

the ooskonian

#1: february 1942

A Day in the Life of a Juvenile Fan

by Richard A.L. van Schwartz

Today, at seven thirty, je me leve. (for the benefit of the illiterate, this is French for "I get up") Everything is dark. I can't see a thing. Am I blind? No! I forgot to open my eyes. I put on my glasses and reach for the latest super-putrid issue of Amazing.

Do I get a chance to read it, could be? No dice. Die Feuhr-rer (meine Mutter) yells, "Come on and eat, stupid." I go. I eat. I go back to my Amazing.

A coat and lunch hit me in the face. Bodaciously and force-fully, I am ejected. I meander to school. Slowly. But slowly.

I open my locker. I decide to read LOST HORIZON in classes. I'm off...to History. While the teacher gabs about some jerk who won the war of eighteen foo, I am in Shangri-La.

A harsh voice breaks into my reverie: "Schwartz, what would you call a government that is bankrupt?"

"Huh? Ah-er- Broke," says I.

The class laughs uproariously. (Boxscore: two snickers and one giggle.) Teacher mumbles in his beard, goes thru motions of tearing non-existent hair, runs amok, slays two. Confiscates book. I go for it at 2:30. I get it at 3:30.

En route home, I stop in a store to put a few dozen jits in a pinball machine. I am a slave of the flashing lights. I use sci-ence (gyppin' to you) and come out comfortably ahead. I get home in time for supper.

After supper, I go to my sanctum sanctorum and try to finish that super-putrid Amazing.

The boss stalks in. I gotta mind the brat. I yelp, "You can't do this to me!" I mind the baby.

I can't read. Every five and three-quarter minutes, the brat howls for a "dinnawatta." I gotta get it for her. I can't con-centrate. (Don't blame that on the baby--jl) At ten bells my moth-er comes in. I'm kicked into bed, the Amazing still unread.

Gripes, what a life!

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THE SERIES PRINCIPLE IN NATURE

Thomas S. Gardner

A number of consecutive events, numbers, expressions or phenomena such as a, b, c, d, ...-constitutes a series, if a precedes b and c comes after b when properly placed. A large number of series exist in mathematics and the place of any expression in a known series may be determined. In a cruder sort of way the same thing occurs in nature. A good example lies in the life story of an individual. Thus for complex organisms we have the fertilized mother egg cell which begins to grow. From the unicellular stage it becomes multicellular, then differentiation of organs occur and soon distinct characteristics of the organisms are developed that allows recognition of the type of individual. The developing embryo shows characteristics that indicate its evolutionary history. Ernst Haeckel, the deceased great biologist, once stated that "Ontogeny was a brief and mere recapitulation of phylogeny altered by adaption and environment." (ontogeny--successive stages of development of the embryo. Phylogeny--successive stages of the development of the race from the beginning of life.)

The human embryo shows characteristics that relate its ontogeny to the fish stage, reptile stage, and pre-humanoid stages in its phylogenetic history. Thus an embryologist would have little difficulty in telling how old an embryo was after a careful examination. The embryo stage is only one stage in the life span of an individual, however. Then comes birth, infancy, childhood, adolescence, development of the race from the beginning of life.)

Knowing the different stages in a series an expert observer should not place anything that belongs in that series out of place. Thus, one should not classify an old individual right after adolescence. . . if it were to be so classified it would be out of place. Now the series principle is the normal course of events. It does not prevent an old man from growing younger and becoming a child again--that would not occur under natural circumstances, but only by artificial means.

The series principle is one of the most important ones in nature, for in geology the rocks of the earth from earliest times form a series, in chemistry the properties of the elements form series in many cases, in radioactive substances many series are known very exactly. Thus if a sample of lead is found having a certain definite atomic weight and consisting of one isotopic species then it can be determined whether it is the breakdown product of a particular radioactive series or whether or not it is the end product of a radioactive series.

Since the series principle is so important, useful, and under careful hands seldom fails, it would seem that everyone would use it in many cases. The reason for not using it is trivial. It inter-

feres with preconceived beliefs and wishful thinking. Many people fall down when attempting to think about human history. If we start at the pre-humanoid stage and follow down the present time, we see many gaps in the series. The first five million years from pre-humanoid to humanoid species is characterized by only a few relics. It is impossible, with the material we now have on hand, to tell just when a specimen could be classified as PRE-humanoid and pre-HUMANOID, as there was probably no dividing line, but just a gradual change in characteristics. During the last million years several species of mankind appeared on the earth and only one survives now. Homo Sapiens... The first relic of pre-man that we classify as pre-HUMANOID is the Java man, or pithecanthropus erectus, found by DuBois about 1895 in the river sands of Trinil, Java. The skull-cap, part of a jaw-bone, and a few teeth, label this fossil as definitely humanoid. (If the author remembers correctly, part of a thigh bone was uncovered, but there has been some argument whether or not all of these relics belong to the same individual.) The Java man probably flourished a million years ago. It is entirely possible that several other species of pre-man also existed at the same time. We just haven't found their remains yet. Although the author does not agree with the chronology for the Peking man or the Sinanthropus man found a few years ago in China, the authorities assign a date of about one half to three quarters of a million years ago for his life period. The author believes him to be more recent from his skull shape. In Africa have been discovered several early fossils as the Taung man and others. Their period is probably one quarter to half a million years ago. In Europe, the Heidelberg man and the Piltdown or dawn man, probably date from the same period. The remains of man up to about 200,000 years ago were few and far between. All specimens are classified as different species and early man roamed over Africa, Asia, Europe, and the surrounding islands. The New World was singularly free from pre-man. The first wave of man into the New World occurred about twenty five thousand years ago. He was probably not homo sapiens, and vanished after building mounds and other relics of today. The Indian races were succeeding waves and belonged to homo sapiens.

About one to two hundred thousand years ago, appeared in Europe the hairy folk, the Neanderthal man, the man who roamed all over Europe and has left extensive remains. There is a theory that he originated in Northern Africa and followed one of the de-glaciations back into Europe. The Neanderthal man used throwing stones, knew the use of Fire, some of his dead are buried in positions indicating a beginning of a spirit world belief which undoubtedly grew out of dreams, and all in all, he probably had a family life of one male with several females under his care. The Neanderthal man lasted for a long time and never improved very much. Then appeared the first super-race that displaced the Neanderthal man. The Cro-Magnon man was tall, well built, developed the use of the spear and possibly the bow, could paint, cure hides, domesticate animals (the dog), lived in clans, and evidently was far superior to the Neanderthal man. He either killed or economically pushed the Neanderthal man out of existence. He undoubtedly bred with them to some extent, for some of the homo sapiens today

exhibit Neanderthal characteristics. The Grimaldi co-existed in the early days of Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal man. There is a little evidence to indicate that the Grimaldi man was a colored race for all we know, all of the pre-men were colored, but we have no evidence of it. It is believed that the Cro-Magnon were white.

The question has risen in your minds of how do these races arise? That question has not been fully answered as yet. We know that environment causes changes in individuals and that mutations occur from cosmic rays, radium, etc. We know one thing definitely the new species arose just as we today have created many new species of plants and animals. Perhaps the Cro-Magnons mutated from other species of which we know nothing, about seventy five thousand years ago. About fifteen thousand years ago, homo sapiens appeared on the scene . . . the second super-race. The Cro-Magnon culture disappeared and undoubtedly the Cro-Magnons bred into the homo sapien bloodstream. His physical characteristics were completely human and a Cro-Magnon girl after a trip to the beauty parlor and the dress maker, would look just like the girls one sees today. That statement needs one modification; large pelvic boned females have been bred out of the bloodstream of man (from the Hottentot peoples only recently and incompletely.) and it is possible, judging from the statuettes of their women, that they possessed that characteristic. Anyway, homo sapiens rapidly spread over Europe and developed the beach cultures, the lake dwellers, and many other types. That is in the ancestry of the European peoples. Meanwhile a similar thing was taking place in Africa and Asia. The homo sapiens came from Asia, probably the Iranian plateau, and for ten thousand years wave on wave of peoples spewed out of Central Asia into Europe pushing back the European peoples - but all were of the present species.

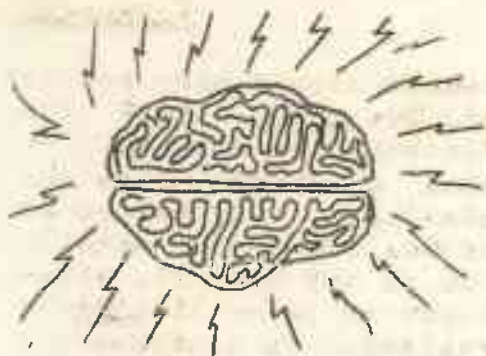
Then civilizations began to rise, Egypt first, then China, India, etc. Twenty-one civilizations have been traced upon the earth that may be called distinct in early development. In the latter stages, all crossed to some extent. Thus the early Indian civilizations developed independently of the European civilizations until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They touched with disastrous consequences to the Indian cultures. It is noticeable that in every case the culture or civilization that loses does so because of inferior weapons. The bow ruined the spear bearers, until the spear bearers learned the use of the bow and licked their masters. The well disciplined Roman army played havoc with the Germanic peoples who depended on individual action in battle; until the Germanic peoples became the best soldiers of Rome and finally overthrew the weakened Empire. Now where does the series principle come in in regard to civilizations, A people begins to develop a civilization step by step and an examination of their culture at any time will immediately place them in the proper niche in the history of a civilization. Thus the working of iron does not precede a stone age culture, nor the use of aluminum the use of iron and the development of chemistry. All the civilizations that we know of do not indicate a break from the series principle. Thus, no people have blossomed out with airplanes, chemotherapy, etc, without developing these stages by themselves, or being taught by someone else - who must have developed the preceding stages in their own civilization.

Now to approach the point of this article. The series principle lends evidence against there being any great and mechanical civilization in the history of mankind. That does not preclude a civilization by an invader from outside, of which we have not the slightest evidence. That does not preclude a high civilization being taught some tribe of mankind of which we have not the slightest evidence. All our real evidence indicates that the past history has not been interfered with by invaders from Mars or any other place, and that there has not been a surge in culture that would indicate a sudden spurt of intellect. It is true that humans are evolving slowly, but a direct mutation to a new species has not occurred in about fifteen thousand years and on the evolutionary scale it is time for a series of mutations. This observation is minor only and results from a consideration of the evolutionary chart for the last sixteen hundred million years or so, i.e., the appearance of life on earth. An examination of differentiation of types shows a progressive and geometrical series in the time rate of evolution. On this scale man is due to develop a new species soon. In spite of that, the supporters of Mu, Atlantis, etc., are probably wrong in believing that those peoples possessed a high type of civilization. According to the series principle, they would have been out of place. In fact, there is no evidence to support the belief in any high type of civilization existing in the past. The Atlantis myth probably arose from the same event that started the flood myth. There is evidence to show that a land lock connected Gibraltar and North Africa. Thus the Mediterranean basin was probably colonized. Evidence indicates this, and that the land gap broke down about ten thousand years ago. The consequent flooding of the basin took some time and many of the peoples escaped to the surrounding highlands. The survivors gave us the flood stories, of which a dozen exist, and also the Atlantis myth. The date quoted by Plato as being given him by the Egyptians for the loss of Atlantis was 9,000 years before Plato's time. This falls within the time period for the flooding of the Mediterranean basin. (This is not the time period for the very old seas of Tethys which covered Northern Africa and later altered all of that region. The time of the seas of the Tethys period was hundreds of millions of years before man appeared on the scene.) The cultures which probably existed in the Mediterranean basin were neolithic age types, which means pottery, domesticated animals, the bow, some trade, the manufacture of wine, agriculture, and fishing. It does NOT mean spaceships, death rays, chemotherapy and hundred mile guns.

It is unfortunate that when an archeological discovery is hailed as being evidence for Atlantis, that the myth dreamers of Atlantis don't analyze what the discoveries indicate - a new stone age culture, of about the period of the Swiss lake dwellers. Whenever any evidence for a high type of civilization on earth appears, one may be sure that the experts will gladly publicize it, but they rightly refuse to use mythology, wishful thinking and analogical thinking as evidence.

f i n i s

Ed. note-- This article was an outgrowth of a regular STRANGER CLUB discussion on possible past civilizations. I hope, if enough interest is displayed to obtain a rebuttal by the Atlantean himself, and carry on in YHOS . . . awjr



MENTAL

FLASH

-- of an incompetent intellect

by Harry Stubbs, Jr.

Just how many universes are there, anyway? The more I think, the more I worry; the culmination of the worry is the unflattering title I have assumed above. The Smithsonian Axiom has got me down. Mr. Smith states -- states as a self-evident and undeniable truth -- that a competent intellect, given a single definite fact, can reconstruct therefrom, an accurate model of the universe in its entirety. With all due respect to EES and his Arisian advisors, the more I think of the statement the less I think of it. Even granting its truth, which I don't, what use is it? How is any mind, competent or otherwise, to know when it is in possession of a fact?

The fact (oh-oh) that the entire scientific world and public accept a belief as gospel proves absolutely nothing: witness the Archimedean physics. And I claim, for what my word is worth, that we do not at present possess in all our scientific library one single, certain, undeniable fact. So much for facts.

If we had one, what good would it do us? Smith & Co. claim we would know everything if we knew anything; Jack Williamson, whether he knows it or not, disagrees, (if he believes any of what he writes) and I hereby side with Williamson. I take the liberty of altering the wording of the Smithsonian Axiom: "Given a single fact, any mind at all can design a universe." Evidence unnecessary to a fan. Competence becomes a matter of secondary consideration, though its effects are sometimes perceptible.

Williamson's "Legion of Time" brought out a principle then relatively new to science-fiction, though physics had been on to it for some time -- the principle of indeterminacy. Campbell had something of the sort in "Uncertainty" five or six years ago. The laws of cause and effect are not absolute, but merely statistical probabilities. Therefore, one fact may imply any one of an infinity of universes, of varying probabilities. Judging by this, our competent mind may develop any of these universes, though his competence will probably show up in the probability of the one he produces. Again, examples are unnecessary. Two minds working on the same basic fact will almost certainly produce more or less similar universes -- say of the order of similarity of those of Newton and Einstein. As in these examples, general cases may be almost identical, while the fine details differ sharply. By the time the two minds reach Arisian level, they won't be on speaking terms with each other, if present scientific arguments may be taken as indicative.

So far, so good. They have gone a long way. But just how

far can this process be carried? (The reader should here consult his patience) I insist, again contradicting Dr. Smith, that the mental image cannot possibly approach completeness of detail. We think in symbols; these symbols, in the final analyses, take the form of patterns in the brain doing the thinking. I do not go so far as to say that the patterns are of neurons; I may be a materialist myself, but I won't force that opinion on anyone. The argument holds, no matter what you believe thought to be-- it must be a function, a representation, of what is perceived. In consequence, it must be a part of the universe that the given mind is trying to imagine. The mind must, then, include in its universal picture, a representation of its own action. Then it has to represent the representation and then -- all right, I'll stop. So will our cosmos-builder, decidedly short of the final details. Somewhere this side of completion the mind will start generalizing, taking vague groups instead of exact structures built on its fundamental fact. No one mind can visualize the entire cosmos; it can only imagine something, from which it tacitly dissociates itself -- looks on from the outside, as it were.

I don't usually make strong or definite statements -- nearly every time I stick my neck out, it gets bitten off. This time, however, I am prepared to defend the above statement with everything from Delameters to a hockey stick. Bring on your brickbats! (Allies are welcome, too.)

The universe constructed by the mentality responsible for this article is a composite of those demanded by professional scientists and sf writers. This, is, as far as I can tell, the only justification for the title. The aforementioned mentality would not foist its efforts on another -- all right, so why are you reading this? -- and leaves the reader, who is also part of the universe it created, to form one of his own. With apologies to Dr Smith for this vicious and unprovoked assault, the mentality retires to its task of finding out things about the real universe. Maybe sometime I will favor you with a discourse on the words, "real" and "universe". Until then, best wishes for a turmoil of your own.

t h e e n d

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HUBBARD THE INVADER

by
Chandler Davis

The Navy can have Hubbard! Pardon my Voltairian style, but--

...So Drummond's command was "the liver of an ordinary worm", was it? (See Astounding for January, 1942, THE INVADERS, p. 75) Some worm! According to L. Ron, our hero's ship flits down the worm's gullet (or was it a caterpillar? Hubbard can't decide...) and finds the liver at the end. The liver is a cavern. The glycogen, (I think that's what you call the stuff) is arranged around the cave walls in obligingly regular chunks. Our hero steps out of the ship and presently takes a breath of whatever does fill a

worm's liver, if not animal starch. I don't like to get anatomical, but if the poor beast's belly is filled with genuine, breathable air, he'd better see a doctor, quick . . .

That's that. Now to apply my prying toothpick to another delicate part of the yarn.

A tank, probably about one-quarter the size of a white blood-cell, puts calmly from the digestive system into the circulatory, where, incidentally, they apparently breathe blood as easily as they breathed the hypothetical "air" in the "liver." I always thought such exchanges were accomplished by osmosis. It's the first I have known that red blood-cells could pass into the liver with room to spare.

It is also the first I have known that phagocytes were forced to climb on each other's backs to reach the upper wall of the blood-stream.

Now, away with these trivial details! If Hubbard's character's want to breathe a worm's blood, let them. The most important thing is how the characters got there. Size travel, says the author. Just so.

I can conceive of three possible ways of size travel that would fit what Hubbard says. #1: Reduction of inter-electronic and inter-atomic distances. #2: Plain disappearance of enough molecules to make the difference in size. #3: Shrinking of atoms both in size and weight?

If the first, we have the intriguing picture of tanks, etc, with weight best measured in tons, supported by an area of tissue best measured in millimeters. In all probability, they would not only fall thru the fragile tissue, but quite a large percentage of the distance to the planet's center.

If the second, there are a good many different kinds of molecules in the human body which are quite definitely essential and which are not present in as great quantity as H_2O . Will some probability expert please do a little research and guess at a man's or a spaceship's, chance at undergoing the process intact?

If the third, -- Hmmm, this one is more definitely opposed to present scientific theory, but nevertheless seems to require a specific refutation. In the first place, even if we allow our characters to inhale blood and flourish, we might expect their health to suffer if the blood was made, not only of an entirely different atomic structure, but even with different electrons and protons. Might we not?

Hubbard's health might have suffered too, if he hadn't been put into the service. Now if certain plans were carried out it would be treason . . .

Original
story
by
Louis Russell Chauvenet

Legions of Legions

Play
adaption
by
Art Widner Jr

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Young Ster The hero A L Schwartz
Saro Leeth The heroine Harry Stubbs Jr
Smiles Babbledroola ('nuf sed). Thomas S Gardner
Eohahah Monster. Jules Lazar
Oohiiee Asst.monster. Robert D Swisher
A messenger boy Jules Lazar
Sound effects Art Widner Jr

Scene I (Spaceport Giggle-water Emporium)

Sound effects man wallops saucepan.

Young Ster: Look at that girl, Smiles! What brings such ethereal beauty to this grim old spaceport on Mars?

Smiles Babbledroola: (Wheezily, looking thru bottom of gin-bottle)
Eh, lad? ...Which girl?

YS: There's only one.

SB: (Sets down bottle with a sigh) Ah, well, perhaps you're right. They -uh- she looks like Saro Leeth, the Commandant's daughter, who (voice sinks to a whisper) guards the secret of the most frightful weapon of the Universe - the dread Cackle-Cackle! Aye, I remember --

(YS turns, looks at SL: SEM holds up sign: YOUNG STER'S HEAD SWIMS! Splashes water in saucepan. Saro Leeth smiles. YS nearly breaks neck joining her.)

SL: (Smiling coyly) Oh, I've heard of you. My father thought you did commendable work in saving the Solar system last August, or was it July?

YS: Sept. 8th, 13:41 Mars-Earth standard. But it was really nothing. Every legionnaire is required to save the Solar system at least three times before he can be promoted to a captaincy, and I've only done it twice yet.

SL: Cheer up, Dad says your form is improving, and I just know you'll do it again!

(Boy enters with spacegram) Spacegram for Young Ster! (YS arises, grabs spacegram, tries to push boy aside without signing. Boy threatens YS, who signs meekly.)

YS: (reads) INVADERS APPROACHING SOLAR SYSTEM STOP START ARMED WITH UNKNOWN WEAPONS THEY HAVE APPARENTLY DESTROYED URANUS AND ARE SLANTING IN TOWARDS EARTH STOP START YOUNG STER IS HEREBY ORD-

ERED TO DESTROY THE INVADERS WITH HIS STOPSTART ER-AH SPACESHIP LEAPING FROG II STOP START (pick nose nonchalantly) HE MAY IF HE WISHES TAKE WITH HIM SARO LEETH BUT THE CACKLE-CACKLE IS TO BE USED ONLY IN CASE OF EMERGENCY STOPSTOP (tossing spacegram aside, shouts) Quick! To the spaceship! (They dash to next scene)

Scene II: Interior of spaceship.

(YS fiddles with imaginary controls, shouts) We're off!

SEM: (Imitates Pall Mall destroyer siren) Woo-ooop, wooo-ooop, WOOWOOP

YS: (Looking admiringly at SL) My, you look wonderful.

SL: Aw, be yourself, big boy. Now look out the window a few min- while I put the Cackle-Cackle together. (She fiddles with paper clips, rubber bands, etc, then gives a squawk of dismay) Eek!

YS: Anything wrong?

SL: Yes, I can't find that piece of scrapiron I had with me. I gotta have a piece of scrapiron to make this dingus work.

YS: But there isn't iron on this ship. I had it built of phonium so I could cruise in Time, and all the instruments and things are of the new synthetic metal, "tuffstuff."

SL: Oh dear, what will we do?

YS: I'll tell you what. We'll form a Legion of Valor to combat the new menace.

SEM: (Fanfare - plug)

SL: Look! In the visiscreen! The invaders are beating us to Earth! They're into the atmosphere already!

YS: Shucks! I can't use my disintegrator so close to Earth --

SL: But I could use the Cackle-Cackle. We'll land on Earth, and --eek! It's disappeared!

(YS goggles at visiscreen, then comprehension spreads over his face like a thrown mushy tomato) I know! They have turned the Earth and the Moon into a different time-path (fiddles with dials and levers)

(SEM holds up sign: WE ARE NOW TIME TRAVELLING. SOME FUN, HAH?)

YS: Ah, here we are at the intersection of the geodesic lines. (Both peer into visiscreen)

SL: But that's not Earth! It's Luna!

YS: And there's the black, ominous form of the alien stronghold.

SL: Look! There's a spaceport opening in top of the grim struc- ture. (They move to Scene III)

SCENE III: Geeth stronghold

SEM: Thump! (Actors pretend to miss cue) Thump, thump! (Still nothing doing) THUMP, DAMMIT, T H A H U M P !

YS: (Comes to with a start) Well, we've landed. I wonder if there's any air here?

SEM: Ssssssss.

YS: Thanks pal. (Aside) Hmmm, Koenig must be around here somewhere.

SL: Young!. Look!

YS: (Stares in amazement) Gee whillikers! A perfect green dodecahedron with an eerie blue flame dancing from every point. His skin is oddly translucent and emits a strong green glow. What could be more dismal than a --

SEM: (Imitates Lifebuoy foghorn) Green glowwww!

EEOHAHAH: (wagging fingers from forehead) Make no resistance. Follow me.

SL: (Staring at wagging fingers) Jeepers! Mental telepathy!

(E leads them back to next stage, takes down sign, puts up another: reading SOMEPLACE ELSE. Turns and telepaths) I, Eeeohahah, Commander of the Legion of Death, and Viceroy of Eastern Geethia, have captured you as specimens to take home for examination. You, (addressing Young) will kindly give me such puny knowledge as you may have.

YS: (Telepaths) I refuse.

E: Oh, very well then. (Aside) Oooohlee! (Enter O, salutes)

E: Bring the strelx. (Exit and enter O with Palmer Amazing Quarterly. Thrusts it towards Young's face. Young groans in agony and is forced to his knees.)

YS: (Groans) No! No - not that! (Tries to cover his eyes.)

O: He's a tough customer, chief.

E: Give him the works. (O snatches Young's hands from his eyes, opens ASQ and flips pages close to his face. YS is forced to the floor)

SL: (in anguish) Young, darling! Hold on!

YS: Fear not, I shall resist with iron fortitude.

SEM: Clank!

SL: At last! My iron!

E: What do you want iron for? And what is that funny gadget in your hand?

SL: It's a weapon of ours which will kill off anything we don't like.

E: Well, well. (Impatiently) How does it work?

SL: Like this.

SEM: (Cackles. Runs out and puts paper bags over E's and O's heads.)

YS: (Incredulously) Gee whillikers! They disappeared.

SL: (Dismantling Cackle-Cackle) Here's your iron fortitude.

(They look around. SL picks up two poles one white, one blue)

SL: What are those?

YS: (Scratches head) Oh, I know! The white one is the north pole of Earth, and the blue one is the north pole of Uranus. When the Geeth took the poles, it threw the planets into the wrong magneto-oscillo wave path, and they disappeared. We'll just dig around in Time a little and find the planets and put the poles back. That will fix everything when we pilot the Moon back, too. Then we'll find that the Geeth never existed at all, so that I will have done something unique -- saved the Solar system from an entirely imaginary, yet deadly enemy!

SL: (coos) You make it all so wonderful darling! You're so-o-o simple!

YS: Well, now that I've saved the Solar system the required three times, maybe I can get them to raise my pay enough so that I can get married. Would you -- Sweetheart! (They embrace.)

SEM: (Thacks saucepan.)

T H E E N D

Your best friends will tell you!

TO READ
FANFARE

