



The other cannibal saw me and took out his bow and arrow to shoot at me.

close to me. He kissed the ground by my feet, and then picked up my foot and put it on his head. He was trying to show me that I was his master and he was my slave.

I helped him to stand up and showed him that I was very happy with him. But then I saw that the cannibal I had knocked down was moving. I pointed at him and showed my new servant. He said something, and although I could not understand his words, I liked hearing them. It was the first time I had heard another man's voice for more than twenty-five years. My new servant pointed at my sword⁸⁴. I gave it to him and he cut off the cannibal's head quickly and easily. Then he brought the head and put it next to my feet with the sword, making lots of signs⁸⁵ which I did not understand.

Then my new servant went to look at the first man I had killed. He turned the body over and looked at the place where I had shot him. He could not believe it. He made signs to show that he wanted to bury the men in the sand. If any of the other cannibals followed, we did not want them to see the bodies. He dug two big holes in the sand and quickly buried the two dead men. When they were buried, I took him to the cave in the woods where I kept my guns. I gave him some water, bread and raisins and showed him where to lie down. He quickly fell asleep.

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I Call Him Friday

My new servant was a tall, good-looking man, and about twenty-six years old, I thought. He had a very good face, manly but soft, and long black hair. His skin was very dark, and he had a small nose, bright eyes and thin lips. He looked like a good person.