

September 22nd – Mid afternoon  
Cave  
Px3-908

True to his word, Trepur had spent the morning caring for his new friend and cooking the root of a plant called Cous-Cous - which tasted like liquorice, if Daniel could remember what liquorice tasted like. As they ate Daniel spoke, "Can I ask you something?"

"You may," Trepur said as he carefully watched his blind friend to make sure he didn't put his foot into the fire. Daniel had done that already, the stench of the sole melting had made them both queasy for a short time, so Trepur was now more diligent with looking out for his new charge.

"What did you do as the Third in the House of the Lords?"

"I was the Lord's younker if the Second was unavailable. Sometimes the Second would be called to another township to spend time with the betrothed one. So I would be summoned by the Lord."

"For?"

"To younker...." Trepur laughed softly as he recalled his new friend's word.  
"Kum-pany, you said."

"Ah." Daniel nodded. "Yes, company. You kept the Lord company?"

"Yes. I would remain with him through cycles of the orb until he required my kum-pany no further."

"What of the betrothed one?"

"My Lord could not lie with her until they were wed," Trepur said, full of the kind of righteousness that must have been handed down through one generation of company to the Lord, to the next.

Already guessing the type of 'company' the alien was referring to Daniel brought the food to his lips and muttered, cautiously, "So you went and slept with him instead.."

Trepur's face furrowed as he said, "Slept? I am not sure of this word. What does it mean?"

"Ah, sex. You had sex with the Lord if the Second was unavailable?" When the cave was filled with silence Daniel placed his hand over his groin and said, "Sex?"

"Ah, yes," Trepur said as he carved more meat from the cooked animal that was skewered above the flames of their fire. "You call that sex?"

**“Sex. Sleeping together. I seem to recall a few different terms for it. Though you can’t actually sleep and have sex at the same time..” He took a hearty bite from the meat in his hand. “That I recall..”**

**Trepur laughed. “You cannot recall your name or your house, yet you recall such a thing?”**

**Daniel laughed sharply. “Just because I don’t recall my name, doesn’t mean I can’t recall other things,” he told him, wryly. He licked the flavor from his lips as he reached out for his cup. Trepur assisted him to find it and Daniel tasted the sweet, warm liquid before lowering the drink.**

**“We should reggen now,” the stranger said, as he got to his feet. “Soon the orb will go out and you need to reggen. Plektart is upon you.”**

**“Oh, okay,” Daniel put his food aside and allowed Trepur to guide him to his feet. “Plektart is upon me?” He furrowed his brow as he squinted, wishing he understood the strange language better.**

**“Come.” Trepur took one of Daniel’s hands in his and wrapped an arm across his back, carefully guiding him from the sanctity of their cave.**

**After a short walk across sandy plains, with a hot sun beating down on them, Daniel noticed that the air around him grew cooler. “Where are we?” His voice echoed softly off walls surrounding them.**

**“Near reggen.” Trepur continued to assist Daniel over the sandy terrain until the anthropologist could smell an unusual odor, causing a faint memory of falling water came to mind.**

**Something within Daniel recognised that they were inside another cave. Trepur slowed to a stop beside him then he let him go. Daniel remained where he was, waiting until his companion returned. He heard soft sounds beside him and understood that Trepur was undressing. Soon a warm hand took Daniel’s once again. “Do you require me to assist?”**

**For a moment Daniel was uncertain. “With?”**

**Trepur’s hand went to the black material covering the stranger’s chest.**

**“Oh!” Daniel realised and shook his head. “No, I can undress myself..”**

**“As you wish,” Trepur murmured subserviently and moved away, his feet scraping the sandy floor. Daniel unfastened the first item over his chest. It was of stiff material, straps seemed to hold it together and he fought with the fastenings until he had them unclipped. He eased the item off his arms then felt a strange tug on his thigh when the jacket flopped towards the ground. “Ah.. Trepur..”**

It took a second for the stranger to be by his side.

“I seem to be caught?” The blind man felt around for the snag.

Trepur looked at the fastening around Daniel’s thigh and squatted to study it. He raised his hand and fumbled with the latch, his hands brushing the legs and groin of his companion as he clumsily removed the band. The heavy weight of the gun in the holster made the flack jacket thump to the ground, but unfamiliar with such weaponry, and unable to see it, neither man took notice. Daniel began to ease the thick green jacket from his arms and sand rained to the ground, falling softly on his booted feet. The black t-shirt was already untucked from Trepur’s sponge baths so Daniel eased it effortlessly over his head and allowed it to drop to the floor. His long fingers unfastened each of the buttons on his green pants and he slipped them down his legs, surprised when they would not come off.

Trepur frowned as he studied the fastenings on the black footwear. He squatted again, looked at the laces and soon worked out the pattern to undo them. As he helped Daniel off with them the stranger thanked him. Unaware that Daniel was now shucking his underwear and pants all the way off, Trepur ended up with the lot on the back of his head as he leaned down to peel Daniel’s socks from his moist feet. Surprised by the weight Trepur looked up, seeing the naked man above him. He quickly got to his feet and stepped away so that Daniel could step free of the clothes.

Trepur stared at the body of the man before him. It was lean, athletic, in fine shape, and fair tufts of hair covered his chest and ran down his stomach to meet a darker patch of curls around a flaccid cock. Trepur wanted to investigate this hair as he had done with the strange substance on the man’s head, but he held his hand back and forced himself to meet the blind man’s eyes.

“Come,” Trepur said as he reached for Daniel’s elbow again. He gently guided his friend into the water, and held Daniel while he yelped at the coldness that engulfed him, and then Trepur submersed himself into the depths beside the blind man, never letting him go so that he knew he was safe.

Throughout the bathing Daniel wondered what Trepur looked like. Were they of the same species? Were they from the same house? He realized he had no idea what his kind companion looked like – he only knew the gentleness of his voice, rich and velvety, and the touch of his hands, which were strong yet incredibly soft to feel.

“Trepur,” he called to the inky blackness.

“I am here,” he was reassured by a hand to his shoulder.

“Do we-?” Daniel hesitated a moment then gesticulated towards Trepur. “Are we similar? Do you look like me?”

There was a short silence then Trepur gave a soft laugh as he slipped his arm across Daniel's bare back and grasped a hand in his own, to provide complete reassurance to the blind man as they stepped deeper into the cold stream. "I look like you."

"Am I from your world?" Daniel sank into the frigid surroundings, enjoying the soothing that the water was providing his abraded skin.

"You are not," Trepur said as he cupped water in his hands and doused Daniel's back in it before reaching to a small shrub growing beside the waterhole. He broke off some of the leaves and rubbed the herb against the lightly tanned skin, cleansing it for Daniel. The aroma it gave off was pleasant and not too strong.

Trepur explained, "I came here with my Lord many orbs ago."

"Where is he now, your Lord?"

The alien went silent then, just as Daniel was reaching out to reassure himself that he wasn't alone, he spoke again. "He perished soon after we came through the herrict."

"Herrict?"

"It is a ways away. I traveled far from it."

"What does it look like?" Daniel asked, cupping water in both hands as he raised his bearded chin skywards. He doused himself in the chilling water and gave a soft gasp as it trickled in streams down his throat and over his chest.

Trepur smiled in appreciation of the vision before him as the water ran in rivets down Daniel's chest and stomach. Aware he had been asked a question, Trepur said, "It is without a tucoff.." It took him a moment to realize that his friend wouldn't know what a tucoff was. Instead of describing the Herrict to him in words, therefore, he took Daniel's hands in his own and formed a circle shape. "Herrict. No tucoff." He indicated that it had no center by pushing a hand through it.

"A .. ring?" Daniel asked, evoking a distant memory of a large, circular shape object.

"Ring?"

"Ring. Round with no center." Daniel imagined that he could see faint symbols on the image in his mind. He wondered if they were the same thing.

"Herrict."

"And you came .. through it?"

There was a distinct sadness in Trepur's tone now. "My Lord and I." When he didn't speak again for a while Daniel fumbled to touch him and Trepur grabbed his hand and brought it to his cheek. "Yenstolf. I am here."

"You are sad."

"Sad?"

"Upset. About your Lord. What happened to him?"

Trepur sighed and said- "No kemlah..." before he fell silent again. Daniel wasn't sure he knew that that meant and when no elaboration came, he took it to mean that the topic was over.

After a moment Trepur spoke, but his tone had changed, as had his subject. "You are very plektart, my younker!" He told Daniel as he reached for a new leaf.

"Plektart?"

Trepur raised Daniel's arm and rubbed the herb into his armpits. He laughed when he saw the tuft of hairs there. He touched them gingerly.

Daniel shied away. "I guess I know now that I'm ticklish..."

"Tickel -ish?"

"Ticklish... Ummm.... Actually, I can't explain that to you." He laughed, realizing he had no idea how to describe being tickled.

"I enjoy your kemlah. You will teach me?"

There was that word again. Rolling the sound of it over his tongue, Daniel suddenly understood. "My kemlah? My.. talk.. my language? You like my language?" He touched his fingers to his own lips.

"Yes," Trepur said then he scooped up more water and dumped it on Daniel's head. The young man yelped and jumped and Trepur settled him with a hand on his shoulder. "Forgive me. I wish to reggen .." He touched Daniel's hair.

With a nervous nod Daniel sunk to his knees in the water and allowed his companion to wash his hair for him in the clear stream. "Wash," Daniel said, before adding, "Reggen is wash in my kemlah." He touched the soft hand washing his hair and added, "You're washing my hair.."

"I am wa-shing your hair," Trepur repeated through a smile, enjoying the conversation and the teaching. "It is plektart."

"Plektart? Dirty? My hair is dirty?" Daniel felt like he was making great progress

with his new friend.

“I have no.. hair..” Trepur said, matter-of-factly as he touched his fingers to the bristles on Daniel’s cheeks, marveling at the stranger’s ability to grow ‘hair’.

“You don’t?”

Trepur took Daniel’s hand in his and guided him to his feet. He placed Daniel’s hand on his head to prove his point.

The skin was incredibly smooth and soft like a chamois. Daniel’s hand remained there a moment then he started to investigate the face of his new friend. Trepur, Daniel could make out, looked very much like he did. Two eyes, one nose and a mouth, with soft lips and what felt like teeth inside.

As his fingers danced over his face Trepur stared at his handsome friend then he touched his fingers to Daniel’s face, to his thick eyebrows and to the small cuts and abrasions that resulted from the fall and sand rash. There was a black curved bruise under his right eye and Trepur wondered what had caused it.

Daniel’s hand continued down the body, down the throat and out over what seemed to be nice, broad shoulders. He could feel muscles beneath the skin’s surface as he used his hands to map out Trepur’s limbs. They were strong arms, the kinds of arms that a hunter would have if he killed large prey. He moved down to the hands and counted the fingers, of which there were five on each hand.

“I am much like you,” Trepur assured him, still smiling as the touches had made him feel a sweet sensation throughout his body despite only being functional.

Daniel was still investigating though. His hands blindly felt for the throat again, and located it only with help from Trepur then they moved down his body, over a smooth, well formed chest and lean, flat stomach. There was no hair to discover surrounding a shaft that jutted out just above the water’s surface. Daniel knew that he too was sitting just on the water’s surface, which indicated that they were of similar height. His hand traveled beneath the water and onto two strong thighs. Here his investigations ended. He’d felt enough to realize that Trepur was much like himself.

“Thank you,” he murmured softly.

“I have done nothing,” Trepur insisted, missing the touches as soon as they ceased.

“You stood and allowed me to touch you – I appreciate that,” said Daniel as he allowed his hands to float in the water beside him now.

“I sense a need to know in you.” Trepur reached for his friend and guided him away from a rocky outcrop that Daniel would have hit his back on, had he continued to

float backwards.

“Well, I appreciated it. Now I feel like I know you better.”

Trepur picked up Daniel’s hand and held it to his smiling mouth as he said, “I am pleased.”

“Trepur, you say I’m not of your world. Do you not know my name? Do I have nothing on me that tells you my name or where I am from?”

“I see no gretuft.”

“No gretuft? No.. name?”

“No gretuft.” He repeated and Daniel understood that he hadn’t made an exact translation of the word. “The garments you have are not marked that I can tell - but how would I know?”

“I have to have a name,” Daniel said softly.

“On my world you would be Genkel.”

“Genkel?”

“It means Lost Soul. One with no gretuft.”

“It does? I guess, then, it’s a perfect description for me. What is a name if it isn’t a description?”

After a moment Trepur laughed. “I do not miklaf your kemlah.”

Daniel repeated that phrase to himself and understood it to mean that Trepur wasn’t completely able to follow his conversation. He touched his fingers to his chest and said, “I am Genkel. Until I know otherwise.”

“I will call you Genkel,” Trepur said then splashed him with water. “Genkel!”

Both men laughed and then they started to splash each other madly. For the first time since waking up Daniel felt some peace. He had a name, he had relief from his tight bladder and he was feeling fresher than he had been with the sand washed away from his body. Moreover, he wasn’t alone.

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September 22nd – Early evening  
Colonel Jack O’Neill’s house  
Earth

The house that Jack O’Neill lived in was a wooden log cabin type of house. The

back of it had a wooden porch, filled with wooden furniture. The garden was neat; thanks to regular care by a gardener that Jack hired to keep the place looking like it would if he had the time to spend on it himself. Right now, O'Neill sat on his wooden furniture and stared out at his manicured lawn.

He had been there hours and his body was beginning to feel cold from the late afternoon dew that had begun to settle around him. An almost empty bottle of beer was on the arm of his chair, and another two were on the patio by his side. So was a partly finished cup of strong black coffee. He had tried to avoid getting drunk; Daniel had told him many times that drinking was not the way to solve his problems. Daniel was usually right.

Jack raised the bottle to his lips, ignoring the nagging voice that sounded so much like his missing friend, and gulped down the remainder of the beer. He leaned over the arm of his chair and lined it up with the others. As he straightened up he uncrossed his ankles and crossed them the other way, dug his hands deep into the pockets of his thick lumber jacket and tucked his chin into the woolen lining to stave off the cold.

He didn't accept Hammond's decision to list Daniel Jackson as Lost yesterday morning and he still didn't accept it today. He \*had\* to keep looking but with cracked ribs the possibility was too remote. He would never be cleared to go through the Stargate until Frasier said so.

All Jack knew was Daniel couldn't just fall out of his life like that. It wasn't gonna happen! And he couldn't fathom how in the hell Hammond could stand by and call off a rescue for the man that made the whole damn project work either. It wasn't right. Daniel would never give up on any of them, how could they give up on him?

To say that Jack had gained an unhealthy disrespect for his job and mostly for his C.O. over the past twenty-four hours would have been an understatement on a grand scale for him. The colonel was positively furious that Daniel didn't warrant more concern from the Military – after everything he'd been through for it.

In a fit of anger Jack got to his feet, kicking over the bottles and spilling the coffee as he stomped around his chair. He stopped at the door. He couldn't stomach being at home so he rounded the house and got into his car, intent on finding the nearest bar and remaining there until Daniel came home.

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September 22nd – Late evening  
Cave  
Px3-908

Daniel found Trepur to be a quick study of his language. The two men had talked nonstop since bathing in the stream and they were now back in their cave, finishing off the carcass of meat. Daniel was dressed in some clothes that Trepur had given

him, reminiscent of the robes he wore on Abydos, not that Daniel made the connection. The layers were designed to keep the hot sun from damaging the skin of the wearer. It was some time before Daniel realized that the clothing he wore once belonged to Trepur's Lord.

"The orb goes out," Trepur said as he watched the last of the light fade on the far wall of the cave near the entrance. "We must migg, for when it lights again I need to go yukking for more beast."

"Yukking.. Hunting." Daniel reminded him of the English word.

Trepur laughed softly. "Hunting," he repeated. "We have finished this beast. I need more."

"I wish I could help you."

"You must migg to hum-coff."

Daniel smiled. It would take some time for him to learn all of Trepur's words in order to translate them for his eager student. So the linguist used the alien word he knew the meaning of in reply. "You migg. I'm too awake to rest right now."

"You require kumpany?"

"No, you migg. I will be all right."

"Tregal?"

Daniel reached for the cup he knew Trepur would be holding and he tasted the sweet drink. "Thank you," he said as he licked his lips.

"Good night, Genkel," Trepur said with a smile as he recalled how Daniel had told him to say the salutation.

"Good night Trepur. Rest well."

"You too, my friend," he said, enjoying the other new saying that 'Genkel' had given to him.

Daniel could hear the sound of Trepur settling in to sleep on a bed of leaves on the other side of the fire. He rolled his head back and closed his eyes, though it made no difference as he was still blind, then he tried to imagine what Trepur would look like.

A face kept coming into view for him. A handsome face, ruggedly good-looking with creases around the eyes and down each cheek. Daniel's heart rate quickened at the image and he felt his breathing change as he imagined a smile on the face, how the lips- the top one thin, the bottom one full - would pull tight and cause sweet

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curves of lines around the mouth with that smile. He could see the mouth move as the face smiled and he realized the fantasy was saying something, he just didn't know what.

Daniel felt a stirring in his groin and he closed his eyes and tried to conjure up more images of this face in his mind. Soon, he was fast asleep.

<end of part 4>