

“We are making a forced landing. Please fasten your seat belts!” the captain of the airplane shouted.

“Ah!” With the screams of all the passengers, the plane crashed into the ground and made a huge noise, plowing deep ravines on the ground.

After the smoke and dust dispersed, the plane finally stabilized. It’s a small airliner, and it had become out of control because a bird crashed into an engine on its wing. All the passengers were dizzy, but fortunately everyone survived. They rushed out of the plane, but as soon as they got off, they all stood still- they were surrounded by a group of aborigines, each wore rough fur clothes and pointed at them with spears.

“Hey! Our plane had an accident! We need help!” one of the passengers shouted at the aborigines. But instead of responding to him, the aborigines communicated to each other in a strange language.

“This is an isolated island in the Pacific Ocean. According to past record, it should be an uninhabited island,” the captain said, “Now the record seems be wrong.”

The aborigines did not harm them and took them back to their camps. Although passengers and aborigines did not speak each other’s language, through difficult body language communication, the aborigines understood about the situation of passengers and received them warmly, and the passengers also figured out the local situation. This was an island that no outsider had ever set foot on. In the past, people knew about it only from satellite images. The aborigines here lived a primitive life without

any technology.

That night, both passengers and aborigines sat around the campfire and the aborigines roasted the animals they had hunted. A young aboriginal, kneeling in front of an old aboriginal, respectfully held up a roasted rat's head, as if it were a treasure.

"The old must be their chieftain." the captain thought.

The old aborigine took the rat head, but did not start to enjoy it. Instead, he smiled and went to the captain, handed it to him. The captain looked embarrassed. He realized that the rat head was for the chieftain and should be the best food in these aborigines' culture.

"How can I refuse his good intention?" The captain hesitated and did not immediately take the rat's head from the chieftain. The old aborigine was still holding his hand to the captain with the rat's head. He saw the old aborigine's smile disappear, showing a little unhappiness.

"Well, maybe I can throw it away while he's not paying attention to me," the captain thought, and then he took the rat's head from the chieftain's hand. The smile returned to the face of the old aborigine, and he looked at the captain expectantly. It seems that he was going to watch the captain eat the rat's head.

"No, please! No!" the captain shouted in his mind, but the old aborigine still watched him, and did not alter his intentions at all. The captain looked down at the rat's head in his hand. It did not seem to be completely baked. The rat's hair was not peeled off, and it curled by the roasting by the fire. The whole rat's head was covered

with a special sauce made by the aborigines and it stank. In the evening, the captain watched the aborigines made the sauce by grinding many ants.

“It is disgusting.” said the captain, and aborigines could not understand him anyway. His face paled, and just looking at the rat's head made his stomach churn. He looked around for help, and everyone was looking at him, whether aborigines or passengers.

“You have to eat.” one passenger suddenly said to the captain, “Maybe they'll kill us all if you refuse their chieftain. Nobody knows what they are used to do, we don't want to take the risk.”

“He's right.” another passenger said, “Relax! It's just a food, and they eat it every day!”

“You'll say that just because you're not the one who needs to eat it,” the captain said hopelessly. The other passengers lowered their heads in shame, but no one could help him.

He caught a glimpse of the expecting faces of other aborigines. “They did offer me food in good faith,” the captain thought and sighed, “Unfortunately, it's too cruel for people of different cultures.” Under the old aborigine watching, the captain bit his lip and closed his eyes, slowly lifted the rat's head in front of his mouth, and the stench he smelling became more intense.

At the last moment before he put the rat's head in his mouth, an animal's roar was

suddenly sounded. All the aborigines immediately dispersed and took their spears, and the passengers were very nervous and looked around.

The only one relieved was the captain. Finally, no one paid any attention to the captain or the rat's head anymore.