

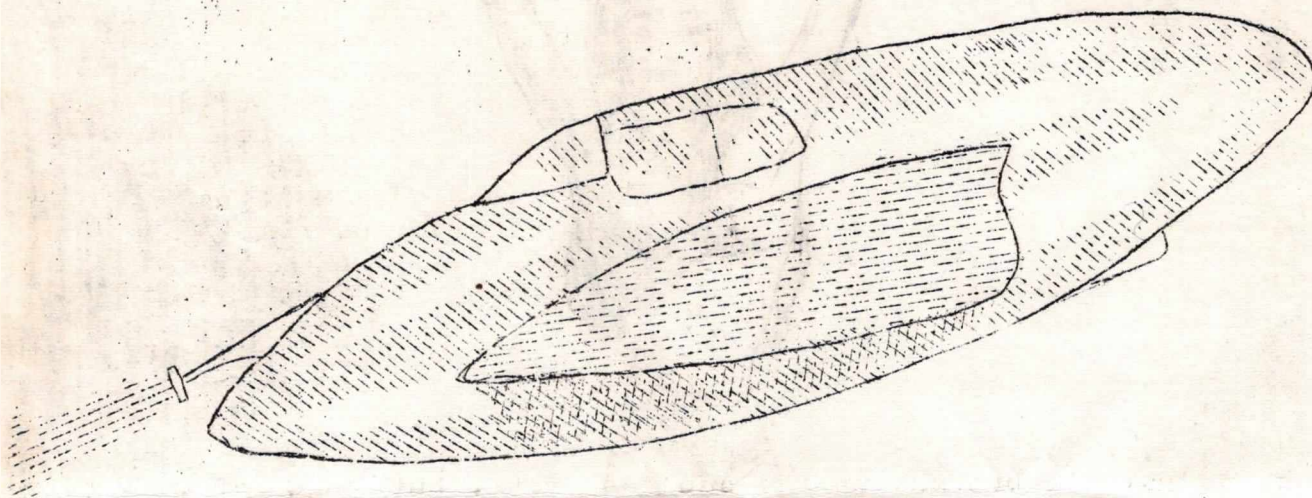
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Shut up, ya bums, thass all!



Copies of this magazine (Gag) may be purchased from Mr. Fred Ross Burgess, whose residence is 115 Aycock, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. This magazine (gag) will be issued every month. We hope! In case it doesn't appear monthly, we'll still get out a copy for every month and mail them together as we're doing here.

Price for this will be 10¢ per ish: 3 for a quarter, or 13 for \$1.00.

We will be verra glad to get material from anyone who thinks that he or she can do any writing. Anything does. If we can print it, the autor is gung get a free copy of the ish it gung appear in.

So much for me for now. If this is a sample copy, you'd better send in a subscription. Goo'bye.....Bug-Brain Burgess.

Young Johnny Hilton
In an old tin-can
Flew up and came down
With the moon in his hand.

Brave Trenna Morrick
Took Johnny's wild dare,
Went up and came down
With stars in her hair.

Young Johnny Hilton
Went up in a breeze
In an old tin-can
With a girl on his knees.

Bright was the rocket-blast,
Loud was the drone;
The exhaust-flares rose
Toward the star-studded zone.

Young Johnny Hilton,
Columbus of Space,
Rode into the darkness
With a grin on his face.

They soared toward the moon
And twenty hours later
They landed the ship
By old Tycho crater.

And in the white moon-dust,
There under the stars,
They planted the flag
With the red and white bars.

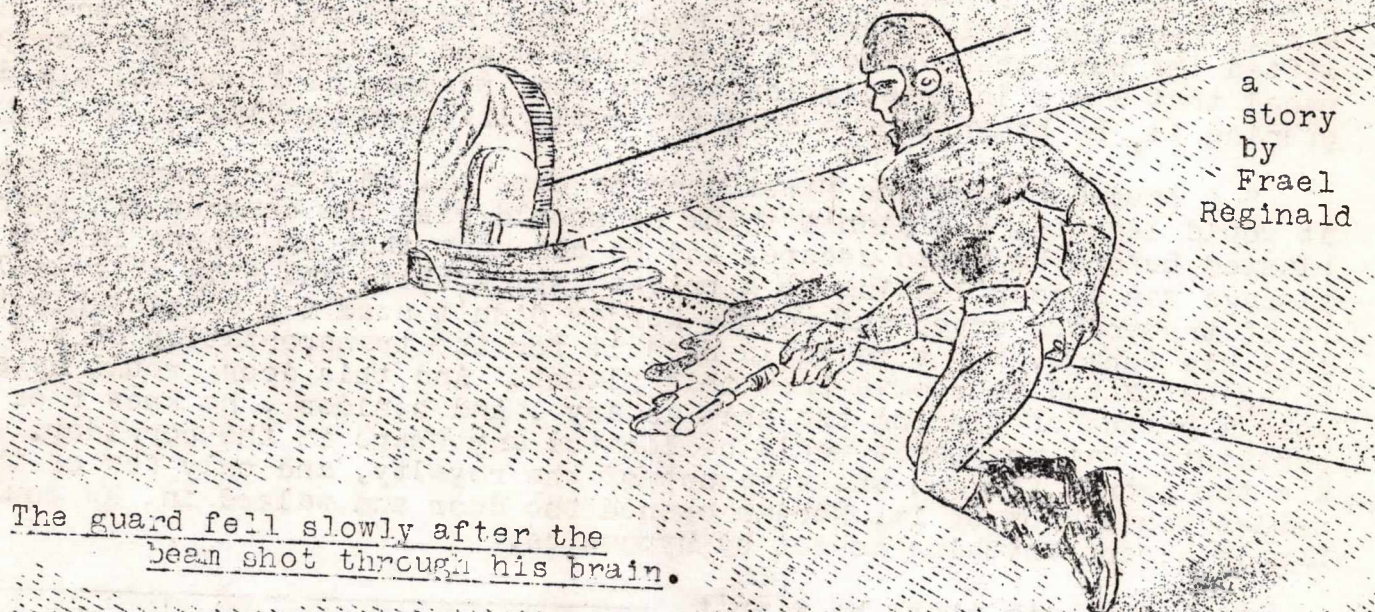
They descended to Earth
When the dark night was still
And roared like a comet
To a Maryland hill.

Young Johnny and Trenna,
The Dark Rose of Mars,
In an old tin can
Came down from the stars.

scarabscarabscarabscarabscarab

ADAM AND EVE, UNLIMITED

a
story
by
Frael
Reginald



The guard fell slowly after the
beam shot through his brain.

NORJAR raced into the council room. His great body strained as he ran; that could be plainly seen. In one hand he held a needle-beam and in the other. . . he didn't have the other hand. Merely a nub, the stump left from a spaceship smashup three years ago, on the runway at the Terrestrial Base on Rigel IV.

He turned a moment, searching the corridor behind him, looking, fearing. Not really fearing, but a sort of uncertainty. Certain powers had a way of going wrong here on Drajaa. He turned again, as he ran up to the dias. The huge throne was there and he crouched behind it.

A guard ran into the room. He stood there, framed in the doorway for a moment, just long enough for Norjar to plot the range and slide the firing switch on the needle-beam. The guard fell slowly to the marboid floor, his needle-beam falling from his hand to hit with a little clatter. That was the way to drill a man, mused Norjar; never hit a man in the heart; it's too dangerous. The victim will live for a few seconds; long enough to shoot you. But a beam through the brain will instantaneously kill the fellow. While Norjar mused he sensed three more guards outside. He hastily turned his thoughts back to the door as they ran in, almost stumbling over the other guard's corpse. One bent down to examine it as the other two began to move toward the center of the room.

Norjar's needle shot again. The guard kneeling over the body of his fellow slid to the floor with a startled cry. The other two whirled at the sound of his voice, and Norjar shot both of them as they ran toward the second victim.

Norjar twirled the cap on his needle-beam and slipped it into its
((please continue on the other side))

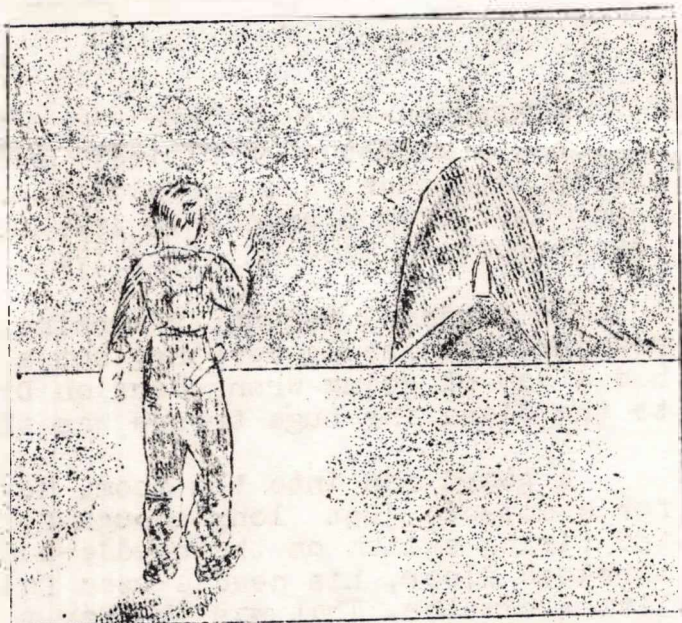
Norjar suspended from his belt. Then he focused his mind on the great doorway. Vast mental powers flooded from his mind to the door. Mental energy completely covered the door with deadly radiations that would cause whoever attempted to enter the room great pain. These radiations would linger for almost half an hour. For like the radiations from an atomic bomb the radiations would have a lasting effect. This done, he lifted the curtains behind the dias and began to look for the escape panel that was invariably located in such places. He found it, and opening it, he began to run down the dimly lit passage-way.

He paused before the first door he came to. He wasn't sure of what it would lead to. He didn't think he should risk the chances of being blasted before he could escape. And he did know that somewhere in the passage was a door leading to a private space ship, and this ship would be of tremendous speed and range. Norjar didn't need the spaceship to make his escape, but he would need it for the transportation of the thing he wanted to remove from this planet. And this door would be as good a chance of finding the ship as any. And besides, he knew for a certainty that no guards would be located anywhere in the corridor. It was too secret for men who were not of the royalty, and only few of the nobles would know of it. Norjar opened the door and walked in. He could handle almost anything he met by hypnotics.

But even with that, he wasn't quite prepared for what he saw.

A young woman stood in the far end of the room, before a huge mirror. Her garments were rather small; in fact, Norjar said to himself, they seemed to serve more as ornaments than as clothing. And their size supported his observations. She didn't seem to notice his presence.

Norjar coughed. The girl spun about, her hand reaching for a Drajaan automatic on the dressing table. She noticed his red turban and withdrew her hand. Then she sat down.



"Who are you," she asked, "and what are you doing here in my chambers?" Norjar bowed from the waist.

"Your Highness, I am Norlar, Director of the Third Galaxy. I am, at present, only a fugitive from the justice of Your Majesty's planet. I came into your chambers by accident, Highness."

"I see," she said. She stood up, pulled a robe from the back of her chair and slipped it around her excellently shaped shoulders. She came toward Norjar, stopping a few feet from him. "And how did you know that I am the Queen?"

Norjar smiled. "Your Majesty will forgive her humble servant, but I am not Norlar. I am Trail Norjar, the Immortal." The girl gasped.

She backed away from him, suddenly frowning. Norjar could feel her muttering about her breath in the Drajaan tongue. He spoke. "I am sorry I have frightened Her Majesty. I did not know that Trail Norjar was so well known in this part of this galaxy. I assure you," he suddenly dropped the title 'Your Majesty' and called her by her name, "Ealn-a that I had no intentions whatsoever." Norjar probed her brain. There was something deep in her sub-conscious, or even deeper down, that puzzled him. He had known only one person whose mind he could not lay open before him. And that man had been dead for many thousand years. Back on Earth. Norjar thought of Earth. His home. And of how it had been destroyed when the sun had been blasted by the invaders from Y Cygni. Other memories flooded into his brain. He tried to bring his mind back to the present, and to the girl, Ealn-a, Queen of Drajaa, . .

He was alone, in a blank cell. Something had happened to him. Something that he didn't understand. He couldn't have been tricked in any conceivable way. He had had complete control over her mind. Or had he?

The cell he was in had nothing in the way of furnishings. It was as bare as the interior of a Gally'n diamond. Completely devoid of any thing save himself. He didn't particularly worry about freeing himself. That was a comparatively simple thing to do, but what he wanted was to know what had happened, and how to shield himself from it in event it should happen again.

It couldn't be that she was a mutant also. Or could it?

Norjar concentrated. It would be better to release himself from this cell before he attempted to find the answer to his problem.

His body turned from solid matter to a liquid state, and then to a gas! And then. . . pure energy!

He completely covered the planet as a result of rapid expansion. And then he found her. She was in her bath in the apartment in which he had found her the other time. He gathered his body together again outside the door he had entered the first time. And then he waited.

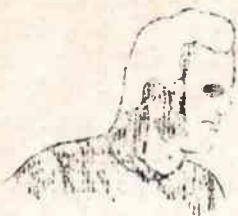
Norjar felt that she was dressed and he went into the room. She stood where he had first seen her, dressed this time in a clinging blue gown. She sat down, not noticing him, and one of her maids busied herself with a comb on the Queen's hair. All the while Norjar delved deeper and deeper into the girl's mind. He wasn't ready for what he found.

The girl rose and was about to leave the room when she saw him standing beside the door. She stifled a scream.

"The legends are true." She didn't seem to believe what she saw before her.

"Of course." Norjar smiled. "You didn't think you could actually keep me locked up in that type of prison, did you?"

"Imprisoned?" Then she began to laugh, with just a slight trace of hysteria showing in her laughter. "For the holy love of Thranna, I ca



there are no ghosts. . . . I'm imagining that I see him. . . . he doesn't exist. . . . he can't. . . . She burst into sobs, and Norjar moved to her and laid his hand upon her shoulder. He noticed that his left hand was back, but he didn't bother to remove it.

"I killed you," she said. "You were dead. The doctors could find no sign of life in your body, and here you are. . . ." She broke off, sobbing again. She was no longer a mighty queen with mental powers closely approaching his own. Instead she was a scared little girl. Norjar lifted her into his arms.

"You didn't kill me. Nobody can." She was still crying, into his shoulder. "You can't either." She looked at him, puzzled. He continued it, speaking softly into her ear. "You didn't know what powers you had but they are almost the same as mine. You're a mutant also. He lifted her head and looked into her eyes.

He continued. "You're a mutant, too. I didn't know that until just a moment ago, but I'm sure of that fact. You've always held an odd power over people, a power that you don't understand. You're a mutant; you were born that way. I was merely made." He lowered his eyes. "My mental powers were given to me. I learned to use them as I went through the centuries, and over the chain of galaxies."

He looked up at her again. "For thousands of years I've looked for another person with anything approaching these powers, for I've been by myself for a long time." The girl was smiling at him.

Their minds touched, and then harmonized. Instant knowledge of the use of perfect mentality flooded into Ealn-a's mind.

The two mutants held each other in their arms for a few seconds, then their lips blended into a kiss, and, brief seconds later, two wills, instead of one, rose into space.



Finis



James Macabre.....by Bug-Brain Burges

This little collection is intended merely as filler, nothing else. I've borrowed (or swiped) these little gems from two authors, Padgett and James, because I like them, and therefore this re-telling of them will only be as a fire-side chat. You know, the kind that develops when a group of weird enthusiasts get together some stormy winter night and, seated beside a fire-place, tell the weirdest stories they can think of to one another. Therefore, Mssrs. Padgett and James, please don't sue me. (You can't, James. You're dead.) (I think!) Because I'm just introducing these stories to those who may not have read them, or who may not have read all of them. I beg pardon. (Such typing!)

Padgett. It seems that one late night a man was walking beside a graveyard that was rumored to be haunted. He was thinking, "If a devil can get me when I've never done any wrong, there is just no justice in the world." And a voice behind him said, "There isn't!"

M. R. James: One night a man was staying in an inn, somewhere deep in the heart of a strange foreign country. He had gone to bed, and to sleep when he heard a noise and awoke. He saw, seated at the foot of his bed, a beautiful young girl, combing her hair. Then she seemed to have a snag in the strands and, to comb it more easily, she simply removed her head and held it on her lap while she finished combing it. Then, finished, she replaced her head and walked out of the room. The man leaped from his bed and ran down the hall. He came to a group of men playing cards. They asked him what the matter was, and he blurted out his story as best he could. "Oh, is that all?" one of the men exclaimed. "Why, we can all do that!" And they all removed their heads!

Burges. A man was watching a fire burn and he began to wonder if the flames could sense what was happening to them, and if they could harm a thing that harmed them. To test his theory, he threw a bucket of water on the fire. Instead of going out, the fire leaped up with increased vigor and reached out to him and seized him in tongues of flame. He burned to death.

James: A man was spending the night in a house, and knew that he was entirely alone. He was seated before his desk and he pulled out a cigarette and placed it to his lips. And something lit it for him. (Not a match or lighter.)

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