

I said, "Learning —"

"No, it's not as clear as that. It's something strange. Something to do with their way of thinking, not ours. But trust me, Peter. There is no such thing as doing good just for its own sake. In one way or another, they have something to gain."

Handwritten: *Handwritten name Peter*

"And that's why you're here," I said, "to try to find out what it is?"

"Right. I wanted to get on one of the 10-year exchange groups to their home planet, but I couldn't. They were filled up in a week. Instead, I'm studying their language. Language shows the basic thinking of the people who use it. I've learned a lot of the spoken words already. It's not hard, really, and there are hints in it. Some of the expressions are a lot like English. I'm sure I'll get the answer in the end."

Handwritten: *repeated words of home planet*

"More power to you," I said, and went back to work. I saw Grigori often from then on. He was highly excited about a month after that first meeting. He'd got hold of a book of the Kanamit, and was trying to read it. Their word signs were harder than Chinese, but he said he would work it out if it took years. He wanted my help.

I was interested, though I knew it would be a long job. We worked with notes from Kanamit bulletin boards and things like that. We also had the little English-Kanamit dictionary they gave the staff. I worried about the stolen book, but as time went by I got deeper into the problem. Languages are my field, after all. I couldn't help being interested.

We got the title worked out in a few weeks. It was How to Serve Man. It seemed to be a handbook they were giving out to new Kanamit staff members. New ones were coming in all the time now. They were opening all kinds of clinics, and so on. If there was anybody on Earth who didn't trust them — besides Grigori — he must have been in a cave somewhere.

It was amazing to see the changes in less than a year. There

Handwritten: *Peter Grigori are trying to translate the Kanamit book into English. The only one who will survive is the only one who survives.*

were no more armies. There was enough of everything. There was no unemployment. When you picked up a newspaper, you didn't see "H-bomb" or "Satellite" leaping out at you. The news was always good. The Kanamit had found ways to make the human race taller, stronger, and healthier. We would be almost a race of supermen. They were finding cures for heart disease and cancer. — strengthen food supply

Handwritten: *a stronger paper*

I didn't see Grigori for two weeks after we worked out the title of the book. I was on vacation in Canada. When I got back, I was shocked by the change in him.

"What on earth is wrong, Grigori?" I asked. "You look terrible."

"Come down to the bar."

I went with him, and he drank a stiff Scotch as if he needed it.

"Come on, man, what's the matter?" I said.

"The Kanamit have put me on the list for the next exchange ship," he said. "You, too, or I wouldn't be talking to you."

"Well," I said, "but —"

"They're not doing good for its own sake."

I tried to reason with him. I pointed out that they had made Earth a paradise, compared to what it was before. He only shook his head.

Then I said, "Well, what about those lie-detector tests?"

"A joke," he answered calmly. "I said so at the time, you fool. They told the truth, though, as far as it went."

"And the book?" I said. "What about that? How to Serve Man? That wasn't put there for you to read. They mean it. How do you explain that?"

Handwritten: *To solve problem!*

"I've read the first paragraph of that book," he said. "Why do you suppose I haven't slept for a week?"

I said, "Well?" and he smiled a strange, twisted smile.

"It's a cookbook," he said.

Handwritten: ** the Kanamit are protecting/strengthening their food*