





for 4 year(s) 2 month(s). Two of my [pause] under [pause] my subordinates following me from green company. My old unit you see. My other two were living as er how is that said [pause] in the prison they are working for 2 year(s) already. I was sent to replace old captain.

D.B. Where did the order come from?

K. For what?

D.B. The order to replace the previous captain. At the prison.

K. [long pause] When it is time to leave a paper comes from the - the paper box. If we have a papers of course we must read and do it. [pause] There is no question we have papers All papers are followed.

D.B. Who gives the orders? Which department? Which Office?

K. From my superiors of course.

D.B. Who is your superior?

K. Who knows? [To D.N.] No one knows. Surely he knows that much.

We'll stop here today.

END OF TRANSCRIPT

Session 4

#05B-2/4

Transcription (translated)

WT1151-Blue-Lvar-Marud-T3

WT1151-Blue-Lvar-Marud-T4

Original transcript:

WF1151-Blue-Lvar-Marud-#05A,06A

M. How can I explain it? The air, the ground, everything was
(cont'd) inside out. Or perhaps my senses were inside out. It's impossible to tell, isn't it?

The captain was the only one to eat the flesh of the thing.
I think we all felt it, though.

[long pause]

[sound of finger tapping on table]

Perhaps she felt it more strongly. The urge to cut, then
consume the flesh. I gave her the unit knife. [pause] I
know that I must take responsibility for that.

D.Vy. And the rest of you? Why didn't you eat?

M. Again, I can't explain it, but after we saw the captain
start to - to eat, we - all of us, were filled with...
not horror, but a great sadness that was like horror. A
terrible despair. I saw it in their faces, clearly. I
can only imagine that my face was like theirs. [pause]
We were blank.

D.Vy. Blank?

M. Totally empty. When the captain bit into that thing, into
the flesh of that thing, we were all hollowed out. Some-
thing was cut and severed, ended, finished. [long pause]
Have you ever had Vr'lammr?

D.Vy. I'm sorry, I don't follow you.

M. It's a fruit from the north, very hard, very green, almost
black. About the size of two thumbs pressed together.
Almost no meat.

D.Vy. No, I've never had it.

M. Well, let me tell you. I must describe it so you understand
fully. In full. The north - we're very poor in the north -
small villages, small farms, bad soil, cold weather, thin
rivers that run long but shallow with hardly any fish. Late

M. in the fall, there will be a day of rain. It will be sharp
(cont'd) and cold enough to sting your cheeks. This is the sign
for the women and children of the village to go into the
mountains, to collect the Vr'lammr. Vr'lammr, you see, it
grows deep in the forest - deep in the mountain. This is
very important for the survival of each family. In the
winter, there will be no other food. The women go with
knives and fire, the children go with baskets made from
summer-wood thatch. We enter the woods in great numbers,
entire villages at once, so that people form a great many-
legged snake, with many arms, many eyes, and many iron
teeth. And that snake is hungry, you see? It becomes its
own thing. When we must harvest the Vr'lammr, the village
disappears. When it rains, there are no people, only the
iron snake of the mountain.

What the snake is looking for is a small, black, hairy
animal, about half the size of a man. Poisonous and ined-
ible. In the spring and summer, the thing is a terror.
No child may leave the edge of the village in those sea-
sons. But in the fall, before winter, their claws grow
dull, the cold slows their movement and the dull light
makes them blind and fearful of the man-fire. This is
the time when they remember their fear of the snake. So
when they hear the many-feet walking and hear the many-
teeth biting, they run, blindly, in the dark, to their
homes. Of course, the snake follows.

And where should the animal live? Under the roots of the
Vr'lammr trees, hoarding their fruits, deep in their
cavern. The animals run deep, deep into the cave, but
there is no escape. Fire runs in. The snake circles and
curls around the mouth until the tree is stripped smooth
and the soil becomes a moat of black. Underground, the
many-feet must sound like thunder. Soon it becomes the
deep night. The largest run out first, but are drowned
in the mud. The small ones follow, but fire-skin of the
snake throws them into confusion and they fall to the
ground. They die in terror, torn by the many-teeth. None
escape. No one can escape. No escape is permitted.

Late in the night, the women and children will return
to the village, with heaping baskets of Vr'lammr, made
soft by the fire. The village will spend a week cutting
and drying them... cut lengthwise, hard, with the grain,
then cut again, deep, until you hear a hiss. The small,
white, finger-tip-sized meat will fall out.

We were like that. When the captain ate that flesh, we
were all cut and scooped out, like the Vr'lammr.

D.Vy. And after?

M. After. [long pause] After.

One unit member was in her room, perfectly crushed into
the corner, into the ceiling. Another vanished entirely.
She left her uniform, boots and belongings. A week later,
the captain disappeared. Two days after that, Avyvr and
I received the new captain and her subordinates.

D.Vy. What happened to the thing the captain ate?

M. It's strange, but I can't picture it now. I can't recall how it looked or how we found it or what happened to it afterwards. Only...

D.Vy. Yes?

M. Our captain, she never slept.

D.Vy. After she ate the thing?

M. And before. She never slept in her entire life. But after she ate it [pause] yes. She was changed, but the change was different from ours... she didn't feel the same way after that. She told me once, you see, before she disappeared, she was

D.Vy. Tired?

M. Yes, tired. She was tired.
[pause] She was

[17:20 - 18:13 : silence]

D.Vy. That's all for today.

END OF TRANSCRIPT

