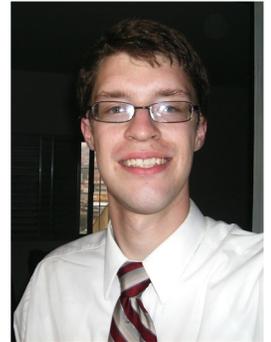


IT'S JACBA STORY TIME!

Sejam bem-vindos ao Brasil

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The whirl of the engines morphed into a deafening roar as the Boeing 767 rushed down the runway of the Dallas/Fort Worth Airport. Flight B186 destined for São Paulo, Brazil, lifted from the ground with a gut-wrenching lurch at exactly 9:47 PM, Mountain Standard Time. Inside the plane, the human passengers leaned back in their semi-comfortable chairs to watch the in-flight movie, *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*, or to catch a few winks at the beginning of the long ten-hour flight. Chester, on the other hand, was a wreck of emotions. Below the humans, Chester's cage rested rather uncomfortably between a large dog kennel - its occupant already fast asleep and snoring quite loudly, truth be told - and an odd looking cavy cage - its occupant blabbering away at an astonishing speed in a language that Chester couldn't even begin to decipher.

"Você está com medo querido?" the other cavy asked, looking into Chester's cage with a grin.

What in the world is he saying? Chester thought to himself, not knowing how to respond.

"What's your name?" He finally squeaked out, deciding that that would be the best place to start. Before the plane had taken off, Chester had thought that the other cavy had been talking with himself, but now appeared as if he wanted to converse a little.

"Me desculpe, mas eu não falo inglês," the other cavy squeaked, "sou Brasileiro."

Great, Chester thought, A Foreigner! This is all Jason's fault! Once he got that stupid scholarship to come and study in São Paulo, Brazil, my life has gone completely downhill! First there were all those nasty doctor people and their nasty little needles, and now I'm stuck in this stupid little airplane with a snoring dog and a Brazilian cavy that is so dumb that he can't even speak English! Why did Jason have to take me away from all the good things in my life???

Shaking the troubling thoughts from his mind, Chester decided to take a few laps around his small cage in order to cool off steam. Just out of spite, he pulled out of his run with a stumbling halt, scattering wood pellets in all directions.

"O que você está fazendo!" the Brazilian cavy squealed in distress.

Chester ignored him and settled himself down for a nice nap to pass the flight more quickly. He drifted off to sleep a few moments later with the whimsical question of how the food was going to taste in Brazil wafting through his mind.

Chester was torn from his sleep hours later by a horrifying lurch as the plane came into contact with the ground. More wood pellets flew everywhere and Chester squealed in anxiety as he went sliding across along the plastic bottom of his cage.

"Acalma-te Gringo," the Brazilian cavy soothed mockingly, "chegamos no melho pais do mundo - o Brasil!"

"You know what," Chester almost snarled back, his teeth chattering as the plane coasted along the runway, "I've about had it with your stupid Brazilian! Why don't you just speak English like the rest of the civilized world?"

"First time in Brazil, isn't it, Dear?" A reassuring feminine voice asked above the noise of the engines.

Chester spun about quickly, trying to pinpoint where the voice had come from. To his surprise, the dog next to him was awake and looking at him intently, her long golden-brown hair dancing with the rumblings of the plane.

"Yeah - what of it?"

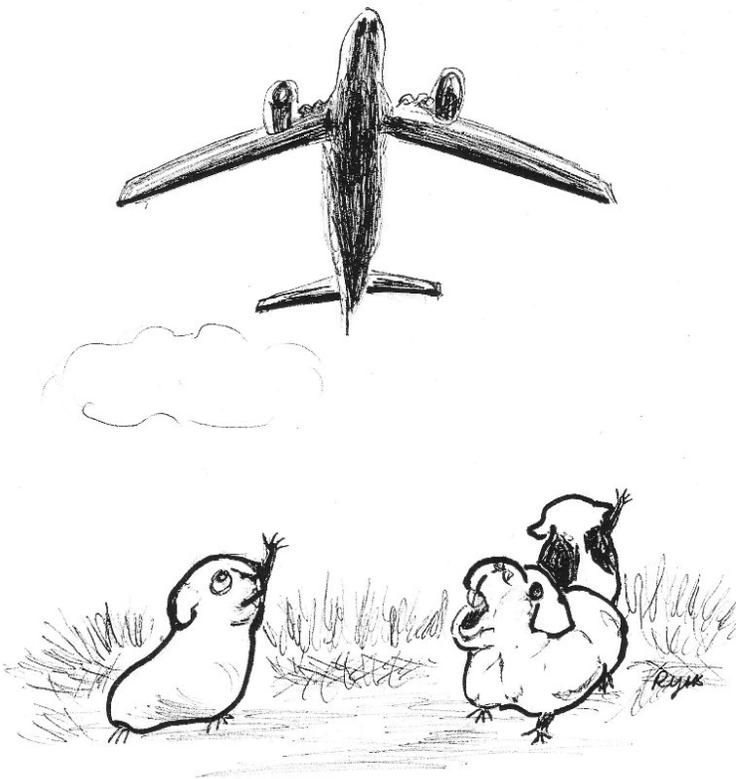
"Oh, you just act the part is all, Dear," she replied with a canine smile. "My first trip here with my human, James Hupp, was a bit of a nightmare too. I'm a Yorkshire Terrier, a show dog."

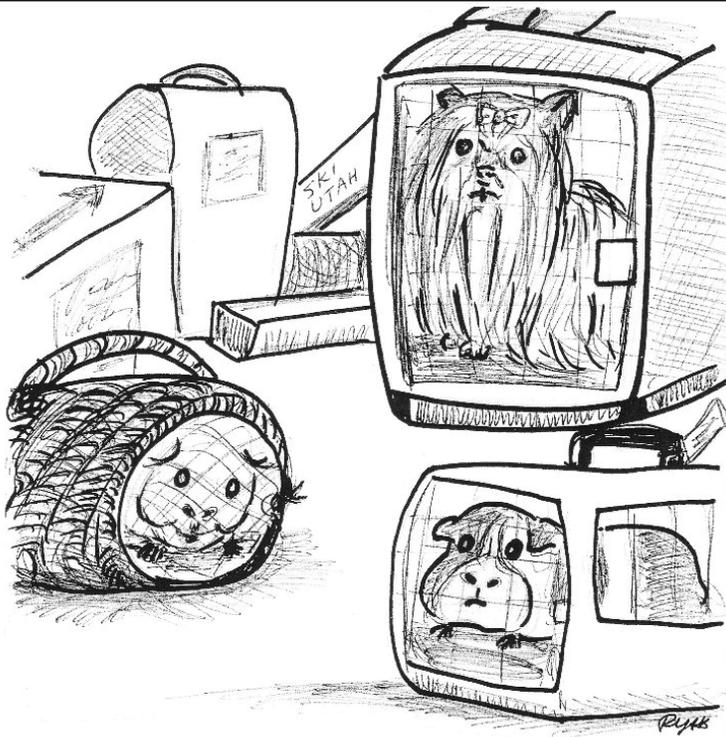
"Yeah - how many times have you been forced down here?"

"Forced, Dear? Never. I think you have the wrong kind of idea about life here in Brazil. Just wait - in a year or so - you'll be in love with it!"

Whatever, Chester thought, another loony!

He opened his mouth to say something, but in that same





instant the plane came to a sudden halt and the compartment door swung open. Two human men jumped in and immediately began throwing luggage and anything else they could get their hands on – including Chester’s cage – out into the hot Brazilian air.

“Good luck!” the Yorkie barked as Chester was tossed through the door.

“Hey, be careful with me!” Chester squealed to the humans who caught his cage and roughly shoved it into the back of a muggy van.

Moments later, the other cavy’s cage was resting next to his and the door to the van was slammed shut.

“Vamos embora daqui!” one of the humans shouted.

The van started up with another sickening lurch and shot off across the tarmac.

“Hey, turn on the air conditioning, will you?” Chester gasped, choking in the hot and humid Brazilian atmosphere.

“Você não gosta do ar aqui no Brasil,” the Brazilian cavy squealed delightfully, “é gostoso não é?”

Chester chose not to answer – not that he understood what was said – nor did he have time to, as in that very moment, the van come to a halt and the door was flung open once more.

“Not again!” Chester groaned as the humans grabbed his cage once again and tossed both he and the other Brazilian cavy onto a terrifying maze of conveyor belts.

In an instant, they passed through a small plastic gateway and were inside a building, slowly rising on the conveyor belt that appeared as if it would never end. As they slowly rose on the conveyor belt, Chester caught a glimpse of a HUGE maze of conveyor belts with hundreds of thousands of bags and packages moving about upon them.

“What in the world is all this?” Chester screamed in fright. “I’ll get lost in all this! I’m never going to see my home again!”

Overcome with fright Chester rushed to the corner of his cage near the food bowl and closed his eyes, desperately wishing that it would all be over. The cage rocked and bumped on the conveyor system as it went along its journey, passing quickly from one belt to the next, all the while Chester huddled oblivious to it all

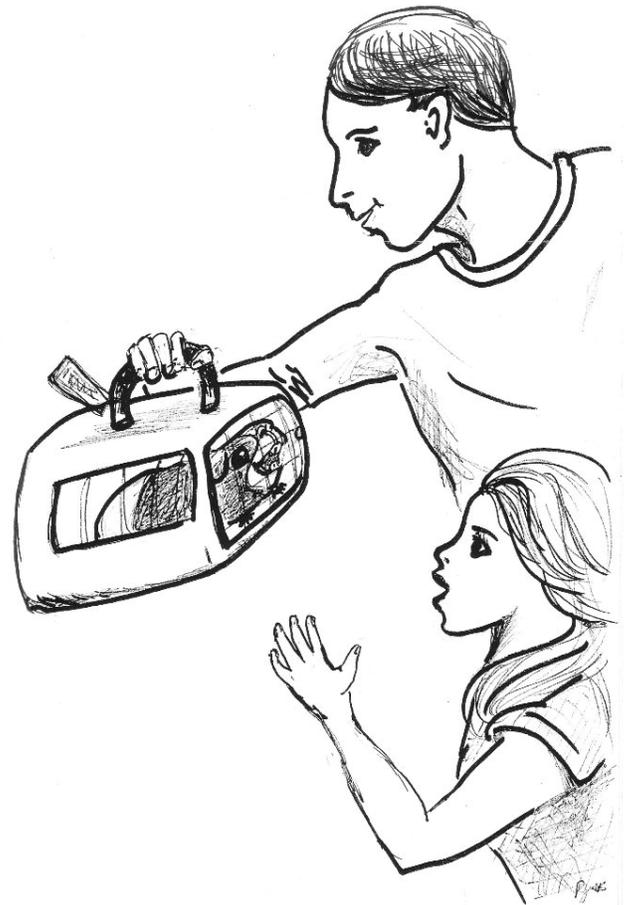
in the corner of his cage. After what seemed like an eternity, the rumbling stopped and Chester heard a slightly reassuring voice saying his name. He opened his eyes just in time to see a pair of familiar hands reach down and pick up his cage – his human, Jason.

“And this is Chester,” Jason said to the human female that was next to him, “He’s an American Tortoise and White, directly descended from the lines of Robert Spitzer crossed with some TSW’s from someone called Kevin Nielsen – they’re both from Arizona.”

Now he talks about me, Chester thought angrily. *He didn’t have to just go through that living nightmare! The next time he reaches in my cage to touch me I’m going to bite him a good one on the finger!*

Chester chattered his teeth angrily as a strange female voice blared over the loudspeaker, “Sejam bem-vindos ao Brasil!”

The End



TRANSLATIONS

Você está com medo querido - Are you afraid dear?

Me desculpe, mas eu não falo inglês sou Brasileiro – Excuse me, but I don’t speak English, I’m Brazilian

O que você está fazendo – What are you doing?

Acalma-te Gringo, chegamos no melhor país do mundo, o Brasil - Calm down gringo! We have arrived in the best country in the world – Brazil!

Vamos embora daqui – Let’s get out of here!

Você não gosta do ar aqui no Brasil é gostoso não é – Don’t you just love the air here in Brazil. It’s very lovely isn’t it?

Sejam bem-vindos ao Brasil – Be welcome to BRAZIL!