

Chapter 3

The Zoths have been attacking the Sastens for years. They want the Sasten land. They have attacked with rocks and sticks, with spears and daggers, but they have never had guns.

The Sastens stand still. Nobody speaks.

I must see what is going on.

'I am the Queen of the Sastens,' I tell them. 'Please drop your guns. There is no need for them. We are not armed.'

The Zoths grin. 'No, but we are.'

'What are you doing here?' I ask. 'Do you want to speak to me?'

'No. We have come for your land.'

'It is not for sale.'

'We are not going to pay you. We are just going to take it,' the leader tells me.

I am very afraid. I want to run away, but I cannot let the Zoths see that. I must show them that I am a brave and fearless.

‘What is your name?’ I ask the leader.

‘I am Fane. Commander of the Zoths.’

‘Will you have a drink, Fane?’ I ask.

‘And when the game has finished, you can eat with us. Then we will ask you to leave, and take your guns with you. We do not want them here.’

Fane shouts at me. ‘No, *you* will leave. The Sastens must leave, or we will kill you.’

‘What, all of us?’

‘Yes. All the Sastens must go. *Now!*’