

him when he barked at them. He referred to it as the universal respect accorded the king of the dogs. The listeners were impressed. He began to tell them how he controlled the humans about him and I did not want to hear anymore and we passed on. My guess was that he would run out of wild tales sooner or later, although, come to think of it, running out of wild tales is not one of the family weaknesses

The fulcrum proved to be an elevated area where the learned persons sat to review life on this small planet. Justice was balanced at this place so that all could see its fairness or at least know what it did. Those who were under suspicion of transfer were brought here and the cases publicly reviewed. I soon learned that while there were no wars on Kuisbeighn there were other difficulties...an undesirable neighbor could be summoned to the fulcrum and on the advice of his community sent to some remote area. One of the great offenses was that of talking too much. Kuisbeighners have a body that runs on air rather than blood. They do have a bit of blood in them but its only function is to mark the place where air seeks out when they are hurt. This system of operating on air makes them reluctant to use any more of it than necessary in speech. If, for example, one were to give a detailed oration, one might put oneself into an air shock and pass out or perhaps die. There are good aspects to this and bad, no doubt. But there are no committees on the whole planet...no group would dare thinking of wasting the amount of air that committees waste in much speaking. And even the longest addresses are only a matter of a few minutes...a few well chosen minutes, I might add, with comments that amount to something. Long-winded Kuisbeighners either do not exist or do not stay long on the planet...the neighborhood makes the accusation...the accused is asked to present his case...the minute he begins talking he is judged guilty since all speech given in one's own defense is a waste of air...they give him a potion and he is gone. I am not enough of a physiologist to be able to report on the air system more adequately but the standard expression for normal people in this place is..."If you prick us do we not all hiss?"

As this day wore on I began to think of home! I wondered if my wife had returned and discovered I was missing. Should have left a note... "gone to Kuisbeighn." And as interesting as it all was I thought of a lot of things undone on earth. I wondered how successful my return might be. My box contained several E pills (and even a B pill) and in a moment of nostalgia...we are too detailed already, I found a common fountain, secured a little fluid, went to a quiet place and swallowed a pill. For a moment I feared I would be on Kuisbeighn forever but then the transference began and as speedily as it was accomplished initially, I saw myself disappear only to be re-assimilated a few minutes later in my own home at my own table. I did think much of it at the time...no one was home yet and I was anxious not to appear dissheveled but later I realized that the clock on the wall had the same time on it that it had when I had departed the previous day. It appeared I had been gone one day but it seemed like a lifetime. Don't be too relieved that we are at this point...I am not done yet.