

Who am I to tell a bunch of old men what to do?" But then I thought of Uncle Chuck on the island and my conversation with the dentist.

"Well, this isn't bestiality," I said to myself. "This is just a kid who can't walk and a man who died. These aren't crimes. I should learn to be more accepting. I've just been on my computer for too long."

The forest was very large. We walked for many hours. We must have been on part of Eleanor Island. And Eleanor must extend into a much larger peninsula, because there's no way that it just ends in half of a mile. The day was very beautiful and we followed a cluster of trees that had been razed in many parts, so that a trail kept the sky in view and, in some places, a slender stream interacted with the trail, and we walked over it many times. We stopped a few times during our journey, once at an hour and a half, another time at nearly four hours. The men would relieve themselves at these stops and the boy, too, was taught to relieve himself. This was simpler than expected. The man with the pith helmet simply pointed at the edges of the woods, where several other men were urinating. The kid walked over and stood by the edge of the forest. He stood there for maybe fifteen minutes and then we could hear the sound of water on leaves. The man with the pith helmet smiled at me. I couldn't help smiling as well and I gave the man with the pith helmet a thumbs up. He gave the same sign back to me.

The second time we stopped, they began to play some piccolo music for the boy. One of the men, a very average-looking man from the group, sat on the ground and played a short song for the boy. Then he said, in French, "It is understood." The other men said, "Dune." He played it again and said, "It is understood." The other men said, again, "Dune." The average-looking man motioned to the boy. He waited and then he motioned again and then he said, "Dune." I could tell they wanted the boy to say it, too, so I sat next to the boy and said, "Dune," then pointed to him. I said it again and pointed to him. The boy said, "Dune."

The average-looking man played the song again. And then we all said, "Dune." The next song was all numbers. They went through each note and