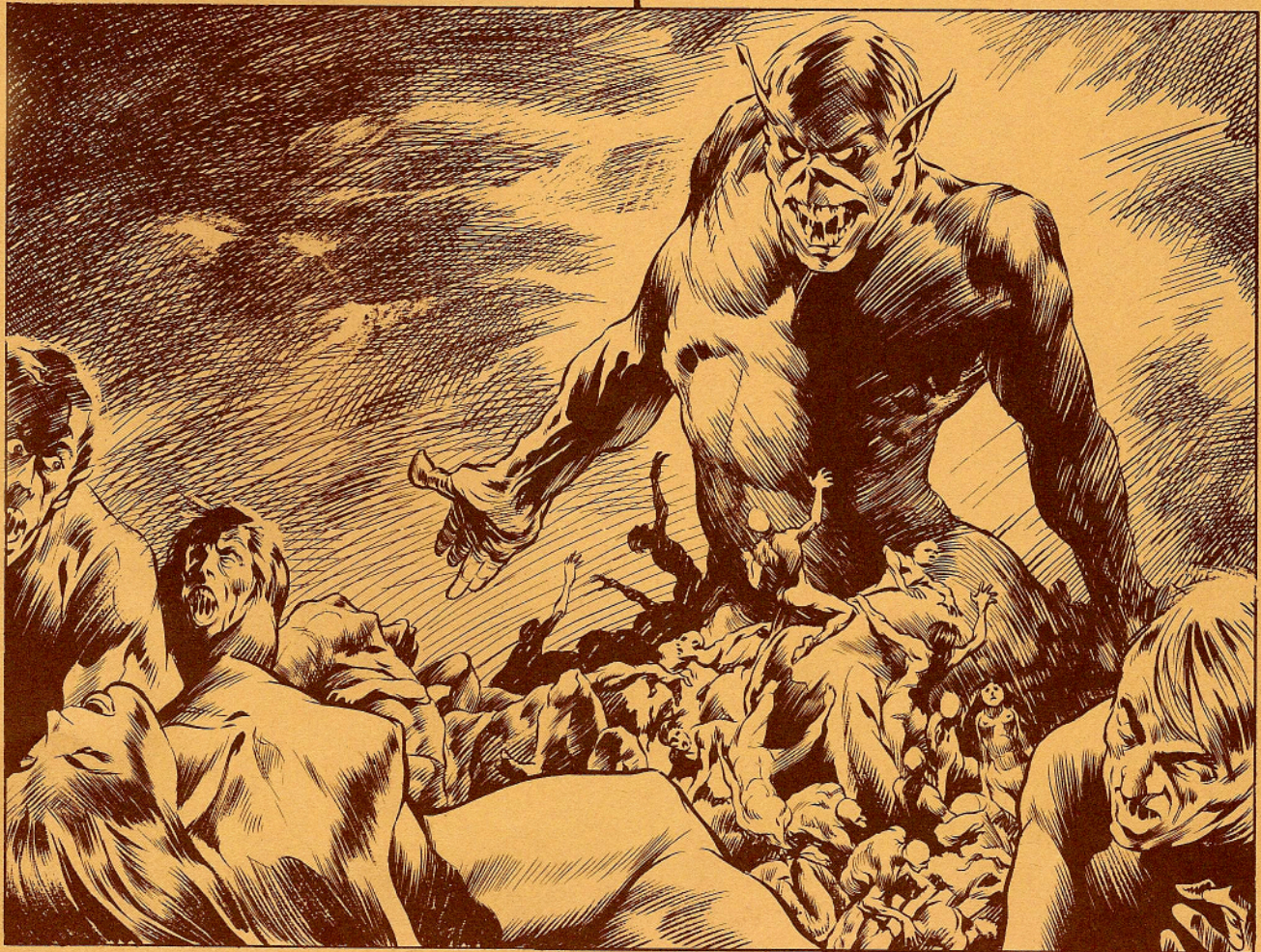


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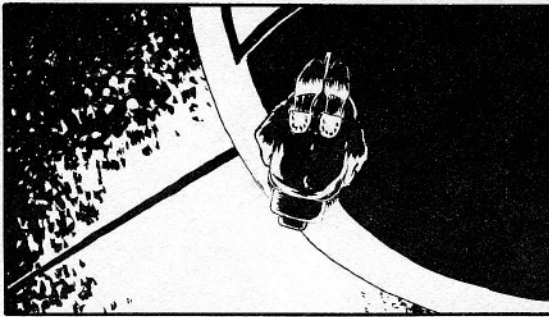
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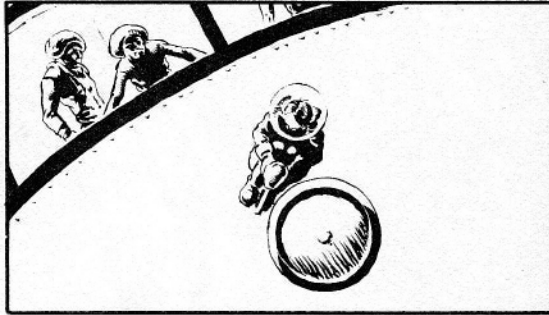
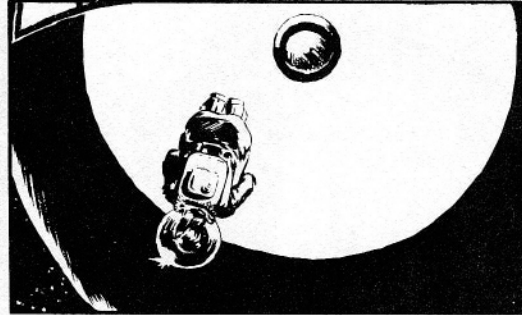
THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED (..... LH....



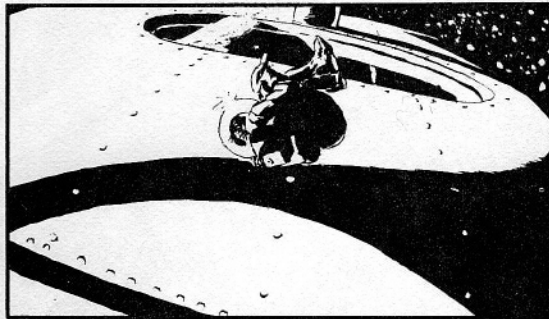
... I WONT CRY POPPA ... MOMMA ... I WONT .. OH ... I ..



.. COLD. . . OH MOMMA COLD COLD MOMMA . . . I FREEZE SO



MUCH MOMMA . . . POPPA POPPA . . . I DONT WANT TO CRY . .



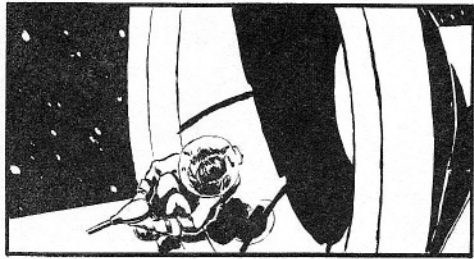
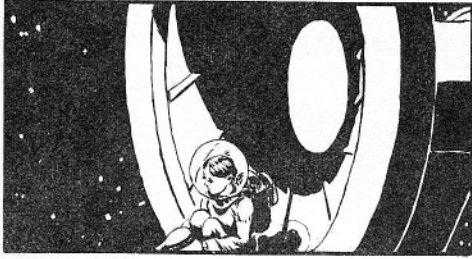
HUNTERS POPPA . . . LAFF. . LAFFING . . . I FEEL THEM. .



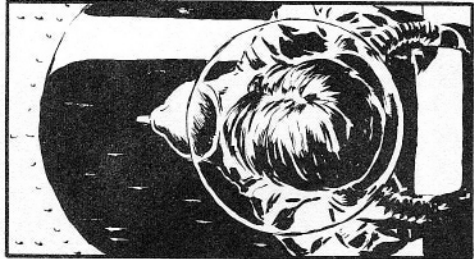
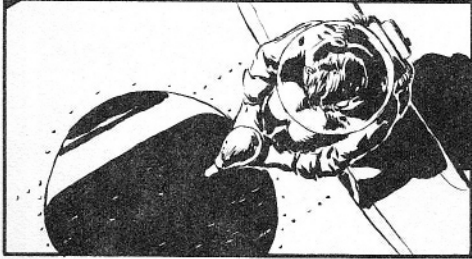
LAFFING AT ME LAFFING AT MY FINGERS . . OH



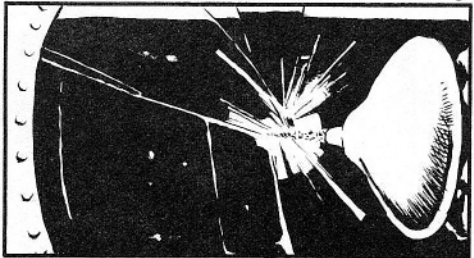
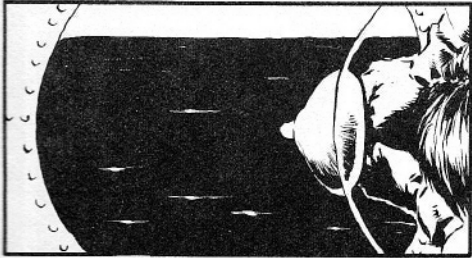
THEY FREEZE . . . COLD ICY YES DONT LET ME



I DONT WANT TO CRY NO I CANT HELP . . OWWW



MOMMA . . MOMMAMOMMIE MY EYES ARE BURNIN-)

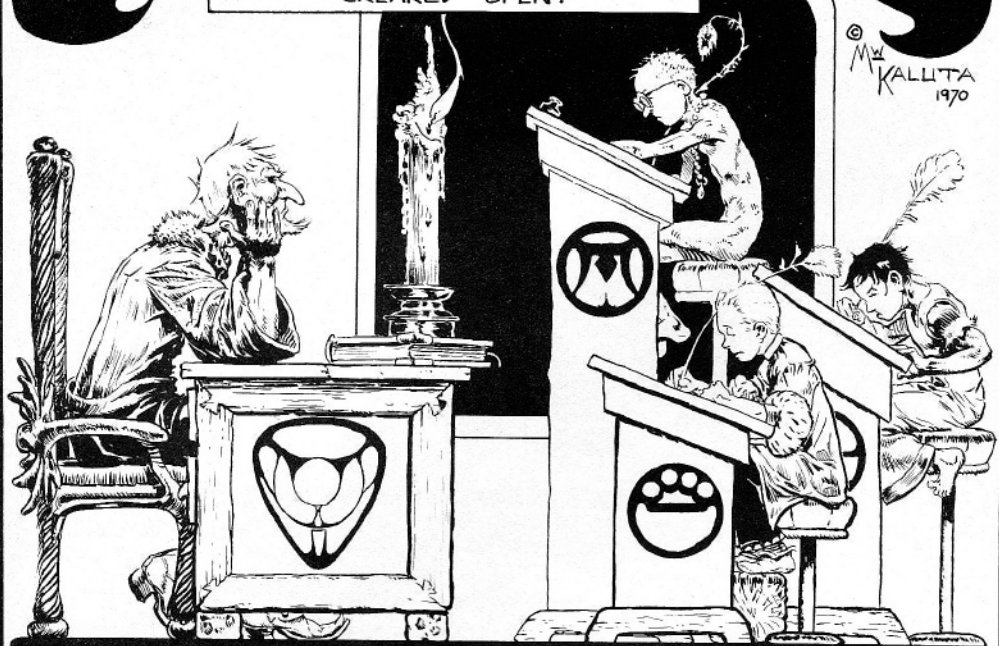




Apprenticeship.

AS USUAL THE MASTER WAS IN A SULLEN MOOD - SO WE WERE HARD AT WORK WHEN THE DOOR CREAKED OPEN.

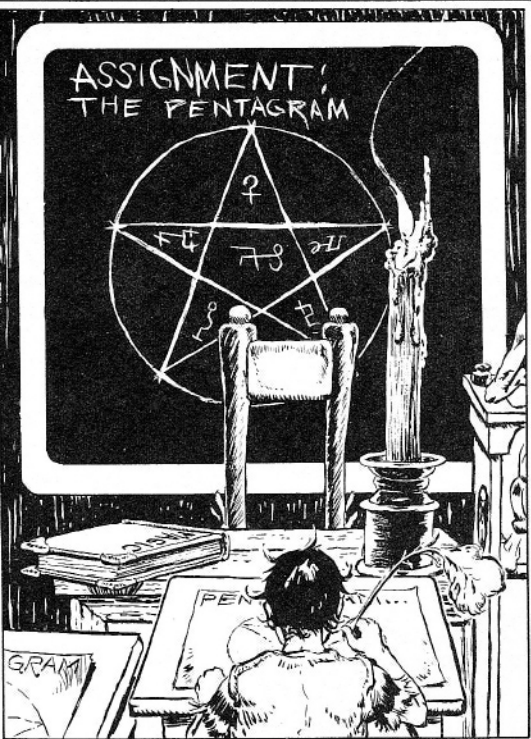
© M. KALLITA 1970



IT WAS LIMM - THE VIEWER OF THE VATS - AND HE LOOKED WORRIED.



SOMETHING WAS AMISS - SO WITH A SCOWL THE MASTER LEFT US TO OUR ASSIGNMENT.



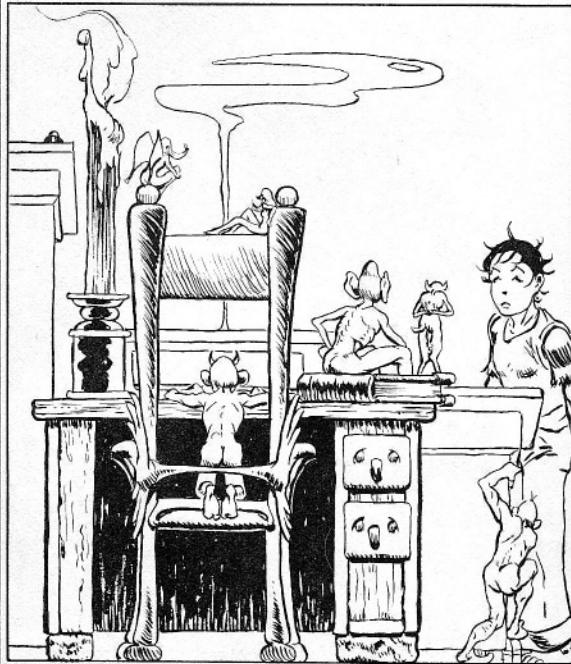
THAT THE MASTER'S CHAIR
OBSCURED THE PENTAGRAM
WAS THE ONLY EXCUSE I
HAD FOR WHAT HAPPENED -





I SHOULD NOT LIKE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAVE RESULTED HAD THE MASTER RETURNED JUST THEN. I HAD ENOUGH KNOWLEDGE TO STOP THE ERUPTING PENTAGRAM-BUT IT SEEMED I WOULD NEED A SUBTLER SPELL-

FOR THERE APPEARED TO BE SOME ... LEFTOVERS. 'NO WORRY THERE' I THOUGHT - FOR THE MASTER HAD LEFT HIS BOOK...



...AND THAT FIXED THAT! EVEN THE
LAST TRACES OF SMOKE AND SULFER
HAD DISSIPATED BY THE TIME THE
MASTER RETURNED. 'OH-HOW CRAFTY'
I THOUGHT TO MYSELF ... A BIT
PREMATURELY...



fir.

SPECIMEN



THE SHIP WAS A TOY, FLOATING IN THE ENDLESS ABYSS OF SPACE. WITHIN ITS ALLOY HULL, RAD SAT QUIETLY BEFORE THE MAMMOTH CONTROL PANEL THAT WOULD DELIVER HIM TO HIS DESTINATION WITHOUT HIS HAVING TO TOUCH A SINGLE SWITCH OR BUTTON. COMPUTERS AND MEMORY BANKS CLICKED AND BLINKED AROUND HIM, CASTING A RED-ORANGE GLOW ACROSS HIS HANDSOME FEATURES AS RAD TRIED IN VAIN TO LOSE HIMSELF IN THE PAGES OF A NOVEL. HE HAD NOTHING TO DO FOR TWO SOLID MONTHS BUT READ AND RELAX AND PUTTER ABOUT THE EFFICIENT SELF-OPERATING SPACE CRAFT, TANGIBLE PROOF OF THE INFERIORITY OF ANIMAL TO MACHINE. AT TIMES HE WONDERED WHY HIS SUPERIORS FOUND IT NECESSARY FOR HIM TO ACCOMPANY THE VASTLY MORE INTELLIGENT ROBOT... THEN THE VOICE WOULD REMIND HIM...

RAD...?

FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME THAT HOUR RAD SHOVED THE BOOK ASIDE AND TURNED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOFT FEMINE VOICE. WEARILY HE PUSHED UP FROM THE CONTROL CHAIR AND STRODE ACROSS THE SHIP...

IN A MOMENT HE STOOD BEFORE THE THIN CHROME BARS THAT IMPRISONED THE GIRL...



WHAT IS IT *THIS* TIME.?

I'M THIRSTY... WOULD YOU BRING ME SOME WATER.?

I JUST GAVE YOU A DRINK OF WATER NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO...

I'M THIRSTY AGAIN.

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BRUCE JONES

HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE WE REACH YOUR PLANET? WELL, WHAT'S WRONG? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

YOU KNOW I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK WITH YOU...



THE GIRL BEHIND THE BARS ACCEPTED THE CUP WITHOUT TAKING HER EYES FROM RAD, HER HAND LINGERING FOR A MOMENT ON HIS...

..BECAUSE OF THE RULES. BUT WE'RE TWO THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS FROM THE RULES NOW. C'MON RAD ...RELAX..

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU REQUIRE?



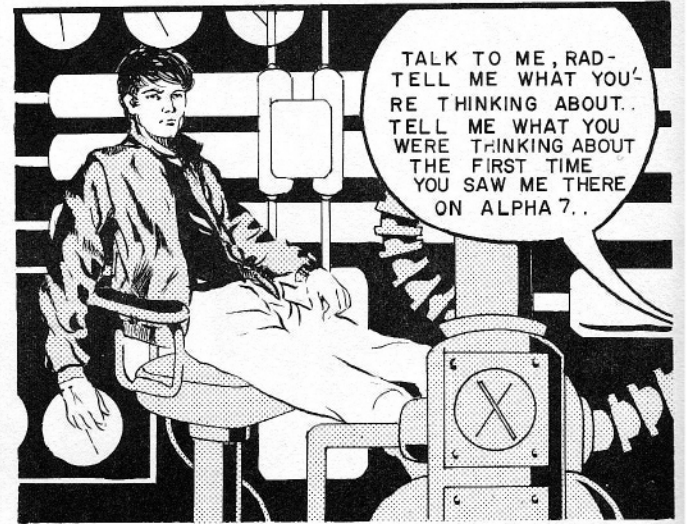
YES, YOU CAN OPEN THE DOOR AND LET ME OUT...

AGAINST THE RULES..

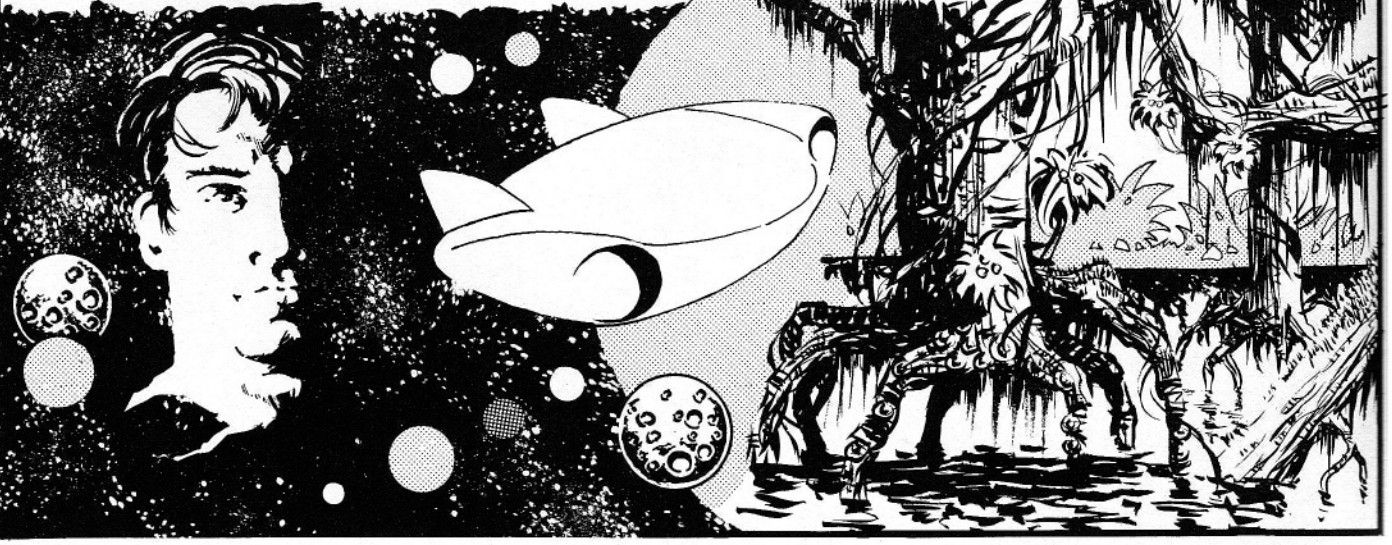


THE HOURS DRAGGED BY.. RAD FIDGETED NERVOUSLY IN THE ENGINE ROOM, RESTLESS, BORED.. CONSTANTLY AT WAR WITH HIMSELF OVER THE IMPULSE TO WALK TO THE BACK OF THE SHIP.. TO UNLOCK THE ALLOY PRISON.. SETTING FREE THE CURVACIOUS YOUNG GIRL.. FREE TO COME TO HIM.. FREE TO..

TALK TO ME, RAD- TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT.. TELL ME WHAT YOU WERE THINKING ABOUT THE FIRST TIME YOU SAW ME THERE ON ALPHA 7..



RAD STARED THROUGH THE LARGE OVAL VIEW-PORT AT THE VAST, INKY COSMOS. SOMEWHERE IN THE COLD LONLINESS OF THAT ETERNAL NIGHT LAY ALPHA 7, WINKING SOFTLY BESIDE ITS MYRIAD COUSINS, LIGHT YEARS NOW FROM HIS SPACE CRAFT. YET ONLY ONE SHORT SOLAR DAY AGO HE HAD TOUCHED DOWN ON ITS SWAMPY SURFACE IN ANSWER TO THE CALL. RAD REMEMBERED...



THE DISTRESS CALL HAD REGISTERED BRIGHTLY ON RAD'S TELAR SCREEN FOR THREE DAYS, DIRECTLY IN LINE WITH HIS FLIGHT PATTERN. THAT AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE UNIVERSAL S.O.S BAND FORMED HIS FIRST SUSPICIONS. WHY WASN'T THE TRANSMITTER USING LICENSED CALL LETTERS? RAD LANDED CAUTIOUSLY... THESE WERE TROUBLED TIMES FOR A SPACE JOCKEY. THERE WERE TOO MANY WARS RUNNING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO KEEP TRACK OF.. DOUBLE AGENTS WERE EVERYWHERE. THE GENERAL RULE WAS TO TRUST NO ONE. RAD REMEMBERED WHAT TRUSTING COULD DO FOR YOU...



RAD PUSHED THROUGH A THICKET AND CAME UPON THE SOURCE OF THE SIGNAL. SHE WAS BATHING IN A CYPRESS POOL NEAR THE WRECK OF HER CRAFT. HOW CONVENIENT, CRASHING SO NEAR FOOD AND WATER...

OH! YOU STARTLED ME! THANK GOODNESS SOMEONE'S COME AT LAST!



WHAT ARE YOUR CALL LETTERS? WHERE IS YOUR BASE PLANET?

IT HAD BEEN FIVE YEARS AGO ON GAMMA 12 DURING THE KRITON REBELLION. HE'D BEEN A MEDIC THEN, TENDING THE WOUNDED IN A RAID ON A KRITON VILLAGE. THE SOLDIER HE FOUND LYING HALF DEAD IN A DITCH CLAIMED TO BE FROM HIS OWN REGIMENT. FOR THREE DAYS HE'D STAYED WITH HIM, NURSING HIM BACK TO HEALTH, SO INTENT ON GIVING AID HE'D LET HIS GUARD DROP. ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY HE AWOKE TO FIND A HIDEOUS SCALY KRITON IN THE PROCESS OF STRANGLING HIM... A KRITON WRAPPED IN BANDAGES HE HAD ADMINISTERED THREE DAYS AGO! THE 'FALLEN COMRADE' WAS IN REALITY A DESPERATE KRITON USING A THOUGHT-SCREEN TO DISGUISE HIMSELF. LUCKILY RAD HAD HIS BLASTER UNDER HIS PILLOW.

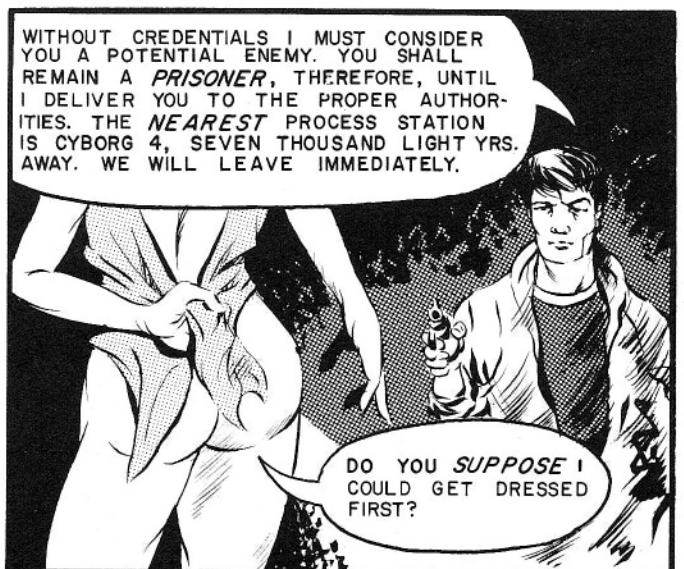


WOULD YOU MIND HANDING ME A TOWEL BEFORE THE INTERROGATION BEGINS?

VERY WELL.. BUT MY WEAPON IS FULLY CHARGED I ASSURE YOU..



WITHOUT CREDENTIALS I MUST CONSIDER YOU A POTENTIAL ENEMY. YOU SHALL REMAIN A PRISONER, THEREFORE, UNTIL I DELIVER YOU TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES. THE NEAREST PROCESS STATION IS CYBORG 4, SEVEN THOUSAND LIGHT YRS. AWAY. WE WILL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.



DO YOU SUPPOSE I COULD GET DRESSED FIRST?

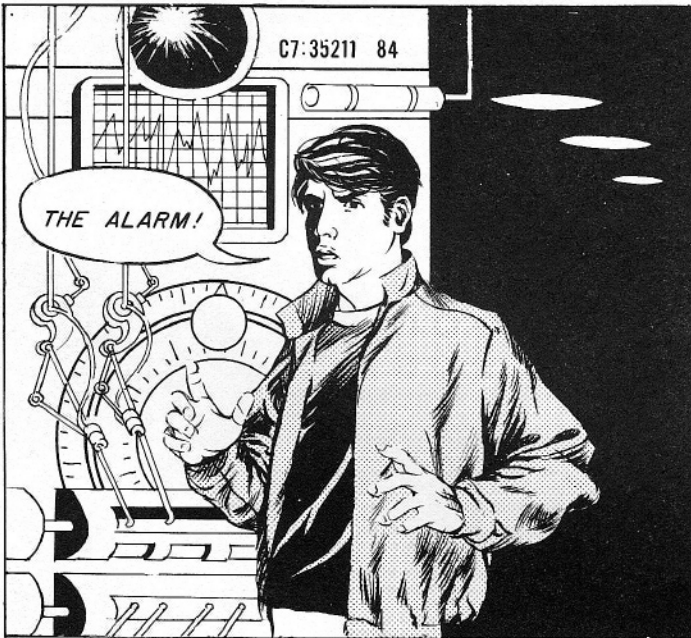
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES SHOUDN'T I BE THE ONE WITH THE BLASTER?

WHY DID YOU USE OUT MODOED DISTRESS METHODS... WHERE ARE YOUR CREDENTIALS?

MY REGULAR TELAR-SCREEN PERISHED IN THE CRASH... ALONG WITH MY CREDENTIALS. I HAD TO RIG A TEMPORARY TRANSMITTER WITH WHAT I COULD FIND.



A LOUD CONTINUOUS BEEP SUDDENLY FILLED THE SHIP..



REPAIRING THE SHIP WAS A SIMPLE TASK, RAD HAD ALMOST FINISHED WHEN...



RAD DROPPED QUICKLY THROUGH THE HATCH AND SWUNG DOWN THE PASSAGEWAYS AS FAST AS HIS BULKY SUIT WOULD CARRY HIM... WITHIN THE HELMET THE GIRL CRIED HYSTERICALLY...



HURRY RAD...

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S WRONG?

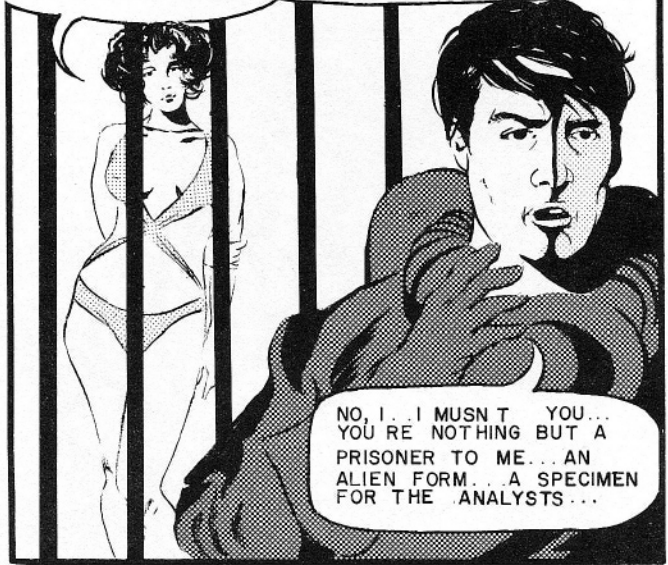
NOTHING REALLY, I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF YOU'D HURRY BACK AND PROTECT ME...



THAT WAS FOOLISH! I MIGHT HAVE INJURED MYSELF GETTING BACK HERE, THEN WHERE WOULD YOU BE?

BUT YOU DIDN'T. AND IF YOU HURRIED THAT FAST YOU MUST CARE A LITTLE ABOUT ME. NOW WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THE DOOR AND LET ME SHOW MY APPRECIATION?

STOP *PRETENDING* RAD. DON'T YOU THINK I'VE NOTICED THE WAY YOU'VE *STARED* AT ME? IT'S TWO LONG LONELY MONTHS UNTIL WE LAND... THEY COULD BE WONDERFUL MONTHS IF WE SHARED THEM *TOGETHER!*



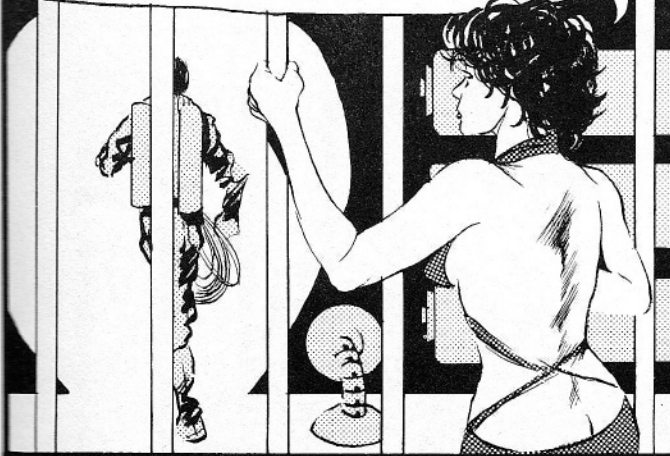
NO, I... I MUSTN'T YOU... YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PRISONER TO ME... AN ALIEN FORM... A SPECIMEN FOR THE ANALYSTS...

I'M NOT AN ALIEN AND YOU *KNOW* IT! DON'T BE AFRAID DARLING! OPEN THE DOOR AND I'LL PROVE IT! RAD COME BACK! *TALK TO ME!*...

LATER, WHEN THE GREEN SLEEP LIGHT HAD SWITCHED ON, RAD LAY ON HIS SHOCK COUCH STARING INTO THE DARKNESS, LISTENING TO THE GENTLE RUSTLING OF SHEETS NOT TWENTY FEET AWAY...



SWEET DREAMS, DARLING.



TIME CRAWLED. MORE AND MORE RAD FOUND HIMSELF GAZING LONGINGLY AT THE CELL... LOSING SLEEP, LOSING HIS APPETITE... GROWING TENSE, AGGRAVATED...

THE GIRL IN THE CELL LOOKED ON COOLLY, BIDDING HER TIME...



DAMN! I'M SICK OF THIS LOUSY FOOD... THIS CRUMMY SHIP!..

WHAT'S THE MATTER, RAD? BORED? ANYTHING I CAN DO?



SHUT UP WILL YOU! LEAVE ME ALONE!

THE GIRL LOOKED AWAY, HURT. RAD SIGHED HEAVILY, THEN WALKED OFF IN CONFUSION... IN A MOMENT HE RETURNED...



I'M SORRY... I'M BEHAVING LIKE A CHILD. I... I HAD THE UNIVAC MAKE THIS FOR YOU...



A PRESENT! RAD, HOW SWEET...

WHY IT'S LOVELY! TURN AROUND AND I'LL PUT IT ON FOR YOU...

RAD TURNED HIS BACK AND STOOD FROZEN BESIDE THE CELL, HIS MIND RACING...



I HOPE IT FITS... YOU DON'T KNOW MY SIZE...



RAD TURNED AROUND SLOWLY, HANDS TREMBLING IN ANTICIPATION . . .

MY, IT'S RATHER *SHEER* ISN'T IT? DO YOU LIKE IT?



HE SWALLOWED HARD . . . HIS HANDS GRIPPED THE CELL BARS UNTIL THE KNUCKLES SHOWN WHITE . . .

OH RAD, AREN'T YOU TIRED OF JUST LOOKING? OPEN THE DOOR AND I PROMISE I'LL MAKE UP FOR ALL THE TIME WE'VE WASTED . . .

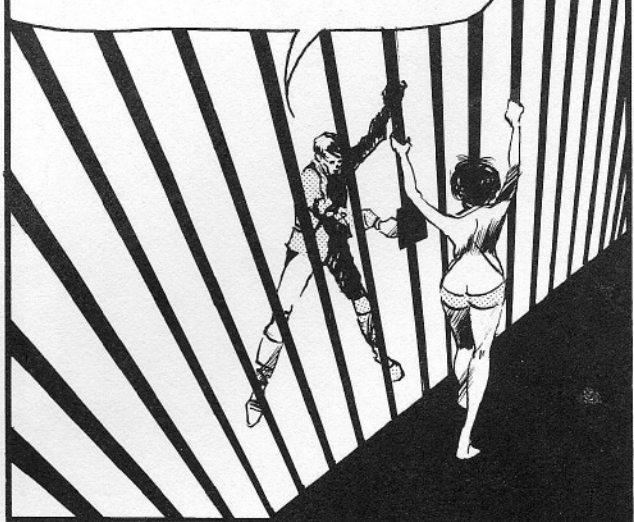


WHEN WE TOUCH DOWN IN TWO MONTHS THEY'LL TAKE ME AWAY FROM YOU . . . WE'LL NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN. DON'T *THROW* IT ALL AWAY DARLING. PLEASE . . . OPEN THE DOOR! OPEN THE DOOR, RAD!



RAD FELT HIS BREATHING QUICKEN . . . HIS STOMACH TURN TO KNOTS. HE PULLED THE KEY FROM HIS POCKET AND SHOVED IT IN THE LOCK . . .

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!



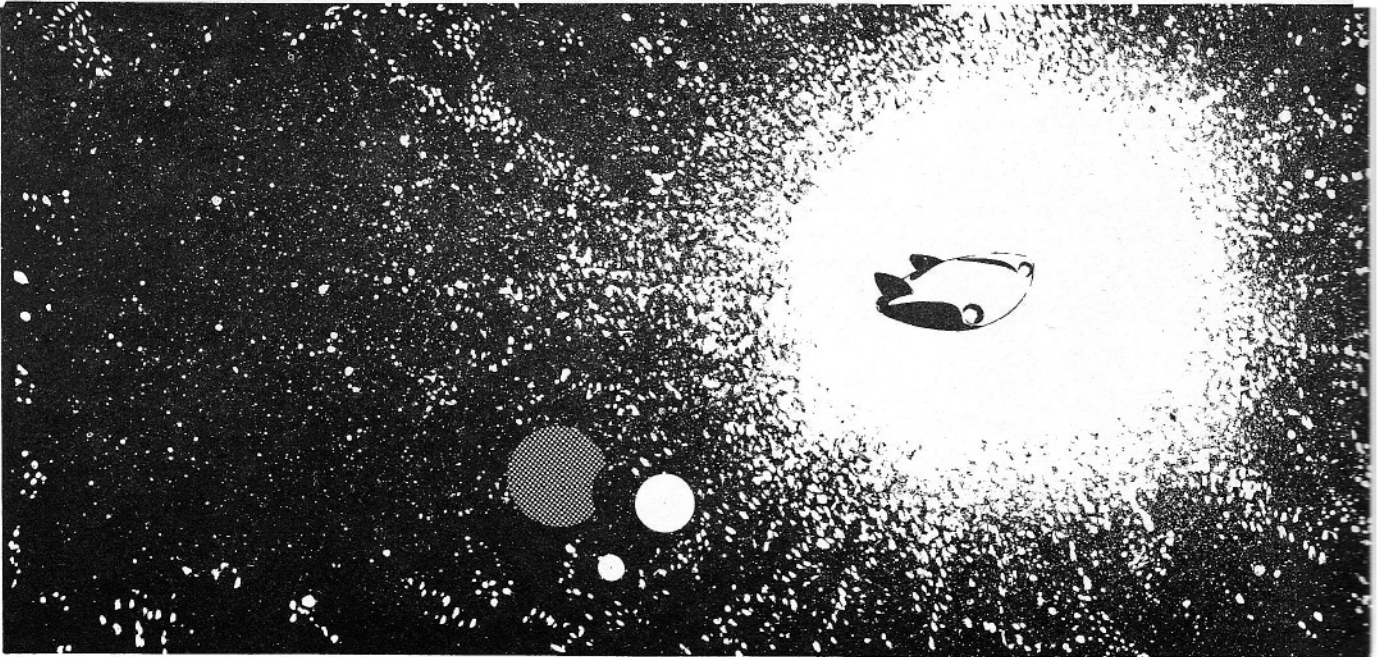
THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN . . . RAD HELD HIS BREATH . . . THE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE STEPPED OUT . . .

YOU *SEE* DARLING! I TOLD YOU I WAS REAL . . . NOW COME HERE . . . COME TO-



SHE WAS ALL HIS NOW, ALL HIS . . . HE WOULD WORRY ABOUT HIS SUPERIORS LATER . . . RIGHT NOW HE WAS HUNGRY. RAD DROPPED HIS THOUGHT-SCREEN . . .





UNION

© JEFF JONES 1970

AT FIRST I SCREAMED. . . AND THEN CRIED. . .
BUT ALL THAT SEEMS SO LONG AGO. WHEN?
I REMEMBER SWIMMING. THAT I DO REMEMBER.
SWIMMING, OR DIVING RATHER. . . INTO A POOL
AND HITTING MY HEAD AND FLOUNDERING,
NOT KNOWING WHICH WAY WAS UP, RUNNING
AGAIN INTO THE BOTTOM THINKING SOMEONE
HAS WALKED UP THE TOP. . .

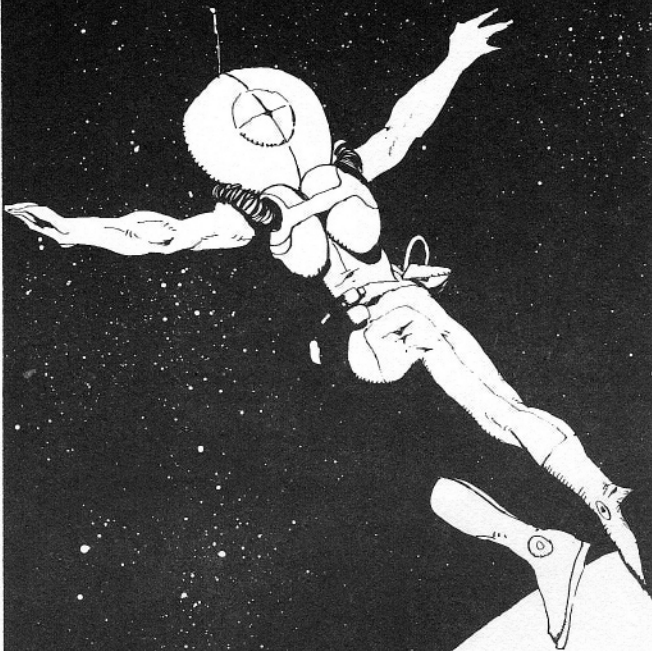


BUT THAT WAS TOO LONG AGO. THERE'S
SOMETHING TO DO. I DON'T THINK MY BRAIN
IS QUITE RIGHT. CLOUDY. HOME. MUSTN'T
GET HOME TOO LATE, THEY WILL BE
MAD. MUSN'T STAY IN THE WATER TOO
LONG EITHER, MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO
DROWN. EXTRA CAREFUL. . . I'M



ALONE.

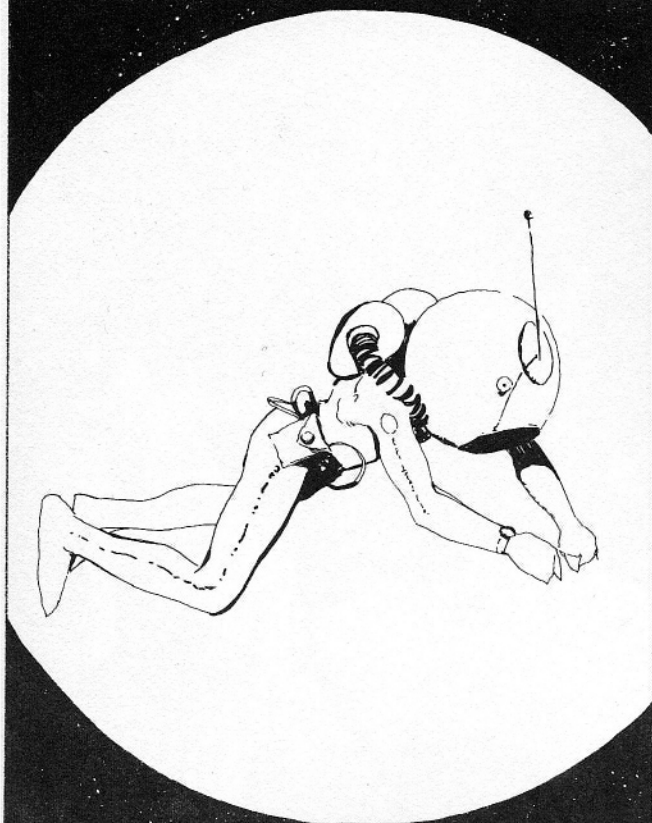
LIKE A BIRD, LIKE A BEE. FLYING, YET
AERODYNAMICALLY UNSTABLE. AND OUT
THERE, FLOWERS IN THE MOONLIGHT.



WAIT! . . . FLOWERS. THE **SPORES!** THE
SEEDS OF LIFE. ALL THAT TIME SPENT OUT
THERE. SEARCHING. NOT EVEN KNOWING WHAT
I WAS SEARCHING FOR. AN EXPLORER
ALWAYS LOOKING FOR VIRGIN LAND. AND
THEN WAY OUT THERE, SO FAR THAT ONE
MEASURES NOT WITH TIME AND SPACE,
BUT WITH SILENCE. THE SILENCE OF A
BILLION SUNS, ALL LEFT BEHIND. THERE,
SO **YOUNG** AND SO OLD; SO VITAL AND
SO **WISE** . . . THE **GREEN WORLD.**
FERTILITY UNBOUND.

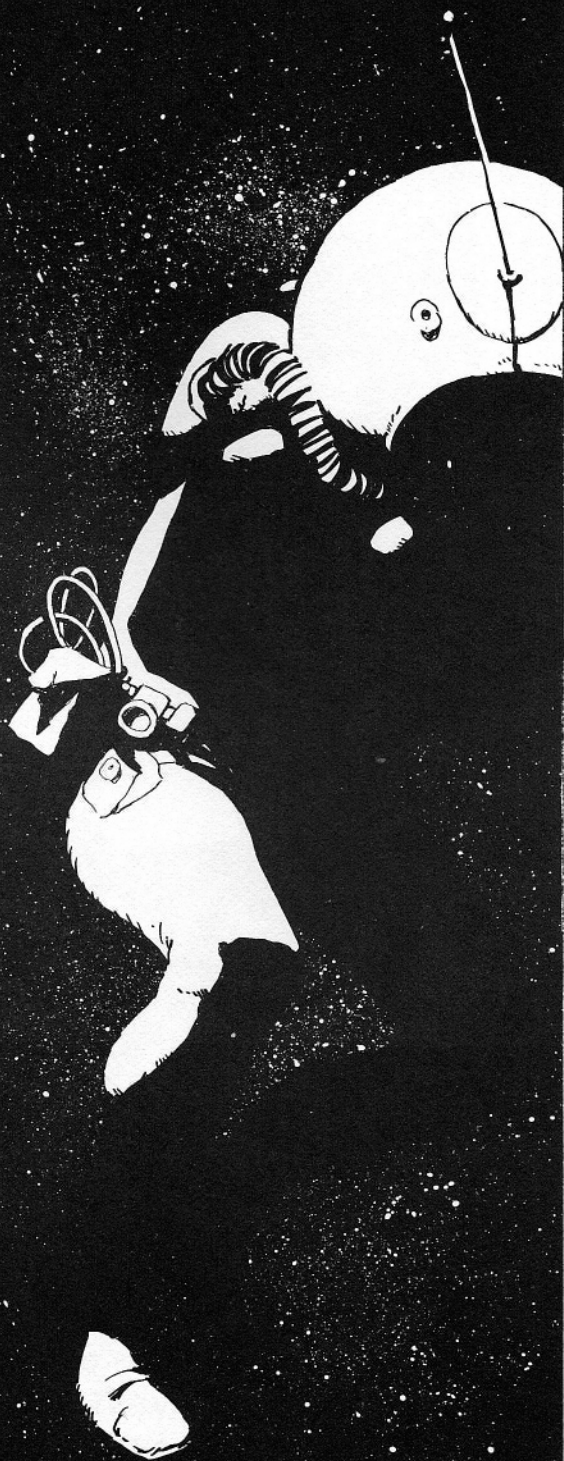


TWELVE YEARS IN SPACE . TWELVE YEARS WITHOUT MISHAP. TWELVE YEARS OF SEARCHING, EXPLORING- TO ENCOUNTER SOMETHING WORTHWHILE. TWELVE YEARS OF DEAD WORLDS.



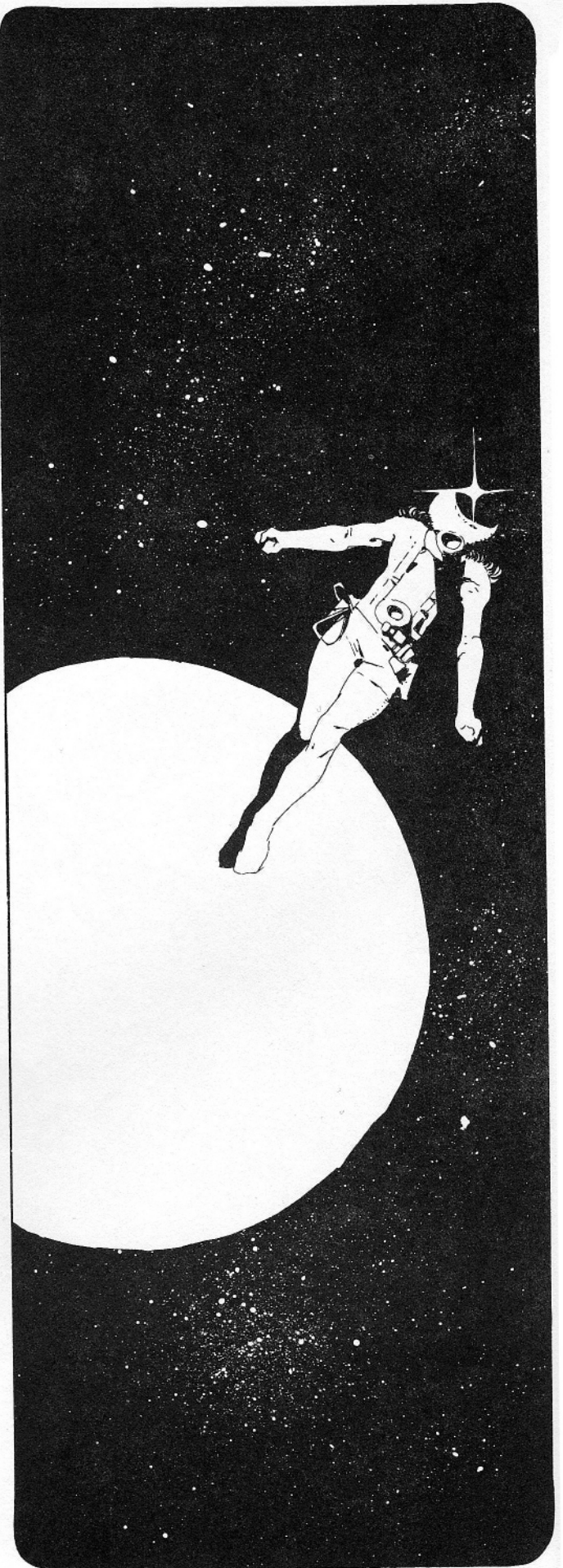
THEN FINALLY **THE** ENCOUNTER - THE GREEN WORLD. RICHES BY FAR THE MOST VALUABLE. **LIFE!** AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF BARRENNESS- TO FIND **LIFE!** AND NOW IN THE MIDST OF PREGNANT PROLIFERATION - MISHAP; AND DEATH. OVERHEATING. EXPLOSION. AND DEATH WITHOUT PURPOSE.

AND NOW BOTH ME AND MY SPORES IN ORBIT. IN ORBIT AROUND SOME NAME-LESS GLOBE; DEAD FROM THE LOOKS OF IT. . . IRONIC. WELL, IT NOW HAS A LIVING MOON; BUT FOR HOW LONG? WONDER WHICH WILL END FIRST; BREATHING, OR THINKING? BREATHING, I THINK.





BUT UNLIKE THOSE FLOWERS OUT THERE,
I'LL NEVER BLOOM. EARTH NOW WILL
NEVER HAVE ME NOR MY SEEDS OF LIFE.
NO, I WON'T BE LATE. I WON'T GET
HOME AT ALL. . . . MAYBE THEY
WON'T BE TOO ANGRY. . . . I . . .



THE PLANET WAS DYING. SOIL BECAME DUST IN THE GRIP OF AN INTRAGALACTIC RADIOACTIVE NEBULA. AND THE RAIN HAD THE TAIN OF POISON.



DAMRAT! IT'S GONE... FAST.



BUT NOW THE AIR WAS FRESH AND THE WATER CLEAR... AND THE BONES CLEAN. TIME WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT TO SEPARATE THE QUICK FROM THE DEAD.



THE SCATTERED FEW SCAVENGED THE ROCKS
AND THE CAVES. AND THE DAMRATS
SCAVENGED THE FEW.

WHILE FAR AWAY THE WHISTLING WIND
SANG SONGS OF DISTANT DEATH.



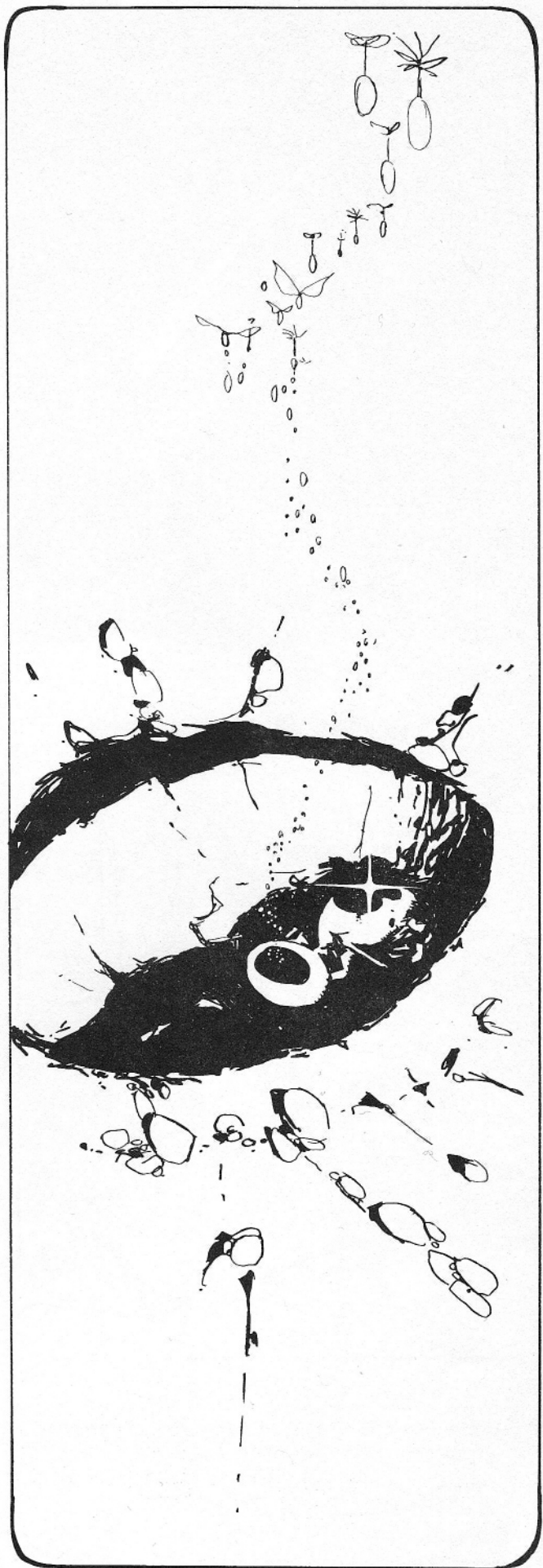
IT'S HOPELESS, LIA. HOW LONG DO YOU
THINK IT WILL BE BEFORE THE ANIMAL
HUNGER SETS ME UPON YOU . . . OR
YOU ME. WE CAN'T LAST YOU KNOW.
ANOTHER GENERATION WILL SEE US
GONE.

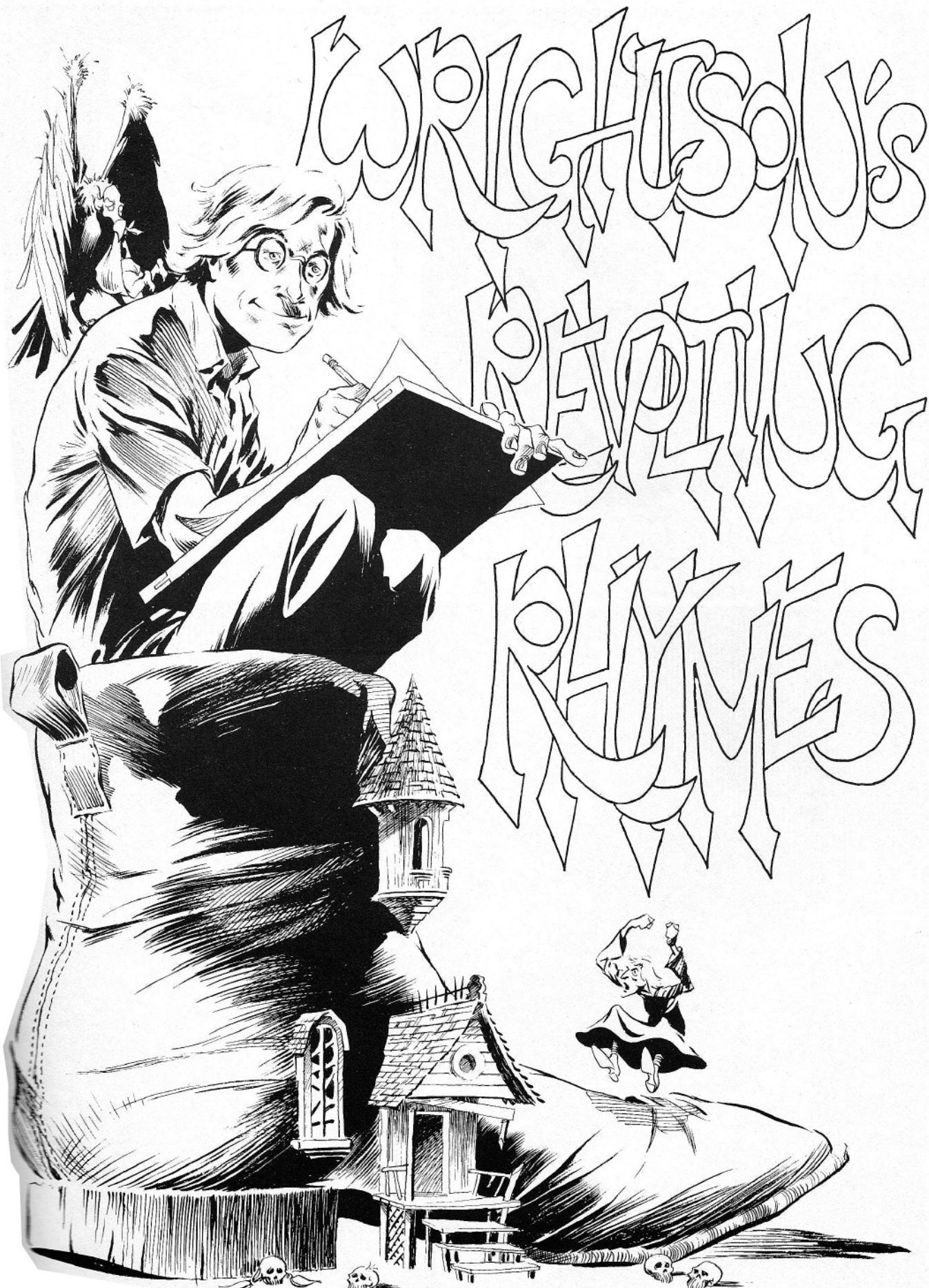


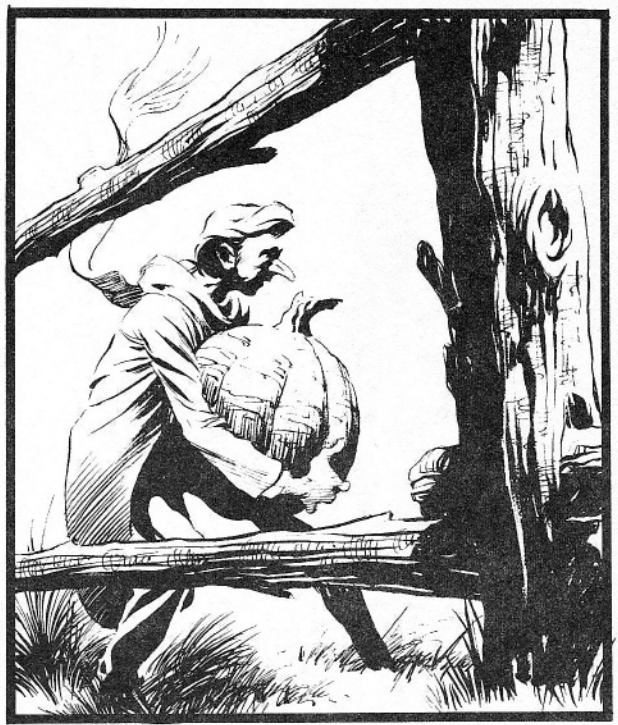
OH!

LIA... WHAT IS IT?





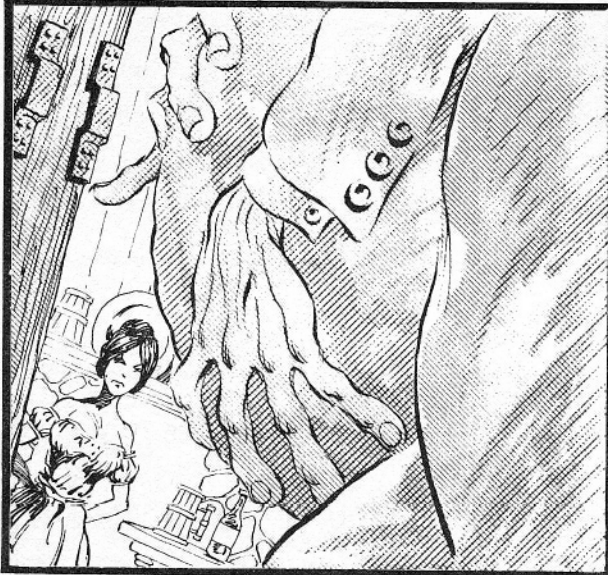




PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER...

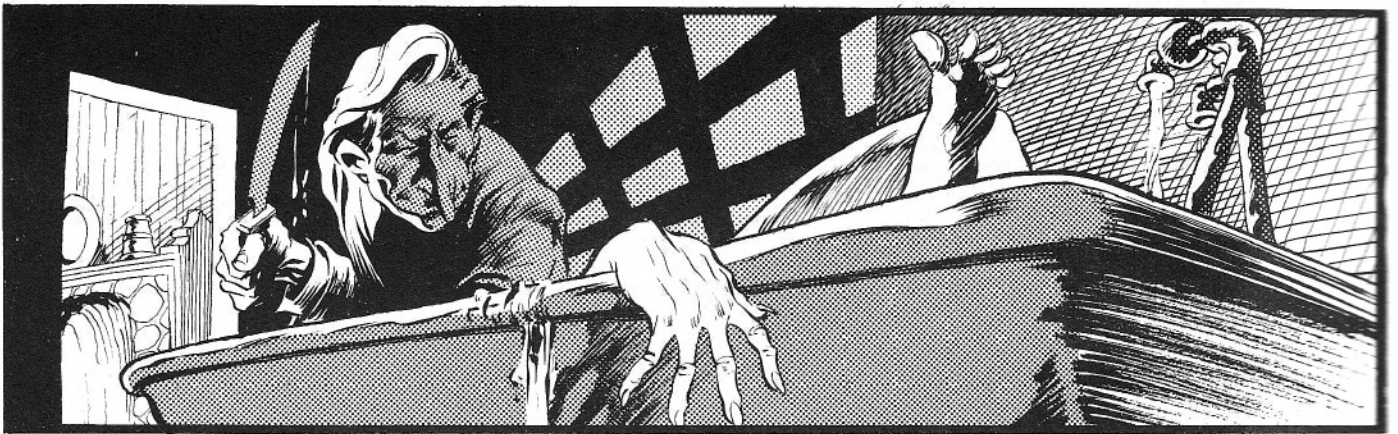


HAD A WIFE...



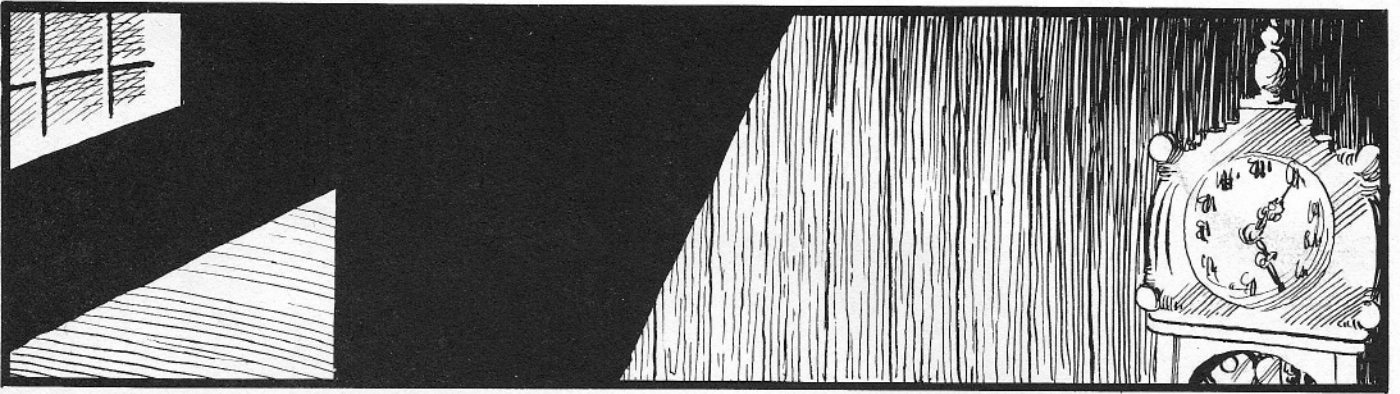
AND COULDN'T KEEP HER...





PUT HER IN A PUMPKIN SHELL





AND THERE HE KEPT HER VERY WELL



JACK SPRAT WOULD EAT NO FAT



...HIS WIFE WOULD EAT NO LEAN



BUT, BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM.....



THEY LICKED THE PLATTER CLEAN!!

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK,

THE MOUSE RAN UP THE CLOCK.



THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE ...

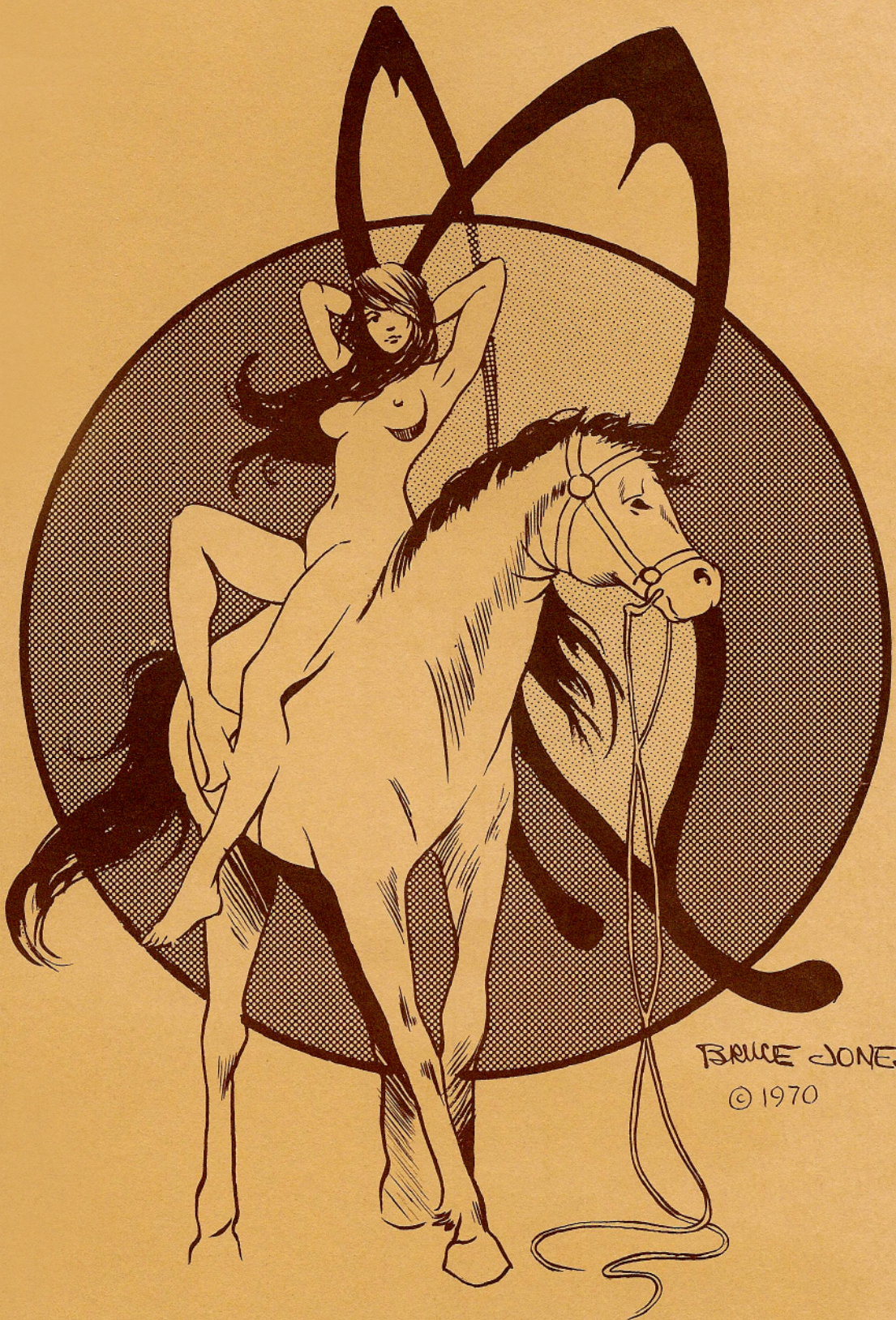


... AND DOWN HE RUN ...



HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.





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