

Hunting wild pigs, finding a water stream, gathering berries or firewood are only done for one reason. To be good.

The sounds of heavy breathing of men fill my ears along with bare feet stomping through the brush. The wild pig in front of us, hairy and with an arrow in its side, runs away as fast as it can. The hunting dogs overtake me pushing the pig into a corner against the fast flowing river. I reach back and grab my spear. The pig falters. My breath slows and in one swift fluid movement I release my spear.

Carrying the pig back is light in comparison to the true weight I feel. I must please the goddess. This pig is a sacrifice to the deity of good.

This pig will feed our tribe, and we will eat for two days. That is good.

With a tribemate I slowly walk this pig into camp. Walking slowly past the thatch huts we place the pig in front of her. She is a beautiful wooden statue. Her presence through this wood is more than enough to make me hunt again.

I see an old man walk towards me. His body is scarred and lean from a lifetime of hunting. Fully visible in our tribe's cloth. His beard is bushy and long with the colour of ash. His red and white symbols of divinity on his face show his status. He is the head elder. He is good.

'You have pleased the goddess yet again, Oiake' he says with a steady authoritative voice

'Yes. I am still yet to finish. Once I gather some berries then I will have been good today' I say as I pull my spear out from the back of the pigs neck

I walk away without another word. I don't want to waste our time. I look and see a young man, he's lying next to the fire with a small deer at his feet. He is fit and healthy yet he chooses to hunt something insignificant. He could do more. He chooses not to. He is bad.

As I am foraging through the bushes looking for berries some men stand before me. They are from a very different tribe from mine. The jungle around me hums and squawks yet it all goes silent in my ears. They wear dark green. They cover their whole bodies with cloth. They hold some kind of metal tool in their hands which is dark grey like stone. They have leaves on their headwear. It is as though they wish to be a bush.

The men turned out to be warriors from a tribe. A very big tribe, many times bigger than mine, I was told. They had an elder from a tribe near speak their gibberish into words I could understand. They want to take willing tribesmen from tribes like mine and teach us their way of speaking to see how we deal with their lifestyle. They will not tell me anything about where they're from other than that the tribe's name is 'Britain'. I said I will go. I know they are very strong. Strength is what we need for the tribe. I must learn their ways to be good.

It has been two years now. I was taken three days a week to learn English. I was also told to do more study in the meantime in between sessions, which I did. It was difficult however, possible for me. I told the tribe I was leaving, some seemed sad. I assume they know that my contributions will no longer be in the tribe for a while. The head elder handed me a small

statue of the goddess that fits neatly in the palm of my hand. This will be perfect for my offerings while away.

I have arrived in Britain now. The flight lasted a night. My watcher leads me out of the 'airport'. I have never seen so many tribesmen in my life. I am in a place called 'London'. I see these people worshiping a huge statue with a white circle on it with markings. I asked what it was and my watcher said it was 'Big Ben'. This must be their deity. It's very impressive. However its presence is unfelt other than its size.

I get led to my small room called a flat. I place my goddess on the windowsill. I was assigned work by this program. I will work in a shop. This is where you trade metal for things you want. This is good. It will make everyone contribute for metal. Having this in my home tribe will be desirable.

My name was changed for this project. I am no longer Oiake. I am James. It is for ease of life they said. Oiake is a warrior name however, James will do.

I walk into my job, Mark greets me. He is the manager he tells me. He is a man around 50 years old, pudgy and shaven with black short hair. He says I will stack shelves.

'How do I be good here?' I ask

'Be good?' mark laughs 'just follow the rules and you'll be fine and also, work hard'

It doesn't seem like he knows how to be good. How could you be good by not doing something like breaking a rule? If you break a rule you are bad but you are not good if you don't break it.

Stacking shelves is uninteresting. Seeing the meat is nice. It is strange seeing the unfit get meat which I would have to hunt for. I got my pay from Mark. He said I was a very good worker. I tried to be good in this situation.

As I walk home I hold my money, looking at it there are some faces of old people. Could these be the elders I heard of?

Walking into my flat I place the money at her feet. Her weight feels less today. I want to do more good but what is good here? Outside of the shop. It feels empty.

I choose not to skip my breaktime and talk to Mark during it

'How can I be good outside of this job?'

'That's for you to decide, James. Maybe try take a rest' mark replies taking the question more serious than before

'If I work to make sure the shop is in order and succeeds that is good. But how can I decide what is good? I do not decide what is good. Something above must do so' I go back to work after this. His response was irrelevant.

There is no benefit in thinking more about this. As long as I can bring back benefits for the tribe, that's all that matters. I continue to work at my job. I bring back offerings sometimes now. Although each passing day they seem to be received less. I have taken a liking to sweet treats, ice cream is an enjoyable meal. I will usually sit in my flat in bed as I am not allowed more overtime and no one else has shown me what is good here.

It has been 5 months since I have been here. I no longer get help from my watcher, they just do irregular check ins. Mark likes me now. I have started learning how to cook foods in my free time because I was given a cookbook by Mark. Although I still feel an emptiness sometimes it is more manageable, this tribe has a lot of things I can bring back home...

It's then I see it. The dust resting upon her head. She looks inward at me and yet I never looked back.

I am bad. This feeling sinks me down. For the past months I have forgotten her. I have not offered her anything. The feeling of wanting to cry came upon me in a way it hasn't since I was a child. Looking at her, covered in dust. I have realised something. After all this time I still do not know what is good or bad in this place.

It's as though they have the right words but don't understand what they mean. And I have indulged in the same act. I should know better. I am no different than that of the man who sits by the fire content with the minimum.

In fact. I am worse.