



“These people are powerful...” Moawa replied angrily. “They have guns. They can kill us before we get close enough to hit them with an arrow. If we give them what they want, they will reward us. If we don’t help them, they will take it anyway.”
Then everyone spoke at once and started arguing.

As the sun set, Remaema’s uncle Moawa returned to the *yano* – the round house which all the families shared. He proudly carried a new *machete*, and wore a bright red T-shirt.
Remaema’s father asked where he got such precious things.
“From the nabë,” he replied.
“Brother, you are helping the nabë, who are cutting down our trees?”