tour to the other countries on Yanatros, they’re called Kavatu, Shombala, Andoli. The Kavatu and Shombala languages were almost identical with Holunda’s, and there was no problem talking with the people. But the Andoli language was very different, and there I always had to use telepathy. Further, Kavatu and Shombala were governed by karuns, like Holunda, but it seemed to me that their karuns had much more power, almost like Terran kings in the old days. And their societies were more formal and stratified than Holunda’s.

On the contrary, in Andoli there was a government that resembled old communism on Terra. Almost everything was tightly controlled by a rather dictatorial government. There was little industry; most of the people were farmers, and therefore almost all trade was agricultural; the country depended on exports. It was there that I first saw Lang-lang people, descendants of the original inhabitants of Yanatros. But I couldn’t speak to them because they only spoke Andolian, and they weren’t telepaths; they had lost their own language and culture.

When I returned from this very interesting trip, an angry message from the mother-ship awaited me... “What are you doing? Enough time already on

hacosa tanju krat tanju ri pawundu raka, cosa ri içinine angur *bau da* re mile mende harungota lirini. mile yaciyon re iyu niya yavorok. eme hanjayi hatoli içininiçe liya kaç, eme pawunduwe lamimik. liri iyu, mikaya tapes-tapesni, ta misosir tapes-tapesni aloti. virapni yale içininiç vorok ri latondrelen liyalo niçi ri yanatros.”

ende makasisa andayotiç liri eçevami ri bau da-e. ombi tanju riyun yaletto loca ronek, mapitato elimbeç niya faram. akrila re matimbat me me vele aranaçni tongiç ri enje holunda re isorom elimbeç ambik uçoñi akrilayi; yasanje rumbasop kratni, ombi mam uti laraka alo anguri çande. iyu pitani kunangi mesa trello (i pando toye); tiyanju praminjer añandoweyi ñukarsa vara mareçel tapat hambiyaçmi anula ri tarunaçe...sañ yuno çukaram. makota yuno kambralemi “engi tikas”, ciyombot aposici, i mesa lero virik, yafaram yalero, mafarek ri vunuweni kunjikur andra.

3. ri *bau da*

pitani sit aro iti, ombi *tsay ang lay* (*ang layi* velu), enjangasi *bau da*, ñuruñi mondra 180° tuçani alo holundayi, ri vora munduk latondreleyi, eme kunangi 80° ri andrani. mowa lulusni cis marumbambunsa aposicimi ri kacindaye, ri cematruwin ri opondri enje.

me inunji cangoni kemetritala ememe anika kaçila alo punjineki yanatrosi, yurun poro mayeçendo. miçeva ri ondeni enje yambit ñakiç re pando lavi tetevas i apik alo ñakiçi mimik re maçuñupit lirini ri Holunda. niya yaronek—kunangi mefola priçi vaka tanda—i yale pando nifa, kambun ratuç mende irundavingas.

ri punjinek me irundingas atelmi, çeluñi micanga yunomi ri conek pracineki kavatu (iya mambrama çenjiyi!) i kemetritala angur irungocañ andurasmi—letrata manunji priyonek *chau ta*, lero lusok maçindi paranjangayeni—cinekila eme iyuritando alo içininiçi ri nocaniki—i ri leroç lusok andunjiç angocañaç yam kevorokilan andreçengale atrengayaka i liyani. lulusni yaletto andunji-kocañ yambit celicur i celikaçet... punjinek yanatrosi yapeña kandrucitila hivirus niya, i mapinduçasa re ta sanje matelañ sende angur lavi alo re mende mawupan alo çenjiyi; iyu kuna timbani uçoñi angocaçi leroka, kambun kundak mahivus.

Yanatros. We order you to go to the big continent as soon as possible, go to the Gwr country Bau Da that you’ve told us about. It seems to us to be very important. Also, you ought to visit the other Kash nations, as well as the smaller continent. We know nothing, and have heard nothing from you, about it. Surely there are important countries on the planet besides those on Yanatros.”

And so I began planning my trip to Bau Da. Because it was now winter up there, I’d need very warm clothing. Gwrs that I knew gave me the names of shops in Holunda City that sold clothes suitable for Gwrs; it was necessary to adjust most of them, because I’m somewhat larger than the average Gwr.. That needed about a week (and a lot of money); the Minister of Finance arranged for me to exchange some of my gold pieces for local currency...and everything was ready. I told all my friends good-bye, boarded the shuttle, and one fine warm sunny day headed off to the northern hemisphere.

3. In Bau Da

It took three hours or so, because Tsay Ang Lay (New Ang Lai), the capital of Bau Da, was located almost exactly 180° from Holunda, on the opposite side of the planet, and about 80° to the north. But at last I set the shuttle down on the surface, at an airport outside the city.

I was met by a group of government officials as well as several Kash from the Yanatros embassy, where I would be staying. We drove into the city in cars that were considerably more luxurious and comfortable than the little *ñaki*’s I’d become used to in Holunda. It was very cold—maybe 10 below zero—and there was lots of snow, even though the streets were cleared.

At the embassy they showed me my room, then we all met in the ambassador’s office (he was Shenji’s uncle!) and the Gwr officials discussed my schedule—tomorrow I’d meet President Chau Ta, the day after, speak to the Legislature—representatives from countries on Nocaniki would be present too—and on following days, conferences with business and education leaders, etc. Finally there’d be an interview on radio and TV.... The embassy of Yanatros had very skilled interpreters, and I decided it wasn’t necessary for me to learn any more Gwr than I’d already picked up from Shenji; it was enough for everyday use, even

çeluñi re andunji yu yamende, macosa ri ateleme vara loros, tiyanju malokro yalaci tanoret yam ha pracinekila nila (kavatu, holunda, çombala i andoli, re mende matoli içininiçni ri yanatros); me ivele atutekeç liri valuñi ambrocañ yam akrilan—“niya ihundap, kuna kota kami cakundap, cakamisip picikni, i yunda hanjayi yavu-yavu.” krat vorokni, me ivele tropa lire ta maçasa hañuçit iti hañusotimbris—“mondra tapesni iyapeña çakañu, ende tambola uçoñi, eme, pun haçasa ilekañu, kapralun ikaya, niya yatrakambo; niniya nile yarundingis i kunak içumarak... niya ehas. mende hakaya, sotingini, re mila nile ta vacanjan, tati nila mile ta vacanjan... takanda ikatrayito liri e ambesati tayu pun ipila re kuna iyupan ambando iti powumitni nayaci aloni... i virapni eme cis imelo powumitni, melo runjosir hindan—anje nile cakret liri pranaya re çukomban ombi alo e acakumi, cakret lire ihonga andiritni acalaç ri çeluñi ayok iyu; kundrini, yale cango amunduk re melo re bau da cis çunirit ri cindu yunoni...”

andunjimi yam priyoneken yaleña—iya kaçut iña kakambra—ena, ketinda—yalondo andrunji liri amole re cindu pole çuvorat yam e ambesayi ñondruka; çeluñi ri andunjimi liya yam kamorat çucunu alo metritayi i andreçeli matanjañ kar kambralami ri punjinek me mende kota liri “powumitiç”—kaçila andreçenga melo kaya lire naya-naya trumoloç (i ambolaçni) pole irundata iti runjosa (i kambralun iyupan akangaçni). praminjer peçakayi melo kaya pun e ambesa pole rumacan e kaçile (i sañ metritaye yunocinduka) re yale pitani liri añukar lavi ri añumbrolu yawunduka—mipita ambinja lavi, casiyunduç velu lavi, tanakaç lavi i lusokni; eme, aka e ambesa meloto racuñ liri añukarni liri nayaçni velu peçaka anduyuka ombi iyu kracal liya i e kaçila i metrita yunocindu senda ivingas... nile yunoni macayi rungaya re ta makaya, re kracalaç niç icayito yukar acalaç re ihurukurundo iproca-manbrocando çeluñi yam kakivusilambim...

kandumbrala imelo ikaya pun e ambesa pole yaracuñ yamunis kracalni krat vorok—lavi alo rofola pindrongowi akrilayi ikena kralomek ombi alo ameluçipitotunga re yarumek ayok yu anduyuka sam pandaçu... nile marungota nulakimi, pañ polevur, i

though I wasn't very fluent.

After the meeting ended, I went to my room to rest, then enjoyed cocktails and dinner with the four ambassadors (of Kavatu, Holunda, Shombala and Andoli, whose countries I'd visited). They gave me suggestions on how to deal with the Gwr—“they're very clever, one might say even too clever, a little devious, and you ought always to be on your guard.” Most important, they warned me not to try to speke or eavesdrop telepathically—“Almost none of them have the ability, so it's not worth the effort; also, if you do try to eavesdrop, somehow they know, it's very impolite, and upsets them greatly and they might get mad...very strange. You already know, of course, that we don't trust them, and they don't trust us... nevertheless they'll be interested in this Unity of yours if they think they'll get a profit or some advantage from it... and they certainly want advantages, want to dominate the world again—they're still bitter about their reduced status because of The Destruction, bitter about losing control of things after that war; in fact, there's an opposition group that wants Bau Da to regain control of all Cindu...”

The meeting with the President went well—he was a friendly and intelligent man—well, a politician—full of enthusiasm about the possibility that Cindu could join the Galactic Unity; later on in other meetings with commercial and government people I understood what my friends at the embassy had told me about “advantages”—the business people wanted to know what kind of products (and their value) could be imported or exported (and how they'd receive payment). The Minister of Energy wanted to know if the Unity could persuade the Kash (and by extension the world government) that there was a need for more development in the petroleum industry—we needed more exploration, more new wells, more fuels and so forth; also, would the Unity help with development of new kinds of nuclear power, because that was another problem and the Kash and the world government were blocking it... To all of them I had to say that I didn't know, that these problems would have to be subject to debate and negotiation later with our experts....

The doctors wanted to know if the Unity could help solve their most important problem—more than twenty per cent of Gwrs suffered from infertility because of genetic mutations caused by the nuclear war so long ago... I expressed my sympathy and

liya... i makota re e ambesa yu nakayi mende racuñsa liri kracal orana ri tera, ri çeluñi ayokmitu...

ende yalusoksa, lero-lero. ri lusni mesa andunji, mende yaçukrambasa anju maciyombot alo nekani metritaka; mapila haran mamaçan ri punjineke, ta nava. macinga- için keyavulanre ñupindi me inumba, mowa ta potikas. titanju, kaçut yam elimbekuwa nayaci me yaçumora, kotani umit sende angur, “simbi, yale ñaki uçondi..., male keñaki...ara...”. i matikas re me yacele ñaki raka lipet re pambara. yaciyon metritaka. kaçut yu yarumbaha findu çelum uçombi i mamenjar.

mapila re masosir çukolek finduñi...i tikuluñ matitikas re çumbunaçni yatractivas; lavi-lavini, yale kaç kusit ri anguka kandi. yaciyon pando laraka alo anguri çande, i maçañuke re yaletto keyavu kaç alo punjineki...mowa makasi çukaçon re iyuni ta kambo... iyuni liri añakañi cikuñi...

mifarek ratu vaka...matingas yambit yalakatni, matikas punjinek, mowa yu mivalin. ñakini yakasi çukuluñ i catanju cakamaçan ri hambok i lavi-lavi çukuluñ. tiyanju ya, kayo raka me yamaçan yacati i matikas re kundrini yale angur. i yapeña ambak nilus! “yanda tindis” kotani; “yalepo ya, yale karike liya re melo çindi yakan...”

“kari iya?” nuwakmi; “riyene micosa?”

“çeluñi haçukaya...”

miçeva kunangi mesa aro iti lavi; cियोñi tanju miyale ri hucomba; ta lavi masosir kecikiçni tati matikas hayaçni enje. i cियोñi yale nifa i ratraka, pole masosir liyuç cakrek alo capupuçini ñaki cun miçeva...

lulusni ñaki yaçurindi, ri kandini puna raka i akakrañi tetevas..Miyale re añange. me iyambu pambun. kaço raka yayavu ri anjuni keñaki me yatitingas, fonji-fonjip eningandri yunoni. “ta yale ambakran, kundrini ta yale tapes, naponi yutroci tayu...” kotani. (yakambo— mende marundayo ambakrambi ri punjinek, eme— andulañi—apranguripmi). “lembo” kotani ya liya, “arami ri onde...”

regrets, and so forth...and said that the Unity had helped with a similar problem on Terra after our own nuclear war...

And so it continued, day after day. At the end of one meeting, it was already getting dark when I emerged from a government building; intending to walk back to the embassy, not far away. I looked around for the guards who usually accompanied me, but didn't see them. Just then, a man in some sort of uniform or livery approached me, said in Gwr, “Sir, there is a car for you...I'm the driver...come...” and I saw waiting for me a big black closed car. It looked official. The man opened the back door for me and I got in.

I think I heard the doors lock...and suddenly I noticed that the windows were opaque, moreover there was a third person in the front seat. He looked a lot bigger than the average Gwr, so I assumed he would be a Kash guard from the embassy...but I began to sense that something wasn't right...something to do with the shape of his ears.

We set off down the street...through the wind-shield I saw the embassy, but we passed it by. The car began to pick up speed and suddenly made a sharp right turn and went faster. It was then, that the big guy turned to face me and I saw that he was in fact a Gwr. And he had a pistol! “Don't worry” he said; “it's just that, y'know, there's someone else who wants to speak with you...”

“Who's that?” I asked; “where are we going?”

“You'll find out later...”

We drove for an hour or more; now it seemed we were in the countryside. I could no longer hear traffic or see the city lights. And apparently there was snow on the road, I could hear crunching noises from the tires as we drove...

At last the car stopped in front of a large and obviously fancy house. We were in a forest. I was allowed to get out. The big guy stood guard while the driver frisked me, patting down my whole body. “He doesn't have weapons, in fact he doesn't have anything, just this wallet...” he said. (He was right—I'd left my weapon at the embassy and, unfortunately, my communicator.) “OK” said the other, “let's go in....”

punani kundak yafaram, i uti içap yambit anika trambaç umo naponi. pilami, aka puna orandayu yayinga celiya? yarakop vacan.

keñaki me yakota “vandini, arambi *li*, i kaçut tayu arañi *ming*, i hat sim *lo lli keh* pun ta mañeva, yale?”

“male” manjimi. “mowa me polepo lepes *jan*”

“lembo, *jang*” me runduça. mam, mavicupracupo.. tiyanju yasutek re me maçuwapi-apik; ming yacosa volu hange uçoñi yukruça. li yarumbaha rapundanji ñimbuwi i me yambal yalaci, re virapni mapita i minda-minda mawupan. “çindemi senda yaharam tanoret, i te melo rungaya, iye kandami niya kivus! ritan sim *jang* lembo mipatrundo!”

“kari kaç re apeña punayi tayu, re melo çindyamban?”

“ena, iya...mmm... lombimim, kaç niya vorok; mowa tayanjupo ta pole kota lavi .”

ming mamaçan, yarunguça yukruça, netu yahinjar ñimu raka i cakapap ri ekuka ri kandini huçani. *li* ciyombot atelni, mile loroni yarundayo, mowa mende maçuvirap re *ming* i mam ta yale pando vara mikocañ lirini...cumicu *li* i kaçinden i ifilan andahañi— andapanan yam endak i ucunjukuç—i yunoni miyile-ile andahan. nakayi yawuñat, i maçasa makotreñ lumiye *li* (re arañi *pang la*), mowa iye hiki-hikipo i yawongel. ende ne manuwak, “kandraya endak ri tahanji tayu?” i manjini “a, tayu endak *yaw gÿh*—sim *chong* yapakapum locakasi cosa...” sim *li* ne yaçumbate i mapila re ne vele karaki ri vaka lacani... marunjiyon re ta mende sosir. ri çeluñi tanoret, iye mamaçan ri yundrami, lusongi añañupit akrilayi, orandi makaya. çamani ne lusok i mapole sosir re icakurum, mowa ta matanjañ kotaçni. lumi li ta cis çutikas tayoni ondre...

manuwak sime *li* pun yale andaputni celiya, i çukaya re nakayi yale—yambit apral yanga i kandraput celi, mowa naponi iyumit vara koca kopronek i kapasanaç, anikapo hayaç celiya i nanaç liya, moyondi cicur iti apral undangi-cika pun mimelo sosir rinda iti tingas kaçeke iti añañangi liya. lulusni *ming* me yataren ri ateciru mimik, me tangen yutroçiñi i eyuruñi—eme mimik. yarumolek finduni! i me rundayo.

The house wasn't very warm, and poorly lit with just a few oil lamps. I thought, a house like this without electricity? Hard to believe.

The driver spoke: “By the way, my name is Li, and this gentleman's name is Ming. And you are Mr. *Lo Lli Keh* if I'm not mistaken, right?”

“That's me” I answered, “but you can call be Jan.

“OK, *Jang*” he corrected me. I just shrugged. Then he suggested that I make myself comfortable; Ming went to gather wood for the fireplace. Li opened the liquor cabinet and offered me a drink, which I certainly needed and gladly accepted. “My wife is getting dinner ready, and I can tell you, she's a very good cook! Mr. *Jang* will be well taken care of here!”

“Who is the person who owns this house, who wants to talk with me?”

“Well, he...hmm...our boss, a very important person, but for now I can't say more.”

Ming came back, got the fireplace going, poured himself a stiff drink and plopped down in a chair in front of the fire. Li left the room, leaving the two of us behind, but I'd already determined that Ming and I didn't have much to talk about...Soon Li and his wife brought in dinner—a stew with meat and vegetables—and we all dug in. It truly was delicious, and I tried to compliment Mrs. Li (her name was Pang La), but she just giggled and looked away. So I asked “What kind of meat is in this dish?” and she answered “Oh, this is *yaw gÿh* meat—Mr. Chong shot it last spring...” Mr. Li glared at here and I think gave her a little kick under the table... I pretended not to have heard. After dinner, she went back to the kitchen, in accordance with Gwr custom, as I knew. Her husband followed her and I could hear them arguing, but didn't understand the words. Mrs. Li did not appear for the rest of the evening...

I asked Mr. Li if there was electricity, and learned that indeed there was—from a wind turbine and batteries, but they only used it to run the refrigerator and heating system, a few lights and other things, like the radio and video player, in case we wanted to hear music or watch TV or a recording. Finally Ming led me to a small bedroom, pointed out the bathroom and toilet (also small). He locked the door and left me.

macinga-içun. yale mesa çumbuna mimik ri vitani (ta popaha); sungar singoti i laca ekuk. yale kapasan mimik re senda pupus apasan picikni, mowa yale pando payisungaraç ri sungandri—kambun iyü, livekni napi timbani uçoñi eningandri. cakapori cakatindis, me maruciru. imikni, pilami, ambakrambi i apranguripme ileyal ri punjinek, i matovar re punjinek yatitato keyavula ri cematruwine vara lolan aposocimi. kambun, makaya re kendi angur tapat yaçasa cakayundet ri aposicimi, kendi virapni niniya cakaçapat cakaceli.

lero-lero malusok manuwak sime *li*, “anju lombiti taya poro rata? anju ne poro manunji? kandri-kandri yuka-yukar? kambunalun mile yafocip? aka hat mende çindi yañan?” mowa ri yuno anduwakmi, napo-naponi yamanji *li*, “ta kaya, sim *jang*, ta kaya. ta mende masosir tapes-tapesni. yakotasa, yamecitto anju yuno haram.... niya malevur.” me senda yaçukakram re *li* ta kaya tapes, iya naponi kecosir mingip cakalipat ri akikicip tayu. makasi uti cakaparun lirini.

“ena, me kotaka” kotami, “kandri yamepu lombiti? aka iya yamorat cango yu re melo re akrila cis irunjosir añandaya cinduka? matanjañ re e acakrum rucunu yuno, pehandrokoç cosa, mowa me yaciyon re acalaç lembo ikoça yambit añelal tanju, tayi?”

“trambu re te makota tapes liri londimi, tati liri ambepuni, i liyani....napo-naponi pole makota re yale niya kevorok, niya pendoye...mowa hayi, pilami, virapni yavacan re mila akrila cis anjayi runjosir. pandomim sañ vacan....”

mavevelepo... i maçasa lokro nanaç lero-lero: alo atelimi ri atendrakaye, tambes, tanjindero, tanoret, huça raka ri yukruça, harakaran ri lele (yale ñera vital ri cundrini...). matromat re yuno findu, yuno çumbuna cakolek—ta pole çupefa, i sasandipo, ta makaya ñurumbi, i kami kendi pole çupefa, kendi riyene macosa?

ondreni kuha kunim, anju mitanoret, me cakacarekañu vara nuwak *ming*-e anduwak re me nuwa-nuwak lirini —“kambunalun yuka-yukar, *ming*, re hat mende unjuk sambat raka? ombi, kayati, hat angur krat raka re talunda matikas!”

yaciyon minda i cakavorok picikni. “ena, tikas, lunda

I looked around. There was one small window up high (unopenable); a bed of course and table and chair. There was a small heater that was giving off a little heat, but there were plenty of blankets on the bed—even though it was barely long enough for my body. Tired and distressed, I went to bed. At least, I thought, my weapon and communicator were safe at the embassy, and I hoped they’d order guards to the airport to protect my shuttle. Even so, I knew that if some Gwr tried to get into the craft, he’d certainly be in for a surprising electric shock.

Every day I kept asking Mr. Li “When’s this boss of yours going to come? When am I going to meet him? What on earth is going on? How will he contact us? Have you spoken with him?” But to all my questions, Li just answered “I don’t know, Mr. Jang, I don’t know. I haven’t heard anything. He said he would call when everything is ready....I’m very sorry.” It was becoming clear to me the Li didn’t know anything, he was just a minor employee caught up in this plot. I began to feel rather sympathetic toward him.

“Well, tell me,” I said, “what does your boss do? Is he a member of that group that want the Gwr to again dominate Ciindu society? I understand that The Destruction changed everything, centuries ago, but it seems to me that things are running quite well with the present system, aren’t they?”

“I’m forbidden to tell you anything about the boss, or his job, etc...I can only say he’s a very important person, very wealthy...but yes, I think, he certainly believes that we Gwr ought to be dominant. Many of us believe that....”

I gave up...and tried to enjoy the daily routine: from my room to the living room, breakfast, lunch, dinner, a big fire in the fireplace, a stroll in the garden (there was a high wall around it...). I discovered that every door, every window was locked—I couldn’t escape, and anyway, I didn’t know where I was, so even if I could get out, where would I go?

The fourth or fifth night, after we’d eaten, I screwed up my courage to ask Ming something I was curious about—“How did it happen, Ming, that you’ve grown so big? Because, y’know, you’re the biggest Gwr I’ve ever seen!”

He looked pleased and a little proud. “Well, see, I used

pando matukrece, angayimi yuno. tiyanju mayukar kamburendik ri cika, anika pehan. me lepes *ming tayh* [miñ e surañ]—hamelo tingas tangi-cikami? mowa ta pando tonowin, ende mayukar keyavu uçoñi simi...e... lombimim.

sim *li* kromonje yañuñuñ, “i umit pando sutumar-- topimbañ añunjuk i liya...”

ming: “nakayi, i endenipo? pandomim, hayi, miyumit, mowa ta yunomim...”

tiyanju ya, mavirap re ta mamelo cakacati yam *ming-in*

mapila re yale lero lusok, ri çeluñi tanjindero— maçupondri i cosa ri ateleme vara loros. mondra maçiru anju makasi hañuços anguripiç ehas-- «avas, ta hecik.» mangos liya: «hat ro, andra picikni.» mangos kusit: «tikas...furik ri nifa, vaka vimbrus [kota trakaya]...iiiiii...» masosir çusu, kriçici i krunji, lulusni pando mangos «leñ, leñ...raka iya...[açoniçni añomal andokro]...melo luhu eme...yuka uçombi ambi...»

maningar ri ekukmi vara tingas ri oporeni çumbuna— nava ri vora matikas çangoni kulawula mimik (iyorana *gatos* teraka)...re memende irungombra kulawun liya i senda inahan. maçasa yamen, hañuçit-- «he, he» irindi, cinga-içun, catanju yavu-yavu. orandi hiçip mahañuços «kandri?...kari?...riyena?» matipitip ri alani, hañuçitmi «ritan vitani, yanda tiris, mam ri onde puna, ta pole yombot...melo çindi.» yatingas mesani ri vitani i tikas katimi ri çumbuna. «kandri kaç hat? riyeni? kuni ñeva...ta varusi, ta pambara, ta ecut. mowa pole hañuçit, kambralun?»

manjimi «ena, makaya. marata alo...yurun liya, nava-nava. kaçila varusi muko me lipat ritan i melo çupefa...pita racundi.»

«ta pole. varusi min pakran pun min tikas...kuna--» yarindi, ciyoñi yaminja angokaya alo cangowini. cis: «kuna mikota ya rakaç liriti, kuna pole racuñ.»

«cumicu?» nuwakmi.

«hayi hayi, çeluñi, condre, anju oramba»

«ne kotaka, anjayi cele-cele iyanjuwi re tikas haya ri çumbuna tayu...tanjañ?»

«hayi»

to lift weights a lot, all my life. Then I became a wrestler on the TV for a few years. I was called Ming Tayh (Mountain Ming)—you wanna see my videos? But I didn't earn much, so I became a bodyguard for Mr....uh...our boss.” Mr. Li mumbled quietly, “and he used a lot of drugs, growth hormone and the like....” Ming: “Sure, so what? Sure, a lot of us used, but not all of us.....”

That was when I was sure I didn't want to mess with Ming.

I think it was on the next day, after lunch—I was bored and went to my room to rest. I was almost asleep when I began to hear strange telepathic messages-- «careful, no noise» Another voice «you two, north a little» A third voice «look...hiding in the snow, under that [unknown word] bush...iiiiii...» I heard rustling, squeaking, little growls, then many voices «good, good...a big one...[signals of hunger and pleasure]... want blood too... liver for papa...»

I stood on my chair to look out the window—off to one side I saw a bunch of little animals (they looked like cats)...who had just killed another animal and were eating it. I called out telepathically-- «hey, hey». They stopped, looked around, suddenly on guard. Like whispering I heard «what?... who? where?...» I tapped on the glass and said «Up here... don't be afraid, I'm inside the house, can't get out... want to talk» One of them looked up and saw my face at the window. «What person you? Where from? Wrong color, not brown, not black, no fur. But you can speke, how come?»

I answered «well, I know how. I come from...another place, far away. Bad brown people capture me here and I want to get out...need your help.»

«Can't...browns kill us if see us...maybe....» he stopped, apparently seeking advice from his group. Then again: «maybe we tell the big ones about you, maybe can help.»

«Soon?» I asked.

«yes, yes, later on, night, when dark»

«tell them, should wait until they see light in this window...understand?»

«yes»

«lembo, makuvus. tanju, cosa rumbende andahandi!»
tanju rungi mam!

«good, I thank. Now, go finish your meal!!» Now I was excited!

ende ondre iyu, anju mende mamendesa tanoretmi, anjuci makuka mayaya!n yam simin *li* i *ming-in*, tiyanju maturo amborimi, cosa ri ateleme (*ming* singoti yarumolek finduni), rungayi hayani, i kasi tingas alo çumbunayi...mowa mondra travole tikas iyuni ri cinini añorambani añange ri vita i nifani ri hirak ri vaka.

And so that night, after finishing dinner, I sat for a while chatting with Mr. Li and Ming, then pleaded fatigue and went to my room (Ming of course locked the door). I turned on the light and began to watch from the window, but it was almost impossible to see anything in the midst of the dark forest above and the snow on the ground below.

matinas kunangi angunjo aro, lulusni tikas angoram misip re senda çumora, lulusni ri ondeyeni hala alo çumbunayimi matikas re yale kulawu raka-raka, orandi *león* iti *tigre* teraka mowa pando laraka. ecutni vanat yunoni, naponi içunuçni ihunjañ çisu orandi kukuca. Makaya re yacayi yale mesani pratiçala re mende masosir lirini alo kambralayi kaç.

I watched for almost half an hour, and finally saw a movement. It was stealthy; it was approaching, and finally in the light from my window I saw it was a huge animal, like a lion or tiger but much bigger. Its fur was entirely white, only the eyes glowed red like embers. I knew it had to be one of the *cousins* that I'd heard about from my Kash friends.

mahañuçit «he, he, matikas...» i yamanji «manomo. kari hat? kandri hamelo?» tikuluñ me yakram re tayu pole hañuçit pando laleñ alo kulawulayi mimik re kandiñi mende manunji; çakañuni mondra kuwa hivasni yam çakañu kaçili...

I spake «hey, hey, I see...» and it answered «hello. Who are you? What do you want?» Right away it was clear to me that it could speke much better than the little ones I'd met earlier; its telepathy was almost a skillful as Kash telepathy.

malusok: «arambi can. marata alo hinda liya nanava. male kambra kaçili, makaya re hila nila tiçala... yale karambi ri içinin holunda... tanjanga?»

I went on: «My name is *can*. I come from another world far away. I am a friend of the Kash, I know that you and they are cousins... I have a good friend in the country of Holunda... understand?»

«me lepes *lundo-matra*. mende masosir liri içinin yu...hundri, mila tiçala... kandri mepu ritan?»

«I'm called Broken Tail. I have heard of that country... It is true, we are cousins... What are you doing here?»

«marata ritan vara çukaya kañale kaçila varusi taç, vara tikas içinini...i tanju, ta kaya ongar, me mende ilipat i me filan ri yurune tayu. cakolek yunoni, ta mapole yombot, çupefa...mowa eme ta makaya añurumbi, tati pun yale tiçalati kaç mora-mora...»

«I came here to learn what the brown people are like, to see their country...and now, I don't know why, they have captured me and brought me to this place. It's all locked up, I can't go out, can't get free...But also, I don't know where I am, or whether there are cousins of yours nearby...»

«yale, sañ ikota. mam ta kaya, mowa kambralami yu kaya...mende matikas varusiye re eçen ritan, yaratanu anju loca çohi. rumgombra amambi, i mepu payo alo hendiñi, mende tikas...iya traleleñ...»

«There are, I'm told. I don't know, but friends of mine know... I have seen the brown one who lives here, he often comes in hunting season. He killed my father, made a coat from his hide. I have seen it... He is evil.»

tikuluñ—ciyoñi yambit çuningar ri aceçni çelum—kati vanat yu çutikas ri çumbuna ri kandimbi, *centimetros*-po alo katiyimitu, i yacyon re me titingas. i me çukaçon re me nuwakañu, vara netu yarumirap liri hundrini kotaçmi...ta ne vingakañu..lulusni me yakota

Suddenly—apparently by standing on his hind legs—that white face appeared at the window in front of me, just centimeters from my own face, and it seemed he was inspecting me. And I sensed that he was searching my mind telepathically, to reassure himself of the truth

«leñ, hale kambra, te racundo. aka yale andayotti? e... ñera yu ri çeluñi puna... yale anju, pun ta yale kaç ritan, mila yu necu ri ondeyeni vara titingas yuruñi... aka pole necu ñera yu?»

«nandayi, mowa... anju harakaran ri lele, matitikas ange ri vorani ñerani—mapila pole yu menjar, cosa ri ñeraye i necu vaka ri androprani... mowa ñupindi, varusi mesani me yanumba...»

«ta kracal... tikasti—sapat lumbrelo poro yakasi çangenifa raka... anju ondre, cosaka ri leleye vara harakarambi, i menjakra ange yu... yanda tindis—mam te senda celeto tingasto alo fundoñi, pun yale varusi yamban, mam ne pole kenda-kenda. çeluñi nifa lipetto inimbim iyanjure miyale ri ondeni añange... pilami, tayu laranda. lembo?»

«hayi, lembo, macayi maçasa...» i lundo-matra yayohan ri añorambaye nifaye... me manuwak kambalun yakaya re yaletu nifa sapat... mowa virapni kulawula ikaya acalaç niç... minda me marucangan i cumicu cakaçiru.

lero lusok ri cinini lumbrelo nakayi yakasi nifa, eme yale yanga picik. *li* i *ming* ifica-ficas, kotani “çambi, lusongi celicur çanges tayu poro saño ro sila lero... poro vingas yuno... kukundri micakafacol!!” mowa mam, pilami nifa tayu niya yavirik, hambinifa raka vanat re soket pondañi, kumor i fanan.

kotani *li*, “kayati, sim *jang*, sambat micakapondri, mapila re lulusni hacayito tingas tangi-cikaç niç *ming-i*.” virapni, ta mamelo hulop pando anju ri çeluñi tanoret yam kaçeteçni *ming*, ende kunangi aroni yalaci masutek re mile yarundikas tapatni, i minda-minda yakono. yarakop re ta makunda liri feliyoni. kamburendikila tala niletu ilepes kakivusila??—mowa nana yunoni yawonji (orandi yalusok yakota *li*, rumberak *ming*...) sasandipo, anju lumi *li* yambal tanoretmim, rikasni *ming* yamende.

pando manahan, tak ombi mawomal mowa ombi ta makaya anju cis manahando andahan aleka... kami matundru çangoni krekiç, niç hakuk ri pilen—“uçoñi hacici cinondre” makota lumiye *li*.

çeluñi, andulañi, *ming*-e anje yale tangi-cikaçni lavi; i

of my words... I didn't block him. Finally he said «Good, you are a friend, I will help you. Do you have a plan? Umm... that wall behind the house, sometimes, when there's no one here, we jump inside to check the place out. Can you jump that wall?»

«No way, but... when I walk in the garden I've noticed a tree near the wall—I think I could climb it, get onto the wall and jump down on the other side... but usually, one of the browns accompanies me....»

«No problem... look, tomorrow afternoon a big snowstorm is going to start... when it's night, go to the garden to walk around, and climb that tree... don't worry, I'll be waiting and watching from the roof, if there's a brown with you, I can deal with him. After that the snow will cover our tracks until we're in the forest. I think this works, OK?»

«Yes, OK, I have to try...» and Broken Tail disappeared into the darkness and snow.... I wondered how he knew it was going to snow tomorrow... but surely animals know these things.... I went to bed happy and soon was fast asleep.

The next day it did indeed start to snow in the middle of the afternoon, there was also a little wind. Li and Ming complained, they said, “Oh god, according to the radio this storm is going to last two or three days... it'll block everything... we'll really be isolated!” Me, I thought this snow was beautiful, big white flakes falling thickly, silently, slowly.

Li said, “Y'know, Mr. Jang, we'll be so bored, I think we'll finally have to watch those videotapes of Ming's.” I certainly didn't want to spend a lot of time after dinner looking at Ming's pictures, so around the cocktail hour I suggested he show us some, and he happily agreed. It was difficult not to laugh at his nonsense. These wrestlers called themselves professionals?—but the whole thing was a sham (as Li kept saying, making Ming angry...). In any case, when Mrs. Li served our dinner, Ming's show ended.

I ate a lot, not because I was hungry but because I didn't know when I'd eat real food again... I even picked up a bunch of cookies and put them in a pocket—“for a midnight snack”, I told Mrs. Li.

Afterwards, unfortunately, Ming still had more videos

cis niç matingas kunangi angunjo aro iti. tiyanju makota sime li re mameloto harakaran ri nifa ri lele. “kayati” kotami, “talunda makena nifa orandayu—yurun mayeçen, ri latondrelembi, lundapi yanifa... i ukat virik. lembo?”

ming mepu krongo, kotani “mam, unayo ri onde, tingas cika yurun faram.”

“hayi, te manumba....” kotani *li* i yacopin ro cunje kicat—“e, poro hapita, yaronek riyun...” me mapila, he, kendipun hakaya.... i miciyombot ri leleye.

mikasi harakaran vora-vora. ta yale niniya ronek, kunangi 0 priçi, i macakaçindi liri nifani, amirikni, i lusokni...li yañuñumbo, “angasini, virik, hayi, mowa anju cayi kayi yañu san mepola açurak pehañi, kundak loko....”

miyalesa lavi-ombak ri cinini lele anju catanju yalesa orandi andafum vanat ri vorami... tiyanju *li* ri hirak cakrop, ponguna lukeñ, lundo-matra ri nihiñi. matikas re poro yaçuña yakici hendiñ simi *li*, i mahañuyap «tayi, tayi, yanda rungombra!! iya pumitpo, ta kaç muko!!» yarindi, mowa me yamanji hañuyap marak...«lembo, cosá, yamá, menjar angeti!» sañ mamepu, uti travivus, i laranda conihin ñerani, i necu vaka ri andoprani.

lundo-matra necu yam mesa angoram tata i pambun ri vorami. «yama, yama, ri ondeyeni añange, riyun...» i loroni mifarek, huluñ krat huluñ. lundo-matra yalusok ri çelumbi, takale inimiçmi.

tanju ri añange, micayi çufanan, cakapupus loromi, mowa milusok haran huluñ. rakop picikni, ombi kambun yale nifa omban ri hirak—niyakçni tarekam angeçi ivingas tapatni—anje yale pando niyak hombra i ekam. milusokpo haran, haran.

«mimelo cosa nava krat nava, lembo?» kotani lundo-matra.

«hayi, virapni, kandripun mile ilulusok?» manjimi.

«ha, ta yukar! varusi liris añange, susupitni ri ondre! i ikambo, niya nombuk uçoñi, nila mimik, kulawula

and I watched them again for a half-hour or so. Then I told Mr. Li I wanted to walk in the snow in the garden. “You know,” I said, “I’ve never experienced snow like this—where I live, on my planet, it hardly ever snows...and it’s quite beautiful. Is that OK?”

Ming grunted and said, “Me, I’m staying inside, watch TV where it’s warm.”

“Yes, I’ll go with you....” said Li, and went and fetched two heavy parkas—“hey, you’re going to need it, it’s cold out there...” I thought, if only you knew....and we went out into the garden.

We began to stroll around, side by side. It wasn’t very cold, maybe 0°, and I nattered on about the snow, its beauty, and so forth...Li grumbled, “At first, pretty, sure, but when you have to live with it nine or ten months of the year, it’s not much fun....”

We were more or less in the middle of the garden when all of a sudden there was like a white expulsion next to me...then Li was on the ground, face down, likely unconscious, Broken Tail on top of him. I saw that he was going to grab and bite Mr. Li’s neck, and I gave a telepathic shout **signal** «No no, don’t kill!! he’s just a servant, not a bad person!» He stopped, but answered me with an angry signal. «OK, go, run, climb your tree!» I did so, rather clumsily, managed to get onto the top of the wall, and jumped down on the other side.

Broken Tail jumped over with one easy motion and landed beside me. «Run, run, into the forest, over there...» and the two of us took off as fast as we could. Broken Tail followed behind me, wiping out my tracks.

Once in the forest, we had to slow down, we were both winded, but kept on walking fast. It was a little difficult, because even though there was less snow on the ground—the leafless branches of the trees blocked some of it—still there were a lot of dead branches and leaves. We kept on walking, walking.

«We want to get as far away as possible, OK?» said Broken Tail.

«Yes, certainly, what if they come after us?» I answered.

«Ha, won’t happen! The browns are afraid of the forest, especially at night! And they’re right, it’s very

tapatni niya raka i omal...»

«orandi hila?» masutek.

«tayi tayi» manjini, «ta nin miçohi lavi, mowa yale çakonjila...»

«nombuk lirimim?»

«lirimi, nandayi; liriti, tayi, cukuwa hat yamban...»

ende milusok. me yaciyon re mende miharan ro aro, kuna mepola *kilometros*, anju me yanuwak, «aka pori? mam, yale...ñupindi mawumit ondre vara çiru-ciru»

«eme mam» **kotami**; «aka leyal pun mirindi?»

«kunak...pilami, mende nava timbani. yale cangaraç mora-mora yurun mipole lunduñ»

i nakayi cumicu matihis cangaraç niç...lundo-matra tola-tola vara çuvirap re ta yale kulawula liya ri vakani, i mile tromat yurun tawu. miçangan. mam, maronek i çuçap, i ombi ta makorangoram makasi ñaçak. lundo-matra yatitikas. «tralimbe payoti, çangan ri vorami, i mile lipembet loromi yam iyu» sañ mepu, i tikuluñ maçon aparañi, kambun eme ecutni çuçap picikni. naponi yakota «ayi, çamat, payo yu tolani varusi...»

kandiñ re miçiru, manuwak «riyena añeçendi? ciyoni, uti nava-nava, yale? mende hacayi harata nava vara me raçuñ...iyu, niya leñ...te makuvus»

«a, ta yale... yumburimi yale ri kandimim kunangi acevami mesa lero lavi...mowa senda maçohi rivorani punati yu anju me ihañuyap mimikilata yale kracal... i tanju, ara miçiru, e?» i sañ mimepu....

anju mitakuksa sapandri lusok, anje yanifa mowa ta lavi yaronek. manahan mesa ro krekiçmi, i picikni nifa mahas uhas, i cis mifarek. «laleñi miyuyup, ta yale pando aro haya-lero!» kotani lundo-matra. i nakayi, harambi pando lavi tata, ombi tanju mipole tikas... lundo-matra anju-anju çurindi vara tola ange iti cangar--«mapitapo kaya riyena mila, kariyi çomba tayu...» i anju ondre, mende miratasa yumbunini, ri pavaçi cangar..

dangerous for them, they're small, and some animals are big and hungry...»

«Like you?» I suggested.

«No no» he answered, «we don't hunt them anymore, but there are saurians...»

«are they dangerous to us?»

«To me, not at all; to you, no, as long as you're with me...»

And so we kept on. It seemed to me we'd walked two hours, maybe 10 kilometers, when he asked me «Are you tired? I am...I usually spend the night sleeping.»

«So do I» I said. «Is it safe to stop?»

«Maybe...I think we're far enough away. There's some rocks nearby where we can find shelter.»

And indeed after a bit I saw the rocks...Broken Tail sniffed around to be sure there were no other animals under them, and we found a dry place. We lay down. I was cold and wet, and since we weren't moving I began to shiver. Broken Tail noticed. «Take off your coat, lie down next to me, and cover us both with it.» I did so, and immediately felt his warmth, even though his fur was also damp. All he said was, «ay, nasty, that coat smells of browns...»

Before we went to sleep, I asked «Where do you live? Apparently, rather far away, right? You had to come a long way to help me...that was very good...I'm grateful.»

«Oh it's nothing... my den is about a day's journey ahead...but I was hunting near your house when the little ones called out to me...it wasn't a problem... now, let's go to sleep, eh?» And so we did.

When we woke up the next morning, it was still snowing, but not any colder. I ate a couple of my cookies and a little clean fresh snow, and we set out again. «It's best we hurry, there's not many hours of daylight» said Broken Tail. And indeed, our walking was much easier, because now we could see... Broken Tail stopped from time to time to sniff a tree or rock-- «I just need to know where we are, whose territory this is...» and at nightfall, we had reached his den, in a

little rock cave.

me yaciyon re yale ha nim tiça pete i ha nim anala, mimik i raka. yunoni yale ecutni vanat uçoñi locanifa, trupengi anala krat mimik—kunini çalom inji. cakaminda icanga yunoni ri cundri lundo-matra, ne ruvondruvon yañan, ne itola, ne ilulum. mam takanda, me itingas yam acocon. masosir anduwakaç ñupit... «kandri iyu? aka kaç? vayi iti pete? ongar ta yale ecutni?» ...i yu camuko, alo ana laraka mesani: «pole nahan iyu?» nile cakapak epahan lundo-matra, ne yakota «nandayi, yacit, iya kambramim, iya orandi tiça kambun ta yaciyon.... yarata alo çombayi liya, nava-nava...hila yunoni, ne kamboka!»

«mowa, tolani varusi!» kota mesani.
lundo-matra: «iyu, ombi alo elimbeyinipo... can, tralimbeka payoti vara ipole itola eningatri...» sañ mamepu, mowa ciyoñi ta munis kracalni. «tolani ehakas!»

ri çelum pavasi, yale ningombra luhu-luhu kulawuwi nanayaci, re hutuñi mende inahan; yale çakonji nanayaci, añoleni çande. «tete yu lipat lumbrelo tayu!» kotani liya «miraput hutunuç laleñ ucondi, mama» lundo-matra yu yatrayi yarumbora, yatrik-trik ri ondeni, çeluñi yatangen hambiya i me kota, «yukani, uçondi kambramim, nahan!»

liya yunoni iyengap cakaçapat—me senda yambal hambiya laleñ! masanjañ re yu macayi nahan...kendi ta mawupan amele tayu re supit, kendi niniya trakambo..ende marundet hambiya niya mimik, hakuk ri cimasemi. minda-mindani, ta mahok tati yuçaç—kundrini, ukat uñat kambun toluka i niya sasamos, kuñat luhu. manahan hambiyaç lavi, tjanju kota lundo-matraye re iya anjayi nahan tayoni...(anju tayu mamepu, liyani me iciyon ipilimen yam eçura lavi.)

mapila re pole manahan endakni lavi—moyondi alo aceyini—pun yu pole marundami, i manuwak pun rumbo mamepu huça mimik. lundo-matra i petelani ipila-pila, lulusni ikota tayi—kuna rundiris analeni, kuna varusi tikas, i lusokni... ende cakaçasa manahan picikni, mowa sut mate, londo takomik coloç. çeluñi yuno liyani ile-ile ri ningombra yu i cumicu yunoni mende inahan, kami irumbatra trakoçni uçoñi makrayini. ri lusni, napo-naponi hambakrambandri hambiyaçni trakoç.

It looked to me like there were four or five females and four or five cubs big and small. All of them had their white coats for the winter, except the smallest cubs—they were light grey. They all gathered joyfully around Broken Tail, rubbing against him, smelling him, licking him. But me, however, they looked at with suspicion. I heard the usual questions--«what's that? male or female? why doesn't he have fur?» and the worst, from one of the bigger cubs, «Can we eat it?» Broken Tail whacked him with a paw, saying «No way, shut up, he's our friend, he's like a cousin even if he doesn't look like one...he comes from another land, far away...all of you, be polite to him!»

«But he smells like a brown!» said one of them.
Broken Tail: «That's just his clothes. *Can*, take off your coat so they can smell your body...» I did so, but it didn't seem to solve the problem. «He smells strange!»

At the back of the cave, there was a bloody carcass of some animal, partially eaten, some kind of saurian of average size. «Mama caught it this afternoon!» Another said «we saved the best parts for you, Papa.» Broken Tail pulled it closer, poked around inside it, then pointed to a piece and said to me «The liver, for our friend, eat!»

All the others gasped with surprise—he was offering me the best piece! I realized I had to eat it...if I didn't accept this special gift, it would be very impolite. So I tore off a very small piece, and put it in my mouth. Fortunately I didn't gag or vomit—in fact, it was quite tasty even though raw and very salty, tasting of blood. I ate more pieces, then told Broken Tail he ought to eat the rest...(when I did this, the others seems to view me with more respect.)

I thought I could eat more of the meat—for example from the leg—if I could cook it, so I asked if I might make a small fire. Broken Tail and his mates thought it over, then said no—it might frighten the cubs, the browns might see it, etc...But I tried to eat a little of the meat, but it was too tough, full of gristle and sinews. Then all the others dug into the carcass and it was soon totally consumed, they even broke the bones for their marrow. At the end, there was nothing but a heap of bones in pieces

ombi alo yuno eningarilayi, pavasni ta niya yaronek, kundrini, mondra faram, i lavi api-apik maçiru, mowa lundo-matra i pete mesani eme içiru ri vorami. niya yanuraka sotin hañuçitni sisaci yam liya-liya.

sapa-sapandri lusok, mam i kambrami cis mifarek. rilivengi ecevamim, papañi mitromat ambrupuci taramir, i pandaçu milokro minimu sumahasni. mowa kunangi cindero, lundo-matra me yaçun re kundak timbat çomba tayu, i yakasi hañuyap tiçale liya...i lusok hañuyap kratni lumbrelo cun miharan—inguçomi, tapesni yamanji. tiyanju lero çukramba, i mikasi minja lunduñ...anju mam tihas likat mimik ri yumbrandil. «kandri iyu?» nuwakmi; «ta kaya» manjini...

yu mititingas alo andavayi. yaciyon yumbu. matikas paci mimik ri yomom, yu matangen lundo-matraye, kotami «pilami, yale inimiç riyani—aka niç hatimbat?»

fanapanan yatitingas, yatola mene, çumora ri nekañi. «pilami [kota trakaya]--» kotani.

«kandri iyu?»

«a, nila re niç halepes mimikila--- ara mitikas pun anje riyani--» yamepu ñar kromonje i hañuyap, i falaka mimik cakatikas ri paci yu. yukandri, yale have mimikili re iyeçen ri vakani punaci. mile ikota re varusi tapesni ta pandaçu mende çukritan—naponi sila ha tandi—açurak—cosa, kandiñ locanifa.

lundo-matra yapenuwaksa, mowa mam melosa çiru ri vakani pundoñ...anje yanifa, i ciyoñi lavi senda çukronek. maharan ri cundrini, tingas ri çumbunaçe, ñoni finduni—ta olek!—i maciyundet. yale laca i ekukuç, sungaraç—payisungaraç!!—yunguça mimik i hange i nikapikiç!!!.yale kapra ri nihiñi laca, kotani “likat tayu uçoñi kaçili re haran iti çohi re aňange. anju cosa, mituro yu rundayoka uhasni kuwa yam uhasni anju harata.” eme yale yurun vara ularan, i anika añularanaç i leroç. niç krat velu, alo mondra ha açuraki cosa. malusok cinga-içun i tromat yundraput re orun miçaçni andahan, kami kralani ñimbuhi... titanju makaya mavirap re poro manuwar riyandi, i sañ makota lundo-matraye. «makaya re hapenuwak, mowa

Because of all the bodies, the cave wasn't cold, in fact it was almost warm, and I slept more comfortably, but Broken Tail and one of the females also slept beside me. It was very peaceful to listen to their affectionate telepathic talk with each other.

Early the next morning my friend and I set out again. Along the way, we were lucky to find an unfrozen spring, and for quite a while we enjoyed drinking the fresh water. But around noon Broken Tail admitted to me that he didn't know this country, and began calling out for other cousins...and kept calling out most the afternoon as we walked—in vain; no one answered. Then it was getting dark and we were beginning to look for shelter...when I spied a little shed in a clearing. «What's that?» I asked; «Don't know» he answered...

We checked it out from a distance. It looked empty. I saw a little hole in the foundation, and pointed it out to Broken Tail and said, «I think there's some tracks there—do you recognize them?»

He looked around carefully, sniffed the air, approached the building. «I think there's [unknown word]...» he said.

«What's that?»

«Oh, the ones you call “little ones”—let's see if they're still around.. » He let out a soft roar and called out, and a little head popped up in the hole. It turned out there was a family of little ones living under the shed. They told us that no browns had been there for a long time, maybe three or four moons—months—ago, before winter.

Broken Tail was doubtful, but I wanted to sleep under a roof...it was still snowing, and seemed to be getting colder. I walked around it, looked in the windows, I tried the door—unlocked!—and went in. There was a table and chairs, beds—blankets!!—a little stove and wood and matches!!! There was a piece of paper on the table that said “This cabin is for the use of hikers and hunters in the forest. When you leave, please leave it as clean as it was when you arrived.” There was also a place to sign your name, and a few signatures and dates; the most recent from almost 4 months ago. I kept looking around and found a cupboard with cans of food, even a bottle of liquor...Then I knew I was going to spend the night right here, and I so informed

matovar hat eme melo ri ondeni... pun ta melo, matovar re pole tromat yurun api-apik ri opondri...» anjuçi yapila-pila, tiyanju «tayi, manuwar yakan, ri onde. yatrapongunak re varusi ratato tanju ri ondre... mowa virapni caçahu ritan...»

malaranda rukuça huça mimik, trayamir nifa vara minimu, me mahinjar yalani ñimbuhi, rumbaha miçani andapanan nayaci i yu rupasan...kundak uñat, mowa me rondonot. kami lundo-matra yanahan tapatni, i mavele tayoni mimikile ri vakani puna, ombi yu mende itola i ñiñiñ «omal, omal!».

anju huçani yahorem, maçangan ri sungar ri vakani payisungaraç—tolani cakrus, mowa...me iruparam. lundo-matra yañuñuñ yuni liri ciciç, tarupat çiru ri sungar ende netu yalecit ri kaniñi. anjuçi ne mahañuços kocañ yam mimikilan, nuwak pun ilisam andahan çamat varusi i lusoki. manjinipo, «uñat! omal!». cumicu, cakaçiru loromi.

sapa-sapandri cis lavi mifarek. mimikila mile mende rungaya re ta yale tapes tiça raka mora-mora, kuna lanava ri arose, poharan mesa lero. ikota, tiça tala tak içumora hurun tayu ombi nunu yale varusi. anju lundo-matra nile yanuwak pun ikaya liri “mambrela pambara re mile çindi”, ikota re hayi, mende isosir lirini, mowa ta kaka ñuruñi...

ende mimepu vunu ri arose, hañuyap anju-cis anju, i lulusni kunangi cindero miupan ambanji: «kari yamen?»

«lundo-matra riyani. pita racuñ, me rataka...» i ri lusni angunjo aro iti, çutikas tiça pambara. mile yaçumora fanapanan i yavu-yavu, yunda-yunda me veliçun i titingas...

«kandri iyu yakan?» kotani, i ilusok anduwakaç ñupit—ongar ta yale ecutti, ongar tolani varusi, i liyani...ne mirumakram lirimi, male kambra, marata alo...kota-lafotani. anju yaçukaya re pole yahañuçit, me yaciyon re acoconoçni picikni içukomban ...

mile kotani, ne ilepes *cikundret*, i papañi yukandri, nakayi yakaya ñuruñi “mambrela”—poharañi mesa lero—i çumelo lire mile yasarendo riyun. takanda, cun

Broken Tail. «I know you have doubts, but hope you’ll stay inside too... if you don’t want to, I hope you can find a comfortable place outside...» He considered this a while, then: «No, I’m staying with you, inside. It’s unlikely any browns will come now that it’s night...but it sure stinks in here....»

I managed to get a little fire going, melted some snow for us to drink, poured myself a glass of liquor, opened a can of some sort of stew and heated it...it wasn’t very good but it filled me up. Even Broken Tail ate some of it, and I gave the rest to the little ones under the house, because they had smelled it and were whining «hungry, hungry!»

When the fire died, I lay down on the bed under the blankets—they smelled musty, but...they warmed me up. Broken Tail muttered something about bugs and refused to sleep on the bed, so he curled up on the floor. For a while I heard him talking with the little ones, asking if they liked the brown people’s disgusting food and so forth. They just answered «yummy, hungry!» Soon, we both dropped off to sleep.

The next morning we set out again. The little ones had told us there were no big cousins nearby, maybe further to the east, about a day’s walk. They said these cousins don’t come near this place because there are often browns. When Broken Tail asked them about «the black brothers who talk to us» they said yes, they’d heard of them, but had no idea where they were.

So we headed east, calling from time to time, and finally around noon we got an answer. «Who’s calling?»

«Broken Tail here. Need help, come to me...» and after half an hour or so, a black cousin appeared. He approached slowly and on guard, constantly concentrating on me, checking me out...

«What’s that with you?» he said, and there followed the usual questions—why no fur, why does he smell like a brown, etc... We explained, how I was a friend, I came from...blah blah. When he realized that I could speke, it seemed to allay his suspicions a bit.

He told us his name was Torn Ear, and luckily, it turned out he did know there the “brothers” were—about a day’s walk—and agreed to lead us there.

miharan, me yaçukakram re ta me yalisam.... yunda yaharan ri kandimim, iti yam lundo-matran, talunda yam man, tati me hañuçit.

ri cinini lumbrelo, yarindi nifani, çutikas e lero, mowa anje yaronek. picikni kandiñ hayohan mirata ri hambakrambañi angeç pondam, niyakaç i ekamaç. «ritan yumburimi» munjatni cikundret; yakota lundo-matraye «hat pole rata ri vakani, mowa ta iyu...» lundo-matra yamepu ñar picik, kotani, «mawunayo yam kambrambi, ne lolan munduk nombuk, iya ta timbat añange...» iyu yu rumbunis. miminja yurun kotap ri vakani lunduñi, tromat, rukaram yurumbim çiru.

cikundret yavele lundo-matraye andahan tapat, re yalama picikni yamban, mowa tolani angunjo penjeñ i ne makota «makuvus, mowa pilami, prundakti lavi çarek aloni mami...manahandopo krekiçmi...» i mametandevan yam niç ro lusni. ro sila ana cikundreti rata vara titingas atoyomoç ehas taç, mowa iyuwik çelufni re me itola... mile milipembet cunjemi, kumbe-kumbe, i lulusni miçiru.

ri sapandri milusok ecevamim, cikundret katarebim. tanju yale nifa omban ri hirak, i lavi yatata haran. ri cini-lumbrelo mirata ri punaye yu facol “mambrelı”. lundo-matra i cikundret impepu ñaraç narak i hañuyap, i kaç sinut re limbe payorak troçe, yaciyombot vara mile nomo. hanyumi sumbul, me cakaminda lire cis matikas kati kambra.

«hile manomo yunohi. cikundret, matimbat. hat, cayi yale lundo-matra—mende misosir liriti, hat kakaya!» oriyo yayiricañ ri vorani, yañanak cikunuçni, yaruvondruvon endurutuçni i puñoliñi, nile yatotola... tiçala lroni iyasi liyuç fitros...(kendipun mende makaya mepu niç, pilami, londo levundri)

«i kaç tayu—kari?» me kotani. me marundimbat eme nanarak eme hañuçit...me yamanji çindi “mam, oriyo *pelara*. rapinda ri puvacocimim...mowa, kayati, mila ritan ta ñupit cindi nanarak...ombi hapole hañuçit, arami sañ tayanju çelum...leñ?” liyuni sesendeni uti ehas, i maminda mayukono, sañ milusok.

«virapni hiyomal yunohi, hayi? yukandri, mirungombra lopa anika aro cosa...macopin tiçalamim hambiyaç, lembo? mo hat, kambrami, hacayi cele tanoret...anje minapasan.»

However, as we walked, it became clear to me that he didn't like me...he always walked ahead of me, or with Broken Tail, never with me, nor did he speke to me.

In mid-afternoon it stopped snowing, the sun came out, but it was still cold. A little before sunset we came to a pile of fallen trees, branches and leaves. «Here is my den» Torn Ear announced; he told Broken Tail, «You can come under, but not that one...» Broken Tail made a little roar and said «I stay with my friend, protect him against danger, he doesn't know the forest...» and that settled that. We looked for a separate spot under the pile, found one, and prepared a place to sleep.

Torn Ear brought Broken Tail some food, which he shared a bit of with me, but it smelled half rotten and I told him, «Thanks, but I think your stomach is stonger than mine...I'll just eat my cookies...» so I dined on the last two. Two or three of Torn Ear's cubs came to investigate these strange odors, but ran away after they smelled me... We wrapped ourselves up in my parka, cuddled together, and finally slept.

In the morning we continued our journey, Torn Ear leading. Now there was less snow on the ground and it was easier to walk. In mid-afternoon we reached the isolated house of the “brothers”. Broken Tail and Torn Ear gave a loud roar and called out, and a male Kash wearing a green robe came out to greet us. My spirits rose, I was overjoyed to see a friendly face once more.

«I greet you all. Torn Ear, I know you. And you, must be Broken Tail—we've heard about you, you're well-known!» The monk knelt down, scratched their ears, rubbed their shoulders and chins, kissed them...both cousins gave off sounds of great pleasure...(If only I'd known to do these things, I thought, full of regret).

«And this person—who are you?» he said to me. I introduced myself, both aloud and speking...he answered me aloud, “I'm Brother Pelara. Welcome to our hermitage...but, y'know, we here don't usually talk out loud; since you can speke, let's do that from now on...OK?” The sound of his dialect was rather strange, and I happily agreed, and so we continued.

«Surely you're all hungry, right? It so happens, we slaughtered a lopa a few hours ago...I'll get our cousins some pieces, OK? but you, my friend, you'll have to wait until dinner...it's still roasting.»

nile yafilan ro ace kandi i hambiyaçni ombrumuç, re hulukuluñ iyohan katakuruç vaka cikundreti lundo-matrayi... cikundret yamunjat re yamelo maçan ri haveyeni, ne mikota *endo mitikas* i opondri yacosa... lundo-matra yakota re melo unayo yamban mesa ondre lavi, ombi yumburini sut nava... me yavele eçura... i yale lembo yam oriyo pelara. «mende yayukar kekanati pravacanjan, keyavuti, e?» kotani oriyo. «hayi» manjimi, «niya palaraka iya, yale kambrami mesaka riyanjuni leroç taç ri añange.»

micosa ri ondeye... yala huça raka ri yukruça, i oriyo pelara me vele mesani payorakni troce vara malimbe i yahakuk elimbeni çuçaç ri morani huça vara içutayu...

ri hayohan, ha oriyos liya imaçan ri puvacowe, imaru lundo-matraye mame re çumesa yañin uçoñi olama añuçaç. micosa ri ondeyeni atel ciñur, miyiricañ ri ciyur ri nimbimiç, tiça lundo-matrai ri cinini. olama yuno irumambal kumokrumor, yunoni umit çakañu cun iyuhimaçema çucunu çehamale—amalerowe, tandilaye, kindaye, añangeye, lerowe ondreye, yuno kulawulaye, i pando liya. kami masosir lama mangos lundo-matrayi... kambun ta matanjang yuno aranaç iti kotaç, makasi çukaçon liri çarek haniyuka raka, kuwacu nurak, acumbesa yam yuno angayi. anju lulus olamani, yuno-yuno mikumbe.

çeluñi micosa ri atendahane... lundo-matra yalecit rimorani yukruça. irungayi trambaç-umo i luriniç. mikuka yunomim ri laca raka, miyile-ile andahañi--tuwi, ace lopa napasani, ucunjukuç, poren i lulusni yembraput. yawuñat! imelo kaya yunoni liri mam... yukandri re hayi mende isosirsa re “kaç alo latondreleyi liya” mende ratasa ri cinduwe. inuwanuwak «fiyan pehandi?... riyeni hat?... kañale latondreleti?... kañale kaçila tracindu liya?... aka iyorana hati?... aka yale ecutni?... kañale angayi ri hindaç liya?» i pando-pando liyani. lulusni, kaç me yanuwak, «kandri hamepu ritan ri bau da? ongar yukandri, hayale ritan ri añange tayu?» ende nile marukaram liri eçevami ri enjeye *ang layi*, kambralun me çuña-lipat—ta kaya ongandri—i mayukar orandi kepundip ri pundraka re navani ha nim lero—ta mende isosir liri tayu; nile macura liri mimikilan, lire manunji lundo-matraye, kambralun me yayunek i me saren ri yurun tayu leyal (yam andracuñi cikundret, sitongini)--. i marumorok re tanju kapralun macayi maçan ri enjangasi.

He brought them the two front legs and pieces of intestine, which quickly vanished down the throats of Torn Ear and Broken Tail. Torn Ear announced that he wanted to return to his family, we said good-bye and off he went... Broken Tail said he would stay with me one more night, because his den was too far... I felt honored... and it was alright with Bro. Pelara. «He’s become your trusted ally and guardian, eh?» said the monk. «Yes» I replied, «he’s very impressive, he was my only friend during these days in the forest.»

We went inside... there was a big fire in the fireplace, and Bro. Pelara gave me one of their green robes to wear and put my wet clothes by the fire to dry out.

At sunset, four other brothers returned to the hermitage; they invited Broken Tail and me to join with them for the twilight ceremony. We went into a round room, knelt in a circle on pads, the cousin Broken Tail in the center. The whole ceremony was carried out in silence, everyone using telepathy as they prayed to the various spirits—Father Sun, the Moons, Earth, Forest, Day and Night, all the animals and much more. I even heard Broken Tail’s voice joining in. Even though I didn’t understand all the names or words, I began to feel a great spiritual power, at the same time peace and unity with all life. When the ceremony ended, we all embraced.

After that we went to the dining room... Broken Tail curled up near the fireplace. They lit oil lamps and candles. We all sat at a big table and dug into the food—soup, roasted leg of lopa, vegetables, wine and finally preserved fruits. It was delicious! They wanted to know everything about me... it turned out that they had indeed heard that “a person from another planet” had come to Cindu. They asked «how old are you?... Where are you from?... What’s your planet like?... What are the other aliens like?... Do they look like you?... Do they have fur?... What’s life like on other worlds?» and much much more. Finally, someone asked me, «what are you doing here in Bau Da? Why did you happen to be in this forest?» So I explained about my trip to Ang Lay, how I was kidnapped—I didn’t know why—and became like a prisoner in the big house four or five days away from here—they hadn’t heard about this; I told them about the little ones, about meeting Broken Tail, how he rescued me and led me to this safe place (with the help of Torn Ear, of course)—and I emphasized that now, somehow, I had to get back to the capital.

yasosir iyu, oriyo pelara yakota, «pun andiyu, micayi mepu focip tikuluñ yam trendakan ya ri vososni... aka celiçitni yakoça?» kaç yakota hayi... i mam nuwak «kandri vosos tayu?» yarumakram: «a, yale vosos mimik, vosos çaram kayati, mora-mora—yale mepola kaçır kaç, mepola angur—alo e añaçarami yunocinduka—kandirani yale kambrami, yarata alo kavatuwi, orandi mam.»

oriyo pelara i mam cosa ri coneke. celiçitni yavangi— orandi niç re lunda iyumit añaçaramaç ri tera, çayi vupin acuñaci vara yu rungayı—i anjuci çeluñi yale apocip

“manó, ma

nó, mayamen trendake *larodake*... [cele] ...manó trendak? ritan pelara ...yuno te leñ?...ena, yale nana çaçapat—kayati, kaç trahinda re sosir lirini? yale ritandi, ri puvacomim....” (alo celiçiti pole masosir añambren cakaçapat niya narak.) ...“hayi, hayi, ritandi. mile mende rungota liri çuña-lipatni i lusokni... karundifa ne racuñ....hayi, angañani leñ....hayi, nasipo...” me yavele apralni, kotani “melu-melu liri han mende yuñurun ri celicur i cika...te yamelo çindi...”

“manomo, trendak” kotami “hayi, hundri, mam *can rotrikes*...katrayi yu...na, ta mavirap, yale puna raka kunangi nim lero navani, ri urese alo yuruni tayu... angunjo aro? lembo, leñ, te micle...” angocañi yamende.

pelaraye kotami: “poro yarata tanju krat tanju...”

“lendeñ...” yalusok, hañuçit: «sosir—ombi mivatip ritan, melo re hakaya yuni—paka niniya hawupapan hananja lundo-matran... kulunayani niya tipevet ri bau da—kayati, ne milepes *karundifa*—ri ket pehan riyani, napo matikas mesa liyani, tirismi ihorekorem... içutakaleto...ombi akrila ne içohi uçoñi hendoni, ecutni vanat, kayati...kambun trakomer... tiçala liya tapatni, orandi haçukaya yam cikundreten, ta ilisam, ta ivacanjani keyoporile...mowa karundifa yale haprali krat iña, krat kambra, yapeña andimburi raka, yale anju, yanimbur nanaç ehas, alo niniya pandaçu...na, me ciyon, lundo-matra yamarok, eçeva tayu ne yarumbori—ombi alo kacohila, iya canombukrak, e? hatikas yumburini—aka yale petela, luçula? anala?»

Hearing that, Bro. Pelara said «In that case, we have to contact the captain at the base, immediately... is the telephone working?» Someone said yes... and I asked «what’s this base?» He explained, «oh, it’s a little garrison, a military post you know, nearby—there are 10 Kash soldiers, ten Gwr—from the International Force—the commander is a friend of mine, he’s from Kavatu, like me.»

Bro. Pelara and I went to the office. The telephone was antique—like the ones armies on Earth used to use, you had to turn a little crank to activate it—and after a while there was contact.

“Hello, hello, I’m calling for Captain Larodak ...[a wait]...hello captain? Pelara here...everything OK by you?...well, there’s an amazing thing... You know, the alien we’ve heard about? He’s right here, at our hermitage...” (From the telephone I could here a very loud squawk of surprise)... “yes, yes, here. He’s told us about being kidnapped and so forth...a *karundifa* helped him...yes, he’s in good shape...yes, just a sec...” He gave me the phone, saying “News about you is already all over the radio and TV...he wants to talk to you...”

“Hello, Captain” I said; “yes, really, I’m John Rodriguez... that’s interesting...well, I’m not sure, it was a big house maybe 5 days distant, to the west of this place... half an hour, OK, good, we’ll be waiting...” The conversation ended.

I told Pelara: “he’s going to come as soon as possible...”

“Excellent.” Speking, he continued «listen—because we’re alone here, I want to tell you something—how very fortunate it was that you encountered Broken Tail... His species is very rare in Bau Da—y’know it’s called *karundifa* [Lord of the snow]—in six years here, I’ve only seen one, I’m afraid they’re dying out, going extinct...because the Gwr hunt them for their hides, the white fur, y’know...even though it’s illegal...Some of the other cousins, as you learned with Torn Ear, don’t like, don’t trust outsiders, but the *karundifa* is the smartest *haprali*, the friendliest, they have a big memory, sometimes they remember strange things from a very long time ago... Well, it seems to me, Broken Tail is old, this journey tired him out—because of the hunters, he’s in danger, eh? You saw his den—were there females, mates, cubs?»

«hayi, pilami, kuna ro sila pete, anala ha nim, mesa
ciyon angunjo mando, liyani lavi inji...mesani velupo
poharan...»

«maminda sosir...ne mameloto sutek, re iya anjayi rata
yambim, yam añoriyosmi—yapole cosa eçen ri areyal
umbri vaka, ri çombala kaç...mandilila ne ipatrundo,
rundahando, rundumbrato pun yuçangi... yale pando
apocip yam kaçılan, analan—yala angayi leñ uçoñi
haprali marok...»

«yacyion pilati leñ...maçasa re te racuñ, pun pole...»
titanju misorir añumuñi narak pracaka re çumora,
mitingas ri opore i tikas re yarata ñaki-nifa, yafilan ro
kaçun.

ketarendak i kaçamburut iciyundetsa; trendak
yarundunji: “mam *risa sina larondak*, tayu kaçatran
angepun.” nile maçuraksa yambit valuñi çarambim—
rucapat trendake, mowa ne marumakram re kundrini
me yale pendayani ketarenji lusongi upitni e ambesa
liri angefosila ri aposiçni oprañol...yarumbaçan
çurakmi, mowa kotani, “ara micuta felici çaram, e?
tamborokpi tanju ritan...” çeluñi mikuka ri vorani
yukruça i çindi hanuçit aroç-aruç....

trendak i kaçatrañi ipila nuwar ri pucavo—“ritan, lavi
leyal uçondi, akrila ri vosos ta kaya ongar mirata ritan,
ta nile rungota...pupumbo, e...sapandri micosa ri
ecake, yale krece kunangi cindero re pole kandumbra
ri ang-laye...mende maceliçit, i mawupan atenji
vatip...eçevani, napo pitani ha aro iti”

tanju yavalin cinondre, ende micosa ri sungaraçmim.

ri sapandri, oriyola mende içutaku içumepu... malimbe
elimbemi tawu i minja lundo-matraye, ne tromat prisi-
prisi ri vorani findu kandi, yatindis vara cosa...
mayiricañ, ne kumbe, ñanak cikunuçni, kotami «lundo-
matra leñ, kambrami, pilami, kuna te fowet liri
angayimi, te sisa, hate teça angayi livek...» ne totola.
iya lulum katimi i kota «oriyo me kota liri andayotni,
poro mapila-pila, mowa tatanju yale havemi... kuna
kitikas cis...» çeluñi yakota yuni re ta matanjañ—
mesani oriyore me tingas yakota, «kotani, endo te
lolan e kind—yawumit emaheneç supit». cis ne
makumbe, kaç ne rumbaha findu i opondri cosa...

«Yes, I think maybe two or three females, four or five
cubs, one looked half-grown, the others younger...one
of them was just starting to walk...»

«I’m glad to hear that...I’d like to suggest to him that
he ought to come with us, with my Order—he could
go live in a temple down south, in Kash lands...the
priests would take care of him, feed him, treat him if
he gets sick...there’s a lot of contact with people,
children—it’s a good life for an old *haprali*...»

«It seems a good idea...I’ll try to help, if I can...» Just
them we heard the loud drone of a motor approaching;
we looked out and saw a snow-car approaching,
carrying two men.

The captain and a soldier came in; the captain made
introductions: “I’m Risa sina Larondak, this is
Sergeant Angepun.” I saluted them in my military way
—it surprised the captain, but I explained that in fact I
had military rank according to the customs of the
Unity regarding crews on space ships...He returned
my salute, but said, “Let’s forget the military
nonsense, eh? it’s unimportant at this point...” Then
we sat down beside the fireplace and talked and spake
for hours.

The captain and his sergeant intended to spend the
night at the hermitage—“Here, it’s safer for you, the
Gwrs at the base don’t know why I’ve come here, I
didn’t tell them...just in case, eh?... Tomorrow we’ll
go to the village, there’s a train around noon that we
can take to Ang Lay...I already telephoned, and got a
private compartment...the trip only takes four hours or
so.”

Now it was already past midnight, so we went to our
beds....

In the morning, the monks were already up and at
work... I put on my dry clothes and looked for Broken
Tail, and found him pacing around at the front door,
anxious to go...I knelt down, hugged him, scratched
his ears and said, «Good Broken Tail, my friend, I
think I probably owe you my life, I love you, I wish
you a long life...» I kissed him. He licked my face and
said, «The brother told me about his plan, I’ll think it
over, but for now there’s my family...maybe we’ll
meet again...» Then he said something I didn’t
understand---one of the brothers who was watching
said «he says, may the earth protect you—he used

mam mondra caleñaña.

mimende tambes, i cun çukaram cosa, makasi melimbe cunjemi angur—trendak me nuwak, “riyeni cunje iyu?”; ne makota, i yamanji “kuna laleñ pun halusok limbe payorak oriyo, vara kracyon picikni, e? ... rupurikka katini umit kayapni, e? orandiyu, ombak micakaveli...cunje tayu, yacyion rimevi, facimi yameloto mesani kaçaramila angur.”

ende oriyole vowas makotasa “endo mitikas”. miçevasa ri vosose uçoñi keñaki liya (vara ñaki-nifa pole imamaçan ri vorose), çeluñi ri ecake niniya mimik—epolani punaç, ha nim tongi, yundrindi kreci. krececi yu yarata aro cindero tuçani—ro ñaka numba, ro ñaka kanda, anikapi kandumba—anika kaçila alo hucombayi re ifilan nanaç re itovar rutorom, inaraçni londo popo i numu kayi, mesa kaçó re sorom suçaç i nanduç. mikuka ri atenjímim vatip eçevani yuno, re sañoni sila angunjo aro iti...

ri ang lay, trendak i kaçatran me isaren ricini punakreci ilongo orambun mam kematromer nayaci...yanjuwe mirata ri opore i tikas ñaki i keyavulaye alo punjineki. manumba ñaki yu cakañoros, lulusi, kundrini, leyal.

tikuluñ macosa ri conek pracineki kavatu, i kami kandriñ re pole manuwak, me yarungota re ileyal aposicimi—iyatu mende yatitasa keyavula kaç ri cematruwine--i yuno nanaçmi—epiluno, apranguirip, ambakran—yunoni mende iraput cakolek ri kopacarek ri conekni. niç me yarumbaçan, yasutek re anjayi maloros anjuci kandiñ tanoret, ombi çeluñi, yamelo re mawuri angota yuno-yuno liri angenaçmi; çeluñi, sapatni, me poro irunduwak liri yunoni. eme sutekni, kuna caleñ pun marundayo *bau da* tanju krat tanju. ta maleka pilani yu...

ri tanoret, lavi maçukaya—metrita *bau da* niniya cakutrek liri acalni; anika leroç ta ne kiki lire kari yatindor liri acuña-lipatmi; lulusni mesani etende rundengayi anjura liri cango *tsay gwr llayng* [andavi velu akrilayi], yasutek re itindor katareñi *chong pr shi*, kelandiñ niya vorok. iya açun andindor, çasa procañ yam metrita, yam punjinek, mowa inguçomi. metrita

some special images.» I embraced him again, someone opened the door, and off he went.... I was near tears....

We finished breakfast, and as I was getting ready to go, I started to put on my Gwr parka—the captain asked, “Where’d you get that parka?” I told him, and he answered, “It might be best if you keep wearing the monk’s robe, for a little deception, eh? Hide your face with the hood, eh? We’ll attract less attention that way... This parka looks expensive, I’ll bet one of my Gwr mates would like it.”

And so I said good-bye to the kind brothers. We drove to the base to get another driver (so that the snow-car could be returned to the base) then to a very small village—a dozen houses, four or five shops, a railroad stop. The little train arrived at noon on the dot—two passenger cars, two freight cars, barely any passengers—a few people from the countryside carrying stuff they hoped to sell, baskets full of *popo* and live fish—one fellow was selling sodas and snacks. We sat in our private compartment the whole trip, which lasted three and a half hours or so.

At Ang Lay, the captain and the sergeant led me through the crowded station as if I were some sort of criminal...until we got outside and saw the car and guards from the embassy. I got in the car feeling greatly relieved, finally, really, safe.

I went right to the Kavatu ambassador’s office, and even before I could ask, he informed me that the shuttle was secure—he himself had ordered Kash guards to the airport—and all my stuff—my carry-all, communicator, weapon, had been kept locked up in his office safe. He returned them to me, and suggested that I ought to rest awhile before dinner, because afterwards, he wanted me to write up a complete statement about my experiences. Then, tomorrow, I was to be interrogated about all of it. He also suggested, that maybe it would be best if I left Bau Da as soon as possible. I didn’t argue with that...

At dinner, I learned more—the Bau Da government was extremely embarrassed about the affair; for several days they’d had no idea who was responsible for my kidnapping; finally one of the newspapers printed a story about the *tsay gwr llayng* (New Gwr Majority) group, intimating that its leader Chong Pr Shi was responsible—an important banker. He

cakataris re ambepuçni kuna poro rupandat, kami çakrum, amole re cindu yunda yaçumorat yam e ambesa ñondruka –yuni re kratni kaçila ipilimen pilani niya leñ...

napo sila leroç cosa na ya, kañavumut lulusni cosa ri puna-çohi simi *chong* i çuña sime-lumiye *li* i *ming*, re ta ikaya tapes, kotani. singoti ta ne kiki liri ñurumbi; kundrini, sim li kami yapıla re haprali ya kuna me mende yarungombra...metrita talunda yarungota e añaçarame yunocinduka-- punjinek sañ mepu, mowa ciyoñi añandromat yu talunda rata ri vosoçi yu mingip ri añange. yale yunoni nimu londo añevaç...

anju mamaçan ri ateleme i rungayi apranguripmi, matikas re londolop anguripiç, yuno orandi ‘kandri kracal? ha lero inga kotaç alo hati...’; çeluñi marak picikni...’nim lero’...; çeluñi lavi marak ‘... ket lero, riyena hat? kandri mepu?’ i lusokni. ta pole makurip angurip livek umit apralni, ombini mamanjipo ‘hayi yalesa kracal, tanju yuno leñ, cis ri *ang lay*, poro yombot saprames, maçan *holundan*, angota londo anju ri aposici’. çeluñi umit mondra sit aro mawuri angotami uçoñi pracineki; lulusni cakaçangan cakapori.

andrunduwakmi yakatrayi, kundak rakop—yam pracinekilan eme yale kaç tratimbat (pilami, popungoni alo conek ambetipurik), i sila **angur**—ro iyale alo conekiçini ambetipurik i andeyal ondeka, kusit alo conekni acalaç opokra. yunoni iyundangayi. inolit irungocañ angotami, me mepu pando anduwak. mam maçañi nile nuwak pun ikaya lire **kañale** sime *li*, i me ikota re mende yakena pando situku i sila ha kuriñ matra, mowa ne senda irundumbra ri pundipat i yaçutumbra. marungota andovambri, re ta ne fatap irembakto, ombi acufatni lirimi yunda yaleñ yavowas, i sasandipo iya napo kaç mingip ri akikiçip yu... mowa itravirap, yunoni kulapto alo acalaçi liya...

ri lusni, akrila iyukono re pole maciyombot anju-anju mamelo...kuna cis macayi mamaçan ri ang lay-e pun yale ñonomer, mowa kundrini, ri anju tayu tak ikaya kambralun poro irungoram acalni yuno....

admitted responsibility, tried to negotiate with the government, with the embassy, but in vain. The government was afraid that his actions might delay, even destroy, the possibility of Cindu ever becoming a member of the Galactic Unity—something that most people considered a very good idea.

It was only three days ago that the police finally went to Mr. Chong’s hunting lodge and arrested the Lis and Ming, who knew nothing, they said. Of course they had no idea where I was, in fact, Mr. Li thought that the *haprali* might have killed me... The government never contacted the International Force—the embassy did, but apparently that information never reached the unimportant little base in the forest. It was all a pot full of errors

When I returned to my room and turned on my communicator, I saw it was full of messages, all of the sort ‘What’s the problem? 4 days without word from you...’, then a bit angry, ‘5 days...’ later angrier ‘...6 days, where are you, what are you doing?’ and so on. I couldn’t send a long message with the device, so I just answered ‘yes there was a problem, everything OK now, back in Ang Lay, I’m going to leave tomorrow, back to Holunda, full report when I’m on the shuttle.’ Then I spent almost three hours writing my report for the ambassador, and finally fell into bed exhausted.

My interrogation was interesting, not difficult—along with the ambassador there was also another Kash, a stranger (I figured he was probably from Intelligence), and three Gwrs—two were from Intelligence and Internal Affairs, the third from the Foreign Dept. All of it was recorded. The read and discussed my report, asked me a lot of questions. I in turn asked them if they knew how Mr. Li was, and they told me he’d suffered lots of scratches and three or four broken ribs, but was being treated in jail and was on the mend. I expressed my hope that he wouldn’t be punished harshly, because his behavior toward me had always been good, kind...and anyway, he was just a minor person in the plot...but they weren’t sure, it all depended on other things...

At the end, the Gwrs agreed that I could leave whenever I wanted...I might have to return to Ang Lay if there was a trial, but actually, at this time, they didn’t know how they were going to handle the whole affair....

angocañaç niç yamende kunangi hayohan, ende manahan tanoret lus yam pracinekilan, rungota anguvusmi liri yuno andracuñi, i umit ondremi lus ri *bau da...*

sapandri lusok me ifilan ri cematruwine, mamenjar ri aposicini i çuturin, mepu vunu ri holundaye. marungota cematruwineni riyani, eme aposi-indeye—i tayu me tira re anjayi macele anjuci ri ciciyur-rindi vara mirungocañ yuno kar mende yuka-yukarsa ri *bau da*. eme inuça angota uri, ende yu mawuri, kuwacu kocangocañ yambit celicur... pitani lavi alo ro arowi. katarembi kundak yaminda sosir liri angañaç ri *bau da...* çeluñi me yarungota re senda içukaram vara runjosa mesani ketarenilan ri cinduwe, vara yavele paranjangaye yunocinduka acindi liri e ambesa, uçomiçni, ketiçni amarat i liyani—i pun iyukono, çeluñi runjosa cangolani kanditingasila, re kuna iyumit mes pehan iti lavi, içanga angaya liri latondrelen. i eme, rungaran minjer iti pracinek ambesaka re yayeçendo ri cindu nim keli pehan... i ombini, cumicu mam anjayi pila-pila mamaçan ri aposi-indeye, re malusokto anditingasni ri tayoni muñas leroka tayu....

anju sosir tayu, makena açaçon coyok...mowa ta kota tapesni.... mirumbende angocambim, i mamepu vunu-vunu ri holundaye. cumicu matikas yanatros ri vaka, i enjeni holunda; marumek re aposici turi-turi ri vitani cematruwin, fanapanan yu mahakuk, çurindi, rungayi andolañi i lusokni, i cis pripis ri kacindani.

matikas çenjiye re me cele... miyama, minanja, uwis-uwis mikumbe-mangumbe. me totola, i kuwacu hañuçit loroni «cakaminda cis te tikas, sambat te teçayu...» i cun cis mikumbe, makasi makena cakapitros nayaci, naya-naya añaçonoç re napi matanjañ.....

YALUSOK...

These discussions ended around sunset, so I had a final dinner with the ambassadors, expressed my thanks for all their help, and spent my final night in Bau Da....

In the morning I was taken to the airport, got into the shuttle and took off, bound for Holunda. I informed the airport there, and also the mother-ship—and they ordered that I should hold for a while in stationary orbit in order to discuss everything that had happened in Bau Da. They also wanted a written report, so I wrote it, at the same time as I talked over the radio...it took more than two hours. My superior was not very happy to hear about the situation in Bau Da...then he informed me that they were preparing to send one of the officers to Cindu to give a speech about the Unity to the World Council, its purposes, conditions for membership etc.—and if they agreed, then send teams of researchers who would spend a year or more gathering knowledge about the planet. And also, to appoint an agent or ambassador who would live on Cindu for five or six years—and therefore, I should think about returning to the mother-ship, which would continue its research in the rest of this solar system.

On hearing this, I had mixed feelings...but I said nothing... We ended our conversation, and I headed straight for Holunda. Soon I saw Yanatros below, and Holunda city; I had the shuttle hover over the airport, then carefully set it down, came to a stop, turned on the shield and so forth, and once again stepped onto solid ground.

I saw Shenji waiting for me...we ran, we met, we embraced each other tightly. He kissed me, and simultaneously we both spake «I'm so happy to see you again, I missed you so much...» and as we embraced again.I began to feel a certain ecstasy, and all kinds of feelings that I barely understood.....

To be continued...