

You quickly reach the boat, but you can't untie the rope! Instantly the Rakas are upon you. Uttering angry cries, they fling their nets over you. One of them blindfolds you. Then they march you along a winding, bumpy path.

"Where are you taking me?" you ask. But the Rakas ignore you, muttering angrily in their own tongue.

Death seems certain. How will they execute you? They seem to like ropes; maybe they will hang you.

As you march on, hour after hour, the air turns colder. You feel your strength ebbing.

Finally the Rakas stop. Exhausted, you crumple to the ground. All is silent, and you fall into a deep sleep.