

After receiving the directions from leadership to begin the hunt of this supposed God, Jael began to think about the anticipated warfare but also the possibility of learning more to avoid any battle. He made his way with his own vehicle to an offshoot hook of the island, *Tekpantli*, and began his trek into the island after he removed his clothing and only left his belt around his waist. As he walked through the forest, Jael began to grab parts of the palm trees and other forest items to fashion some cover for his body for some decency.

Hours pass as he finally makes his way enough outside of a village, hearing a few odd Basic words intermixed with Selenian.

*Yep. Definitely found something.*

The Sephi sneakily began to crawl through the foliage, using his senses to read the whereabouts of everyone just out of reach. He watched, waited, and wanted to assure that he could get some information useful for his mission.

“Kia tup’tokoe. Amuri ake kak’re koe hoki maiki te kainga.”

*“You careful. Next time you not come home”*

The woman spoke as she applied a healing salve to a warrior who grunted with the application. He held his leg very tightly while gritting his teeth and the muscles of his scalp moved in the pressure applied by the bite.

“Mohio ana’hau. Mohio ana’hau. Ata’ahua. Whakao rangia patunga.”

*“I know, I know. Quiet. Only heal my wounds.”*

Jael grit his teeth as he felt frustration from not being able to understand the language. He cursed himself for leaving his communicator earpiece back in his room. Though he could not understand their words, he could at least articulate that she was the village shaman.

As the Sephi began to move closer to the two, he noticed a sleeping caxat just a few feet from the two.

*Shit.*

Jael felt sweat beginning to roll down his back and neck. He took a deep breath in but stifled it as he blew it out in order to calm himself. He stepped closer just to the edge of the grassy foliage, hoping that he could get close in order to talk to them without the caxat being alerted or getting attacked.

“He aha tera?”

*“What was that?”*

The warrior spoke up as he turned his head, hearing steps just behind him which caused the shaman to turn her head towards Jael's direction. She stood up, realizing someone was spying on them.

“Haere ma'ki waho. Mat-tiro”

“Come out. Peeping eyes”

A frustrated series of curses escaped from Jael's mouth as he slowly rose from the foliage with his hands up, attempting to show he means no harm and that he is unarmed.

The warrior made his own attempt to rise to defend both the shaman and himself. After he stood up, he moaned in pain as he collapsed back to the makeshift bed. The caxat began to growl as the large cat-like features mixed with tendrilled appendages and multiple legs moved in tandem to stand at attention, fixated on Jael.

“I come in only to learn”, the Sephi began to speak out slowly and deliberately with a reserved tone.

The shaman woman grabbed her sharpened weapon, pointed in his direction with proclaimed directions. She hissed out a few words which the caxat clearly understood the directions as the creature started to charge in Jael's direction. The Sephi quickly dropped to his knees with his hands up, stating out loud again that he wished to only learn.

The shaman was perplexed after this display, uttering another direction for the caxat to cease. The warrior which the shaman had been assisting yells out quickly, pointing in Jael's direction with clear malice and anger. She spat back at him a series of words within what Jael could understand was Selenian. The shaman walked towards Jael and put out her hand to assist him to a standing position which he proceeded to take.

“Friend?”

The woman spoke the only Basic word she was sure Jael would understand, and he nodded with a determined expression.