

CHAPTER I

T'Rik:

The small, handstrewn, canvas tent did little in regards to sheilding T'Rik from the elements. Stiff pelts of rain beatdown upon the canvas, and he feared the puddle it suspended was on the verge of escape. At six-foot, three inches tall, the standard issue tent could barely contain his head and toes. T'Rik squeezed his knees tightly against his chest, getting as small as he could. He had intentionally chosen the campsite for its coverage, but not even the sky-touching limbs of the gray-wood plants could deter the storm from its mission of saturating the entire forest floor. Born on the ark, he was considered a first-generation settler of the planet, Andro7-mX3; which was just shorthand for saying the seventh planet (which has three moons, hence the mX3) from the star in the andromeda galaxy. They hadn't had time to properly name it, as shortly after touching down the 'fallout' happened, so Andro7 had stuck; fifteen years later and it is still Andro-7. Harsh conditions were common; there were frequent dust storms, unpredictable monsoons, earthquakes, several (known) patches of landmass with extreme levels of radiation and an acid lake. Home sweet home.

T'Rik squeezed his knees tighter into his chest; he was a shivering ball, using the one-size-fits-"everyone under six-three" sleeping bag as a blanket and trying with all his might to squeeze in any remaining warmth the tent had. The only bright side of the night-time freezing temperatures was the fact that come daybreak the planets surface would once again rise to well over forty-three degrees Celsius. Similiar to desert climates back on Earth, Andro7's forests were very temperate-volatile. Shivering and clutching his legs, T'Rik turned his wrist over so that the holographic photo of his Mother displayed from his watch. Her image filled the tent with light, if only that light emitted as much warmth as was in her smile. He watched her for the umteenth time lifting the same vial up towards an undeterminate light source and again it back down; the motion was on a loop. The last thing she had said before he left their camp was, "Damn em all. If it wasn't for their egos the fallout wouldv'e never happened and you wouldn't have to complete such a barbaric ritual.". Not everyone in his tribe had as much sense as the resident bio-chemist though. Nonetheless, her credentials and essential position may've been

the only thing that saved both of their lives during the fallout fifteen years ago. However, as important as she may be, that did not exclude him from the pilgrimage -- tribe law dictates that upon a members seventeenth birthday, they must set off and cannot return to the tribe until they have successfully become a hunter, discoverer or warrior....he hoped with all his heart to avoid becoming the latter.

Though he belonged to the largest of the tribes, there were nine others who had settled in various places across the planet. All nine, composed of previous shipmates aboard the ark that had brought them from Earth -- it was a lack of resources, unfamiliar surroundings, poor preparation and egotistical differences had driven them from the plans of scientific discovery and diplomatic settlement into tribal warfare and disharmony. The societal history of Andro7 would go down as one of warfare and disagreement, the very combo that had destroyed their previous home, Earth.

Lightning flashed and T'Rik counted the seconds between it and the rumbling thunder; the storm was getting farther away, but not nearly fast enough. Still it was enough of a task to quell his anxiety, along with the thunder he began to trail off into a very uncomfortable sleep.

T'Rik was startled awake, "WHO'S THERE?!?!", he yelled fumbling to grab hold of the rifle he slept beside. Luckily it was only the daylit cries of some unknown forest creature — thirteen years on this rock was not enough time to become accustomed to all the various wildlife. He needed to end this pilgrimage soon and be back in his pod, learning the craft of his Mother. She had raised him to be a scientist not a hunter; survival was in his genes though, his Mother had always been sure to tell him about his Father. The man who had forgone his seat aboard the ark to stay on Earth and fight, a brave soldier who was only a memory now. What T'Rik would do to have had the opportunity to learn from him now. He had not even been given proper training with the rifle or puny electro-magnet saber they'd given him to complete the pilgrimage with; his Mother had not known he'd be chosen to complete it until two months ago. T'Rik shook the fear and began to tear down the tent, collecting all his gear, making ready to set off on this third day of trying to become a discoverer. He didn't know what he'd find, all he

his Mother needed was the heartbreak of having her only son exiled.

Having completed four of the five trials already, Omerik only needed to capture one of the beast his tribe had named, Kredojas in order to take Tria's hand in marriage. Only men who had completed the 'Five task of Men' were allowed to marry, and he was determined to complete the ritual before any of the other boys his age could steal her away. He was short and frail, standing only five-foot, seven, but he had done exceptionally well in the first four trials. He was the only one on the fifth currently; the grappling trial had been a breeze, Omerik had tossed the elder tribesman around for the entire three rounds. Without even taking pause to be congratulated by the rest of the tribe he had sprinted towards the tribes navigation expert and requested he be tested immediately, again passing the trial exceedingly; he showed a remarkable aptitude for map marking and pathfinding. He was told by the elder upon completion of the entire ritual he would have a job waiting for him; a man with wife would need a job after all. The third trial -- an endurance test -- had given him the most trouble, as he was not the best runner; but he powered through it, luckily he had such a headstart on the others his finish time mattered not, all that mattered was that he finished. The weapons mastery test was considered essential to the tribe, everyone watched the participants display their handidness with weapons disassembly, reassembly and accuracy in shooting targets; Omerik was given an above-average assessment and gifted a blaster to complete the final trial in which he now found himself. 'The first into the forest', was the moniker the elders had given him as he set off to complete the last trial. It would be a test of not only his tracking ability, but also tactics and bravery. Kredojas were incredibly dangerous creatures, defending their territory with the most

CHAPTER II

T'Rik & Omerik:

Still trembling from the death he'd seen in the incredible beasts' jaws, T'Rik admired the dexterity and speed of his savior binding the creature with a pulsating rope. "Thanks I'd been a gon—"

"You are a fool!", Omerik spat, snatching the protective glove off the hand he used to reach into his belt-bound pouch. He unveiled a sturdy, field ready syringe and stabbed the creature who shook the greywoods down to their roots, with another roar. This one was less of a roar and more of a painful cry of distress.

Although T'Rik could not understand what the young man had said, he could tell it wasn't in good spirits by the tone. He looked away from the man's handiwork and knelt, peering into the eyes of the beast. He saw tears forming in their ducts.

Omerik took a timeout from the preparations to transport the Kredoja back to camp and chastisedly stared at the moron. "Why have you acted so careless...", he paused for an answer only to receive a confused face in return. "...and where is your blaster?! You would be dead if I'd no—". Omerik snatched up the blaster and aimed it at T'Rik's chest.

"Whoa, whoa...wait. Please! Wait, wait!!", T'Rik lowered to his knees and raised his hands above his head. "I don't know what you're saying..."

Keeping his weapon steady, Omerik used his off hand to unlatch out the bola rope from his waistband. "Lowers your arms, Outsida'!" Omerik ordered.

"I—I...uh" T'Rik stammered with fear trying his hardest not to piss himself.

"Hands. Now!!" Omerik jutted his arms out in front of himself in demonstration, being sure to press the blaster barrel into his prisoner's ribs.

T'Rik emulated as instructed, his hands about to fall loose at the wrist from his long, shaking arms.

Omerik swung down, slapping the bola tightly around the wrist of the Outsider. "Get up.", he tilted his weapon up and down to compliment the commandment.

T'Rik understood the body language well enough. He toppled to the ground helpless as the second bola rope snapped shut around his ankles. He once again stared into the eyes of the Kredoja. She stared back, almost as if she empathized with his situation. T'Rik, immediately cried out as the pulsing shockwaves began to travel through his nervous system. The pain eventually led him down the path to unconsciousness.



Omerik:

With the prisoner bound and unconscious, Omerik got to work on the sled, he'd use for transport. He un-backed his pack and searched out the foldable axe. He stepped over the whimpering Kredoja and towards his targeted Greywood.

It would be a days affair, he figured as he took his first full swing. He scoffed, as the strike barely chipped the bark of the mighty tree. Omerik removed his protective outer layer of armor and rolled up his sleeves, before delivering a second, equally dismal blow. "Okay, two days..." Omerik muttered his thoughts aloud to himself. He pulled back, eyeing the spot of tree bare of any bark and struck the tree once more. The axe nearly flew from his hand as it rebounded against the infrangible surface. After collecting himself, Omerik took stubborn aim once again.

Before he could bring the axe down the crying Kredoja broke his concentration with an ear bursting howl.

Omerik cowered from the sound. "Be calm beast!!" He shouted, afraid the monster would give his position away to the other competitors. The boy one trip away from being a man, strode towards his prey; he was fully prepared to administer another dose of tranquilizer when he noticed it. Omerik followed her eyes and fell onto his backside from the shocking turn of events. The egg had begun to crack.

His fear of the strength the mother would soon have overrid his cognitive functioning; he was without a doubt sure his makeshift restraining rope knots would not hold her, if the newborn Kredoja appeared — Omerik slid, crawled and scrambled to his feet, Greywood leaves flying

about his haste towards the egg. Moronically he started to try and pick pieces of the multilayered egg from the ground and put them back into place. Failure of the feat finally allowed for his mind to register a more practical solution. He tumbled towards his pack, dumping its contents in search of the second syringe. It bounced away from his lap and rolled down the small hill, he belly crawled in a hurry after it. He reached out...

CRUNCH

The blue liquid crystallized under the scrutiny of the forest air, glass and metal fragments danced across the forest floor. To Omerik's horror, the growling, saw-toothed, acid drooling face of the Kredoja mother accompanied the paw that had crushed the syringe.

It was now fight or flight.

Omerik rolled away just in time as the snapping jaws excavated a pit of forest soil. He started for his blaster but the smart predator made a quick move getting between he and his equipment.

She began slashing violently and uncontrollably, a long talon drawing the blood of the non-responsive bipedals wrist. Anger and rage fueling her every action...



Omerik & T'Rik:

The searing pain in his wrist was T'Rik's first conscious thought as he came to, the second was the smell of burning fabric. A quick glance at the gash to his wrist explained the reason Greywood leaves stuck to his face as he lifted off the ground. Without regard to the steam coming from his pant leg or the wild fight underway mere meters away, T'Rik applied pressure to his wound. He searched for something to wrap his arm, until finally resting his eyes on the fragmented bola rope. Before he could grab hold of the twine his ankle erupted with pain. He looked down and saw the lesser sized beast gnawing at his rope bound leg. Fear fully driven he jerked away and began to roll down the hill towards the ongoing brawl.

Omerik dodged another four-taloned swipe incoming at his face, only to be tripped by the rolling prisoner. He crashed into the forest floor, and with the quick eyes of a warrior found the

beast once more. Omerik's reflexes acted quickly, before the Kredoja could stomp mercilessly onto the rope-bound fool's head he push kicked T'Rik out of harms way.

T'Rik was one-hundred percent sure the kick had cracked a rib; nonetheless, he was thankful for having a cracked rib than a smashed skull. His eyes bulged as the massive paw sank into the hard forest floor as if it were sand.

Omerik scrambled away as the Kredoja leaped for him yet again. This time he had an angle on the pack. He sprinted as hard as he could. With the blaster only an arms length away he was forced to barrel roll away from it as a stream of acid flew in his direction. The newborn Kredoja taking on the fight of its mother almost ended it. Omerik did not have much to marvel over the way the Cubs saliva began to melt the Greywood trunk he could barely splinter. He ducked quickly, evading another furious slash from the adult Kredoja. Without a moments hesitation she struck again. The tail of Omerik's shirt was torn off as he flipped away from her bite. Th Greywood was not as evasive, it began to topple. He galloped away, with the desperate mother right on his heels.

"Here!!!", T'Rik yelled, powering on and then tossing his saber up hilt-first into the air as Omerik approached.

In one motion, Omerik caught the laseric-blade and dived over the prone prisoner. He tucked his legs and rotated so that his back hit the forest floor first, upon impact he extended the saber...

The blood thirsty Kredoja ignored the easy prey and leapt after her attacker...

The orange blood splattered and burned across Omerik's face as the laser pierced the Kredoja's heart, killing her instantly. The dead weight of the beast fell atop the startled warrior.

It took a long while but he was finally able to squeeze out from under it. He paused a long moment glaring down at the limp monstrosity; his awe the only thing making him capable of ignoring the cries of help from both the prisoner and the infant Kredoja. Omerik shook off the shock and trotted towards the man who'd saved him.

The warrior returned the saber into T'Rik's grasp with a stern look and a head nod of approval, before releasing his legs from the bola rope.

Without any words exchanged between the two they made their way towards the wailing cub. Two of its six legs was trapped underneath the fallen Greywood.

“Do it.”, Omerik said.

“What??”, T’Rik could not believe his translator was not working in deciphering the strange warriors tongue. He stared down at the small beast, it’s frill was barely strong enough to fully erect. Despite its’ only being minutes old and in an inescapable position it continued to fight and spit acid; trying its best to turn and face the men who’d murdered its mother.

“Do it or I will!”, without pause for a response, Omerik snatched the saber from T’Rik and started to bring it down upon the trapped Kredoja.

“Nooooo!!!!”, T’Rik shoved Omerik’s arm saving the creature.

CHAPTER III

Just saved the creature.

- *T'Rik and O'mrik fight momentarily. Ends when O'mrik asserts that for honor of his manhood T'Rik is lucky he was not ended for the slight—because T'Rik had saved his life once before.*

Omerik responded to the shove with a forceful shove of his own. T'Rik winced at the pain from the broken rib — a wince not as intimidating as the glare Omerik met his eyes with.

"This beast shall be ended...", Omerik announced, once again hoisting the the saber above his head, ready to deliver a death blow to the defenseless Kredoja.

"No!", the inner-discoverer erupted from the depths of T'Riks core. He activated the hyper magnet of his watch and the attuned saber was snatched away from Omerik's hands by the force of science backed nature.

Omerik looked on at the outsider —T'Rik who fumbled the saber as it rushed towards his palm — with a stunned expression. "What sorcery is this?"

"I do not understand you...", T'Rik grasping his midsection, finally secured the saber to the belt holster and motioned a guarding hand over the Kredoja. "But you will not kill this creature."

Omerik understood the gesture. "Very well, he will die slowly of his wounds then...". Omerik challenged T'Riks conviction to saving the creature. Perhaps the Outsider would understand the mercy in giving the beast a fast death.

With the language barrier between them only growing more aggravating by the minute, T'Rik thought to himself — *why not* — and gave sign language s try. He hadn't had to use it since his early childhood days when his mother drilled the language into his psyche. He signed, "The beast won't die."

Astonished, Omerik exclaimed, "How do you know the *tongue of hands*, Outsida?!". Realizing his outburst was as good as not having spoke at all, he responded in kind with signs of his own. "Where have you learned this?"

"My Mother.", T'Rik responded. "Will you help me?" T'Rik knelt down and began trying to lift the fallen Greywood fragments from atop the Kredoja cub.

Begrudgingly Omerik lent his assistance. The Greywood was immovable. The Kredoja was wailing out in incessant pain and suffering; it spittled acid trying its best to fight whatever was pinning it down.

T'Rik suddenly felt the saber slide from his belt holster. Omerik lifted it into a swinging motion before he could react and attacked full force. "Nooo!!!", T'Rik exclaimed.

The Greywood bark gave with only a momentary pause as the Saber burned into it. The softer core of the log was no resistance at all as the saber sliced through. With a thud, the entrapment fell and the Kredoja cub was freed. T'Rik sprang into action, pausing only to make eye contact with Omerik as he administered aid to the bleeding cub — the look they shared was somewhere between astonishment and gratitude.

"What is that?" Omerik tapped T'Rik's shoulder, making an open hand shrugging gesture towards the field pack The outsider used to nurse the hurting beast.

The Kredoja fought against everything he tried, until finally T'Rik emptied a syringe full of pain relief into the creature. It seemed to sigh — if Kredoja's were capable of such — in relief. It realized with administration that T'Rik was there to help.

T'Rik applied a bandage and made a makeshift carrier that he strapped across his shoulder to carry the beast.

Omerik look on in awe of how dexteriously T'Rik, who could barely wield a saber, was able to apply the field dressing. He signed to the pseudo-medic, "Great job." And began to gather his pack of supplies. The now deceased Kredoja mother would now be inedible so there was no point in rushing back to the village now. He made a sign signifying that they should make camp for the night.

"What do you think it means?" Gyur asked his watchmate, Pyl, as he passed the telescope and pointed off into the depths of the forest. "I've never seen more than one at a time..."

Pyl took the scope and investigated himself. He very nearly dropped the telescope at the sight — about a dozen Kredoja were stampeding through the Greywoods in a full on sprint. "It means trouble...". Pyl shoved them telescope into the startled Gyur chest and proceeded scurry down the thirty-five foot ladder, en route to warn the village chief and war leaders.

T'Rik made his way back to the fire, barely strolling at first until he noticed what Omerik was doing — he picked up his pace to a near run and kicked the tray away that Omerik was about to give to the Kredoja cub. "Are you mad?!", T'Rik barked as well as signed the incendiary question.

Omerik stood in defense, flexing his shoulders and peering into T'Riks eyes; the disrespectful medic just kept pushing his luck. "It doesn't know. Meat is meat."

"No.", T'Rik signed back "It is sick and wrong." He slid past the still leering Omerik and approached the cub with a bundle full of berries and wild vegetation he'd been able to scavenge.

"It is a predator. It will not eat—", Omeriks attention was snatched away as the Kredoja violently and loudly scarfed down the berries and greens.

"Wow you must need to eat a lot...", T'Rik exclaimed happily. He stood from his kneeling position to head back off into the forest for more to his surprise the cub began to follow.

Omerik smacked his teeth loudly, refusing to look in their direction as they stepped off. There were only a few more hours of daylight left. Although he continued to stoke the fire, it would be a bad idea to keep it smoking through the night. There were too many nocturnal predators who would seek out the warmth. If the Outsida wanted to eat then he and the beast he saved better hurry back. They weren't his responsibility. At least he wanted to feel that way. In actuality he stewed over how being in a fight to the death alongside another has a way of creating comrades out of strangers.

T'Rik knelt down and began digging up at the orange and blue roots, once again uncovering another vine of the oddly growing berries. He supposed plant life in Andro7's many ecosystems must have an innumerable number of different growing attributes. He'd never in any of his botanical studies heard of a berry that grows underneath the soil; only it's bud covered root broke topsoil.

The Kredoja — an extremely fast learner — joined in the excavation; without any understanding of what T'Rik was digging for the cub did more harm than good, bursting most of the berries with its shoveling claws. No matter, it was exhilarating for T'Rik to witness such a young creature display this amount of intelligence. It wasn't even a day old and yet it was capable of astounding deduction and reasoning.

- *They decide that they should take the creature back to O'mriks village. O'rik insist that T'Rik could go wherever he liked but it was his duty to not allow the traveler to take the beast away. [intimidating T'Rik with the way of his people. Challenging T'Riks honor and respect].*
- *T'Rik deshoveled with a bad leg and in no way otherwise was ready to battle the trained warrior for rights to the creature, conceded on the terms that the village does not slew the creature.*
- *O'mrik obliges with a snicker. As they begin to journey through the wilderness he admits that it would not be up to him whether creature is permitted to breath or no but the village at large.*
- *O'mrik forces T'Rik to carry the creature as they travel.*
- *T'Rik begins to care for the creature like a pet all to O'mriks disdain. As they hike at an abysmally slow pace as he drags the beasts' parent remains mostly by himself having to watch the beast and T'Rik have fun and play along the way.*

- T'Rik names it Kineta. After noticing the images of pre-launch history books on weaponry look similar to a mark across the beast midsection. —Later —(Learns how fast the beast heals later to understand it was caused by their fight.)
- O'mriks culture does not name the vicious creatures by anything other than the name the kind has and finds it off setting.
- The journey takes them roughly three days with the stops and extra weight of the hunters trophy.
- They arrive with weapons pointed at them and orders to not step further. O'mrik goes through a ritual to determine he is who he claims to be [a right of passage that completes his test]. He learns he was the first one back despite the time consuming hike.
- But before his celebration can resume he is immediately brought forth before the chief and must explain his accompaniment. As a full fledged warrior now he has to address the chief face to face for any interactions.
- He does his best to explain the traveler and creature that have rydgzera [affection shown to a rider (similar to horses)]
- T'Rik is brought before the chief, still fondling the beast to the entire villages awe. O'mrik fears immediate death would become of T'Rik and is taken aback by the villages acceptance and excitement over the arrival.
- They are introduced to the elder “story keeper” of the village and shown a “prophecy”. An image that by the elders recollection of its meaning the elder describes it as two men both carrying a bundle, lift it up towards a densely forested craft and above that the painting grows into a broad expanding of a green seemingly boisterous land. : the villages top spiritual item.
- O'mrik is immediately thrilled with the honor he has been given — T'Rik grows uncertain as he gathered from the interaction that they read in different directions and what he saw was the reverse.
- T'Rik wants to leave the large village as soon as he can, destrabetly needing medical attention to tend to it. But also conflicted about needing to take the beast with him when he leaves —> the village picks up on his limp when he had entered their borders. And permit that he can only leave with the beast after O'mriks celebration and to see his wounds tended to. T'Rik obliges.
- **“You cannot claim the Earth we live on.”**

Two sides arguing over who owns the town (political party schema)

- add to Tyriks story — the village that O'mrik is from having said debate — add emr & scene build.
- Possible plan/plot begins to emerge over combining both civilizations.
- When the earth-humans arrived all their chronological/spatial equipment showed that there were no inhabitants of the planet before they were predicted to have arrived.
- The andromeda-humans have deep rooted spirituality that shows them as the first and only being to live on the planet.
- “The science fiction of the time really paints a broad paintbrush over the minds of our past.” — elder village chief of O'mriks tribe as he and T'yrik seek to understand the dilemma.
- O'mriks celebration: scene: a large bon fire is prepared and lighted. Drinks are passed around to the forming circle around the fire, T'Rik is harshly instructed not to drink yet. Drums begin playing and O'mrik is instructed to step forward. The Chief places a weapon into his hands, paints across his face with the blood of the parent beast splayed out before the bonfire and grants O'mrik his adult passage and name “You are now O'mrik the Bringer of Travelers an unwritten tale to be passed down throughout your generations.” Those who do not successfully complete the trial are never bestowed a name to be remembered.

- *After the commemoration O'mrik stands and rightfully fires shots from his new blaster into the air and proclaims his rite of manhood and for the festivities to begin. Drinks are gargled down before T'Rik and he tries his best to mimick the ferocity at which they empty the mugs into their mouths. He is mid gulp when a slap to his back chokes him up a bit — O'mRik gleems with excitement and pride. T'Rik tries his best to offer congratulations in a universal custom that would be understood on the deepest level.*
- *The party: villagers glamour over and play with the beast cub and chat with T'Rik about how they arrived. (Stealing O'mriks thunder - as told him by his peers who were arriving as the party went on). T'Riks begins to speak with O'mriks sister as she offers to help tend to his leg and she is petting and playing with the beast.*
- *This triggers O'mrik to act in the peer pressures direction but he is intercepted by the girl who he intended to ask into marriage. He is caught between the peer pressure and his love and he chooses the girl. They walk off and he explains the journey to her absolute delight and awe.*
- *Next Day: O'mrik and his beloved officially go to the village chief and confirm their engagement. Part of the engagement laws is that they not part one another's line of sight or sound for a moon phase time. Which makes her apart of the journey to T'Riks home.*
- *He pulls out a map to show them where they are going and how they would get there. His map is not even a quarter the size of the one O'mRik pulls out to compare the route with. T'Rik is taken aback by the vastness of the planet.*
- *The trio embark with the chiefs blessing and commandment to fill the prophecy.*
- *The beast acts strange through the first leg of the journey until the stony O'mrik realizes it is communicating to them that they are being followed. While taking rest for the night, on guard as the others slept O'mrik finds and bounds his sister who was the one giving chase.*
- *He keeps her bound as punishment for breaking village law as they continue on the next day. His beloved eventually persuaded him to release the her.*
- *With his beloved and sister watching them from the canopy of the forest, issuing observances only their vantage could relay — as customary for couples to engage by tradition — O'mrik gives T'Rik a hunting lesson. He allows T'Rik to lay claim to the future meal and bring it back to their encampment.*
- *His sister stumbles on a tree branch and alerts the forest to their position when a pair of large flying creatures spree off from the interruption. He glared at her with punishment brewing behind his eyes. His beloved Intervains and admits fault. He is resisted by his heart and law to never raise his voice towards ones wife. All the anger and reprimand that had been on his spirit when he gazed upon his sister dissolved into appreciation and forgiveness. He later explains to her how never has one caused so many emotions and instincts of his heart to shift and change so much.*
- *When they arrive T'Riks mother reaches them first and begins to explain how she was so worried he'd been gone so long and that she had a soul sample buruied near where he would be submitting his findings. Her scheme came to a halt in her throat as she finally recognizes that T'Rik has companions. And immediately ask him questions and excitedly introduces herself to the others.*
- *She rushes them all to the town center proudly.*
- *O'mrik disciplenely nods and respectfully acknowledges everyone of T'Riks village that they pass.*
- *T'Rik is brought before the counsel and deemed a researcher immediately before he even fully sits down. His mother burst out in excitement. O'mrik expecting more of a celebration from the village is stunned by their timid clapping*

procedure followed by the assembly being dismissed. T'Rik was given no honor as he had been given at his own ceremony; however T'Riks and his mom embraces and gleefully cheers as if it were solely an individual accomplishment.

- *He ask about the lack of village harmony later when they are all four sitting outside T'Riks home staring up at rhe stars and sharing their astrology understandings with one another. T'Rik more analytical in his stories, whereas O'mrik and the girls had a spiritual perspective of the star map.*
- *T'Riks mother is blown away by everything she hears and takes notes fervently on everything the newcomers say. Not to mention her furious attentiveness to the beast Cubs activity*
- *T'Rik gives O'mrik and the girls on a tour of the colony—O'mrik cannot at all understand the treatment T'Rik receives from his peers although his mother was extremely excited for him—this village with its multi-m*