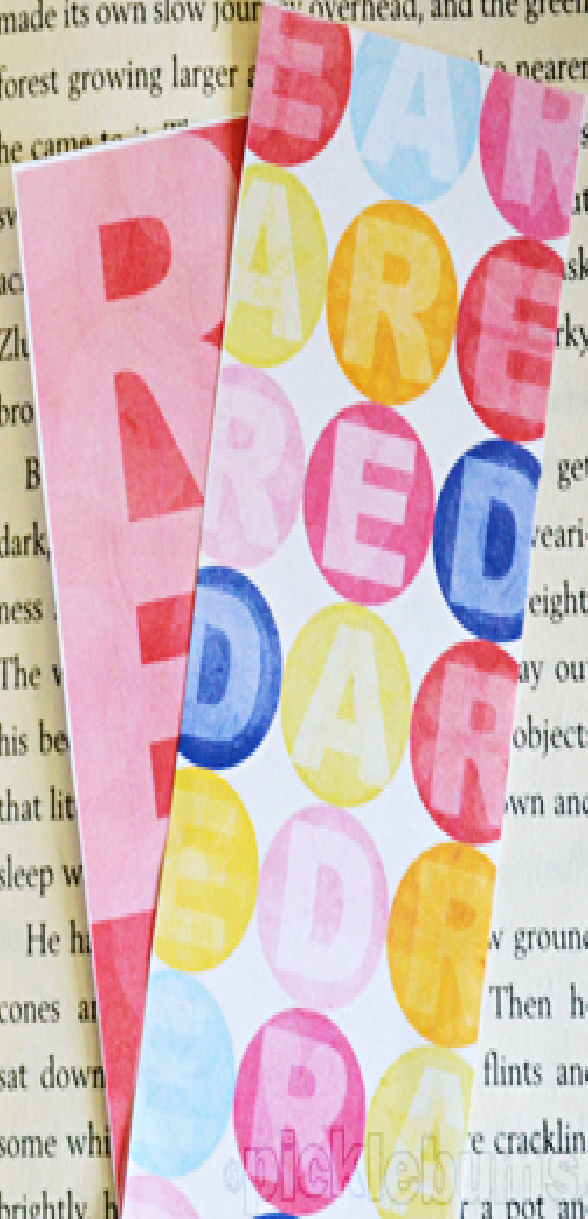


no other could ever truly understand would be to
try it for himself. There were some things that
could not be told or shown, but must be felt.
That whole afternoon, Zluty tramped stead-
ily over the most barren stretch of the journey.
There were no insects and no plants and it was hot
despite the constant breeze flowing from the West
like one endless cool breath. The only things that
moved were his shadow lengthening as the sun



made its own slow journey overhead, and the green
forest growing larger and denser as he nearer
he came to it. The trees were tall and straight
with swaying branches and leaves that rustled
as he passed. The air was cool and fresh
and Zluty felt a sense of relief. He had
brooked the heat and the dryness of the
barren land. He had found a place to
rest. He had found a place to sleep.
The night was dark and still. The
stars were out and bright. The moon
was in the sky and full. Zluty had
his bed made and was ready to
sleep. He was tired and he was
happy. He was home.



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