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B E B O K I A
The Hidden Planet

Journey to Earth

Everly and Pax were silent as they packed for their trip. With unspoken words they comforted each other's fears. A look, a smile, a touch said more than any spoken word. Everly's thoughts rested on Soren. Did he really know her secret or was it just in her head? She saw what paranoia did to Naja, was that happening to her as well? After thinking about the subject for some time she came to the conclusion that Soren's possible knowledge of her pregnancy was irrelevant at the moment. There were far more important matters ahead and for that reason she said nothing about it to Pax. Their journey to Earth would be a relaxing change from the Nest. The Earthians were as harmless as their technology weak. If she had thought for one moment that her babies would be in danger she would have picked another destination. Earth was the safest place for them and since the Earthians and Bebokians looked so much alike they would blend right in.

Pax didn't know what to think, he was just nervous. He had questions that he'd rather not know the answers to. Questions like: What are the Earthians like? Were they friendly? What did they eat? Would they be able to successfully blend in? The questions in his head went on until the door bell broke the silence. Everly answered the door and was very surprised to see Tayna standing there holding a medium sized black box.

"Hi Tayna, please come in" Everly was curious what it was that she wanted.

“Thank you” said Tayna as she walked into the apartment. “Hello Pax”. Pax reciprocated her greeting and waited for her to continue. Tayna looked around and noticed that they were packing. “I hope I’m not disturbing you too much” she said excusing her unannounced visit. “I just wanted to personally give you this transport box. It allows you to transport samples from Earth directly to the Nest. I also made one for Soren since he’s your mediator. I’m so excited about your decision to explore earth.”

“Oh, how oovestic is that, well thank you”, Everly was caught off guard and wasn’t sure how to respond. “How does it work”?

“It’s really simple. All you have to do is put something in, close the door, and press the button on top. The item will appear in Soren’s box within minutes. It beeps when there’s something in it.”

“This is going to be plenty useful. I’m going to need some Earth currency. If I get a sample to you would you be able to duplicate it?”

“I was just about to bring that point up. That’s something we’re able to do. If you need anything else please have Soren contact me.” She wished them both nevtar and was out the door.

“Wow, that was really nice of her to do this for us”, Everly said to Pax.

“I’m sad to say it, but I think she did it more for herself than for us” replied Pax.

Everly thought about it for a second and then nodded in agreement, “She must be working on her next promotion”.

They both went back to packing in silence.

The space shuttle to Earth was relatively small. They had just enough room to move about. Luckily the estimated time of arrival was only about an eight hour wait. The shuttle did most of the flying on its own, all Pax had to do was set the course. He would have to land the shuttle manually once they were on Earth but until then they had some time to kill. They talked, played card games, and slept. When they awoke they were excited and looked out the window, but still no sign of Earth.

“Are you sure you entered the right coordinates?” asked Everly accusingly.

“You can check it yourself” Pax snapped back.

“Don’t yell at me”.

“You yelled at me first”.

“I didn’t yell at you, I was just asking a simple question” Everly said in an exaggerated soft voice.

“You asked it with a tone” responded Pax with the same exaggerated soft voice.

“OK, seems like we’re both tired and cranky. Let’s try to calm down and make the most of our remaining time. How much longer do we have to wait?”

Pax walked over to the control panel, sat in the pilots chair and checked the course.

“Time remaining: two hours”.

“Want to spend that time talking?” asked Everly.

“Is there anything left that hasn’t been said?”

“Good point. Do you know any good stories?”

“Have you ever heard the story about the Bebokian-Earth link?” asked Pax.

“No, but that look in your eyes tell me that my ears are in for a treat.” With that said, Pax began to tell the tale.

Long before the reign of Emperor Leem there was chaos and mischief among the Bebokian race. Criminals made the life of the law-abiding citizens miserable. There was one prison on Bebokia and slowly a leader emerged from within the confinements. He had a reputation for being very clever. As soon as he had the respect of the other prisoners, he began to plot the big escape but the escape.

“What does this have to do with any link to Earth?”, Everly asked impatiently.

“Just hold your halistags, I’m getting there”.

“OK, OK, I’m listening” said Everly and Pax continued.

“The whole story began as York was closing his book store for the day. ‘All day long and only two buying customers’ York thought to himself. He followed his end of the day routine: organize and straighten books, vacuuming and dusting, balancing the daily accounts. Every evening it was the same routine, in exactly that order. ‘It’s been six months since I made any real money. Can’t eat what I want, can’t live how I want, time for a change. I have to do it, can’t wait any longer, it must be done.’ York’s thought process rambled on like that the whole evening. He planned how to finally make ends meet and when he finally fell asleep had a smile of contentment on his face. He dreamt of power, money, and all the things needed for an extravagant life.

Emperor Tameer paid close attention as his chief S&E leader briefed him on Earth’s most powerful natural disaster. They watched as three gigantic meteoroids wiped out Earth’s population to almost extinction.

“Earth now has a population of 575, plus or minus 5 people”, said the teary eyed messenger. “If I may be so bold to ask Emperor, why did we not help them?”

“We help them; they live, and then in turn destroy us. Survival of the fittest as the Earthians would say.”

“What do we do now? We can still help the remaining 575. Their number is too few to hurt us.”

“We’ll have to wait and see. I need some time to think.”

“Tell me why you’re the best person for this position” said Curator Tak, adjusting her glasses. York paused a few seconds before he answered her question.

“I adore books, always have. I especially value the ancient writings. I give you my word that I will protect the contents of this museum like they were my own.” York was proud of his answer. Lying was his specialty but this time he answered very truthfully.

Curator Tak assessed York in the short moment that she had. She judged his answers, his appearance, and body language. He was definitely telling her the truth. She sensed no negative energy from him, so she did something that she normally wouldn’t have done.

“When can you start working?” she asked. She had saved herself some time from more interviews, paper work, and background checks. She could take an extra hour for lunch and get a well needed massage. Hiring a guy with a peace bracelet, what could go wrong?

York smiled with satisfaction, “When do you need me?”

York took a guided tour of the museum on his first day at the job. There were so many interesting books but he especially liked the Ancient Earth section. “How was the museum able to get these books from Earth?”, he asked while noticing a rather odd title that read: *The Queen Farts, by butler J.S. Thomas*.

“We’re not allowed to discuss how the museum acquires its artifacts. I’ve said that so often because that’s what I’m told to say, but I honestly don’t know. I asked the same question when I was hired.”

York shook his head with acknowledgement. There were other ancient writings that seemed really interesting: *Pharaoh’s Pyramids by Moses*, *The Fourth Gift* (a drawing of the holy Child given by one of the wise men), *The Diary of Christopher Columbus*, *Maps of old Earth...* The list of the books went on, but those were the most interesting titles.

Every Bebokian learned a little of Earth’s history in school, but these were omitted as if they never existed. ‘Do the Earthians even know about these writings ; were bits of their own history stolen?’, York wondered to himself. These writings were very valuable and the religious drawing was especially priceless because Bebokian religion stems from that of Ancient Earth. His heart began to race with excitement.

It took York about six weeks to get a feel for how the museum worked and to plan the heist. He had several options and chose the cleanest in his opinion. A high school tour was scheduled. The class teacher usually spent 97% of the time touring the great Bebokian books of History, Science and Literature. York carefully picked out his prey. A young student separated himself from the others. He didn’t talk to any of the other students and seemed very bored or uninterested with the class field trip. York watched

him carefully. After a few minutes he saw him offering a female classmate his pen. His body language screamed infatuation. He purposely touched her hand as he handed her the pen and as their hands touched, for only a slight second, he was clearly in Utopia. The girl thought nothing of the situation. She appeared to say a polite thank you then turned her back to him.

York let the other security guards know that he was taking his lunch break. He went to the bathroom and changed out of his uniform into normal clothes. The young male was still standing by himself as he approached him.

“It’s great to see young minds broadening horizons” York said as an ice breaker. The young male just smiled and shook his head.

“What school is this?” York persisted.

“We’re Blue Coat Virtual Academy.”

“Is that the school that’s always fighting with the Red Coats?”

“You mean they’re always fighting with us. I showed them who was better a few weeks ago during a friendly debate.”

“So, you’re the class genius” York said.

“Well... I don’t know about that.”

“Don’t be so modest, females like the arrogance. I bet they’re all over you.”

“Not exactly.”

“Would you like them to want you?”

“Sure, who wouldn’t?”

“Here’s a little advice. To get the girls to notice you, you have to do something rebellious.”

“Like what?”

“For example, you could do something to make the alarm go off in here. The whole class would be talking about it for months, and the females will be fighting over you. Tell me, which one do you like?”

The young student glanced at the girl he loaned the pen to before saying “That seems an extreme thing to do just be noticed.”

“Nothing will happen to you, the alarm will go off and you will just explain to the security guard that it was an accident. No harm done.”

“I don’t know”, said the young student nervously.

“Hey, it was just a suggestion. You’re the genius.” With that said York excused himself and waited. The waiting time was shorter than he had anticipated. The alarm went off and all attention was drawn to the Blue Coat Virtual Academy. The hardest part of the heist was over. He quickly grabbed the books that he wanted, packed them in a brief case and left the museum before the alarm was turned off.

“The books disappeared at the exact same time that you triggered the alarm”, said Constable Pay to the young male.

“My name is Dorn, I go to Blue Coat Virtual Academy and I just wanted to read the next page of the book. I didn’t know the alarm would go off.”

“So you had an accomplice, it would be a lot easier if you just tell me the truth”.

“I am telling you the truth”. Dorn knew exactly what happened. He was more than just a little embarrassed that he had been such an easy target. He didn’t want to be connected at all with the robbery or have to admit that he was tricked into setting off the alarm so he

held to his story. “My name is Dorn, I go to Blue Coat Virtual Academy and I just wanted to read the next page of the book on display. I didn’t know I would set off the alarm.”

Constable Pay had no reason to take him into custody, but he wanted to make him a little nervous. “I’ll be watching you” he said to Dorn in a threatening tone.

Later during the investigation York’s co-workers made it known that he had been missing since the time of the heist. You didn’t have to be a genius to figure out what happened.

“The Constable caught York trying to sell those books through an underground action and threw him in jail” said Everly enjoying the story.

“That’s exactly what happened” replied Pax.

“If York had succeeded, how much do you think he would have gotten?” Everly asked curiously.

“He probably would have been Bebokia’s wealthiest person. He had quite a few one of a kind writings. Collectors would have gone shastoik trying to out bid each other. *The Fourth Gift* alone would have been enough to make him filthy rich.”

Pax continued the story. While he was in jail, it took all his cunning to gain the respect of the other prisoners.

“So, here we are...your new home” said the warden as he delivered York to his cell.

“Be gentle to this one Ghee”, he said to the inmate that was already there.

“You know me Ward, I don’t cause no trouble.”

“Tell that to the poor soul that shared this cell with you last.”

“Oh come on now Warrd, you got to believe me. He stabbed himself.”

“In the back?” the warden asked unbelievably.

“I’ve never seen anything like it either. His arms were so flexible you’d think they were made of rubber.”

“Uh-huh” the warden rolled his eyes, “You two play nice” he said and left the two alone.

“You got a name?” Ghee asked while eyeing York up and down.

“I’m York”, he said with all his confidence. He knew that this was no place to appear weak so he returned Ghee’s eyeful glances.

“So, why do you think your ex-cellmate stabbed himself in the back?” York asked Ghee curiously.

Ghee smirked at the bold question. “Maybe it was because he couldn’t stand the smell of his own feet. They smelled like death.”

“Then he did himself a favor. Death is a more permanent solution than washing stinky feet. The stink always comes back, you know.” York said jokingly.

Ghee couldn’t help but giggle at the thought. Then York started giggling because Ghee’s giggle was so catching. Before they knew it, they were both rolling on the floor with full blown belly laughs. When the two could finally control themselves, Ghee gave York a friendly slap on the shoulder.

“I haven’t laughed like that in a good long while.”

“Me either” replied York.

“Looks like I finally got myself a decent cellmate so there’s a few things you should know. Three gang leaders are struggling for the control of the upstairs bathroom. At the moment it belongs to Krone, so don’t go anywhere near that bathroom.”

“Why is that bathroom such a prize?” asked York curiously.

“Because it’s the only bathroom with a window. It’s barred but you can still see the outside world from it. The names of the other two are Wikker and Taban. Stay away from them, they are very dangerous.”

“What do they look like so I know who to avoid?”

“That’s easy. They’re really big fellows with their names carved into their cheek.”

“OK, stay away from big scary guys with self inflicted face tattoos. Sounds simple enough, but why did they all decide to get the same kind of tattoo if they’re in competing gangs?”

“Taban was the first to cut his name into his cheek. The other two thought he was showing off and did that only to prove that he could tolerate more pain than they could. So, of course, Krone and Wikker did the same thing. They’re like cavemen. It wasn’t until a lot later that Krone and Wikker figured out that they were idiots. They were having a fight over who was the strongest when Taban said, “I’m the strongest, why else would you two copy my face tattoo? It’s because you want to be just like me.” There was a horrible fight that day.

“When you used the word cavemen to describe them, I hoped that you were exaggerating but after hearing that story...” York struggled to finish his sentence.

“I know exactly what you mean” Ghee nodded.

The jail cafeteria was packed. There was a lot of pushing and shoving in the long lines. When it was finally York’s turn in front of the server he stretched out his tray to receive

the only thing that was on the menu. It was hard to identify the food but it appeared to be some kind of bread with something that could pass for a very growkish soup.

“What is this?” York asked the server.

“It’s food. Keep moving you’re holding up the line” the server said rudely.

“Looks delicious” York said with sarcasm. He stepped out of line and looked for a table.

He took a second to look around and caught a glimpse of the three cavemen. ‘Ghee didn’t exaggerate one bit’ he thought to himself. Since he was new and had limited friends, he decided to sit with Ghee.

Ten inmates sat at one table. They all were gibber-jabbering until York sat down.

Because he was new, they all stared him down. Finally Ghee broke the silence.

“This is York, my new cellmate.”

“So what are you in for” asked a rather thin, tall, lanky looking fellow.

“And who might you be?” replied York.

“They call me Tode”.

‘The name certainly fits’ thought York. He almost said it aloud but bit his tongue at just the right moment. Instead what came out of his mouth was, “Well...Tode, I robbed a museum.”

“What did you take?” Tode asked.

“Rare ancient Earth writings” said York proudly. “I would have made a fortune too if I hadn’t got caught.”

“Books? You’re a book thief?” Tode said while laughing.

At that moment York wished he hadn’t said anything at all. He was embarrassed but forced himself not to show any emotion.

“What kind of a nissyput steals books?” Tode laughed and all the other inmates laughed with him.

York did the only thing that he could do to solve the situation. He pretended to laugh with them. It took all his will power to hold back from telling Tode what was going to happen to him later.

“Yeah, book thief. I guess that does sound a little funny, but you know anything to make a Bamek.” York was smooth.

“You got that right” one of the other inmates said and it was the end of York’s embarrassing moment. The gibber-jabbering went on and things seemed normal.

Later that week York had almost forgotten the embarrassing incident that Tode had caused by calling him a nissyput at the lunch table. He was starting to get a feel for how things ran in the jail. He watched the other inmates and learned the jail’s culture.

Everything and everyone revolved around the three cavemen. ‘Now isn’t that just pamooky’ York thought to himself. ‘If it takes three cavemen to rule this place then one of me can do the job much better.’ He laid in his bed and stared at the ceiling in deep thought. Ghee had laundry duty so he had the cell to himself for a while. His thoughts put him in a kind of trans, so it took his ears a few seconds to hear that he had a visitor.

“Hey are you alive?” asked Tode in a loud voice.

“Oh... I didn’t hear you” York finally answered.

“I’ve been here for two minutes talking to you. Are you hard of hearing?” Tode said in his most irritating voice.

“Listening to your voice can make the ears go deaf” York replied back. “What do you want?”

Tode stepped into the cell. “I was looking for Ghee but I see he’s not here.”

“I don’t remember inviting you into this cell” York said almost threateningly.

“Hey, there’s no reason we can’t be civil to each other.”

“If we were civil we wouldn’t be in here, now would we?”

“So, you’re right. Can I at least borrow that deck of cards that I saw you playing with?”

“If that will make you get out of my cell then fine, but I want them back by tomorrow afternoon.”

“No problem” answered Tode.

York turned his back to Tode to get the playing cards from under his bed. ‘I’ve never met such an irritating personality’ thought York. When the transaction was over York took out his diary and would have started writing but realized his pen was missing. He remained calm all the while thinking, ‘That shastoik, frog face, fuke is going to wish that he was dead.’

The next afternoon Tode returned the cards as promised.

“So, did you win?” asked York in a by the way manner.

“I always win” boasted Tode.

“That’s probably because you always cheat”, said York.

“Don’t we all. Thanks for the loan.” As Tode was leaving, York could see the top of his pen sticking out of Tode’s pants pocket.

‘A silent challenge’ York immediately thought. ‘Why else would he let me see that he stole my pen. Too bad for him that he chose me.’ York went about his business as if nothing was wrong. An elaborate plan was brewing in his head.

Out of pure curiosity York walked past the coveted third floor bathroom. From the outside it looked just like all the other bathrooms, but he could understand the need to control it. His urge to look outside the window and see that there was a free world was great, but he couldn’t risk it. He had to wait a little longer. In a few minutes he would be practicing his pick pocketing skills. He used to pickpocket every now and then when he was a free Bebokian but it never yielded any really big profit. No one seemed to carry anything of great value with them. Now it was different. In prison anything that you owned was valuable. The things that he was about to steal held great value to him, but not in the sense of a Bamek.

The cavemen were usually on their ruling floor: Krone the third, Wikker the second, and Taban the first. Since York was already on the third floor it only made sense to start there.

After seeing the famous bathroom, at least from the outside, York strolled around the third floor. As he was walking he wondered what could be seen from the bathroom window. The prison was very confined. The inmates were never allowed outside. Vents were placed strategically throughout the building so they wouldn’t suffocate, but everyone knew not to touch them. All vents were guarded with death herself. If touched, poison would seep into your body and death would greet you a few minutes later. Funny, so much work was put into designing the building, into keeping everyone inside, but

there were only a handful of guards outside. A handful of guards outside and a few booby-traps inside kept an army of prisoners from escape. ‘Now there’s a major flaw in design’ thought York. His long stroll finally led him to his destination. Krone was resting in his cell. He was alone, lying in his bed, and staring at the ceiling. ‘What could he possibly be thinking with that big empty head of his’ York thought. “Well... here goes my last Bamek” he said to himself as he approached Krone.

“Is this yours?” York asked standing just outside Krone’s cell.

“Is what mine?” Krone asked with a husky voice. He got up and stood next to York. The size difference between both Bebokians was huge. York looked like a young child standing next to Krone.

“I found this Bamek and thought if it wasn’t yours then I could keep it” York said with a quivering voice. He was very frightened.

“Yeah, it’s mine. In fact, anything that you find around here is mine” Krone said.

As York handed him the Bamek he purposely let it fall to the floor. “I’m so sorry... really sorry” York babbled. As they both bent over to pick up the Bamek, he purposely bumped his head with Krone’s. That was the exact moment that York slipped Krone’s bracelet off his hand and into his own pocket. “I’m so sorry, I’m so clumsy”, York said apologetically.

Krone picked up the Bamek. “You’re a nervous little fellow aren’t you? Remember, anything else you find around here belongs to me.” He turned and went back to his cell.

Stealing Krone's bracelet was quite an adrenaline rush for York. He said a little prayer, "Please don't let him notice that his bracelet is missing just yet." He collected himself and went on.

York spotted Wikker in the jail's activity room playing magnetic darts and watched as he hit the top outer pyramid. 'Lucky throw' thought York until Wikker lined the darts up in a straight line hitting the second top inner pyramid and the third top inner pyramid in a row. 'This fellow could do magic with a ray gun' York thought as he waited for his opportunity. There were many inmates standing around. Some were just watching while others waited for their turn. York waited until the end of the game to make his move. It was no surprise that Wikker won the game. If he hadn't of played so well, one might of assumed that the other players let him win because of his status. As everyone patted him on the shoulder saying amushtar and well done, York walked past the winner and picked something out of his back pocket. No one noticed him at all. When he was safely out of the room he looked at his prize. It was a picture of a handsome young Bebokian male. York was a little confused. If this was Wikker's son, there was no resemblance at all. Maybe it was his adopted son or could it be his lover? Now who would have thought that such a masculine ugly fellow could be attracted to the same sex, and what would a handsome young male want with Wikker? Could also be his nephew, thought York as he hid the picture back in his pocket.

York looked everywhere for Taban and was about to give up when he decided to check the jail's shabby little library. There was Taban reading a book. 'Who knew he could

read' thought York. He walked around the library, picked out a book, held it up as if he were reading and walked right into Taban's chair.

"Are you shastoik!" Taban yelled and stood up so suddenly that his chair fell over.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't see you because I was walking and reading at the same time" York explained.

"Well watch where you're going next time. If you do it again I'm going to make you eat that book." Taban turned and picked up his chair. As he was bent over, York quickly removed something from his pants pocket.

"I'm so sorry. It won't happen again", said York and hurried away before Taban could change his mind about making him eat his book. The contents of Taban's pocket were funny considering that he was bald. 'Why would you carry a comb if you're bald', York was perplexed. It was even engraved with Taban's name. York figured that the comb might have been a gift given to Taban when he had hair. The fact that he still carried it around might mean that it was given to him by someone important to him.

York was relieved that the pick pocketing was over with. Only one more visit before he could rest. He found Tode in his cell.

"I want my cards back" York said.

"I already gave you your cards back. Don't you remember?" Tode said a little confused.

"You did no such thing. Now, I want my cards back" York persisted.

"How old are you? You're losing your mind. I already gave you back your stupid cards a few days ago. You really don't remember?" Tode was in disbelief.

“If that’s true then you won’t mind if I take a look around your cell.” York was very convincing.

“OK, but you won’t find anything. You should look around your cell because I know I gave them back to you. I don’t have time for this. You can look around all you want, I’m going to lunch. Don’t steal anything either.” Tode left York alone in his cell. He was sure that he was a harmless little nissyput.

York was very surprised that Tode trusted him alone in his cell. ‘He must not have anything valuable here’ thought York. He hid the items that he stole from the cavemen under Tode’s mattress. Now all he had to do was wait.

A whole day passed but nothing happened. York was beginning to wonder if all his pick pocketing was for nothing. ‘Could it be that they were too stupid to figure out that they had been robbed. Maybe they thought that they had just lost or misplaced their precious things.’ York’s thoughts were full of doubt. ‘I didn’t factor in their stupidity in my plan. Maybe it’ll just take them longer to piece things together.’ It was that very thought that got York through the next day but once again nothing happened. ‘OK, maybe they need a little help.’ The following day York went about his business as normal, at least until it was time for lunch. He sat at Ghee’s table as usual and scanned the lunch room until he spotted all three cavemen. It was important that they witnessed what he was about to do. York stood up on the table. “To all my fellow inmates, there is a petty thief among us. Someone stole my pen.” York said looking Tode in his eyes. “Has anyone else been missing anything?” To York’s astonishment most of the inmates confirmed that they were also robbed. “Well, I know who has your missing things.”

“Who is he?” an unknown voice asked.

“Tode!” York said pointing directly at him.

“You’re a fuke of a liar!” screamed Tode. York jumped off the table, grabbed Tode and searched his pockets. He pulled out his stolen pen and held it up for everyone to see.

“Then why do you have my pen in your pocket” said York.

“That’s not your pen” protested Tode.

“Ghee, you’ve seen me write in my diary. Is this my pen?” York handed Ghee the pen to have a closer look.

“This is York’s pen” Ghee answered. There was a look of terror on Tode’s face and a hush fell across the room.

“He stole my bracelet” Krone yelled.

“My picture is missing” Wikker shouted.

“So is my comb” Taban added. All three cavemen stood up and walked to Tode’s table.

“I wouldn’t dare steal from you three” reasoned Tode.

“Then you wouldn’t mind if they search your cell” York said.

“Good idea” said Krone. The three cavemen dragged Tode to his cell followed by many curious inmates. They searched his cell and found their missing belongings under Tode’s mattress.

“No, I didn’t steal those. Someone else put them there. It was York! York framed me!”

Tode was so scared that he was crying.

“What do we do with him?” Taban asked.

“Let me guess, let me guess” Everly said interrupting Pax from telling the story. “They killed poor Tode.”

“Yeah, but guess how?” Pax asked.

“They probably beat the poor thing to death” Everly said.

“No, but good guess. York suggested that they feed him to the vents. The cavemen loved the idea so that’s what they did. From that day on there were three cavemen and one brain. That was a bonding experience for them and the cavemen forgot about their differences and began working together with York as their leader.”

“I’m enjoying the story, but what does this all have to do with Earth?” Everly asked.

“I was just getting to that” Pax said and continued the story.

York convinced the cavemen to share the third floor bathroom and use it as a leader’s den. To make it more comfortable, they added a desk and a few chairs that were stolen from the library. Once a week Krone would threaten a random inmate to clean it, in turn he would avoid a good beating.

York gave them some time to adjust to the new lifestyle before working his charm. He let them believe that they were in charge. He always gave them the right of way and thanked them for including him in their group. They had a meeting once a week. During which they discussed current events of jail life or whatever it was on their minds. Six weeks past before York felt that he had their complete trust.

“How many guards do you think are outside?” York asked the group. He was standing on a chair looking out the window.

“How many do you see?” Taban asked.

“Well, I see three but how many are there that I can’t see?” York answered.

“I look out that window all the time. There are six guards that rotate their positions once a week” Krone added.

“Are you sure? Only six?” York inquired.

“Positive” Krone answered. “There are six guards outside and six wardens inside, two on each floor. The wardens are harmless though.

“Fellows, I have an idea.” York said to the cavemen and he had their full attention.

It wasn’t very difficult for York and the cavemen to convince all the inmates to cooperate with their plan. Their orders were to play magnetic darts to find the best shooters. York wanted the eight best shooters to report to the den. The other inmates were to make simple weapons out of anything that they could find.

In the meantime, York and the cavemen planned the attack of the wardens. It was a little complicated because they all had to be taken out at the same time to prevent any alerts to the guards outside. The cavemen were the strongest in the entire jail but the wardens had ray guns. To even the odds Krone, Wikker, and Taban went in search of help. The recruiting and planning took about three months. The eight best shooters reported to the den. The cavemen found three strong accomplices and everyone else were armed with whatever simple tools they could find or make. It was time to leave.

The cavemen and their accomplices went in search of the wardens at the same time.

Krone and his helper took the third floor; Wikker and his helper took the second; and Taban and his helper took the first. Their objective was to kill the wardens, take their guns and keys. York suggested that they separate the wardens from each other and make

a friendly approach. This way, by the time they realize that they're in trouble it would be too late for them to react. York was a little worried that they would fail, but it was the only way. He anxiously waited for them to return. Just when he thought he could no longer wait, the cavemen arrived with six fully loaded ray guns, extra ammunition, and the master key that opened every lock in the building. Three guns were awarded to the cavemen themselves, one went to York, and the remaining two was given to the two best shooters.

The plan was to leave the same way that they came in. They proceeded to the front door. Wikker and the two best shooters lead the way. They were followed by Krone, York, the remaining unarmed shooters, the strong helpers and the rest of the inmates. York had an army of about 600 criminals. When they were within a few feet of the door, York paused his army.

“Warriors, freedom is behind that door! Those of you who have guns aim before you fire. To the remaining of my unarmed shooters, when a guard falls take his weapon quickly. When we are free I will be headed to the Nest. None of you are obligated to follow, but those of you who do will be especially rewarded. Now let's go outside and make some noise!”

York's army roared with adrenaline and charged the door. Wikker and the shooters came out shooting. The six guards were so surprised and confused by the noise and attack that they hardly had time to aim. It only took a few minutes before all six guards were dead.

“Today is our day of Freedom!” York shouted and his army cheered.

“Those of you who are loyal to me, we march to the Nest!” York turned and led his army through Bebokia. He didn't realize that the whole criminal army had followed him.

They had been in jail for a really long time, where would they go? They looted and terrorized as they marched towards the Nest. They took any guns or weapons that they could find and helped themselves to unprotected Bebokian women. The citizens of Bebokia were horrified. Emperor Tameer was alerted that he had a very big problem coming his way.

“What do you mean an army is headed toward the Nest?” Emperor Tameer was shocked. “The Bebokian prisoners have escaped and they’re marching towards us” the messenger clarified.

“You mean the entire prison? All the inmates have formed an army?” Tameer was furious.

“Yes Emperor” answered the messenger.

“How could this happen?” asked Emperor Tameer.

“The prison was understaffed and someone from inside was smart enough to take advantage. I’m waiting for your orders Emperor.”

“Alert my army. I want 2,000 of my best soldiers to intercept them before they get here.”

York’s army was captured, but they did put up a good fight considering that they were outnumbered by Tameer’s soldiers. They took them back to the prison and were heavily guarded. A few days later, Tameer decided that he didn’t want criminals in Bebokia. He thought about having a mass execution but didn’t want the history books to remember him in such a negative way. So, he banished all of them from Bebokia and sent them to Earth. It was a brilliant idea. He saved Earth from complete extinction and retained his

good name with one stone's throw. After Tameer transported the criminals he moved the Nest to the now secret location. He had his scientist camouflage the building, manipulate the trees, and hired even more guards. He was so obsessed with hiding the Nest that he started the legends of the Dark Forest himself. Some Bebokians wanted to see if the stories were true so they went into the Dark Forest but none of them ever made it through. The trees made them fall asleep and Tameer guards carried them back outside the forest. They, of course, reported strange happenings to their family and friends and by doing so fueled the legends even more.

"I don't understand why York wanted his army to take on Tameer?" Everly asked Pax.

"He had to have known that Tameer had a bigger army."

"My guess is that York went a little insane and was on a very big power trip. He thought he could rule the world." Pax answered.

"Did York ever find out if Wikker had a male lover?" Everly asked curiously.

"Would you ask a giant caveman if he was gay?" joked Pax.

Everly couldn't help but laugh at the thought. "No" she answered shaking with laughter.

"That was an amazing story. So, Bebokian criminals with very simple DNA helped to repopulate Earth. How true do you think that story is?" asked Everly.

"I guess we're about to find out" said Pax as he pointed to the window of the shuttle. A bright, blue Earth was rotating outside.

GLOSSARY

amushtar – congratulations

bamek – Bebokian currency

binaborx – giggling deer-like creature

flingtus – a cactus that can throw its needles

fuke – Bebokian curse word

growkish – nasty or unpleasant

halistag – Bebokian horse

Morstarga – hostile alien planet

nevotar – good luck

nissyput – weakling or coward

oovestic – great or cool

pamooky – silly

protovisor – the advisor's understudy

shastoik – crazy

smarzicon – precious Bebokian gem used in jewelry

zorpkusfly – Bebokian flying insect that has healing powers.