

The Report of **The Second Expedition** To 61 Cygni
Vol I.

Yoonbarla



Lee Willard

**The Report of
The Second Expedition
to 61 Cygni**

Vol I.

Yoonbarla

Copyright 2010 by Lee Willard

The following is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real persons places or things, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

The fictional world of modern Kassidor and the premise that the 'hippy' culture that began in the 1960's came from there is a creation of Lee Willard. Other works of fiction alluded to in this work may be copyrighted and the copyrights held by others.

The Second Expedition trilogy is dedicated to Trudi, who has been the Desa in my life. Without her help and support this tale could not have existed. She has done so much more for this project than pose for this cover.

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

Cover by Roger Zuidema and Lee Willard

The Report of
The Second Expedition
to 61 Cygni

Vol. I.

Yoonbarla

In the 1960's a new culture invaded the planet Earth, challenging established ways of thinking and throwing parts of society into turmoil for generations to come. Three hundred years later, an expedition of simulated Angels from a space-faring Christial theocracy finds the world that culture came from.

Book I.	Knume's Dilemma	1
Book II.	Alan Reaches Land	38
Book III.	In The Garden	78
Book IV.	In the Mountains	100
Book V.	Teacher	148
Book VI.	Student	198
Book VII.	Lumbering Day	254
Book VIII.	Gordon's Lamp	313
Book IX.	The Boy From YingolNeerie	360
Book X.	At the Castle	426
Book XI.	The Logging Party	440

Book I. Knume's Dilemma

A Consultation With the Mountain

Far across the valley a morning came. The purple-banded ember that was Kortrax pulled himself together above the eastern peaks and with his rays, painted mottled patterns on the clouds below. Thru the nearer peaks the dawnwind whistled, blowing scattered rags of cloud into the emerald-jungled mountains that tumbled down into the mighty valley miles below.

Deep round brown eyes gazed forlornly over one of the finest views in central Wescarp. An elfin face peeked out from between thick ruddy-brown curls that spread across her shoulders. Little of her smooth and dusky skin showed as she huddled close in her wrap against the cold, concealing her trim figure from the dawn chill. She looked the part of a country girl, but in truth was one of the most familiar with cities of all the local people.

“I really should have known,” she sighed aloud to herself. She had known Enva long enough, knew what he was like and what he thought of her. He was such a piece that women often thru themselves at him, pretty much as she had done. Once in a while he would consent to give one a wham-bam and say ‘thanks, it’s been nice’ and shut the door against the cheeks of her ass as he shows her out. He had done it to her

before, she knew he would do it again this time before she even went home with him, so why was she so upset now?

Wasn't she angriest at herself for being like this? Why did she pursue the most beautiful guy in the room? Actually she couldn't really be that harsh with herself, she had pursued Svarloe more than a few times, but even he was content to live by himself at his camp but entertain her as a visitor any sleep of the week she cared to come up.

Wasn't she really angry at herself for settling for casual sex when what she wanted was a long-term partner? But then she could also argue, if you can't get someone to share a home with, why not settle for the best sex you can get? So with that she had followed Enva home.

But once that was over and she was hustled on her way, she was in no mood to go back to Knume's and take the chance of getting caught between him and Valla again. Knume's home wasn't as much fun as it used to be before Desa's sister-child Valla's relationship with him started to unravel. Desa also hadn't been in the mood to sit by the pond and have every yaaged-out late-Nightday wastie come bother her either.

So, in foolhardy disregard of her thin night-wrap and jersey, the trail, and the yaag, she thought it might be nice to watch the sunrise from up here. Just as the horizon glowed pregnant, she finally reached the top of east Nvednmere. The easy climb made difficult by the wan light of Cynd and the crashing buzz of that yaag.

Maybe coming up here was something about self esteem, 'I AM alive, I can accomplish something. Maybe not breakfast with Enva, but I can climb this mountain in the dark with nothing more than a hand torch. I can see more than the streets of Yoonbarla while they Dawnsleep'.

Actually she couldn't see much of the streets from here. She could see the fields and the upper house branches along all three streets of Yoonbarla village. From here one could see that the back streets existed and the early light twinkled on the globes and glass of the central houses. Other than that, Yoonbarla was just fields and trees.

The climb was worth it. Looking beyond Yoonbarla she saw the great valley of the Lhar. She drank in the beauty of the Outer Wescarp Range on the far side of the great valley. Sentinel peaks rising thru the mists, dark claws sunk in Kortrax's coalescing orb. The thread of the river blazed it's sinuous script thru cracks in the cloud below, the purple and orange light reflecting thru the thin mists rising from the Lhar. Kortrax's banding was at a maximum, the swirls of purple that slowly, so slowly, revealed themselves as the great globe of the sun swelled ever further from the shimmer of the horizon. It was enough to make her wish she'd taken another bottle up here to share this with.

It certainly was pretty here, but her life was in a rut. Living was easy, beauty abounded, family and friends were close. But it was so rural. Culturally the only contact the

village of Yoonbarla had with the rest of the world was thru movies and magazines and they were old and tattered by the time they made it out here. People liked to stay medium close, chummy, light and rowdy. The root of her discontent was the local cultural bias that said one's closest confidants should be of the same sex, while she thought her closest confidant should be her lover. So, years ago, she'd sold her house with the intention to leave for an extended stay in a city. She'd been staying in Knume's guest compartment ever since.

She thought longingly of the life and home back in Dos, fourteen decades ago. She missed that life, the fine stone houses and broad streets shaded by sprawling archwood trees. She missed the commerce and industry, the haunting harmonies of its music and the intellectual society of forty five million humans. Dos had a lifestyle where it was no problem to find men who would stay with her for decades, even a century. If it weren't for the rigors of the Kinsheeta pass, she would return there just to be assured of being able to live that lifestyle again.

But there were cities on this side of the waste. Down in the valley where the river Lhar began was Hazorpean, with prettier Bostok up a branch farther north. A hundred miles out on the flats beyond the eastern peaks, Lastriss stood. That was a real city of over a million. Far down river, beyond the wild prairie, lay even larger Shempala, and at the end of the river, Zhlindu. Zhlindu was to this basin what Dos was to her native

land, but it was a much different city. It was even a little larger than Dos, its population listed as fifty nine million. It's music was devastatingly heavy, its products more durable than stylish and it's density of habitation appalling.

She had never been to Zhindu, but she knew it well. Most movies shown in this basin were made in Zhindu, most books and magazines were published there. Where Dos had one huge University, Zhindu had about four hundred, most of them specialty, but with five leading general institutions. With some luck and some references she might get a position at one and not have to work off the boards.

From a distance Zhindu center looked like some kind of mountain, fancifully eroded, heavily jungled. The urban mountain was so big that pictures with layers of clouds working their way up thru the vangs were common in the media. Vang is a word you might not hear much outside the Zhindu basin. It's a street of so many levels, so many times over-re-developed that it begins to be a valley. There were locks moving a dozen ships at a time in each direction across one of the rivers. The tops of its crystal towers were almost three thousand feet above South Harbor.

Since she'd lived in this basin for thirteen decades now, perhaps it was time she made her pilgrimage there, as most other inhabitants of this basin had at some time in their lives. If she was to return to her homeland around the waste by commercial transport, her path took her thru Zhindu, though

it lay a year in the opposite direction. Doing the seventeen thousand miles back to Dos under sail would take at least ten years, with years on the Lake alone.

The last time she was in this mood she sold her house, planning to take the money to a city as the start of a fund for a new yandrille. A decade had passed in the lazy way a decade will in these hills, and she'd frittered away a third of that money already on little more than yaag and snacks. If she didn't get off her butt and do it, soon she would have none of it left, for she was doing nothing lately to earn any pocket change.

But she couldn't just sit here and think about this forever, she had to actually get it done, and if she didn't start moving she was going to be sick with hypothermia. By the time Kortrax fully freed himself of the horizon, it was almost thirty hours since she'd slept and Dawnsleep had given way to Morningday. It was also seven miles, one of them vertical, back to the house. She had no food or water or food and she was amazed that she could get this far while she was as stoned as he had been. Now that she her head had cleared a little, she knew it was stupid to do so.

At first the course took concentration, for it was climbing in the rocky open with nothing but ribbonleaves and the tiny buds of week leaves to cover the ground. There was a half mile of that, losing a quarter of the altitude, till she reached the bottom of the lvinch patch. This was in the saddle between the east and much more challenging west peak of

Nvednmere. Down the bottom of that clearing were a few yoon berries to dent her hunger. With something to make a fire she could have made a feast of pkattas but she had nothing to gut them with and no way to cook them. Just beyond that, in the edge of the forest, was a trickle of brook from which she drank her fill.

There was a pretty serious slope down thru the dense upland forest after that. Once half the vertical mile was done, she drank her fill at the stream again. From here it was only a long stroll between and around the mountain on a familiar logging track. It's shady and pretty, especially so early in the week when horizontal orange rays reflected off the dew. Soft moss soothed her feet and dawn lumins still called a haunting symphony in the misty woods.

Nearly two hours later, her legs were sore and probably would be for days. Advancing Morningday and the exertion warmed her enough so it was fatigue, not cold, that drew her attention now. At last she recognized the shortcut off the logging track that would take her down to the outer fields. This was another steep climb thru deep forest, but here it had seen more logging and was choked with thickets and groves. This leveled out and not all the trees were shaftwoods about half a mile before the edge of the big vedn field. The vedn wasn't quite ripe yet, the blooms had fallen but the kernels growing on small stalks in the center of each rosette were still green, at least two weeks from harvest. A careful but easy

walk a quarter mile across the ripening grain was the fence of Knume's talrin field, reaching even farther into the vedn than Nalu's keda field. Beyond them were the gardens and houses of Yoonbarla.

She found the talrins all excited, at least one was wrapped on each ankle by the time she reached the trellised-vine enclosure that held the nests. Sure enough, Knume was in there and already had an egg basket clipped to the harness and strap he was wearing. It never seemed possible that arms so heavily muscled could handle eggs, but he did it with a skillful, easy confidence.

"So there you are," his deep voice greeted, "looks like you visited somebody's camp last night." He knew that because she was approaching from the field side of the enclosure.

"No, I was up there by myself."

"Nightday's not the usual time to go on a hike?"

She thought she might as well get to the point and not make a long interrogation of this. "I wasn't thinking very practically. I went home with Enva but he threw me out as soon as he came. I was so annoyed over it that I would have kept everyone up with my whining, so I went up the east peak and watched the dawn."

"Glad you survived the climb I heard someone from Napar spotted a theirops a couple weeks back. And sorry about Enva but I thought you knew he's like that."

"Yeah, and so are a lot of other people," she said. "I've

had enough of it, I've decided to get away from here for awhile."

"Oh no, not you. I was beginning to think you might become a native. How far are you going? Not back thru that pass?"

She made an 'I'll climb a mountain in a theirops-infested forest during Dawnsleep but I won't be doing that again' face at him but said only, "No; down-river, probably go see Zhindu. If I did go back to Dos it would be from there under sail." Since they were talking anyway, she started helping pick the eggs.

"You don't have to go, you're welcome here as long as you like. I hope you know that."

"Oh I've liked it so much that this temporary stay til I get my shit together has dragged on a decade. Now seems like a good time to actually get this trip done."

"After all that hiking?" he asked. He could certainly see that she was whipped.

"I don't mean today now, I mean this year, when I can get ready."

"I want you to know I've loved having you around. It'll be a lot less comfortable around here with you gone." He paused to strap the second basket on. "I'll be alone in the house, it'll feel like it's a camp again."

"Why? Has Valla gone from stepping out to staying out?"

"Yeah, and it's Mappu this time."

"What would she want with a crude deformato like that?"

Desa asked rhetorically. Mappu was fat and sweaty and bowlegged and had a cock that wouldn't fit in a fireplace, much less a woman.

“I don't know, she's your kid, you tell me?”

“I might be able to guess why she goes out,” Desa told him, “but not why him; if I may use the sentient pronoun on such a creature.” He was a dumb, loutish, sex entertainer in a dirty, smelly, cum club.

“I think she does it just to tease me, just because she knows nothing could possibly make me madder or disgust me more.”

“Your opinions of Mappu are well known to all. Maybe she is doing it for just that reason. She hasn't told me she is, I haven't thought of it that way, but I can't argue against it.”

“She's making me be the one to throw her out,” he said.

“Your opinion of Mappu is an easy tool to use.”

“Why? Why does she want to get out?”

She had to stop and pry a talrin off her wrist. They are constrictors and in trying to protect their eggs from what look like mouths swallowing them, they go for the throat.

“Because she's never lived with anyone else,” Desa answered. “She was just-grown when we came out of that pass.”

“I let her roam. She carries on at parties almost as much as Pneika and I don't say anything.”

“Well, maybe tenth as much as Pneika.” Even that was quite a lot.

When they'd picked over all the nests they left the pen and walked down the outer field path and then thru the long narrow vegetable fields back to the house. He carried the eggs while she checked the traps as they passed by. She found a couple little yellow stripes that must have been going after their thesh.

Nothing large enough to eat had been in any of the other traps but even the small vermin could eat a lot of garden so she emptied and reset all the traps as they went by.

While they walked, she continued to try and get Knume to understand what it was like to be Valla. Valla was barely weaned when their mother left her with Desa. Knume was Valla's first adult love, she had grown up loving him. As a nubile girl she was in awe of the mighty lumberjack, captain of the party, the hearty laugh, the tall tales of olden times. Knume, on the other hand, could never remember what it was like to know the concept of remembering a first love. The centuries had piled up in his memory to a depth that they could hardly be anything but a spiral. Desa was less than one sixth his age and could remember only indirectly what her youth was like. But she remembered her guilt at her first serious breakup.

Knume's house was quite nice, old and sturdy and overgrown with larorlie. The main walls had grown to solid wood, the roof leaves had matted to a layer almost a foot thick. They passed the sunken courtyard at the back and

started down the narrow stone steps that separated his house from Nemair's. They didn't follow the steps all the way to the street, but entered the side door and took the lower half-flight of interior stairs down to the older stone level of the house that held the entryway, still, and store.

They left all but a few of the eggs and came back upstairs for a late breakfast. There were no onions in, so Desa forgot about rolls and went back to the garden for a couple lorvs while Knume wrapped some eggs to bake. She left him to clean the edible garden pests, which he really never complained about. With his strength he didn't even use two hands on the cleaver.

"These are great" Knume exclaimed after dipping a spoon into the creamy interior of the lorv a few minutes later. He still wasn't familiar with some crops common in Dos that she had brought up from the basin floor another mile and a half below.

All they needed was a little shelter in the winter darks.

"Yeah, and besides the taste, they're easy to cook." Desa liked 'pick and eat' meals.

"That's a plus," he said.

"Want another?"

"I don't want to eat them all up on you."

"It's your garden..." she began.

"But you're growing it," he interrupted.

"...and we've got plenty ripe."

She was having another, and got him one too. While they ate, Desa's thoughts wandered to the possibility of staying with him if Knume and Valla split completely. They got along well enough and he was jolly and fun most of the time. She should have come here last night, instead of getting between them, she would have had him to herself, a nice fuzzy, cuddly, lap to lie in. She wouldn't have had Enva piss her off and Knume did like to have a woman share his household. He thought there should be three or four people living in this house, at least two.

On the other hand, he was almost always awash in yaag and had no higher goal than to log one tree a year, blow the money from it on a great party and cut up the branches for abundant firewood. It was true he made a little spending money by minding the egg store, but that involved more lifting of cups and telling of tales with his customers than anything else. What he made, he spent at the nearest keg. He would mind his garden if he had to, but Desa had been the farmer since she came to the household. Valla had been a very serious thing to him for a long time. Knume, and maybe many others, would see Desa as the substitute bookworm older sister without the tits.

Intellectually they had little to share. They both loved the wilds, but he for adventure, she for beauty. She had a great passion for music, he had none. She had studied history, he had lived it, for he'd walked over fourteen centuries. Yet he knew little of the larger events that went on around him and

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

