

But I was telling you of my remarkable space experiences...the sort of stuff that is hard to believe unless you know the communicator... when our last communique ended. Since then I have been queried by a couple of doubters...one wondered about the quick understanding of the language and that is simply another benefit of the transference pill...it reassimilates your brain in terms of where you are. What it will not do is give you physical possessions...like money or aspirin or even your next meal...although whatever you had to eat before you took the pill will continue to work its way into your system. Another party did not understand the roadwork...a fact that I found difficult to understand myself. But the roads are rather poured on the earth (if that's what we might call it) surface with a non adhesive substance. If a path is small you may give it a good kick at one edge and move the whole thing over several inches. This stuff keeps moving at the sideways gravitational pull and, although I did not say it before, no roads are dead ended. All are completed in some sort of circular form. It is not uncommon, however, if a heavy wind arises, for a road to be moved several feet and the local residents must get out the next day and push it back to where it belongs. This is a major inconvenience. There is, of course, no reason why the roads could not be built into the earth surface as the buildings are but then the Kuisbeighners would have to walk and they very much dislike any such sort of unnecessary activity. They prefer to either stand and move leisurely with the gravity or "transfer" as we would say it. Their ambition is to do anything possible with as little needed effort...and in this regard they have a great similarity to many earth persons who depend on autos for everything...and the more I saw of Kuisbeighn the more suspicious I became that a number of persons known to me are really deported Kuisbeighners who are living exemplary lives on earth in the hope of returning to Kuisbeighn although I all my informants have already told me...that has not been known to happen. And I do hope you will forgive me that the explanations have been so shoddy...it would take books to tell as that I saw...a good bit of which I am not sure of myself.

My informant was very pleased that he had met a traveller and took me to the proper paths to be guided to the better places and to see the more important people. On the way to the fulcrum...a fine point of balance where justice is dispensed, I did see a very curious thing. A portly Kuisbeighner was lying on the ground as if he had been toppled by a severe blow. He had been reading at an outdoor desk and suddenly this round missile had come from nowhere and in winging its way to his table had struck him on the head. My informant noted that this was a very serious crime and were the culprit to be caught he would immediately be transferred to Betelgeuse...a remote star in our galaxy where it is thought no life survives (our universe, maybe, I am still not up on these terms)...a virtual death sentence. With some horror I noted that the weapon used was my own dish in which I had been dissolving the pill...it had transferred and been reassimilated at the very point where the poor head was held on the table. Thinking of Beterguese I wondered if they did finger-printing on Kuisbeighn and then suddenly I thought of my dog. Well, more later.