

Not sure I can do this. Pen
feels awkward. Keeps slipping.
Been so long since I used one.
But what else is there? What
else to do? 4.

Went back to wreck today. First
time since moving into house.
Found His bones exactly how I
left 'em. Except clean now.
Bleached white by the sea.



How many times have I replayed
it since then? Sun sinking into
the waves. Tip of my spear

gleaming wet with the poison.
Saw myself crouching low near
the rocks so SURE He will
come. Because of His net.

Sometimes - in my head - it
happens different. Poison gets
diluted Or one of her ropes
snaps & breaks. He rears back.
Spears miss. Somehow they both
get away. And we all get one
more day worth living for.

Reset traps today. Swamp water
corroded one of 'em. Forced to go
to depot to fix.

Coming back saw a canoude
take down a zeftyr. Moved with
such precision. Not a single

gesture wasted. Zeftyr probably
didn't feel a thing.

It's not what I expected. Living
lakeside. It's calmer. Not as
windy. But rain still beats down
like in the Wreck. And it's hot.
Still hot.



Only real difference is the
Screens. Lot closer now. On all
sides. Starting to get on my
nerves.

Can't sleep. Too many screens.
And when I close my eyes, the
Things I see. The faces.

My god, Sirtus. Did we really
kill so many??

Added it up. Best I could.
8 years. 3 since I killed the
last carpatice.

Keep thinking I should do some-
thing for him. Place some kind
of tribute next to the bones.
Totem pole, maybe. God knows.

carving it would keep me busy
for awhile.

Maybe I can make one for each
of them.



What's the use? What's the
use? Can't go on like this.
Can't THINK!!

Have to do something. Keep my
mind OFF the dreams. Maybe -
maybe go south a few days.
Sleep outside

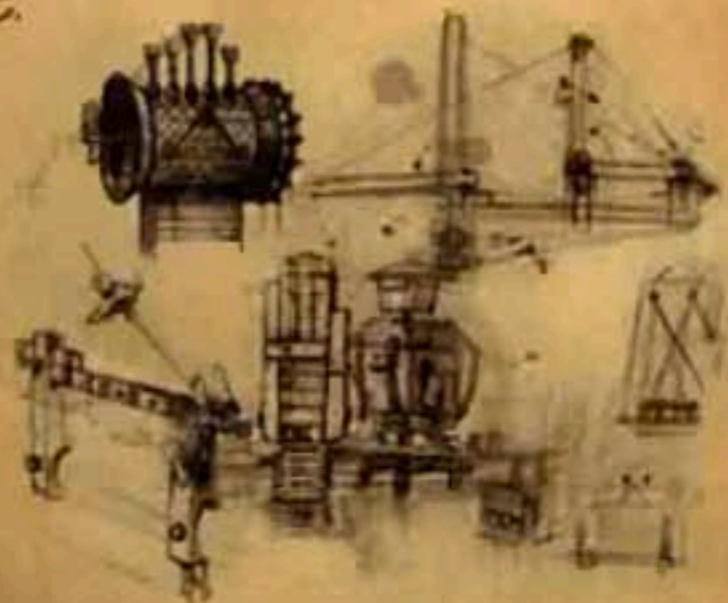
My god, Father. Did it have to
be the same?! Two weeks work-
ing my way through the South
Jungle and for what? More of
the same. More of the same
empty NOTHINGNESS.

Can't take it any more. Can't
LIVE like this!!!

Karneks got in while I was
away. Forgot how agile they are.
Brever, too, when they're hunt-
ing in groups. Been breeding
like mad, ever since I killed

their primary predator. Should
probably do something about
that.

But maybe I can redesign one
end of the bridge. Create some
kind of lock to keep 'em
out.



Went back to the south jungle
today. Hoping I'd missed some-

thing. Saw a group of mangroes
playing under their nests.
Thought about replenishing
supplies, but couldn't do it.
They just looked too peace-
ful



Eventually turned to go, and
saw one of 'em watching me.
Their lookout, I suppose. Won-
der how long he knew I was
there?

ink supply getting low. Water-
ing it down, but might try to
net more. The way the Channel-
wood tree-dwellers once
taught me

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Found some petals in the south
jungle that might work for the
ink. Picked a few to take back
as an experiment.

While picking them, I noticed
something odd about the mangroes.
In the north they all scatter,
and as they spot me. But the
south tree only looks curious.

Must be because I never hunted
them.

New ink seems okay. Would prefer a better color, though. I'll head back to the south jungle in the morning. See if I can find different varieties.

I don't believe it! Went back to gather more petals and found a bunch of 'em already picked. They were lying in a pile where I'd been working!

Mangroves MUST have done it. Imitating me?

Spent most of the morning in the watch tower, trying to

observe from a distance. Find out how they act when I'm not there. Couldn't see much, though. Trees are too thick.

WOULD like to get closer somehow. I suppose I could build another post, but it'd have to be different this time. Not a lot left I can take from the Wreck.



Kinda like the idea of going all natural.

How the HECK did Saavedro's people do it?! Been weaving support branches all day and my arms & chest muscles are killing me!

Mangrees sure got a kick out of watching, though One of 'em even stopped playing long enough to come over & give me advice. Least, that's how it seemed Wouldn't stop chirruping at me! Made me want to rig up another sound system, see if I can try and talk back

Oh my god It can't be It CAN'T

This evening I was sketching in the post. Trying to get

their expressions right. Mangrees were playing that game they like to play Fruit-tossing

Ball must've rolled under the post All of a sudden I heard this cry I'd never heard before Sequence of drawn-out highs and lows Looked up & found all of 'em looking at me Pointing at the ball and making that sound like they were calling a name MY name

THEY'VE GIVEN ME A NAME!

What am I supposed to do with this, Father?! What am I supposed to do?

