

3. 奥 克

Chapter 3 The Ork



怪物湿漉漉地站在那儿，用明亮、温和的眼睛注视着他俩，一点儿也不咄咄逼人。

“嗨，我是一只奥克！”

“噢！可是什么是奥克？”小女孩问。

“我就是奥克，”他一边抖落翅膀上的水，一边不无自豪地重复，“你知道，在我们国家，也就是奥克园，我的同伴都喜欢安静，但我却天性好动，所以飞到了外面的世界，一直到飞越大海时遇上旋涡，困住了。”

“我猜，你的飞行速度一定很快吧。”船长懂一点机械的门道，注意到奥克螺旋桨似的尾巴。

“噢，是的，奥克被誉为空中之王，而我的翅膀用处不大。”

他开始在岩洞里走来走去，突然在上面叫起来：“嘿！这里有一个洞——一条通道！那里的空气新鲜又有股香甜味，我想不会把我们带到更糟糕的地方去的。”

小女孩和老水手也爬到了奥克的身旁，说：“在你来之前，我们正决定去那个洞里探探路。”

于是，比尔船长点亮一根蜡烛，率先弯腰钻入黑洞，特罗特和

+



向黑洞里张望

+

奥克紧随其后。爬了几英尺后，洞开始变大了，三人沿着隧洞缓慢地爬了半小时，突然比尔船长兀地停了下来，发出失望的叫喊：

“我想，我正站在一道悬崖边上。特罗特，小心别掉下去。”

现在三个人都跪在了一道很突出的岩石壁架上，下面是陡峭的崖壁和巨大的黑洞。奥克一边往下张望着，决定先飞下去探探路。

等他回来后，他说：

“我看到一条可以继续我们旅程的路。下面是一个很大的黑水潭，但左面有一个隧洞，如果你们愿意，我可以驮你们下去，跑两个来回。”

比尔船长决定先下去，他又点燃了一支蜡烛递给特罗特，然后坐上了奥克的背。

奥克回来得比特罗特想象得还要早，她决定尽量表现得勇敢些。她骑在奥克光溜溜的背上，心突突地跳个不停。没多久——但特罗特觉得是一场很久的旅行，她就站在了比尔船长身边。

The eyes that regarded them, as the creature stood dripping before them, were bright and mild in expression, and the queer addition to their party made no attempt to attack them and seemed quite as surprised by the meeting as they were.

“I wonder,” whispered Trot, “what it is.”

“Who, me?” exclaimed the creature in a shrill, high-pitched voice. “Why, I’m an Ork.”

“Oh!” said the girl. “But what is an Ork?”

“I am,” he repeated, a little proudly, as he shook the water from

his funny wings; “and if ever an Ork was glad to be out of the water and on dry land again, you can be mighty sure that I’m that especial, individual Ork!”

“Have you been in the water long?” inquired Cap’n Bill, thinking it only polite to show an interest in the strange creature.

“Why, this last ducking was about ten minutes, I believe, and that’s about nine minutes and sixty seconds too long for comfort,” was the reply. “But last night I was in an awful pickle, I assure you. The whirlpool caught me, and—”

“Oh, were you in the whirlpool, too?” asked Trot eagerly.

He gave her a glance that was somewhat reproachful.

“I believe I was mentioning the fact, young lady, when your desire to talk interrupted me,” said the Ork. “I am not usually careless in my actions, but that whirlpool was so busy yesterday that I thought I’d see what mischief it was up to. So I flew a little too near it and the suction of the air drew me down into the depths of the ocean. Water and I are natural enemies, and it would have conquered me this time had not a bevy of pretty mermaids come to my assistance and dragged me away from the whirling water and far up into a cavern, where they deserted me.”

“Why, that’s about the same thing that happened to us,” cried Trot. “Was your cavern like this one?”

“I haven’t examined this one yet,” answered the Ork; “but if they happen to be alike I shudder at our fate, for the other one was a

prison, with no outlet except by means of the water. I stayed there all night, however, and this morning I plunged into the pool, as far down as I could go, and then swam as hard and as far as I could. The rocks scraped my back, now and then, and I barely escaped the clutches of an ugly sea-monster; but by and by I came to the surface to catch my breath, and found myself here. That's the whole story, and as I see you have something to eat I entreat you to give me a share of it. The truth is, I'm half starved."

With these words the Ork squatted down beside them. Very reluctantly Cap'n Bill drew another biscuit from his pocket and held it out. The Ork promptly seized it in one of its front claws and began to nibble the biscuit in much the same manner a parrot might have done.

"We haven't much grub," said the sailor-man, "but we're willin' to share it with a comrade in distress."

"That's right," returned the Ork, cocking its head sidewise in a cheerful manner, and then for a few minutes there was silence while they all ate of the biscuits. After a while Trot said:

"I've never seen or heard of an Ork before. Are there many of you?"

"We are rather few and exclusive, I believe," was the reply. "In the country where I was born we are the absolute rulers of all living things, from ants to elephants."

"What country is that?" asked Cap'n Bill.

“Orkland.”

“Where does it lie?”

“I don’t know, exactly. You see, I have a restless nature, for some reason, while all the rest of my race are quiet and contented Orks and seldom stray far from home. From childhood days I loved to fly long distances away, although father often warned me that I would get into trouble by so doing.

“‘It’s a big world, Flipper, my son,’ he would say, ‘and I’ve heard that in parts of it live queer two-legged creatures called Men, who war upon all other living things and would have little respect for even an Ork.’

“This naturally aroused my curiosity and after I had completed my education and left school I decided to fly out into the world and try to get a glimpse of the creatures called Men. So I left home without saying good-bye, an act I shall always regret. Adventures were many, I found. I sighted men several times, but have never before been so close to them as now. Also I had to fight my way through the air, for I met gigantic birds, with fluffy feathers all over them, which attacked me fiercely. Besides, it kept me busy escaping from floating airships. In my rambling I had lost all track of distance or direction, so that when I wanted to go home I had no idea where my country was located. I’ve now been trying to find it for several months and it was during one of my flights over the ocean that I met the whirlpool and became its victim.”

Trot and Cap'n Bill listened to this recital with much interest, and from the friendly tone and harmless appearance of the Ork they judged he was not likely to prove so disagreeable a companion as at first they had feared he might be.

The Ork sat upon its haunches much as a cat does, but used the finger-like claws of its front legs almost as cleverly as if they were hands. Perhaps the most curious thing about the creature was its tail, or what ought to have been its tail. This queer arrangement of skin, bones and muscle was shaped like the propellers used on boats and airships, having fan-like surfaces and being pivoted to its body. Cap'n Bill knew something of mechanics, and observing the propeller-like tail of the Ork he said:

"I s'pose you're a pretty swift flyer?"

"Yes, indeed; the Orks are admitted to be Kings of the Air."

"Your wings don't seem to amount to much," remarked Trot.

"Well, they are not very big," admitted the Ork, waving the four hollow skins gently to and fro, "but they serve to support my body in the air while I speed along by means of my tail. Still, taken altogether, I'm very handsomely formed, don't you think?"

Trot did not like to reply, but Cap'n Bill nodded gravely. "For an Ork," said he, "you're a wonder. I've never seen one afore, but I can imagine you're as good as any."

That seemed to please the creature and it began walking around the cavern, making its way easily up the slope. While it was gone,

Trot and Cap'n Bill each took another sip from the water-flask, to wash down their breakfast.

“Why, here’s a hole—an exit—an outlet!” exclaimed the Ork from above.

“We know,” said Trot. “We found it last night.”

“Well, then, let’s be off,” continued the Ork, after sticking its head into the black hole and sniffing once or twice. “The air seems fresh and sweet, and it can’t lead us to any worse place than this.”

The girl and the sailor-man got up and climbed to the side of the Ork.

“We’d about decided to explore this hole before you came,” explained Cap’n Bill; “but it’s a dangerous place to navigate in the dark, so wait till I light a candle.”

“What is a candle?” inquired the Ork.

“You’ll see in a minute,” said Trot.

The old sailor drew one of the candles from his right-side pocket and the tin matchbox from his left-side pocket. When he lighted the match the Ork gave a startled jump and eyed the flame suspiciously; but Cap’n Bill proceeded to light the candle and the action interested the Ork very much.

“Light,” it said, somewhat nervously, “is valuable in a hole of this sort. The candle is not dangerous, I hope?”

“Sometimes it burns your fingers,” answered Trot, “but that’s about the worst it can do—’cept to blow out when you don’t want it

to.”

Cap’n Bill shielded the flame with his hand and crept into the hole. It wasn’t any too big for a grown man, but after he had crawled a few feet it grew larger. Trot came close behind him and then the Ork followed.

“Seems like a reg’lar tunnel,” muttered the sailor-man, who was creeping along awkwardly because of his wooden leg. The rocks, too, hurt his knees.

For nearly half an hour the three moved slowly along the tunnel, which made many twists and turns and sometimes slanted downward and sometimes upward. Finally Cap’n Bill stopped short, with an exclamation of disappointment, and held the flickering candle far ahead to light the scene.

“What’s wrong?” demanded Trot, who could see nothing because the sailor’s form completely filled the hole.

“Why, we’ve come to the end of our travels, I guess,” he replied.

“Is the hole blocked?” inquired the Ork.

“No; it’s wuss nor that,” replied Cap’n Bill sadly. “I’m on the edge of a precipice. Wait a minute an’ I’ll move along and let you see for yourselves. Be careful, Trot, not to fall.”

Then he crept forward a little and moved to one side, holding the candle so that the girl could see to follow him. The Ork came next and now all three knelt on a narrow ledge of rock which

dropped straight away and left a huge black space which the tiny flame of the candle could not illuminate.

“H-m!” said the Ork, peering over the edge; “this doesn’t look very promising, I’ll admit. But let me take your candle, and I’ll fly down and see what’s below us.”

“Aren’t you afraid?” asked Trot.

“Certainly I’m afraid,” responded the Ork. “But if we intend to escape we can’t stay on this shelf forever. So, as I notice you poor creatures cannot fly, it is my duty to explore the place for you.”

Cap’n Bill handed the Ork the candle, which had now burned to about half its length. The Ork took it in one claw rather cautiously and then tipped its body forward and slipped over the edge. They heard a queer buzzing sound, as the tail revolved, and a brisk flapping of the peculiar wings, but they were more interested just then in following with their eyes the tiny speck of light which marked the location of the candle. This light first made a great circle, then dropped slowly downward and suddenly was extinguished, leaving everything before them black as ink.

“Hi, there! How did that happen?” cried the Ork.

“It blew out, I guess,” shouted Cap’n Bill. “Fetch it here.”

“I can’t see where you are,” said the Ork.

So Cap’n Bill got out another candle and lighted it, and its flame enabled the Ork to fly back to them. It alighted on the edge and held out the bit of candle.

“What made it stop burning?” asked the creature.

“The wind,” said Trot. “You must be more careful, this time.”

“What’s the place like?” inquired Cap’n Bill.

“I don’t know, yet; but there must be a bottom to it, so I’ll try to find it.”

With this the Ork started out again and this time sank downward more slowly. Down, down, down it went, till the candle was a mere spark, and then it headed away to the left and Trot and Cap’n Bill lost all sight of it.

In a few minutes, however, they saw the spark of light again, and as the sailor still held the second lighted candle the Ork made straight toward them. It was only a few yards distant when suddenly it dropped the candle with a cry of pain and next moment alighted, fluttering wildly, upon the rocky ledge.

“What’s the matter?” asked Trot.

“It bit me!” wailed the Ork. “I don’t like your candles. The thing began to disappear slowly as soon as I took it in my claw, and it grew smaller and smaller until just now it turned and bit me—a most unfriendly thing to do. Oh—oh! Ouch, what a bite!”

“That’s the nature of candles, I’m sorry to say,” explained Cap’n Bill, with a grin. “You have to handle ‘em mighty keerful. But tell us, what did you find down there?”

“I found a way to continue our journey,” said the Ork, nursing tenderly the claw which had been burned. “Just below us is a great

lake of black water, which looked so cold and wicked that it made me shudder; but away at the left there's a big tunnel, which we can easily walk through. I don't know where it leads to, of course, but we must follow it and find out." "why, we can't get to it," protested the little girl. "We can't fly, as you do, you must remember."

"No, that's true," replied the Ork musingly. "Your bodies are built very poorly, it seems to me, since all you can do is crawl upon the earth's surface. But you may ride upon my back, and in that way I can promise you a safe journey to the tunnel."

"Are you strong enough to carry us?" asked Cap'n Bill, doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed; I'm strong enough to carry a dozen of you, if you could find a place to sit," was the reply; "but there's only room between my wings for one at a time, so I'll have to make two trips."

"All right; I'll go first," decided Cap'n Bill.

He lit another candle for Trot to hold while they were gone and to light the Ork on his return to her, and then the old sailor got upon the Ork's back, where he sat with his wooden leg sticking straight out sidewise.

"If you start to fall, clasp your arms around my neck," advised the creature.

"If I start to fall, it's good night an' pleasant dreams," said Cap'n Bill.

"All ready?" asked the Ork.

“Start the buzz-tail,” said Cap’n Bill, with a tremble in his voice. But the Ork flew away so gently that the old man never even tottered in his seat. Trot watched the light of Cap’n Bill’s candle till it disappeared in the far distance. She didn’t like to be left alone on this dangerous ledge, with a lake of black water hundreds of feet below her; but she was a brave little girl and waited patiently for the return of the Ork. It came even sooner than she had expected and the creature said to her:

“Your friend is safe in the tunnel. Now, then, get aboard and I’ll carry you to him in a jiffy.”

I’m sure not many little girls would have cared to take that awful ride through the huge black cavern on the back of a skinny Ork. Trot didn’t care for it, herself, but it just had to be done and so she did it as courageously as possible. Her heart beat fast and she was so nervous she could scarcely hold the candle in her fingers as the Ork sped swiftly through the darkness.

It seemed like a long ride to her, yet in reality the Ork covered the distance in a wonderfully brief period of time and soon Trot stood safely beside Cap’n Bill on the level floor of a big arched tunnel. The sailor-man was very glad to greet his little comrade again and both were grateful to the Ork for his assistance.

“I dunno where this tunnel leads to,” remarked Cap’n Bill, “but it surely looks more promisin’ than that other hole we crept through.”

“When the Ork is rested,” said Trot, “we’ll travel on and see what happens.”

“Rested!” cried the Ork, as scornfully as his shrill voice would allow. “That bit of flying didn’t tire me at all. I’m used to flying days at a time, without ever once stopping.”

“Then let’s move on,” proposed Cap’n Bill. He still held in his hand one lighted candle, so Trot blew out the other flame and placed her candle in the sailor’s big pocket. She knew it was not wise to burn two candles at once.

The tunnel was straight and smooth and very easy to walk through, so they made good progress. Trot thought that the tunnel began about two miles from the cavern where they had been cast by the whirlpool, but now it was impossible to guess the miles traveled, for they walked steadily for hours and hours without any change in their surroundings.

Finally Cap’n Bill stopped to rest.

“There’s somethin’ queer about this ‘ere tunnel, I’m certain,” he declared, wagging his head dolefully. “Here’s three candles gone a’ready, an’ only three more left us, yet the tunnel’s the same as it was when we started. An’ how long it’s goin’ to keep up, no one knows.”

“Couldn’t we walk without a light?” asked Trot. “The way seems safe enough.”

“It does right now,” was the reply, “but we can’t tell when we

are likely to come to another gulf, or somethin' jes' as dangerous. In that case we'd be killed afore we knew it."

"Suppose I go ahead?" suggested the Ork. "I don't fear a fall, you know, and if anything happens I'll call out and warn you."

"That's a good idea," declared Trot, and Cap'n Bill thought so, too. So the Ork started off ahead, quite in the dark, and hand in hand the two followed him.

When they had walked in this way for a good long time the Ork halted and demanded food. Cap'n Bill had not mentioned food because there was so little left—only three biscuits and a lump of cheese about as big as his two fingers—but he gave the Ork half of a biscuit, sighing as he did so. The creature didn't care for the cheese, so the sailor divided it between himself and Trot. They lighted a candle and sat down in the tunnel while they ate.

"My feet hurt me," grumbled the Ork. "I'm not used to walking and this rocky passage is so uneven and lumpy that it hurts me to walk upon it."

"Can't you fly along?" asked Trot.

"No; the roof is too low," said the Ork.

After the meal they resumed their journey, which Trot began to fear would never end. When Cap'n Bill noticed how tired the little girl was, he paused and lighted a match and looked at his big silver watch.

"Why, it's night!" he exclaimed. "We've tramped all day, an'

still we're in this awful passage, which mebbe goes straight through the middle of the world, an' mebbe is a circle—in which case we can keep walkin' till doomsday. Not knowin' what's before us so well as we know what's behind us, I propose we make a stop, now, an' try to sleep till mornin'."

"That will suit me," asserted the Ork, with a groan. "My feet are hurting me dreadfully and for the last few miles I've been limping with pain."

"My foot hurts, too," said the sailor, looking for a smooth place on the rocky floor to sit down.

"Your foot!" cried the Ork. "why, you've only one to hurt you, while I have four. So I suffer four times as much as you possibly can. Here; hold the candle while I look at the bottoms of my claws. I declare," he said, examining them by the flickering light, "there are bunches of pain all over them!"

"P'r'aps," said Trot, who was very glad to sit down beside her companions, "you've got corns."

"Corns? Nonsense! Orks never have corns," protested the creature, rubbing its sore feet tenderly.

"Then mebbe they're—they're— What do you call 'em, Cap'n Bill? Something 'bout the Pilgrim's Progress, you know."

"Bunions," said Cap'n Bill.

"Oh, yes; mebbe you've got bunions."

"It is possible," moaned the Ork. "But whatever they are, another day of such walking on them would drive me crazy."

“I’m sure they’ll feel better by mornin’,” said Cap’n Bill, encouragingly. “Go to sleep an’ try to forget your sore feet.”

The Ork cast a reproachful look at the sailor-man, who didn’t see it. Then the creature asked plaintively: “Do we eat now, or do we starve?”

“There’s only half a biscuit left for you,” answered Cap’n Bill. “No one knows how long we’ll have to stay in this dark tunnel, where there’s nothing whatever to eat; so I advise you to save that morsel o’ food till later.”

“Give it me now!” demanded the Ork. “If I’m going to starve, I’ll do it all at once—not by degrees.”

Cap’n Bill produced the biscuit and the creature ate it in a trice. Trot was rather hungry and whispered to Cap’n Bill that she’d take part of her share; but the old man secretly broke his own half-biscuit in two, saving Trot’s share for a time of greater need.

He was beginning to be worried over the little girl’s plight and long after she was asleep and the Ork was snoring in a rather disagreeable manner, Cap’n Bill sat with his back to a rock and smoked his pipe and tried to think of some way to escape from this seemingly endless tunnel. But after a time he also slept, for hobbling on a wooden leg all day was tiresome, and there in the dark slumbered the three adventurers for many hours, until the Ork roused itself and kicked the old sailor with one foot.

“It must be another day,” said he.