

ARIKI

and other short stories
of an uncertain future

Antonio Castro

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ARIKI

DOG

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THE MAN

ARIKI

A wishful thinking that turns into a dream and vice-versa.

Since he could first think, he remembers no day in his life in which he hadn't thought, although it might be only for a fleeting moment, of those stone statues, of their bearing, their impassive countenances, and especially that one, he still being very much a child, which he had seen in that photo, buried up to the chest, leaning on its left side, with that mocking half-smile that had nothing to envy from that one of the Mona Lisa; or perhaps it was laughing at him, so unique, his childish innocence, and from its expressive countenance was telling him, almost in shouts, "Come! We have been spending so much time waiting for you."

And now, at five miles altitude, within a Chilean Airlines plane, when the sunset rays indeed scarcely allowed him to see anything more than a light-blue tone dyed into the planet's last clean waters, he turned his head toward the huge screen, located in the center of the row of seats, where the map of the tiny island mingled with the comparatively enormous pattern of the plane preceded by a red line indicating the course covered, with the dull data about the flight characteristics such as altitude, distance covered since takeoff, wind speed and external temperature, along with that roguish and defiant smile in a mingling of surfaces that perhaps he, so unique, was capable of seeing.

And thus, lost in his dreams, overflying the Pacific Ocean, he let the darkness take possession of everything.

Ariki didn't have much time.

He knew undoubtedly that, when death was brought about, the living evil that had already put an end to his partners, and had now reached the last of them, abandoned the defenseless and without substance body to seek refuge in a living entity; that precisely had been the doom of others while he was getting rid- of it thanks to a breakdown in one of the outer engines of the spacecraft.

It was precisely the collision of another starship against his own one which damaged the Nuclear Waste Leak Cover; as officer commanding maintenance, he was forced to go outside to repair the damage, undergoing a discharge of neutrons so high that, after making the necessary adjustments so that the ship could even straighten its trajectory to a low-power one, he had to be confined to the infirmary's Isolated Lock to avoid contaminating his companions; the long stay there had made him spectator of all events that happened one after another.

An insignificant piece of rock, from the foreign ship, was brought on board while the mother-ship was coming off. Hardly a few moments later, half crew had curious stains all over their bodies, similar to the transported rock material. What follows, so unique, just could be appreciated in fragments across the isolation cell's transparent wall. Dead corpses, autopsies setting free strange mortal beings, desolation and death. The physician, whose knowledge had made him the only one to take proper precautions, became his last friend but, seeing as all precaution is always meager, he followed the road of all the rest, not without beforehand keeping awake in him the knowledge about what the strange rock had brought about.

It was a matter of a latent form of life, the embers of a form of superior life that perhaps had to abandon its own planet of diminutive being; who really knows, it was a matter of a form of conquest, escape or, as a tradition of all the beings with the capacity of self-knowledge, a type of spectacular and effective weapon. The fact is the chances had been so unique against Ariki's brothers and he, after seeing the physician's last breath, used from his Isolated cell's interior adequate means so that all the ship could be purged of any form of living or dead life, waited for a suitably sensible time until the ship's computer informed him he could leave his isolation and he prepared himself to fight for his survival.

The external darkness was absolute and made one lose the idea of up, down, forward and back. The purring of the engine so unique, that endless emission of decibels to which you get used to scarcely a few moments after takeoff and that accompanies you until almost the end, combined with the broken black cloak by the ruddy intermittencies of a red light set in the plane's side and which allow it to be visible to airplanes and which on fastening your vision upon from across the side window illuminated the five-pointed star set in the rotund rectangle serving as an insignia of LAN-Chile, adulterating its white color with flashes of crimson glimmers.

The adrenaline, nevertheless, fires up upon your vision fastening onto the video screen inasmuch as the information broadcast on the public-address system after takeoff is about to be surpassed; the five hour flight comes to an end and in that magical moment which sharpens the physical senses, when upon the blackness that must be the sea you see some pale light, yellow with reminiscences, in the distance, the decibels change their frequency announcing another power in the engines, different from the monotonous one maintained during crushing speed, and in the pit of your stomach the descent that had been accompanied by a half-spiral encircling that must be the island is perceived, aiming at the bluish parallel lines bordering the landing strip turn into a pathway toward Paradise.

The brightness increases, now allowing one to discern certain formations of a marked human character; a house here, a road there, and as a whole a urban project that was not allowed to be devised for the greater happiness of those inhabiting it. A dull jolt, followed without delay by a roaring of engines counteracting the function they had performed until that moment, with brakes on instead of pushing, and the movements inside the passenger compartment turn anxious from discomfort. Three hundred people stand up in unison, taking hold of the personal items they left off in the hand luggage compartments scarcely a few hours before and, with polite impatience, expecting the people constraining us from starting our walk of descent, stop grabbing their gear and, in most cases, give away with that universal norm of politeness which, for sure, if non existing would make it more laborious for us to stand in line inasmuch as existing a narrow airplane squashing human bodies would be a truly uncomfortable act.

And so, as descending the steps, video camera in hand to immortalize the occasion, and she knowing his wish, she did not fail to record him while advancing with steadily walking toward the booth saying "Mataverí", with a question for all remarks:

— Where are you? —

And his reply, as he could see on returning home and viewing the recording, had been accompanied with the greatest smile ever:

— On Easter Island. —

The first memory, and the most vivid, was nevertheless the smell that would later accompany them for a lifetime and they associated as, in description most resembling, that one remaining in a kitchen during and after boiling greens to make broth. A singular smell, cloying but pleasant, and at the same time almost familiar, a blend of banana trees, fig, red sand and volcanic stone, humus and saltpeter, seasoned with a pinch of newly burned kerosene, remnant of the four landings per week brought about in the Easter Island Airport, “The eyes that look to the sky”, Mataverí.

With that smell stuck in their clothes, they headed toward collecting baggage, not without first making sure that was actually Easter Island, thanks to the fake Moai figure greeting tourists halfway between the airplane and the airport booth. Only after entering the baggage room they started to perceive the reality surrounding them: people of Polynesian profile, menacing perhaps from their solemn appearance and from the skin browned by the sun which warrants so much deference from those of pale face, and surely for the countless film references of low-brow, grave aspect and martial intentions. And in case it might not be much, that sensation of chaos which, since no baggage conveyor belt exists, it is rather from calmness, nor does it fail to produce it, inasmuch as the suitcases are placed facing the tourists and each one grabs their own.

But the sense of abandonment had -other reasons; many of those who had got off the plane are greeted with flower garlands by family members since these people are returning home after being on the continent, while the tourists are approached by people on the island who try to convince them that their house is the best to spend the night and the following nights and, as a fundamental element, nobody carries a placard with their names. After collecting the bags, which are almost the last as it is de rigueur and to increase the nervousness, a little fragile-looking subject approaches them to ensure their identity and, after putting a garland of yellow flowers ungraceful way, invites them to get onto a van along with an Australian tourist who seems to be more gobsmacked than them.

When the door of the van was closed they really began to run, although briefly, the paths of the island. And to help calm their nerves they could see several people who were roaming little illuminated paths with such amazing tranquility and with such great carefree joy that they

thought, just a few hours later, at dawn, that they would feel that same lack of safety.

The first stop was at the hotel of the Australian woman who, being the first one to go onto the van, made them have to get off to let her get off and which produced the first comic situation. The face of the driver of the van, the only companion, reflected a certain doubt on how to refer to him and, as illuminated by a light of linguistic internationalism, told him in a perfect Spanish:

—*Usted esperar*. —And it was because of his Saxon features that he had been confused with an English-speaking person.

Fixed the mess, they arrived at their hotel and already at the reception they were assigned a room, number 139. After this, and with the sense of organization that had always characterized them, they asked about the plans for the near future.

—So, which excursion are we going to take tomorrow?

—Let me see it —answered the concierge looking at some papers. Three men, sitting on a bench in the reception were laughing and speaking among them. —You don't have any programmed excursion, but if you want to check out this list of activities...

—Needless to. —said one of the men sitting on the bench, judging from its appearance he should be the owner of the hotel—. Have a peaceful sleep and don't be in a hurry to get up. Although here it's ten in the evening, due to the change of time for you it's midnight and the journey from Santiago is very tiring. Tomorrow morning we can talk about the issue. He took them to their room and said good night.

And so it was as it happened.

During the tour through the halls a "Barata", Chilean cockroach, also welcomed them and doing that, once the concierge had closed the door and after putting on the lightweight pajama, they put a towel on the bottom of the door and blocked up the bathroom's drain grille with the bath mat, just in case.

The darkness of Morfeo, which did not hesitate to take ownership of them, put the point end to that day of transition.

The inside of the ship was an empty mausoleum. No sound could be heard through the wide corridors when Ariki left the isolation lock; only the dim red emergency light, which was connected when he decided to thoroughly clean the ship, intermittently lighted his way to the control room. Despite everything, he felt no sense of panic cause he was sure he was the only living thing inside the ship.

As auxiliary systems were activated, he had no difficulty in opening the door of the room, approaching the captain's terminal of the computer and restoring navigation conditions. The circulating red lights gave way to a cold but at the same time more welcoming fluorescent light. Only then he began to raise his survival seriously.

Thanks to his work he knew each and every one of the ins and outs of the operation systems of the ship, but not deeply or, of course, fluently enough to engage in cases like this one; he was able, however, of scanning, first of all, the vital support resources he could bear in mind. Food, stretched up to minimum levels of survival, could last between six and seven of his days; air, stored before disinfecting the ship, could keep him alive more than fifteen days, but its quality, both compositional and bacteriological levels, would be lost with the time passing by. At the end, he might be infected by the virus with just that one cell that had escaped the control of the central computer; initially the air vents were very selective but as supply was running out, smaller elements would escape.

The available fuel also showed serious difficulties; due to the accident with the alien ship, it had been reduced to just the right amount to stop in the vicinity of a planet having to use, in addition, any celestial object as aid.

His situation was not, certainly, a flattering one. His options, therefore, resided on finding a habitable planet possible to approach with minimum consumption of energy, in the shortest amount of time.

His luck- turned on spectacularly when he tracked out the space. He was closer to a yellow star with a long expected life that, according to the computer data, was his last chance for living. In its interior area, bordered by an asteroid belt from a planet that could not be born, were four tiny planets. The closest to the star had no atmosphere and its surface temperatures were extremely hot in the face one to the star and terribly cold on the opposite side. The fourth planet, with a tenuous atmosphere, was very cold, while the second one had such a corrosive atmosphere that had not permitted to reach its surface before being melted by the effect of the acid. The third one was what they say good looking. Breathable atmosphere, plenty of water, extreme temperatures

unseasonably mild in its almost entire surface and glimpses of life, although very primitive. A barren satellite, with a proportional size that would make you consider both together as a double planet, would help him in his braking.

The rest of the planets, huge balls of gas that could be considered protostars, would facilitate the sufficient wave effect thrust to shorten the approach to the third one.

Without hesitating even one second Arika put hands on work with the clumsiness of the one who didn't use to do something; he inputted all data on the computer which outputted the plan to follow: two approaches to the protostars to correct the path and to gain speed, an orbit to the fourth planet to start braking and a last orbit to the barren satellite to increase the power of the engines in its difficult task of slow cruising speed. That would let him orbit- the planet in a short time and with enough fuel to locate the place which would be his last home.

The awakening brought better feelings than those experienced last night. Through the window, provided with a mosquito net, they were now able to really appreciate the exotic nature of the island; a few banana trees in the area surrounding the hotel were giving welcome. A quick shower, with the concern of not knowing what was the plan of the day, a moment of photographic immortality with the garlands of yellow flowers that had given them the night before and which already were not too good looking although the good smell, the forced semi-order of the luggage and its contents in an act of physical possession of the room and they went promptly to the reception desk of the hotel.

—Good morning.

—Good morning.

With Polynesian appearance, a dark-skinned with mirror sunglasses man was friendly but with taciturn words.

—We would like to know where to have breakfast and the excursion scheduled for today, please.

—Yes, of course. Breakfast is a self-service counter at the end of the corridor where your room is located. Regarding the trip, one moment please, I'll ask my dad.

“Dad” was, of course, the owner of the establishment as they had guessed last night and it took him a little while to inform them.

—Good morning. The agency have told me the first half-day excursion is scheduled for this afternoon at about four, after lunch. Go for breakfast and then return to the reception desk and my son will instruct you on what can you do this morning.

—Thank you so much.

And without any further word they went to have breakfast.

The corridor, indeed, led to the lunch room; as soon as they set foot in the room a solicitous waiter showed them a table allowing to save them those moments of doubt they always had when accessing a site with people. A small German flag was quickly replaced by the Spanish one as they began a dialogue with the waiter about his culinary desires, giving to understand that at each table of four there was a banner of the country of the guests and they could identify their nationalities among them and, probably, the idiomatic affinities. They could appreciate, thanks to it, that the other tenants were reduced, at least in that hour of breakfast, to two pairs of British and French old people.

The breakfast, although scarce variety, was abundant; bananas, slices of passion fruit, coffee and toasts with butter and jam. After finishing off breakfast, they returned to the room to be provided of all the essential video-photographic material and of the book which would allow

them to investigate on their own if the recommendations of the concierge-son did not convince themselves.

—Well —he began to indicate by giving them a map of Hanga Roa with clear indications and marked with circles of ink. As they would later check, the paucity in words decreased greatly when he started explaining things about the island. —We are here. If you go down this street you will reach the Centre of the village and I have marked with a pen points which I consider most important to visit on it: the Church, the handicraft market and the fruits one, the Englehart Museum, a restaurant where you can take lunch and where you will receive special treatment if you say you come on behalf of me, and already out of the village, the Ahu Tahai Ceremonial Complex.

They spent the morning with the joy of any new discovery together with that bit of semi-improvisation that gives wander aimlessly but with the invaluable help of a map. They first toured the distance separating them from the main street until they reached the corner where the Lan Chile airline's offices were. The compacted red soil, as of tennis court, was soon replaced by a few curious paving of stones of the same ochre color but paler, with very curious geometric shapes that linked in a tapestry of rhomboid or rectangular pleasant view; such was the ground composition of the street where just a few vehicles were circulating. On both sides of the street there were wide and deep ditches as watercourses towards the sea, for what should be strong tropical storms, as they would check later; a few but intense.

They continued down the street until reaching the edge of the ocean to descry their first authentic Moai, beside which one crane and four workers seemed to want to lodge it definitively; fishermen's Bay surprised them by its resemblance to the hundreds the same that can be seen on the shores of almost anywhere in the world, with statue of Catholic Saint included. A casual surfer of Germanic traits also surprised them by his boldness, though not less hardener that one whose wake they could see in the distance. The German, seeing the difficult evolution of its companion's adventure in the raging sea, withdrew his attempt even before touching the water.

In the distance, but within the island, they could see a curious weather phenomenon that occurs in this small piece of land surrounded by three thousand kilometers of sea in any direction you want to look at; in the mountains that cut against the horizon, a storm dumping with such force that the mantle of falling water was visible from the distance, giving the paradox that the sun was shining brightly in the area where they were. The sky over the sea also remained clean, prompting them to guess that the little piece of land that was the island concentrated

moisture of the air and fell on it with violence; hence, also, the broad ditches they saw skirting the main street.

Without stopping in excess to check out the phenomenon, they went to Ahu Tahai Ceremonial Complex after traversing a distance which initially seemed to be minor. A small look at the obituary that was halfway and the Ahu, with its four statues in a pitiful state allowed them to realise where they were; a well-preserved Mohai, rebuilt in its minutest details including the eyes of coral, highlighted its perfection on all the others. Remains of some alleged homes on an esplanade and a few stones arranged as a jetty following the theory of the inclined plane completed the ruins. A woman sitting on the esplanade, with a few blankets placed wires on the ground on which a large number of crafts were deposited, including the statue of a Moai carved in wood which with the time would decorate the lounge of his house, gave the place the appropriate tourist touch.

After appropriate photographs and video recordings, they resumed their way back toward the fishermen's bay but not before passing through the markets of crafts and of fruit; the visit to the Museum was delayed by its isolation with regard to the location of the set of curiosities of Hanga Roa, and because mealtime was close.

Restaurant Pea, located on the waters of the Bay and that had been opened just a couple of months before, was small but cozy. Large windows allowed him to see the majesty of the Pacific Ocean while hunger was satisfied. Two tuna steaks, the largest they had seen in their life, dessert, beverage and coffee, were enough to be satisfied. But not before checking out another peculiarity of Easter Island; there was a delay in the arrival of a beer and tuna because the gas and the beers were unavailable, and until the plane did not land and supplies were discharged they could not serve them properly. Their understanding of the problem eased things.

And because of the time pressure, they returned to the hotel tired but satisfied of their initial contact not only with the historical sites but also with the idiosyncrasy of the Easter island and its inhabitants.

Initially, Ariki thought that maybe it was better to orbit the planet trying to find a spot where he would be safe and comfortable, but the fuel shortage forced him to leave the planet orbit around his ship, so he stood from a safe distance away and let the surface of the planet, in his slow walk, pass- by the front of his eyes and the attentive scanners of the ship.

The dry land represented approximately thirty percent of the planet's surface, also divided into five portions of considerable size; three of them were somehow grouped in a side of the planet forming almost a whole, another one was in one of the polar ice caps while the fifth one was separated from the others but relatively close, just separated by a, in comparison, narrow Ocean.

He dismissed all them due to their size and his attention focused on the vast ocean that was in contrast to the large land masses. Thousands of small islands dotted here and there the ocean, although later, and thanks to the indications of the computer, he began to concentrate on a few of them since the distribution of land masses did not obey a quirk of nature but to the intense volcanic and seismic activity of the friction of the ground plates in that area. Some islands emerged in a few hours to be then engulfed by the waters within a few days.

Thus, his attention focused on the area between the southern part of the nearby continent and the land mass that was in the polar ice cap; one very large, the other very cold. He followed the coastline towards the other polar ice cap and then he bumped into it. That tiny triangular Island met all the features he wanted. Around it there was nothing except lots of water, its mountainous terrain secured rainy season to stock up on drinking water, and in turn, it allowed that vegetation could grow with exuberance. Its sheer cliffs, bordering the island on the whole, except in a small beach, made it almost impossible to access.

For some time now the volcanic activity had ceased in that area, while two craters, memories of past eras, could be useful as water tank and to hide the mothership in case that needed. It was, furthermore, the ideal place to retire without affecting the evolution of the planet. Perfect.

With the decision already taken Ariki began to think about the "how". He would go down to the island with a shuttle equipped with the most essential technological elements; the mothership would then be orbiting the planet for two very specific reasons: the first one to serve as an eye in space to probe both downward and upward, to know the evolution of the planet and its life and to track space just in case any of the other ships that left his home world with them, which had soon lost sight. The second reason was more aimed at the survival; if he ever had to abandon the planet, would he always have the ship parked outside. But

this last thought also had certain difficulties. Nuclear fuel had already run its course and now the ship ran on batteries that soon would end up. The solar panels deployed in its entirety, could capture the solar wind and convert it into storable energy but he calculated that so that energy levels would be in the minimum conditions for a long trip, to pick him up at the ground and the provisions that he could need, it would pass, at least, three thousand of the orbits of the planet around its star.

There's no point in complaining so he deployed the solar panels, instructed the computer to load the shuttle with what he thought he could need, especially the mother board computer portable terminal, and went to clean his body for the last time on the ship. When the computer told him that the shuttle was charged and ready to launch, he took the time left to explore the ship. And then the homesickness and the loneliness, surely because he had already covered their most urgent needs, took over it.

His memories released him until the day when, on his planet, he had been selected for splitting in the hope of finding new habitable worlds. His civilization had prospered in many ways; technological advances made out big leisure time and quasi non-existent physical vicissitudes. Fun and entertainment had occupied the planet but, on the contrary, nuclear energy had greatly contaminated surface. Prohibited areas had increased year over year, the drastic birth control had putted a curb on population growth but the population, thanks to advances in medicine and the discovery of factors producing the aging, had increased to overpopulation in increasingly restricted and lacking in resources areas. The wars, which also had long been eradicated, threatened again to return, more as a matter of survival than as a mere appropriation of a territory that was already a scarce commodity.

Thus, twenty ships were launched into space in search of hope; ten exploration ones, with a reduced crew and great technological capacity. The rest were couples of two ships with a lot of people and another one with a large amount of food. Initially, they thought that exploration ships went also in pairs to help if necessary, but when they increased their speed up to one-third of the light, all contact between them and their partner was lost. Since then, and until the time of the accidental collision, their wandering had not succeeded; just a planet with its surface covered by full by vegetables so hostile at the bacterial level that its habitability was unthinkable.

As he wandered around the corridors and the rooms, his memories came closer in time. The captain's room was where he had spent more time dreaming. A companion, features hard but equipped with a great charisma, had been the first to die due to being interested, too much perhaps, in members of his crew who first had been affected by the

virus. His great personality had made that Ariki had always wanted to look like him; the mixture of admiration and respect from everyone was very difficult to achieve. They could have a conversation with him in the cantina, enjoying playing games or weeping bitterly in his shoulder with no regret from him; but, at the same time, always maintaining the distances with everyone, as if he was on a pedestal, and when he gave an order, it was obeyed then, not only because he was the captain but because all relied on his good to do. Even his way of imparting them gave the impression of being more a suggestion than a direct mandate. None of this happened yet.

A beep from the computer as the optimal timing of the release was near and the fact that the next one would not occur until one orbit later, finally he decided to leave. "It is better for me to go, thought Ariki, or, otherwise, I will never get off." He entered the shuttle without looking back and ordered the release. Moments later, the ship was only a white point against the deep black while on the other side the blue filled the hatch.

First thing in the afternoon, as they had been announced, a van arrived to pick them up at the door of the hotel; It was already a while that looked forward, with the immortalization units, sitting on the bank of the reception. When the driver mentioned their names, they rose to their feet and walked by the entrance hallway which was flanked by four souvenir shops, they were taken to the street and were introduced through the sliding door of the van. The guide, born Italian although perfectly Eastern now, greeted them in a perfect Spanish that even so it still retained a strong transalpine accent. They were accommodated in the best seats, the front ones which allowed a better view, and undertook the motion. The tortuous paths of reddish sand penetrated in Hanga Roa to then follow the coast up to the wharf where twice a year a transatlantic unloaded mainly supplying fuel the island, then they went up to a small promontory where the other important hotel of the place was. The technical stop was brief because the other six people, a couple of newly married Chilean in full honey moon, two Spanish women on vacation and a pair of aged Americans, surely gradually spending their life's savings, that seemed to be many by judging their clothes, were ready to set off as soon as they arrived.

After the timely courteous greetings of rigor, they head to the hill which dominated the town of Hanga Roa, and on top of which was the ceremonial center of Orongo and the crater of the Rano Kao volcano; during the short trip, the guide began to give introductory explanations on the site that they were about to visit. On the island there were two volcanic craters, one almost in the center of it and the other one at one end, precisely the one they were about to visit. Both were linked to the esotericism of the inhabitants of the island. That was in the Center served as a quarry where the Moais were built for, leaving them down the slope of the mountain, moving them to their final resting places, called AHU. The Rano Kao, located in the South, gave shelter to the ceremony of the Birdman, which would be explained later.

Halfway, they stopped to contemplate a view of Hanga Roa from a high place. The nucleus was formed by a huge rectangle of low houses, since in Easter Island no building had two floors, bordered by the sea headed by fishermen's bay; in its end, a Chilean base housed a small group of men from a strategic promontory. To the North and the East two plains died in a few promontories while to the South the runway, vital for the survival of the inhabitants, framed the village. Seen from that height, it didn't seem that nearly three thousand people lived in, since the rest of the island was virtually uninhabited, except for a few nomads.

Various high-tech elements highlighted on the humility of the buildings; two huge satellite dishes served as communicative junction for

telephone networks, at the same time that surely should play a military role for the base. Nothing spectacular should be noted so, after making the customary pictures, they resumed the march.

Minutes later, a new stop and they arrived at the crater of the Rano Kao. Its appearance was impressive; a circle almost perfect, just cut a slight wound framing the set, from which a few carved hillsides down in descent to die on the shore of a lake of water of a sky blue so intense that it had damaged their eyes if being full, but the surface was spotted by hundreds of tiny plant extensions of *titora*, brought by wind from the mainland which is the same as that seen in Lake Titicaca. The surface, however much they look at it, remained with a stillness so enormous that seemed carved on marble; even the leaves of the plants moved by a wind that was unable to descend the slope down. So impressed were in contemplation that hardly they heard the explanations of the guide, except that fragment in which recounted that the Chief Hotu Matua, the colonizer of the island, had named it "Eye looking towards heaven", due to a curious dream that had just landed.

More photos and video recordings and, without having to get into the van, the guide approached them to the ceremonial center of Orongo, where some archaeologists were working on a reconstruction of what had been the homes of the heads of the tribes according to a true scientific study. The guide suggested they stopped and only said a phrase:

—Without any doubt, Galileo Galilei came until Easter to check the roundness of the Earth.

And from that point, the arc's vision was so broad that it allowed to appreciate a slight curvature in the horizon which, although they were commissioned to record a video, it could not be appreciated more than at that point. A moment of surprise, and they continued the visit.

This time the explanations were carefully listened to. The history said that once a year, when spring arrived, Easter inhabitants gathered there to recognize the new leader. Each tribe of the nine that were descendants of the nine sons of Hotu Matua, chose a representative for the competition, which consisted of descending the rugged cliff, swim to one of the three islets that are visible from Orongo, capturing an egg and returning with it, unless he broke, to give it to the chief of his tribe, which was named Birdman, that is, leader of the island. While his mandate lasted, that is for a year, anything he wanted should be addressed, including the death of someone. It was clear that it should not exceed since it could be the case that the following year, his tribe was not the winner and suffered the revenge of their opponents.

After the mini-conference, there was the time to collect memories in photos and video recordings, time for this was another surprise since the

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