

Molnár Bence

Ircounwo

Chapter I.

Only once in a year.

Once, at the end of a day in August, nothing notable event went on in Balloonville, a small village lodged in the heart of Ramol-desert, isolated from everything.

In a villa, built on the edge of the village however, silent weekdays of the settlement regarding from far away, it could be easily remarked that here would be something else this evening, unlike in the most of other flats within the village.

A party was preparing.

A last one before the summer-valedictory.

This program has been organized before the last two weeks of the summer recess, with people invited to that.

Music has already roared from the villa before twilight, so that it could have been heard from the near streets.

This could have helped to the persons invited to that to find, except that the vast majority of them rather gave preference to the car instead of the walker-walk, because of time.

One person, who came too late to the party because of miscalculateing, tried to approach the villa on foot.

This person was called Matthew Cloisonné.

He was a duodecimal-years old, and wasn't progressing 155 centimetre heights.

Considering his dressing, he wore a blue jeans, rising to his knees, a grey cotton T-shirt and a couple of, also grey cotton-socks under his skate shoes.

Furthermore, he had two bracelets on his left arm: one of them consisted of polished, laced sticks, the other one was however a crossed red, yellow, green-coloured wristlet.

And also a carefully rolled, grey kerchief ran along his ears and covered his forehead, what however his long, straight hair, reaching to his chin, covered mainly.

Matthew did not hurry on the pavement along the temporarily traffic-free road to the party organized to youth, however, he knew too well that he is in lateness.

The sky was already turning in grey, when he finally caught sight of the wanted house number out of the abusive similar buildings on the street.

When he reached to the allotment's gold-cased gate, adorned with marble statues - which was originally designed for cars - and pushed a brick on the pillar, which was standing on right hand side next to the automotive-traversing, a hidden loudspeaker started to give forth strident voices, from which it could have been heard only the music coming from inside, in a low quality, and that someone is trying something to say something to the boy, but it could be hardly understood.

In the next moment the entrance gate, as it seemed to be massive one, started slowly to open, rolling inside, towards the statue, and Matthew also improved this opportunity to enter the allotment.

But to be able to get into this house, many stairs had to be climbed, which were guiding along the house to the backyard of the allotment.

Matthew chose this road, and reaching the top of the stairs he sighted right his, in his arrival near disbelieving friends, who were jumping meanwhile into the swimming-pool of the garden.

Matthew waved them, however, they haven't noticed his signal right.

The first one who caught sight of him with five seconds later was a, from the basin to emerge willing boy, who told also immediately to the others who he had observed.

And with a few seconds after this event, a ten years old little girl has been already presenting in front of him, who was called Anita, and who Matthew had known far too well.

-- I believed you weren't coming yet -- Anita spoke. smiling.

-- I've got no hooter in my shoes -- Matthew told jollyfied her friend. -- I didn't forget the food and drink -- Matthew continued, then by pushing his pinstripe wristlet at a particular point, one, so far hidden from view, apsidal, light-blue glowing button appeared on its surface. After Matt had pushed this mysterious button, the wristlet projected into the air the desktop of a three-dimensional operating system. Namely, Matthew's wristlet wasn't a traditional hoop pinstripe wristlet on his wrist, but the t.y's - developed by the company Tanezz - up to date, on wrist wearable achievement with projector-screen, which's pattern could be changed very easily. This gear, after Matthew has nudged its projector-screen several times on right places, some boxes appeared on it, which Anita was curious about. After Matthew ascertained that her friend had seen the boxes, he kept laboring with his fingers on them, to which's outcomes a few seconds later - thanks to the ion-importer - suddenly these boxes appeared in front of Matthew's legs from nothing.

-- Let's take the cookies in the house now! -- Anita advised . -- don't let the guests starve !

Matthew - hearing this - nodded in agreement, then he grabbed one of the largest boxes immediately , which one - with the leading of his, smaller box lugging friend - he also took in into the flat. On his way, he greeted all resident friends, then - overstriding on the open glass door - he walked in into the roomy kitchen , where he put the box down to the quarry-stone floor together with Anita , then with the object of bringing in the remaining food, he turned once more, along with Anita, and with common vigor, they carried in easily the three, on the yard stayed, lighter and smaller boxes.

-- Thanks so much for the help -- Anita expressed her gratitude .

-- You're welcome. It wasn't difficult -- Matthew flattered , who walked off right next to the basin , where some of his friends splashed and played in the water.

-- Come in, bath with us! - Dan shouted to Matthew, one of Matthew's close friends, who came from far away.

-- I can't go - Matthew sounded slightly gloomily . - there's no swimsuit on me .

- - It does not matter ! - - another friend of Matthew shouted back , whose name was David , but to this, Matthew also just shook his head smiling . At last the duodecimal-year old little boy decided so, that he would sit on one of the sunbather-beds , and listen to the music which came from the flat . Lying to The sunbather-bed however, the little boy realized soon, how annoying it is, if meanwhile others piss around next to him in the pool. Soon afterwards one of his friends who just left the house, and who was called Peter, and was hardly able to remain mono-locally , walked to Matthew.

Have you already eaten from the chocolate crisps? - - Peter asked his question .

I tasted it at home -- Matthew answered. -- I shouldn't have eaten myself stuffed with french fries at home before the departure. No wonder that I don't desire anything .

-- Well, then you are not hungry.

-- exactly -- Matthew nodded.

--Have you heard about the flood in Tezenoko? -- Peter asked.

-- Yes -- Matthew answered simply. -- Not too much, but I heard it about it . If I know it well, the river had culminated now at Naizon, and countless house became also uninhabitable.

-- Exactly ! -- Peter agreed the pieces of information of Matthew. -- here is however the opposite of this of point. It never rains, and that's the problem.

- Noes! There is water, we just exploit it here from beneath the ground. And there was a rain here during July. It's not so really hard to acclimatize that it's not raining . At least you don't have to fear that your weekend programs will be busted.

In the aftermath of the away-sounding of Matthew's message, another, the noise of the loud music overroaring music rang, in fact from the side of the pool. Matthew, hearing this song, clung off the hooks to his bracelet, since he knew well that this sound was his t.y.'s warning to a new textual message. The projector-screen, touched at a certain point, the text message appeared, what Matthew - at his large excitement - began immediately to read. The letter said the following :

Hi Matt!

I have got great news . This is what I want to share with you . Yesterday, I called the telephonic competitor, and I got into giving. Unfortunately, I did not win, but even so, a one week long trip to the four-star Placon hotel in Selville for two people with breakfast in buffet style and dinner is mine.

After prolonged thought I decided so that I choose you to the other person , whom I carry with myself :) The departure will be from the Megrado Airport at 8.00 tomorrow evening .

I know, I tell you in time, but I also got to know this exactly now. Besides Shower gel , toothbrush , - cream - and some eats you don't have to bring anything . Let us meet tomorrow at three o' clock in the afternoon in a bus stop in front of the store!

Your eternal friend:

Valentine

-- This is great ! -- Matthew cried out for joy

-- What? -- Peter inquired.

-- I shall travel to Selville tomorrow -- Matthew said. - And I got to know that only now.

-- Until tomorrow you haven't got much time ! -- Peter said. -- Hurry ! Be prepared for the departure as early as you can!

-- That will be. - Matthew said nodding, then rising from his seat shook hands with his friend, while he was saying the following:

-- I still have a lot to do. So I decided that I am making use of the opportunity and set of fon a journey to Selville. But thus I have to hurry, so that I would be able to prepare to the road in time. I had fulfilled here the job entrusted to me, and I've got no reason to stay. But I wish you and the rests a good bender!

After telling all this to Peter, Matthew hopped off in the direction of the villa's exit, as rarely to see that from a kid of about the same age .

Peter walked back into the flat, however, enroute towards the terrace Anita cut his short , who asked him the following question:

-- did you see Matthew?

-- Yes, I did -- he answered. -- If you can follow his habits, maybe you can catch him yet on the way home.

Chapter II.

Under the lens

Balloonville's town was far known because of its exceling tourism. But how can be attractive a villagelet on a hid field to be met with, whose accessibility is circuitous , and arriving there there is nothing else on the territories falling outside of the village, than a dingy psammous-prairie, farther than the eye can reach? Only one single spectacular could be found in Balloonville, however, its source had to be seeked in history. of this This spectacular was the residuum of a two thousand years old town at the north boundary of the village , discovered by two careless cyclists, to what near a museum was also laid down for visitors, to introduce them the intact survived arts .

This event started the disease of setting-up the simpler, or rather the luxury-pensions in the village, of which some also opened own museums, aiming treasures to be found in the desert - as for example - the petroleum. The most famous and at the same time, the most popular pension on Balloonville was however the, to the ruin-museum nearest standing Asiad Nova. This gigantic area pension, unlike many other hostel, did not consist of a mono-infiltrated, having more than one storey, owner-occupied block, but each and every parlors could be found in individual buildings, just like in the campsites. outside each and every such rooms, a fairy rock-garden gret the guests, and the restaurant was deposited on purpose on the middle of the territory, so that everybody has an equal chance to arrive to the breakfast or the dinner first.

Matthew took his aim also in the direction of this pension, and not by chance: namely, Matthew's parents's private undertaking was this pension, and in addition Matthew's and his parent's private flat got place also here.

Gotten home to their pension nor retook the little boy from his headway speed, but as quickly as possible, in-flied Matthew in his, in the forecourt located, own cottage, what has also compared to the delusion to the other, for the guests built houses . Matt had yet troubles from this.

Dinner was just being in the restaurant , when Matthew had arrived home , and so Matthew could not have a talk with his parents temporarily. However, Matthew did not idle because of this , but he used it up this time profitably for importing to the road his necessary belongings into his t.y.. And since he was feeling so that it is worth to leave in a hygienic way, he had sufficiently a wash in its bathroom , he brushed his teeth , and he even washed his hair.

Finishing his washing matters Matthew walked out - - for the purpose of stretching - - to the yard , where to his surprise his father stood, immovably, just like Matt, after he had sighted his father .

- - Do you do want something for dinner ? - - his father asked his question .

- - No, thank you - - Matthew answered , and his father got incredibly surprised at his answer .

What's the matter? - - He asked back.

- - Valentine just won in a game show equipped with phone a trip for two people to Selville into a four-star hotel for one week, and I was the particular another person, who will go with him .

- - But this is great ! - His dad shouted at his joy .

- - Yes - - Matthew agreed his father's thought -, - except that our plane will take off at 8.00 tomorrow evening from the Megrado-Airport .

- - You have no time to lose in the packing then - - his father said.

- - It's already late - - Matthew answered proudly .

- - If I were you, I would roost anyway -- his father advised. - - The trips are always backbreaking.

- - I shall do that - - Matthew said, then telling good-bye to his father he had returned into his shelter, where he turned the light off, and however, not too quickly, but within reasonable time he succeeded in plung into a deep sleep .

Chapter III

Balloonville-Megrado

In the next morning, namely, in the morning of the departure day, Matthew did not hurry off the awakening . The daily phototherapy of the strong sunshine did not work on this day at all , because above the otherwise clear field a cyclone had arrived, dragging clouds with itself. And so, there was not really anything that could wake up the sleepyheads.

Though the son of the Asiad Nova Pension's manager awoke before the chime, still, he got pretty much late from the ten-o'clock snack, and he has set so a new personal record concerning week-sleep. After - semi-dazedly - he had also noticed to his astonishment the exact time, he knocked last stroll true out of his head immediately the plan being with his friends together for the last time and saying good-bye from them, from the daily-plots .

The Asiad Nova Pension offered only half board, namely, it offered only breakfast in buffet style for the there lodging guests, but to the folks, namely to the two parents and child, however, the daytime meal was also available, which usually consisted of the eats which remained from the previous daily dinner. Matthew also drew profit from this opportunity, after he had recovered consciousness his senses sufficiently, because the sleepyhead little boy got terribly hungry, in what the leaving of the dinner on the day before also intervened. After dressing up, the little boy hurried relatively fresh into the building of the restaurant, where one of the tables has been booked under his name .

The restaurant's floorplan was a resected circle, in which two arcs indicated the wall between the restaurant and the kitchen, or rather between the restaurant and the yard. The restaurant had also exterior tables, to what it could be settled in a fine weather, including the meal.

Many dark clouds accumulated on this day above the surroundings, so Matthew put a black mack on, however, the little boy still hoped that in Megrado the clouds will have split, and in preparation for this, he got into his knee-high jeans, again. Standing in front of the table, which was reserved under his name, Matt beheld his mother, coming outward from the kitchen, in her hand with a plate, from which it could be smelled from far that it was jam-packed with a caseous-creamy spaghetti-pastry, which was one of Matthew's favorite dishes by the way.

-- Hi mom -- Matthew greeted .

-- I brought you from your favourite viands -- his mother said, smiling. -- I don't want you leave with empty stomach.

-- Thank you -- Matthew expressed his gratitude .

-- Make the best of the remainder few weeks from the vacation ! -- his mother hounded his little boy. -- I feel certain that during your road, you will see things like you have never seen yet.

-- I haven't traveled quite a bit lately -- Matthew said in agreement, while he nodded with his head, and he also began the scooping of the - on the dish laying - meal into his mouth.

In the next moment, Matthew's father also turned up on the scene, who the little boy met on the last evening.

-- Do you want to leave in these clothes ? -- asked Matthew his father, who was coming nearer by one to his son.

-- They said in the weather-forecast yesterday that these black clouds will only march through above us today, but for safety's sake, I dressed up so - Matthew explained his dressing. -- In Megrado it will be nice, supposedly .

-- I believe it to you ! -- his dad said, before - touching into his pocket - he would have spoken again :

-- I give pocket-money to you. I'm thinking that you will need it, if you want to travel to the airport by bus. Take a lot of photos! I and your mother used to walk on Seliville once , when we visited my brother-in-law, and we stayed at her place for one week in Kyaugo, in a village close to Seliville, but it has been such a long time ago yet, that you still weren't born then. When we were walking there then, the town was beautiful. I Especially liked the sunset in the harbor. It must have countless-every changed on the surroundings since then, but you will love the trip. I dare to bet on that.

Matthew finished the meal during his father's tale, what the getting up from the table followed .

-- Enjoy well yourself! -- Matthew's father told his son, who was just about to leave the dining hall.

-- And take care of yourself! -- his mother also shouted to him.

-- It will be so -- Matthew promised, before he would have left, letting his parents being left for a while, and thereafter, the basically homesick little boy didn't even glance back, lest he change his mind in the end. He didn't return to his flat anymore . He had already cared about his what-nots on the day before.

After he had got out from territory of the pension, with felled head , wondering if it was really a good idea to start to this faraway travel, he was walking along the straight road to the grocery store, while the light breeze was blowing the fine sand into Matt's face. The traffic was on this afternoon both on the road and on the pavement sparse. When Matt passed by the houses on the street, the distant store got also closer and closer to him. The contours of the bus stop, standing next to the store, has been also sighted by little boy, walking on the pavement, from which - - though the visual conditions weren't perfect - - but even so, it could be clearly seen from Matthew, that not a soul has been waiting in the stop . Matthew, however, wasn't surprised, since he knew it full well that he had left home much earlier than the discussed time .

Further-walking in pleasant pace, several minutes later, the little boy arrived next to the shop. Passing by the shop, a loud whistle flapped Matthew's ears, from which, however, he didn't take any particular note of. But when the whistle - coming from the nearby - repeated, he couldn't put restraint on his curiosity yet, and looking around to right and left, he tried to detect where this voice could come from. It surprised him extremely, when he noticed, turning his eyes to the store, that at the entrance of the shop, his - with him to travel wishing - friend, Valentine wanted to warn him like that.

Matthew hesitated one more second at his surprise, but he hurried to Valentine thereafter immediately .

-- You arrived early -- Valentine said, when Matt came in close proximity to him .

-- And what are you doing here so soon ? -- Matthew asked his friend, laughing.

-- I did the shopping in the store -- Valentine explained. -- I bought the necessary eats for the road ...

-- My goodness! I forgot this one -- Matthew winced unexpectedly .

-- Here is the occasion -- his friend said. -- Purchase now! I'm awaiting you here.

After the advice of Valentine had passed, Matthew hurried into the micro-store so quickly that Valentine also stared, from what his friend is rushing so much.

The inside of the shop looked rather like a modern restaurant, than a grocery store. There was no kind of shelf, neither salespeople , nor shopping carts. The goods were stored and reloaded by five , to the wall built t.y.-canner, what could be linked to everyone's own t.y. via the VU-Bluetooth or the canner's Internet code. Valentine spent his time waiting for Matthew by writing a message to one of his, in Seliville living friend, which he also sent him then successfully. Shortly after Valentine has finished this work of his, he noticed through the vapory glass door Matt's dim, outwards seeking shape.

-- Didn't you find anything ? -- Valentine asked his, empty-handed left friend.

-- Of course I did -- Matthew objected. -- I just used the t.y. canner.

-- Ah-the ! That is also a solution -- Valentine said, nodding, then they both long stamped through long time at the place. At last, Matthew -- after long hesitation -- asked his friend about the following question, which was bothering him for a long time:

-- Why did you choose exactly me to this journey, and why not your parents, for example?

-- It has more causes -- Valentine began his explanation, what he continued with the following list : on the one hand, you are one of my longest known and trustiest friend, who - no matter how embarrassing the situation was - always stood next to me. You have to remember yet, how much we used to day-dream on a common trip. Finally, it came true now .

-- How have you planned, what will we make in the town? -- Matt asked.

-- We will visit some of my friends living there, then we could go to cruise about, and if you like, we can even go to visit Virouso. You were always curious anyway, how the country of kydens is ...

While Valentine was explaining about his fore invented plots, they were both setting off slowly towards the mentioned bus stop. They resumed their conversation, walking on the empty pavement, which has been already built to the bus stop continuously. In the also empty bus stop then, Valentine stood onto the rim of the pavement and snooped steadily the road. During this time, Matthew has bought himself the solo bus ticket to the airport at the slot machine of the bus stop, but meanwhile, the faltering standing of Valentine next to the street was stirring him up more and more. Matt had no idea, for what Valentine was waiting so persistently .

-- Why do you want, Valentine, to be taken down from the road by the winds of a car? -- Asked Matt at last his question.

-- I don't want anything bad -- Valentine explained . -- I'm just watching, when the taxi is arriving.

-- what sort of taxi? -- Matthew asked him puzzled.

-- That one -- his friend explained Matt again -- which I had called here to three o'clock, who shall carry us to the airport .

-- Look Valentine! Matthew shouted attention-gettingly, in gibing tone, while he was gripping the bus ticket in his hand .

-- I didn't say that we'll travel by bus -- Valentine said peacefully, after had glanced at the pre-bought ticket. Matthew wasn't able to be angry with his friend , though he was feeling that he should complain.

Valentine stepped back then to the road, where he was before, and Matthew, wondering about the sad weather and about the first smaller surprise, at the the oval, digital sign of the stop, sank in himself and wilted. After sereval passed minutes turned only Matthew his head, but then, he spotted something of the kind behind himself, which made him fully satisfied that Bálint is not teasing.

The boy, who wasn't moving from edge of the pavement, performing cyclical moves with his hand he showed to the - on the road approaching, white, in the middle with a black stripe decorated - estate-car his halting purpose. Country wide, but especially in county Falgon, the peculiar marking of the taxis were the recent painting . The car coming nearer, put shortly before the stop the indicator light into operation, to show that it had noticed them both, and it is ready to hire them. It leaved the center lane, then retaking on and on from its speed, it carefully drove into the bus-cove, and a few meters later, it already

stopped.

Valentine hurried then to the taxi, where the cabman opened him the first door, then he exchanged a few words with him. After finishing the discussion, Bálint waved to Matthew to come safely and get into the taxi. Matthew did so, but before that yet, he was standing for some time motionless, while he was creating in his swathe the bought bus ticket, what he sent flying into the rubbish-bin next to the stop at last, then he acted in accordance with Valentine's signing. The back door, where Matthew planned to board, opened on his own in a vertical direction, yet before Matthew could have touched the handle .

After he had jumped in quickly onto the right-handed seat of the rear row, he noticed , that he sat right behind Valentine, but the sharp little boy had just taken notice of this fact, when Valentine has already left the car, but just in order to get back to Matthew . After Valentine has done this, he entered next to his friend and told him the following:

- - Let me introduce you my friend, Rika - - Valentine said, while he was stretching his arm towards the seat in front of him, where a - at the first sight a twentieth year of her life

not passing - - girl glanced back, and greeted Matthew nicely, who awful although, but returned her greeting.

- - Then as we discussed. - - Valentine whispered forward to Rika's ear.

The girl sitting at the steering-wheel hinted by nodding, that she had received the message, and in the following moment, gripping her leg to the accelerator, she left behind the bus stop in a twinkling, from what the two passengers had also sunk into the seats for a moment.

Rika remained at this speed after all, since on the, in front of the store stretching, single-track road, it would have been daring to drive with floor-gas.

Matthew, during the semester period solved the matter of going to school to the city by travelling by the regularly communicating, intercity buses. However, he was not the only stripling in Balloonville. Several other, here-inhabitant kids commuted between the not immoderately distant.

Tavnol and Balloonville, which trip spent each to its heart's content. Matthew liked usually staring at the swiftly running landscape behind the window, while - forgetting his own and the world's worries, he daydreamed only about the fair things. This time Matthew wanted to do the same in the inside of the from interior of the steadily running taxi, which was he was also working both-till then, while the car hasn't left the territory of the village and hasn't joined the main road, which lead in a straight line to Megrado, the capital of Nefernioland.

- - Hold on to something! - - Rika shouted back for warning, after they got outside of Balloonville's territory, and they ran on one of the important highways.

Valentine took her admonishment seriously and fastened his seatbelt up, though the other, across a window the landscape nosing kid however, as if she would have talked to walls, he didn't listen on Rika's advice. Matthew came mucker nastily, when Rika gave floor-gas a few secs later to one of the world's fastest estate-car . After this, Matthew also scrambled confusedly, while his head kept meeting the window-glass.

- - Keep calm! -- Put his friend Matthew in his place, who - after he had touched a grey button next to him - put the vacuum-safety of Matt's seat into operation, and with this, he secured Matthew, who gratefully glanced at the fastened Valentine. The rest of the taxi journey was no less tedious, it wasn't just truly about the two, together travelling friends.

Chapter IV

Out of the frying into the fire, but one step closer

The airport, which was built up ten kilometres away from the territory of Megrado, was not even the biggest one in the country, but among the whole world, it was also among the first airports, concerning passenger transport.

The two hundred gates of the terminal managed to pass the countless quantity of passengers, who wanted to reach their destination this way, quickly, comfortably and cheap.

As a result, it was not surprising, if at the parking area no free place to park has been left, because of what, those who came by car, were obliged to park at a parking broot, on worse, namely, on busier business days however, they had to park somewhere at the edge of the capital, where there was still a plenty of free space on edge of the road .

From this point of view, the boys, who arrived to the outskirts of the airport ten minutes before five o'clock, weren't the luckiest, because looking out of the wind-screen, it could be sighted from the car only, that on all broots, which were close to the airport, cars were already parking. And so, not a single free car-park remained for the taxi.

Matthew and Valentine sensed altogether so much from this worry, that they always saw the, at the steering wheel sitting girl, was shaking her head. While they came closer and closer to the to the airport, with this, the public traffic got proportionally bigger and bigger, Rika invented her groundbreaking new plan, and since then, she hasn't shaken her head yet.

-- Megrado : 10 kms -- Matthew read loudly a signpost next to the road, and this signpost -- onto his surprise -- yawed suddenly to left side, which was impossible to happen, unless Rika bound into the direction of movement of the car, and reeled the steering wheel unexpectedly on the right. However, that happened. To the asphalt planned taxi galloped on the dry, grassy, rolling prairie, including its two obtuse passengers -- by Rika's favour -- getting even farther away from the highway.

-- Where we are going now? -- Matthew asked his question- desperately - the next to him sitting friend.

-- Rika knows , what she is making -- Valentine comforted Matthew.

-- You want me to rely on a girl, who I don't know yet ? --

Matthew asked obtusly.

-- Yes -- Valentine answered simply, although he almost managed to bite his tongue.

On the steppe, on what the taxi just drove over, the outstanding hillocks in every three-meters tossed the four-wheel vehicle back and forth, and this could be felt in the cabin by everyone very well.

-- Hold on strong! -- Rika shouted back, whose words did worth gold his passengers at the moment.

After rearwards-blinking, Rika had found Matthew gripping safely, or the next to him sitting Bálint, he put the handbrake on unexpectedly, and the car, on account of its high speed, it occured across, and it would have also kept sliding like this until stop, if there is no other , a movement-status change causing might. And actually this was the reason why Rika put the handbrake on. Matthew however, in the moment, when he had sighted that Rika is about to use the hand-brake, he closed his eyes, gripped by fear, and he didn't open them, until

he wasn't feeling safe. During this time, Matthew felt so much from the events, that the taxi got into free fall after the slide, while as if it would have also made a corkscrew in mid-air.

Not a second later, a large bumping indicated, that the falling-twisting dreads ended, and the vehicle landed on its wheels, and Matt dared to open his eyes only after that.

When he peeped out on the window again, he discovered - on his inestimable surprise - a ten meters wide, straight as an arrow further-running, withered canal around himself.

The taxi's hinderer, 10 degrees slant to the prompt side denoted to everyone clearly, that on the white base in the middle with a black stripe hall-marked vehicle landed at the right side of the canal on its wheels

with giant luck. Matt and Valentine saw the following scene thereafter with staring glimmers, when Rika ran out from the taxi, without any special reason.

- - What happened to Rika ? - - Matthew asked.

- - She was ill - - Valentine answered simply.

- - From what ? - - Matthew asked back surprisedly. - - I also traveled in his company, I got yet-neither no problem. You also ...

- - Rika isn't having a license - - Valentine said with turned down head, then he kept up his tale: Rika childhood dream was to be able to drive a taxi once .

On the aptitude test however, she failed , because her sanitary condition was not good enough.

She came into her Mother's weak immune system. Unfortunately, She couldn't forget this old dream of her, and though in black, but she does regularly the

taxi-supplier gig. But don't worry! I have frequently sat next to her yet, and she is a really good chauffeur .

But please, do not tell her what I said now! I know all this from an acquaintance .

- - If it will depend on me, she won't get to know this - - Matthew promised. Valentine began to laugh loudly after that, what , like some sort of contagion, Matthew also caught soon .

They perked together the whole taxi up, and they weren't ending the joyful laugh

yet then, when Rika had returned to her - for the laugh of the two friends echoing - taxi.

- - I only viewed, whether the wheels or the axis didn't get hurt - -

Rika explained her sudden leaving after opening the door to her two passengers, who were in spooky quiet to the time of Rika's to be said. Thereafter

however, the laugh broke out on them again, which infected Rika as well this time, and not particularly knowing, why, she also started to laugh . Rika slammed in this condition

on the accelerator again , and she sent Valentine and Matthew on a trip in a more comfortable tempo yet, however, she had been allowed to give floor-gas safely to the taxi in the traffic-free canal basin.

Nothing worth mentioning did go on during the trip in the basin:

everyone was doing its duty, while the atmosphere has been already lulled inside the vehicle.

the more interesting was the arrival to the airport, and the sequence of events after that.

After several minutes traveling, in the canal bed, in front of the - through the window

steadily the landscape inquiring - Matthew's eyes, a

glass-fronted, to a supermarket similar structure appeared on the horizon.

- - That's the terminal of the airport - - Rika said rearwards, from behind the steering-wheel to the, next to Valentine sitting passenger. Matthew admired nodding the jumbo building, whose size ever was growing constantly.

From the first row, it could be also observed that the canal - in the farness, crossing the territory of the airport - enters underground. Rika made this underpass in serious thinking, but at last, as to everything till now, she figured out to this hith also a calamity-solution. Within a minute, the taxi arrived to the

end of the above-ground stage of the secluded canal. In the last moments - on Matthew's gigantic surprise - - Rika packed on the speed , and after that, as the last surprise, she - wrunging the wheel totally - let the taxi slide, what - thanks to the chauffeur's expertise - had stopped before the patchy admission onto the field of the airport.

After the stop , when Rika blinked rearwards inside the cab, she couldn't help to control herself in the rollicking laughter. On account of the - during the side-slip appeared - actions, and the not too strong vacuum-safety, Matthew flew to the wall.

There, where his, along with him travelling friend took seat, and he stayed also there.

- - We have arrived to the eastern gate of the airport - - Rika announced, while the giggle still spouted out from her. - - I can't, and I also won't bring you further from this point, but I'll share you yet some useful pieces of information about about this airport, because I do not visit here first.

After Rika had touched the right button on the cockpit, swiveling vertically all the taxi's doors opened, from among which she left her vehicle through the nearest one.

Looking on in the open field, the driver found Matthew and Valentine's leaving method from her car in this extraordinary situation also joky, because they tried to escape from the standing car skidding on each other's topsy-turvy.

Everything is good, if the end is good, the two - with each other traveling - friends succeeded to disentangle from the taxi , even if not their sole touched the ground first. Several meters from them

a voice of laugh made them to stop , which came from Rika, who - seeing the two boy's seriousness - began in the more overall explaining of her pieces of advice:

- - The eastern gate is an entrance reserved... for the lame ones.

- - and where is a gate operating for the healthy passengers? - - Matt asked his question, interrupting Rika .

- - Two kilometres away - - Rika answered with tanned glimmers .

- - We are not having so much time I think, that we could get across that entrance on the to the plane - - Valentine said panicing, while he was looking for the actual time on his own t.y.

- - We must have already missed this one - - Valentine announced, putting up with his fate, and with tanned eyes.

- - we are still having half an hour to walk a half kilometer and get over the safety checks . Even if we would be still moved by Rika, is it neither sure, that

we would grab the airplane. So much for the trip, Matt.

Valentine, after he had hoven his look into the treble, and he he turned his head back and forth, he realized , that the voice had left from Matthew's mouth, who was standing tenaciously next to the canal's wall, away from the taxi, while he was shaking his head. Valentine - at his astonishment - as quickly as he could, rushed to Matthew, where however, he also recoiled, exactly as his friend did. The last ray of hope of cathing the airplane flashed in both their eyes, when they beheld a discarded wheelchair next to the wall .

- - Come on, Valentine! Try out your newest seat for time of the trip ! - - Matthew reassured his friend.

- - You found it! You sit into ! - - Valentine rejected Matthew's demand.

- - I overlaped you in the taxi . Your legs have a bigger need to rest - - Matthew continued the argument .

Rika was listening all this only from afar, whilst she has been seized again by the the titter. But because she must have returned to Balloonville by nine o'clock, without any saying farewell, she left alone the two, still with each other

conflict taking two friends . As a job done taxi-chauffeur, got Rika into her earth-shattering vehicle, then giving gas, she regularly turned around in the bed of canal, where she disappeared - in front of Valentine's and Matthew's very eyes - in the distance, including her voice, hurrying back .

- - This also happened because we were arguing here! - - Valentine said angrily . - - I enter the wheelchair, before the same would happen to our plane, as with the taxi , but you will be pushing me!

Matthew agreed with Valentine, and on the diagonal wall, he also helped him to drag the large-weighting disabled-expedient . Getting out from the canal, the eastern gate emerged immediately on the horizon, and to a few meters away from Matthew and Valentine the covert road for the handicaps. Valentine - - coming out from the canal - - quickly ploped into the wheelchair, even before anyone had been able to notice their cheating .

Matthew hardly piloted his friend by the skin of his teeth through the dry, grassy soil , and so he was extremely joyful about arriving to the marbled road, where he could push his - in the wheeled auxiliary-vehicle ridig - friend with ease in front of him.

- - Aren't we going to exchange sometime? - - Matthew asked.

- - You should have thought earlier - - Valentine said. - - Let's concentrate now on getting enter to the airport .

Though behind him, Matthew did not indicate it remarkably, but he understood Valentine's words, and thereafter, he pushed Valentine further on the road without saying a word, wich road's visible part ended at the street's cater-cornered level-rise following, into the terminal leading moving-door.

During The persistent progress, The stove quite glowed inside Matthew.

He didn't know, whether someone will rein up them after the door , and if so, what explanation will he be able to give in absence of a disabled-pass .

Either Valentine had only a good day, or it was not the custom anyway on the Megrado Airport, until the admission the terminal, they haven't met anyone **except for a wheelchair driving, but himself not simulating person.**

Arriving to the terminal, the traffic has increased dramatically, which has been expected by Matthew and Valentine in the same way , judging by the great number of - across the airport's window visible, in the broots parking - cars.

- - I only don't know now , where the plane to Seliville will start from - - Matthew declared his thoughts .

- - Aircrafts don't go to Seliville - - Bálint marked in the chair. - - The airport in Lioos county was built up on a Southern island, attached to Nerses, which is within easy reach to our town, so we don't have to look for Seliville on the departure board.

- - And where do you see a the departure board? - - Matthew asked .

- - It's here right from us on the wall - - Valentine said, while he was pointing with his finger at the - to the cited space - suspended giant-chart .

That chart could show however only one part of the departing air-lines, since the giant-airport of Megrado, planes took off and landed every minute. Thus, the majority of the information boards, among others, the board, hanging alongside the wall after the disabled-entrance, showed also only the place and the time of derparture of the flights, which were departing within half an our.

Unfortunately, on this panel was the line, which would be heading to Nerses, in the upper quarter also there. It added oil to the fire, that the place of departure wasn't close at all to Matthew's, or Valentine's current place of residence.

Matthew, when he sighted, that their flight will take of a round quarter later, he set in motion with the wheelchair, across the unusually dense mass of people,

while he was looking for the sector-number of the line to Nerses, seen on the giant information board,

on the - from the ceiling hanging - directing boards. Because of his hurry, or always heading to the right direction, he caught up slowly with the necessary minimum-time, and because of that, he had been allowed to do, that he was retaking from his tempo, but this was cancelled at last.

Matthew was deterred for the first time from keeping pushing the wheelchair at high speed, that a person, sitting in it, namely Valentine, was immoderately, almost dangerously leaning forward in the wheeled-chair.

-- Lejla!? -- Valentine pronounced this name on obtuse voice during overhang-digging.

-- who's Lejla? -- Asked Valentine his friend, who was pushing him.

-- Lejla is one of my, for a long time unseen friend -- Bálint answered, while his look looked always in the direction of Lejla, who was sitting on a bench, ten meters away from them, in the middle of the broad corridor, while she was reading a book. When she was terminating the reading of the book and she got up from the bench, preparing to the departure, the smile froze from her face immediately when - circle-examining - she casted her glance towards Matthew.

Neither Matthew, nor Valentine could lipread, but from Lejla's articulation it could be immediately detected, that the frozen girl is saying the name of her,

in the wheel-chair sitting friend. When Matthew would have passed next to Lejla, she rushed unexpectedly in front of them, then she crouched next to Valentine, she bowed her head sorrowfully, then she asked him the following question:

-- What happened to you and when, that you can't stand for your legs?

Valentine hesitated - hearing this question - for a long time, making his friend so even more highstrung.

-- A truck went through my leg... -- Valentine started his vamping, but at last, he told Lejla the truth.

-- Who is that boy, who is pushing you? -- Lejla asked her question from Valentine.

-- Oh-woe, I haven't introduced him yet. -- Valentine said awkwardly. -- He is one of my good old friends, who came with me to the journey to Seliville. Unfortunately, our plane departs immediately ...

-- I know -- Lejla said. -- I go that way too.

-- What !? -- Matthew and Valentine blared in chorus.

-- I will probably travel you too -- Lejla said.

-- Then we shall be still having some time to discuss onetwo, more sentences requiring explanation with each other -- Matthew added, directly before - because of the lack of time - they would have set off across the - on to the right hand to be found - auxiliary-corridor, towards the waiting craft.

During the corridor -- onto the surprise of both-three of them -- they didn't have to stop anywhere to demand their papers. This camouflaged control intrigued especially Lejla,

who - just like Matthew - has never walked on an airport, and besides, she has also seen lots of movies, where a single person was checked for hours before it would have allowed to get on the airplane. The plane's departure in a short span pointed also out, that next to the - with each other about the, in the summer gained adventures talking - trio, more and more, to the same flight up-longing passengers started to appear.

Approaching to end of the corridor, nosing a white-clothed lady, standing at the end of the locality, that glimmering foreknowledge started to become even more certain to Matthew, that still, there is some sort of checkpoint before getting on the airplane. Arriving to the direct near of the person, Valentine handed over the,

on the contest won, two air-tickets to Matt, what he also gave on demand to the controller, who, after he had poked a hole in both tickets, he passed the, in the wheelchair sitting, or the him navigating boy to the airport and the vehicle meshing, opened canal. Because of the jostling of the crowd, Lejla got somehow rearwards-mixed, and so, she couldn't get on the board of the plane in the same time with Valentine and Matt. The short absence, however, did not make Lejla despair immediately. After her successful down-control, she kept up right looking for a wheel-chair pushing person in the crowd.

Matthew and Valentine - insisting on their bus riding traditions - found themselves in the hindmost row of the bus free seats, and so, Lejla had an easy job too when she was fumbling for them on the plane. Especially so that Matthew was also waving to Lejla fiercely, after he had flaked his rain coat from himself.

The real departure time of the craft almost complied with the, according to the timetable emerged time, and so, the Nefernio Airline became with an extra reliability point wealthier symbolically. The airline, heading towards Nerses, an ASGE1221-type craft was including different fellow of much, and this new airplane-miracle's revolutionary innovation was, that - just like the helicopters - it was capable of the vertical rise, or sinking, and so, this craft wasn't in need not of a runway to land, which meant an enormous area saving for the airport .

On this particular occasion rose the craft into the treble also normally - now that this kind of series concerned - and when high up in the air, the engine deserted from a plumb-line position into a horizontal position, the shrunken airport and the surrounding landscape disappeared in a blink of the eye from the eyes of the, next to the window sitting [passengers](#).

Chapter V

What no-one counted on

The craft, keeping towards Nerses, althought it showed the passengers its exceling acceleration this time also, the - at such times - arising forces were not extraordinarily noticeable on the board. Almost everyone behaved peacefully on the sockdolager airplane . Who still-nor, that mad just because of its temporary, extraordinary cheerfulness the interior of the plane noisy. To that group belonged among others the, in the hindmost row sitting trio also, who were partying at the moment during the conversation about the F@.

-- You have been already on Tavnol? -- Matthew asked his question to Lejla .

-- Once -- Lejla answered. -- But even then, just travelling in transit.

-- The local F@ speedway was built just twenty meters away from one of the outskirts city school's dormitory, where interim one of my friends is also living. If I would find there on the top level

accommodation, I would also go regularly in summer to school with pleasure, just to be able to see the race to the end from the window .

-- If you will produce the same in the school like you did this year, you could get close to the F@ speedway in Tavnol -- Valentine kidded.

-- Woe , Valentine -- Matthew sighed wearily , then he sank his face into his two opened palms.

-- Attention please ! -- the stewardess yelled unexpectedly into the onboard virtual-microphone .

-- The timetable modification meant us also unexpectedly, what will influence the procession of the trip as well, and it will result probably lapse. This aircraft has urgent things to do in Fargeir Lodna, what, however, won't en route towards Nerses. The current plot is, that the craft will put down at Crucian-port the Ladies and Gentlemen, where two hours after the arrival, four small airplanes will arrive, which will cart on a short span the off to Nerses endeavoring passengers to the airport . We will have arrived at the Crucian-port most assuredly within half an hour. Please put away your valid plane tickets to an accessible place, so that its showing do not cause inconvenience during the transfer to the small aircrafts. If anyone has a question in connection with the critical change, can tell me peacefully .

After the flight attendant has ended her announcement, a - since the departure not experienced - anxiety and cacophony arose in the cab. The, yet during telling the announcement paled stewardess has been besieged by million and million questions, after she had reported to the passengers the entrusted text.

Many passengers however, were left cold by the wist of the trip to Nerses.

Matthew and Valentine both had nothing urgent to do in Nerses.

And during the conversation on the airplane it turned out from Lejla also, that she is not hurrying anywhere as well, however, her expression turned into rather musing, after the stewardess had reported her message .

-- I have already heard about Crucian-port -- Lejla spoke unexpectedly. -- They revealed recently a town quarter next to the town, where probably kydens used to live. Exact evidence, however, hasn't been found to this presumption yet , though the large-part of the investigational efforts aren't still ready .

-- Where you know so much about this subject? -- Matthew asked his question excitedly .

-- At school, on grammar lesson, everyone got one, freely selectable theme, from which we had to write a plenteous draft at home. I had chosen the kydens as topic, and browsing on the Internet, I picked every to this topic connecting, interesting information and used it at writing my draft.

-- i think it's only matter of time, when the virouso-knowledge lesson will be introduced -- Valentine added.

-- You want to stay until six o'clock at school!? -- Matthew asked Valentine blaring.

-- Not at all! -- Bálint gave a negative reply. -- But if it's possible, let's not think on the school yet! There's still some time left from the summer. Let's listen to Lejla instead!

-- I thought -- Lejla kept it up --, that because after landing, we will have on Crucian-port plenteous two hours, we should pass away this time usefully. How about, if we would visit the spot of the diggings? Supposedly it's not far from the airport.

I would view the diggings with pleasure, but I think it's absurd, that they would let us there -- Valentine said pessimistically, swinging his head.

-- Woe, don't be a already such a pessimist, Valentine! -- Matthew egged on his friend . --

At least we will have a nice walk till then.

- - You're so funny - - Valentine said derisively.

and if we can still-no go there, then we will sit down somewhere to eat an ice cream - - Lejla shared her reserve-idea yet with her, on the two neighbouring places sitting friends.

Shortly after consulting about the pastime plots, Matthew's plane has already started to sink. This settling however, was hardly perceivable in the cab.

The quickly touchdown was signed to the passengers by an - to the backs of the chairs planted - condition-display, or a, from this outcoming, recognizable voice.

Matthew had remarked only after a long time, that the condition-display, being in front of him, had turned on, on what - however - he gazed thereafter with swollen glimmers for a short while .

- - Do you think we are sinking? - - Matthew asked his question to his friend, Valentine, who was sitting next to him.

- - We are not sitting by the window I think, and so, we will not hear, what's really happening to the vehicle.

Matthew, after he had received helpless answer from his friend, he glanced back again on the condition-display, from which he started slowly to believe, that it haywired indeed .

No wonder, since the monitor switched from one moment to the another to landing, however, the status sign showed only the truth .

Chapter VI

The grand jumble, with its results

Lejla, watching in the direction of Matthew, she beheld it into the back built-in status sign, what Matthew watched so much. Lejla thereafter - out of curiosity - also inspected the back of the chair in front of herself, whether there is also such an interesting screen in that, or only Matthew has one, and that's why he looks at that with such glancing glimmers.

During the manufacturing of the craft, a basic requirement was, that every seats had to be the same. Extra service hasn't been placed to any seat, so the status sign screen was built into the chair-back in front of Lejla alike, which had a great effect on the little girl. To check the unbelievable message of the screen, Lejla also glanced out the window, and she surprisedly experienced, that the a status sign is not lying.

Just a few moments later, a huge applause filled the interior of the aircraft, what was followed by opening its either exits doors. So, the craft had actually stopped, and moments later, it stood also ready to dismiss the passengers.

It didn't take more than ten seconds, when the predominant part of the passengers on the plane started up towards the exit doors. The stewardess stood this time also next to the exit gate, and she was looking after the safe leaving of the passengers, besides saying good-bye to the people.

At last, apart from the flight attendant, only a young pair, and the, in hindmost line sitting, nowhere hurrying trio remained. Lejla, seeing that there's no one is left on the plane yet, stood up from her seat, and not caring about Matthew or Valentine, she walked out across the back door to the open air. She had already come down on the tilted floor, leading out from the aircraft, when - overhearing Valentine's to her speaking yelling - she turned around.

- - I really didn't want to insult you! - - Valentine's apology echoed from the top of the tilted floor. Matthew, upon Valentine's request, helped his, in the wheeled-chair sitting friend to get off on the steep gradient road, then on the grassy road, he pushed him among plaguey agonies to Lejla .

- - Forgive me that I mocked you ! - - said Valentine at last a, to Lejla satisfying apology .

- - You know that you can get forgiveness at my place any time - - Lejla said cheerfully, while she was gazing at Valentine's look.

- - Don't you know, where diggings are? - - Matthew asked his question to his two friends.

How did you know that? - - Valentine asked back.

- - I made a guess - - Matthew explained.

While they two were arguing about this, Lejla was crouching immovably next to the, along the airport trodden dusty, dry road, a few meters away from the two, with each other conversing friends, while leaning down her head, she was eying the ground, covered with pebbles.

- - Come here, Valentine! - - Lejla crowed, what hearing, the mentioned boy staggered from the borrowed wheel-chair .

- - Thanks, that we managed to get on the plane with your idea - - Valentine expressed Matthew his gratitude.

- - now, that we will be on different craft, we won't need the wheel-chair .

After finishing his message, Valentine set off on the dusty, with pebbles covered road towards Lejla, who indicated him with her loud talk, that she was in need of him .

- - Adjust so far your alarm! - - Valentine he shouted back to his remained friend, while he was progressing.

- - And what time is it?

- - Nine minutes to nine - - Valentine shouted back .

Arriving to Lejla, Valentine beheld off the hooks in the hand of the crouching little girl an object, what's examination always engaged his interest .

In his childhood, Valentine often visited the residuums of ruined city in Balloonville, what - because of the systematic frequenting - narrowed his focus more and more to history, or archeologist.

Valentine's repute after ancient objects widespread soon in the village, and so, although not to know exactly how, the repute of the youngster archeologist got also to Lejla , whom now, the little girl also invoked now, because of an, along the road found, old crock.

When Lejla glanced first since their recent encounter on his two legs standing friend, she passed Valentine - with starry eyes - one of the tile's fragment, which he eyed from head to foot for a nerve-wrackingly long time in his hand, from all sides. Meanwhile, Matt has also finished with setting his clock, and in order to not to be late for any event, he rushed quickly to his, a little bit away archeologing friends, abandoning the wheelchair on the edge of the road, in case it would come handy to a next, in the same way embarrassing and urging situation getting double.

When Matthew had also arrived to them, he joined the inactive work,

started by Lejla, which didn't consist of anything aside looking

seriously on Valentine.

-- It's very interesting -- Valentine spoke unexpectedly in the middle of the silence, topping Lejla's and Matthew's excitement even more.

-- This is nothing like -- Valentine kept up, while he didn't stop turning the pot-piece in his hand further around. -- I estimate its age about two thousand years old. Maybe somewhat older, but that I don't know, what sort of folk's this could be, is as sure, as we are now on Crucian-port.

-- Didn't you not know, that we are now actually not on Crucian-port, but on Porthole? -- Matthew asked him. Why weren't you listening better ?

-- Don't piss around with poor Valentine! -- Lejla lambasted Matthew. -- Let's help him rather !

Parading with her finger, Lejla demanded from Bálint in his hand hard-pressed crock, a crock, then after he has turned that around in his hand long, he spoke so at last:

-- This could be only one of the pots written in my take-home exam .

Saying these words, her look, what was eyeing at the crock till now, moved over slowly to the country along the dirt road.

-- Let's look around, because I think something else will be here yet -- Lejla shared her suddenly received idea with her, along her being two friends.

-- Bad idea -- Valentine resisted. -- It grows dark totally immediately.

-- We are here once here -- Lejla anti-argued. -- Let's pass away time usefully and let's keep looking on the surroundings.

At last - admitting, that they are also not having any better idea - the boys accepted Lejla's fearless idea, and they dashed against immediately the unknown, more and more blackening area.

-- Let's look separately ! -- Matthew shared his idea with his two fellows.

-- Clever idea -- Valentine marked --, but we have to make an appointment before, by the time we should be back here.

-- Let it be half past ten! -- Matthew put a word in the conversation. -- I adjusted the clock's ring by that time anyway.

Valentine and Lejla agreed this time alike, what they both

marked with nodding. However, before they would have parted, Matthew pinned a stick, lying on the grass, into the ground, to what he tied on his headscarf, so that everyone would know backwards where to wait on its not yet arrived friend.

But thereafter, they all three set off really, in separately directions.

Valentine went in sheer direction to the abandoned road, and the that following glade,

Lejla contemplated her scout-road in reverse direction, to the square next to the airport,

Matthew however presumed to go in a direction different to each of them, to the, with the dirt road in parallel extending glades.

Despite the host of chaos and insects, Matthew succeeded to find the soonest a similar crock,

that Lejla found, either because of the beginners' luck, or because

she was the nearest to the real diggings, which's exact place - however -

Nobody knew out of them. Matthew slipped the found crock into his deep hippocket,

and then, collecting a huge amount of enthusiasm so, he moved on with revived vigor

to the seeking for archeological treasures, which has already become him almost a race.

Meanwhile, the last beams of the sun have also disappeared from the sky, and Matthew -- including both his friends -- was obtruded to influence the nocturnal light conditions,

if they wanted to find something. Matthew solved this problem with the help of his t.y.'s

night-supplying screen, and so, he continued on his way carefully without disturbing his environment, in the low, natural lawn.

Treading the grass alongside the road, much time had elapsed, until Matt detected something interesting in the distance, in the territory before the woods. To some meters from the little boy's current location, he presumed to discover an, at least ten meters diagonal pit, from which he remembered immediately on the location of the diggings, based on Lejla's review.

Not wasting the time on distant observing, Matthew rushed off the hooks to the pit, overdriving over hedge, ditch, puddles, ankle hitting grass, and

when he has finally arrived there, and he beheld the area through the night-supplying screen,

His joy rose to a five-figure exhibitor. A few, half extant walls, which were nothing to compare with, stood indeed in the ditch, and probably also numberless material remains, what maybe haven't been

excavated yet. Matthew, who was not able to keep his curiosity back, ran down to the ditch, to eye more closely and more thoroughly the city ruins. This action managed to do the little boy without any significant concern, but when it came to the profound of the ditch, the smile froze from Matthew's face in no time. Not a single vase, jug, or any other art object, standing or laying on the ground, remained unbroken.

In itself, it was quite natural, in fact, usually that is a miracle at such a historical, backfilled spot, if something remains in completeness to the posterity.

The saddening, and at the same time the fury-enkindling was the shattering of diverse glasses, bags, scrapings everywhere in the ditch, which alluded to the willful violation of the historic monument, and which induced Matthew's fury to the skies against the nameless wrecking. Waste containers could have been overload with the rubbish, what in this digging pit was.

To soothe his horror, Matthew took out his flat canteen from his deep hippocket, and impressed the inside being drink on his throat. While he was doing this, his t.y. began to rang on its earlier adjusted, reminder voice, which urged Matt to depart as soon as possible. At last, Matthew left - heart-sorly, pressing himself - the landscape behind, including the ditch, which could have given him a wonderful, unforgettable experience, on what he would have remembered anytime with pleasure the adventuresome little boy. But now, only the vandalism of the age reflected from the revealed ancient monument, and Matthew has not seen everything yet.

The road driving backwards from the pit appeared to be much shorter, than the way there.

But this was mainly because Matthew was now hastening back as quickly to the airport, as far he had away-wandered from it, and the slope of the road was also Matt's benefit.

-- Hurry , Mac ! -- shouted Valentine his urging message to his friend from the meeting place, who he began in the following moment to a deranged rush on the surface of the trail towards the airport, with Lejla next to him, who as if would have grown there from nothing next to him suddenly, hearing the shouting of Valentine. Matthew knew well his friend, and he knew , that if he shouts, then sure there is a large trouble, so he struck up on the rush even more, to where the voice came from, and where - because of the darkness - the lamps have been already switched on in the control tower, helping Matthew and Lejla a lot so.

Matt and Lejla didn't even have to run two minutes from here, when they have finally arrived to the modest volumen airport . Here, on the scene however, Matthew realized off the hooks why they ran so much: on the premises, a tiny, maybe less than twenty passengers able to carry craft stood, as the stewardess had already told that in advance in the no. ASGE1221 airplane, which has been whizzing above

a parking area away-whistled by plane . Valentine and Lejla, who were standing next to the pulled down door of the, next to the control tower parking, tiny, and maybe just for this reason charming airplane, were waving intensely to their friend, coming nearer at a quick pace, to get on the board. Valentine and Lejla saw only so much, that the high grass carpet around the airport is moving fiercely, from which - - bouncing large ones - - Matthew approached to the aircraft, until he has got there, and stopping suddenly in front of Valentine, then grabbing his knees he began to fluster after air.

You are late by an hour - - Lejla said angrily, who also handed back then to Matthew his kerchief, marked out for signal. - - It's a miracle, that the aircraft awaited us.

- - An hour? - - Matthew asked back surprisedly. - - I still forgot to set my clock then to daylight savings time.

- - then let this explain also the pilot. - - Valentine said, slightly dreading from his message .

- - What !?

- - Nothing - - Valentine said smiling. - - I only joked. But now, we would like to leave seriously, so i think let's hurry to the board!

And so, Valentine assisted Matt - his friend, who wanted to collapse from exhaustion - to the deck Matthew, who weighed - embracing his friend - heavily with part of his weight on Valentine, however, it did not work slickly the scaling of the innumerable stairs.

Lejla, following them close only watched, like a racoon in the lawn-cleaner, when he saw that Matthew and friend turned guise, and now, Valentine was helping Matthew on its feet again onto the board of the plane.

After eventually every passenger, but especially - - to the pilot's satisfaction - - the three behindhand got also on the board of the craft, the aircraft sniffed its stair, leading to the exit door, then its door has also closed automatically, and after that, the craft being late was practically ready to the take-off.

At the hindmost row of the cabin, someone greeted somebody by heaving its hand, without a word. Matthew was extremely tired, however, he saw that, nay , he fixed deeply in his memory, that Valentine re-waved the, from them the farthest sitting person .

- - The boy sitting in the last row is called David - - Valentine whispered to Matthew the name of the person, sitting at the back, but then, they two started again to walk with the leading of Lejla, towards David, because the onboard loudspeaker urged every roaming people to sit down, because of the immediate take-off .

Matthew's company found their seats soon, in fact, in the hindmost row again, where David has made himself comfortable for long. On the stiffly fixed chairs Matthew, Lejla, Valentine and David sat in the moments before the departure. Matt saw through the window how the craft was rising vertically, which caused in the cab many surprises to everybody, though the airport obviously did not have a built up runway, what excluded the opportunity of taking of by running. The landscape visible through the window shriveled more and more due to the rise, until the near lights on the airport and in the small town within easy reach have united.

It is well known, that high up in the air,

the sun is tumbling down and disappears along with its glaring beams somewhat later, than on a lowly territory. On the, in large heights communicating

crafts, this admirable, unusual phenomenon could be exactly observed, as long as the vehicle had risen into the tremble at sundown or directly after that.

On the rising mini-craft, everything happened as described, and Matthew, who has felt a kilometric air pillar under his foot first time in his life, was fascinated that he could see vanishing the last sunbeams on the horizon. The lure of this, not everyday spectacle was crushed by Lejla, when patting his shoulder, she wanted to inform him of something.

- - David would like to get to know you - - informed him his girl-friend sitting beside him, to what Matthew got up from his place, then he walked there to the, at the another end of the row sitting boy.

- - I have already heard all kinds of things about you, Matt - - The boy, sitting in the corner started speaking, after they had sent each other their regards by handshake.

David appeared to be a boy, who must have filled his fourteenth year of his life at the first sight.

He had brown hair, his eyes were green and longish, he had a short nose, and he was looking with a - so serious, but at the same time faint - regard at Matthew at this time, as if he was just thrown out of the bed. At the quality of his dressing, David didn't differ from Matthew too much. He was wearing only a brown, T-shirt having an inscription, and a leggy jeans, or on his leg, he has also a summerlike sports shoe.

This boy did not appear to be familiar in overall to Matthew at all,

but Matthew - - for that very reason - - he could not help not to ask David about this :

- - When have we met? - - Matthew's question had sounded.

- - Never - - David answered. I met only your two friends, joggling in grass, and I saw them for the first time also only this evening, when instead of waiting on the airport, I rather relaxed, and I started towards the trail, what next to I found Lejla, who was fumbling for crocks in the grass ...

During David's tale, the whole craft began to twit to hand fro so heavily, as a centrifugalizing washing machine. On The deck in a second the crowd had panicked. Hardly knew a few people, what is exactly happening. After the start of the baleful shaking, the loudspeaker in the cockpit was powered on immediately, into which a female voice informed the passengers about the truth :

- - I am asking every passenger's attention to the following important announcement! The aircraft's fuel line has broken down, therefore, we probably have to execute forced landing on one of the near airports. I'm asking everyone to remain sitting, fasten the seatbelt, and do not panic! into panic ! We are overruling the situation.

The proceedings of the loudspeaker said the true indeed to the passengers, what however put so a gigantic cacophony, even bigger panic and fears in the cab. There were some who argued with their neighbour, there were people, who have already thought of the worst at this time, and leaning forward, they have broken out in tears, there were people, who were praying, ...

In the hindmost row, Matthew hastened back to his place quickly, and according to the, in the loudspeaker heard instructions, fastened his seatbelt. He would have rather peep out across the window, but unfortunately, the pitch black night did not let to show many things from the exterior landscape.

However, Matthew's window got suddenly illuminated by a fearfully shining burst of flame, from what he almost hopped into Lejla's lap.

- - We are finished ! - - Matthew yelled, thereafter, he started to sob.

- - There will be no trouble - - Lejla comforted Matt.
- - If I survive this, I will never leave home ! - - Matthew shouted crying, leaning to Lejla.

However, the inevitable touchdown happened soon, what could not be called as a lucky landing, because the journey of the mini-craft ended between woods, and the wall of the cab had also cracked. The inside damages however, cannot be determined so easily. What happened with the passengers, especially with Lejla, [Valentine, Matthew and David ?](#)

Chapter VII

The planewreck

- - Wake up, Matt! - - a sweet voice started speaking.
- - Mom, is that you? - - Asked back still semi-comatosly the boy, laying on the ground. But a couple of seconds later, he got a proper dose of cold water unexpectedly in his face, which had cleared out his dazedness in a second, and he pulled himself together in no time. And so, getting already into totally attentive state, Matthew beheld Lejla, standing next to himself, as well as another girl with a similar age of Lejla, and an adult man, in an arboraceous neighbourhood.
- - Where we are now ? - - Matthew asked his question .
- - In a forest - - Lejla answered him .
- - But in which forest? - - Matthew inquired further .
- - For the time being, we have no idea - - the man answered bewilderedly .
- - I've got an idea ! - - Matthew yelled suddenly, but before he had jumped up courageously from the ground, he felt that something was wrong with his leg. Lejla - - seeing, that his friend is preparing to stand up - - she handed one of her hands to him to help him up from the ground. However, Matthew plopped back even so to the ground. The bursting little boy did not believe that it would be so heavy to arise .
- - Your leg got hurt by the impact - - Lejla told him his story, what - however - Matthew interrupted impatiently with his following question:
- - Are the others all right ?
- - Generally yes. Four passengers got lighter damages besides you, one person - however - got unfortunately badly wounded, but that is also not parlous. However, five people have disappeared after the fall. We are still looking for them.
- - Take me to Valentine! Matthew pleaded Lejla.
- - You still have to rest - - Lejla said.

- - Please! - - Matthew muttered.

- - Come - - Lejla agreed at last, after which sentence Matthew grasped her his girl friend's hand, and she assisted Matthew from the ground, and this time with success. Matthew has just remarked, after Lejla had pulled him from the earth, the laceration, corded to his shin, what - however - did not reflect closely his movement, since he did not lament his leg while walking driving towards the camp, and he also did not write off zigzags with his movement to the road . After Matt's first, more thorough round-inspection, he noticed besides the twenty meters high woods some people wandering around in the distance, who - it seemed - that they they are moving about around the middle of the provisional camp. Matthew was approaching rapidly towards the camp, where suddenly, exiting from one of the giant trees's covering he beheld shuddering the remains of the craft, and at the remaining part of the walk he was pondering, what the many passengers can thank for that everyone is living .

Luck? God's grace? Or something completely different ...?

- - Hey, Matt! - - A near, familiar voice sounded, which was talking to the boy who was heading towards the flying camp. Matt - hearing this greeting - turned his head in every directions, and at last, he caught sight of the person greeting him, who was none other, than David, who was sitting on a gigantic tree's rotten trunk along with Valentine, twenty meters away from the camp ground. Matthew - - beholding them - - he was not demurring to go there too, since he came so far because of them. Overcoming on his pains, nor caring about his injuries, the purposeful little boy started to walk towards Valentine and David, where he has arrived within a half minute.

- - Are you feeling good already? - - Valentine asked Matthew gaping.

- - I've got no serious hurt - - Matthew said, shaking his head and smiling. Meanwhile, David drank from his flask, what he kept next to himself laying, and what thereafter he offered Matthew also. But Matthew rejected this offer. He had decided this already when he was approaching towards them two.

- - Where we are now? - - Matthew asked his question to David and Valentine as well.

- - In a forest. - - Matthew received his second "snub" from Valentine this time. - - I don't know. Here no signal strength, so we can't even get help.

Valentine's uncounselled message called a good idea suddenly to Matthew's mind.

Someone told him once, that a few meters above the surface signal strength can be found,

even if near the ground is no signal by the way, because less things shields the signals up there. Starting from this, Matthew thought so that every chance subsist here to find signal strength. And the little boy with his started up fantasy tried to check so that he climbed up to that trunk, where his two friends were sitting, stood up on it, then there, his hand swaying high up in the air he was waiting for a certain, sprawling, high pitched audio signal, which used to indicate the discovery of the network. This audio signal had usually a nerve-racking effect on Matthew, but this time it would have been an actual music to the little boy's ears.

However, the long awaited voice still did not rang, no matter how hard Matthew tried to lift aloft his arm. In his despair, he gave a fly to throwing up his t.y. into the air, although this method had also the risk, that his t.y.-bracelet could stick possibly on one of a tree's branch, and then Matthew could also have that on its mind, how he would pick his expensive device from there.

The brainstorming - however - did not end by sticking Matthew's t.y. on a tree, but so, that the the little boy - while jumping on the bole - suddenly he slipped , and Matthew thudded into a leaf-litter-blanket next to the stump . Matthew - at the end of

his attempts - was thinking very pessimistically in connection with the question, whether he would ever be able to hear that the certain, long sprawling, high-pitched sound.

-- But of course when I wouldn't need the signal strength, it's always there, and I'm also called all the time --
Matthew muttered, after he had fallen among the leaves.

Meanwhile Valentine, who was sitting on the trunk, was shaking only his head along with David, and David, who couldn't help to let this without saying a word, spoke back:

-- If there would be signal strength in this forest, we would have got away long before.

-- Maybe we haven't been discovered yet.

-- But you could also see, that this territory doesn't have coverage -- David anti-argued,

who was prepared for the continuation of the meaningless argument, which was cancelled however, because of Matt's French leaving .

The real cause of Matthew's hasty departure from David and Valentine was not, that he got scared from David. It was a voice coming from a distance, which was not calling exactly him, but the message, which has been shouted from far, contained such a word to what he was dead nuts on now: that was the water, which Matthew missed yet very much, how long ago he used to drink last.

however, Matthew was not the only one, who jerked up his head at this time. After proclaiming this good news from the house-top, the thirsting survivors of the catastrophe accumulated in groups, who were waiting on the soft drink bottles in the two, to the camp returning middle-aged adults's backpacks, who have already become clearly visible in the distance. These two adults have arrived soon to the thirsty mass, but with the start of the distribution of the drinks, some people could not help to wait, **until their turn comes, and so the chaos broke loose in moments** .

At this time, Matthew was still at a respectable distance from the centre, so he was left out from the affray, and he was glad about it. His interest - however - overflowed into a different direction again when he caught sight of Lejla, behind the wreckages of the craft, gripping a little boy in her arms. Matthew, who disregarded in thought at this time how it is how thirsty, he hurried to Lejla. Next to the tree, Lejla was whispering in a low voice to the little boy, who was sobbing in a low voice next to the girl.

Matthew got a bit scared, when Lejla blinked at him, who -- according to Matthew's inkling -- did not turn her look to the boy accidentally. He was not mistaken.

-- I will leave soon together with Yiinlu to look for his missing parents -- Lejla announced to Matthew.

-- Who is Yiinlu? -- Matthew asked.

-- Yiinlu is that six-year-old little boy who is sobbing next to me because of his lost parents -- Lejla answered. -- His parents were Chinese immigrants, who are living now in Nerses. Unfortunately, I couldn't find out more from him.

-- I will also go with you! -- Matthew embarked freely.

-- Come if you will want to -- Lejla said. -- But before the departure we have to talk over our leaving with the skipper. I'll solve this, if you take care of Yiinlu till then.

-- Sure thing -- Matthew promised.

Alright. Then I'll be back in a couple of minutes -- Lejla said, then in the fraction of a split second, she disappeared from the eyes of Matthew and Yiinlu.

The discussion time of the departure with the skipper seemed to Matthew tremendously long. Yiinlu was missing his parents in every moment, and on account of his loud sob and his shaking monologues, Matthew was also not far from starting to imitate the little kid's acts. However insufferable was

the supervision on Yiinlu, as anything else, it has ended when Lejla - approaching them both at high speed -

reported the issues :

-- We've got the permission. At two o'clock we are allowed to start -- Lejla announced grimacing the issues to Matthew.

-- Well, this is it great ! -- Matthew exclaimed, while on the face of Yiinlu also the marks of the joy reflected. -- Then still what's the trouble ?

-- We got some more fellows to the trip.

-- It's all right -- Matthew said. -- The more we can help each other, if there would be an accident. Who will come with us?

-- Among the ones we already know, David will be coming and Naomi .

-- what sort of Naomi ? Matthew asked obtusely .

-- Haven't I introduced her to you yet ?

-- I do not remember her -- Matthew shook his head.

You must have seen her, when we woke you up.

-- Do you think of the girl who stood next to you ...?

-- yes , yes -- Lejla reiterated her positive response. -- Besides they two, another girl is comic, whose name is Anita, and Gabriel, who is already an adult, and so he is more experienced in many things than we are.

-- So the team has been united.

-- By and large -- Lejla said uncertainly. -- I leave now for a short time with Yiinlu. Don't forget! Two o'clock on the minute, namely in five minutes, be there at the giant-bole !

-- I will be there -- Matthew promised, after which, Lejla - together with Yiinlu - walked off from behind the airplane's wreckages, and Matthew was left alone for a short while, what he also benefited to try to accomplish his idea, what he had devised during his [searching for the signal strength](#).

Chapter VIII

The outcome of searching for Yiinlu's family is interesting

The thought of Matthew, who stayed next to wreckages of the unfortunately crashed aircraft was that, that if he could get the black box from the interior of the craft, then its sec-exact datas could show the, since the departure elapsed time and the average speed, from what at least it could be to adjusted on his t.y.'s world map, to what sort of island they fell down, and where and how far the nearest inhabited settlement to them is. Matthew, knowing that he does not have much time,

he set about without hesitation to search for the black box, whose place - based on innumerable films or books - he guessed it to be in the tiny recess under the cockpit's floor. Though the craft has not broken into pieces as a result of the Land-slamming, still, the lately yet operational condition being and nice looking aircraft gave now quite a fading sight, which was first of all the doings of that fire, which Matthew had discovered first.

On the heavily damaged body of the plane, many, in some places extraordinarily ample cracks occurred, from which Matthew chose one of them and tucked then himself to the cab. The duodecimal-year old little boy chose for this trip only because he wanted to see, what had happened to that part of the craft where he was also traveling, because he could have got into the cockpit through the broken windscreen, which was at the nose of the aircraft, much easier. The deck, including every equipment - which has remained from them - found the little boy, crawling in here across the crack, creepy. The chairs being here in the cab, which were nice red before, have almost both faded because of the here also spreading fire, which had on the right side of the plane, where Matthew had noticed the fire across the window, in a line scorched the drapery on the seats and the floor sooty to the end. The stink here was however even worse than the sight. The burnt plastic and textile-smell could be still felt very intensively, and how these smells - meeting with each other - loaded the airspace of the cab, was so insufferable that even a sewerman should have gathered its might to take a breath here.

Not wonder that Matthew, as fast as he could - - tried to leave the cabin across the gone door, and in addition he was also pushed for time . Entering into the pilot's well, which prominently did not wear out so badly also, he began off the hooks to look for the box. Matthew - like some kind of technician - tried to find the place of the black box in the floor so, that he started to knock with his fist on the floor. It didn't take much time when his knock made at a certain point a different noise than anywhere around it. Matthew's excitement mounted on its pitch at this time, however, the sly boy knew, that he can detect what is under the floor only if he makes it disappear somehow . He did like that.

Matthew - after standing up - by a definite kick-down to the floor, he broke-in the floor immediately, under which - to Matthew's great joy - the, to its name not faithful box turned up, in fact, unharmed. Instead of a carrying the large weight with, Matt decided so that he changes the place of the object onto his t.y. via the ion-importer, so that he would be able to look into the black box, which occupied so instead of ten cubic-decimetre and twenty kilograms only some ion-byte memory.

After finishing his to-be-done, as quickly as he could, Matthew left the airplane across the gone wind-screen of the cockpit, and high-tailing he took his direction towards the dead bole, almost frightening that the patience of the people - preparing for the start - is less than his extending lateness. But onto his great joy his fear did not confirm. Without exception, everyone was assembling on the discussed location.

- - Hurry, Matt! We have to go! - - Lejla shouted back, who thanks to the team have not gone to the scouting road yet.

Although the news did not get to Matthew, still he strove to cooperate in the the early departure, after all, he knew also that such an early afternoon time

to the departure was not appointed accidentally.

Arriving to the congregated team, Gabriel made sign to everyone to leave along the path on the discussed route. In Moments, the scouting group - consisting of seven people - settled in a row, what after the settlement set off on a lean little road, whose direction led on and on only uphill.

At the settlement, Lejla joined next to Matthew to tell him also the principal instructions with the road, or in connection with the forest.

The search have not begun yet, but Yiinlu has started already to shout his parent's name aloud already, what he did not want to stop.

This was not intruding Lejla anyway in telling Matthew the principal instructions :

- - Because you arrived later than what we've discussed, so I can tell you only now, on the move, the informations in connection with our journey.

Meanwhile Matthew made his t.y.'s projector-monitor pop-up, on what - while he was listening to the speech of Lejla - he tried to focus also on the signal strength, since the road they were walking on, rose steadily.

- - Our trip - - Lejla continued her tale. - - will take at least four hours, but in my opinion it will be five. We will cry out at every minute, and so we wil...

At the middle of her sentence Lejla stopped her message and the walk because of a help-shout derived from a short range.

After she had turned her head to every directions, Lejla noticed frightened to her astonishment, that he has not been already behind her.

Lejla's hitch made the ones being in front of her to to stop too, who realized Matt's evanescence as well. First, Naomi beheld Matthew and pointed with his finger at him too. The boy was lying in the steep dale, at the foot of a tree immovably.

Lejla - after she had sighted him - risking her own safety she alighted on the steep dale to Matthew. When she came close to him, her glance changed suddenly to cutting when she heard the boy - lying in the leaf-litter - laughing.

- - What's so funny? Lejla asked her question seriously.

- - I don't know - - Matthew answered, who tried to repress his laugh his laugh

as much as he could. - - I slipped on edge of the road, and I rolled so far.

- - Did you hurt yourself? - - Lejla asked.

- - Besides a few scratches there's nothing wrong with me - - Matthew answered.

- - Now come. Stand up! - - Lejla said, while she was trying to help his friend to stand up by putting out her hand towards his friend.

When Matthew finally got up from the ground with Lejla's help, suddenly a, both of them to a wall chasing crack sounded beneath their legs, and right after this not really credible voice the ground - covered by wood - did also collapse under Lejla's and Matthew's feet, which - however - resulted just a, to ankle reaching fall, where at the bottom appreciably some kind of sheet metal obstructed the path downwards.

Matt and Lejla, by the impact of this event, without saying anything to each other, they started to excavate with their own hands the pieces of the broken laths, and to observe what is exactly the thing which is under them.

- - We have to go, Lejla , Matthew ! - - David shouted at the top of his voice them two, but the early urging had so many uses as if someone would have shouted to the wall. The

two kids carried on the removing of the unnecessary fitters, and nothing could prevent them by doing that.

Meanwhile the, on the road consulting, remainder crew-members decided with common resolution so, that they would also watch more closely what Matthew and Lejla were doing. With ponderous job, the two kids succeeded at last to clear the covered dent in front of the oak, where on the bottom it could be already seen clearly the hidden square plate, equipped with a knob.

Matt and Lejla, and even their meanwhile also arrived fellows were only staring with wide opened eyes at the metal-roofing, on which roofing's top a white , pivotally symmetrical , concave angled deltoid was painted up.

- - What is this? - - David asked obtusely.

- - We will find it out immediately - - Matthew said, then he grasped the square-based metal-roofing, he lifted it up at the expense of great struggles, then he laid it down onto its back. Under the roofing, darkness accustomed at the canals gave a warm reception to all of them, which willed to make a part of the team to retreat.

I don't go down there, that's for sure! - - Anita declared repulsed, and marching so even further back from the dark pit.

- - We don't have to go down. - - Matthew said calming. - - We can come to know we can hear without that too how deep this pit is.

Anita listened to Matthew's oratory amazedly, then she was looking forward curiously how Matthew would look at the depth of the shaft, if not on his own.

Matthew used a simple, yet a time-honored method to gauge the profundity of the vertical pit: a coin. Digging deeply into his trousers's hip-pocket he found besides the used tissues also a ten tillo coin, what he was ready to sacrifice in order to measure the profundity of the shaft, and Matt did so without hesitating long about this act. Not a half second after tossing the coin into the shaft, the high pitched, repeating voice of the coin could be heard. being, his recurring voice.

- - It's safe to go down - - Matthew announced, then - to the scare of all members of the group - he jumped into the pit.

His touchdown outstriped a clicking voice, and in a couple of seconds - those who stayed on the surface - saw also that Matthew turned the light on, so that he could see something in the mysterious hall, where he was moving on and on forward.

- - What is down there ? - - Yinlu asked.

- - Lots of interesting placards on the wall - - Matthew said in a low voice, whose voice was aplified by the reverberation of the hall remarkably, and so his fellows who were waiting above him, could also hear what he had said. The curiosity of the above ground part of the team was continuously growing towards the unknown hall, where Matthew - - according to his own words - - was out of harm's way, while he was scrutinising remarkable and remarkable objects.

Lejla dragged the first card out of the unstable house of cards, and mastering her fear, she jumped in the hall, which was lit by Matt. David started to have even less liking for Lejla and Matthew being together.

- - As if we would have left to look for Yinlu's parents - - David tried to give the attention of the kids being in the underground room, another course.

- - Come down! Watch This! - - Matthew shouted to his outside standing to fellows, who - hearing the inspiring shout - decided so that they are following them two into the mysterious place.

Though to David failed to separate Matt and Lejla from each other,

he did not want to cause suspicion so that he does not follow the rests, so he leaped down also into the underground room. Matt was standing next to the gloomy room's left-hand wall in front of a white placard, shaking his head, with Lejla next to her, and soon after the shout with the whole remained part of the team.

- - Operational license - - Matt began to read the text - standing on the placard - aloud, when he made sure of everyone's presence, and meanwhile he noted down every significant piece of information in his t.y.. - - The license, approved by the NBFC for the Dalaivos Ltd.'s builders. The date of publishing the license: 1972

- - So the NBFC knew that something had been built here - - Matthew ascertained.

- - And what is this pillbox or what used for actually? - - Naomi asked her question.

- - I don't know yet - - Matthew answered. - - But something has to be here, or else it wouldn't have been built in the middle of the forest, covered by lath and disguised with underbrush .

- - Where is Yiinlu? - - Gabriel asked his question.

- - Where? - - Matthew asked back.

- - That's what I want to know also - - Gabriel informed Matthew with tanned eyes.

Matthew, after switching his t.y. into luminous mode, started to light flibbertigibbetly topsy-turvy in the hall, until finally he blinked at the end of the long, empty room an opened door, which - without previous visitors - only one of them could open and could go through.

- - Yiinlu ! - - Chorused everyone their escaped mini-friend's name.

- - How beautiful ! Let's go by train to look for my parents! - - sounded such and similiar sentences from the opposite hall.

- - What !? - - Roared everyone in a room equipped with an exit, while everybody was staring at each other. In the following moment, when generally everyone have digested Yiinlu's words, everyone hurried off the hooks towards the other room.

Stopping at the doorstep, which lead into the inside hall, the same shudder which conceptualized in everyone, was confirmed, namely that Yiinlu is playing in the inside of a train. This train did not appear to be a train at the first sight at all, especially you looked at its end, and not its front. Namely, this vehicle was an improvised, safe-deposit box without windows, which vehicle's front was only made more or less to streamlined, but that reminded also rather on a capsule. There was no lamp also, only an open door, and after the train an underpass could be seen, in which a track was laid, and quasi this was the only sign which told what this large, on a canister reminding object in this underground room.

- - Come out Yiinlu, immediately! - - Everyone yelled all at once strictly. .

- - "Really! I haven't seen such a train yet also!" - - Matthew had said to himself, then under a spell, separating first from the team again, he ventured into the interior of the vehicle, built for an unknown reason.

- - Who told you that you can get on this vehicle? - - David asked.

- - Nothing is dangerous here - - Matt declared, turning to his fellows, who stayed next to the track. - - I just don't know what need is here for such a vehicle.

- - That's exactly why we don't want to get on - - Naomi continued residing.

- - I'm saying that it's safe - - Matthew struggled. - - We view it all once, then we'll return really to the search. I'm positive that

this is what Yiinlu also wants.

To Matthew - just like when coming down to the mine - gave vote of confidence at last every member of the team this time again, including the stubborn David. After they have all got up individually to the train, the others were also flinched by the articulated train's incredibly unusual, interior furniture's view.

As an important accessory, besides tiny, square one at the right side of the hindmost part of the train, the windows were missing from the inside of the vehicle. But if this would not have been enough, the train did not include a cockpit or even a shortcut bar, with which the train could have been controlled.

Considering the equipment, from the ceiling of the territory before the link, colored paper-lampions hung down, which - to the great joy of most of them - had big light enough to be able to see everything in the room. The floor was overlaid by Persian carpet, onto what no sort of furniture was superposed, and so, chairs could not be found also in the interior of the train. Instead however, there were laying on the rug five large pillows. The part behind the link contained a giant chessboard and a white refrigerator, even at the very end of the train there was a book shelf installed, from where Matthew just took out a red book .

-- who furnished this train like this? -- Anita asked recoiling after the door, stopping after all of her words.

-- I don't know -- Lejla said next to her, shaking her head.

-- Let us lunch here ! -- Yiinlu shouted, but someone has already gotten ahead him with this idea. This one no one else than Naomi, who, after she had opened the refrigerator's door, broke out near in tears. And the reason why Naomi was taken by a gigantic dismay while opening the refrigerator, was that the refrigerator was overloaded only with tins, and none of the tinned foods had no tabs.

-- the canned food doesn't go bad. You could eat from them safely, just do not pay attention on its fragrance, and then it won't be so horrible.

To Naomi, the voice talking to her was weirdly familiar, to which he assigned spontaneously Matt in her thoughts. And when she turned, she saw how he thought well that Matthew had spoken to her, who gave a him cutting glance, then he told him at last:

-- Does it feel good to gibe at a hungry person? If I would have a tin opener, you couldn't move me from here. I would have stuffed myself with everything what is in the refrigerator.

-- One opener is here, as I can see -- Matthew said, whose words suddenly had piqued Naomi's curiosity.

-- Where ? -- Naomi asked impatiently.

-- Here -- Matthew answered, then he tore down the red coloured, aged but yet unused tin cutting tool from its fixed place on the refrigerator, then he showed it to his curious friend.

-- Someone locked the door! -- Lejla was shouting panicked while she was straining the door - not wanting to move - with his hands, as he could. The loud shout of Lejla got to everybody inside the train, to what the rest crew-members - who were affected by this trouble likewise - abandoned what they were making so far, and they turned their attention towards the difficulty, noticed by the little girl.

The veins were stretching on Lejla's forehead almost to crack, when she tried to open to its closed position insisting door to the utmost of her power. From the hot-tempered struggle the steel door came out as the winner at last, forcing Lejla to the ground.

-- you are all right? Gabriel asked an underfoot girl lying. worried

-- Yes, I am -- Lejla answered while her facial skin was changing to red color and

she was gasping for air -, and I am starting to understand now why many people go to gym's.

- - I shall try it - - Gabriel dared to the closed door, but he could not do better than Lejla last time, and he did not even have as much time as Lejla had - who was taking a rest since then on the Persian carpet -, because while Gabriel was trying to open the stiff door, he fell suddenly back from the door to the back of the train, just like all the non-fixed objects inside the train.

And this happened right after that Matthew's and Naomi's dialogue - - seeing the closed door - - would have evolved :

- - What did you see? - - Naomi asked his friend, Matthew, curiously.

- - The door has closed - - Matthew answered. - - It may have happened because of me.

- - Not at all ! - - Naomi shouted.

- - Sure ! - - Matthew resisted. - - The door closed after I had pulled the tin-opener from his place.

After his strong self-criticism, Matthew tried to resettle the tin-opener to its place, which - however - did not have much effect. In fact, this was the moment when every passenger inside the odd train felt, that the train had suddenly started from the neutral position, from what almost all fixtures of the train into the vehicle's end, and this poured only oil on the fire after they got locked into the train.

This event suffered Yiinlu above all, who did not enjoy the games being inside the train after a while, but this was no wonder so that he did not know anything about his parents.

In the narrow, armored train-like, window-void train there could be hardly known anything about what is going on outside, which caused also a gigantic fright among the crew-members.

Alone at a single place he could be seen what is happening outside, and this place was a tiny window on the right side of the train's rearmost place behind the articulation.

This only place to look out kept of course busy the, towards a diverted goal restrainably running team members, especially

after the entrance or exit door had closed, for the time being because of unknown reason, and it also could not be opened.

Yiinlu saw all these events to their end while looking through the window, though after the train had started, David also appeared next to him to solve what exactly had happened to the train, in which they were. David, after he had illuminated the dark wall outside the train's frame with his own t.y. wristlet's strong light, he got to the conclusion that the train is accelerating continually, although David felt this also till now, without seeing this across the window, because the power impulse accompanies acceleration, and force **doesn't have to be seen to be able to feel it.**

David's presence, who appeared after this event next to Yiinlu, calmed the little boy in a fashion, and it gave him also positive feelings when David started to tell him a story, while lighting across the tiny window:

- - Once, a very long time ago when I was in an angler-camp, I heard an interesting story - - David started the tale in a low voice, whom Yiinlu - as much as he could - was listening to. - - One evening, one of my night-fellows, Michael, told me an exciting, true story about six similarly old children to us, who got to a desert island, what he also heard from one of his distant friends.

- - David took a break now, which he whiled away with deep thinking, and meanwhile he was shaking continuously his head, balefully .

I can't and won't tell the story in detail, still, our adventures here is too much like the story, which I got to know from my roomie.

- - Did their mom also disappear? - - Yiinlu asked curiously .

- - Yes - - David answered. - - But everyone turned up at last .

From the ending of David's once, long time ago heard story, Yiinlu took heart to believe in his future, however, David started to become more and more wrathful, which was caused by his t.y.'s light, because it seemed to go to ruin.

While David was dealing with his own t.y., suddenly the noise of a loud scream overflowed the wagon. This scream came from Naomi, who from Yiinlu and David - who were talking with each till then - could notice only that after the ominous voice, Naomi was jumping on a burning plastic bottle of a capacity of a half litre.

- - Watch out, Naomi! - - Matthew put meanwhile her friend, who was jumping on the bottle vainly, in her place, who - at his request - stood aside. Thereafter, Matthew - with another mineral water flask in his hand - poured its content on the flames. The effect of this deed was however completely different from what was awaited. Instead of putting the smokeless fire out, the secondly poured mineral water nursed the fire even more, and the suddenly emerging flames, besides that they made Matthew jump onto the refrigerator, they attracted all team member's attention there. Within a few seconds - excluding Lejla - all seven wrecked, who had decided to scout Yiinlu's parents, appeared, who all gatered then around the fire .

- - I can move the handle! - - Lejla yelled overjoyed.

- - Then everyone, let's go to help Lejla opening the door, if it is possible! - -

Gabriel commanded. - - I will look around here at the back, in case I find there somewhere a fire extinguisher I could put this Bengal light out with.

Obeying to Gabriel's orders, with the exception of the only adult, everyone hurried to the forepart of the train, upsetting every object being in their way, including the giant-chessboard as well, on what Lejla and Gabriel began to play recently.

- - The handle is movable again - - Lejla told the arrived five kids.

- - Let's open it then! - - David encouraged the rests from the, little by little together shaking team, who the majorities, who were respecting him more and more, listened to.

Crouching to the rug, almost everyone had clung to an overhanging extension, when the body of the train suddenly started to wave, which waves were becoming larger and larger increasingly.

- - What's happening ? - - Yiinlu asked his question, shivering.

- - I don't know - - Matthew answered bewilderedly, then he repeated his answer once more, in a low voice.

Large panic - however - caused only when the swing of the train became so intensive that even the objects being aboard the train, started slithering in the vehicle, then after a critical point, the train started to make loop-movements continuously, to what was accompanied in addition by a corkscrew-like movement.

No-one dared to look on this complex, untraceable movement, in which the movement of the non-fixed objects became flukey. Due to the gigantic power impulses, the moment when the vehicle would break into two parts along the articulation, became unavoidable.

This, presuming from its voice, came true after the train had slammed into the water.

This was the last time when the team saw the rear part of the train, wherewith no-one knew what happened. From the samey, bisected train-part only Matthew dared to peep out, and through the collapsed wagon-end, he saw immediately that where the rest of their train is flying, is not under the ground anymore, but above an enormous water surface, near what however, no continent showed anywhere at all. Matthew did not have much time to meditate, because the train knocked up against the water's surface soon and soon again, whose surface stress rebounded the vehicle over and over into the air.

One impotently towards Matthew flying chessman stunned Matt permanently
for remainder of the disaster, what his unlucky, next to him clinging
"friends" had to see to the end.