

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One - Into Africa.

Thursday 2nd January 2003. Salford, Manchester, England.

'Doctor Samantha Roberts,' I say, answering the phone.

'Sam? It's Peter Mendel. Happy new year!'

'Hello Peter. Happy new year to you too. Are we all set?'

'Yes. Just confirming that Bebe and I will arrive at Heathrow airport tomorrow at 20.30 from Frankfurt. We fly to Lagos in Nigeria, with an overnight stop. Then onto Kinshasa in the Congo, then onto Goma in Rwanda, where Thomas Ndebale will meet us. He will be our guide and fly us to Ruhengeri.'

'It sounds exciting Peter. Everything's packed. Who is Bebe?' She asked.

'Brunhild Braun. Prefers to be known by her initials. Hence Bebe. She's from Hamburg.' He said as if it was an apology for something. 'She will be the photographer.'

'I was in touch with the Foreign Office yesterday Peter, they are advising people not to travel to Rwanda or Congo - Kinshasa because of the rebel uprisings. What are you hearing?'

'We will be ok in the national park, Sam. The rebels have no reason to be there, and we will have an armed guard. Anyway, I've got a lot to get sorted, so I'll see you at the airport tomorrow, ok?'

'Fine. Peter. See you tomorrow.' I said, putting the phone down.

I was juggling two hats. I was a lecturer in zoology at Salford University and a United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation Inspector. UNESCO pay towards my salary at Salford, so the university didn't actually mind me going on trips. This one was to last for two months from 5th January to 5th March. Part of it would be in the rainy season. A gamble which UNESCO felt worthwhile. We were going to study mountain gorillas, and check records from the various national parks.

Peter, a 42 year old, Austrian, would be leading the expedition. Peter and I had a past. He was my lover from my first expedition with UNESCO. We split up three years ago. I wanted more than sex on a trip. He didn't. I suppose Bebe would share his bed on this trip. Peter couldn't go long without having sex. I could cope. I've got Will now. Will and I share a flat, and have done so for two years.

Dear Diary. Thursday 2nd January 2003. My last day at Salford. Went to dinner with Will. I shall miss him. Peter rang with flight details. Said goodbye to university for the next 2 months.

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Friday 3rd January 2003. Heathrow Airport, London, England.

Arrived in good time for once to meet Peter off the Frankfurt flight. Peter was his usual self. He looked good. Fit and lean. I met Bebe. She was tall, muscular, and pretty. I could have fancied her myself, but instead, I took an instant dislike to her. Her body language said she was already making a play for Peter. She constantly spoke to him in German, when we had agreed beforehand that all conversation would be in English, the adopted language of the United Nations.

We spent the hour waiting for our flight in the restaurant. Bebe sat next to Peter, and watched him the whole time. Hanging on to his every word. This was her first trip with UNESCO, having just joined them. This was my second trip to Africa. Peter was a veteran. Bebe had the latest gear. Some her own, but most of it belonging to UNESCO. She would be taking video and still photographs. Peter and I would be inspectors, and both having a love of gorillas, we would both be doing something we loved, dearly.

Dear Diary Friday 3rd January 2003. Met Bebe. Didn't like her. She fancies Peter, but I found, I still do too. Writing this on the plane. She is sitting next to Peter, pretending to be asleep, with her head on his shoulder. I am sitting in the row behind, watching the film, *The Land That Time Forgot*.

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Saturday 4th January 2003. Lagos, Nigeria.

After a tiring flight, where Bebe and Peter seem to be getting along just fine, we go to the Lagos Hilton, where we have three rooms booked. We agree to meet in an hour in the restaurant. Bebe and Peter are late. They walk in arm in arm. Didn't take him or her long did it? She's packed a summer dress. Peter and I are in our bush 'uniform' of Khaki shirt and trousers. I've even got on my walking boots, new this year, to help break them in.

'Hello Sam.' she says. Sam? I never said she could call me that. 'Peter and I thought we would go into the disco after dinner. Do you mind?' Asking me in such a way that said I wasn't invited.

'Why should I mind, Bebe?'

'We just thought that you might have liked to come, and we....'

'Would prefer to go on your own? Of course. No I don't want to go anyway. Have a good time.'

Dear Diary Saturday 4th January 2003. Bebe and Peter dumped me to go clubbing. Went to bed. Too hot to sleep. Heard them come back at 03.00. They both went into his room.

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Sunday 5th January 2003. Ruhengeri, Rwanda.

We arrive at Ruhengeri, having changed planes at Goma. Thomas Ndebale is there to meet us. I've met him before. He doesn't look well. He says he is ok. We load all our gear into the plane. I've got one rucksack with a change of clothes in it. Bebe's camera gear takes up most the plane.

'Peter? How are we going to shift all this gear?' I ask.

'Don't know. When we get to Virunga we will have to store some of it.'

'Peter.' Bebe says. 'I need all this. Can't we hire some porters?' she says, putting her hand on his arm and leaving it there.

'We'll see.' he says. I notice she has on a belt with a large BB on the buckle.

'Can I go in the front, Peter. So I can take some photo's?' she says.

'I don't mind. If it's alright with Sam, you can.'

'Sam? Can I?'

'I don't mind.' I say.

We climb into the four seater plane. Thomas and Bebe in front. Peter and I are in the back. There is equipment packed everywhere. The plane struggles to take off, and only just clears the end of the runway. We turn south west and start to climb. We head for Virunga National Park. We fly for about two hours, and are now over a partly hilly wooded area. It has got very windy and we get buffeted around. The equipment stacked behind us, starts to tip over. Peter climbs over the seats and tries to restack it. I turn to help. Suddenly the plane nose dives. Bebe shouts something in German. Neither Peter nor I have our seat belts on. Peter falls past me. I turn to face the front. Thomas has collapsed over the controls. Bebe has reached across to grab the joystick. Peter pulls Thomas back and Bebe has the stick, but is positioned in the wrong seat. The whole conversation is in German. I only understand the odd words. Bebe has pulled the plane out of the dive. We have to put down. We can't move Thomas. I feel for a pulse, but there is none.

Peter spots a clearing, and shouts to Bebe. She lines the plane up, and comes into land. The plane

touches down with a most enormous thump, and as I look out the window, I see a wheel fly off past us. The plane lurches back into the air. Bebe tries to land again. She doesn't know about the wheel. I shout to warn her. She tells me to shut up. The plane touches down and digs in and spins around. The wing digs into the earth, and the tip breaks off. The plane skids into a large flat rock in the clearing and takes off, sideways. I think we are all screaming. We are now going backwards. Trees are crashing into us as the plane spins, and then nosedives into the ground. Peter had hold of Thomas and as the plane is spinning, cannons into the back of his head. Peter's face splits open. As the plane slows to a standstill, it collapses around us. Jagged metal appears everywhere. The plane has stopped. Somehow, at some point, I had managed to do up my seatbelt. I think I've dislocated my left shoulder. Peter looks in a bad way. Besides his face, a tree branch is sticking into his stomach. I don't know how far. The pilots seat has crushed his legs. Bebe has leg wounds, but they look superficial. I am medical officer on this trip. I struggle to undo my belt. Bebe turns around to speak to Peter. She screams when she sees him.

'Bebe? Bebe? Are you hurt?' I ask. 'I can smell aviation fuel. Come on, we've got to get out.'
'I've hurt my legs, a bit, but not badly.' She says. There is no need to open the door. It has gone in the crash.

'I need you to put my shoulder back in. It's dislocated.' I say. 'Get out of the plane, Bebe!'

'What about Peter?' she says.

'Lets make sure we are able to get out first.'

She climbs out. I look at her legs. There seems to be no injuries and she seems to be able to walk ok. She helps me out. 'Have you ever put back a dislocation?' I ask.

'No,'

'Well. Just hold my arm. I'll twist it. When I shout, 'push'. Push as hard as you can. Ok?'

'I think so.'

'Good.' I twist my arm, then adjust my shoulder. I shout 'push' and she pushes. There is a loud click and an almighty pain shoots from my shoulder down to my hand. It has gone back in place. Immediately I climb back into the plane. I look at Peter. His feet and face are smashed. The branch has entered his stomach. I feel behind him and am horrified to feel the branch coming out through his back. There is really nothing I can do for him. I inject him with as much morphine as I dare. He will probably die before night fall. I double check Thomas for a pulse. He is already dead.

I try the radio. Not a peep. 'Mayday, Mayday. This is' I don't know our call sign. Worse I don't know where we are.

Bebe has sat down on the rock we hit when we were landing. I go up to her. She has a look on her face which seems to say that the accident is really inconvenient to her.

'Bebe. There's nothing we can do for Peter. He will die soon. We need to get help.'

To our right was a mountain. I figured if one of us climbed it we may be able to get a signal on the mobile phone. I had already tried it and got nothing. Bebe seemed out of it. I would have to go.

'You look after Peter. Give him anything he needs. Get the medical kit out the plane. I'll take the flare gun, in case I see help.

'Ok. Will he be alright?' She is obviously concussed. I leave her sitting on the rock and give her a drink.

'See you soon.'

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## **Chapter Two - Beyond Help.**

I set off walking up a track. When I look up I can see a ridge. If I can climb that, I could access both sides to see if I can get a signal. I start to climb. I have climbed around a kilometre. Still no signal. Suddenly there is a gun shot from the area of the plane. Help has arrived. They have fired the gun to

tell me they are there and to return to the plane. Relieved I start to climb down. Half an hour later I am not far from the plane. I am on a ridge above it. I can just make it out. There are four or five men in the clearing near the plane. Should I shout? I look closer. Two men are unloading the plane. Three men are with Bebe on the rock. Why are two of them holding her down? She has no trousers on. The third, a white man must be a doctor looking at her wounds. No! He hasn't any trousers on either. He is lying on top of her. God, he is raping her!

I must help her. What can I do? I only have one flare. It might take one of them out. That would leave four to do the same to me. Bebe is beyond my help. I watch helplessly while they take it in turns with her. The white man who was wearing tatty trousers tries on hers. They are too big, but ok when he does the belt up. The belt with BB on it. Another man, undresses her and tries on her shirt. She is shouting. One of them picks up a rag and presses it into her mouth. Each has had their turn with her and they return to looting the plane, leaving Bebe lying on the rock, stunned. Bebe's photographic cases are open. They are helping themselves.

She sees an opportunity to run and sets off down the clearing towards where I am. The white man wearing her trousers, picks up a high powered rifle and carefully takes aim. They must either be rebels or poachers. He fires. A naked Bebe is running about one hundred metres away. The shot hits her in her back. Her chest explodes as blood and flesh is blasted away. She runs for a few more paces, then drops to the floor. I doubt she can be alive.

I watched transfixed from my vantage point up in the rocks. The man who fired the gun walked up to Bebe. He looks at her, lying face down, in a pool of blood. He rolls her over with his foot and takes aim again, blasting her face off. A retort echoed around the valley. He suddenly looked up, towards to where I am sitting. I stayed still. I didn't think he could possibly see me. He went back to the plane. I doubt they would torch it. The smoke would probably be seen. I looked at my watch. I start to plan my escape. At the moment I had the clothes I was wearing. A shirt, shorts, socks and boots. I also had my little backpack containing basic medical supplies, creams and plasters, pen, notebook and my diary. My rucksack was still in the plane. The only other thing I had was my watch. It was 16.28.

They departed at 17.17 and I waited a further hour before deciding to go back to plane and get what I could. I walked up to Bebe. You could see the bloodstained earth through the gaping hole in her chest. The right side of her face was scattered over a wide area. Insects had already moved in. I couldn't move her. If they came back they would know if someone had been here, if she was moved.

I left her and moved nearer the plane. The flare gun at the ready. I walked past the rag that had been stuffed in her mouth, that she had pulled out when she ran off. It was her knickers. Other items were scattered on the ground. If they were rebels, they may have booby trapped the plane. I thought they were probably poachers. They wore no uniforms. I checked as best I could. I could see nothing unusual so I climbed in.

Thomas had had his throat cut. Peter had been shot in the chest. He was dead and was no longer in pain. I kissed my finger and put it to his bloodstained lips.

'Goodbye, Peter.' I cried as I said it. 'Rest in peace. Bebe's with you.'

I looked for anything I could find of use. All the medical equipment was gone, including the planes emergency kit. The emergency beacon was smashed, and inoperative. I wondered if anyone would even know where we were. I couldn't find any maps at all, but I found a compass under Peter's seat.

My rucksack was missing. They would come back if they worked out they had different sizes of clothes, but they probably would have just put them on. I tried not to imagine someone running around Rwanda wearing the lacy Marks and Spencer knickers I brought in case I got together with Peter again. My fleece was missing. I found a jumper on the ground outside the plane, with sleeves

cut off at the elbows. Cast off by one of the men. It stunk, but I took it. I found a torn survival blanket. I remember Peter would have some matches in his pocket, so I went back to him and took them.

I had to get out of here fast. I was in fear they might come back. I decided to spend the night on the ridge that I watched Bebe's last few minutes from.

I climbed back to the ridge. I had a little food, and some water.

Dear Diary Sunday 5th January 2003 Plane crashed killing Thomas. Poachers killed Peter and Bebe. They did so awful things to her before killing her. They have looted everything. Besides the clothes I stand up in, I have very limited supplies, a compass, a torn survival blanket, some food and water, half a box of matches and my trusty diary.

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*Monday 6th January 2003. Virunga National Park.*

I spend a freezing cold night. I hear a noise, down by the plane. It is 06.11. I peer over the edge. The men are back. I recognise the one with Bebe's belt and trousers. They are searching the plane again. One is pointing up towards the mountain. I spent the night with my feet in a parachute bag which I took to carry everything in. My feet stayed warm. I wanted to get another to adapt into some sort of sleeping bag, but I had better get moving. I work out the plane crashed south west of Ruhengeri, and I am south west of the plane. If that is the case, I could be on the side of Mount Karisimbi, a volcano 4500 metres high. I had to put on the nastily smelling jumper last night to keep warm. Its smell reminds me of pee but I keep it on. I climb down the other side of the ridge, keeping my eyes and ears open. My shoulder has stiffened during the night. The ligaments are certainly damaged. I carry the pack on my other shoulder. I am hungry and thirsty.

I find a track. The branches are low, meaning it probably is not man made. I know there are leopard and wild boar in the area. The wild boar could take your leg off just running past. If the leopard is hungry, I could be on the breakfast menu.

I think of nice things. Will. My parents. Even Salford University. Each time though, Bebe runs through my thoughts. Naked with blood and guts spewing out of her chest wound. This time she is shouting my name. I can't get the thought out of my mind. As the day goes on, it is me running naked with blood and guts spewing out a wound in my chest. I start thinking how it must feel. Do you die straight away?

Once I heard a shout, and ducked quickly into some bushes, where I waited. It could have been a chimpanzee, which means I am a lot further west than I thought. I may even be in Congo - Kinshasa, where they have pygmy chimpanzees. I hear nothing more. I am in denser woodland now. If it wasn't so hot and sticky, I would think I may be in an English wood. My senses are deserting me. I find a clear pool and strip off and wash in it. It is deep, and I can't touch the bottom. I know they have crocodiles in Rwanda, but I think they were more to the east in Kagera National Park.

I panic and swim to the edge and get out quickly. I dry myself off with my shirt. I dress and look for somewhere to camp away from the water. I already have a couple of mosquito bites. While I am walking, I feel some discomfort in my knickers. I have to stop, and take a look. I'm horrified to see a leech about two inches long attached to my privates. It can only have got there, while in the water. It has already attached itself at both ends. I have to risk a match. I undress from the waist down, and in the shelter of some trees, strike the match, and put it against the leech. It recoils in pain and drops off. I also singe some pubic hairs and burn my left leg. I daub antiseptic cream on my wounds.

There are two round areas devoid of flesh. I place a tissue there to mop up the blood.

Dear Diary Monday 6th January 2003. Lost in Virunga National Park. Moved south west. Have walked all day. Suppose I have walked around 10 miles. Bitten by a leech. Wound painful. Have little food. Found water but dare not light a fire to boil it. Poachers came back to plane this morning.

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Chapter Three - My friend.

Tuesday 7th January 2003. Virunga National Park.

I wake. My mind isn't clear. I don't know where I am. I think I am in the National park. But I can't be sure. How lost am I? I am letting myself down by not being able to work out where I am. I start thinking of people thinking I am having a wonderful time! I feel guilty for hating Bebe. I dreamt about her last night. I slept well. We were in bed together and it was Peter sleeping on his own. I have had bisexual relationships in the past. Although I hated Bebe with a passion, I found her attractive. When I see a female I want to make love to, but is not interested in me, I have to hate her. I want to see them naked, but I can't adjust to the first time I saw Bebe naked, and dead.

My hand travels between my legs as I think of Bebe. I encounter a sticky tissue. I lift it up. It smells of rotten flesh. The tissue is covered in a sticky puss. I sit up, and look down between my legs. It doesn't look as bad as it feels. I apply some more cream. I decide that I will rest up today.

I doze for most of the morning. I feel better after a muesli bar, and a sip of water for lunch. I remove my clothes at the pool and wash them through. I take them back to my camp. I should have brought a jagged piece of metal from the plane, to use as a knife or saw. I hang them on nearby bushes and get back into bed. I had dozed off, when I heard a rustling in grass. Petrified, I thought the poachers had found me, but it was a gorilla. A immature male, of an age, I couldn't work out. He was about ten feet away from me. He might have been attracted by strange items hanging on the bushes. He stood and watched. I lay still. I knew not to make a sudden move.

Last time in Africa a porter was killed when our party was charged by a Silverback. We stood still. He ran. The Silverback knocked me over, but ran passed and crashed into the porter. Killing him.

I started to talk to the young male, in a soothing voice. I was in a predicament. My clothes were scattered on bushes around me. I lay on the floor, in a submissive pose. Covered by the foil survival blanket. My feet were in my rucksack. He came a little closer. He was about probably about 5 or 6 years old.

'Good boy. Good boy.' I said. He came closer.

He was now in my camp. He looked at my clothes hanging on bushes. He started to rummage through what was piled up beside me. He lifted up my bag of food.

'Please don't take my food. It's all I've got.' I asked.

He moved between me and the food, then without warning suddenly snatched at the blanket, pulling it away from me and running away with it. The food bag was in his other hand, but some of the contents spilled out as he was running off.

Things were getting worse by the minute. I got up and got dressed into damp clothes. I picked up the food from the trail he had left. I noticed something in the distance. He had dropped the blanket. I rushed up to fetch it. I discovered he hadn't dropped it, but it had snagged on a branch tearing in two. Luckily for me. He had left me with the biggest bit.

Dear Diary. Tuesday 7th January 2003. Lost some of my blanket to an immature male gorilla. But good news. This means I'm not as lost as I thought. Leech injury healing well. Stayed put to rest today. Is anyone looking for me? Please? Started to get the runs which is a little bit inconvenient!

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Wednesday 8th January. Virunga National Park.

Woke at 05.25. It's just getting light. It wasn't too cold last night. I washed the smelly jumper yesterday and it feels a lot better. I now only use it to sleep in. Today, I am going to start a fire and boil some water, if I can work out what to boil it in. I will keep an eye open for the poachers and any gorillas. The leech wound is looking better. Still putting cream on it, though.

Just after mid day it starts to rain. I use my foil survival blanket to catch some rain in. I transfer it to my drinks bottle. I still haven't moved on. I want to study the gorilla if he comes back, as I think he will. It's still raining, but around 16.00 I see him and he comes straight over. There must be a band of them somewhere near. The Silverback doesn't usually let them go far. He may be watching. The young male approaches. I have put everything out the way. I am dressed. The remains of the blanket are here, but now he has had chance to see and feel it, I doubt that he wants it. I've managed to build a bit of a shelter, which I am sitting under. He walks up to my shelter and stop to look at it. I talk to him as soothingly as I dare.

'Hello there.' I don't look at him, in case he takes it as a threat. 'Good boy. Where do you live?'

He comes right up. Sniffing the air. He is standing next to me. He moves in under the shelter. I sit with my back to the tree. He sits down next to me. Then he reaches and touches my hair. This is a wild animal. I think he can sense I am at ease with him. He touches my shirt. He looks down at my boots. He stands up and picks up one boot. It lifts my leg up. He sticks his finger into my laces, and tugs. They don't undo, so he loses interest. He sits down for about five minutes, before again losing interest. He stands up and grunts.

'What do you want?' I say, forgetting not to look directly at him. This seems to annoy him. He grunts and beats his chest. 'I don't know what you want.' I say, standing up. Thinking he wants me to play. He looks at me and grunts again. This time he runs off.

Dear Diary Wednesday 8th January 2003. My friend came back. I think he wanted me to play, but he ran off when I stood up. It rained. My drinking water is topped up. I managed to collect enough to wash without risking the pool. I might move on tomorrow.

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Thursday 9th January 2003. 5 days since the crash.

Didn't sleep too well. Heard what could be a leopard. Woke up at 04.00 and didn't get off again. Saw a couple of gorillas through the mist. Once I got up, I dismantled my camp and followed a route heading south west. I had walked for about an hour when I looked across an open area of forest and saw a band of gorillas on a hillside. They were on the move too. There was a Silverback, possibly three females, two subdominant males and possibly two young riding on their mothers backs. I watched them for a while and then walked on for about three hours. A couple of times I had to hide, when I heard noises but I didn't see anyone. I found a stream that dropped over a waterfall. There was about a twenty foot drop. I chose a camp just above the waterfall. I could look down on the pool. It was fairly fast flowing at the bottom.

Dear Diary Thursday 9th January 2003. Moved on about another 5 miles. Saw a band of gorillas

moving the same way. Made camp just above a waterfall. Very peaceful.

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Friday 10th January 2003. 6 days since the crash.

Had a reasonable night. New noises to keep me awake. Bathed in the pool. No problems. Spent the day building a shelter.

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Monday 13th January 2003. 9 days since the crash.

Still at the same camp. I'm getting used to it a bit now. I had an almighty shock when I heard something crashing through the undergrowth. It was my friendly gorilla. I was on the floor, hiding with my flare gun in my hand. He ran up and banged me on my back. It was too hard to be a pat! Again he moved away from me, stood up and beat his chest and grunted. I stood up. He didn't run off. I stepped forward and he moved off. I kept walking towards him and he kept turning round. I followed. He climbed some rocks, and again I followed. He kept stopping and letting me catch up. My shoulder is still stiff, so I struggled up the rocks. We reached a plateau. There was the band of gorilla's, I had seen earlier. They looked up. The Silverback stood. There was a cacophony of hooting from them all. The Silverback charged. I couldn't step back. There was nowhere to go. He came towards me and I stood my ground. He made a show but backed down. They are usually gentle, but this was a display of intimidation. I had a sudden panic attack, similar to the ones a girl gets when she goes for tea at the boyfriends for the first time!

I stepped forward into their camp. There was a lot aggression. The young male sat to one side. I sat with him. They had berries piled up in the middle of the group. I sat for a few minutes. One of the females went to the middle, picked up some berries and threw them at me. I ate the ones I could reach. If I moved the grunts and growls started again. It was getting dark. Then another female with a baby, walked over and plonked the baby in my lap. There were more grunts and growls. They settled down to sleep. I didn't have a choice. I still had the baby in my lap. He wriggled all night. I was busting to pee. Other gorillas just got up and moved a few feet to go to the toilet. I dare not move. During the night there was hooting and they were all awake. The mother snatched baby off me. I took the chance to pee behind a bush. I went back to sleep very quickly after that.

I woke up after most of them and they were busy eating. The Silverback watched my every move. There was a new supply of fruit. The Silverback went up to one of the females and copulated with her while she was eating. This started the subdominant males off with their hoots, grunts and growls. This was the best food I had had since the crash. I wanted to get back to my camp. I made reassuring noises to them and walked out. I climbed back down the rocks. The subdominant male followed. The Silverback watched from above.

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#### **Chapter Four - A new family.**

*Tuesday 14th January 2003. 10 days since crash.*

I walked back to my camp, closely followed by my friend. I wanted to bathe, but realised I was going to have an escort. I went down to the pool, stripped off and stepped in. While bathing, I looked up above the waterfall and caught sight of the Silverback with the other subdominant male. I collected everything I needed from my camp and followed my friend back to their camp. As soon as I had

moved away from my camp, the Silverback and other subdominant male moved in and trashed it. It looked as if this band of gorillas were keen for me to stay.

I went back to the gorilla camp. The females whooped, and got very agitated when I returned, probably because the Silverback wasn't there. The Silverback and subdominant male returned soon after. I sat in the same place as yesterday. The Silverback came over and stood in front of me. He bellowed and thumped his chest. I looked away. All the gorillas were whooping. I cowered and he backed away.

I was so hungry. I had little food left. I tried the berries yesterday and hadn't had any ill effects. They also eat leaves and branches. Those collected lay in the centre of the sleeping area. I leant forward and picked up a leaf, and a small branch. The leaf tasted similar to tobacco. I tried the branch which was probably eucalyptus, but I couldn't stand the smell.

Later I suffered from stomach cramps, and was doubled up in pain. This took most of the night to subside. Hence a sleepless night.

Dear Diary Tuesday 14th January 2003. Moved in with the band of gorillas. Not sure if they offered me a choice or not. Slightly worried. Plane crashed 10 days ago. Won't be noticed missing yet. Wicked stomach cramps keeping me awake.

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*Wednesday 15th January. 11 days since crash.*

I wake up after a poor night. My stomach cramps have subsided, and I feel a bit better. It's perhaps as well as we broke camp today and moved south, further into Virunga National Park. We walked at a slow pace. I was being given an ideal opportunity to observe a band from within, something that Dian Fossey and George Schaller didn't get chance to do. The three females have two babies between them. The babies are in excellent health, having checked the one I was given to hold the night I arrived. I think one of the adults is pregnant, as she is a lot fatter than the other two. Interestingly Silverback has copulated with the pregnant looking one on both mornings since I have been there. It sends the rest of the band into a whooping frenzy. The first day he just approached her while she was eating. He moved behind her and gripped her around the waist. He copulated and ejaculated, while she ate. This morning he stood in front of her and beat his chest with his arms in a display reminiscent of the one he did to me when I returned from my camp yesterday. All she did was to turn round and position herself on all fours. He mounted her again from behind. Do they only use the one position, I wonder?

We go into a lot denser forest, and keep walking. To pass the boredom, I make up names for my band. Of course we are led by Silverback, and the three females are Pregnant, Daisy and Maisie. The two subdominant males are My friend and Guy (the gorilla). As I couldn't tell the two babies apart, I called them, The Twins.

We arrived at a sloping area. I could hear running water, so there was a chance I would still be able to bathe. We were in a densely wooded area. It had drizzled during the day, but this area was still dry. Silverback, My friend, and Guy went off, I presume to collect food and bedding. Daisy and Maisie gave me The Twins to baby sit. They foraged not far away. When they returned I gave them The Twins back and prepared to find the running water. Both of them got very aggressive, unusual for gorillas so I gave up and continued my baby sitting duties. I was not happy that one of The Twins then peed on my shorts. The males returned. The females prepared the bedding, and allowed me to assist. When that was done, I moved to the edge of the band, turned and headed towards the sound

of water. I got about ten yards, when I heard an almighty growl from behind. I turned towards it and stepped straight into Silverback at full charge. He sent me flying. I crashed into the undergrowth, head first, cutting my head in the process. The whooping started again.

I decided it was wise to miss my bath this evening. Unable to face berries again, I went to bed, hungry.

Nothing much happened over the next few days. We sat waiting for Pregnant to do her stuff while Silverback kept her well lubricated!

\*

*Sunday 19th January 2003. 15 days since the crash.*

I woke up, with stomach ache this morning. I hadn't been allowed to bathe since we arrived and was feeling decidedly dirty and smelly. I also noticed the classic signs of malnutrition. My stomach was bloated, so much, I had to undo the button on the waistband of my shorts. There appeared to be more room in my bra. My breasts are now sagged when they used to be pert. I was lethargic. My legs were looking thinner.

I had to face facts. I needed to get out of here. I was grateful that they had probably saved me from death, but, if I didn't move on, I would die of malnutrition anyway.

I continued to baby sit. There was a commotion in the afternoon, when Pregnant Junior arrived. I didn't get close enough to be able to see. Silverback seemed pleased. That night he moved My friend away and slept next to me. I had planned to escape tonight, but every time I looked at him, he was looking at me.

This continued for a couple more nights.

~~~~~

Chapter Five - Hospitality returned.

Tuesday 21st January 2003. 17 days since the crash.

I awoke feeling I was going die. My stomach had got so large, I didn't wear my shorts yesterday. I think even my guests had realised that I was ill, as Daisy force fed me some fruit, which I managed to keep down. Silverback, however was a gorilla on a mission. And I was that mission. This morning he woke and he stood in front of me. I was still half asleep. He started bellowing and thumping his chest. I knew what he wanted to do, and had no energy to resist. I had learnt from watching the females to be submissive. I sat up. He was swinging his arms around. The rest of them started whooping, incessantly.

I noticed My friend was subdued and turned his back to the group. I rolled over onto my hands and knees, and slid my knickers off my bottom. My, now less than 100lbs against his 400lbs were no contest. He placed one arm around my waist and supported his great bulk with the other on the floor. I hoped he wouldn't manage to come inside me, but it was a vain hope. I felt him slide into me, powerless to resist, He was squeezing me so hard, I was struggling to breathe. Thankfully, they don't do it for long and I soon felt him ejaculate. My head was hanging below my body. I realised that rather than him squeezing me, he was supporting me. He withdrew, dripping in seminal fluid. He let me drop onto the floor. The whooping increased. He stood above me roaring. Telling me I was his.

I had no choice. I was his!

I lay there for quite a long time. In all my research, I had never come across gorilla - human cross insemination documented. There was a doctor claiming it was possible, but no one believed it. Locally, any woman who mated with an animal would be deemed a witch and cursed. If I live and it will be a big IF, I could become famous. More so, if I possibly become pregnant.

I slept for most of the day. Pregnant, seemed very unhappy with what had happened. She shrieked and shrieked. Silverback copulated with her in the afternoon.

*

Friday 24th January 2003. 20 days since the crash.

I was asleep, next to Silverback. He had sat up. He lifted me onto all fours. I was like a rag doll as he slid into me. Did he know he was killing me? He didn't move. He just held me there. Owning me. He held me there for ages. Not moving. He was telling me I was part of the band.

There seemed to be a big discussion this morning, and I seemed to be the centre of this discussion. I was now unable to get up. My stomach was massive. My breasts were just empty sacks of flesh. Some sort of nursing roster was arranged and I was force fed some white paste.

Dear Diary 23rd January. Dieing. If anyone finds this dairy, and finds my body, I give permission for an autopsy to be performed to establish if I am pregnant. If I am, I give permission for the foetus to be removed for scientific study. Dr S Roberts.

*

Friday 30th January 2003. 27 days since the crash.

I had known that I had been in and out of a coma. I had been force fed. The headache was gone, and I felt better. We were ready to move on. Daisy and Pregnant pushed me towards Silverback who had turned round. I climbed onto his back. We moved off. I managed to grab my rucksack, just in time. I didn't have time to work out where we were heading. We only moved for about two hours. In this time Silverback never faltered.

We stopped in another clearing. My nurses tended to me. Again there was running water quite near. I stood and pointed. I kept pointing. No one stopped me and I hobbled towards it. I removed my remaining clothes, namely my boots, socks and a very smelly shirt. I washed my shirt and socks. There was a cry, from above. Silverback who had followed me down to the pool, thumped his chest, just enough to attract my attention. He did this at the same as I heard distant voices and a dog barked. Poachers! I moved out of the pool and collected my things. I followed Silverback back to the camp, still naked. From a distance we watched the same poachers who had killed Bebe, as one had on her belt and trousers. Silverback pulled me away.

I was given more paste to eat. I watched Pregnant prepare it. It seemed to be mashed roots, branches and leaves. Mashed by it being chewed by herself. I looked after Junior while she did it.

Dear Diary 30th January 2003. Feeling a lot better. Stomach not so bloated . Can't remember when my period was due. Typical! I have listed pregnancy symptoms. Breast tenderness. They are bloody tender, but considering what they look like it's not surprising! Swelling. I can't tell. Nausea, yes. Sensitivity to smells, yes. Increased frequency to pee, no. Mood swings, doesn't every woman? Weight gain, yes please!

*

Wednesday 13th February 2003. 40 days since the crash.

'Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me, happy birthday dear Sam, happy birthday to me.'
I wonder if I should tell Silverback how old I am. He is bound to ask. We have moved on again. I'm feeling a lot better, except for morning sickness. I'm getting quite excited. If my phone hadn't died, I could ring mum and tell her that Silverback and I are going to have a baby. Today they let me go out of the camp.

I still can't get my shorts on. My shoulder seems to have healed. I keep dropping what they give me to carry, so I head back. My friend, who is no longer my friend and Pregnant stayed behind to look after the children.

I get back to camp to find them in a compromising position. This is unheard of. A subdominant male copulating with a female from the band. They stop when they see me, but I tell them I won't say anything.

Dear Diary Wednesday 13th February 2003. My birthday! 40 days since the crash. My bloated stomach has returned, but I feel ok but I must look about 10 months gone!

They didn't have a party for me that night. In bed Silverback slept next to me as usual, but when I awoke in the night, he wasn't there. I looked around. I still couldn't see him. I walked to the edge of the camp. He was sitting near a rock looking down the hill. I walked over to him. He looked sad as I sat next to him, and snuggled into him. When I returned to bed, I didn't notice that My friend, Pregnant and Junior had gone.

*

Thursday 14th February 2003. 41 days since the crash.

There seems to be a bit of a commotion between Daisie, Maisie and Silverback. Silverback walks off and sits near the rocks. There's only the three of them, plus me, Guy and The Twins left. My friend and Pregnant have taken Junior to start their own band. It would be difficult to see their band lasting too long before My friend would be defeated by an older male.

*

Sunday 24th February 2003. 51 days since the crash.

It started raining during the night. I was sick this morning. The first time for a few weeks. I was beginning to think I may not be pregnant after all, but I'm convinced I feel something different, in my beautiful rounded belly. Still no sign of My Friend or Pregnant and Junior. Silverback wouldn't have them back now. We have been steadily moving further south. I haven't given running away a thought for ages now, and I am actually quite contented. I'm still fourth in the pecking order.

Silverback doesn't sleep with me so often now. A couple of nights we have climbed into trees and he has stayed on the ground protecting us. Probably because of the leopards we have heard around. We are sitting at camp when we are approached by a lone female. She has followed us for a few days. Daisie and Maisie are up hooting and growling. Silverback approaches her. He puts on a big display, thumping his chest and bellowing, but she is submissive and he copulates with her. Just like that! This sends Daisie and Maisie into a frenzy. I shout at Silverback.

'Silverback! We don't want another female in the band. You've got enough with the three of us!'

I'm as jealous as the other two. She walks into camp. She is bigger than both Daisy and Maisie. She looks suspiciously at me. She picks up a handful of dirt and throws it at me. She charges me, and I can't get out of the way. She sends me flying onto my back and stands above me growling.

'Silverback! Help,' doesn't work. Daisy and Maisie know where their breads buttered and back the new arrival up. I am an outcast again. Every time I approach Silverback, she charges me. She even charges me when Silverback walks near to me. I name her Boadicea after the queen who led a revolt against the Romans.

Dear Diary Sunday 24th February 2003. The arrival of Boadicea has definitely had a poor effect on morale. She is the most aggressive gorilla I have met. I have several wounds from where she has knocked me over. P.S It's raining. Hard! I am soaked. A shirt with not many buttons on and a pair of shorts that I can't do up are no protection against the rain.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Six - Captured by Humans.**

*Tuesday 19th March 2003. 74 days since the crash.*

I think I have been pregnant for 56 days now. It's beginning to show. My breasts that were just empty sacks a few weeks ago are now firmer. The nipples are constantly erect. I am so horny. My love, Silverback chooses to ignore me. He has given Guy some instructions and I gather I am to go with him. This is done by a series of blows I receive until I stand and follow Guy out of camp. It's the rainy season. We are camped on a ridge where we have stayed for a few days, now. There is a pool above us, with a water fall about a hundred feet below to another pool. Although it is raining, it is still very hot. I follow Guy up the slope. He gets a long way ahead, and I can't see him any more. I go to the pool, in case he has gone there. He hasn't, so I go for a dip. The pool has filled up a lot since the last time I was here.

I bathe, and step out of the pool. I bend to pick up my shirt, and lose my footing. My feet come up and I slap down onto the ground, knocking all the wind out of me. Dazed, I realise that I am sliding down hill. I am picking up speed. I grab a branch. It snaps off. My skin is being torn to shreds, as I am tossed around on a mud slide, that I must have stepped into. Suddenly I am in mid air. Flapping my arms. I land on my back into the lower pool. I see the surface way above my head as I sink into the water. I manage to swim to the surface and swim away from the water fall. Hair is in my eyes, as I drag myself up the bank. I crawl on my hands and knees.

Crawling, I bump into a pair of black legs. Human legs. I look up. There are five black men all armed standing there, not believing that a naked white woman has crawled out of the water towards them. They lift me up. There is a lot of shouting and merriment. They place me on my back on the ground. They are speaking in Swahili, a language I don't know very well. Two are holding my arms down. The other three are arguing. They stop. Two of them, grab my legs. The third drops his trousers. His penis is erect. One of the men holding my arms has also unzipped and is waving his penis by my mouth. 'Suck, Missus.' he says. 'Suck'. The fifth man is between my legs, lying on my belly, trying to push himself into me.

'Mind my baby. Please?' No response.

'My Gorilla child.' I say. Everyone stops. The fifth man leaps up. Another commotion. Then they are joined by a white man, wearing a raincoat. 'A gorilla child you say?'

'Yes.' The other men are going wild.

'A Silverback?'

'Of course.'

'Good. You're lucky, they were going to enjoy your pleasures and then kill you. Now they think you

are a witch and just want to kill you.'

'Is that the way you greet all women in the forest?'

'Why are you naked?'

'I was swimming, and I slipped.'

'Stake her out on that bank.' He shouts. 'She's come from up there. The Silverback will come down for her. If she's telling the truth. If not the insects will get her.'

They take me over to a sloping patch of ground and drive in four stakes. They tie me spread eagled to them.

Then they leave me.

Hours later, the white man returns.

'Still no Silverback?'

'He won't come anyway. They don't do that.'

'An expert are you?' he says running the end of the rifle but up and down my body.

'I know a bit about them, yes.'

'You know white meat is much desired by black men. You were lucky.'

He moves in close. He leaves the rifle to one side. He steps closer. His hand is between my legs, probing. One finger enters me. 'I don't believe in this witchcraft nonsense,' he whispers in my ear, as he unzips himself and slides into me. I look away and think about Silverback. Probably watching.

He finishes what he is doing and steps back to zip himself up. I see he has BB on his belt buckle.

'Are you hungry?'

'Yes.' I say.

'Here.' he says. He reaches into his pocket and brings out some pieces of meat. He pops them into my mouth, one at a time which I devour at once.

'Forgot to tell you the meat is poisoned. We use it for hunting. The Silverback will come down. He won't want to see you convulsing.' He leaned forward and whispered, 'by the way. I've had a lot of black meat of a dubious quality. I am HIV positive.'

'Bastard! You bastard.'

He lifted his rifle to my neck. 'I could save you the bother.' he said.

'Go On! You've killed me anyway.' I shout.

'No. you're too valuable.' he said as I started retching. 'If your Silverback doesn't turn up, a lion probably will.'

He walks away. The rain is pelting down. I lie there, retching one minute and crying the next. 74 days ago I was a reasonable happy lecturer at a British university. I had more than enough money to get by on. I had an active love life. Now, I was stranded in a Rwandan forest, been raped by all and sundry and pregnant by a gorilla. Manchester seems so far away. I don't think that I will be alive for much longer.

Later, the guards change over. The first sat on the bank about fifteen feet away. This one wants to talk.

'What you doin here Missy?' He asks.

'Just hanging about,' I say dangling from the bindings.

'No. I mean why are you in Rwanda?'

'Studying gorillas.'

'Did one make you pregnant?'

'Yes, but I didn't have a choice. I wanted to be accepted...' As I spoke I noticed something running down the path at speed. Something black. I keep talking to the man. '...within a band, you have to submit to it's leader.' It was getting closer. The man was engrossed in our conversation.

'So you let it have sex with you?'

'Yes. It's the law of the jun....' A gorilla leapt and crashed into the man with sickening force. The man went down groaning. The gorilla stood and started pounding on it's chest. I pulled hard on the



straps and the pegs came out of the soft ground. The gorilla turned and ran up the path. I stopped only to kick the man in the stomach. I grabbed his rifle and ran after the gorilla. I heard a shout. The white man was running about twenty yards behind me. I had been accustomed to the light, he had probably just come out of a lit tent and wouldn't be so accustomed. I crouched down, released the safety catch on the rifle, and waited. And waited. When he was near enough I pulled the trigger. He hadn't seen me. I aimed low. If he lived he would never do to another woman, what he had done to me, and to Bebe. He collapsed writhing on the floor. I lifted, the butt up and smashed it into his face. 'The bullets from me, and that's for Bebe.' I shouted.

My friend was waiting for me down the track. There was no sign of Pregnant and Junior. He led me up the slope back to the band. I wanted him to come with me. I wanted to stay with him. I obviously couldn't make him understand. I didn't want to go back to Silverback and Boadicea. I thanked My friend, and left him to enter the camp. They watched me come in. They didn't move. Tomorrow we had to move on. First I would get my clothes from the pool.

Dear Diary Tuesday 19th March. What a day. Fell down the hill and was nearly raped by a group of poachers, but was rescued by one of them, and then raped by him instead. Got my revenge after being rescued by My friend. Shot him in the balls and split his skull open. Now for Boadicea.

\*

*Wednesday 20th March. 75 days since the crash.*

We move on while it is still dark. I leave them and go to the pool to get my things. This time Daisy comes with me. I wanted Boadicea to come. I was in the mood to finish her off. My days are blacker and blacker. I look over the edge and for the first time in my life contemplate suicide. The mood doesn't last long. I am a fighter. I will fight. I follow Daisy to catch up.

~~~~~

Chapter Seven - Bye Bye Boadicea!

Monday 8th April. 94 days since the crash.

It will be eleven weeks tomorrow, since I became pregnant. Eleven weeks! It was five weeks ago that I was due home. I haven't seen or heard a plane go over. I've still got the flare gun. I will use it if I see one. Before Boadicea, I was going to see it through. Not now. My tits are getting really big, and the nipples are a lot darker. I've ditched the bra. I am doing my utmost to drive Boadicea away. Guy seems up for it, but Daisy and Maisie don't understand. When she gets cosy with Silverback, I start whooping and Guy joins in. In panic Daisy and Maisie join in too. Silverback jumps straight up to see what the commotion is. I've got a taste for blood.

*

Saturday 27th April 2003. 113 days since the crash. (97 days since conception)

We arrived at a camp overlooking a giant lake a few days ago. It must be Lake Kivu. If so, we have bypassed Goma, somehow. I could have got off the bus there. We are on a plateau about fifty feet up. I have hatched a plan. Today, I am on a foraging trip with Boadicea. I found a path when I was out with Guy yesterday. The path leads down to the lake and has a sheer drop on one side. I left a large branch propped up along it. I ignore Boadicea's whimpering and go down the path, and climb over the large branch, and wait. Eventually Boadicea ambles along the path. She is massive. She gets to the branch and leans out to get around it.

I scream at the top of my voice. Startled, she looks up. I push the branch at her. Unbalanced she grabs it. I have her life in the balance. Sod it! Goodbye Boadicea! I let it go, and she disappears from view over the edge. I wait, then count to ten and look over the edge. She is lying at a grotesque angle on the rocks below. Blood is running from underneath her, and trickling into the lake.

I return to camp. They don't ask me where she is and no one seems to notice she is not with me. I am panic struck that she will walk in, so I go back and look over the edge. I am relieved to see she is still there. Make a mental note to add "hit woman" to my CV. I can do it easily. I've got the temperament. Well, I am pregnant.

Dear Diary. Saturday 27th April 2003. Boadicea is not with us. She failed to return from a foraging trip with me this morning. Only Silverback seems to notice her missing! None of the others have had the courtesy to thank me yet. God my back aches. Also can't seem to shake off the flu. I hope Silverback realises what I am going through.

*

Sunday 28th April 2003. 114 days since the crash. (98 days since conception)

Silverback mopes about all morning, while we wait around. Eventually we move on. Ha! She still hasn't come back. I resist going back to have another look. I am elated. If Silverback wants some company tonight. I'm his girl!

Dear Diary Sunday 28th April 2003. Got rid of Boadicea and he goes and screws Maisie! Bloody Maisie! It's not as if she's good looking. I can still do it gorilla style, or I think I can, it's been so long. She had better watch out. She's next on my list! Got sore nipples and keep sneezing and shaking.

*

Sunday 5th May 2003. 121 days since the crash. (105 days since conception)

Three months since the crash. Saw a plane the other day but it was too far away. I doubt very much they are still looking for me. I've been here twice as long as I should be. I expect that Noel O'Callahan has got my job, and Beth Cox has persuaded Will I'm not coming back. I expect she will be warming his bed from now on. I wonder how long she has been warming it for already. The Bitch!

Dear Diary 5th May 2003. Silverback is still giving Maisie one. But I don't care. I'm getting my temper under control. Finally shook off the flu, which is a surprise since it's still pissing it down!

*

Friday 31st May 2003. 147 days since the crash. (131 days. 149 to go?)

The last day of the rainy season, supposedly. Hurrah! Wonder if UNESCO are still paying me. Picture Silverback, me and Silverback Junior, living the life of luxury once he has arrived. Can't wait. But if Silverback wants another, he can think again. It's like carrying a sack of potatoes, all the time. I am impressed with my massive bazookas, but my belly sticks out even further. Its hard to think that I was once a 34-26-34. I am more like 42-40-60.

I was babysitting the twins today, as this seems to be my job preparing me for my arrival. I didn't really notice Guy arrive. Then he spent ages preening my hair and eating the bugs he found. He moved onto my pubes. It was so comforting, and such a turn on. He had no trouble putting his finger inside me. I had to stop him, when he tried to put his hand in!

*

Sunday 9th June 2003. 156 days since the crash. (140 days. 140 to go. Mid term!)

God I hope it's not twins! The weather has improved. Silverback hasn't even looked at me. I parade naked in front of him. Maisie and I had a fight. I lost. She can shout and bellow louder than me. I got so cross with Silverback I gave him a piece of my mind. He stood and banged his fists on his chest and I did the same. He growled and I did the same. Got a draw. He will have to change his ways, when the baby arrives. We can't have that sort of behaviour in front of him. Saw some humans in the distance. Possibly tourists, probably Japanese, as they were smartly dressed. I would have made them a good photograph. 'Look a Gorilla woman!'

*

Wednesday 17th July 2003. 194 days since the crash. (178 days 102 to go)

We had been walking for a couple of hours through some woodland, when we were confronted by another Silverback. A fierce battle ensued with them charging each other, and wrestling. They went crashing through the undergrowth. I got caught up with the wrong band for a while and was charged at by several young males. One thumped me in the stomach. There was some blood loss. Just managed to avoid being flattened by their Silverback. Maisie noticed I am injured and we stop. Female gorillas are very considerate and helpful at times of crisis. We camp where we were. The other band were not too far away.

Dear Diary. Wednesday 17th July 2003. Got punched by a male from another band today. There has been some blood loss, and I feel unwell. We camped early. Silverback has been cut, but seems ok. Maisie has helped us both. Daisie has done nothing, but has been around, when needed.

*

Wednesday 24th July 2003. 201 days since the crash. (185 days 95 to go)

Daisie is ill. She didn't get up this morning. Her eyes are glazed. Maisie and Silverback drive everyone including me away from her. I make a camp as best as I can for myself and Guy and The Twins, about 25 yards away. Neither Silverback or Maisie come back that night.

Dear Diary. Wednesday 24th July 2003. I feel so helpless. They won't let me help Daisie.

*

Thursday 25th July 2003. 202 days since the crash. (186 days 94 to go)

We go out to forage. Guy has to do most of it as I have The Twins, and I am severely handicapped by my huge stomach. We take fruit, berries and leaves back to Daisie. She looks better and eats straight away. Maisie comes to our camp. I go and sit with Daisie. Silverback lets me in. Daisie is asleep. Silverback is grunting. He stands behind me and bends me forward and comes into me with some force. And not before time! It is fantastic. I will kill for this gorilla. I have done it already. I no longer want to go home. I want to stay here for ever.

Dear Diary. Thursday 25th July 2003. It's back on again after all this time. Boadicea's little accident wasn't in vain!

*

Friday 9th August 2003. 217 days since the crash. (201 days 79 to go)

Daisie is now completely recovered and we start to move to higher ground. I feel part of the band again, but I am struggling with the size of belly. I have to walk with my hands grasped below my belly to support the weight. Oh well. Only 79 days to go! Ho hum! I am getting very worried that Junior will not be able to pass through my pelvis, as I'm only small, or I was before Silverback had his wicked way with me.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Eight - Sold!**

*Tuesday 27th August 2003. 235 days since the crash. (219 days 61 to go)*

We are moving through the undergrowth when we come to a clearing. In it is a smallholding. There are animal pens and, in the middle, a small shack. There is a washing line. Clothes of all colours are fluttering on the line. There was a blue dress and a couple of pairs of trousers. This time last year I wouldn't have given the place a second glance. After 235 days living wild in the forest, it looks so good. I imagined being the smallholders wife, baking and cleaning for him. I am getting so bored. There has to be more to life than eating berries and leaves. At least the gorillas could eat branches but I couldn't stomach them. I could eat shoots, but I could never remember which ones I could and which I couldn't eat, and always paid the consequences, later.

We settled not far from the homestead. I decided I was going to steal some clothes off the line. I would write a note telling them to get the money for them from UNESCO. As UNESCO would realise that I was alive, I would also tell them I was embarking on a long term project and was alive and well. The note read:

I have taken some clothes from your line. My name is Dr Samantha Roberts. I am an Inspector at UNESCO. I survived a plane crash 235 days ago north of here where the pilot was killed. Two passengers, Peter Mendel and Brunhild Braun were killed by poachers. I am well. I have befriended a group of gorillas and I am carrying out research, which I want to continue. Please pass this note onto the Karisoke Research Centre, who will reimburse you for your inconvenience.

Thank you. Dr Samantha Roberts.

I waited until everyone had settled down, and made my way down to the smallholding. I entered the clearing. There was reasonable light and I could see quite well. I approached the farmstead on the farm side. A dog started barking, but it was chained up. The front door opened.

'Who is there?' he shouted.

'Excuse me? I need help,' I said. He switched on a light. Too late, I realised he had a rifle in his hands.

'Who are you?' he shouted. He was aged about mid fifties.

'My name is Doctor Samantha Roberts. I've been in a plane crash.'

'Come in.' he said. 'Yvonne, give me a hand.' A woman, looking the same age joined him.

I walked in.

'What do you need?' I was standing there in my shirt and walking boots. Nothing in between.

'I was going to take some clothes off your line, but you've taken them in. Have you a dress you could spare. As you can see, I am pregnant.'

'Yes, you are rather.' she observed.

Suddenly he stopped doing what he was doing.

'You are the woman with the gorilla baby, they are talking about.'

'I am living with some gorillas, yes. I am studying them.'

'You killed, Clint Osgood. You can't stay here. You must go. They will kill us if they knew. Go!'

'But...'

'Go.'

The woman grabbed a dress off a pile of clothes on the table. 'Take this and leave us. If anyone asks you stole it off the line. Go. Please we can't let you stay. They are hunting you down. They will kill you. Trust no one.'

'Thank you. Thank you.' I turned and ran. Back to Silverback. When I got back I discovered that somewhere along the way, I had dropped the note.

It was too late to add anything to my diary.

\*

*Wednesday 28th August 2003. 236 days since the crash. (220 days 60 to go)*

A day spent foraging for berries. When I got back, I sneaked a look at my new dress. I didn't put it on, just then. It was blue with yellow flowers. It was well worn. I would wear it in bed tonight. Silverback was on edge all day. The forest was unusually quiet. That night I was asleep, in my new dress, next to Silverback, when the whole area lit up with search lights. They all seemed to be shining on me. There was a rifle shot. Gorillas were running everywhere. Humans were running everywhere. I was being held down. Torches were being shone into my face. Black faces were staring at me. A human in uniform said 'Doctor Samantha Roberts, you are under arrest for the murder of Clint Osgood. You will be taken to Goma, to stand trial.'

Then someone said. 'Fuck that. Numo. You've done your job. We can get money for her. Piss off.'

My mouth is gagged, and my wrists and ankles are bound with rope. I am raised bodily above about six men who carry me down the mountain. We got to a track. I was carried to the back of a pick up truck with 'Mombassa Wildlife Park' written on the side and pushed into a cage on the back of it. The men jump up alongside the cage. More men get into another truck. We roar off at great speed. The men are hanging onto the cage in which I am being thrown about in. I hear comments such as, 'Spawn of the Devil.' 'Gorilla woman.' 'Devil's daughter,' and 'daughter of Satan.' Occasionally, sticks are rammed into the cage. Into me. Someone from inside the pick up truck shouts, 'Don't damage her. You will reduce the price!'

After about half an hour the truck drove over a cattle grid and through some gates. It roared to a halt behind a white building. A man in a white coat, stood by the side of the truck talking to a man who had got out of the truck. I could occasionally hear the conversation.

'No. I'm not paying ten million. Five.' Said a German accent.

'Eight.' said the man from the truck.

'Five. And only after I've done tests.'

'When can we have our money.'

'Tonight.'

'Agreed. Five million Rwandan Francs, paid tonight.'

'Right. Bring her in. Take off the gag.' Someone reaches through and removes the cloth.

The cage is dragged off the back of the truck. I shake the bars and shout 'Tell me what the fuck is going on.'

'So, are you Doctor Roberts?' the man in the white coat asks.

'Yes.'

'But you were reported missing, months ago.'

'As you can see, I am very much alive. Now let me out.'

'Is it true you have mated with a gorilla and you are now pregnant?'

'Do you think, I am normally this shape?'

'Unbelievable. We will create history, if it is half gorilla, half human. We have all the equipment to help you. You will die without it.'

'What have you paid five million francs for?'

'You!'

'Where am I? Who are you?'

'You are in The Mombassa Wildlife Park. We run an unofficial research centre for gorillas. My name is Franz Hoffman.'

'The son on Max Hoffman, the leading gorilla Zoologist?'

'That's the one, and you are going to be part of our research.'

The cage was carried into what looked like an operating table. Then it was opened. I fought every hand that came in the cage.

'I can give you something that will make you sleep, Miss Roberts. Even for ever, you know that, don't you?'

I gave up fighting and got out.

'My. You are big aren't you. How far gone are you?'

I said nothing.

'Where's her bag?' Someone stepped forward with it. He tipped it out onto the floor. He picked up my diary, flicked through it. He stopped flicking and read out aloud:

'Tuesday January 21st. He placed one arm around my waist and supported his great bulk with the other on the floor. I hoped he wouldn't manage to come inside me, but it was a vain hope. I felt him slide into me, powerless to resist, He was squeezing me so hard, I was struggling to breath. I felt him ejaculate. My head was hanging below my body. I realised that rather than him squeezing me was supporting me. He withdrew, dripping in seminal fluid . He laid me onto the floor. The whooping increased. He stood above me roaring. Telling me I was his.'

He walked over to his desk, as I was dragged to a trolley. It was purposely designed for gorillas, being larger than usual. It had straps that a white nurse in a blue uniform, was attaching to my wrists, ankles, neck and across my body. Hoffman came back. 'I work it out at 220 days since conception. When was your last period?'

'About two weeks before.'

'So we can take, say 14 days off the 60, left. That makes it 46 to go. We can induce around 13th October. You must be so excited, Miss Roberts. What a sacrifice!'

'What do you mean, a sacrifice?'

'I would have thought with your knowledge, that you would realise, that giving birth to a gorilla would kill you. You would have died out there.' He said pointing to the jungle.

'At the time, I wasn't given a choice.'

'I will help you. You can help in our research. Someone of your experience would be invaluable. But remember no one will be looking for you. You have already been given up for lost. The search was called off months ago. Officially, you are already dead. Now! People. Everyone out.'

'I'm staying to protect our investment.' One man said.

'You can stay. Everyone else out.' They all traipsed out.

'Annie, can you do a blood test, please?' He said to the nurse.

'Yes. Doctor Hoffman.'

Hoffman started the ultra sound. 'Wow! Look at that! It's massive. It must be twenty pounds at least. It's a male. Miss Roberts, You've just cost me five million, but it's going to be worth it.'

I looked at the screen. There was shape of a miniature gorilla, asleep in my womb.

'Come on. Lets get your money.' Hoffman said to the man. They walked out and left me with Annie, the nurse.

'Couldn't you let me go?' I asked the her.

'You're joking. This is the culmination of his career. He will be famous.'

'What about me?'

'Everyone we experimented on so far, has died in childbirth. The baby is too big you see. You should know that.'

'You've done this before?'

'Yes we pay volunteers. Rwandan women. We artificially inseminated them, but most have died during childbirth. The longest the baby survived was 21 days.'

'Why don't you deliver by caesarean?'

'We have to now, but it doesn't make any difference. The foetus still die. The mothers health is secondary here.'

I was taken, still on the trolley to an adjoining room, by two porters. 'You should be at home here.' One of them said.

I was put in a cage, and laid on a bed and covered with blankets. There were another seven cages, six with gorillas in. In the cage in the corner was a heavily pregnant woman. In the cage next to me was a Silverback, far bigger than mine. I would say he would be over 500 pounds. He was hooting and growling.

Hoffman came in. 'Miss Roberts, I am worried about your size, and your blood pressure is up. We have tested your urine and there is protein in it. We think you may have Toxaemia, which as you probably know is a kidney disorder. Do you know you may also be HIV positive?'

'I was told by that bastard, that I killed. What will be worse. Toxaemia or aids?'

'Toxaemia will get you first, but I am concerned for your baby.'

'Of course you are. You don't seem to be concerned about me.'

'Miss Roberts. You were going to be a great step forward, but now you are going to fail me.'

'What are you going to do?'

'I am going to monitor your progress. We may have to induce earlier than we planned. By the way, your notes and diary are fascinating. A brilliant account. I think I will get them published. Here is another notebook. Please continue writing your diary. I have kept your original. Can I ask if it is just the one Silverback you are interested in?'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, you know, of course that Silverbacks keep their pregnant females well lubricated by copulation prior to birth. I wondered if Jambo here, could be of help?' he said pointing at the enormous male in the adjoining cage.

'He's twice the size. He would kill me.'

'It would be an interesting experiment, don't you think?'

'No. I don't. You've got drugs for that.'

'We will see. Miss Roberts. We will see.' he said as he left.

I lay on my bed, listening to my other cell mates. I didn't see the other woman move and later in the evening she was taken away by the porters. I hatched out a plan. I decided to help all I could. It would be the only way I could access to the outside world. A world I had shunned, but now needed to save my life. A porter bought food. I was given meat and potatoes. Jambo had fruit. I ate the potatoes but didn't like the meat. I 'persuaded' Jambo to throw fruit at me by annoying him. I ate an apple he threw with some enjoyment.

Dear Diary. Wednesday 28th August 2003. Captured and sold to Franz Hoffman at The Mombassa Wildlife Park. He wants to take my baby. He says I have Toxaemia and I may be HIV positive from the attack a few months ago. Locked in a cage.



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Chapter Nine - Silverback Junior.

Thursday 29th August 2003. 237 days since the crash. 1st day of capture. (221 days 59 to go)

Hoffman came in. 'How are you this morning?'

'As well as can be expected, I suppose. I have decided I would like to cooperate.'

'Good. You are very wise. We are doing some fantastic research, here. You will be a great asset. First we want to get you fit and well. I will get Anne to help you bathe today. Tidy you up a bit. I got your photo from your website. You look as if you've aged a bit.'

'Thanks. Could I have a mirror, please?'

'There will be plenty of time for that. I am sure you will get the chance sometime today. Be prepared for a shock. I want to do some more tests, today as well. We must also start the treatment for your Toxaemia.'

Later Anne came with a wheelchair. The wheelchair had straps on it. She was accompanied by a porter and an armed guard. Escape was going to be difficult. I was strapped in and wheeled into the same room I was in yesterday. I was given another ultra sound, weighed, given a blood test. I was also fitted with a radio collar around my neck.

'Why are you putting this on?' I asked.

'Just a precaution.' Anne said.

I had to lay on the trolley. Again, I was strapped down. I was impressed with the equipment they had. It was very state of the art. There was certainly some money involved here.

Dr Hoffman gave me an injection, he said to fight against the Toxaemia. I had no choice but to believe him. I knew at any moment in time, he could give me an injection which would end my life, but while I had the baby, I would be safe. By the time the baby had been delivered, he had to trust me.

I was taken into a bathroom and given a bath. Anne cut my hair, which was nearly down to my shoulders. Finally they let me look into a mirror. An old woman, aged at least sixty, looked back at me. My eyes had receded deep into their sockets. My skin although tanned was tinged grey, and wrinkly.

'God, Anne. I look so old.'

'It's a combination of things. You'll be better when baby's arrived.' she replied.

'Will I still be alive?' I thought.

I was taken back to my cage. It was as I left it, except the hair I wedged between the first and last page of my diary was missing, meaning it had been read. I decided that as it was going to be read, to make it as positive as possible.

Dear Diary Thursday 29th August 2003. Now feeling glad that I've been captured. They have a great set up here. Dr Hoffman and Anne are so pleasant to me and are looking after me. I have been given a great opportunity to do some research. Looking forward to starting once baby is born.

*

Thursday 5th September 2003. 244 days since the crash. 9th day since capture (238 days 42 days to go)

I wasn't given any food today. Nothing was said when Anne the porter and their guard came and collected me. I was taken in my wheelchair into the other room and strapped onto the trolley.

Hoffman came in. He was in operating clothing. He brought in another man dressed similarly.

'Good morning Miss Roberts. We've brought forward, the induction day today. We're not going to

mess around. We are going straight into a caesarean. This gentleman is going to give you an injection.'

'I don't want...'

'Count to ten.' I felt a prick on the back of my hand.

'to have.....'

I woke with an almighty pain in my stomach, still strapped to the trolley, but back in my cage. I felt down below. My stomach has reduced in size. I am connected to a drip. The pain was so intense.

I lay there all woozy. A door opened. Dr Hoffman came in followed by Anne, a porter and an armed guard. Anne was carrying a bundle. As soon as they came in, the gorillas started a frenzied hooting.

'Congratulations, you are the proud mother of a 19 pound 3 ounce, baby boy gorilla child.' he said.

Anne stepped forward, and showed me the bundle.

'The baby appears to be doing well, considering how premature he is.'

I looked inside the blanket. There was a gorilla face, but with less hair. He looked so beautiful.

'Is he as you expected?' I asked.

'Yes, he looks like a gorilla, but his spine is straighter and his hands are human. He is very hairy, especially on his back. He looks more gorilla than human. Do you want to feed him?'

'Oh. Yes please!'

They passed him to me and I slid down the blanket, and placed his head onto my breast.

'There you go, my baby.'

He started drinking, greedily.

'What shall we call him?' I asked.

'You decide.' Hoffman said.

'I will call him Silverback, after his dad.'

Dear Diary. Thursday 5th September 2003. My baby's arrived. A boy weighing 19lb's 3 ounces. I have called him Silverback after his father. He will be well looked after here.

*

Wednesday 11th September 2003. 250 days since the crash. 15 days since capture. 6 days since birth.

Silverback is gaining weight after initial problems. Hoffman is pleased. My health has improved and there is no doubt that I would have died giving birth to Silverback in the jungle. I still have to wear my collar. Today I am given a guided tour. I am shown the wildlife centre, where they specialise in chimpanzee's.

'What am I going to be doing, Doctor Hoffman?' I ask.

'Where do you feel you could be of most assistance?'

'Well, I prefer gorillas. They are my speciality.'

'Yes. That's obvious. How about helping to set up a computer database to start with. You are computer literate, are you?'

'Yes. Of course.'

'You will have to have someone with you at all times, you realise, to protect our interests?'

'Yes.'

'If you do step out of line, Jambo will deal with you first and then if you are still alive....'

'I think I understand,'

'I thought you might. Now perhaps you might like to spend some time with your baby.'

*

Monday 23rd September 2003. 262 days since the crash. 27 days since capture. 18 days since birth.

I had spent nearly two weeks working on a database, listing the fathers, mothers deceased and living, including myself, insemination dates and gestation dates. I had a guard who originally sat with me, then spent time in the room. Now if he wandered out. He would disconnect and take the phone. When he went out today, I quickly logged onto my email.

To: willpeters31@avacet.co.uk
From: drsamroberts@supermail.com
Date: 23rd September 2003
Subject: I am alive.

Will, Sorry it's took so long, but I am alive. I can't go into details. I am being held captive at The Mombassa Wildlife Park. Rwanda. PLEASE. PLEASE get help. I don't know who you can trust. Contact Dr Ranata Singh at UNESCO and sound her out. The local police here are in on it, too. Even if you have moved on, PLEASE save me. MY life is in the balance.

DON'T REPLY JUST IN CASE MY EMAILS ARE MONITORED.

Thanks
Sam.

I pressed the send button and hoped for the best. I had to close it down, before seeing if it went successfully when I heard footsteps outside.

After work, I took Silverback back to my cage. He was growing steadily, feeding well. We had to supplement his diet as I didn't have the capacity to keep up with him!

*

Tuesday 24th September 2003. 263 days since the crash. 28 days since capture. 19 days since birth.

I got the chance to check, my emails. Successful!

Very concerned today when I was moved into a larger cage, which still adjoined Jambo's. Hoffman said it was to give Silverback more space to play in, away from Jambo, who could still see us through a gate.

*

Tuesday 1st October 2003. 270 days since the crash. 35 days since capture. 26 days since birth.

We hadn't been fed or let out today. There had been people shouting outside. Suddenly Anne ran into the corridor outside my cage. She locked the outside door. I clutched Silverback to my chest. 'You bastard!', she shouted, 'I knew you were trouble. The fucking place is crawling with army. They've arrested Doctor Hoffman' She reached up and pulled a lever. The dividing door between us and Jambo slid open.

'Get out of this one,' she shouted. 'Jambo! Come.'

'No! Anne, NO!', I shouted as Jambo came in. He saw Silverback and charged over, ripping him from my grasp, and tossing him onto the floor. I rushed towards Silverback, but Jambo charged forward. I saw Jambo's arm come up towards me. Then it all went black.

*

Wednesday 2nd October 2003. 271 days since the crash. 36 days since capture. 27 days since birth.

I opened my eyes. I was in hospital. I was attached to another drip. My arm was in plaster. I could only see out of one eye. My foot was in plaster. Will was holding my hand.

'Hello.' he said. 'How do you feel?'

'What happened?' I asked.

Someone stepped forward. It was Dr Ranata Singh, the senior zoologist at UNESCO.

'Sam, Dr Ranata Singh. UNESCO. Do you remember me?'

'Yes, Dr Singh. Where's Silverback. How is he?'

'I'm sorry, Sam. Jambo has killed him. He nearly killed you, as well. They had to shoot him to get him off you. It's amazing what's happened to you. We need to get you home and get you well. Your email to Will saved your life.'

'Thanks Will.' I said. 'How's Beth?'

'I'm sorry, Sam. I thought you were dead. It's been 8 months.'

'I know. Thanks again for saving me. Have a nice life.'

I squeezed his hand.

'Can I come to the wedding?'

'I'm afraid you've missed it. You know what Beth's like.'

'Yes. Good luck, Will.'

THE END.