

You shake your head and stand your ground. The blue-furred Raka glares at you and strides from the agon. He returns a few moments later with two other Rakas, each holding ropes and a net.

"I won't be taken captive like some animal!" you shout.

A Raka tries to rope you, but you duck out of reach. They draw closer. Like a football quarterback, you spin and dart past them.

"*Kela! Zaark!*" the Rakas yell, but you're already out of the agon, running across the dimly lit land.

Helped by the light gravity, you quickly reach a grove of cluster-leaf trees, and you keep running, on and on. At last you reach the open countryside. In the soft reddish gray twilight you see the Great River just ahead. You stop to rest beside its waters.