



**Longevity**  
Windser, Therese

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Legend had it, that many thousands of years ago, right after the Great Horror, the whole continent of the west had slowly sunk beneath the West Water, and that once every century it arose during a full moon. Still, Captain Hinrik clung to the hope that the legend would not be borne out by truth. Perhaps the west continent still existed; perhaps, dare he hope, with civilization. The crew of the Semilunis thought him quite mad. After all, hadn't the east and south continents been completely annihilated from the great sky fires; and wasn't it said that they had suffered but a fraction of what the west continent had endured?

The Semilunis anchored at the mouth of a great river. The months of fear and doubt were at end. Here, at last, was the west continent. A small party of scouts was sent ashore with many cautions to be alert for luminous areas which meant certain death for those who remained too long in its vicinity. Armed with bow and arrow, the party made its way slowly up the great river. Nowhere was to be seen the color green, only dull browns and greys. And no sign of life, save for an occasional patch of lichen on a rock.

After several days of rowing, the food and water supply was almost half depleted and still no evidence of either past or present habitation. It was time to turn back, to travel all the weary months across the West Water, the journey all in vain. What a small reward for such an arduous trip ... just proof of the existence of a barren land mass, ugly and useless.

On the second day of the return to the Semilunis, the scouting party decided to stop and investigate a huge opening in the rocky mountain-side. How suspiciously regular and even it looked, particularly in comparison to the rest of the countryside which was jagged and chaotic.

They entered the cave apprehensively, torches aflame and weapons in hand. But all was darkness and quiet. Still, the regularity of the cave walls led them on. Some creature, man or otherwise, must have planned and built this ... but to what end? Now the cave divided into three forks. The torches gave only a hint of the immensity of the chambers that lay at the end of each. They selected the center chamber, approaching cautiously, breath caught in awe and excitement. The torches reflected on a dull black surface which was divided into many, many little squares. The sameness of them stretched for uncountable yards in all directions. What were these ungodly looking edifices? The black surface was cold and smooth to the touch and quite regular except for a strange little hole at the bottom of each square and a curious row of pictures along the top.

They would copy these strange pictures. Perhaps back home there would be a scholar who would understand the meaning behind these

last remains of the people of the west continent. The leader took out his slate and painstakingly copied:

Safeguard your valuables at ALLEGHANY MOUNTAIN VAULTS  
Box #4544356782

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Patrick Fahy

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*The Mightiest Man*

He had betrayed mankind, but he was not afraid of the consequences--ever!

Ellis Meredith

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*The Master-Knot of Human Fate*

Roy Rockwood

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*Five Thousand Miles Underground*

Dismantling the dirigible-ship Monarch & the submarine Porpoise, our crew constructs from the combined parts the Flying Mermaid which is both airship & submarine. They leave their home in Maine & head for a region of the South Polar sea where they previously found an opening into the Hollow Earth & fly right in. Deep below the earth they discover a lost race of giants & experience a tremendous lot of adventures involving a murderous plant, weird animals, & a subterranean temple of treasure. Using parts taken from the dirigible-ship Monarch and the submarine Dolphin our crew constructs the Flying Mermaid, an airship-submarine! They take their new vehicle to the South Polar sea and discover an entrance in the Hollow Earth, where they find a lost race of giants, murderous plants, weird animals, and a temple full of treasure...

Roy Rockwood

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*Lost on the Moon*

After learning of a diamond field on the Moon, our crew heads for the satellite, where they discover a petrified city populated by petrified people.

Al Sevcik

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*Survival Tactics*

The robots were built to serve Man; to do his work, see to his comforts, make smooth his way. Then the robots figured out an additional service--putting Man out of his misery.

Anne Walker

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*A Matter of Proportion*

In order to make a man stop, you must convince him that it's impossible to go on. Some people, though, just can't be convinced.

Robert Hugh Benson

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*Lord of the World*

In or about the year 2000, humanity has reached "that incredibly lofty goal to which its intrinsic efforts can carry it" — but rejected everything but crass materialism. Technology has advanced to the point where no one need work for a living, while the social sciences have achieved a smoothly-running if almost unbearably sterile social order. Formal religious beliefs except for Catholicism have been uprooted and eliminated as coherent systems, and the Catholic Church has been completely discredited in the eyes of the world, finally being outlawed. The result is everything the late Victorians and Edwardians believed would bring human happiness — and which brings nothing but the advent of new superstitions, despair, and the end of the world ... maybe.

Jim Harmon

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*Measure for a Loner*

You can measure everything these days--heat, light, gravity, reflexes, force-fields, star-drives. And now I know there even is a... Measure for a Loner.

G.L. Vandenburg

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*Martian V.F.W.*

There's nothing like a parade, I always say. Of course, I'm a Martian.

G.L. Vandenburg

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*Jubilation, U.S.A.*

You've heard, I'm sure, about the two Martians who went into a bar, saw a jukebox flashing and glittering, and said to it, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a joint like this?" Well, here's one about two Capellans and a slot-machine....



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