

Savannah path

A narrow way to a new world, even a better life?

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 3: III.

Nita was frightened, but he dissembled it. Those men were different. Different from him, different from all of his clansmen and different from all he had ever seen before. They were different-colored, different-minded and, all things considered, they did not fit in this place. They looked as though they had never seen the sun before and their clothes were close-fitting, tightly sewed and mostly as bright as their skin color. Some of them were wearing

leg dresses which were as blue and long as the Mississippi. These 'jeans' enwrapped the skinny legs of those men and reached down to the ground. Their legs looked weakly and it seemed as if those white men tried to cover the weakness of their bones with their wear.

In fact, they had a weakish look, but this did not decrease the measures of the impression they made.

Some of them were holding long staves in their hands and others carried curious apparatuses

or bags with them. Additionally, they hid themselves from the sun. Unfeathered and enormous were their headdresses. Long, greasy hair popped from time to time through this masquerade and was directly blown back from the stiff wind of this secluded landscape.

Nita also made a step back, when he first became aware of the situation. His face looked as if his mind was scattered to the four winds. Or further away.

Tala reacted in a completely different way.

He paced forward and then he even advanced his pace.

He passed some of those white men, who only observed him, tried to assess him. Their glances resulting in short comments to each other.

Tala was not commenting anything, until a heavy member of his tribe thwarted him.

"I want to have an audience with the shaman." Tala gasped, glancing right in the eye of the man in front of him.

"Impossible. He is occupied." The male bristled with anger.

This matched reality. It was obvious that the shaman was in negotiation, because he, his son and three strange men with big hats on their heads were sitting in front of the biggest dwelling of this hamlet.

Tala was merely angry. He thought, under these circumstances, today nobody would recognise or appreciate his success with the gazelle, which he had culled down before.

He asked himself, or somebody far away, from whom he would not anticipate an answer, these questions: "What happened here?" and "Why does it just had to happen today?"

These questions may seem naïve and obstinate, but his father, Nita, asked himself the same questions.