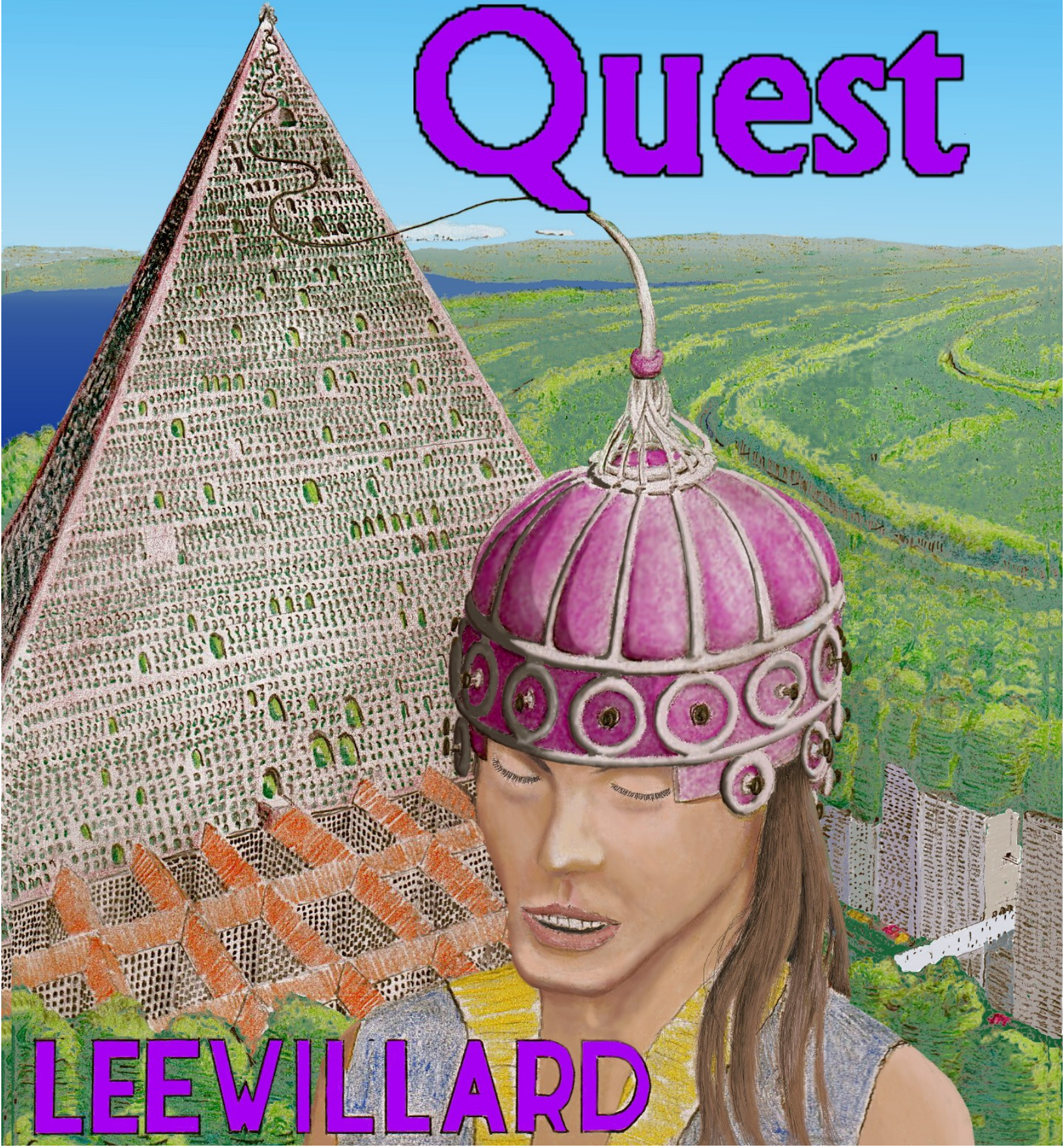


The Tdeshi Quest



LEEVILLARD

The Tdeshi Quest

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This is a copyrighted work of Lee Willard. The fictional world of Kassidor at 61Cygni A and the premise that the 'hippy' culture of the 1960's originated there is a creation of Lee Willard.

The idea that there is a whole list of different fictional worlds that really amount to different times and places on the same celestial body is not copyrighted, but many of the works alluded to but not quoted herein are copyrighted and their copyrights are held by others.

This work is dedicated to Beverly, who in many ways was the inspiration for the Ava character of this and many other tales of Kassidor's starship age.

Background information on the planet Kassidor and other stories by Lee Willard can be found at www.kassidor.com

Cover sketch by Lee Willard

The Tdeshi Quest

She wanted to learn of the person who was born in her body. He wanted to learn the fate of his one-time lover and best friend's daughter. Can they work together to find out? Can she forgive the institution that gave her new life when his suspicions that Tdeshi was deliberately terminated start to look like fact? And how do you eliminate someone when the Instinct prevents harming a fellow human being?

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Foreword

A Few Notes on the Translation

Please understand that while Kassidor is very Earthlike compared to Mars or Venus or especially Neptune, its natives do not actually speak English. As much as possible we have tried to translate the native language into English of similar formality, slanginess and correctness but there are some places where that is difficult.

Names of people and places have not been translated for the most part unless the literal translation means the same thing in both languages. The animals and plants native to the planet are completely different and have no ready translations into English. In cases where the name translates without changing it's meaning, it is translated or half translated, when the name won't translate well, the name in common Kassidorian is used.

Idiomatic expressions have been substituted in both directions. Where an English idiom sounds more appropriate, it has been substituted, even if there was none in the original.

This translation makes use of some English words that don't translate very well. Smaller units of time that are physically arbitrary have been translated to hours, minutes, seconds. The 'day' and 'year' however have implications of light and dark and seasons. These are vastly different on the planet Kassidor.

The following describes some of the terms we will use thruout the text. To further the confusion, most numbers dealing with these natural units of time are left in base six because it translates much easier.

day	[sin] The time from waking up, to waking up again. This happens three times a week in the Kassidorian calender. The word day is also used to mean the time when one is awake [ko].
week	[vak] The time Kassidor takes to rotate on it's axis. 84hr. 39 min. relative to Kortrax as seen from the surface. Divided into three 'days' (Morningday [Koyahn], Afternoonday [Kovar] and Nightday [Kozor]) and three 'sleeps' (Dawnsleep [Viyeen], Noonsleep [Vistee] and Dusksleep [Vikhone])
year	[voy] A period of time, 64.46 days, that Kassidor takes to orbit Kortrax. There are 18 or 19 weeks in the year, but in the text this will be 30 or 31. Seasons are four or five weeks long.
decade	[Yen] A period of time equal to about 6½ Earth years. 36 years of the planet Kassidor, 100 in base 6.
century	[Yeeng] A period of time that is actually equal to 229 Earth years. This is 36 decades, 100 decades in base 6. This is 1296 years of the planet

Kassidor.

Instinct This word, capitalized, refers to a genetic modification that prevents any human from using force or violence on another. Any part of the body one attempts to use in harming someone becomes paralyzed for minutes. This is ‘blamed’ on the Kassikan but the Kassikan knows it was made in the labs of Brancetrabble, half a world away.

kayak [tay] 2-person boat grown from a floating pod in the lon phylum. It is as common as cars are on Earth for personal transportation in the Highlands.

The following terms from the local language will be used thruout.

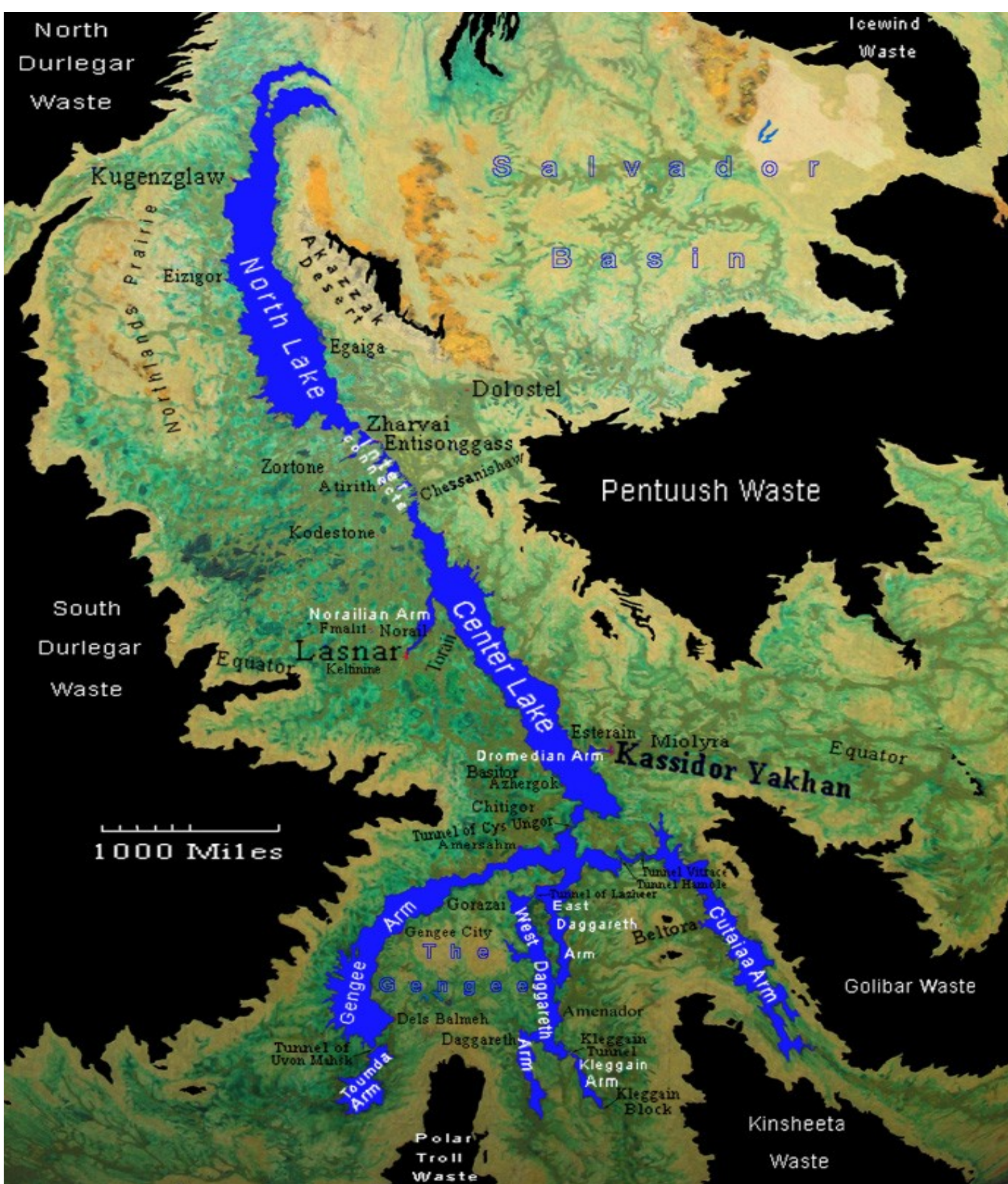
Kassidor Literally ‘All the lands’ or ‘Everythingland’ in common Kassidorian. Name of the planet in it’s main language. Most properly translated as ‘The set of all lands.’

Kortrax Native name for 61 Cygni A, their sun. It is a proper noun and addressed in the sentient gender.

Narrulla The planet’s largest and closest moon, a 100 mile egg. It orbits every 27 hr. 51 min. but because the planet also rotates, it goes around just a smidge

over twice a week. 40-mile in diameter
Onchegeela is also visible to the naked eye and
orbits the planet in a little more than three local
weeks.

Yakhan Can be translated as downtown, main hub, etc.
What it includes depends on your distance. It is
the great city of the Highland Elves, the site of the
Kassikan or the denser part closer to the center of
that city.



The Elven Highlands



Kassidor Yakhon

Preface - 83 Earth Years Ago

A Letter From Tdeshi

To: Jorma - Behind 7th Main, Beccia St
West Harbor of Sinbara town 18.167N
4.717W

I'm so sorry I haven't written to you. I've just been so busy. I still remember you and still love you of course. There's just nothing to say except I'm studying a lot. I never knew there were so many fittings being manufactured today. I'm studying gas to get a day job if I have to. I never knew how many people could be killed in a gas explosion in a heavily built up area, it's scary. I'm living with an older guy, I think he's like two or three centuries. He's taking care of me but he isn't anywhere near as good a fuck as you are. xxx. I haven't been downtown yet but I'm going to go any year now. The school here is good enough for now and very practical. I've learned a lot more about the business of artistic painting also than I thought existed. Hyondahi (the guy I'm with now) got me a lot of jobs already, I'm kind of strung out getting them all done along with the studying, but I don't want him to know that. I got to get them done now because I hear there might be a great opportunity coming up that might pay my way into the Kassikan for a

year. I don't want to dream now, have to grind the nose and all that. That's more reason I haven't written long missives to you detailing all the petty trials and tribulations you go thru in the fringes of the city. I still want to see it, (downtown) but I'm a little afraid. Sorry this isn't more organized but I'm gulping a little lunch (see the stains). When this is over we're going to make up for the lost sack time or my name ain't Tdeshi!

From: Tdeshi - 16w6 Enskenn Walk
Eleknane Canal, Sistril Lake 1.414S
0.042E
On: Nightday of Chezhervizhod, 100,00,23

An Argument Overheard

It was a relatively large room, on the fourth floor of a concrete-block building that was just starting to show it's age. The vine was just beginning to replace the weathered built-wood rail on the narrow balcony at the time. The wide folding doors to the balcony stood open in early Afternoon, making the room inside seem almost like outdoors. It overlooked this narrow canal, facing similar houses on the far side. The air was still that day, no laundry lines creaked, few charraspas rattled in the canal-side trees. It was hot, and late in Noonsleep for most people, so few paddled the canal.

In that room a slim, long-legged girl with long, straight, dark hair and a pretty butt lay nude on the bed, up on her elbows with a note pad. "O.K." she was saying, "I got all that written down. Now please, give me that drop and let me get going."

A slender, blond, Elven man was pacing the floor. "I don't feel right doing this," he said, "It's just too dangerous."

"You don't trust me," she said.

"It's not that," he said.

"Then what?"

"It's too dangerous in this form," he held a small ampule up in front of his face, well out of her reach. "I need to mix it down and make tabs."

"I'll get that done," she said, "I don't have space yet, don't you talk to Himla at all?"

"He tells me nothing," the man said. "We haven't talked since he sent you down to mule that bottle to Eleknane."

A lone U-paddle stroked by, only one passenger with the boatman. They still made good time and before long the sounds of their wake had died away.

“...problem before. So you see I can unload it and pay you back, I just don’t have space right now.”

“You can stay here,” the man said, reluctantly it seemed.

“This one trip up here was expensive, I can’t be dropping four pennies on paddle fees every class. If I can turn a copper, I can get into Novice, there’s cubicles where copper’s all the deposit I need.”

“But your class starts in little more than an hour.”

“All I could afford was a lugger coming down here. It took me over a week from Chardovia.”

“Come back when you get space.”

A lone kayak glided by in the other direction. Its wake was gentle and soon dissipated, but then someone else came by. Time was running short, Afternoonday was pending. The woman writhed on the bed, and then rolled and got up, pressing against the man. There was conversation, some of it heated. Traffic died down again, but there would be more.

“...this scholarship,” the man shouted, “wasn’t that enough?”

The woman wound herself around the man, said things softly in his ear.

“I’m spent,” he said more softly than he had been but not as softly as she was. The woman purred in his ear again, he replied. “I know, and you’re going to need to pay for a needleboat to get there in time.”

“I’ve got my certificate on me,” she said, loud enough to carry, causing a smile and a sigh of pleasure across the canal.

Another paddler came by, then two guys the other way coming home blotto from a very late noon evening. They were loud. She watched the woman disappear from view for a few minutes while the man leaned back over the bed. Once she stood up, the ampule was handed over, and the women disappeared into other rooms. The man stood up and paced the room a few more times, the sound of his voice, but not the meaning of his words, drifted across the canal. He turned and came to the balcony. He leaned on it and looked across the canal.

By then the woman who had been listening had heard and seen enough and was gone from the window. She had to go get some breakfast on her way to a shift as a physician's assistant far down the canal, but she left smiling, satisfied that her plan was working, and ready to complete it at the stubby public dock on the canal below.

The Brazilian Expedition

As soon as they were near the field where the starship landed, Kulai had a much better appreciation for the problem. Even with the high walls, every place with any view of the ship or even the field that held it was packed with noisy crowds. There were women screaming to them, baring themselves and offering themselves. All the old superstitions and religions were represented in the crowd, many beliefs that had been discredited for centuries had resurrected themselves and had shamen here proselytizing to the crowds or conducting ceremonies. Cooks and kegmen and entertainers were set up everywhere they could squeeze in. Purveyors of every charm, trinket or talisman hawked their wares from all sides. The local residents must have evacuated because it would have been impossible to carry on life in this bedlam as huge crowds pressed in to try and catch a glimpse of the starship.

The starship had landed in the closest field to the Kassikan that was big enough to fit it, and even so, it was fourteen miles on ever-smaller canals to get here. The ship was unable to land in the water and pull up to a dock and it could not hover silently like a floater at tether. It had landed like a dactyl he'd been told, with a great wind and thunder. It had been down on this field thru a whole dark now. All thru Nightday it had remained closed while the people aboard said they were going thru a decontamination procedure before opening their portal. It wasn't til this Morningday that they were finally ready to emerge.

If it wasn't for this tunnel thru to a boat stop on the little Feeb Marda Canal, little more than an irrigation ditch, it would be impossible to get thru the gates. The Kassikan sent cargo thru the main gates of this field with great difficulty, using big locked wagons as a ruse. It kept the crowd's interest away from this stop. This stop was not the closest to any of the farm gates that could access that field, but even so it was busy and they had to mill around the tunnel's unmarked entrance until they could duck in unobserved.

The way from the station was a circuitous route thru planked-over alleys and basements. It was going to be difficult transporting patients over this. For a second he wondered if getting this assignment wasn't going to be such a privilege after all. Sure he wanted to be a part of the greatest event in modern times, but if was going to be nothing but drudgery, he could be just as happy to read about it.

Kulai didn't get to see the starship itself until they were inside the compound at the far end of the entry tunnel. The starship, up close, drowned out the noise of the throngs outside though it was as silent as dawn in the deep desert. Its presence blocked his ears. It was more impressive than the ever-present news articles about it could convey over the decade and forty it took to approach. The thing was as long as a large deep-water vessel, but was standing on three huge telescoping legs made of very thick and shiny metal. It flies, but it is made of partly of brick, but mainly of alloys who's denominations he couldn't even guess. One of the rods that extended to lower a platform with the patients on it looked like it outweighed the whole world's heavy money supply.

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