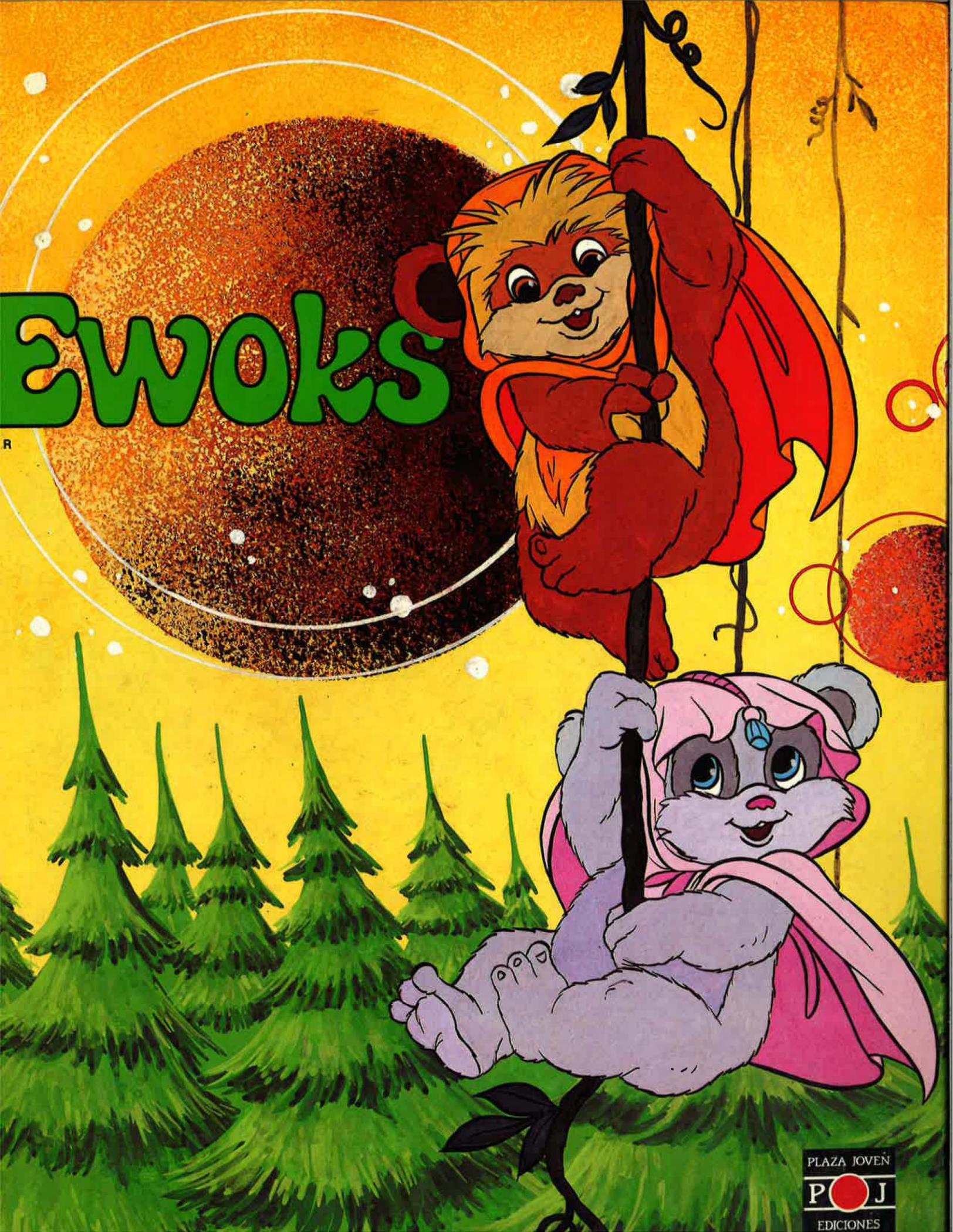


EWOKS



PLAZA JOVEN

POJ

EDICIONES







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Translated by Abel G. Peña

PLAZA JOVEN, S.A.



Endor is a moon that is far, *very* far away from us. Upon it live some furry beings. They are the Ewoks. Their village resides upon the crown of the “Great Trees,” which are their protectors, and which the Ewoks many times call upon, requesting help. The Ewok village is made up of wood huts atop platforms that encircle the trunk of a tree. The Ewoks’ roads and plazas are also wooden. They often gather in the central grand plaza when they have to deal with some important matter or when they celebrate some festive day.

There, too, is where Ewok children listen to the stories of the Ewoks in ancient times ... tales of their ancestors told to them by Chief Chirpa or Logray, the medicine man. Around the fire, they hear the deeds of the brave Ewoks that made it so their village would live in peace and tranquility, something that is not so simple because there is an enemy that ... well, that is something we will see soon enough.

Chirpa is the chief of the Ewoks. They also call him the Wise One, because his

decisions are always on target, and all the Ewoks acknowledge that he is the best chief they could have possibly had. He has a daughter, Kneesaa, whose best friends are Wicket, Latara and Teebo.

Chief Chirpa also has another daughter, Asha, but for a long time everyone thought that she had died. Only Kneesaa's valor and determination succeeded in proving that it was not so, and Asha returned to the Ewok village beside her father and sister.

When Asha and Kneesaa were little, they went with their mother Ra-Lee to the river to collect small colorful stones. Then, a terrifying hanadak attacked them. Kneesaa ran to the village to look for help while her mother tried to protect Asha. But when the Ewoks arrived, Ra-Lee was dead and Asha





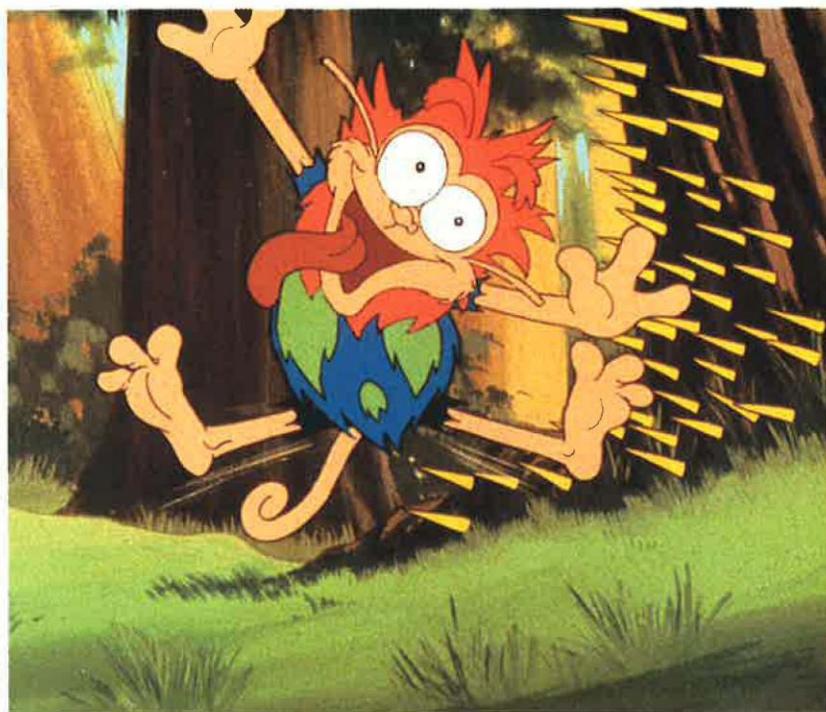
had disappeared. The years passed by, and one day Wicket, Teebo and Paploo saw in the forest a red-colored Ewok being followed by some korrinas and who was defending the forest animals: The Duloks—those belligerent warriors who are never happy except when hassling someone (the Ewoks and forest animals, above all)—had gone out to hunt. When Kneesaa heard this story, she immediately thought of her sister Asha and did not doubt it for a moment. She struck out in search, not giving a second thought to the heavily falling snow. Wicket did not want her to go alone, and so, they both pushed deep into the forest in search of Asha.

And they met with fortune: Asha



returned with them to the village—after saying goodbye to the korrinas, the noble animals that had saved her from the hanadaks and who had looked after her. That is why Asha loved the animals so much and did not allow them to come to the least bit of harm. That is why, countless times, she had confronted the Duloks, who feared her and called her the “Red Ghost.” And that is also why the Duloks would flee as soon as they saw Asha appear with her family of korrinas.

Asha told all of this to her sister Kneesaa and the rest of the Ewoks the first nights after her return to the village. Now Asha lives happily with her sister Kneesaa and her father Chief Chirpa in



the Ewok village that resides upon the crown of the great trees.

Wicket is Kneesaa's best friend. They are always together, and they have reveled in many adventures. They like picking berries and fruits in the forest; they like picking flowers to give as gifts to their friends, and they like scampering from one place to another. Wicket has two brothers, Weechee and Willy, and one baby sister, Winda. Their parents, Deej and Shodu, love them very much and are very proud of their children ... even though they sometimes get themselves into trouble. Like that one time Willy sipped a bit of the potion that the medicine man Logray was preparing: He blew up like a balloon, and they had to tie him down with a rope, lowering him and letting him rise until the effects wore off. Of course, it's an ill wind that blows no

good: In this manner, Willy managed to get to the nest of the lantern bird and nab one of its feathers. For what reason did he want it? Nothing less than to save his father Deej: He was very sick, and Logray needed three things in order to make a potion and cure him.

These three things were: a feather from the lantern bird, which Willy acquired; a yellow dandelion's starred quill, which Wicket acquired, and the egg of a ranal (an animal that lived in caves filled with water), which Weechee ran great risk to acquire.

The three of them demonstrated much valor and saved their father. Of course, they had very important support: Kneesaa, Latara and Teebo all accompanied them. But above all, it was a kind and mischievous Gupin (a forest sprite) that lent them an incalculable help.





All of this happened in the village of the Ewoks. They find solutions to all problems thanks to their valor and the friendships they keep among all the Ewoks. But other beings live on Endor, too.

On Endor lives Morag, witch of the Gulas and enemy of the medicine man Logray, because her sorcery—which she uses to persecute the Ewoks—is no match for Logray’s magic, which he only uses toward good ends: helping everyone, curing them, preparing remedies, and even entertaining the Ewok children with magic tricks, like those he performs the day of The Festival of Wonders.

The Duloks also live on Endor. They inhabit a marshy swamp, and they are always preparing traps for the Ewoks. As soon as they see an Ewok, they throw themselves at him to make him a prisoner. At other times, the Duloks go and look for Ewoks to force them to work.





The king of the Duloks is Gorneesh. One day, Gorneesh and his wife Urgah were in their lair. The little Duloks were latched onto their mother all day long. They were very naughty. Well, not naughty: They were simply evil. And Urgah was fed up with them. She could not take anymore.

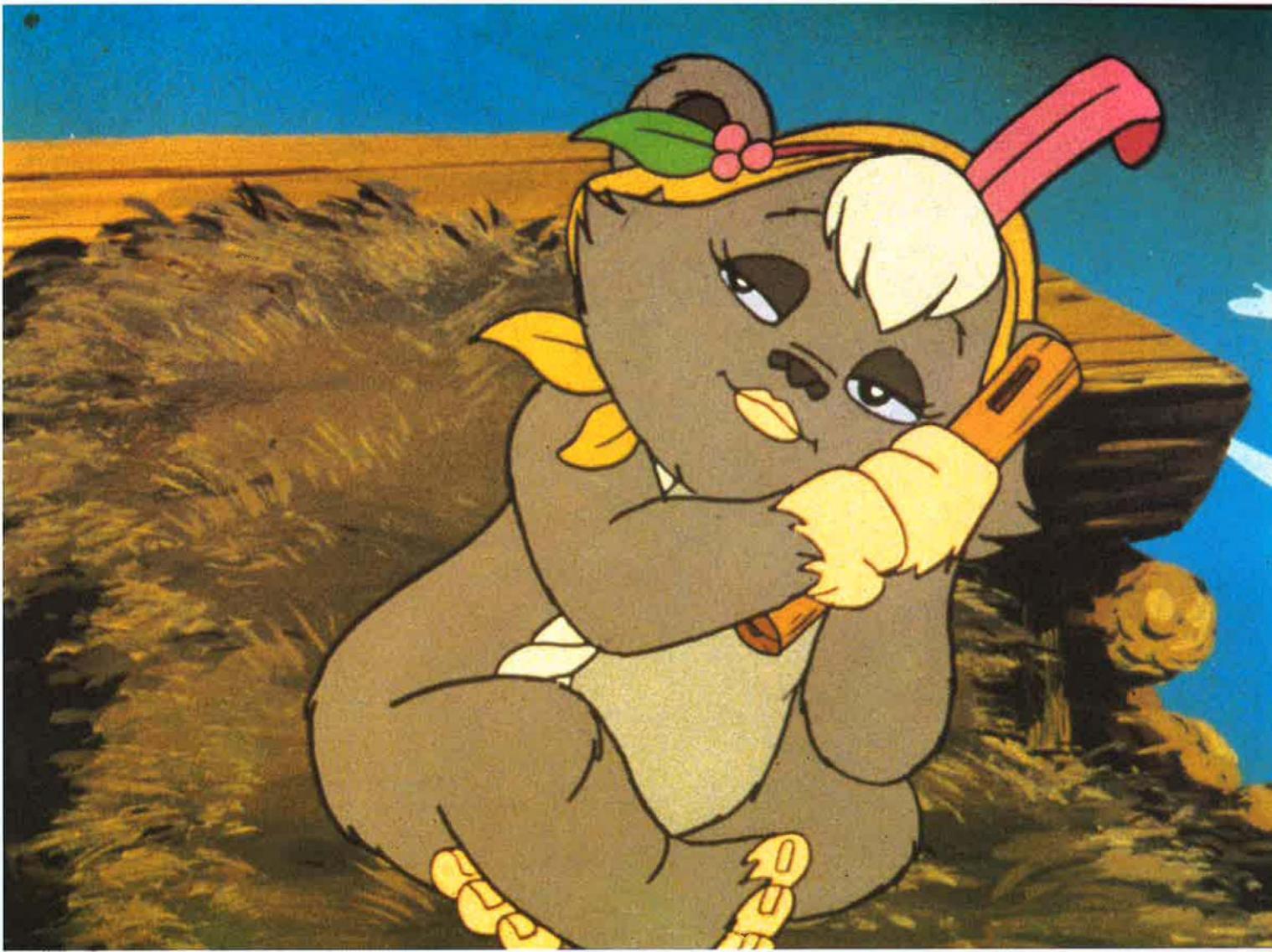
“Monsters! Miscreants! No one can stand you!” Urgah yelled. And speaking to Gorneesh, she added, “I warn you, Gorneesh! If you don’t bring me a babysitter to look after them, I won’t ever make food for you again.”

Gorneesh scratched his head ... and came up with a diabolical idea.

“Don’t worry, woman. I just thought of something.... *Guards!*”

Upon hearing their king’s voice, the guards entered Gorneesh’s lair and awaited their orders.





“I have an assignment for you. Urgah needs a babysitter and—”

“Oh, no! Order us to do anything else but that! No one can stand those snot-nosed brats!” The savage Duloks yelled.

“Silence!” Gorneesh interrupted them. “You’re a couple of blockheads! What you’re going to do is go to the village of the Ewoks and kidnap a babysitter.”

“Hee, hee, hee! You’re the smartest!”

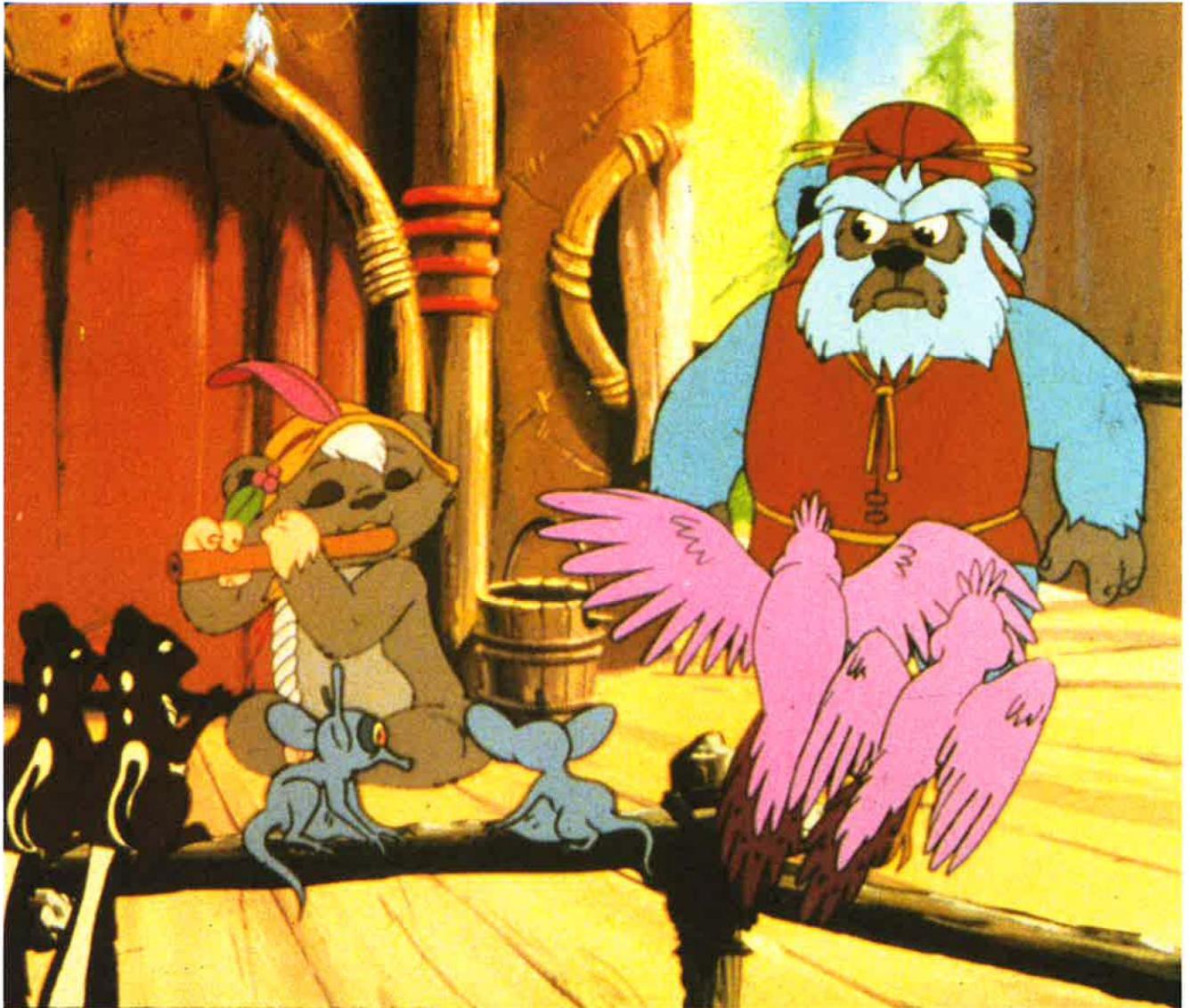
“And the most depraved of them all!”

The two Duloks departed in search of a babysitter to look after the Dulok children. That way, Urgah could get free

of them and continue cooking for King Gorneesh.

Lalara was very unaware as to what destiny had in store for her. She had no idea that her wish to be an artist would lead her on an immensely dangerous adventure, which she might only escape with great difficulty.

Lalara liked playing the flute. She spent all the time she could practicing because she wanted to become an accomplished artist. Not everyone on Endor approved of her hobby. For example, her father Lumat.



“Lalara! You still haven’t finished your chores,” Lumat said to her one day.

“I’m practicing. The munyips and these little forest animals are my audience.”

“Well, you can keep practicing when you finish straightening up the house. Enough of that noise!”

And Lalara had no other choice but to leave her practice for later and begin to clean the house. Later, her friends appeared.

“Lalara!” Wicket called. “We’re going to look at Paploo’s new raft. Want to

come?”

“I have a lot of work. I have to clean the whole hut.”

“When you finish, you can come by our huts and clean them, too,” Paploo said, laughing.

“Wait! I know a new song.” Lalara stopped cleaning and began playing the flute.

Her friends did not seem to like her music very much.

“That’s ... well, we’ve got to get going,” Wicket said.

“Yeah, let’s go,” added Teebo.

“We’ll see you later,” Kneesaa said.

“I can’t stand the flute!” Paploo growled.

And they left hurriedly. Latara was in a huff.

“Fine! One day, you’ll want me to play for you. One day, you’ll beg me to play for you!”

Latara continued cleaning the hut. A short time later, Zephee came in to ask her to watch over Nippet and Wiley.

“I have to go out to do some things, and I want you to watch them for me while I’m out. See you later, Latara.”

As soon as their mother left, Nippet and Wiley fell upon Latara, shouting.

“Yipeeeeeee! Latara, look!”

They were very unruly and made a great deal of noise. Because she could not get them to sit still, Latara decided to take them to the river for a stroll and see if that would calm them.

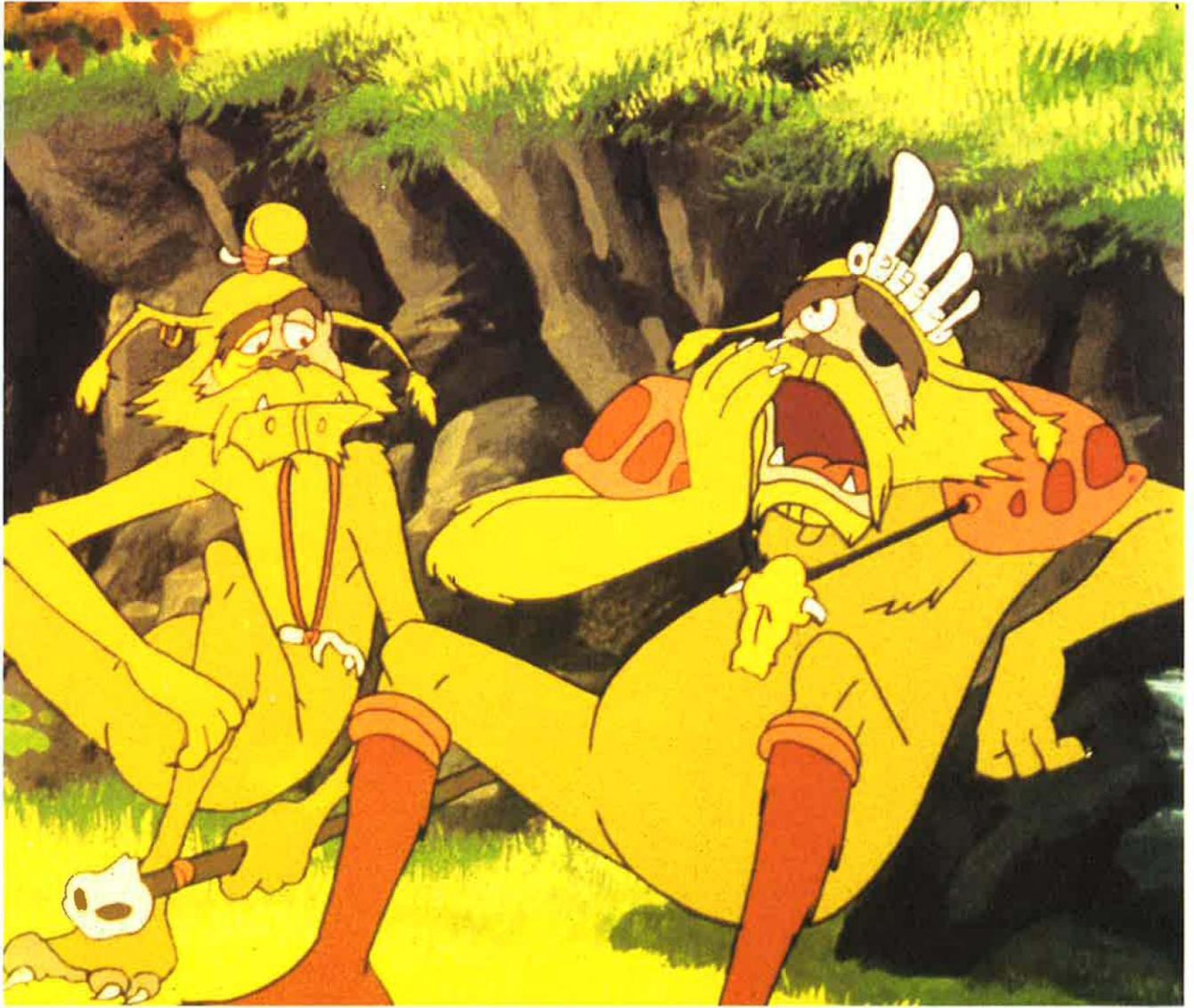
“Uh, boys! Let’s go for a walk.”

“Alriiiiiight!” Nippet and Wiley cried.

Upon arriving at the riverbank, Latara said to them:

“Let’s go sit on that rock over there. I’ll play you a pretty little song that I





came up with on my flute.”

But Latara had not noticed that two pairs of eyes were watching her from among the trees: It was the Duloks that had gone out in search of a babysitter for Gorneesh’s children.

“Look what we have here! An Ewok babysitter! We found what we were looking for! Follow me, and don’t make any noise.”

They crawled in silence until they were near Latara.

“Hee, hee, hee!” One of the Duloks laughed. But a loud noise cut short his

laughter. “What are you doing, gourd-head? You’re making more noise by yourself than a whole herd of hanadaks!”

“But it wasn’t me!” The other Dulk replied in surprise.

“Then...?”

They turned around and were left terrified: A giant caravan of awors was heading toward the Ewok village.

“Quick! Let’s get out of here before they see us.”

“I told you it wasn’t me that was making all that noise.”

And they hid themselves among the



trees.

Lalara had also heard the noise. The little Ewoks started shouting:

“Look, Lalara!”

“What is that?”

“Let’s return to the village and find out,” Lalara said.

They just made it when those strange beings were nearing the bases of the trees: singing and sounding their musical instruments. Some were on foot and others were mounted on the awors, which were loaded with very big bundles and even with huts. All the inhabitants of the



village had come down from the trees in order to see who these beings were and what they wanted. Chief Chirpa and the medicine man Logray were at the head of the Ewoks.

The one among these strangers who looked like their chief shouted through a megaphone that made his voice resonate throughout the trees.

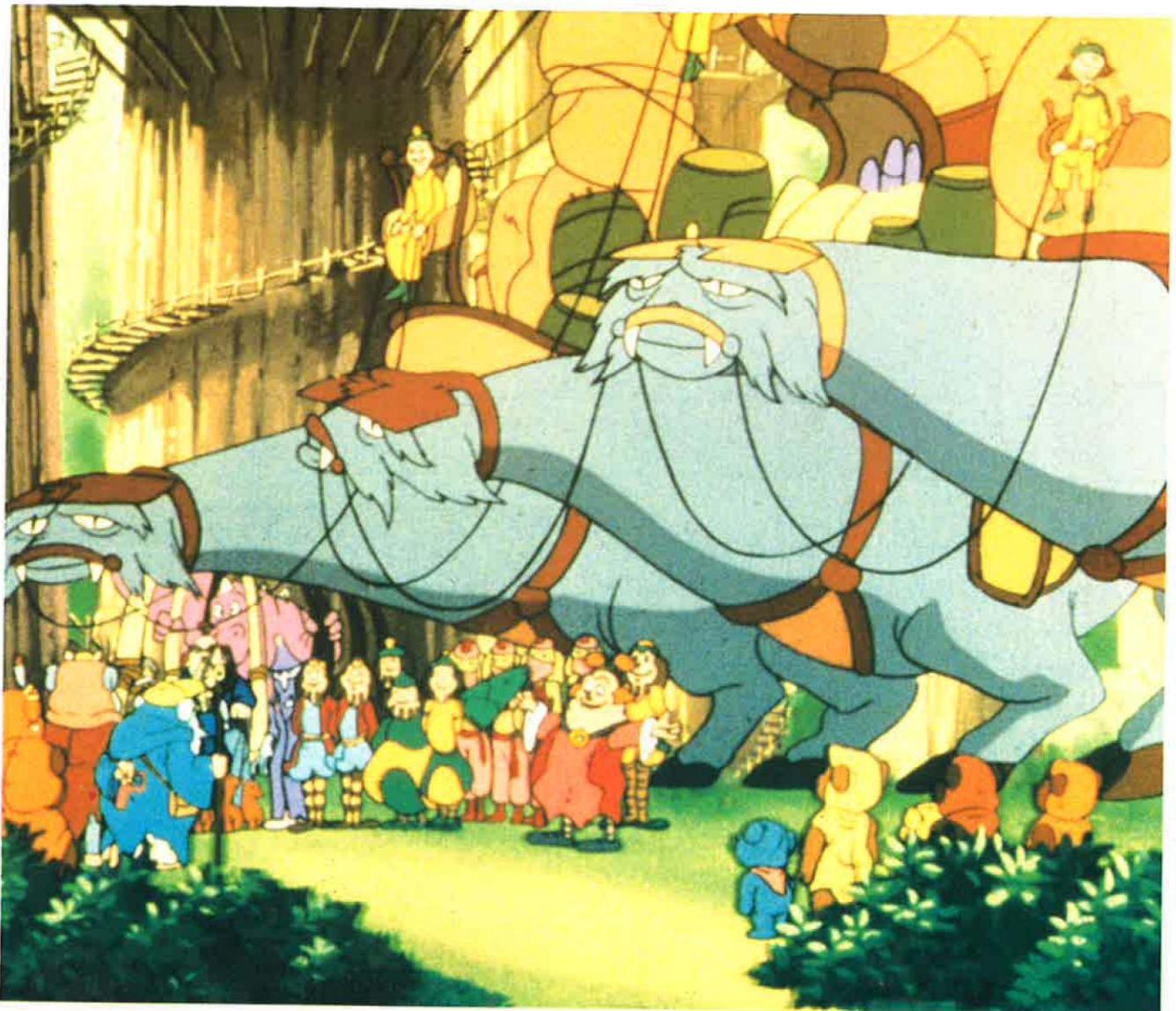
“The life of a Jinda is a paradise of amusements!”

“For us, work and performing are the same!” The others sang in harmonious chorus.

“Come one and all! Come and admire the greatest spectacle on all of Endor. The most spectacular spectacle of all spectacles! Because to your village have arrived, the most famous, the most admired, the most entertaining, the best—the Travelling Jindas!”

Chief Chirpa did not look very happy. He scowled, and when this being that was saying he belonged to a tribe called the Jindas fell silent for a moment, Chirpa addressed him with a strong voice:

“Can I ask who you are and, above all, for what purpose precisely you have come





here?”

“I am the great Bondo, and I come with my Travelling Jindas! Surely you have heard tell of us! We are supremely famous performers. Everyone the world over adores us.”

Latara listened to him, spellbound. Little by little she made her way to the front row.

“We go from village to village,” Bondo continued, “offering our first-class spectacle, our wondrous attractions. And now we offer them to you lucky



inhabitants of these marvelous lands! And the only thing we ask in return is that you grant your hospitality for one night.”

“Please, Chief Chirpa! Let them stay!” Latara then said.

“Oh! Who is this charming young lady?” asked Bondo.

“I’m an artist, too!”

“Well, then maybe I’ll sign an autograph for you later. Ha, ha, ha!”

“The Jindas may stay for one night,” pronounced Chief Chirpa.

“Thank you, a million thank yous!”

Come out of your houses, forget your worries! Ewoks, come all: The Travelling Jindas have arrived!”

And that night, the Jindas put on a show. All the Ewoks went to see them. And, of course, Latara was in the front row with her friends Wicket, Kneesaa, Teebo and Paploo.

When the time came for the performance to begin, Bondo addressed the spectators:

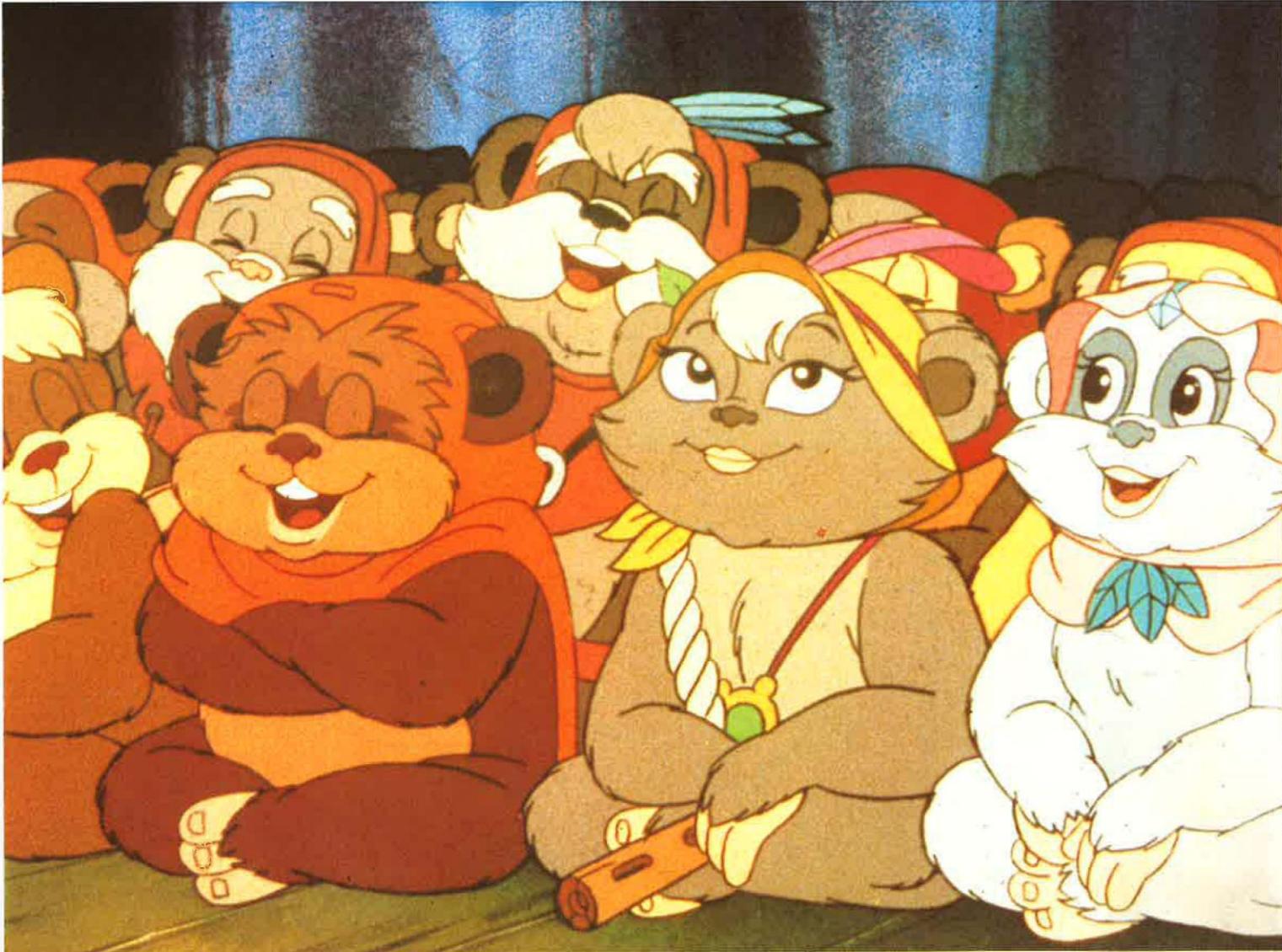
“Welcome to the greatest spectacle on Endor! The Travelling Jindas will offer



you their greatest acts, the most wondrous attractions.... To start, behold Chituhr and his trained ferrets.”

The Ewoks were very serious. Those animals were very fierce and could be dangerous. But when the Ewoks saw them upon the stage, they relaxed: The ferrets had not the slightest appearance of being ferocious. Moreover, they immediately started turning somersaults, leaping and doing everything that Chituhr ordered them to.

It was so delightful seeing those animals play on the stage as if they were





rollicksome kids. Upon finishing his number, Chituhr saluted, and the ferrets lined up and saluted the Ewoks as well, who commenced applauding with terrific enthusiasm.

“And next, the strong, the most brave, the amazing Trebla, accompanied by the Jinda ballerinas!”

And, one after another, the acts kept coming. Upon finishing, Bondo and all the performers took their leave of the audience.

“Thus ends another fantastic spectacle of the Travelling Jindas! Thank you,

thank you, we accept all manner of reward! Ha, ha, ha!”

The Ewoks were very excited, commenting as they left.

“That was stupendous! Right, Latara?” Kneesaa asked. “Latara...?”

“Where did she get off to now?” said Wicket.

In their excitement, they hadn’t noticed that Latara had gone off to look for the Jindas. While trying to locate Bondo, and very determined, she was saying to herself:

“If no one here can appreciate my

music, I'll go someplace else where the talent of good artists gets recognition...."

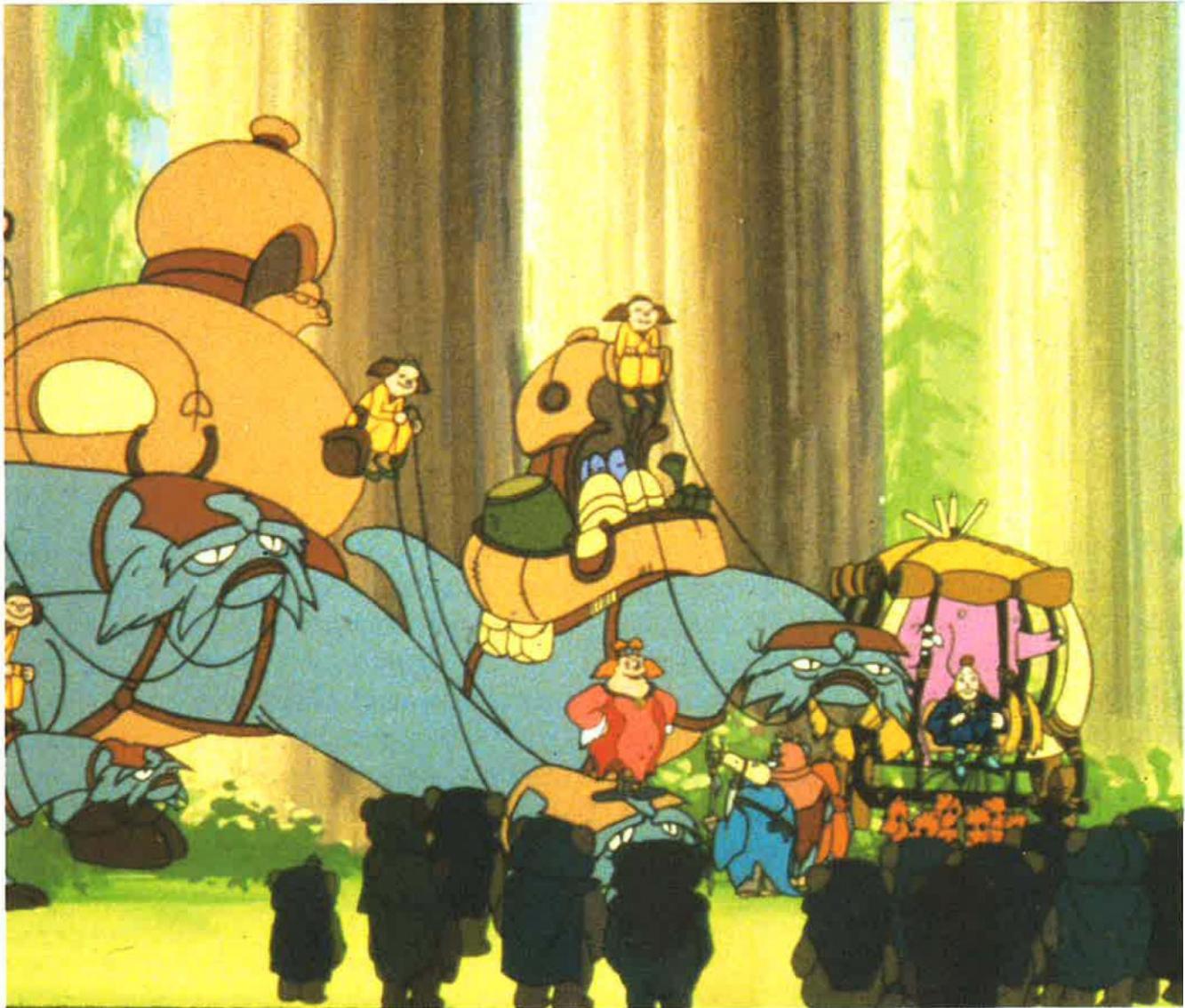
The following day, while the Jindas were preparing to depart, Chief Chirpa thanked them for the show they had put on.

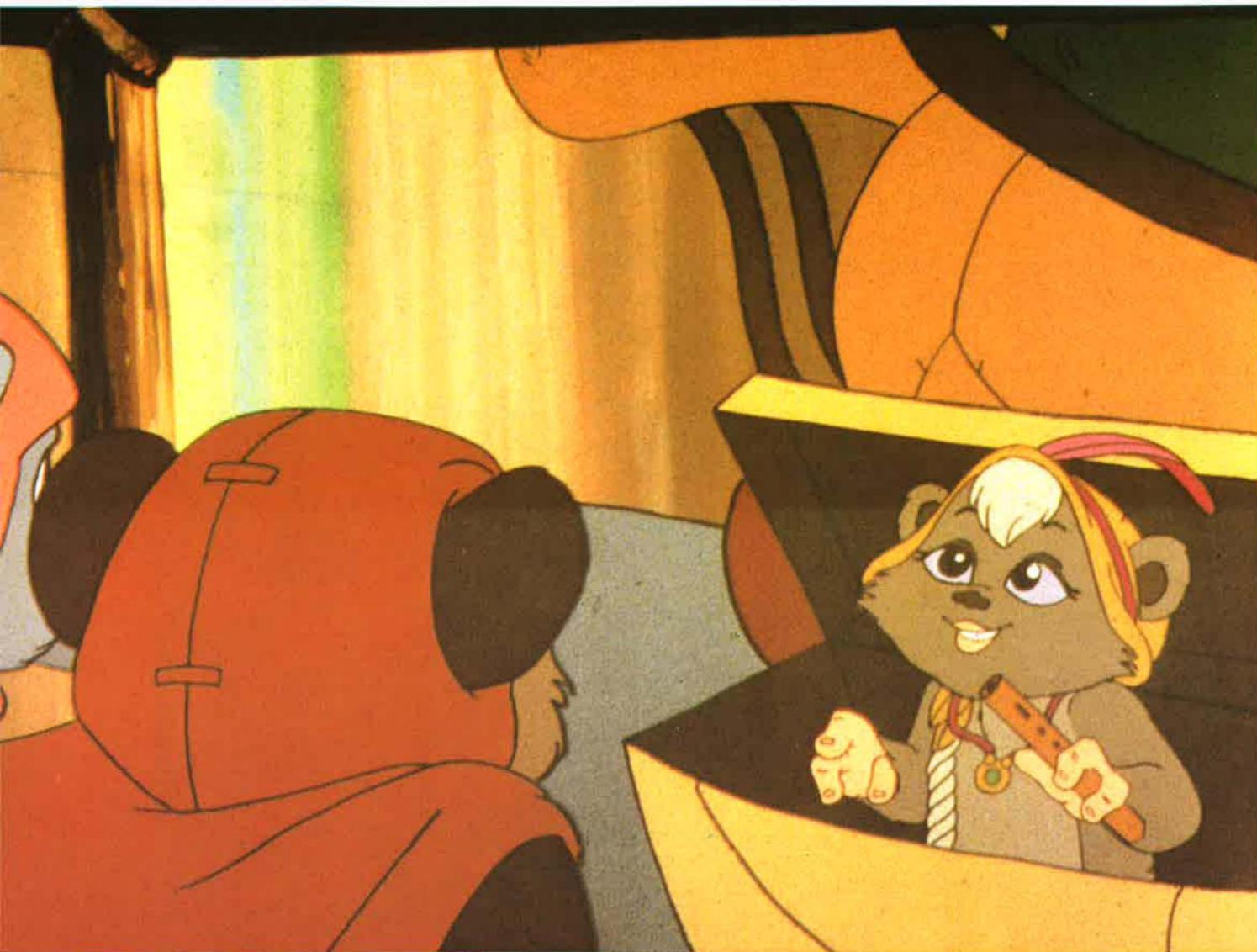
"In the name of all the Ewoks, thank you for the magnificent performance that you gave us last night!"

"Of course it was magnificent! Ha, ha, ha! Everyone the world over likes the Travelling Jindas. Even the Jindas like the Travelling Jindas! Ha, ha, ha," replied

Bondo, who always laughed at his own witticisms.

The Ewoks were so interested in the Jindas' preparations for departing—contemplating their trained animals, the bundles and huts the awors transported, and Bondo's jokes—that they did not notice that Wicket, Teebo and Kneesaa had strayed off, looking at one of the Jindas' storage chests. What very interesting thing was in that chest, such that only the three of them paid it any attention?





Very simple: Hidden in that chest was Latara. Latara had decided to depart with the Jindas in search of the fame she could not attain in the Ewok village. She wanted to play the flute and be admired by the public, and she believed that with the Jindas she could accomplish that. Her three best friends were trying to convince her not to leave.

“You’re absolutely sure, Latara?” asked Kneesaa.

“Absolutely. On all of Endor, there are no other artists like the Jindas. They

know how to recognize good and true artists. Besides, I’ll only be gone the time necessary for my talent to be appreciated. Afterward, I’ll tell the Jindas to bring me back to the village.”

“That path is bizarre ... for becoming a star,” said Teebo, who had poetic tendencies.

“But remember that you all promised me not to say anything to anybody,” Latara admonished.

The three friends, once again, repeated their promise:



“We promise, Latara. Don’t worry.”

But she would not be able to be so free from worry. There was a pair of beings that had not moved from their hiding place since the previous day and who now saw a more favorable opportunity to complete the mission with which they had been charged. They were the two Duloks that King Gorneesh had sent in search of an Ewok babysitter.

“Hee, hee, hee! This is going to be easier than we thought. All we have to do is follow the Jindas’ caravan and seize the

babysitter at the first opportunity.”

The caravan had begun to move now, and Bondo was taking his leave with the last of the jokes he could think of:

“So long, Ewoks! And never doubt that the Travelling Jindas are the best of the best artists on Endor! Don’t forget it. Oh! And tell all your friends, too! Ha, ha, ha!”

“Ha, ha, ha!” Chief Chirpa laughed. “Never have I seen anything so entertaining as the Jindas.”

“And it would be a miracle if you ever

see them again,” Logray said.

“A miracle? What do you mean?”

“The Jindas are famous for their ability to get ... hopelessly lost. When they leave a location, they never return to it.”

“Is it really possible that they never return to the same location? That they have no friends to visit?”

Logray gave an understanding smile in response to the astonishment his words produced in Chief Chirpa. “It’s true, old friend,” Logray explained. “The Jindas do not have friends in the places where they

go to perform, for the simple reason that the friendships they make when they are in a village are lost when they never return.”

Chief Chirpa shook his head dubiously.

“The life of a Jinda must be a very sad one, despite how much they laugh! We have our forest, our homes, our families and friends. If we like, we travel and make excursions and also, if we desire it, come together with our friends around the heart of a fire to recount old stories! In reality,” continued Chief Chirpa, “I think the Ewok people are much freer and merrier than the Jinda people, despite appearances to the contrary.”

“How right you are, Chirpa!”

Poor Latara! Grave perils were lying in wait for her. If the Duloks—who meant to abduct her in order to condemn her to live forever as a babysitter for the children of King Gorneesh—did not achieve their purpose, she would wind up a nomad with the Jindas for the rest of her life and would never again return to the Ewok village.

Was there anything that might prevent these calamities? Would anyone be able to find her? And if the Duloks were to succeed in their purpose, who would dare to penetrate the marshy lands of the Duloks to rescue her? She had gone out in search of fame with the intention of returning quickly to her friends’ sides, but how would she do it?

Nevertheless, Latara was still happy with the Jindas. She was very unaware of the dangers to which she was exposed, and she believed that they would soon acknowledge her artistic virtues and talents and that in the next spectacle she would get to play her flute. Although it



seemed that Bondo did not share the same opinion she had when it came to her art, either.

Within Bondo's hut, which was built upon the back of a grand awor, the comedic chief of the troupe was comfortably seated on a giant cushion while Latara devoted herself to ... washing clothes!

"Good, little Ewok. How do you like the life of a Jinda? Don't you find it enjoyable? Are you happy you came with us?"

"This ... washing clothes isn't exactly the idea I had of the life of an artist. I still haven't had a spare minute to play the flute!" Latara complained.

"Ah! But don't forget that a Jinda's life is merry because work and performing are ... come now, you say it," Bondo said.

"Because work and performing are the same, I know. But, truthfully, I had a lot less work at home than here. I don't see what I've gained from the change."

"Don't worry.... I am Bondo, Chief of



the Travelling Jindas, and I will see to it that your desires to perform are fulfilled.”

Lalara was not very convinced that was true, but for the moment she had no other choice but to go on washing clothes.

There were other desires that seemed on the verge of fulfillment: those of the evil Duloks. As soon as Lalara remained alone, they ran through the tree branches toward the hut to trap her. But this they did not achieve. They had chosen their timing poorly, because the caravan was crossing a bridge, and the two Duloks ended up in the water. They had failed

again! Soaked, they got out of the river and resolved to wait for another opportunity to achieve their objectives. Who would be able to thwart them in this? Who could return Lalara to her village?

Wicket, Kneesaa and Teebo had not kept their promise. Upon learning that the Travelling Jindas never returned to a place once having been there—because they did not know how to find the appropriate roads and because their defining characteristic was to remain forever lost—they ran to tell Logray





about Latara's departure. Paploo, the scout, was also with them. Logray was left very worried upon hearing this.

"Young ones, this has the potential to become something very serious."

"Oh, poor Latara!" Kneesaa cried.

"Foolish Latara is more like it!" Logray barked. "The Jindas are never actually *going* anywhere. They are always wandering aimlessly. And in their company, Latara is heading straight into the arms of the Night Spirit."

"We have to go out and look for her!" Wicket exclaimed.

"Let's go! It won't be too difficult to follow the Jindas' tracks," Paploo said. "It hasn't been long since they left."

Logray then turned to one of his racks and picked up a pouch. Handing it to Latara's valiant friends, he told them:

"It will be best if you take this with you."

"What is it, Logray?" asked Wicket.

"They are some magic seeds. Take



them with care, and, whatever you do, don't let them get wet, unless—may the Light Spirit forbid it!—unless you need to.”

“Need to? What would we need it for?” Kneesaa asked, while hanging the pouch around her neck.

“To flee! If you find yourselves in trouble ... you need only throw them on the ground, where there is water, and then run as fast as you can! Goodbye and good luck! I'll explain to your parents everything that's happened. May the

Light Spirit protect you!”

The four friends departed with the precious seeds, on the trail of the Travelling Jindas. They knew it was not going to be easy, but they were determined to find Latara. No danger, no fear could hold them back.

The Jindas were already far away, but Bondo's nature did not allow him to be idle. He planned to stop for the night and put on a show. And that is what he told Latara:

“Tonight we'll give a performance!

That way, you'll know the true life of a Jinda. The applause ... the gifts they throw your way ... ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, finally I'm going to perform! Tonight I'll get to perform! Where is it going to be, Bondo?"

"Who knows? And anyway, who cares? Ha, ha, ha!" And Bondo commenced shouting out of his megaphone: "We've arrived! We'll perform here. Ha, ha, ha! Tonight we'll perform for ... ha, ha, ha, for the trees and for the animals! Don't you see how bored they are?"

"Hmmm, I'd better go rehearse, just in case," Latara said.

Then Bondo took the flute from her hands:

"Tonight you won't be playing. Tonight you're going to be ... Trebla's assistant!"

Trebla fit her with a kind of harness. Latara was very puzzled.

"What is this? Magic?"

"It's the world of entertainment, little one," answered Bondo, without further explanation.

Even though the life of an artist was





not—at least among the Jindas—like what Latara had imagined, she retained a fervent hope to perform on the stage. She imagined to herself that, with the sweetness of her flute, she would be able to curb the Jindas’ merry insanity. Because according to Latara, an artist should be able to produce in her spectators guffaws of laughter or floods of tears, melancholy or righteous indignation. A true artist should be able to express and make her audience feel every imaginable mood. To Latara, the Jindas were somewhat like artists doing things by halves.



Yet, Latara was not happy. And she was even less so after that night's spectacle. She had to perform before the forest animals, hanging from a rope, and she was very scared. It had not been all she had hoped for.

When the show finished, she went to Bondo and said to him:

"Bondo, I don't know how to begin but ... I want to go back home! I still haven't been able to play my flute, and the only thing I do is work all day. Please, Bondo, take me home!"





“Poor thing!” Bondo responded. “I would gladly do so ... if I knew how. But, frankly, I must tell you that we’re lost.”

“Oh, no! It can’t be!”

“I haven’t the slightest idea where it is we find ourselves,” Bondo added.

“What will become of me? I won’t be able to go back to the Ewoks!” Latara began to cry.

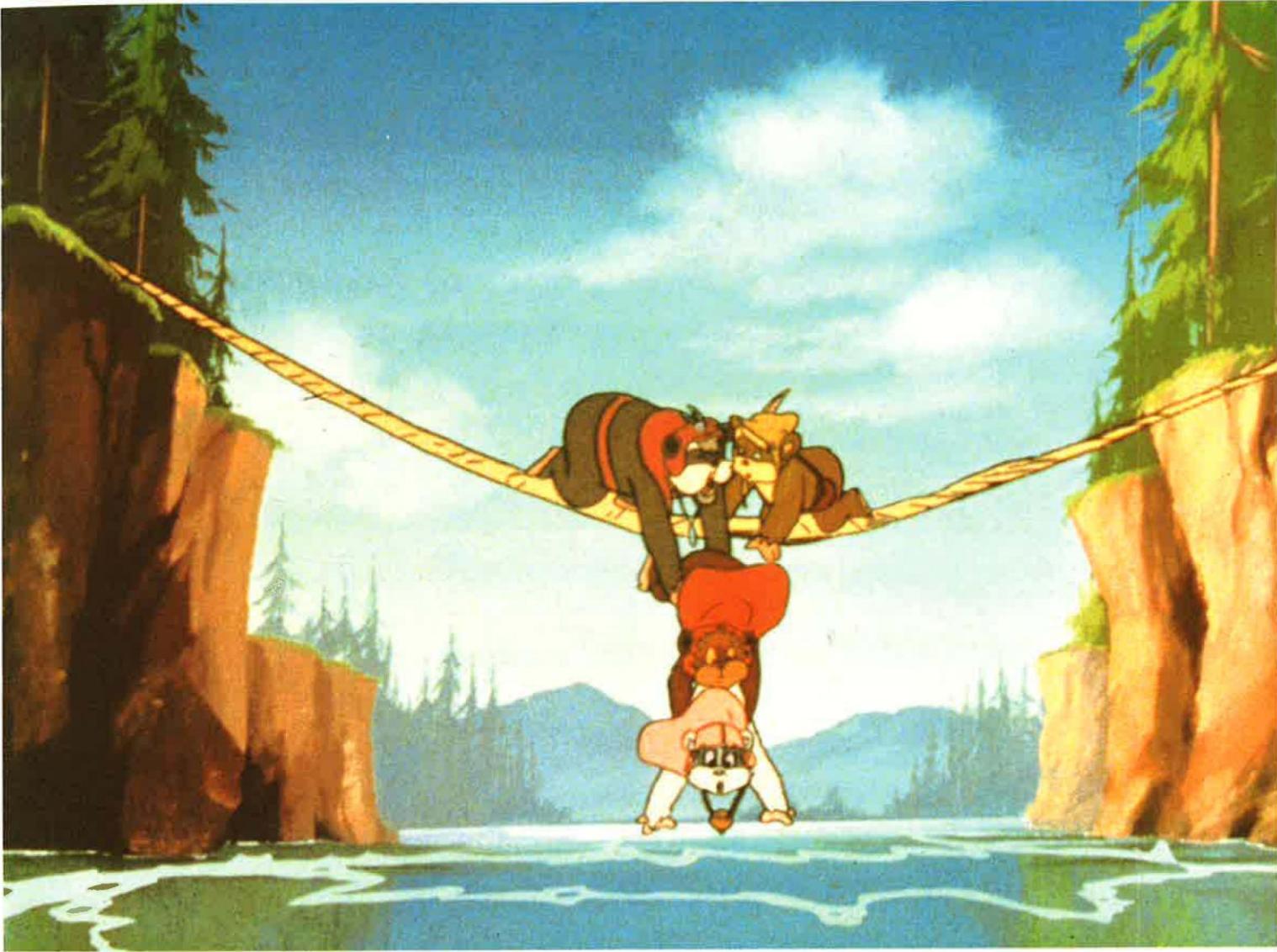
“Don’t cry. You’ll see how you grow accustomed. And, in the end, you’ll wind up liking the nomadic life of a Jinda.”

“I won’t ever see the Ewoks again!

Wicket, Kneesaa, Teebo, Paploo.... I’ll never see them again!” Latara dashed off. She sat herself on a rock and cried, cried and cried inconsolably. And she did not notice that two odd figures were closing in on her from behind, grabbing her and covering her mouth.

“Don’t scream, Ewok! We’ll protect you. Hee, hee, hee!”

Latara had fallen into the hands of the Duloks. While she would no longer wander aimlessly with the Jindas, her luck had just taken a turn for the worse. She was now in the power of the evil



Duloks. She knew not what awaited her in the repugnant bog where those soulless warriors—those enemies of the Ewoks!—lived.

Meanwhile, Wicket, Kneesaa, Teebo and Paploo had followed the Jindas' tracks. The magic seeds remained in the pouch that Kneesaa bore around her neck—they had been on the verge of falling into the river, though, when they crossed a rope bridge, and Kneesaa lost her balance. Fortunately, Teebo, Wicket and Paploo had seen to it that she neither

fell into the water nor the seeds got wet. They did not know what might happen should they get doused, because Logray had not told them. But if Logray warned them of the seeds' danger, they felt no need to confirm it ... only if they needed to escape would they allow them to get wet.

After the incident at the bridge, the four Ewoks continued walking. Suddenly, they heard noises.

"There are the Jindas!" Wicket exclaimed.



Sure enough, they had spotted the Jindas' caravan. But they also spotted the two Duloks that were taking away Latara.

"Quick, hide!" Wicket said.

They hid among the shrubs so as not to be discovered by the ferocious Duloks.

"We have to save Latara!" Kneesaa whispered. "We can't let the Duloks take her."

"Let's go after them!" Paploo said.

"Wait! I have an idea. The time has come for the Travelling Jindas to perform for the Duloks. And this time, they're going to have guest artists...!" Wicket

said, laughing.

They ran to explain the plan to Bondo, who did not seem entirely convinced. But the Travelling Jindas wanted to help Latara.

"I hope your plan works, Ewoks. It's my understanding that the Duloks are plenty dangerous," Bondo said.

"We don't have any other alternative. If they see through our trick, we're doomed," Wicket said.

"All of us could be doomed then!" Kneesaa sighed.

While the Jindas set off on the path

toward the Dulok swamp, Latara found herself before King Gorneesh.

“Ewok, you already know that we Duloks love torturing your kind. And I’ve thought up the *most* exquisite of tortures for you. You’re going to be the Dulok cubs’ babysitter.... Ha, ha, ha!” King Gorneesh laughed malevolently. And the Dulok brats hurled themselves upon Latara, biting her and delivering kicks. “Ha, ha, ha! You better treat them well. Or else....”

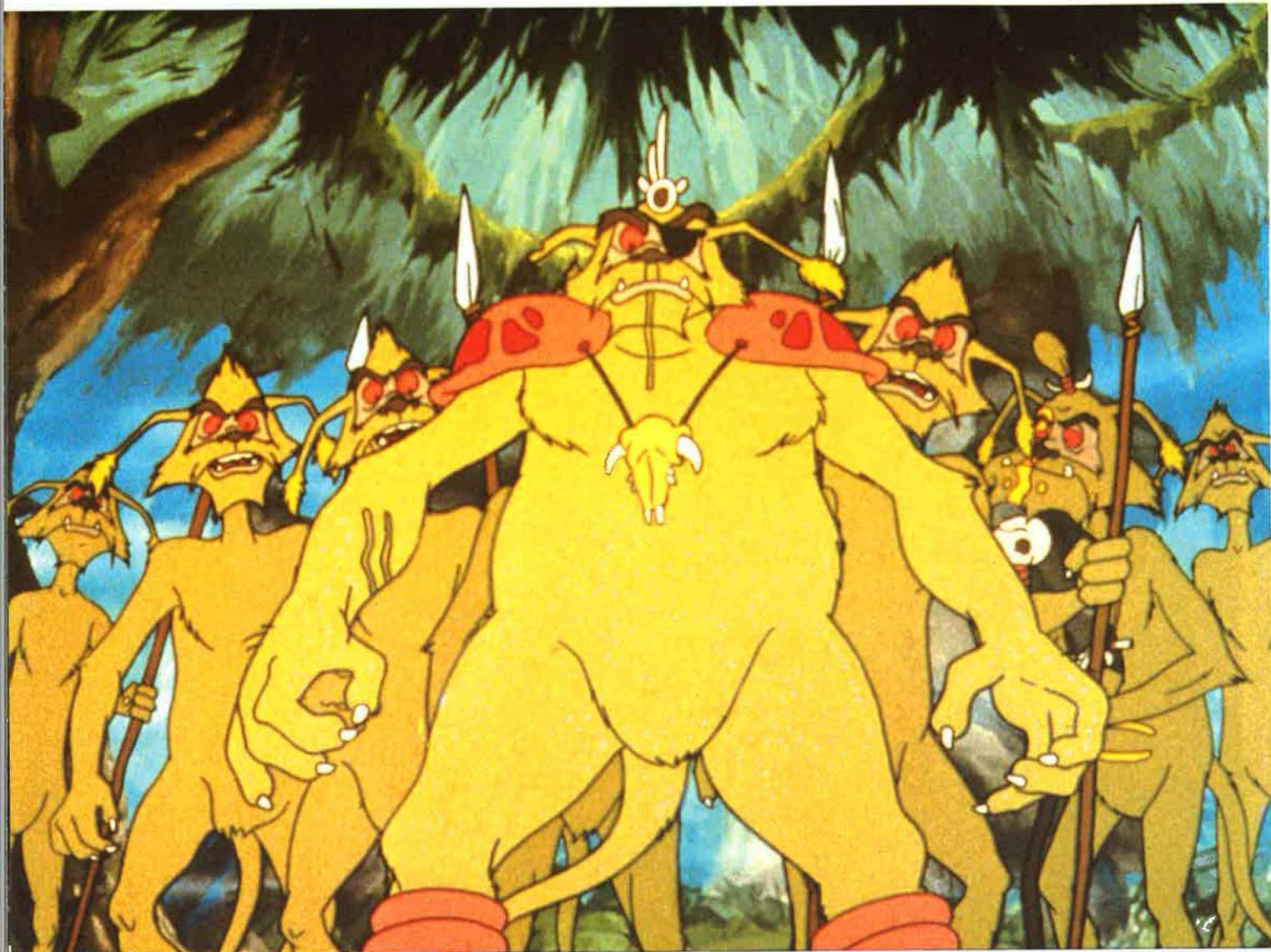
Latara thought that she would no longer be able to free herself from the evil Duloks. Her destiny would consist of

watching over those unpleasant brats ... and if she treated them badly, the Duloks would lock her up or were even liable to kill her.

“What will become of me?” Latara groaned.

She would very soon find out. Her friends were not willing to let her remain in the Duloks’ power. And her friends were now not just Wicket, Kneesaa and Paploo: All the Jindas, with Bondo at the lead, were going to risk themselves in order to save Latara. She was quite surprised upon hearing Bondo’s laughter, shouted through his megaphone.





“Greetings, Duloks! How are things marching along in the swamp? Ha, ha, ha!”

“Who dares ask such a question?” answered an irritated Gorneesh.

“My dear Dulok, we’re the Travelling Jindas, and we bring you a spectacle greater than you’ve ever imagined,” Bondo answered.

“A spectacle? With love songs?” Urgah barged in. “Oh, Gorneesh, let them stay! They’re so charming. I would like to watch their show. Please, Gorneesh...!”

“Alright. You can camp in the swamp.

And your spectacle better be truly entertaining. If not....”

Gorneesh did not finish the sentence. Instead, he loosed a diabolical burst of laughter that made the Ewoks tremble. Bondo was not very relaxed either, but he ordered the Jindas to quickly prepare everything for the production.

Just before starting the performance, Bondo and the four Ewoks finalized the details of the plan. Wicket peeked through a slit in the curtain and was able to see Latara surrounded by the Dulok cubs:

“There’s Latara! Let’s hope this works.”

Bondo came out onto the stage to kick off the spectacle. He did not know that the Duloks were not a very pleasant audience. As soon as he began talking, they commenced hurling tomatoes and fruit. They practically did not let him speak:

“Welcome to our show, Duloks! Oh, ha, ha, ha! Tomatoes! Thank you very much! But now you will see the Travelling Jindas’ wondrous spectacle, the greatest of all that can be seen on Endor. First, Chituhr and his ferocious ferrets....”

“Food! Those animals look good!” Yelled one Dulok while running toward





the stage. He meant to grab them, but they started to growl and attack him. The Dulok retreated and fell, and all the Duloks laughed at him like crazy. The audience continued behaving the same way throughout the entire show, until Trebla's turn came along with his assistants, the four Ewoks.

"I wish you luck, Ewoks," Bondo said to them.

"We're wishing for it, too!" The four Ewoks answered as one.

"And now, dearest and kind Duloks, the magician Trebla! But first, I need an

assistant for Trebla. What do you think, young lady ... would you help Trebla with his act?" Bondo said, addressing Latara.

"Me? Oh, no, I don't want to be Bondo's helper again!" Latara cried out.

"Get up there immediately, Ewok!" Gorneesh growled.

No sooner did she get up onto the stage than Trebla put the rope on her again, and the Ewoks began tugging at her in order to lift her up and make her disappear. But something was not working: The rope had a knot, and Latara

got stuck hanging. So Bondo, in order to give the Ewoks time to solve the problem, directed himself to the audience, which continued behaving brutishly.

“And now a beautiful song!”

Lalara commenced playing the flute amid the hissing and booing of the Duloks, who did not seem to appreciate her art either. But Urgah wanted to listen to the music, and the Duloks’ shouts were preventing her from doing so.

“Gorneesh, they’re not letting me hear this pretty love song!”

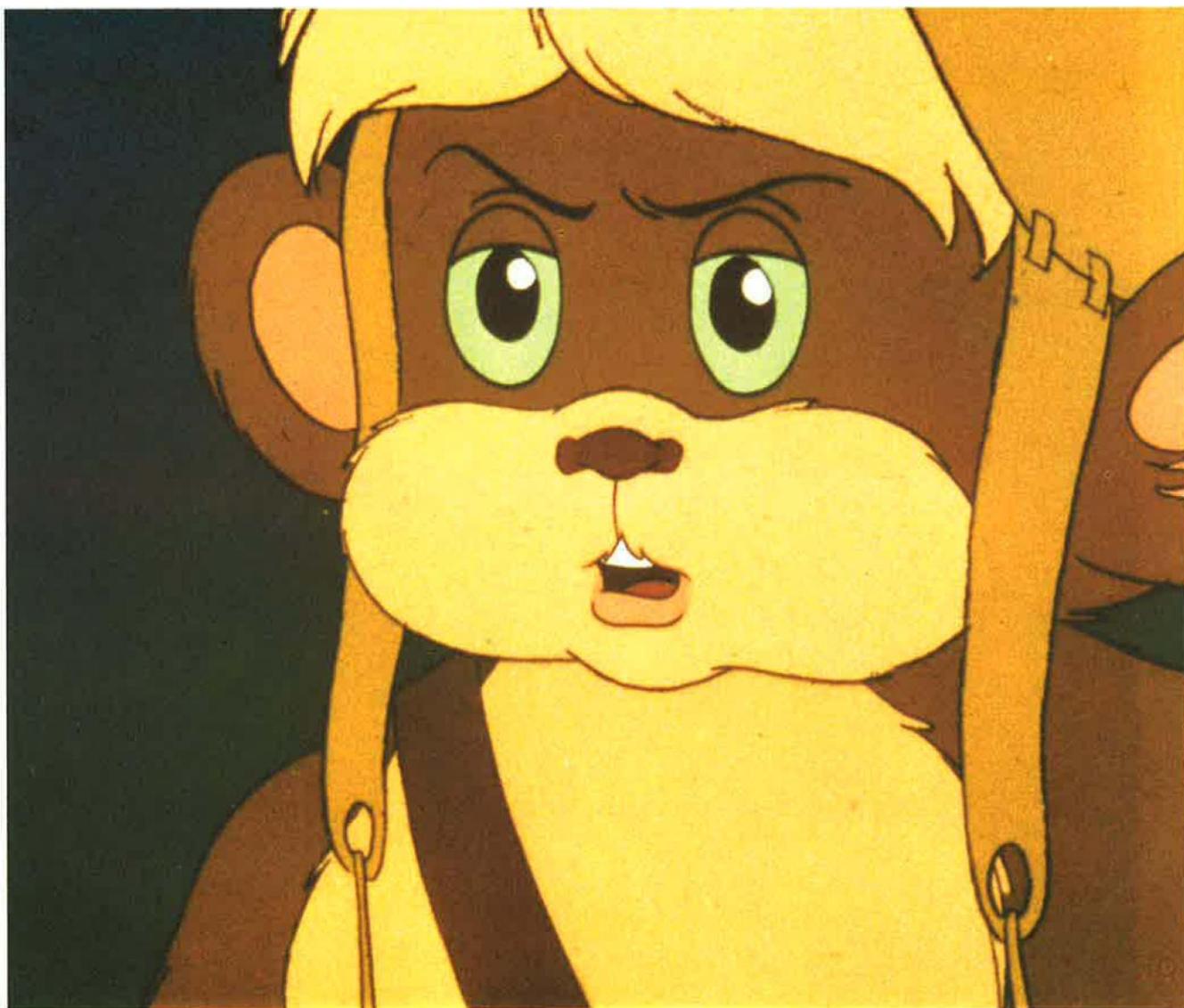
“Silence! Silence, Duloks!” Gorneesh

yelled, infuriated. Terrified, the Duloks shut up.

Paploo was trying to undo the knot, but the rope ended up snapping, and the four Ewoks fell to the stage. The Duloks then saw that among the Jindas there were also Ewoks.

“Ewoks! Capture them!” Gorneesh roared.

The Duloks launched themselves at the Ewoks while the Jindas began preparing their flight, leaving the stage and all their things behind. Bondo began siccing the awors on the Duloks, who



stayed back, struck with terror. Gorneesh, continued screaming at them:

“What are you doing, tree-heads! Capture the Ewoks before they escape! Cut them off! Follow them through the swamp!”

The Ewoks ran through the swamp, but Kneesaa got caught up in the mud. Wicket, Teebo and Paploo ran to help her, but she was trapped, and there was no easy way to free her. The Duloks were getting closer.

“Leave me! Save yourselves!” Kneesaa yelled.

Then Wicket seized the bag of magic seeds while the others finished getting Kneesaa out.

“Wicket, wait! Don’t do it!” Kneesaa shouted. But Wicket was not willing to let the Duloks nab them. Now the Duloks would witness what Logray’s magic could do. He threw the seeds into the water, and some giant creeper vines immediately began to grow, which cut off the Duloks’ path and began to coil up around their bodies.

“Run! The creeper vines will take care of the Duloks!” Wicket said.





A little while later, the Ewoks were around a fire in the Jindas' camp, very grateful to them. Bondo, as usual, went on making jokes.

"Well, well! It seems to me that Ewoks are unlucky. Another performance for which we earned nothing...!"

"The ones who are unlucky are the Duloks," Wicket told him.

"I am so happy to be with you guys! I thought I'd never be able to go back home!" Latara exclaimed.

"Are you sure you want to come back,

Latara?" Kneesaa asked her.

"Absolutely sure! The Jindas are the best performers on Endor, but I prefer to go on being a simple Ewok. I have no need of fame or applause."

"It's very nice to be famous," said Bondo, "but it's also very hard. One must put in a lot of work."

"Right, I've learned a lesson. But I hope that one day the Jindas might return to our village."

"It's possible, although with the Jindas one never knows. Not even the Jindas



know what the Jindas will do! Ha, ha, ha!” Bondo said.

The five Ewoks said their goodbyes to Bondo and their new friends, the Jindas, and they began walking toward the village, which resides upon the crown of the great trees.

And there they remain, happy and full of mirth at being Ewoks—gathering for the night around the fire to listen to the ancient legends recounted to them by Chief Chirpa or the medicine man Logray; coming down from the trees to go fishing or else to pick wild berries....









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