

## Part 33. Naltag

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**So their contingent** grew.

Graylyn provided a break in the children's boredom, for she asked so many questions. The Wide World was new to her, but she could grasp the concept of it.

Naltag's strange features, transport, and food modulator were hard to grasp.

Per explained as best as possible, speaking on the human are ships of the past:

"The transport we inhabit is solar powered."

And therefore more efficient than human airshipsper almost said, but didn't. Equivalencies were arrogant, and amounted to bragging, and bragging was rude on per's planet.

"Solar powered?" Graylyn intoned. "What's mean?"

What's meant echoed within the transport daily. Jeremiah didn't complain, but Naltag knew it bothered him.

"Questions abound. She shouldn't ask so many," Jeremiah said to Naltag.

"Why not? She's a child. You're all children. Kilah asks questions."

"Graylyn shouldn't." He couldn't expand upon why.

Naltag recorded the conversation for further study.

They didn't become fast friends, nothing like Eva and Jeremiah's pairing. Naltag suspected hunting played largely into the separation, for it was an area where one excelled and the other failed. Jeremiah did not take failure well.

Graylyn learned how to use Naltag's food modulator. After roasting a scadog, he offered the meat to the other children. Kilah took it eagerly, while Jeremiah waved it away.

"You need to eat," Naltag said.

Still, the child refused. His opinion of Graylyn wasn't swayed until much later. He warmed to her later, after nearly six periodicals, when she saved Kilah from a feral pack of scadogs.

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