

## CHAPTER XXVII. -The coming Race

As I sat in my chamber, Taeë, a child of the Vrìl-ya, visited me. His presence brought comfort, as I felt less overshadowed by his innocence than by the company of more educated and mature beings. Prompted by a desire to revisit the spot where I first descended into this nether world, I proposed a stroll outside the city, to which Taeë agreed, albeit with a seriousness uncommon to him.

In the street, we encountered a group of young Gy-ei returning from the fields, their arms laden with flowers, their voices melding in a harmonious song—a testament to the Gy-ei's preference for singing over speaking. They greeted us warmly, with a particularly respectful and chivalrous demeanor towards me, a contrast to the behavior of 'fast' young ladies of the Anglo-Saxon race. Despite their compliments, which flattered yet slightly discomfited me, their behavior was encapsulated in the refined manners seen in high societies above earth, offering deferential and polished courtesies.

Amidst our exchange, Taeë's sister, a princess, descended from the skies, questioning my absence from their gatherings with a stark directness, yet still maintaining a respectful chivalry. Before I could respond, Taeë intervened, reminding her of the propriety expected of their sex, subtly chiding her for her forwardness. This exchange, though it briefly embarrassed the princess, was met with approval from the others.

Suddenly, the chief magistrate approached, his presence casting a palpable shadow. The sight of him filled me with an inexplicable dread, his visage exuding an otherworldly serenity and a hint of a superiority that seemed fatal to my own kind. His arrival marked a stark contrast to the lightness of our earlier interactions, reminding me of the profound differences between our worlds and the inscrutable nature of the Vrìl-ya.