

THE

OCTOBER 1941

UNIQUE

ROBERT W. LOWNDES

DUANE W. RIMEL

PAUL DENNIS LAVOND

MAGAZINE



A "Combat" PUBLICATION ★

THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1941 +

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+ Vol. 7 + No. 7 +

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The Unique Magazine- an amateur, non-profit magazine devoted to unusual fiction, and published at bi-monthly intervals from 125 VICTORIA DOWELLINGS, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON E.C.1, England.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 3d per single copy; 1/6 per yr. postfree. Reciprocal exchange welcome. Stories, & fact-articles are invited, and will be paid for as per editorial.

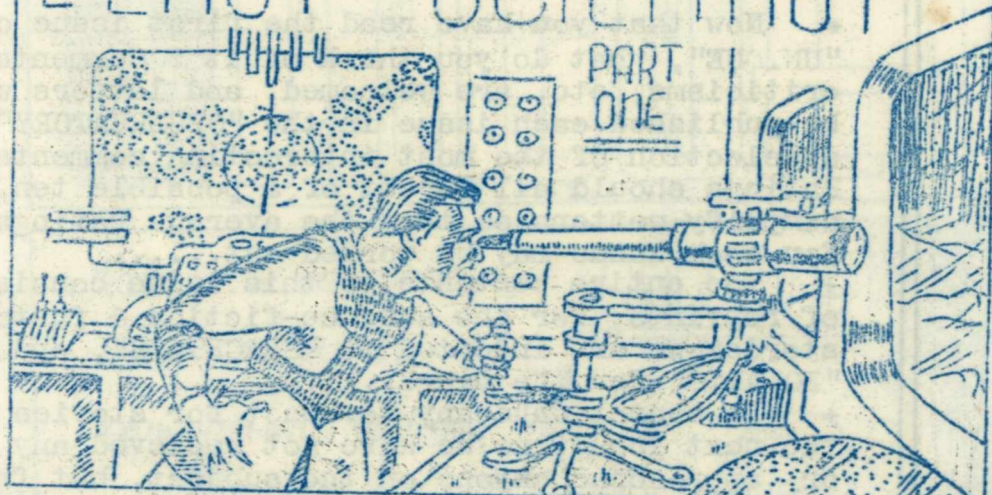
WE APOLOGISE for an error in the Editorial (second paragraph) which should read "POLARIS....SPACEWAYS" respectively, instead of the reverse, sorry!! APW

THE LAST SCIENTIST

WILLIAMS '44



PART
ONE



"ARE YOU SURE, my son, that you wish to go ahead with this great undertaking?"

"Yes, father, I am!" Mal Zorn snapped. But a shadow crossed his strong, tanned, face. His grey eyes fell before his father's direct gaze.

"What's bothering you, Mal? Out with it. This is no time for quibbling. Look at the years we've worked on this scheme....."

Mal Zorn hesitated, his eyes on the domed ceiling of the metal sphere which would soon become his prison for five thousand years. He would be unaware of the fleeing centuries. He would be asleep; mummified by a process known only to his father, Ferel Zorn. When he awoke



...AT LAST HE
SAW THEM,
FAR OUT ON
THE PALE
DESERT,
MOVING WEST
WARD-----

+ BY DUANE W. RIMEL +

EDITORIAL

★ Now that you have read the first issue of "UNIQUE", what do you think of it? Comments, criticisms, etc. are welcomed, and letters will be published each issue in the "OBSERVATORY"; a selection of the most interesting comments. Ratings should all be out of a possible ten, to simplify matters so that the average ratings for each issue may be worked out.....

+ The entire contents of this issue consists of reprints; for the science-fiction & fantasy stories we are indebted to "SPACEWAYS", and to "POLARIS" for the wierd... ..

+ We cannot make any forecast for stories in the next issue, as we have not recieved any mss. or approached anyone on the subject, but from the next issue on, we will pay 2/6 (two shillings and six pence) for a story as long, and at least as good, as "The Last Scientist", and 1/6 (one silling and six pence) for the rest of the stories in the issue, excepting shorts taking up only one page or less, which will be paid for at the rate of x 1/- (one shilling). Cash will be paid on publication.

+ We hope to include illustrations by Jack W. Banks and Robert J. Silburn in the next issue, who's work you have seen in recent issues of "STAR PARADE".

+ "UNIQUE" will, for the time being at least, be published at bi-monthly intervals, and subscribers to the ill-fated "SCIENCE FANTASY FAN" will have their subscriptions filled out by this magazine, so until next time, why not try a copy of "FANTASY POST"?

SINCERELY ,

Arthur J. Williams

The Last Scientist (continued)

"I can't quite see the purpose, father. Granted that I would be the last man on the earth -- why? "My God!" Ferel Zorn stormed up and down the brightly polished floor. "You know why. I've told you often enough. You'll have complete isolation; complete freedom to study and work and dream --- has'nt that been your ambition? have'nt you ~~just~~ cursed 'civilization' long enough? Soon the earth will have no water. Even now the sun is dimming. A few more thousand years and there will be no more oxygen---or water. The cities on Atlantea that have so far escaped are disintegrating- dying internally. Their oxygen machines will run out of material before many centuries. The people are going wild; celebrating; drinking; because they know it is the end....."

"I have seen all that, father - but if there were some way to save humanity; if I had a definite purpose beside merely learning ---"

"Some day, when you are older, the vision of your purpose will appear to you." Ferel Zorn said significantly.

"I hope that you are right," Mal Zorn said. Now I am ready. Life in this mad age is dull. Since the war of the sexes, when you were young, the women have not troubled us. I have never seen one alive - and I am glad."

His father's eyes gleamed strangely. "There you have another reason for wanting solitude. When your mother left me to join the women and conquer the world, it ruined my life. Perhaps I would have become a greater man than I am today. But we will forget that. I am old now, or I would go with you, and waken when all others are dead. But my body would never stand it. Already I have lived past my third century mark. You, my son, will see many stupendous things!"

Mal gripped his father's shoulders. "Cut it, dad. Hurry and give me the click and put me in the casket. The sooner I am unconscious, the better -- except for you. . . ."

From his leather tunic Ferel Zorn took a small

bottle. The young man of twenty-five summers sat down in a metal chair, his eyes holding his father's steadily. "Dad, this is good-by---forever!" His voice trembled. He gripped the older man's strong gnarled hand and winced at the pressure. Tears filled those ancient eyes. A reckless smile curved Mal's lips. He raised the phial and swallowed the blue fluid. His head seemed to spin into an abyss. "Good-by, dad. Good-by Five thous—" Ferel Zorn tried to speak, but words caught in his throat. He sank to the floor beside his son's chair. For the first time in his long life he wept unashamedly. Half an hour later he was busy over the form of his unconscious son. He had many things to do before he ceased work and bolted down the door of that great metal sphere....

MAL ZORN SAT alone in his vast, hermetically sealed laboratory, gazing through the heavy quartz windows at the bleak desert stretching away to the horizon. That day---the fiftieth since his awakening in the sphere---was his seventy-fifth birthday. And it had been written by his father that he had a strange task to perform before the sun went down. Mal Zorn was reluctant to stir from his deep, cushioned chair. After twenty years of building and remodeling the metal chambers, and thirty years of study, he was weary in body and in soul. He had never known loneliness equal to this. In his youth he had not suspected that knowledge alone could be so futile; so maddening. Why had his father insisted on this life after death---this leap into the future? For what purpose? Mal Zorn shook his head, as he had done many times before. He rose from his chair, adjusted the oxygen and temperature gauges, and walked to his large library, where the wisdom of the ages was crammed, awaiting his touch. He had studied many of the tomes; would read many more. Would he ever tire? He had, perhaps, over two hundred years ahead of him. He sighed and strode to the metal desk. He hadn't known about the letter until after the awakening. It must, he reflected, contain something very important. Perhaps the final cause his father had hinted of . . . He opened the familiar drawer that no other hands had touched, and found the long envelope, yellow with age. A lump rose in his throat as he thought of his father, dead now so many centuries--a mere whiff of dust blown far out on the desert beneath the great dimming orb of the sun. He slit the envelope and withdrew a

single sheet of paper. On it, in Ferel Zorn's handwriting, were the words:

"My beloved son:

"Granted that you are still alive and established in the laboratory we planned for you, I have this one last message to deliver. You may have wondered about that sealed metal tube which I left inside the sphere. I hope you have preserved it as I indicated. I wanted you to be very wise and very mature before you met the inevitable --- for after fifty years of study and work I know you must be very lonely. So, on this day, I want you to open that cylinder. You are wise now, and will know what to do. "Your loving father,

"Ferel Zorn",

Mal Zorn's hands trembled as he read the note again, folded it carefully and returned it to the envelope. How familiar was that precise longhand! He smiled a far-off smile. The sealed tube! Of course he remembered it. Many times he'd been tempted to pry the thing open --- but that note fastened to it had stayed his hand. He walked swiftly to his laboratory and opened a certain wide door. Inside it, leaning against the metal wall, stood a tall cylinder, fully six feet long by three feet in diameter. He lowered it to the floor, carefully. His fingers touched the huge screws which would unseal the lids, one on each end. He began loosening the bolts little by little, one by one. A man of learning, he did not permit his imagination to conjure any wild fancies---but his hands shook as he unfastened the last screws and heard the air swish into that vacuum. He lifted off both caps before he looked inside. Then he gasped in amazement. There on a padded cot lay a mummified woman! She was dark and small and beautiful, her hair lustrous, as if she had slept but a few hours. He marveled again at his father's secret of perfect life-suspension---for even he, Mal Zorn, did not possess that knowledge. Suddenly the girl's eyelids fluttered open---as his own must have done on the day of awakening. (He recalled that his own casket had been opened by an automatic timing device built by his father). The girl's brown eyes mirrored bewilderment and wonder. She looked up, saw Mal Zorn, and smiled. Mal had never seen a woman smile---save in long-forgotten cinemas---and he felt curiously embarrassed. That he should experience such an animal emotion made him angry. Primitive sensations did not

mingle with absolute erudition. He shrugged and pulled the long coat from the cylinder. The girl, clad in the scanty trunks and halter of the period he had seen in his youth, raised her slender arms and stretched daintily. She yawned and laughed.

"Who are you, stranger? And where -- what is this place?" Mal Zorn's mouth fell open. Great God! Hadn't his father told the girl, this child, what would happen to her -- what had happened? "I am Mal Zorn," he said. "The last man on earth -- and you seem to be the last woman. Who are you? My father sent me into the future 5,000 years -- but why he sent you I cannot understand." "You needn't get huffy," she said, frowning and Mal Zorn revolted at her simple words and enunciation. Had she no education whatever?

"I made a bargain with your father. He saved my mother from a terrible disease. My mother and I did not take sides in the war of the sexes. We lived all our lives far out on the desert of Aiken, near the city of Xor. There was a secret crevice that gave out oxygen. There was a small oasis; some water. Then one day your father found us. Mother was close to death. Ferel Zorn saved her. I said I would do anything to repay him. Anything. Years later, after mother was gone, he returned to the oasis and brought me secretly to his laboratory. He said I would sleep a long, long time and meet his own son in another age. I guess I have --" Mal Zorn grunted. "I believe you, but I cannot see the reason for your coming. She smiled, and glanced about the room. She ran to a window of the laboratory, stared out over the desert. "What a pretty scene!" she cried impulsively.

"I suppose it is," Mal Zorn replied, "the first time you see it. I have seen it too many times."

"Don't be so forlorn," she said gaily. "By the way, I'm starving. Do you have any food -- here?"

Mal Zorn nodded stiffly and walked out of the room. Her puzzled eyes followed his tall angular figure....

TO BE CONCLUDED

yearnings that seemed to tear the soul out of me. I knew how birds and wild beasts yearn when locked up in cages... Then the flood changed to waves of pure ... evil, that is the only word I can use. Not the simple wickedness that the religiously minded think of when they hear the word. Not merely evil in reference to the bestial desires and acts of man, but indescribable malignancy on a cosmic scale.

Somewhere in space and time, there must be a vortex of all the hatred, fear and sheer will to destroy that has ever existed and ever will exist. It is not all human, for I felt these things as derived from a myriad of life forms, many non-human or bearing no resemblance to those forms we know. It feeds upon these emotions as it were - a conscious, yet unliving vampire-vortex extending through eternity ... Haywood was silent for a moment. Then he said slowly: "Whether or not this is illusion, Nick, it is magnificent. It may be horrible to you. Perhaps you are mad, but, if so, your madness is far greater than the madness of any living man. We must explore this thing carefully. We must learn.

Kreuger laughed. "Where are you, Haywood, if you ever were at all? I cannot see you. All I can see is ice, ice, ice stretching miles upward so that I cannot find the limit of it, though somewhere must be a sky. All I can see is ice, and all I can hear is the cold wind crying over a desolate world." "Nick! Come back. Come back to the present. This is reality - the only reality you know. Concentrate, Nick. Concentrate and will out everything else except the world you know." Kreuger shuddered again; his eyes lost their wild glow. "Did you ever see a soul, Haywood? Neither did I. But I think I've lost mine. I feel dead and empty and meaningless, if anything has meaning. I feel as the wind must feel crying over the loneliness of a lifeless planet where carnivores sear and prey on each other and a man and his mistress are hiding from the police in a drawing room at one time belonging to a man named Haywood.

"The vortex...growing. It will pass eventually. It cannot last after all life is gone. After all matter has been converted into - what? Listen, Haywood - somewhere in time a fool called Satan, and

"ALAS-ETERNAL!" +

+ UNIQUE

AUTHOR-EDITOR

ROBERT

W.

LOWMEYER

PRESENTS:



HAYWOOD LOOKED UP, startled, as he became aware of another's presence in the room, then relaxed at the familiar tones of Kreuger's voice. For a moment he hesitated, wondering just what to say trying to stem back the wave of questions he wanted to ask in one breath. Slowly, in an effort at nonchalance, he lit a cigarette. But his voice trembled slightly as he asked: "What happened, Mick?" The other was a statue, staring beyond matter into empty space. Silence seemed to concentrate itself around him so that he was en-woofed and set apart in time. Then, as through an invisible barrier came his voice. "How long...?" "You left me about three hours ago!" Kreuger's laugh ricocheted along the walls of the room. "Hours..hours! Years! Decades! Eons!" The other rose hastily, extracted a bottle from the sideboard and poured out a long drink, then, at Kreuger's refusal, downed it himself. "You'd better tell me everything, Mick. Something grim has happened; I can see that. Tell me before it eats you." Kreuger shuddered, thudded into a stuffed chair. "The legends seem so prosaic now. I expected something out of Lovecraft, perhaps -- although what I really was prepared for

was outright failure. "I wish it had been --- a monster. We were deceived by the abstractness of the descriptions. I suppose everything we had heard and read and imagined was so firmly imbedded in our minds that we couldn't expect anything else. It was so completely different from anything I was prepared to accept as... Satan. "The sensations -- I can't describe them. Nearest thing to it is the indefinite sense of expansion you get sometimes when drunk. I felt that I was growing enormously, expanding in every direction -- yet it was more than enlargement. I felt that new dimensions and appendages were being added to me, that my form was being distorted and altered. Didn't dare to look at myself, or look around me, fearing I would see something utterly hideous and know it was -- myself. I did look finally -- had to, you know -- but there was nothing to see. I could only feel it was there.

"Something was drawing me outward, some attraction. I knew I was moving through space, even though no definite perception of motion was to be had. The growth continued, and, even as it went on, things began to filter through. I think the formula opened the flood-gates; the full deluge burst upon me at once, but it had to batter on me for a time until my senses could be stepped up to perceive the new impressions. "Then, I began to see -- through. The room I was in, the laboratory ... it changed suddenly. But before I could appreciate the new scene, it had shifted again, and then again. Things were happening much too quickly for me to grasp their import or to know what was happening. My sense of time was gone..... "How long it was before it became clear what I was seeing, I don't know. I saw that room simultaneously as a section of steaming, lifeless planet, newly formed -- as primeval jungle -- as ice-covered wilderness -- as virgin forest -- as cleared land -- as the room I knew -- as a ruin -- as a pit where an enormous meteor had impacted, and, finally, as empty space. It was at once everything it ever had been and all that it ever would be. A kaleidoscope of forms and no form at all. I tried to will away the sight of all of them, except that form in time with which I was familiar. It returned. But no longer it seemed a solid unit to me; even though I could see the laboratory I knew intimately, feel its boundaries and objects within these boundaries, I knew now that just behind -- ahead -- of these, in time, were other boundaries and things within them that I did not know. As these thoughts came to me, and with them the doubt, the scene -- flickered. "Before I could adjust myself to sight, hearing expanded. The subdued sound

of traffic outside the lab. became the axe-strokes of the first men who felled trees in the forest that once covered this city - the roar of ice sliding over the terrain - the cries of carnivores that once roamed here before the forest - the whine and concussion of shells in some future bombardment - the crying of a lonely wind over the corpse of a forgotten planet. The impressions of sound were independent of those of sight. I could see the ice around me, closing in around me, extending how far upward - miles? - and hear the crying of the death wind...

"Then-parlo. What would happen when the other senses expanded into time? I tried to run to the door, even though I knew it would not help, it seemed that I was a snake, I glanced down, a scream rising in my throat. But when I looked down, there were only the familiar human legs that I knew. Before I reached the door an immense pit gaped before me.

I willed desperately to walk over the floor of the laboratory and somehow the solidity of that floor remained even though all I could see was empty space and some where the pin-prick of distant stars. I concentrated harder than I've ever done before, and the room came back. With it came the ordinary sounds of the city. But now my ears were alert; every alteration in normal pitch seemed to be the echoes of sounds out of the past or future. A flood of exhaustion swept over me.... I stumbled into the next room and fell on the couch, my last conscious impressions being those of slithering, slithering.....

It must have been eons that I slept, and, while sleeping, the expansion continued. Eternities passed, and I would waken to see indescribable things, only to fall back again before I could co-ordinate impressions. There were no dreams. When I awoke, I was back in my own room, lying on the couch. For a time I lay there thinking that the whole experience had been a nightmare or drug-delusion, But something else was beating upon me... waves of emotion. I felt them, seething about me, bearing down upon me. Fear such as I had never known - the dread of things such as no man dreaded; the hate of things that no man hated. They fell upon me and left me gasping for breath. And with these fears and hates were mingled yearnings such as no man has ever known.

THE MANTLE OF GRAAG ☆



"Not exactly the Hartley you expected to see, eh?"

I gasped, staggered back, the thing I saw struck me like a swift blow to the solar plexus; I reeled for breath while something crawled and crawled up and down my neck. Then a myriad of voices shrilled inside my brain: it can't be! It can't be!

Ha - it - stood before me, trying to smile. It reached out with claw-like hands in the old gesture I had known; then the hands fell away. The shrunken

lips writhed and the voice came to me as from a distance. I was dreaming, it must be a nightmare!

"Come in, Harvey." I followed the thing that had been Frank Hartley into the hall-way I knew so well, down to the quiet, luxurious room at one end of the apartment. Unchanged, quaintly carved furniture lay before me with its wealth of barbaric trappings: oriental rugs, tapestries, and exotic bric-a-brac. And over the fire-place, the full-length painting of Hartley, executed years back by an artist acquaintance

The mummy sank into Hartley's favourite chair, ex-

tended to me the familiar box of tobacco, a weird composition of blends mixed with incense, a concoction which effectively curtailed consumption save by a few choice friends who shared the mixer's exotic tastes. I struggled for composure, bluing the air with scented smoke.

"Remember Roche, Harvey? Roche, Klarner and Paulsen?" "Yes," I muttered. "Of course. I've read enough of Roche and Klarner's opi, seen Paulsen's splendid drawlings. Always intended to correspond with them but never got around to it. You recall I asked you several times for their addresses. Where are they now?"

"Dead," he croaked. "All dead. Paulsen went first, then Klarner. Roche got tired of waiting for... them...and took poison. He always was more practical than the rest of us. If I were less of a fool..."

Silence. Then: "But you will want to know what happened...." "It all began when Hank invited Roche, Paulsen and myself up to his hunting lodge in Maine for an extended weekend. Paulsen had just gotten his divorce and wanted something to take his mind off personal troubles; Roche was well enough ahead of the editors to take it easy for a while, and I decided I could do with a change. So we packed, climbed aboard Klarner's one-lung vintage of '20 and motored it to Maine. "En route, Hank told us about the place he'd picked up for a ridiculously low figure. Nicely secluded, not more than a quarter-mile from the main-highway - a glorified snake-track through the woods, in other words - and a fairly traversible path running in. It was not far from a reasonably large, secluded lake and there were several excellent beaches there replete with that special quality of white sand you find only in Maine."

"I was in Maine just about that time," I interrupted. "Had no idea you were about. But go on...."

"Well, it turned out that Hank had obtained the place but had never spent any time there. Just been around once or twice to see if all was in livable shape, then closed it up. So he was as unprepared as

ANY OF US for what happened. "It's hard to describe. If I were writing one of my own weird tales, it would be simple. But this was different. No tangible signs of anything, of any kind. No wind howling, or the like. But something in that place got under our skin the very first night, and we couldn't shake it off. We didn't see, hear or smell anything. No odd dreams. But it grew on us, grew so that we began looking around the corners, tapping the walls for hidden panels and the like. Hank said he wished Lovecraft could have spent some time there; he could have made a real description of the place, made his readers feel just as we felt, and work up to a terrific climax to boot. After the fourth night, we were just about to admit that it had us whipped. We felt damned sheepish feeling this way about nothing when we all spent most of our existence conjuring horrors on paper. But you can't fight nerves that won't lie still. The fifth night we had something of a storm; lightening struck the chimney and tumbled a load of bricks down into the fireplace. It was when we were clearing out the mess the next morning that we found the book." His voice stopped. For a moment he sat, staring into empty space. His skeletal frame twitched convulsively. "Strange," he whispered, "I can feel them, but there is no pain. No more pain. But I can feel...them." "What is it, Frank?"

He shuddered, "Wait...where was I...Oh yes, the book. It was a very ordinary-looking thing. Quite old yellowed pages, old print; completely in Latin. The former owner had scribbled a lot of notes in the flyleaves, partly translation; partly comments. Sometimes there were large question marks in reference to certain paragraphs, notations referring to certain pages in other books..the Necronomicon and Song of Yste principally. The trouble was that none of us read Latin very well, but from what we could make out it was definitely a book on the old lore-things that Roche Klarner and I paraphrase in our stories. Oh, don't mistake me; it's not all Lovecraft's invention, you know. He changed a few names, and added his own details. But the sources are genuine enough.

"We found a real treasure in a few closely-written pages stuck near the back. They were by the nameless builder of this lodge, the owner of the book. There was reference to a grisly thing he had done some twenty years before...." "Wait!" I cried. "This lake of which you speak, was it shaped roughly like a hand with five inlets to correspond to fingers? Was there a huge rock on the beach a short distance from a large cave? Were you some fifteen miles or so from a dilapidated little village popularly known as the hamlet of the dog?" "Yes," he answered. "How did you know?"

"I've been there, too," I replied. "I've been all around that district, seen the lodge, explored the cave, and talked with an old fellow they call the Captain. He tells a story of what happened there twenty years back." "Then you know of the treasure....of Graag?" "Graag? That was the name of the man...the wizard who built the lodge. It must have been his book you found. But I never heard of any treasure...."

"The reference was in those written pages we found stuck in the book. There was a ritual to be performed. We really didn't believe a treasure would be found buried in the cave, but we thought there might be something of interest there. Some base for a few horror tales. Roche talked us into going through with the ritual. We learned the signs and made the marks prescribed. Then we went out and dug in the spot mentioned by Graag. Nothing was found after a half-hour and we were just about to strike out for the lodge when Paulson's spade struck something metallic. He became very much disturbed at this, wanted to get away, but Roche insisted we unearth whatever it was. Paul became increasingly nervous....he had read much more of the book than we....and began to mutter about something he called the Other, the thing that Graag had called for his sorceries. But we smiled at this and Roche forced the chest open with his pick." Hartley's lips trembled.

"It...it was a worm, a large white worm in the chest lying on silken padding. Then Klarner touched it, the thing crumbled away into dust. We were puzzled, but Paulson was beside himself with terror. He muttered things about the scourge of the white worm, and the mantle of Graag. It was dark there, just enough light came from our hand-lamps to see what we were doing.

"Shudder! Paulson screamed out something and plonge d behind us, towards the cave's mouth. We looked; saw nothing. Paulson went off his head at this and began to babble about a fourth figure and rave about the mantle of Graag until Klarner quieted him with an uppercut. We carried him back and left the place the following morning. Paulson never recovered from the shock of what he thought he saw, died after about two weeks in delirium. Then one night I got a call from Klarner. The man was positively gibbering with terror; I could not make out what he said, something again about the mantle of Graag. Next day a special delivery package came for me. It was the book. And with it, a long letter from Klarner. After I read that letter, I burned both it and the book. Never saw Klarner alive again; I'm glad of that.

"The letter told everything...about the Other, what must be done when the sorcerer is about to die and the Other must be allowed to return. It tells of the rituals of burial of the worm, and the protective curse of the sorcerer over the earthly remains of the Other, that curse that is known as the mantle of the sorcerer. And it told further of what happens to all who violate the remains, what happens to all who are present whether or not they take part in it."

His voice raised in pitch, "The worm! The worm! The mantle of Graag fell on all of us. On Paulson, but he died from sheer insane terror before they found him. On Klarner; he knows what the mantle of Graag means. On Roche; he took poison before they could reach him...and on me. They have found me, too.

He rose quickly. "Harvey," he whispered, "get out. Get out quick before you see! It has come; they have made a place for it. Get out while you're still sane, and goodbye, Harvey; you won't see me again."

He seized me, pushed me roughly into the hall. "Goodbye, Harvey-how leave quickly!"

Something of the terror he felt flowed into my soul. I did not wait to inquire further. But as my hand fell on the doorknob, I half-turned, looked back. I wish to God I hadn't! I did not read the newspapers the next day, but I know they couldn't describe how Hartley was found. They dared not tell

WEIRD + F U N I S
the truth. I know because I saw.... Later I verified his story - his words about the Other, about the casting of the mantle, and the doom awaiting all present when the tomb of the Other is violated.

You see, Paulsen was not mad when he screamed about a fourth figure, standing apart from the others, at the mouth of the cave that night.

I was that figure.

-----F I N I S-----

"ALAS - ETERNAL" (continued from page 9)

and Satan came. Satan, Satan, brother Satan, show me your face, Satan, comfort me, speak to me, crush me beneath your cloven hoof..." Haywood seized the other's shoulders; shook him furiously. "Kreuger! Wake up man! You're here; you're all right. It was only a dream, Nick. Believe me, it was only a dream!"

His eyes rested on the other's. Reason fought again in them. "Back again. In the year of our Lord - but not for long. There is a hell, Haywood. Not the unimaginative one the early men described, but there is a hell. I think I've found it. You don't have to die to go to hell; Haywood - I cannot die, now. I shall live throughout all eternity because I am eternity." He rose stiffly and strode to the door. "A million and a million years have come and died since I came to find you again, you whose name I cannot now recall. Look not to see me again, for I cannot find you. Time and space have taken me unto themselves and I am their beloved stepson. And still I expand. Not much human of me left now. Something draws me -- outward --

"You who are man, as once was I, think me mad. Look at my eyes, if you can still see me. Look at my eyes if eyes I have as man. Can't you see eternity staring out at you? I called on Satan and Satan came. I called on Satan and I am damned, damned, damned..."

-----F I N I S-----

+COMING NEXT MONTH: + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

+
++ ☆ "REPETITION" ++

+ by JOHN EDWARD REMNISON + + + + +

Watch for it!!! + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +