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An albino's sword has a mind of its own.
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Won't somebody please throw the werewolf a bone?

Folk was a fad, it
's as dated as Soul.
Reggae has had it,
Just like Rock 'n' Roll.
Heavy Metal's like the Blues—
A relic from the past...
Put on your plexi dancin' shoes.
And let that disco blast!

Shopping mall zombies are caught in the fallout.
Bruegel pedestrians block up the streets.
Chess master wizards are waiting to crawl out
And swipe little robot girls' baskets of treats.

Country sounds mopey.
And Jazz had its day.
Opera's just dopey,
and Salsa's passé.
Heavy Metal's like the Blues—
A relic from the past.
So wash them Quaaludes down with booze.
And let that disco blast!

—S.K.

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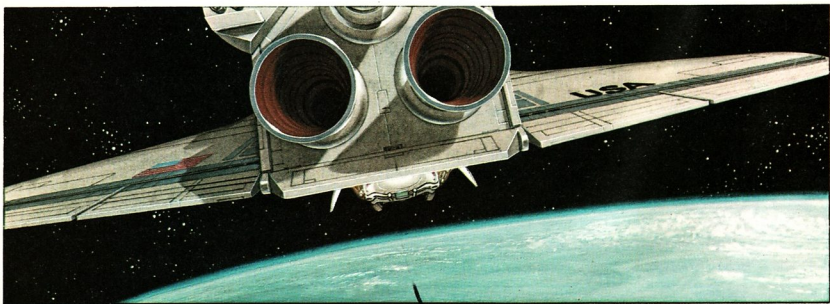
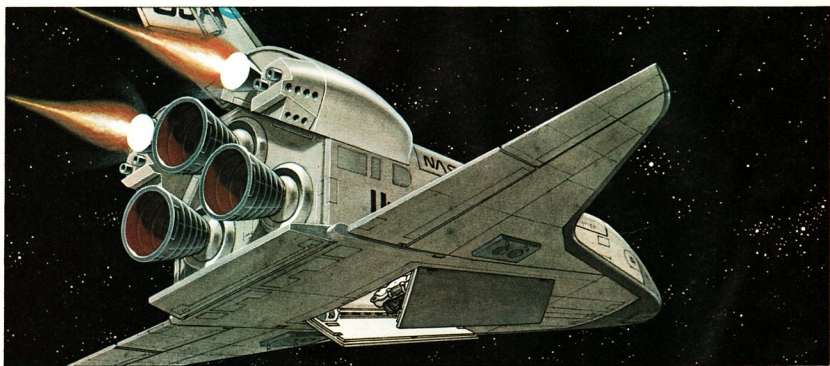
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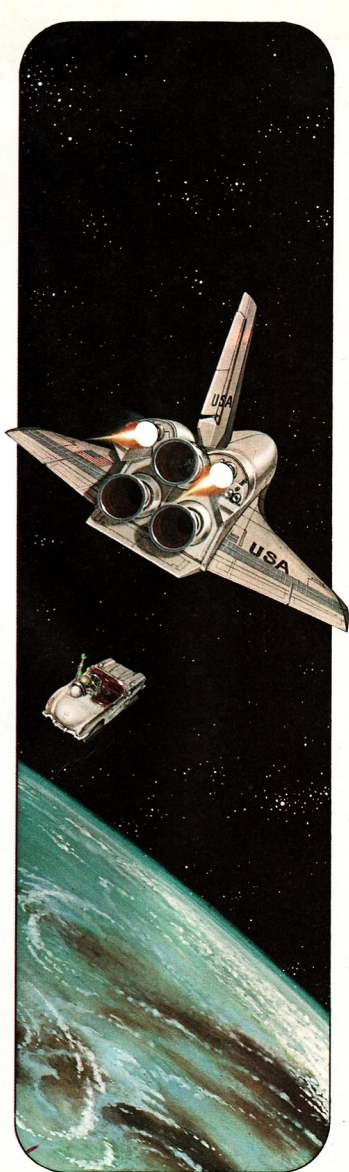
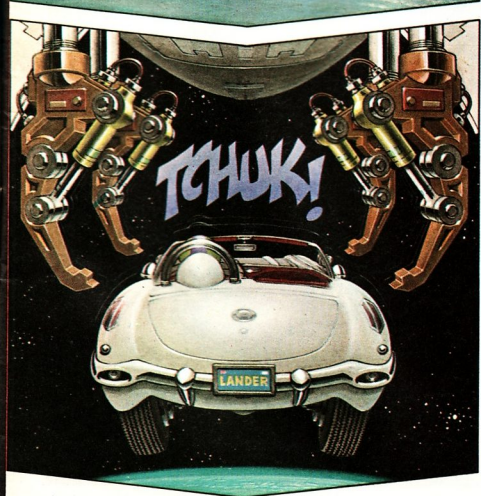
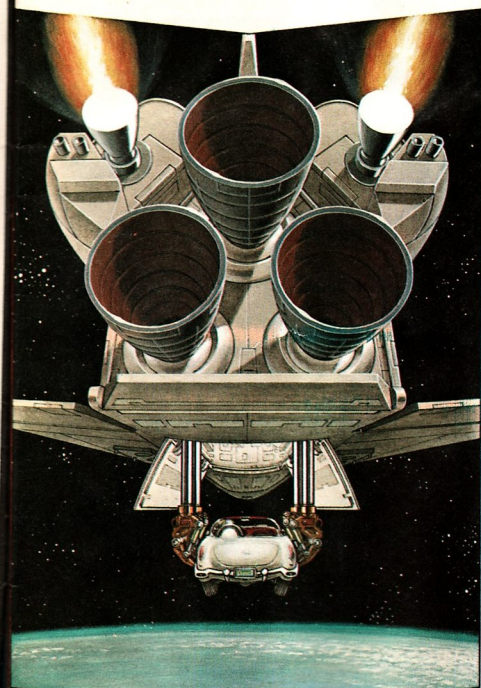
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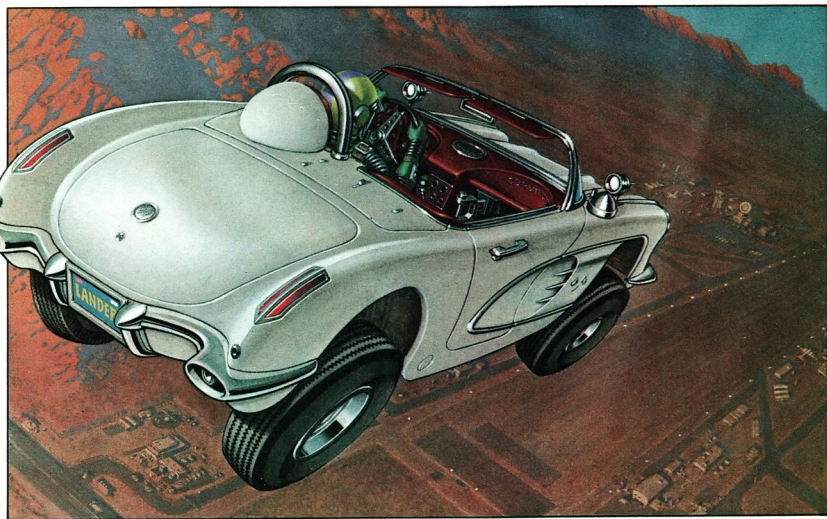
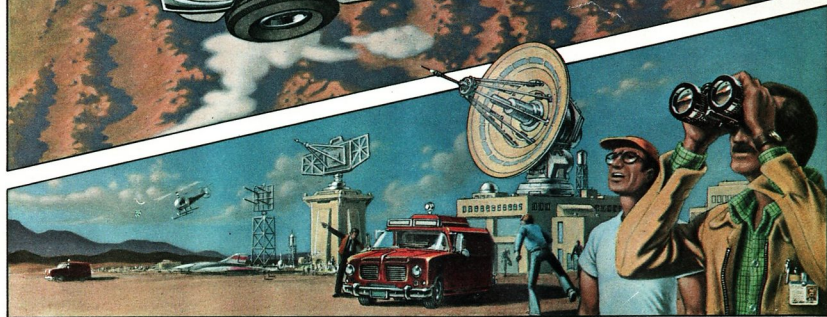
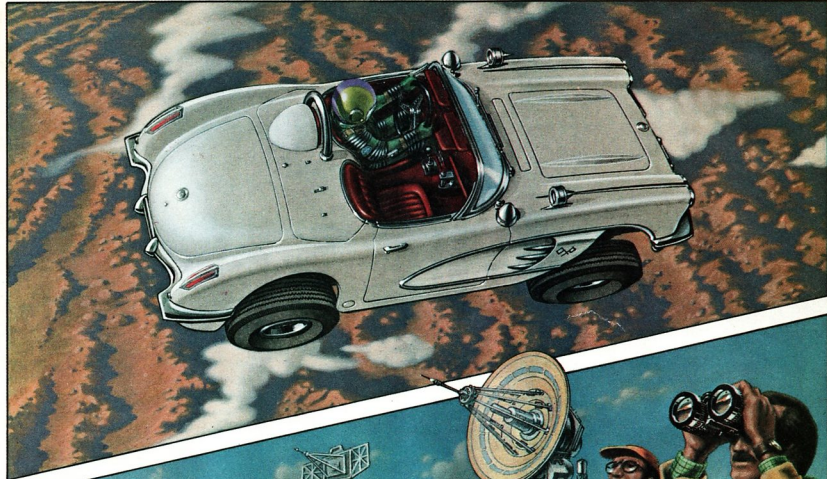
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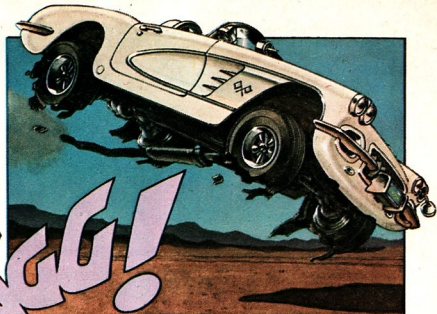
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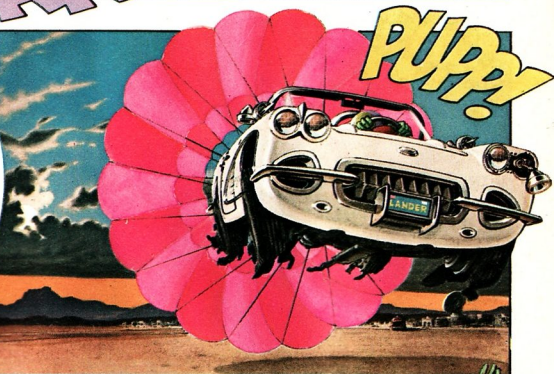








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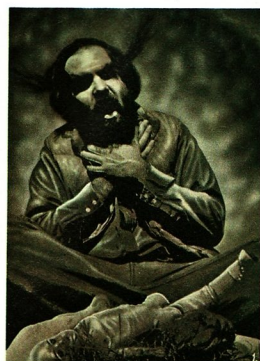
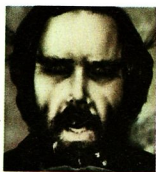
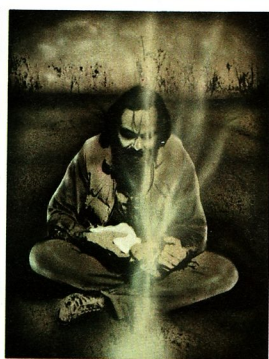
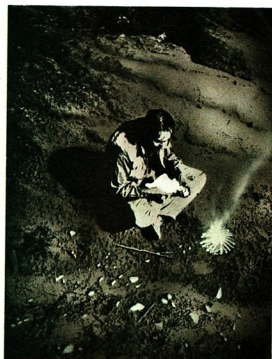
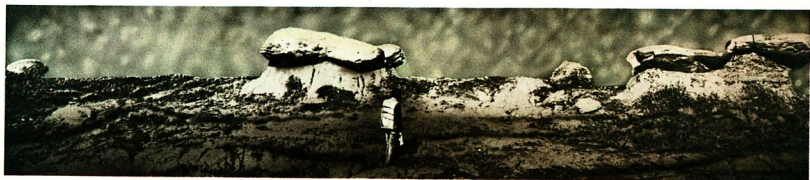
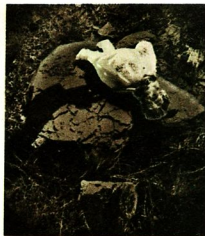


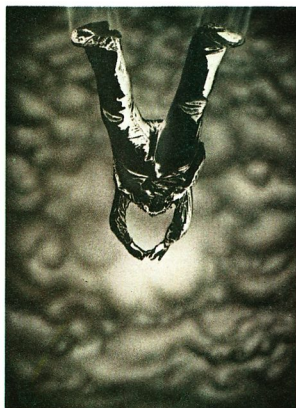
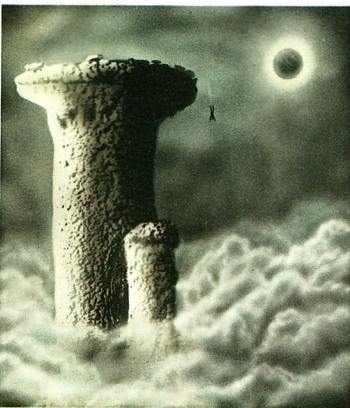
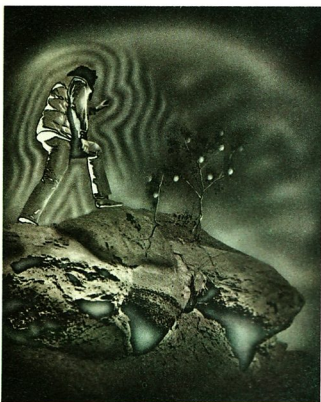
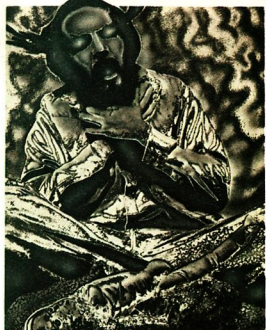
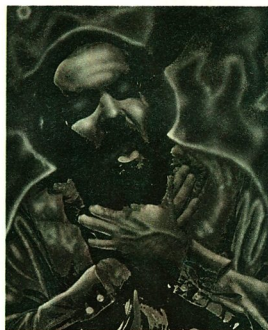
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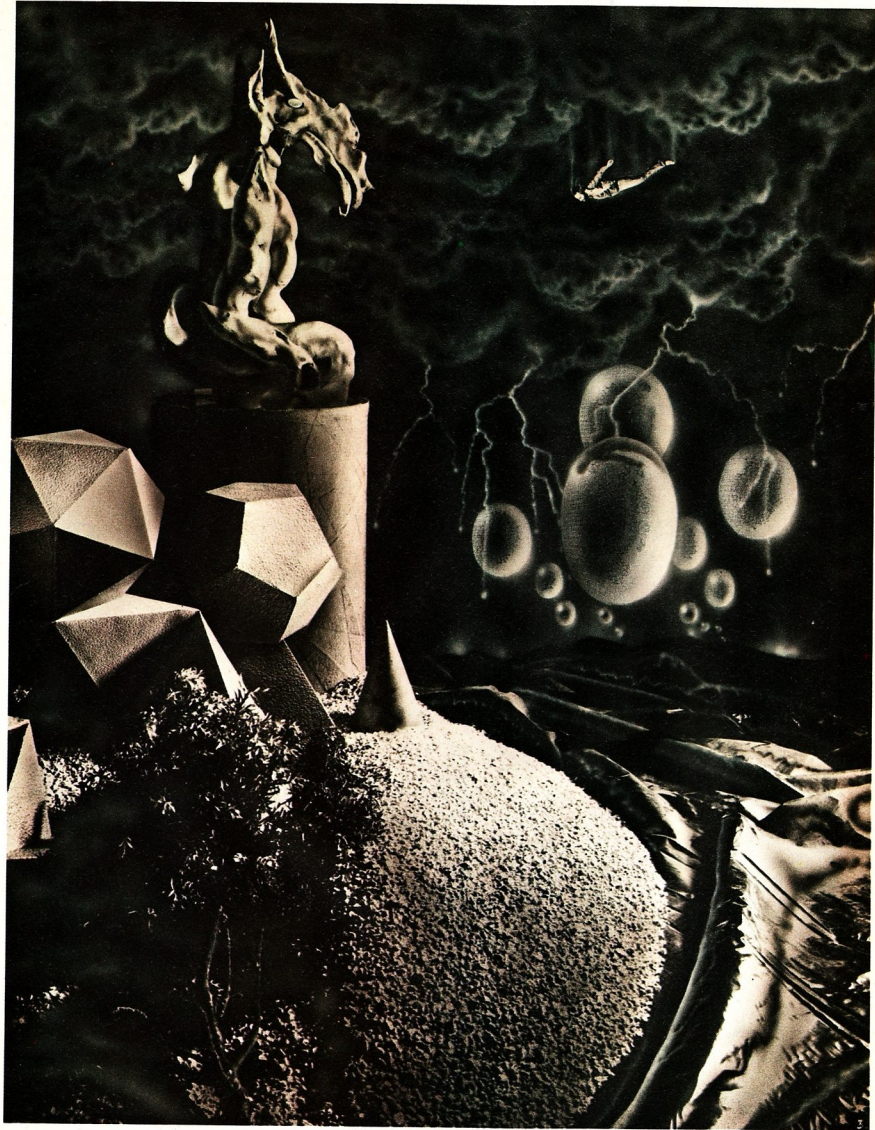


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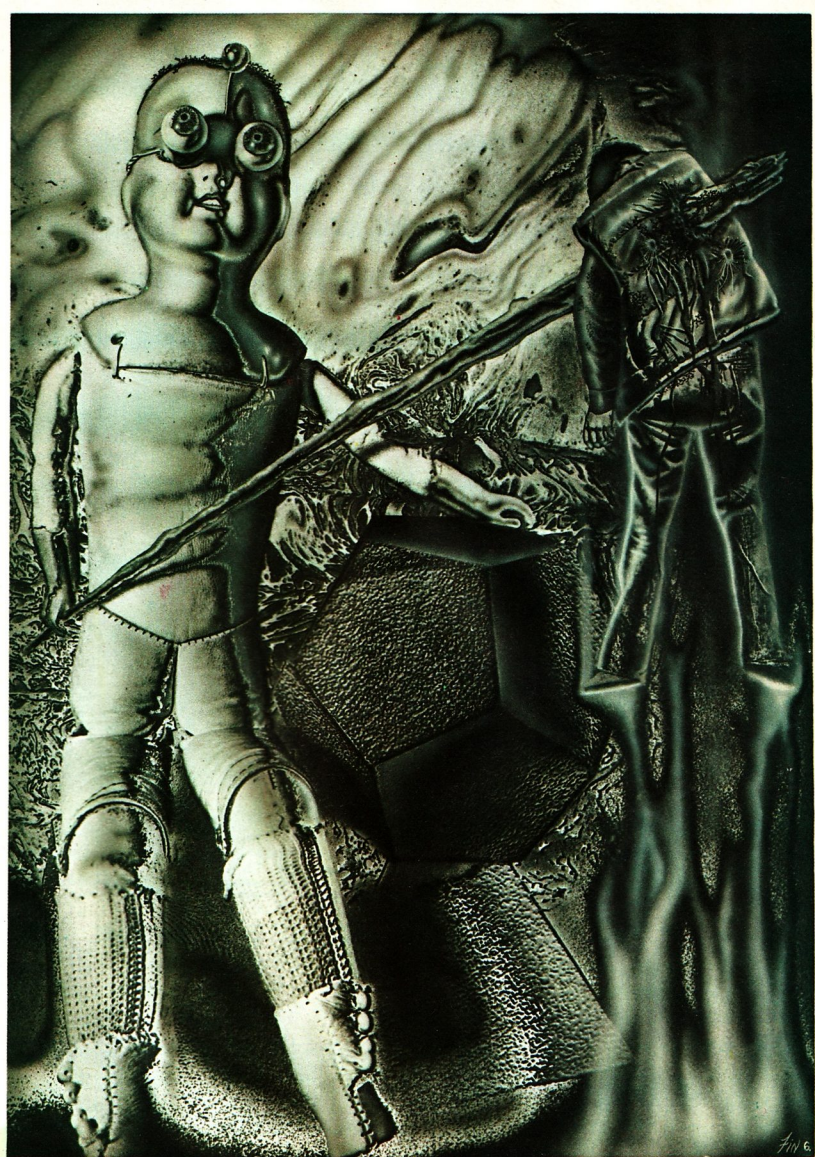












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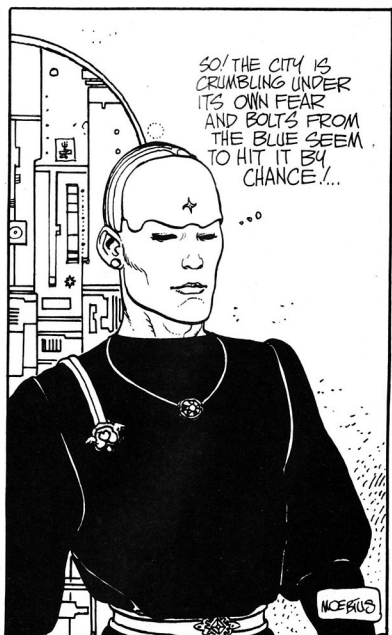
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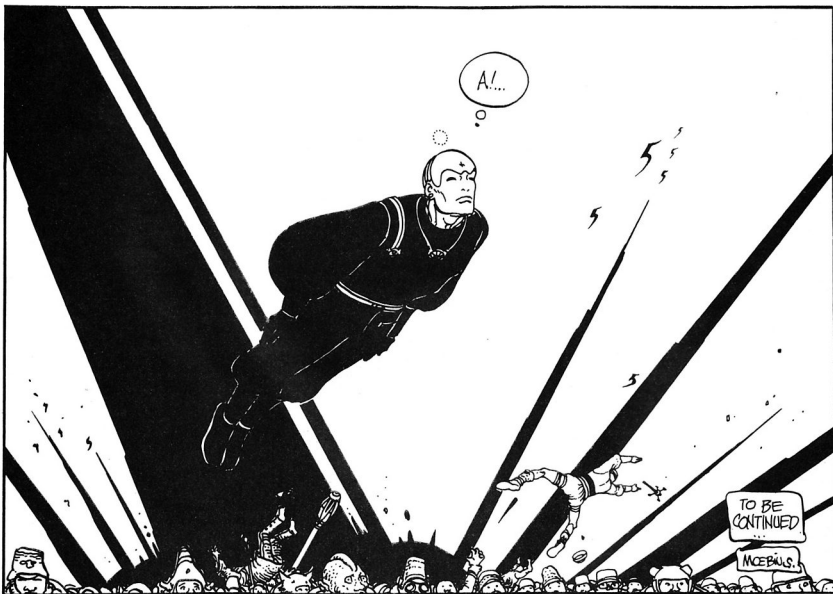
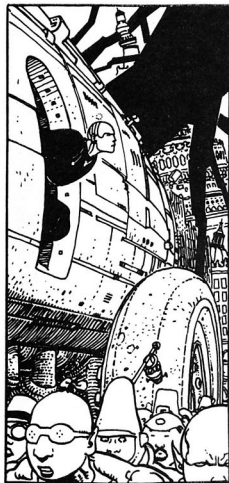
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GARAGE OF
JERRY
CORNELIUS
by MOEBIUS

OUR STORY SO FAR: THINGS ARE GOING BADLY ON THE SECOND LEVEL: ARMJOURTH IS BEING SHELLED FROM THE HEAVENS, AND SURROUNDED BY THIS CHAOS, J. CORN. FINALLY MAKES HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE GOLDEN CAPITAL, THE PEARL OF THE TUNDRA...





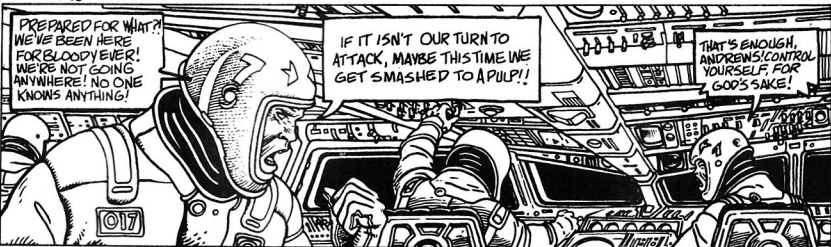


ALERT!
ALWAYS ON
THE ALERT!

BE PREPARED,
SERPANT KUMP,
BE PREPARED!!

ONLY CONNECT - THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME

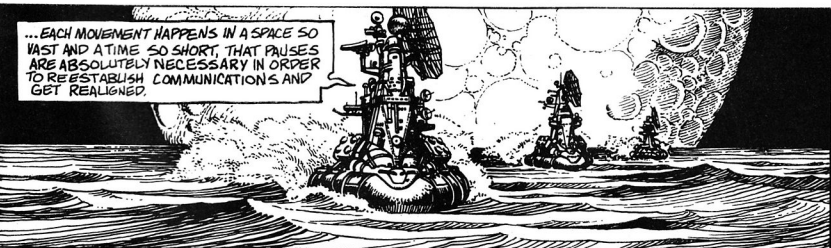
BY ALIAS



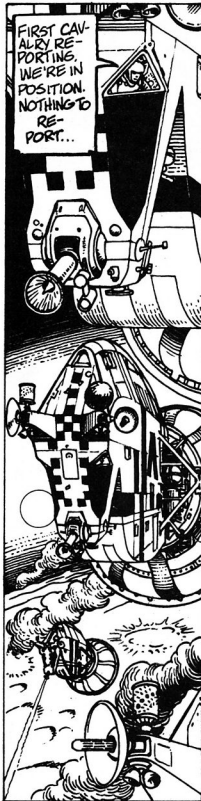
PREPARED FOR WHAT?
WE'VE BEEN HERE
FOR BLOODY EVER!
WE'RE NOT GOING
ANYWHERE! NO ONE
KNOWS ANYTHING!

IF IT ISN'T OUR TURN TO
ATTACK, MAYBE THIS TIME WE
GET SMASHED TO A PULP!!

THAT'S ENOUGH,
ANDREWS! CONTROL
YOURSELF, FOR
GOD'S SAKE!



...EACH MOVEMENT HAPPENS IN A SPACE SO
VAST AND A TIME SO SHORT, THAT PAUSES
ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY IN ORDER
TO REESTABLISH COMMUNICATIONS AND
GET REALIGNED.

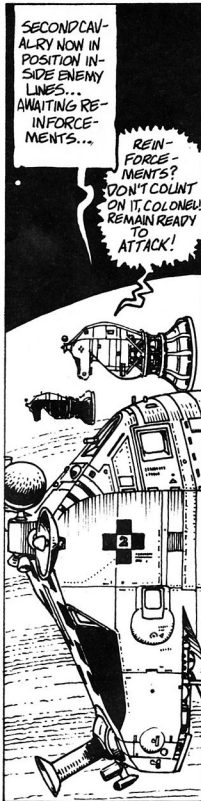


FIRST CAV-
ALRY RE-
PORTING.
WE'RE IN
POSITION.
NOTHING TO
RE-
PORT...



GOOD LORD! WHAT'S
THE GOOD OF
JUMPING AROUND
THROUGH THE UNI-
VERSE, IF YOU
HAVE TO WAIT THERE
FOR THE ENEMY
REACTION?

YEAH... THESE
PAUSES ARE
UNNERVING.
DO WHAT I DO.
TAKE SOME
O.K.
RATIONS.



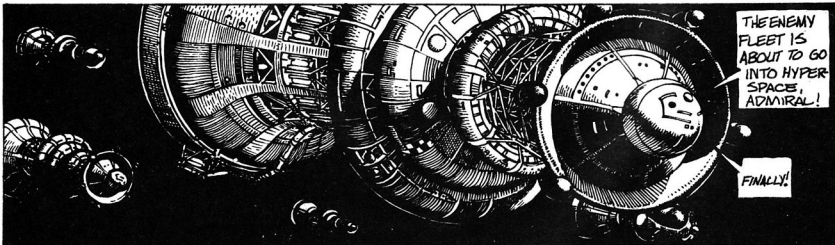
SECOND CAV-
ALRY NOW IN
POSITION IN-
SIDE ENEMY
LINES...
AWAITING RE-
INFORCE-
MENTS...

REIN-
FORCE-
MENTS?
DON'T COUNT
ON IT, COLONEL!
REMAIN READY
TO
ATTACK!



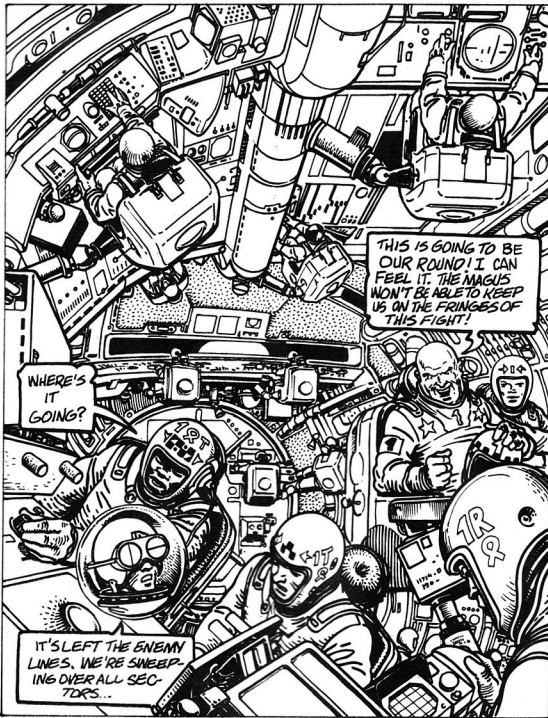
GOOD LORD...
THIS CAN'T BE
TRUE!... THEY'RE
THERE, THEY'VE
SPOTTED US,
THEY'LL DEMOL-
ISH US!

SHUT UP, BLUE SHIT!
EVEN THE SPACE FLEET
LEADER, THE BATTLE
QUEEN, IS NOTHING
MORE THAN A PAWN
IN ALL THIS SHIT! SO
YOU'RE NOTHING AT ALL!
GET IT?
NOTHING!!



THE ENEMY
FLEET IS
ABOUT TO GO
INTO HYPER
SPACE, ADMIRAL!

FINALLY!



THIS IS GOING TO BE OUR ROUND! I CAN FEEL IT. THE MAGUS WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP US ON THE FRINGES OF THIS FIGHT!

WHERE'S IT GOING?

IT'S LEFT THE ENEMY LINES. WE'RE SWEEPING OVER ALL SECTORS...



WE'LL WIN THE DECISIVE BATTLE, AND THE SPACE FLEET WILL BE VICTORIOUS!

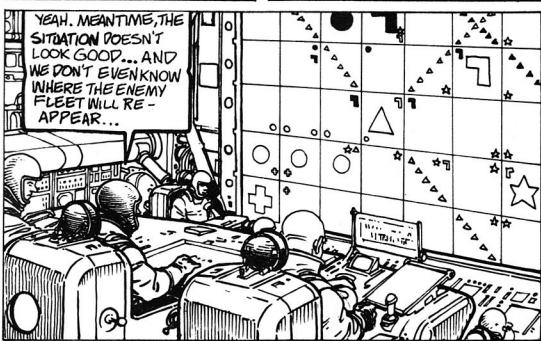
SO WILL THE AD. MURAL...



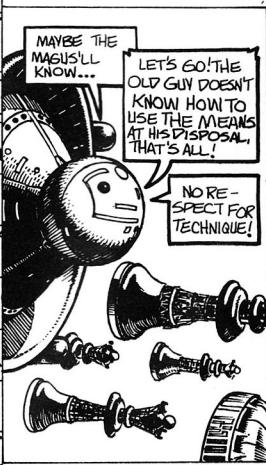
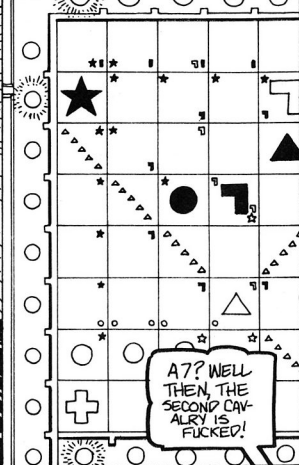
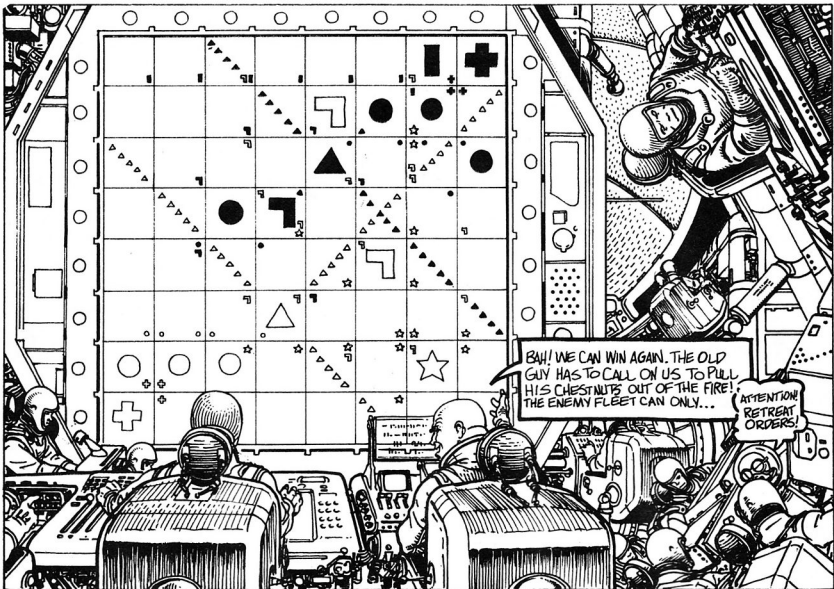
AND WHY NOT? THE MAGUS MIGHT LOSE THIS WAR AGAINST THE AN-DRINOS... BUT HE CAN'T WIN WITHOUT US!

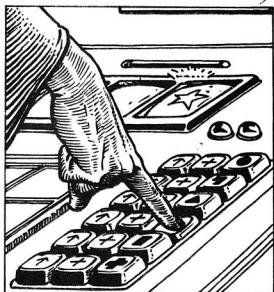
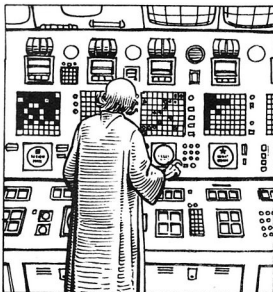
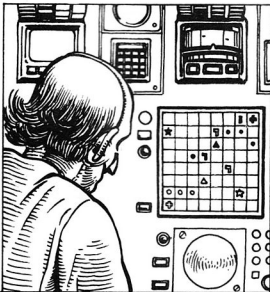
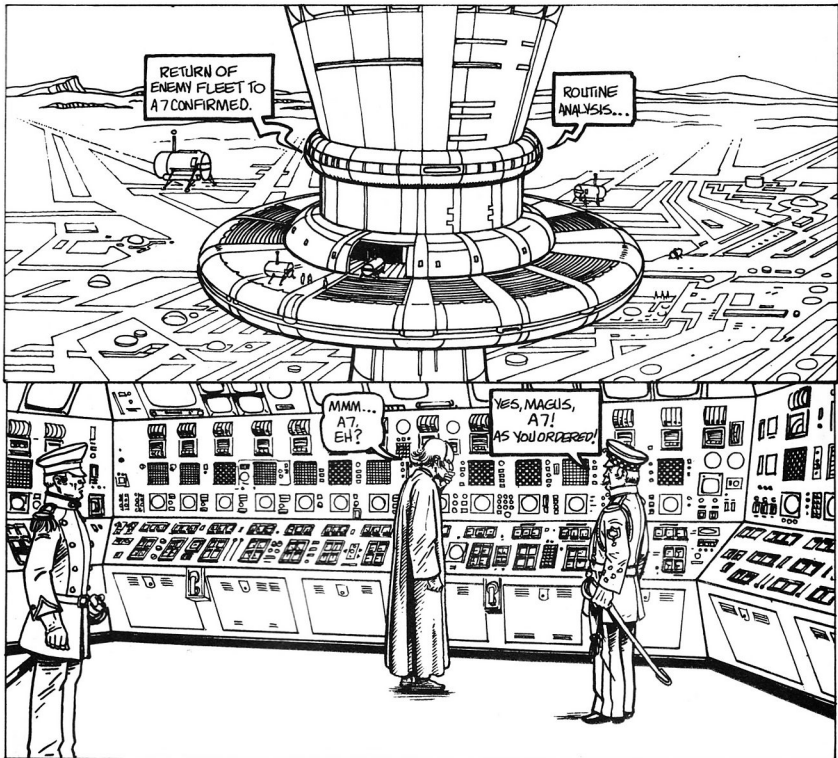


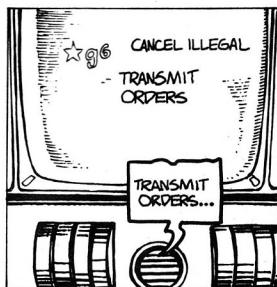
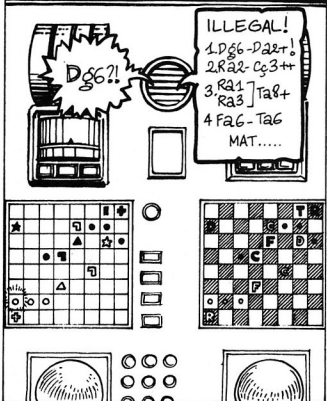
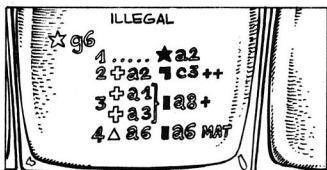
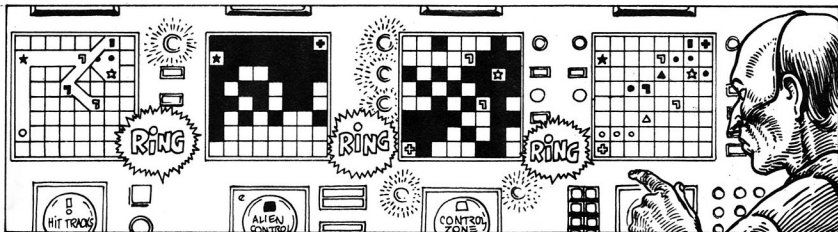
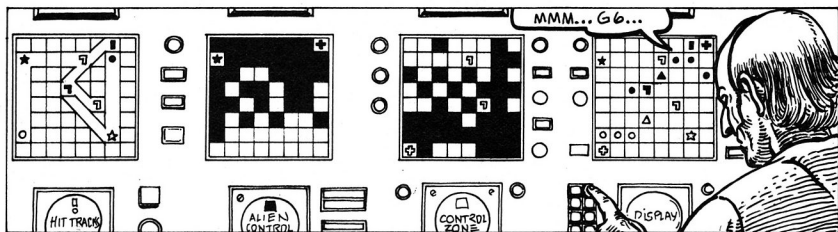
AND IF WE RETURN TO ALBA AS VICTORS, IT WILL BE BECAUSE OF OUR WEAPONS AND OUR IDEAS! THE OLD FOOL WILL GO BACK TO HIS IVORY TOWER.



YEAH. MEANTIME, THE SITUATION DOESN'T LOOK GOOD... AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE ENEMY FLEET WILL RE-APPEAR...







BUCK ROGERS

IN THE
25TH
CENTURY



JIM LAWRENCE

GRAY MORROW

ON THE MOON OF MADNESS!

THE PLANET
XOUB!

MY ENIGMA!... FROM ALL
INDICATIONS ITS ATMOSPHERE
SEEMS IDEAL TO SUPPORT LIFE...

NO SHORTAGE OF
FLORA OR FAUNA
OTHER DOGS

BUT NO SIGN OF
ANY HUMAN OR
OTHER INTELLIGENT
LIFE FORMS...

...YET NOTHING HAS BEEN
HEARD FROM ITS INHABITANTS
IN OVER A THOUSAND YEARS!

BY SIM LAURENCE & GARY MCKENNA

A RACE OF SOME
SORT DWELT HERE!

WHAT FANTASTIC MURALS!

MONSTERS WITH
HUMAN FACES!

A MOON
TEMPLE,
PERHAPS?

DO YOU SUPPOSE
THOSE CREATURES
WERE REAL OR
MYTHOLOGICAL?

IF THEY'RE THE
JOKERS WHO
BUILT THIS
CITY--WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THEM?



GOOD QUESTIONS!...
BUT WE'D BETTER BE
GETTING BACK TO
THE SHIP!

WHAT A STRANGE
RADIANCE XOLBIAN
MOON CASTS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DR. HUEZ!
IT ALONE MAY BE THE
KEY TO THE MOON CASTS!

IT ALONE MAY BE THE
KEY TO THE MOON CASTS!

WE MAY NEVER UNRIDDLE THE
XOLBIAN'S FATE--YET I'VE A
FEELING THE ANSWER LIES--
UP THERE!

FLY ME TO THE
MOON, HUH?

OKAY--YES--WE
GOT IT!

WHAT ABOUT THE LUNAR
ATMOSPHERE, DR. HUEZ?

NO PROBLEM, WILMA--IT
TOO, IS FULLY CAPABLE OF
SUPPORTING LIFE!



AS DESERTED AS
XOLB ITSELF!

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN,
DR. HUER!... I F-FEEL IT, TOO!

LOOK!

LIFE, AT LAST~~!

BUT EVEN MORE
DISTURBING!

SOUNDS LIKE
THEY'RE BOTH
COMING INGLUED!

... OR WHAT'S
LEFT OF IT!

SOMETHING EVIL
ABOUT THIS SPOT!
... HOW CAN I
TRUST EITHER OF
THEM?... AFTER
ALL, THEY'RE
BOTH~~MALE!

HMM, I SEE IT NOW~~WHY
MOONS ARE EMOTIONALLY
DISTURBING! IN FEMALES
~~THE LUNAR PERIOD! AS
FOR BUCK, LUNAR=LOONY!

WACKO~~BOTH OF 'EM!

SMALL WONDER WITH
DOC'S MENTAL OVERLOAD
... BUT WILMA, TOO?!



HOLY SMOKIN'
ROCKETS!
WHAT'S THAT?!



BUCK--MY
DARLING!







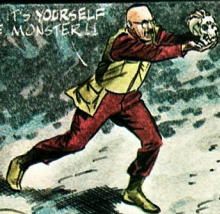
CRIPES! EVEN CARVING
MY INITIAL DOESN'T
FAZE THE BRUTE!!



STOP--!!



LOOK! ...IT'S YOURSELF
YOU SEE MONSTER!!



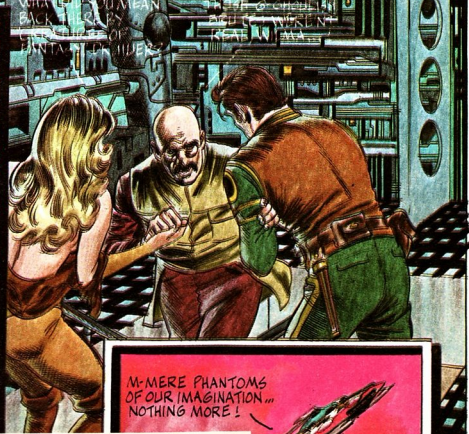
IT'S DISINTEGRATING!

AS DO WE ALL--
WHEN CONFRONTED
WITH OUR INEXORABLE
FATE! EVEN
CREATURES OF
FANTASY
CANNOT FACE
UP TO--
DEATH!!



UGGHH! STEADY ON, WILMA
GIRL! I'LL SOON
HAVE YOU
FREE!





M-MERE PHANTOMS
OF OUR IMAGINATION...
NOTHING MORE!



This certificate will save you \$8.00
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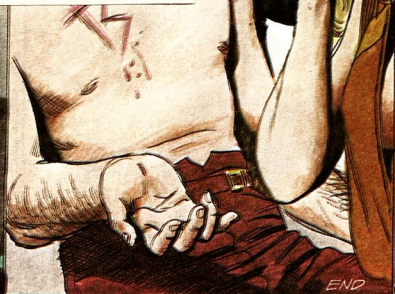
HEAVY

the illustrated fantasy magazine

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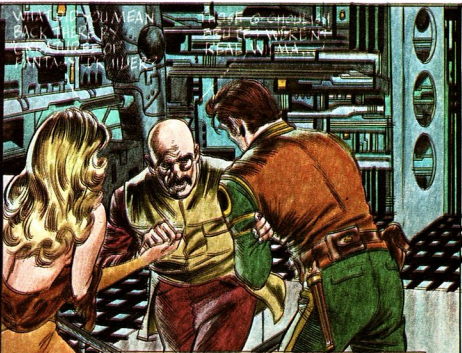
The magazine of excitement, imag-
ination, terror, and insight into the
beyond.

An original creation of Les Hu-
munoides of France, brought to his
country by Twenty First Century
Communications, publishers of the
National Lampoon.



END

LET'S GO, DOC! C-COMING, BUCK!



M-MERE PHANTOMS
OF OUR IMAGINATION...
NOTHING MORE!



...TO TAKE
ON LIVING
FORM!

IS SOMETHING IN
THE LUNAR ENVIRONMENT
SEEMING TO
AMPLIFY OUR
ENABLING CAPABILITIES...

END

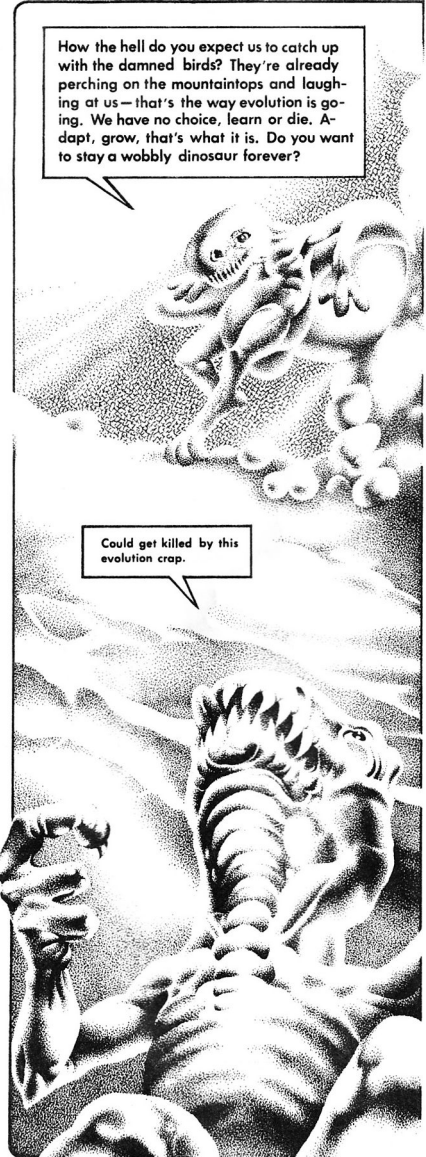
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RISEING TO THE OCCASION KENNETH STITH 1978



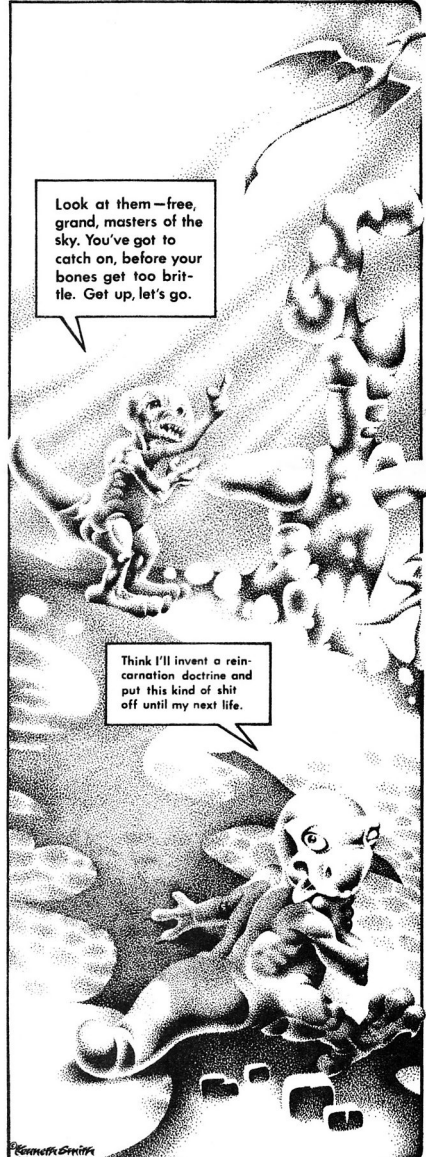
All right, son.
Keep your tail
straight out.
Land on the
balls of your
feet.





How the hell do you expect us to catch up with the damned birds? They're already perching on the mountaintops and laughing at us—that's the way evolution is going. We have no choice, learn or die. Adapt, grow, that's what it is. Do you want to stay a wobbly dinosaur forever?

Could get killed by this evolution crap.



Look at them—free, grand, masters of the sky. You've got to catch on, before your bones get too brittle. Get up, let's go.

Think I'll invent a reincarnation doctrine and put this kind of shit off until my next life.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



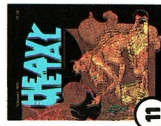
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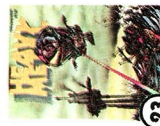
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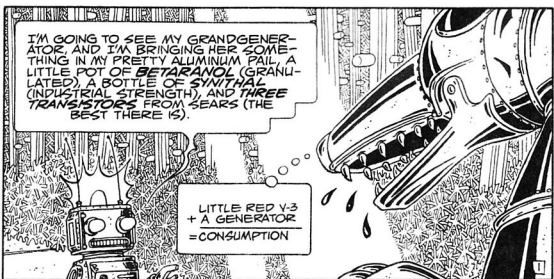
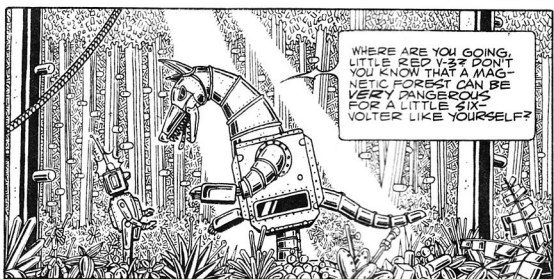
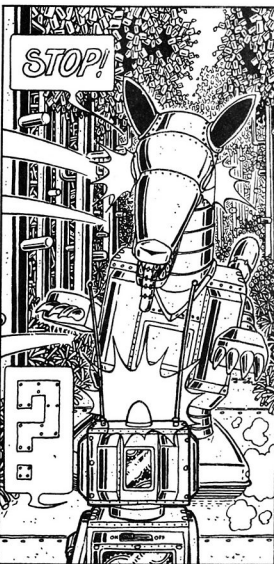


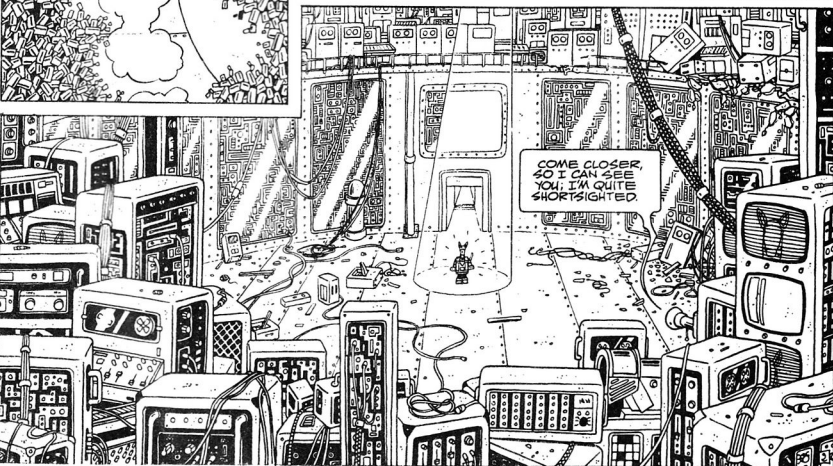
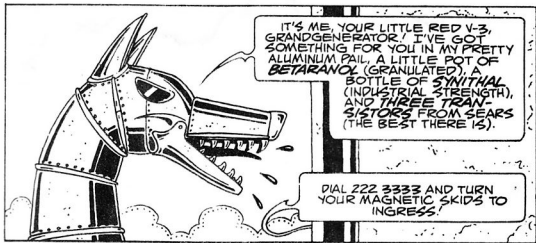
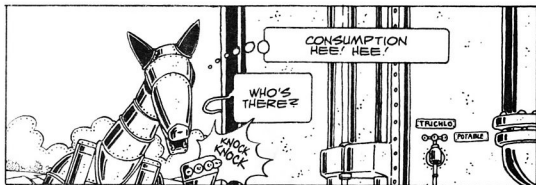
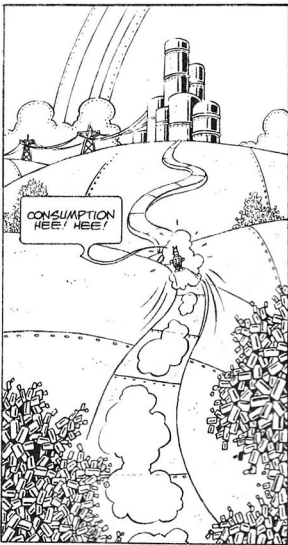
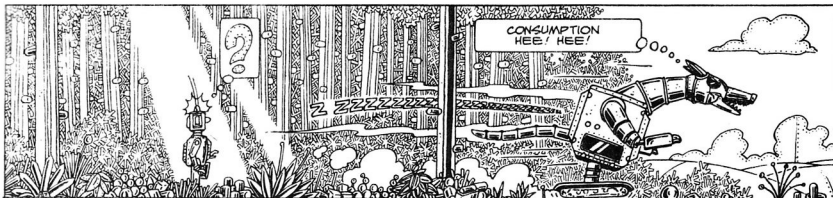
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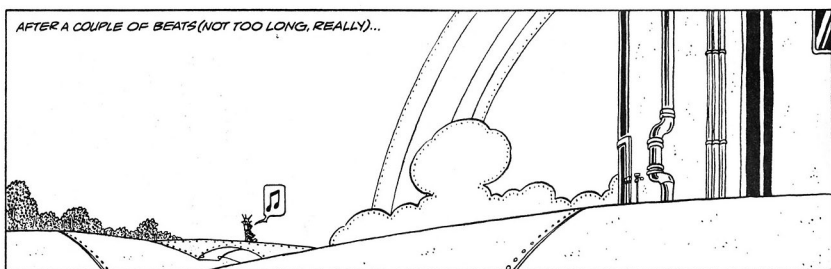
LITTLE RED V-3

A METALLIC TALE

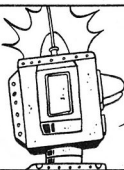
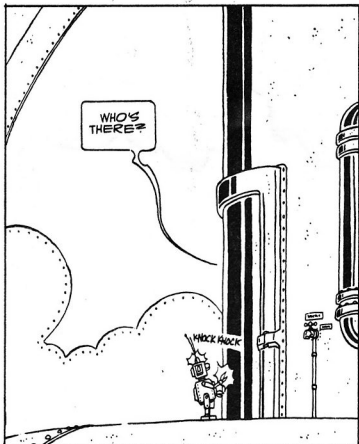




AFTER A COUPLE OF BEATS (NOT TOO LONG, REALLY)...

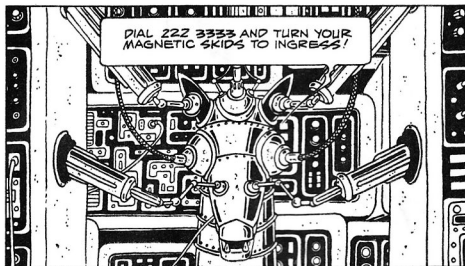


WHO'S THERE?



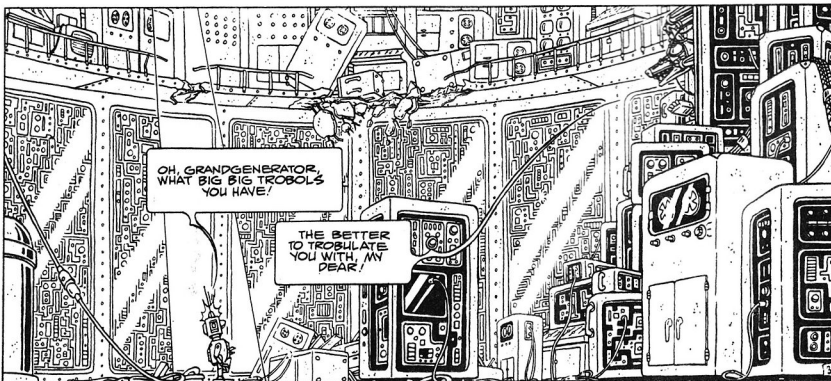
IT'S ME, LITTLE RED V-3.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR
YOU IN MY PRETTY ALUMINUM
PAIL, A LITTLE POT OF
BETARNOU (GRANULATED),
A BOTTLE OF **SYNTHAL**
(INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH)
AND **THREE TRANSISTORS**
FROM SEARS (THE BEST
THERE IS).

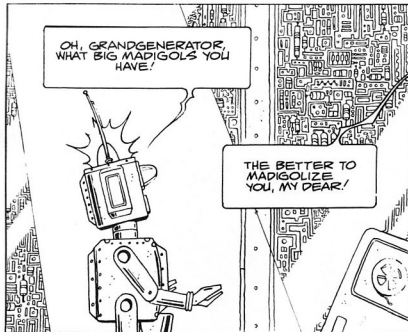
DIAL 222 3333 AND TURN YOUR
MAGNETIC SKIDS TO INGRESS!



OH, GRANDGENERATOR,
WHAT BIG BIG TROBOLS
YOU HAVE!

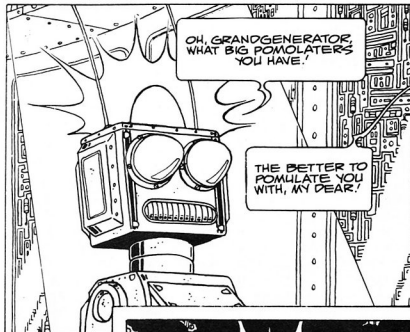
THE BETTER
TO TROBULATE
YOU WITH, MY
DEAR!





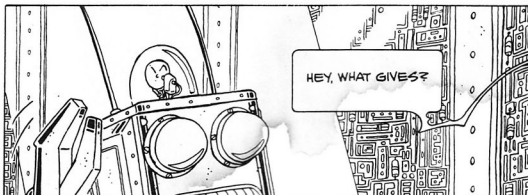
OH, GRANDGENERATOR,
WHAT BIG MADIGOLS YOU
HAVE!

THE BETTER TO
MADIGOLIZE
YOU, MY DEAR!

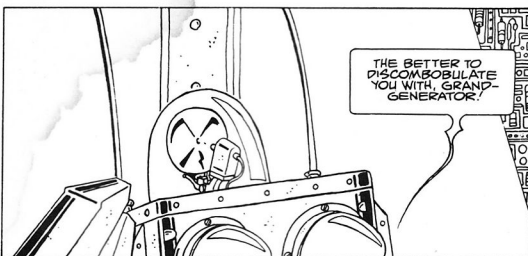


OH, GRANDGENERATOR,
WHAT BIG POMOLATERS
YOU HAVE!

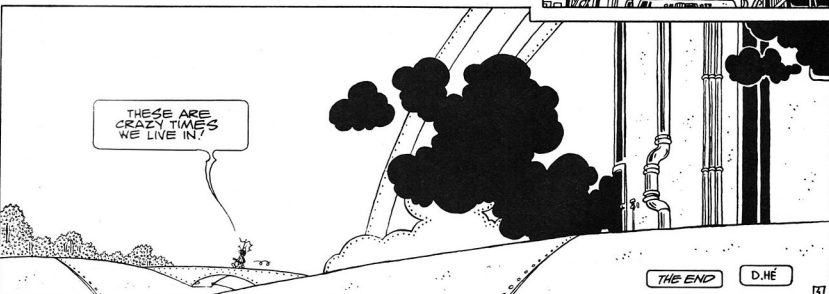
THE BETTER TO
POMULATE YOU
WITH, MY DEAR!



HEY, WHAT GIVES?



THE BETTER TO
DISCOMBOBULATE
YOU WITH, GRAND-
GENERATOR!



THESE ARE
CRAZY TIMES
WE LIVE IN!

THE END

D.MÉ

The Grail War

by Richard Monaco

Broaditch of Nigh was watching the bony-backed mules *plop-plopping* along the muddy trail that frothed under the steady rain. Their sides were slick, and the animal reek hung in the sluggish, cool air, sharper than the smell of earth. The open cart jerked and creaked along. He wondered if he might not have done better to walk. The cold water splashed over his hood and spattered his reddened face.

The heavy-bearded monk, face obscure in the shadow of his full cowl, held the reins with chapped fingers. His long body swayed with each lurch and tilt as they moved across the open, rolling, flooded fields through the oppressive, unrelieved gray daylight....

"King Arthur's been dead over a year's time," the monk was just saying as the cart labored through a grove of bedraggled, autumnal apple trees.

"As long as that?" Broaditch reflected. "And I just heard the news a fortnight since."

"Over a year's time, brother," the other confirmed. "And you say you seek the famous knight Parsival of the Grail? But what can your business be with such a one?"

Broaditch cracked his big knuckles. His massive body swayed only slightly as the team struggled unevenly on.

"I oftimes wish I were more certain myself," he said meditatively. "But I think it's the Grail, brother."

"You seek it? Ah...you and the devil, too."

"I left my wife, three children, and a fair farm...."

"Well," the monk reflected, just his knotted, wet beard showing, "we say that's a call."

Broaditch folded his powerful arms inside his worn, stained cloak.

"I cannot say," he commented, "but I know the world wearies me...." He shook his head. "I might be like yourself at that, save God has not spoken. Aye, He's been notably silent in my case....Yet the world is weary and stale....So have I thought more and more as my years mount and ride me down...."

"God's voice is not as men's. You hear it and know it not. Yet you are led, often to purpose, by what seems chance and foolishness." The monk was very matter-of-fact.

"I cannot say....But over the years I find I think more and more of the Grail and Lord Parsival, whom I knew as a boy....Aye, that's sooth. I served in his mother's domain....more years ago than bears thinking....Perhaps I but *want* to believe he found it and knew joy and light without end....No doubt I want to believe it...." He sighed and now clasped his hands over his knees, then squeezed the soaked leather. "And yet I love my wife and little ones...." He sighed, shook his head, and smiled wryly. "If this be heavenly advice I've taken, brother, it truly does seem foolishness."

"If it were clearer," the monk said, whipping the reins up to stir the sluggish team, "the end you seek might frighten you away." Broaditch looked at him thoughtfully, but he said nothing. "Recall, the devil sought it, too."

"Did he?" Broaditch wasn't quite amused yet.

"The devil Clinschor—the black wizard cursed of God. He fought to possess the holy cup."

"Is it a cup for certain?"

The monk shrugged. "So some say."

"What would the devil do with such a sacred thing?"

"Make it as evil as once it was holy. Use the power of light to shine darkness....So have I heard."

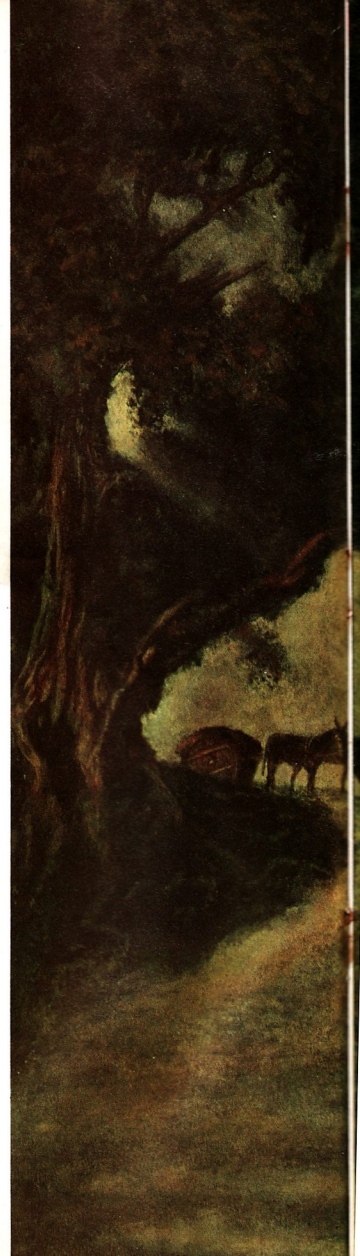
"Well, Clinschor is dead twenty years or more." Broaditch stared into the gray horizon.

"Have you seen his grave?" As there was no reply, the monk went on, head tilting into the rain. "It is said the Grail draws everyone, though the many feel it not, being too mired in the world. The devil, it is said, knows it as a stinging, an irritation. It angers him continually."

Broaditch made fists and drummed them on his knees.

"He must be dead," he declared at length, "or in his dotage."

The holy man looked straight ahead.





"To reach the Grail, you'll have to pass the devil," he said.
"Well, that's comfort, indeed," Broaditch responded, cocking his head to the side.
"You can always go back to your farm." The monk shrugged.
"Did you mean Clinschor? What are you hinting at? Do you claim he's in Britain looking for the Grail?" Broaditch wasn't sure whether it was funny or frightening.
The monk didn't respond immediately, then said: "You took this quest up freely."
"Quest?" Broaditch expostulated. "Be that what it is?" No response. "Why mention Clinschor to me? I saw him once and saw close at hand the horrors..." He shook his head and refolded his arms. "Let memory sleep in memory," he said grimly.

The cart was just topping a rise where the trees were thick, and Broaditch was startled by a sudden, violent shadow beating past his face with a raw shriek and he ducked away, hands raised up.

"A crow!" he gasped an instant later, heart pounding, glimpsing the creature winging into the gray sodden shadows across the road. "It struck for my eyes!"
The monk turned his loose, soggy cowl to him. Only the bushy, dripping beard was visible within.

"Let it be just a bird that meant nothing," he suggested with a faint mocking edge.
Broaditch stayed silent for a while, watching the heavy hanging trees move slowly and unevenly past as the steaming mules labored on.

"Has Clinschor been heard of?" he finally asked.
The monk urged the team along the twisting way.
"When the sun is setting and day dies," he said, "there are long shadows. If you look, you see, brother."

"So you but hint on," Broaditch said, "mystic one." He was irritated. "You and that crow are alike: you stir fear with darkness and noise."

For the first time his companion (who'd promised him a ride nearly to Camelot, where Broaditch hoped to hear word of Parsival) seemed amused.



"Some things," he said, "are greatly to be feared, brother."
 Broaditch turned away and broke off the conversation. He tightened his bulky arms together and tilted his chin down to sleep. The cart staggered on through the clinging mire, and he gradually fell deeper into a dozing sleep, and found himself suddenly flying, higher and higher, feeling his beating wings lifting him soundlessly, circling over the reeling, grayish world, and then, far below, a skeletal shadow seemed to bend its vast angles over the landscape... seemed to move like a pair of wings... Then he shuddered, crying out in his throat, starting, jerking on the seat, falling away from the immense, flying, black-winged, red-jawed, clawing, fierce-eyed shape... falling, crying out, hitting the rutted mud dully, banging himself awake, seeing instantly (heart racing as he struggled to his feet) that the driver was gone and the mules stood motionless in the traces....

He twisted, looking around. How far had they come since he fell asleep? The day was dying into blurry twilight. Where was the damned monk? In the trees? Shitting? There were dense woods all around here.... For some reason he didn't want to call out....

The rain was cold and relentless. He decided to walk. Those animals were too slow, in any case, and no doubt the man would take his time... He knew he was rationalizing... He didn't want to wait, so he started walking, his traveling sack slung over his shoulder, and for a moment or two he fought back an impulse to run, as his broad back felt naked and tingled....





IN the beginning, ELVIS visited AMRAPHEL.
 AND AMRAPHEL, SON OF MAHABLEEL AND KING OF SCINEBR, SAID
 UNTO HIM ONE DAY:
 "TAKE MY DAUGHTER, MY ONLY ONE, THE ONE YOU LOVE. I HEREBY
 GIVE HER TO YOU."
 ELVIS, WHO PREFERRED THE TATTOOED BUMS OF THE SWAMP GIRLS,
 HIT THE ROAD.

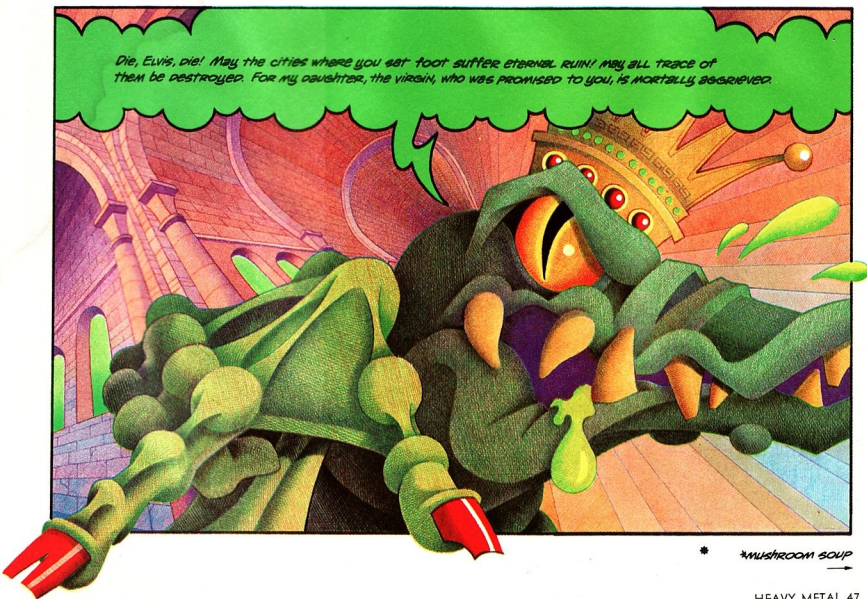




AL Tarff's Mushrooms*

The king groveled before the people in mourning, and, accompanied by his faithful servant—the oldest in his service—he spoke thus:

Die, Elvis, die! May the cities where you eat foot suffer eternal ruin! May all trace of them be destroyed. For my daughter, the virgin, who was promised to you, is mortally aggrieved.



*mushroom soup

He replaced his faithful ministers (so say the sages) with a horde of pirates, sorcerers, and gypsies. The people complained, but he heard nothing.









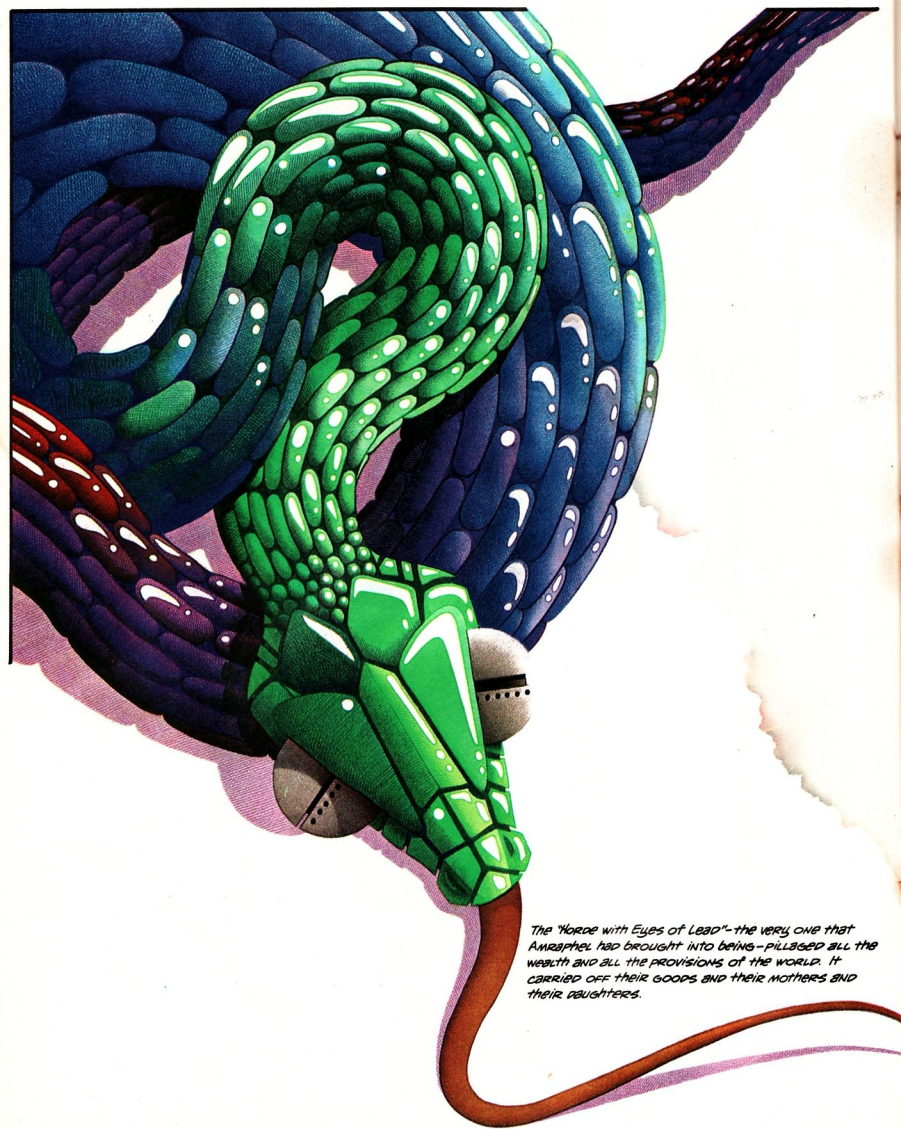
In that time, Elvis fled far from the king, unto the very orient.

The "Horde with Eyes of Lead"-the very one that Amraphel had brought into being- destroyed the plain, and the cities, and all the inhabitants, and the plants of the land.



Elvis followed the river of Euphrates toward the south. The king of Heliab and the king of Peleth took flight. Their peoples wandered on the slopes of the roof of the world.





THE "HORDE WITH EYES OF LEAD"—THE VERY ONE THAT AMRAPHEL HAD BROUGHT INTO BEING—PILLOLED ALL THE WEALTH AND ALL THE PROVISIONS OF THE WORLD. IT CARRIED OFF THEIR GOODS AND THEIR MOTHERS AND THEIR DAUGHTERS.

Make haste. Elvis, and also make yourself scarce in their path. Amraphel has formed an alliance with the forces of the river. Together they merged as the rivers of Beer-Sheba.

Elvis cast his regard toward Scinebir, that kingdom by the sea, and there he saw smoke rising, as if from a mighty furnace. He saw the sorrow, the cities destroyed, where death had taken up his residence.



The "Horse with the Eyes of Lead"—the very one that Amraphel had brought into being—moved on, and the people were filled with a terrible fear. At the turn of the way, Amraphel cried out:



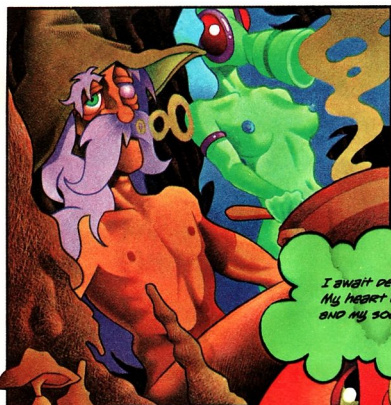
Elvis's preyed before the entrance of a cave...



HE ENTERED.



AND EVEN AS AL TORTT (MAN AND MUSHROOM) AND HIS GREEN HALLUCINATION WERE MAKING A MESS OF STEW, ELVIS EXPRESSED HIMSELF IN THESE WORDS:



I await death;
My heart is sad
and my soul is chilled



AL TORTT HANDED HIM A LADLE, AND THE FUGITIVE DID EAT.
THEN HE HANDED HIM A PIPE, AND THE FUGITIVE DID SMOKE.

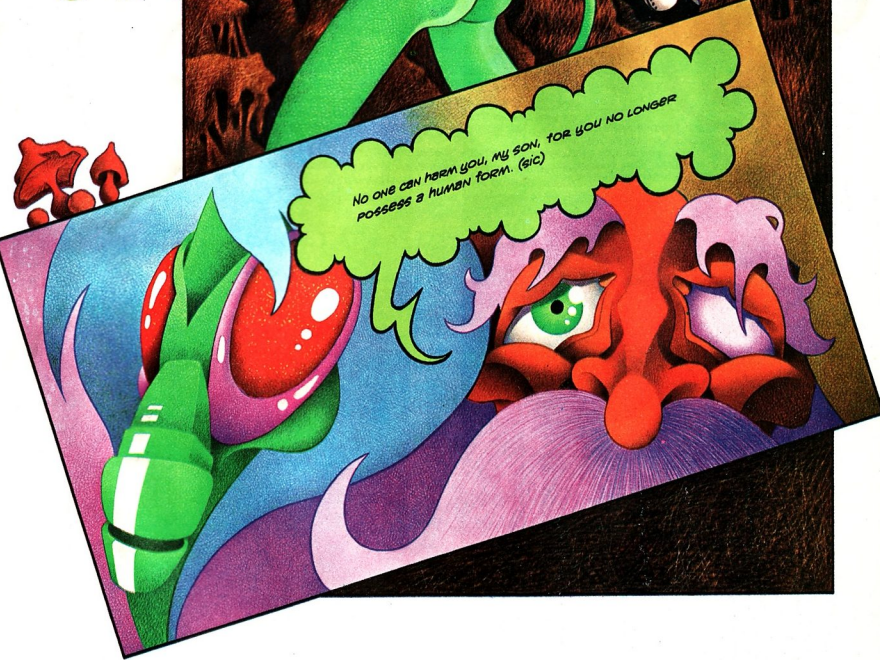
"Never before was such a thing seen in scinear: for when the mushroom soup was digested, behold, there was a miracle!"
(The Metamorphosis of Elvis. Book of the Gods. Chapter 5, Verse 4)



The 'Horde with the Eyes of Lead'—the very one that Amraphel had brought into being—entered the cave. Elvis whispered:



HIDE ME, FOR PITY'S SAKE, I AM
FILLED WITH DREAD.



NO ONE CAN HARM YOU, MY SON, FOR YOU NO LONGER
POSSESS A HUMAN FORM. (sic)



AND WHILE AMRAEPHEL AND THE HORDE (THE VERY ONE
THAT AMRAEPHEL HAD BROUGHT INTO BEING) RETURNED
EMPTY-HANDED, THE ANIMALS OF THE FLESH, HUMANS
AS WELL AS CATTLE, THE BIRDS OF THE HEAVENS, AS
WELL AS THE FISH OF THE SEA, BROKE INTO SONGS.

ELVIS HEARD THE EARTH SINGING AND THE VERY SAP
OF THE TREES AND THE HARVEST ITSELF. A DOVE TOOK
FLIGHT, COMING AND GOING, AND BEHOLD, AN OLIVE
BRANCH WAS IN ITS BEAK.



The End





ROCK N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

IS OUT ON THE STREET AT LAST!

J. HAINSTROM 1979

CONTAINS 2 NEW! RAMONES SONGS - ROCK N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL AND I WANT YOU AROUND ALSO THESE CLASSIC TUNES FROM THE PAST - A RAMONER MIDDLE SCHOOLER LIVES AT THE ROCK N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL, ALSO CHUCK LEE'S GO BY THE RAMONES AND THE PALEY BROTHERS, ENERGY FOLDS THE MAGICIAN BY BRIAN ENO, ROCK N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL BY P.J. GILES, COME BACK JUNE BY DEVID, TEENAGE DEPRESSION BY EDDIE + THE HOT RODS, SMOGGIN IN THE BOYS ROOM BY BROWNSVILLE STATION, SCHOOL DAYS BY CHUCK BERRY, DREAM GOES ON FOREVER BY TOPP RINDGREEN, AND SCHOOLS OUT BY ALICE COOPER.

BUY OR DIE!

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A WORLD BETWEEN



A WORLD BETWEEN

by Norman Spinrad

Riding the west wind on the edge of an onrushing thundersquall, Royce Lindblad sat bare-chested in the open cockpit of the *Davy Jones*, conning the sailboat by the tiller, the boomline, and the seat of his pants. Lightning hissed and crackled in the black thunderheads behind him, but no rain fell on the choppy, azure surface of the Island Sea. High above the single mast, a flock of bright yellow boomerbirds rode the same wind on their great motionless wings, hooting their good-natured defiance of the elements in tubalike tones. As long as the boomerbirds remained aloft, there was no imminent danger of the squall being transformed into a tornado, and therefore no need to retract mast and sail and go to powder.

Unplugged from the net and his responsibilities by choice, Pacifica's minister of media was in no particular hurry to rush home to Carlotta and affairs of domestic life and state. Although it was only two hours from Gotham to Lorian Island, even under sail, time had a different meaning out here; you could expand or contract it at will. Flung across half a million square kilometers of shallow ocean, the thousands of isles that made up the Island Continent could be either the suburbs of Gotham or a vast outback of sea and sky and untouched beaches, depending upon your chosen speed.

Twelve million people, nearly a third of the planetary population, lived out here, none of them more than an hour and a half from the center of Gotham under powered flight. From a commuter's point of view, the towns on many of the larger islands and the private villas that hugged smaller bits of land were all a quick jump from each other and from the Pacifican capital. When the island of your nearest neighbor was only minutes away, you forgot that those minutes could be thirty kilometers of open sea. When you could jump from Gotham to the furthest island in the archipelago in under two hours, you forgot that the twelve million Islanders and all their works were but a thin dusting of humanity sprinkled over a virgin immensity of sea and wooded islands on a planet fifty light-years from the sun that gave their kind birth.

But down here on the surface of the sea, the Island Continent became a vast world, more empty than inhabited, more Pacifican than human; and you were a lone sailor on an alien sea, the clock of your mind keeping the oceanic time of wave and wind.

Horvath Island loomed fuzzily on the far horizon, and Royce thought he could make out the blue fusion flame of a liner coming north from Thule and arcing in for a landing at Lombard. As if to distract his attention from this reminder of the world of men, a big mannerdyle breached the surface not a hundred meters from his boat in a sudden explosion of foam. The huge reptile raised its spindly forelimbs into the air, and the translucent membranes of its twin sails unfurled and caught the wind with an audible snap, greeted by the hooting densen of the boomerbirds. Cupping the wind with its sails of skin with a precision and delicacy that Royce could not hope to match, the creature paced the boat for several minutes, and was pulling away when it finally sounded with a nose-thumping flip of its great tail-flukes.

Royce adjusted his course, steering well clear of the powered traffic around Horvath Island and the liner port of Lombard. Beyond Horvath Island was a long sickle-shaped chain of small islets with only half a dozen estates scattered among them, and in the middle of the chain, now about twenty-five kilometers away, was Lorian.

Royce had homesteaded Lorian long before he met Carlotta Madigan. Carlotta had changed the vector of his life in most ways,

drawing him into orbit around her rising star. Carlotta might have been on her way to her first term as chairman even then, but if she wanted to share her bed with Royce Lindblad on a long-term basis, that bed was going to be on Lorian, not in that tower apartment smack in the middle of Gotham, where they had first met. They still kept the city apartment for convenience' sake, but Lorian was home—they had designed the house together, and Royce had insisted that the deed to the place be a joint contract. He was traditional enough to believe that a man must choose the home, even if his lady was destined to head the government. *Especially* if she was a power in the world—a bucko had to be king of the castle when the lights went out, didn't he?

Truth be told, the Island Continent was Royce's first love, something that perhaps only another child of Mainlanders could fully understand. His parents were wheat farmers in the rich lower Big Blue River valley, but even as a small boy, romances of the Island Continent had been his favorite entertainment channel fare. By the time he came into his citizen's stock at seventeen, he had sailed these seas thousands of times on the net and in his dreams, and he had long since known that on his seventeenth birthday he would put the mainland of Columbia behind him.

His father—a big, graceful man whose thoughts ran slow but deep—had understood this for a long time. That last afternoon, they had sat together on the mossy bluffs overlooking the Big Blue. Behind them, the yellow carpet of ripening wheat rippled contrasting textures in the breeze like ruffled velvet. Below them, the river poured between banks rich with kelly green Pacifican lawn moss. Spider webs of white cloud wisped across the sky. The air was golden with the perpetual warmth of the eternal Columbian summer. Hydrobarges laden with grain and vegetables from further upriver jetted down the river southeast toward Gotham, scoring the turquoise water with the white wakes of commerce. It was peaceful, it was beautiful, it was home, but...

"Don't be down, bucko," his father said. "You're only bluing it because you feel you should be. For your mother and me, or so you think."

"You don't feel I'm letting you down, Dad?"

His father shook his head and smiled. "This is *my* piece of the planet," he said. "This is what sings its song to me. You hear a tune from somewhere else; you've got to dance to it. It's a roomy planet, Royce. What sort of bucko would you be if you stuck yourself in one corner of it just because you happened to be born there? Look at me, *my* father was an engineer in Thule, and here I am. Now, if you were telling me you intended to go eat ice half your life, *then* I'd tell you you were whackers!"

They laughed in unison—men, together.

"You don't think I'm whackers for calling a place I've never been 'home'?" Royce asked.

"Ah, we're all whackers that way, now aren't we?" his father said. We all get itchy for somewhere else until we land someplace that scratches us right. And those islands, ah yeah, those islands... nothing like the Island Continent on any world I've ever heard of. You ever wonder why the Founders left 'em alone and put their roots down here in Columbia?"

"Now that you mention it..."

Royce thought he knew his history as well as the average Pacifican. The Founders had colonized Pacifica directly from Earth some three centuries ago, and for the first couple of generations, humans had stuck pretty much to their farms on the rich plains of eastern Columbia. But come to think of it, how could those people have stood on the shore, looking west across these flat plains, and east across the vast and mysterious sweep of the Island Continent and still have chosen to ignore the beauty and complexity of the great archipelago for the fertile sameness of the continental veldt?

"Well, I'll tell you what I think, bucko," his father said. "The Founders were people with a dream, and that was it." He spread his big arms wide. "Back where they came from, land like this was only a memory and a promise. So when they saw these plains, they knew they were home. But they were no simple folk, our ancestors. They were smart enough to invent electronic democracy and the net and all the rest of it. And they knew about dreams. They knew that people don't dream about where they grow up even if their parents

Maybe especially if their parents did...."

He hunkered forward and wrapped his arms around his knees, staring across the Big Blue at the far bank. "So what I think, Royce, is that they saw those islands, and they knew that their children, and their children's children, wouldn't dream of being farmers out here on the plains. So they left the Island Continent for someone else to dream about when their time came."

He stood up and put his arm around Royce's shoulder. "So I don't want you to dream my dream, bucko," he said. "It's right that you dream your own. That's what Pacifica's all about. That's why I'm going to be proud tomorrow when you leave for your islands. Hang loose, bucko, and listen to your own song."

Though no man could dance entirely to his own music around a woman like Carlotta Madigan, Royce had never forgotten that going-away present from his father. Though his father might have been an unsophisticated Mainlander in the eyes of Gothamites, he had still managed to teach Royce what it was to be a real bucko, a male human, subspecies Pacifican.

And out here on the open waters, holding the power of the wind through the boomline, the inertia of the sea through the tiller, and experiencing himself as the controlling interface between them, Royce always felt time, history, and karma slip away, paring him down to his essential maleness, reconnecting him to that young bucko saying his good-bye on the bank of the Big Blue.

For being a bucko was much like being a lone sailor on this protean sea. You could choose your wind, set your tiller against the resistance of your own karma; and by playing the two against each other, use both to propel you along the course set by your own will.

It was this bucko secret that Carlotta could never quite grasp. That was why they moved under power when they traveled between Gotham and Lorien together; and it was also why, despite her intelligence, her experience, her statecraft, and yes, her wisdom, it was he who conned their political boat through the quicksilver winds and currents of Pacifican electronic democracy. He had tried to teach her how to sail, but the trouble was that she had no feel for the art of tacking.

Now Horvath Island drifted by, far off to port. Clear of this human settlement, Royce changed course again, pointing his bow along a straight vector toward Lorien, the wind directly astern now, blowing him across the surface of the sea at maximum sailing speed, like the disrays that clear clear of the wave crests and bounced along on their flat bellies.

Just as well that Carlotta isn't into this, Royce thought. A man shouldn't share everything with his lady; he's got to have a quiet place to hear his own song. Without that, there'd be nothing within him to give in the softness of the night. And that's what makes the world go round, bucko.

Carlotta plugged into the electronic universe of the Pacifican media network. The immediate ground-level world outside faded almost at once from the surface of her mind as her sensorium went multiplex and electronic. Through cameras, microphones, and screens, her sight and hearing became not only planetwide, but multiplex and compounded like the vision of an insect.

Suddenly, the strobing of the screens and the alert siren ceased. The agitated face of a youngish woman appeared on the private govchannel screen.

"Well?" Carlotta snapped. "Who the f--- are you? What's going on?"

"Laura Sunshine, Ministry of Media, Web Monitoring Bureau," the young woman said in a tightly-controlled voice. "We're getting a tachyon transmission from inside the solar system."

"What?" Carlotta grunted, her mind suddenly racing along in high gear. It made no sense. Modulated beams of faster-than-light tachyons were used strictly for interstellar communication; they were the medium of the Galactic Media Web. Tachyon transmission was much too expensive to use for shorter range communication; besides, Pacifica was the only habitable planet in this solar system.

Therefore, it had to be a starship from outside, and that was truly an historic event. The instantaneous tachyon transmissions of the Web held the human worlds together, but physical travel was restricted to sublight speeds, and the nearest inhabited solar system was a decade and a half away.

Futhermore, why would a starship wait until it was inside the Pacifican solar system to announce its impending arrival? Most starships carried would-be immigrants, and the standard procedure was to announce intentions from the home planet before the ship left, so that a welcome could be bought with rare items of interstellar trade — earthside life-form embryos and seeds, unique biologicals, secret technologies — coveted by the world at journey's end. These things were negotiated beforehand, unless — oh no!

"Is this transmission in clear or in code?" Carlotta asked brusquely.

"In the clear," Laura Sunshine said. "And you're not going to like it."

"No shit," Carlotta muttered sardonically to herself. Then aloud: "Plug me in, and for god's sake, scramble this circuit."

The govscreen went blank for a few moments and then a new face appeared on it: an older man with long, neat, steel-colored hair; an angular face with hard, brown eyes, and a great beak of a nose. He was wearing an all-too-familiar midnight blue tunic with a high, stiff collar edged in silver.

"I am Dr. Roger Falkenstein of the Transcendental Science Arkology *Heisenberg*," the man said in a cool, measured voice. "We are entering your solar system and will make orbit around Pacifica in twenty days. Our mission is peaceful and will greatly benefit your people. We intend to establish an Institute of Transcendental Science on Pacifica. As managing director of the *Heisenberg*, I request permission to land on your planet and open negotiations with your government."

The screen went blank for a moment and then Falkenstein reappeared. "I am Dr. Roger Falkenstein of the Transcendental Science Arkology *Heisenberg*...." The damned thing was a continuous tape-loop.

Angrily, Carlotta unplugged it and plugged in Laura Sunshine. "That's the whole thing?" she asked.

"That's it. They're transmitting it continuously," Laura Sunshine said. She grimaced nervously. "The Pink and Blue War?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" Carlotta said grimly. "Hold this circuit and plug into planetary observation. I'll see if we can get a visual."

She plugged in the planetary observation system, got a dark-haired young man on the obscreen. "This is the chairman," she said. "Scramble this circuit. Scramble another circuit to Laura Sunshine, Ministry of Media, Web Monitoring Bureau."

"Huh?" The young man gaped at her quizzically.

"Just do it," Carlotta snapped. "And remember, this is priority security, not a blatt to anyone."

On Tau Ceti, a colony of double-domed geniuses had founded the first Institute of Transcendental Science that began to spew forth a bottomless cornucopia of scientific wonders, or so they claimed; and then began to spread through the human worlds via perambulating artificial worldlets they called Arkologies, establishing new institutes wherever they went, promulgating their scientific vision of a hyperevolved *Homo galacticus*.

The Femocrats considered the Transcendental Scientists "faschocchauvinist fausts" and the Transcendental Scientists considered the Femocrats "misguided primitives" several light-years beneath their intellectual contempt. Thus, the Pink and Blue War, an ideological conflict too silly to be taken seriously by sophisticated Pacificans, enlightened citizens of the media capital of the human galaxy.

Royce gazed out his window. The sun was beginning to set into the deepening blue of the sea. The western sky was a sheet of purpling orange flame, but toward the east, the heavens were already darkening, and the first bright stars of night were winking into existence as a flock of birds passed like shadows across the truncated disk of the setting sun. It was hard to imagine that up there in the galactic night strident voices were screaming godzilla-brained propaganda at each other; ideologues were subverting long-established cultures; a war of sorts was going on; and out there beyond his unaided vision, the Arkology *Heisenberg* was speeding toward Pacifica, bringing the whole unwanted mess to the planet that he loved, a harmonious world at peace with itself. O

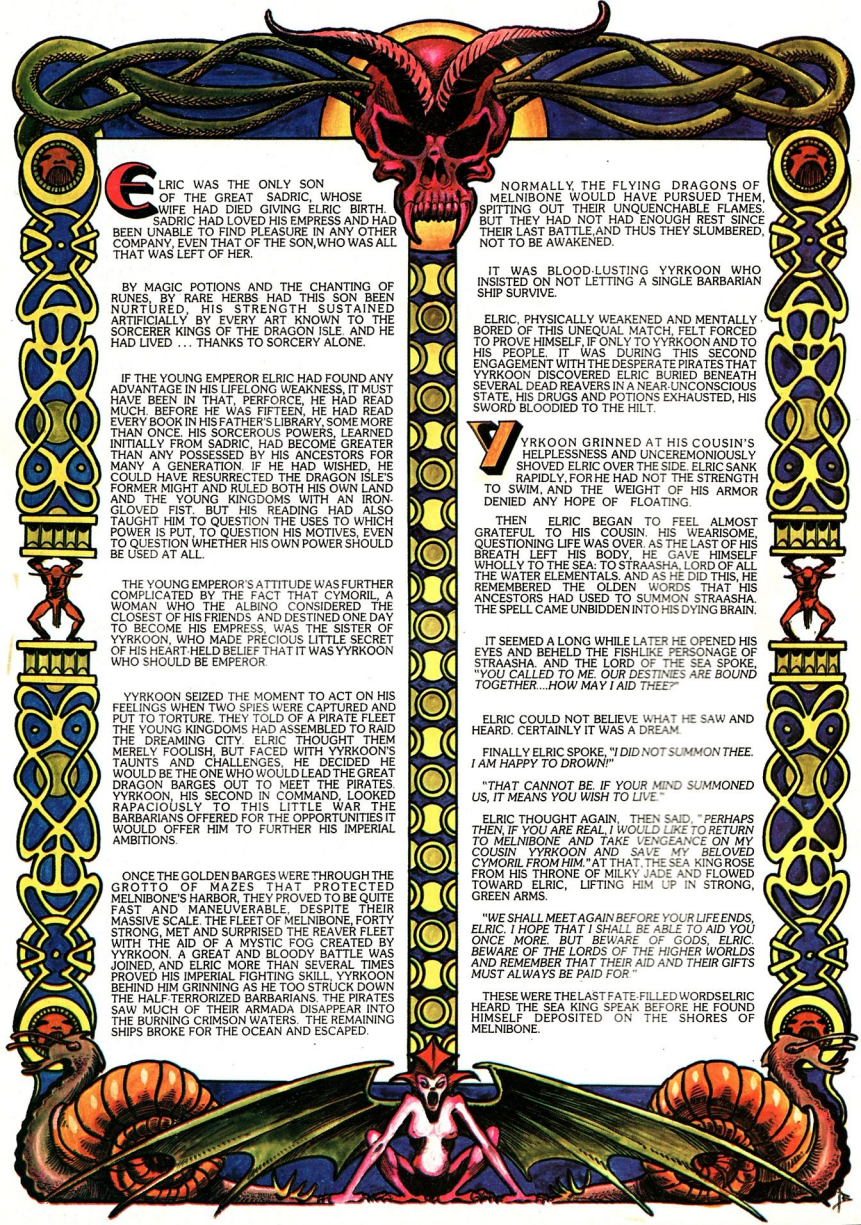


THIS IS THE TALE OF ELRIC, BEFORE HE WAS CALLED WOMANSLAYER, BEFORE THE FINAL COLLAPSE OF MELNIBONÉ. THIS IS THE TALE OF HIS RIVALRY WITH HIS COUSIN YRRKOON AND HIS LOVE FOR HIS COUSIN CYNORIL. BEFORE THAT RIVALRY AND THAT LOVE BROUGHT IMRRYR, THE DREAMING CITY, CRASHING IN FLAMES, RAPED BY THE REAVERS FROM THE YOUNG KINGDOMS.

THIS IS THE TALE OF THE TWO BLACK SWORDS, STORMBRINGER AND MOURNBLADE, AND HOW THEY WERE DISCOVERED AND WHAT PART THEY PLAYED IN THE DESTINY OF ELRIC OF MELNIBONÉ—A DESTINY THAT WAS TO SHAPE A LARGER DESTINY: THAT OF THE WORLD ITSELF. MUCH OF THIS TALE ELRIC HIMSELF WAS TO REMEMBER ONLY IN HIS NIGHTMARES.

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ELRIC WAS THE ONLY SON OF THE GREAT SADRIC, WHOSE WIFE HAD DIED GIVING ELRIC BIRTH. SADRIC HAD LOVED HIS EMPRESS AND HAD BEEN UNABLE TO FIND PLEASURE IN ANY OTHER COMPANY, EVEN THAT OF THE SON, WHO WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HER.

BY MAGIC POTIONS AND THE CHANTING OF RYNES, BY RARE HERBS HAD THIS SON BEEN NURTURED, HIS STRENGTH SUSTAINED ARTIFICIALLY BY EVERY ART KNOWN TO THE SORCERER KINGS OF THE DRAGON ISLE, AND HE HAD LIVED ... THANKS TO SORCERY ALONE.

IF THE YOUNG EMPEROR ELRIC HAD FOUND ANY ADVANTAGE IN HIS LIFELONG WEAKNESS, IT MUST HAVE BEEN IN THAT, PERFORCE, HE HAD READ MUCH. BEFORE HE WAS FIFTEEN, HE HAD READ EVERY BOOK IN HIS FATHER'S LIBRARY, SOME MORE THAN ONCE. HIS SORCEROUS POWERS, LEARNED INITIALLY FROM SADRIC, HAD BECOME GREATER THAN ANY POSSESSED BY HIS ANCESTORS FOR MANY A GENERATION. IF HE HAD WISHED, HE COULD HAVE RESURRECTED THE DRAGON ISLE'S FORMER MIGHT AND RULED BOTH HIS OWN LAND AND THE YOUNG KINGDOMS WITH AN IRON-GLOVED FIST. BUT HIS READING HAD ALSO TAUGHT HIM TO QUESTION THE USES TO WHICH POWER IS PUT, TO QUESTION HIS MOTIVES, EVEN TO QUESTION WHETHER HIS OWN POWER SHOULD BE USED AT ALL.

THE YOUNG EMPEROR'S ATTITUDE WAS FURTHER COMPLICATED BY THE FACT THAT CYMORIL, A WOMAN WHO THE ALBINO CONSIDERED THE CLOSEST OF HIS FRIENDS, AND DESTINED ONE DAY TO BECOME HIS EMPRESS, WAS THE SISTER OF YYYRKOON, WHO MADE PRECIOUS LITTLE SECRET OF HIS HEART-HELD BELIEF THAT IT WAS YYYRKOON WHO SHOULD BE EMPEROR.

YYYRKOON SEIZED THE MOMENT TO ACT ON HIS FEELINGS WHEN TWO SPIES WERE CAPTURED AND PUT TO TORTURE. THEY TOLD OF A PIRATE FLEET THE YOUNG KINGDOMS HAD ASSEMBLED TO RAID THE DREAMING CITY. ELRIC THOUGHT THEM MERELY FOOLISH, BUT FACED WITH YYYRKOON'S TAUNTS AND CHALLENGES, HE DECIDED HE WOULD BE THE ONE WHO WOULD LEAD THE GREAT DRAGON BARGES OUT TO MEET THE PIRATES. YYYRKOON, HIS SECOND IN COMMAND, LOOKED RAPACIOUSLY TO THIS LITTLE WAR THE BARBARIANS OFFERED FOR THE OPPORTUNITIES IT WOULD OFFER HIM TO FURTHER HIS IMPERIAL AMBITIONS.

ONCE THE GOLDEN BARGES WERE THROUGH THE GROTTO OF MAZES THAT PROTECTED MELNIBONE'S HARBOR, THEY PROVED TO BE QUITE FAST AND MANEUVERABLE, DESPITE THEIR MASSIVE SCALE. THE FLEET OF MELNIBONE, FORTY STRONG, MET AND SURPRISED THE REAVER FLEET WITH THE AID OF A MYSTIC FOG CREATED BY YYYRKOON. A GREAT AND BLOODY BATTLE WAS JOINED, AND ELRIC MORE THAN SEVERAL TIMES PROVED HIS IMPERIAL FIGHTING SKILL, YYYRKOON BEHIND HIM GRINNING AS HE TOO STRUCK DOWN THE HALF-TERRORIZED BARBARIANS. THE PIRATES SAW MUCH OF THEIR ARMADA DISAPPEAR INTO THE BURNING CRIMSON WATERS. THE REMAINING SHIPS BROKE FOR THE OCEAN AND ESCAPED.

NORMALLY, THE FLYING DRAGONS OF MELNIBONE WOULD HAVE PURSUED THEM, SPITTING OUT THEIR UNQUENCHABLE FLAMES, BUT THEY HAD NOT HAD ENOUGH REST SINCE THEIR LAST BATTLE, AND THUS THEY SLUMBERED, NOT TO BE AWAKENED.

IT WAS BLOOD-LUSTING YYYRKOON WHO INSISTED ON NOT LETTING A SINGLE BARBARIAN SHIP SURVIVE.

ELRIC, PHYSICALLY WEAKENED AND MENTALLY BORED OF THIS UNEQUAL MATCH, FELT FORCED TO PROVE HIMSELF, IF ONLY TO YYYRKOON AND TO HIS PEOPLE. IT WAS DURING THIS SECOND ENGAGEMENT WITH THE DESPERATE PIRATES THAT YYYRKOON DISCOVERED ELRIC BURIED BENEATH SEVERAL DEAD REAVERS IN A NEAR-UNCONSCIOUS STATE, HIS DRUGS AND POTIONS EXHAUSTED, HIS SWORD BLOODED TO THE HILT.

YYYRKOON GRINNED AT HIS COUSIN'S HELPLESSNESS AND UNCEMEMONIOUSLY SHOVED ELRIC OVER THE SIDE. ELRIC SANK RAPIDLY, FOR HE HAD NOT THE STRENGTH TO SWIM, AND THE WEIGHT OF HIS ARMOR DENIED ANY HOPE OF FLOATING.

THEN ELRIC BEGAN TO FEEL ALMOST GRATEFUL TO HIS COUSIN. HIS WEARISOME QUESTIONING LIFE WAS OVER. AS THE LAST OF HIS BREATH LEFT HIS BODY, HE GAVE HIMSELF WHOLLY TO THE SEA: TO STRAASHA, LORD OF ALL THE WATER ELEMENTALS, AND AS HE DID THIS, HE REMEMBERED THE OLDEN WORDS THAT HIS ANCESTORS HAD USED TO SUMMON STRAASHA. THE SPELL CAME UNBIDDEN INTO HIS DYING BRAIN.

IT SEEMED A LONG WHILE LATER HE OPENED HIS EYES AND BEHELD THE FISHLIKE PERSONAGE OF STRAASHA, AND THE LORD OF THE SEA SPOKE, "YOU CALLED TO ME. OUR DESTINIES ARE BOUND TOGETHER... HOW MAY I AID THEE?"

ELRIC COULD NOT BELIEVE WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD. CERTAINLY IT WAS A DREAM.

FINALLY ELRIC SPOKE, "I DID NOT SUMMON THEE. I AM HAPPY TO DROWN!"

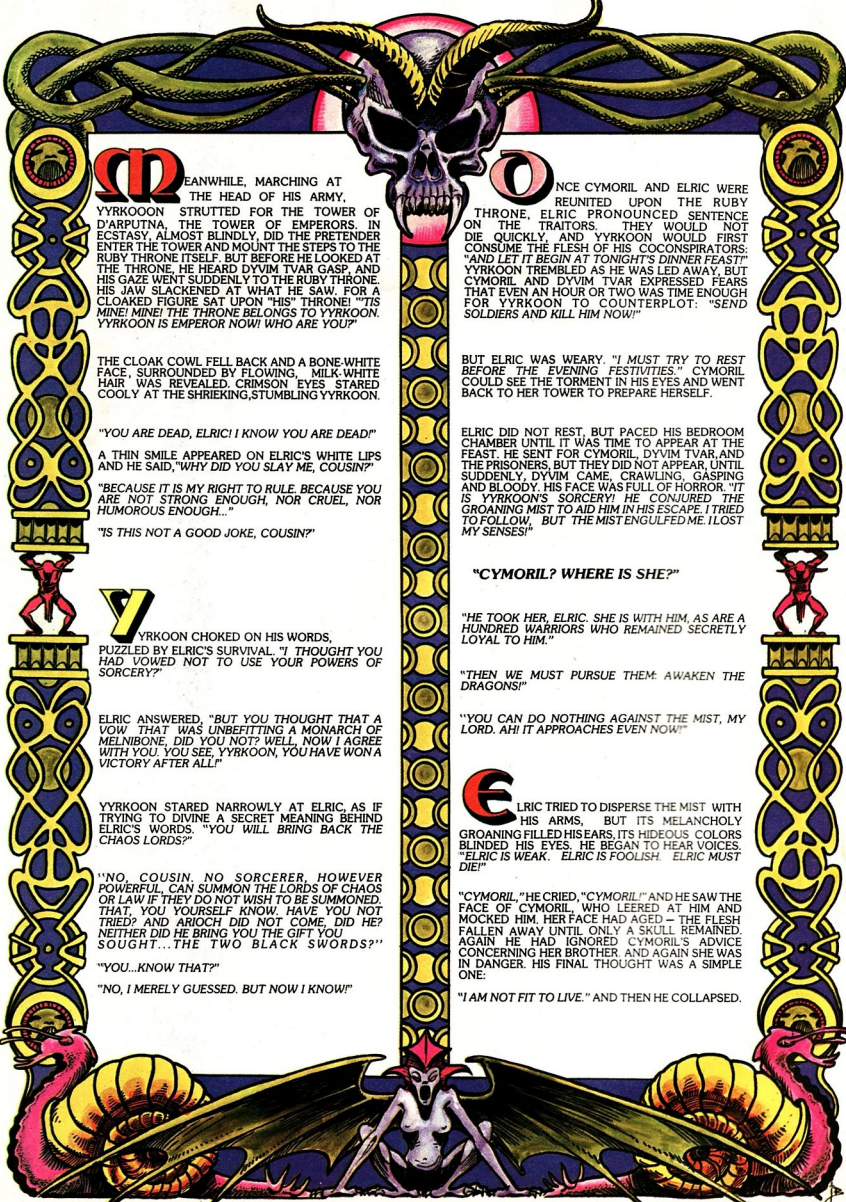
"THAT CANNOT BE. IF YOUR MIND SUMMONED US, IT MEANS YOU WISH TO LIVE."

ELRIC THOUGHT AGAIN, THEN SAID, "PERHAPS THEN, IF YOU ARE REAL, I WOULD LIKE TO RETURN TO MELNIBONE AND TAKE VENGEANCE ON MY COUSIN YYYRKOON AND SAVE MY BELOVED CYMORIL FROM HIM." AT THAT, THE SEA KING ROSE FROM HIS THRONE OF MILKY JADE AND FLOWED TOWARD ELRIC, LIFTING HIM UP IN STRONG, GREEN ARMS.

"WE SHALL MEET AGAIN BEFORE YOUR LIFE ENDS, ELRIC. I HOPE THAT I SHALL BE ABLE TO AID YOU ONCE MORE, BUT BEWARE OF GODS, ELRIC. BEWARE OF THE LORDS OF THE HIGHER WORLDS AND REMEMBER THAT THEIR AID AND THEIR GIFTS MUST ALWAYS BE PAID FOR."

THESE WERE THE LAST FATE-FILLED WORDS ELRIC HEARD THE SEA KING SPEAK BEFORE HE FOUND HIMSELF DEPOSITED ON THE SHORES OF MELNIBONE.





MEANWHILE, MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY, YYRKOOON STRUTTED FOR THE TOWER OF D'ARPUTNA, THE TOWER OF EMPERORS, IN ECSTASY, ALMOST BLINDLY, DID THE PRETENDER ENTER THE TOWER AND MOUNT THE STEPS TO THE RUBY THRONE ITSELF. BUT BEFORE HE LOOKED AT THE THRONE, HE HEARD DYVIM TVAR GASP, AND HIS GAZE WENT SUDDENLY TO THE RUBY THRONE. HIS JAW SLACKENED AT WHAT HE SAW. FOR A CLOAKED FIGURE SAT UPON "HIS" THRONE! "TIS MINE! MINE! THE THRONE BELONGS TO YYRKOOON. YYRKOOON IS EMPEROR NOW! WHO ARE YOU?"

THE CLOAK COWL FELL BACK AND A BONE-WHITE FACE, SURROUNDED BY FLOWING, MILK-WHITE HAIR WAS REVEALED. CRIMSON EYES STARED COOLY AT THE SHRIEKING, STUMBLING YYRKOOON.

"YOU ARE DEAD, ELRIC! I KNOW YOU ARE DEAD!"

A THIN SMILE APPEARED ON ELRIC'S WHITE LIPS AND HE SAID, "WHY DID YOU SLAY ME, COUSIN?"

"BECAUSE IT IS MY RIGHT TO RULE. BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH, NOR CRUEL, NOR HUMOROUS ENOUGH..."

"IS THIS NOT A GOOD JOKE, COUSIN?"

YYRKOOON CHOKED ON HIS WORDS, PUZZLED BY ELRIC'S SURVIVAL. "I THOUGHT YOU HAD VOWED NOT TO USE YOUR POWERS OF SORCERY?"

ELRIC ANSWERED, "BUT YOU THOUGHT THAT A VOW THAT WAS UNBESITTING A MONARCH OF MELNIBONE, DID YOU NOT? WELL, NOW I AGREE WITH YOU. YOU SEE, YYRKOOON, YOU HAVE WON A VICTORY AFTER ALL!"

YYRKOOON STARED NARROWLY AT ELRIC, AS IF TRYING TO DIVINE A SECRET MEANING BEHIND ELRIC'S WORDS. "YOU WILL BRING BACK THE CHAOS LORDS?"

"NO, COUSIN. NO SORCERER, HOWEVER POWERFUL, CAN SUMMON THE LORDS OF CHAOS OR LAW IF THEY DO NOT WISH TO BE SUMMONED. THAT, YOU YOURSELF KNOW. HAVE YOU NOT TRIED? AND ARIOCH DID NOT COME, DID HE? NEITHER DID HE BRING YOU THE GIFT YOU SOUGHT...THE TWO BLACK SWORDS?"

"YOU...KNOW THAT?"

"NO, I MERELY GUESSED. BUT NOW I KNOW!"

ONCE CYMORIL AND ELRIC WERE REUNITED UPON THE RUBY THRONE, ELRIC PRONOUNCED SENTENCE ON THE TRAITORS. THEY WOULD NOT DIE QUICKLY, AND YYRKOOON WOULD FIRST CONSUME THE FLESH OF HIS COCONSPIRATORS: "AND LET IT BEGIN AT TONIGHT'S DINNER FEAST!" YYRKOOON TREMBLED AS HE WAS LED AWAY, BUT CYMORIL AND DYVIM TVAR EXPRESSED FEARS THAT EVEN AN HOUR OR TWO WAS TIME ENOUGH FOR YYRKOOON TO COUNTERPLOT: "SEND SOLDIERS AND KILL HIM NOW!"

BUT ELRIC WAS WEARY. "I MUST TRY TO REST BEFORE THE EVENING FESTIVITIES." CYMORIL COULD SEE THE TORMENT IN HIS EYES AND WENT BACK TO HER TOWER TO PREPARE HERSELF.

ELRIC DID NOT REST, BUT PACED HIS BEDROOM CHAMBER UNTIL IT WAS TIME TO APPEAR AT THE FEAST. HE SENT FOR CYMORIL, DYVIM TVAR, AND THE PRISONERS, BUT THEY DID NOT APPEAR, UNTIL SUDDENLY, DYVIM CAME, CRAWLING, GASPING AND BLOODY. HIS FACE WAS FULL OF HORROR. "IT IS YYRKOOON'S SORCERY! HE CONJURED THE GROANING MIST TO AID HIM IN HIS ESCAPE. I TRIED TO FOLLOW, BUT THE MIST ENGULFED ME. I LOST MY SENSES!"

"CYMORIL? WHERE IS SHE?"

"HE TOOK HER, ELRIC. SHE IS WITH HIM, AS ARE A HUNDRED WARRIORS WHO REMAINED SECRETLY LOYAL TO HIM."

"THEN WE MUST PURSUE THEM: AWAKEN THE DRAGONS!"

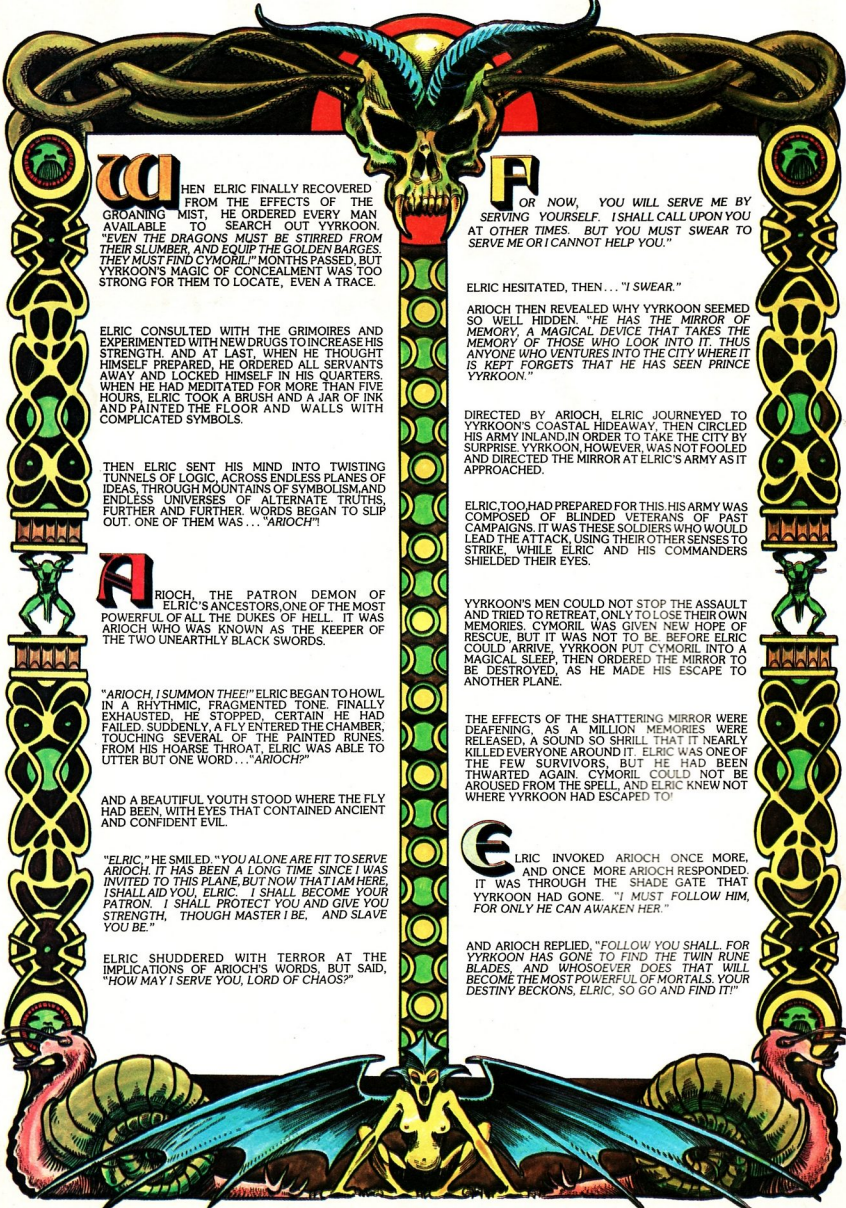
"YOU CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST THE MIST, MY LORD. AH! IT APPROACHES EVEN NOW!"

ELRIC TRIED TO DISPERSE THE MIST WITH HIS ARMS, BUT ITS MELANCHOLY GROANING FILLED HIS EARS, ITS HIDEOUS COLORS BLINDED HIS EYES. HE BEGAN TO HEAR VOICES. "ELRIC IS WEAK. ELRIC IS FOOLISH. ELRIC MUST DIE!"

"CYMORIL," HE CRIED "CYMORIL!" AND HE SAW THE FACE OF CYMORIL, WHO LEERED AT HIM AND MOCKED HIM. HER FACE HAD AGED - THE FLESH FALLEN AWAY UNTIL ONLY A SKULL REMAINED. AGAIN HE HAD IGNORED CYMORIL'S ADVICE CONCERNING HER BROTHER, AND AGAIN SHE WAS IN DANGER. HIS FINAL THOUGHT WAS A SIMPLE ONE:

"I AM NOT FIT TO LIVE." AND THEN HE COLLAPSED.





WHEN ELRIC FINALLY RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE GROANING MIST, HE ORDERED EVERY MAN AVAILABLE TO SEARCH OUT YYRKOOK. "EVEN THE DRAGONS MUST BE STIRRED FROM THEIR SLUMBER, AND EQUIP THE GOLDEN BARGES. THEY MUST FIND CYMORIL!" MONTHS PASSED, BUT YYRKOOK'S MAGIC OF CONCEALMENT WAS TOO STRONG FOR THEM TO LOCATE, EVEN A TRACE.

ELRIC CONSULTED WITH THE GRIMOIRES AND EXPERIMENTED WITH NEW DRUGS TO INCREASE HIS STRENGTH. AND AT LAST, WHEN HE THOUGHT HIMSELF PREPARED, HE ORDERED ALL SERVANTS AWAY AND LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS QUARTERS. WHEN HE HAD MEDITATED FOR MORE THAN FIVE HOURS, ELRIC TOOK A BRUSH AND A JAR OF INK AND PAINTED THE FLOOR AND WALLS WITH COMPLICATED SYMBOLS.

THEN ELRIC SENT HIS MIND INTO TWISTING TUNNELS OF LOGIC, ACROSS ENDLESS PLANES OF IDEAS, THROUGH MOUNTAINS OF SYMBOLISM AND ENDLESS UNIVERSES OF ALTERNATE TRUTHS. FURTHER AND FURTHER, WORDS BEGAN TO SLIP OUT. ONE OF THEM WAS... "ARIOCH!"

ARIOCH, THE PATRON DEMON OF ELRIC'S ANCESTORS, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE DUKES OF HELL. IT WAS ARIOCH WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE KEEPER OF THE TWO UNEARTHLY BLACK SWORDS.

"ARIOCH, I SUMMON THEE!" ELRIC BEGAN TO HOWL IN A RHYTHMIC, FRAGMENTED TONE. FINALLY EXHAUSTED, HE STOPPED. CERTAIN HE HAD FAILED. SUDDENLY, A FLY ENTERED THE CHAMBER, TOUCHING SEVERAL OF THE PAINTED RUNES. FROM HIS HOARSE THROAT, ELRIC WAS ABLE TO UTTER BUT ONE WORD... "ARIOCH?"

AND A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STOOD WHERE THE FLY HAD BEEN, WITH EYES THAT CONTAINED ANCIENT AND CONFIDENT EVIL.

"ELRIC," HE SMILED. "YOU ALONE ARE FIT TO SERVE ARIOCH. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS INVITED TO THIS PLANE, BUT NOW THAT I AM HERE, I SHALL AID YOU, ELRIC. I SHALL BECOME YOUR PATRON. I SHALL PROTECT YOU AND GIVE YOU STRENGTH, THOUGH MASTER I BE, AND SLAVE YOU BE."

ELRIC SHUDDERED WITH TERROR AT THE IMPLICATIONS OF ARIOCH'S WORDS, BUT SAID, "HOW MAY I SERVE YOU, LORD OF CHAOS?"

FOR NOW, YOU WILL SERVE ME BY SERVING YOURSELF. I SHALL CALL UPON YOU AT OTHER TIMES. BUT YOU MUST SWEAR TO SERVE ME OR I CANNOT HELP YOU."

ELRIC HESITATED, THEN... "I SWEAR."

ARIOCH THEN REVEALED WHY YYRKOOK SEEMED SO WELL HIDDEN. "HE HAS THE MIRROR OF MEMORY, A MAGICAL DEVICE THAT TAKES THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO LOOK INTO IT. THUS ANYONE WHO VENTURES INTO THE CITY WHERE IT IS KEPT FORGETS THAT HE HAS SEEN PRINCE YYRKOOK."

DIRECTED BY ARIOCH, ELRIC JOURNEYED TO YYRKOOK'S COASTAL HIDEAWAY, THEN CIRCLED HIS ARMY INLAND IN ORDER TO TAKE THE CITY BY SURPRISE. YYRKOOK, HOWEVER, WAS NOT FOILED AND DIRECTED THE MIRROR AT ELRIC'S ARMY AS IT APPROACHED.

ELRIC, TOO, HAD PREPARED FOR THIS. HIS ARMY WAS COMPOSED OF BLINDED VETERANS OF PAST CAMPAIGNS. IT WAS THESE SOLDIERS WHO WOULD LEAD THE ATTACK, USING THEIR OTHER SENSES TO STRIKE. WHILE ELRIC AND HIS COMMANDERS SHIELDED THEIR EYES.


YYRKOOK'S MEN COULD NOT STOP THE ASSAULT AND TRIED TO RETREAT, ONLY TO LOSE THEIR OWN MEMORIES. CYMORIL WAS GIVEN NEW HOPE OF RESCUE, BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE. BEFORE ELRIC COULD ARRIVE, YYRKOOK PUT CYMORIL INTO A MAGICAL SLEEP, THEN ORDERED THE MIRROR TO BE DESTROYED, AS HE MADE HIS ESCAPE TO ANOTHER PLANE.

THE EFFECTS OF THE SHATTERING MIRROR WERE DEAFENING, AS A MILLION MEMORIES WERE RELEASED, A SOUND SO SHRILL THAT IT NEARLY KILLED EVERYONE AROUND IT. ELRIC WAS ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS, BUT HE HAD BEEN THWARTED AGAIN. CYMORIL COULD NOT BE AROUSED FROM THE SPELL, AND ELRIC KNEW NOT WHERE YYRKOOK HAD ESCAPED TO.

ELRIC INVOKED ARIOCH ONCE MORE, AND ONCE MORE ARIOCH RESPONDED. IT WAS THROUGH THE SHADE GATE THAT YYRKOOK HAD GONE. "I MUST FOLLOW HIM, FOR ONLY HE CAN AWAKEN HER."

AND ARIOCH REPLIED, "FOLLOW YOU SHALL. FOR YYRKOOK HAS GONE TO FIND THE TWIN RUNE BLADES, AND WHOEVER DOES THAT WILL BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL OF MORTALS. YOUR DESTINY BECKONS, ELRIC, SO GO AND FIND IT!"





ELRIC'S MIND BEGAN TO SWIRL AND EDDY. HE FELT NAUSEOUS. ALL AROUND HIM SEEMED TO BE THE VERY FABRIC OF CHAOS!

AND THEN, SOLID GROUND. . . BUT SUCH A LANDSCAPE, BARREN AND SCORCHED, A BATTLEFIELD OF THE GODS. PERHAPS? IT WAS A LAND DRAINED OF ALL LIFE. ELRIC WALKED AWHILE, THEN THOUGHT HE HEARD A SOUND. . .

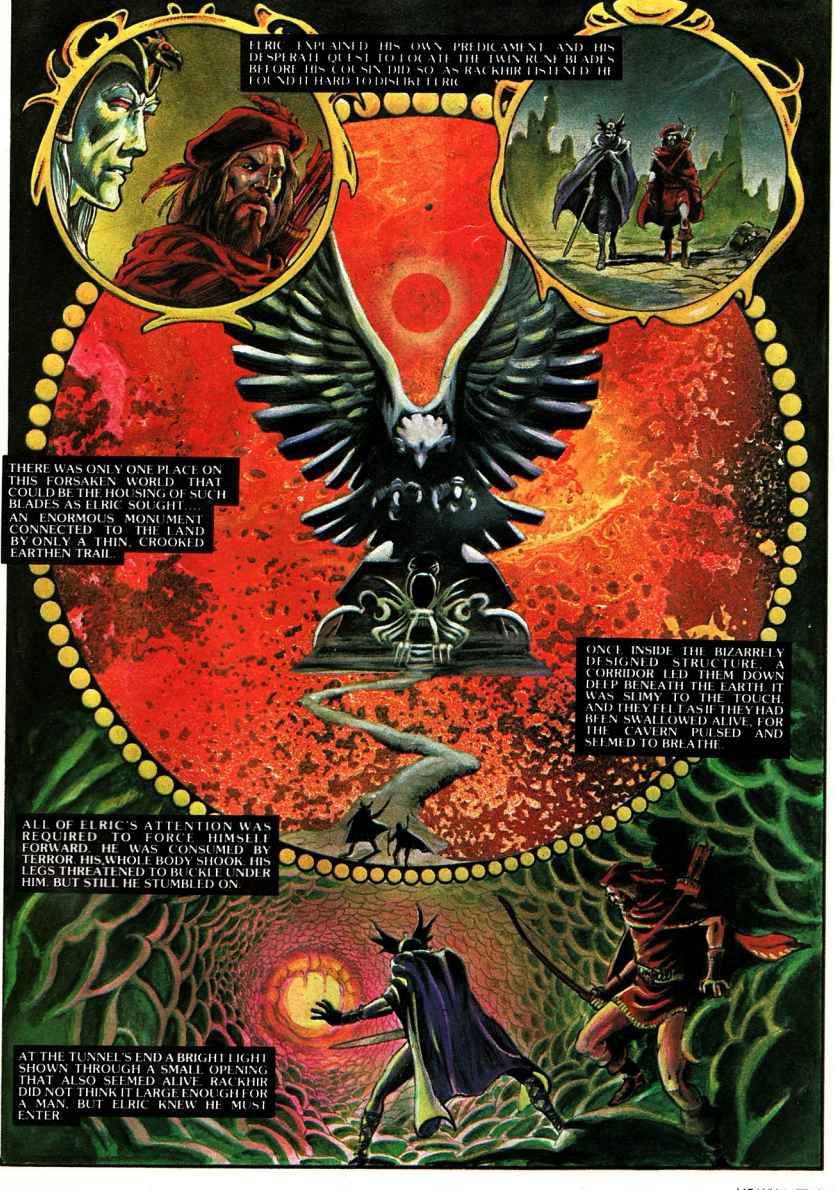
"I AM ELRIC OF MELNIBONE, STRANGER HERE."

A REPLY CAME IN THE FORM OF AN ARROW, WHISTLING PAST HIS HELM.

"THAT WAS NOT MEANT TO HARM YOU BUT TO DISPLAY MY SKILL. IN CASE YOU CONSIDERED HARMING ME. I HAVE HAD MY FILL OF DEMONS IN THIS WORLD AND YOU LOOK LIKE THE MOST DANGEROUS DEMON OF ALL, WHITEFACE!"

"NO, I AM MORIAL."

"AND I AM RACKHIR THE RED ARCHER, WARRIOR-PRIEST OF PHUM, EXILED HERE FOR REFUSING TO SERVE THE LORDS OF CHAOS."



ELRIC EXPLAINED HIS OWN PREDICAMENT AND HIS DESPERATE QUEST TO LOCATE THE TWIN RUNE BLADES BEFORE HIS COUSIN DID SO. AS RACKHIR LISTENED HE FOUND IT HARD TO DISLIKE ELRIC.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE ON THIS FORSAKEN WORLD THAT COULD BE THE HOUSING OF SUCH BLADES AS ELRIC SOUGHT. ... AN ENORMOUS MONUMENT CONNECTED TO THE LAND BY ONLY A THIN, CROOKED EARTHEN TRAIL.

ONCE INSIDE THE BIZARRELY DESIGNED STRUCTURE, A CORRIDOR LED THEM DOWN DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH. IT WAS SLIMY TO THE TOUCH, AND THEY FELT AS IF THEY HAD BEEN SWALLOWED ALIVE. FOR THE CAVERN PULSED AND SEEMED TO BREATHE.

ALL OF ELRIC'S ATTENTION WAS REQUIRED TO FORCE HIMSELF FORWARD. HE WAS CONSUMED BY TERROR. HIS WHOLE BODY SHOOK. HIS LEGS THREATENED TO BUCKLE UNDER HIM. BUT STILL HE STUMBLED ON.

AT THE TUNNEL'S END A BRIGHT LIGHT SHOWN THROUGH A SMALL OPENING THAT ALSO SEEMED ALIVE. RACKHIR DID NOT THINK IT LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN, BUT ELRIC KNEW HE MUST ENTER.

THE WALLS GAVE WAY AND NOW HE STOOD INSIDE THE PULSING CAVERN, AND IN THE CENTER OF THE CAVERN, HANGING IN THE AIR WITHOUT ANY SUPPORT, WERE TWO IDENTICAL SWORDS. . . HUGE AND FINE AND BLACK AND STANDING BENEATH THE SWORDS, GLOATING AND GREEDY, STOOD PRINCE YVRKOON.

"THE DEMON MUST DIE!"

"YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER, RACKHIR. LEAVE THIS CHAMBER. GO!"

"NOW, YVRKOON, WE MUST SETTLE THIS, YOU AND I."

"RACKHIR, YOU SHOULD NOT BE HERE."

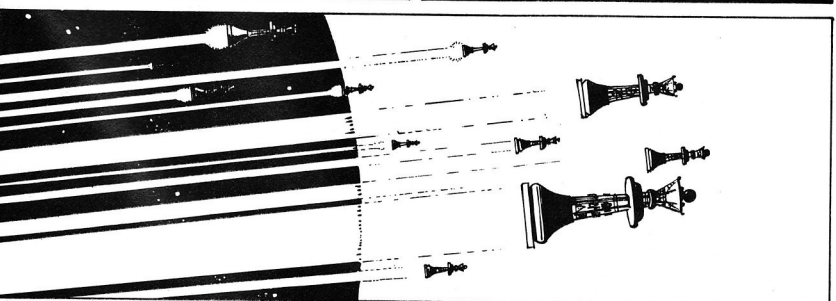
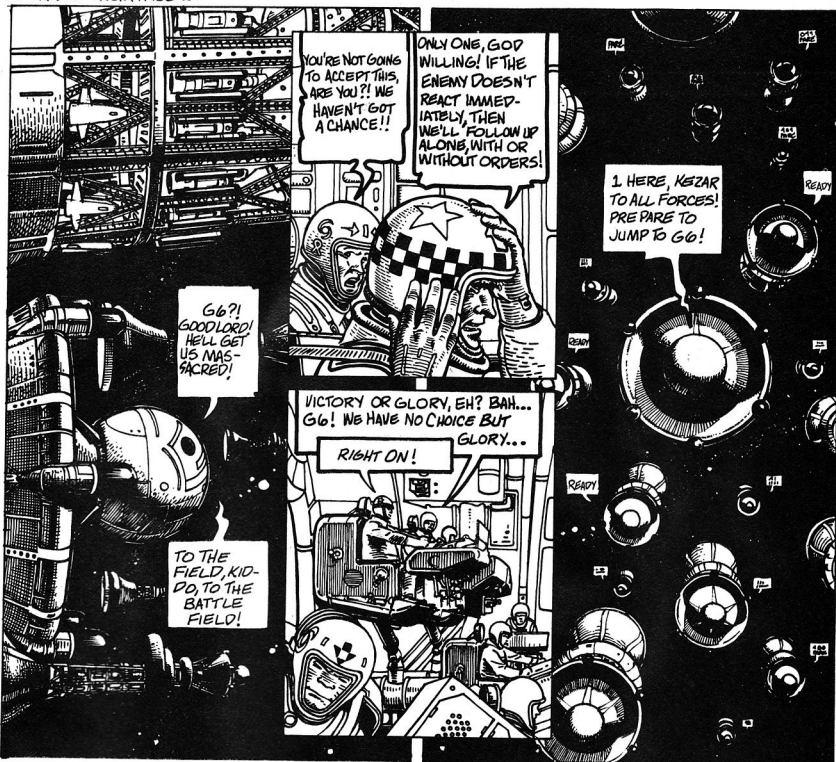
"MORTAL WEAPONS ARE USELESS HERE."

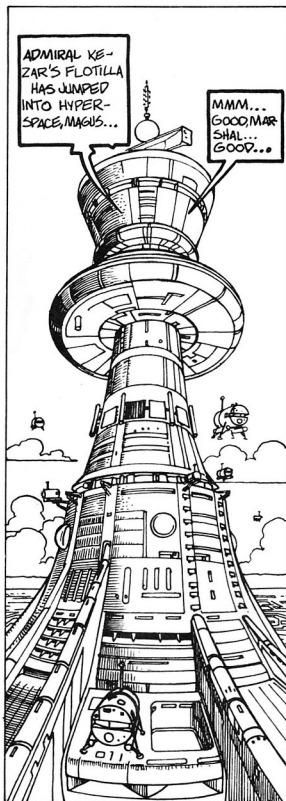
AND THEN THE RUNE BLADES WERE GONE FROM WHERE THEY HAD HUNG FOR SO LONG. STORMBRINGER APPEARED IN ELRIC'S RIGHT HAND, MOURNBLADE IN YVRKOON'S RIGHT HAND.

THE SWORDS BEGAN TO MOAN SWEETLY AND POWER SURGED INTO THEIR WIELDERS.

ONLY CONNECT- THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24



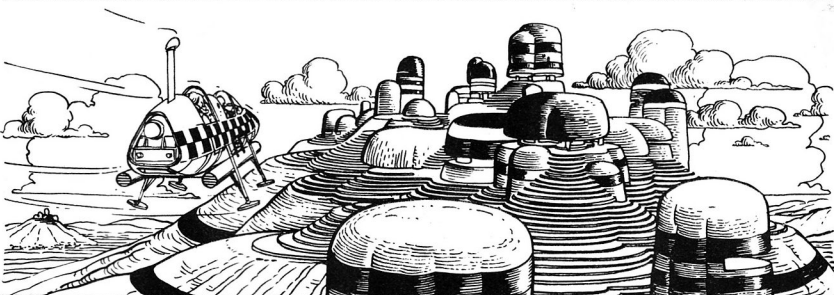
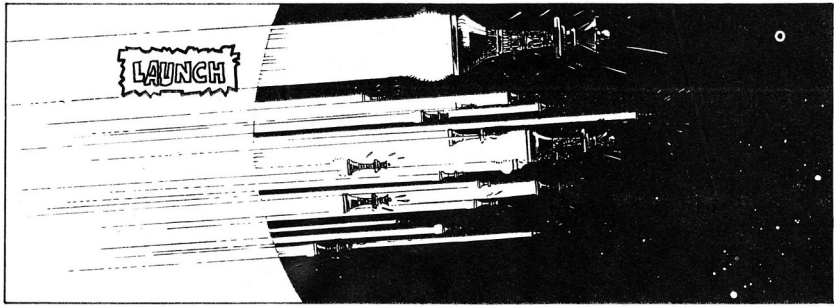


BUT, MAGUS! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE HEADQUARTERS... EVERYTHING IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL HERE... THE TERMINALS...

SO, WE'LL COMMUNICATE BY PHONE... YOU CAN FOLLOW EVENTS... WITH YOUR HARDWARE...



LAUNCH

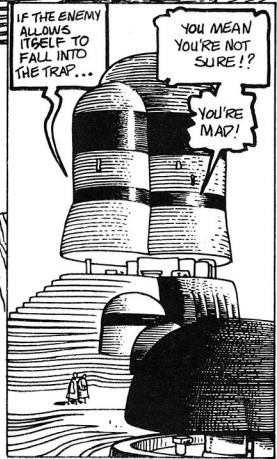


MASTER!
HE'S AWAIT-
ING YOU!

YES,
INDEED.



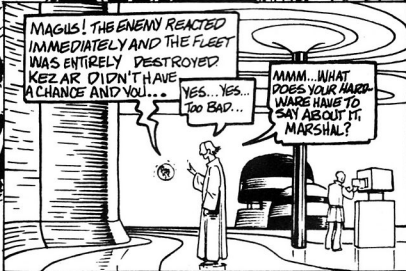
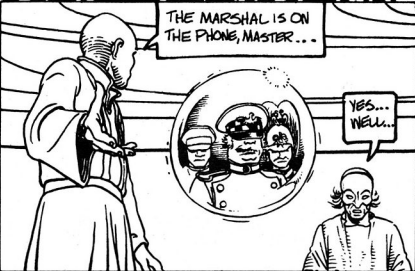
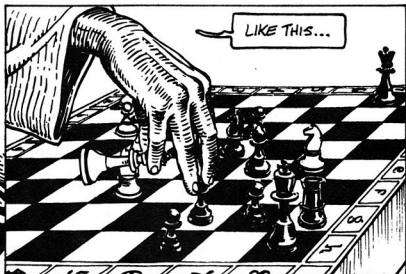
AH, THERE YOU ARE! WHAT'S
THIS MOVE ALL ABOUT? G6?!
NOT ONLY ARE YOU CARELESS
ABOUT THE ENEMY'S POWER,
BUT YOU'RE WILLING TO
SACRIFICE THE SPACE
FLEET AS WELL?



IF THE ENEMY
ALLOWS
ITSELF TO
FALL INTO
THE TRAP...

YOU MEAN
YOU'RE NOT
SURE!?

YOU'RE
MAD!



MMMM...THE ANALYSIS GIVES US
CHECKMATE IN THREE MOVES...MMM...
1.CF6+Rn7; 2.CF8+RH8; 3.CEGG...
MATE...



VERY WELL, DO
YOUR DUTY,
MARSHAL...

WHAT, WE
WON?!!!

...YOUR DUTY...

BP

OH, YES,
MAGUS,
WE WON
AGAIN!

YOU HAD ME SCARED
THERE! DARING TO TAKE
SUCH RISKS...

BAH! TO WIN, THE ANDRIN OS
WOULD HAVE HAD TO SACRIFICE
THEIR SPACE FLEET... BUT THEY
ARE JUST CRUEL ROBOTS, TOO
MUCH IN LOVE
WITH THEIR
OWN GAMES...

...THEY'RE JUST
MECHANICAL
CREATURES...

AND ALL YOUR MIL-
ITARY INSTRUCTORS
ARE TOO MUCH
LIKE THEM...

THEY DON'T
APPRECIATE
THE SPIRIT
OF THE GAME!

I HAND THE INSIGNIA OF
YOUR POWER OVER TO YOU,
MAGUS...

THEY'RE
STILL
ESTEEMED...



I WIPE OUT
YOUR ENEMIES...

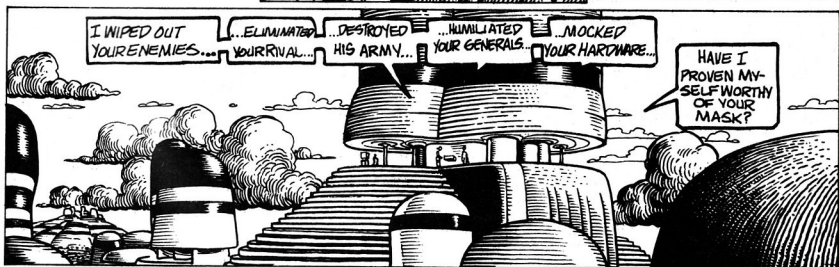
...ELIMINATED
YOUR RIVAL...

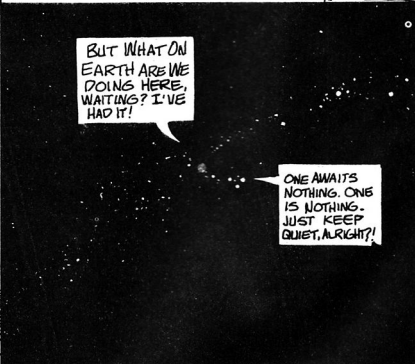
...DESTROYED
HIS ARMY...

...HUMILIATED
YOUR GENERALS...

...MOCKED
YOUR HARDWARE...

HAVE I
PROVEN MY-
SELF WORTHY
OF YOUR
MASK?





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TELEFIELD EPISODE 6

BY SERGIO MACEDO

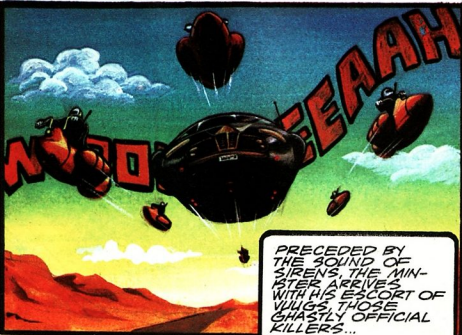
BARON VON HELSINKE PRESENTS YOU WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS FOR SECURITY REASONS, HE ASKS YOU TO GET SET UP OUTSIDE, WHERE YOU CAN RECORD THE SOUND AND PHOTOGRAPH.

SHIT!
THOSE
FUCKING
ROBOTS!

THEY
HAVE TO
OPEN THE DOOR
FOR US!

YEAH!
HA! HA!

WE'VE GOT TO
PREPARE TO BE
A REAL TELEVISION
TEAM, OLD BUDDY.
WHEN THE
PIGS ARRIVE,
WE'LL ALL
JUMP THEM!



PRECEDED BY
THE SOUND OF
SIRENS, THE MIN-
ISTER ARRIVES
WITH HIS ESCORT OF
VULGS, THOSE
GHASTLY OFFICIAL
KILLERS...

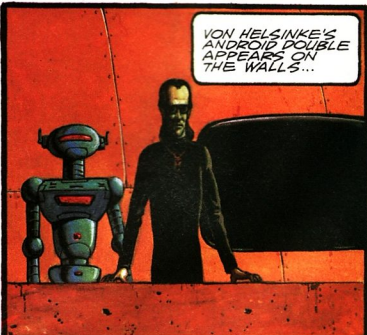
MY ANDROID
DOUBLE? IS HE
READY? SEND HIM
OUT TO BE TELEVIEWED
IN MY PLACE.

YES,
MASTER.

I
COULDN'T
STAND ALL
THAT
MORTIFYING
AND
INEXORABLE
SUNLIGHT
OUTSIDE!...



VON HELSINKE'S
ANDROID DOUBLE
APPEARS ON
THE WALLS...



FIRE!

THE DOORS OF
THE BUNKER OPEN
FOR THE NEW
ARRIVALS...AND THEN...



AAARRRGHH!
HELL AND DAMNATION!
TREASON!

CALLING ALL
GUARDIAN ROBOTS!
ATTACK!



AAAAAHHH!

THE
GRENADES!
HURRY!

GET
INSIDE! I'LL
COVER
YOU!

ALL HELL BREAKS
LOOSE... THE
TERRORISTS, THE
WULFS, AND THE
KIDS... DESTROY
EACH OTHER IN
MERCILESS
COMBAT...

K-BRMMM!

GOOD GRIEF! THE BARBACKS ARE ABOUT TO BLOW UP!

HURRY! GET THE MOTOR RUNNING! I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE... WAIT FOR ME!

CEDRYLL! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

...I'M BEING LED BY SOME KIND OF FORCE... I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW IT!

WHAP!

KILL THE PIGS!

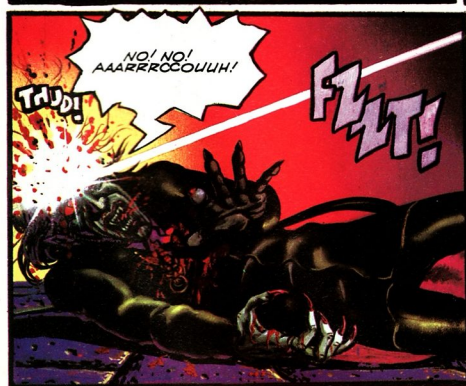
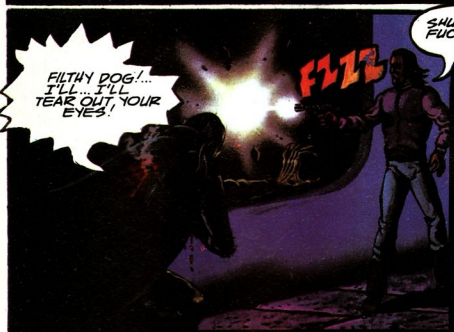
PSST!... LET'S BE COOL ABOUT THIS! LEAVE THIS SHIT HOUSE TO THEM, IF THEY WANT IT...

AAAAARRGGH!
YACTATATTAT!

AAAAHHH!
THAT ONE!
KILL HIM!

FZZZ!
CRACK!

CURSES!





OUTSIDE, THE FIGHT DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

THE LAST ONE, I GOT HIM!

THWIP!

BOOM



KRASH!



UGGH! THIS IS A REAL SNAKE PIT!

EEEEEE

ZT!

FILLED WITH A SUPERHUMAN DETERMINATION, CEDRYLL MAKES HIS WAY TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND DISCHARGES HIS LASER AT THE DIABOLICAL INSTALLATIONS OF THE ZOMBIE-SAVANTS...



KRASH!

WALK!




LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! IT'S GOING TO BLOW UP!

CEDRYLL!

PHEW! LAST...



...FREE!



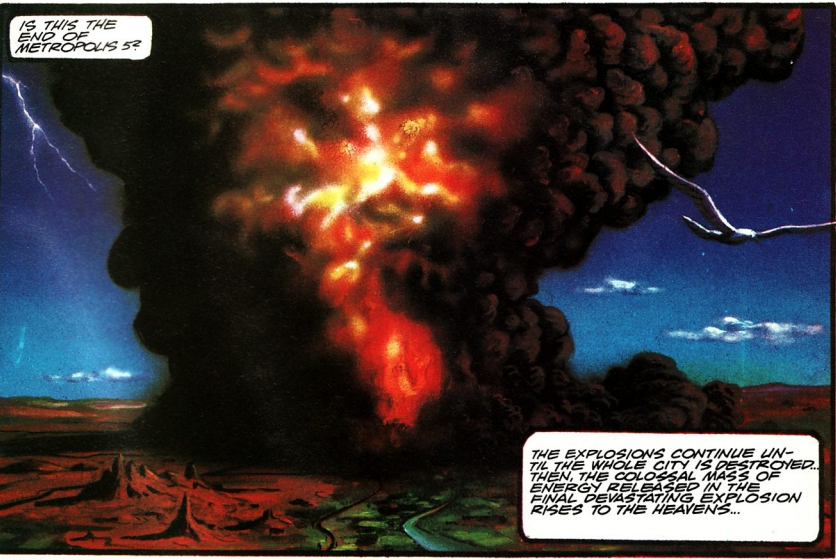
WITH THE CONTROL SYSTEM DESTROYED, THE INCREDIBLE POWER OF THE PSYCHO-PLASMA IS RELEASED AS AN EXPLOSION, WHICH DESTROYS THE FORTRESS...



THIS IMMEDIATELY PRODUCES A TERRIBLE CHAIN REACTION IN METROPOLIS 5. THE PARAPSYCHIC TRIP CENTER BLOWS UP AND THE THOUSANDS OF PARAPSYCHIC GADGETS DISPERSED THROUGH THE CITY EXPLODE WITH A TERRIBLE RACKET...

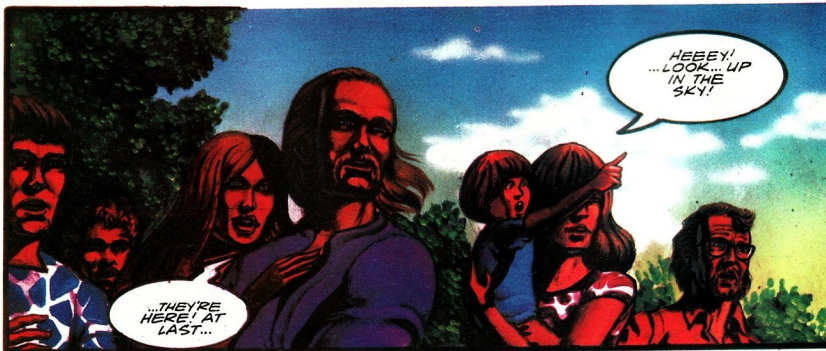
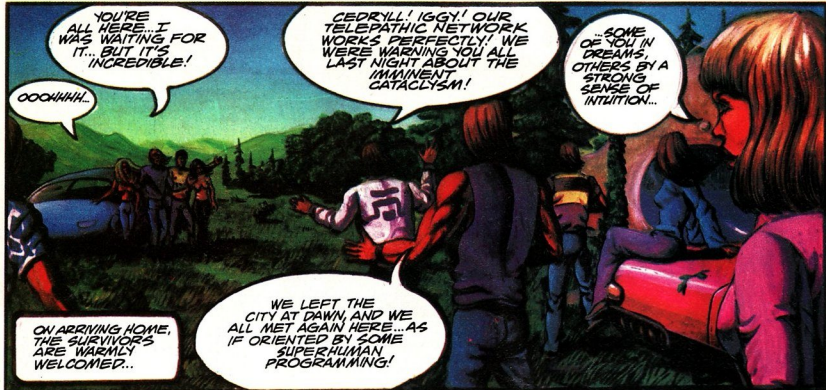


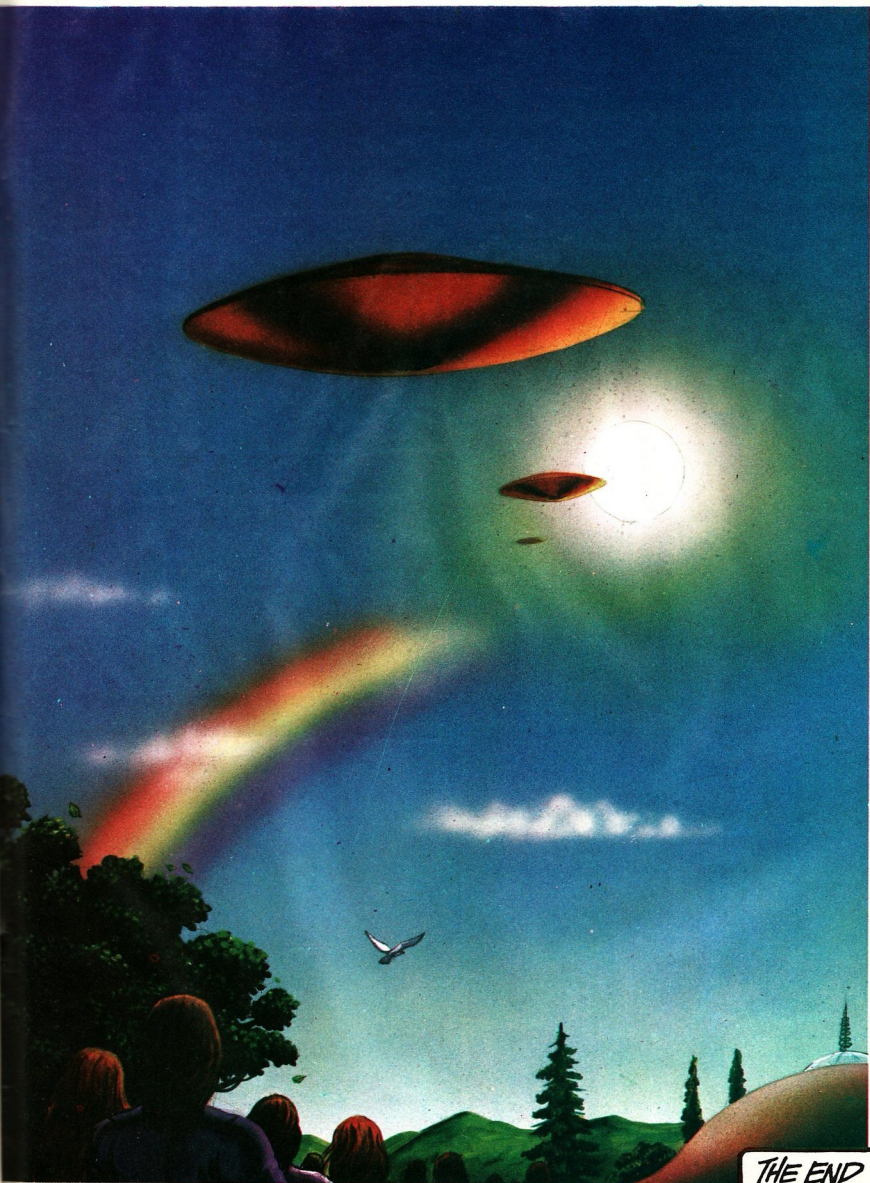
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THE PANIC-STRIKEN POPULACE TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM THE TRAP INTO WHICH THEY FELL, WHEN THEY ACCEPTED THESE DANGEROUS GADGETS...



IS THIS THE END OF METROPOLIS 5?

THE EXPLOSIONS CONTINUE UNTIL THE WHOLE CITY IS DESTROYED. THEN, THE COLOSSAL MASS OF ENERGY RELEASED IN THE FINAL DEVASTATING EXPLOSION RISES TO THE HEAVENS...





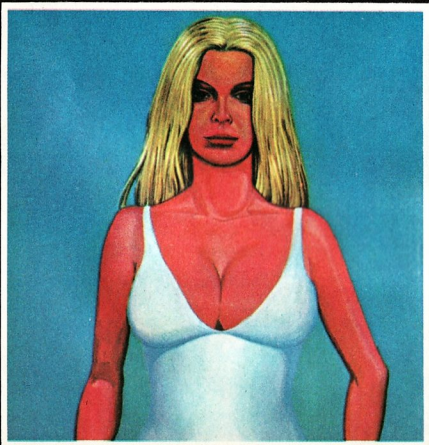
THE END

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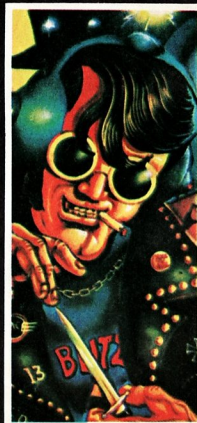
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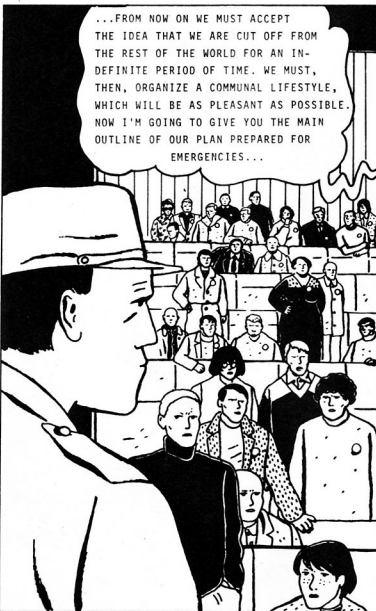
...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WOULD FIRST LIKE TO TAKE THIS OCCASION TO THANK YOU FOR NOT PANICKING AND FOR HAVING CONFIDENCE IN US...THIS BUILDING CAN FUNCTION INDEFINITELY, THANKS TO ITS ATOMIC PILE SUPPORT SYSTEM. WHAT'S MORE, STOCKS HAVE BEEN COLLECTED TO FEED 15,000 PEOPLE FOR A YEAR. TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE COULD DO--ALTHOUGH THIS ISN'T THE CASE--WE COULD SPEND TWENTY YEARS HERE, SINCE THERE ARE EXACTLY 823 OF US!

...BUT, THIS ISN'T THE CASE, BECAUSE WHEN THE RADIOACTIVITY LEVEL OUTSIDE DROPS DOWN TO A LEVEL ACCEPTABLE TO THE HUMAN ORGANISM, THE DOORS OF THE BUILDING WILL OPEN AUTOMATICALLY. WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE MUST AWAIT THIS OPENING, SINCE WE DON'T KNOW THE PROXIMITY OR THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE BOMBARDMENT...



...FROM NOW ON WE MUST ACCEPT THE IDEA THAT WE ARE CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD OF TIME. WE MUST, THEN, ORGANIZE A COMMUNAL LIFESTYLE, WHICH WILL BE AS PLEASANT AS POSSIBLE. NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE MAIN OUTLINE OF OUR PLAN PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES...

THE NUMBERED BADGE THAT WAS GIVEN TO YOU AT THE DOOR IS ABSOLUTELY NONTRANSFERABLE. IT MUST BE VISIBLE AT ALL TIMES ON YOUR GARMENT, WHATEVER THE TIME OF DAY AND WHEREVER YOU MAY BE IN THE MALL--TO ALLOW THOSE IN CHARGE OF DISTRIBUTION TO REGISTER YOUR WITHDRAWALS OF FOOD AND OTHER PRODUCTS. WE WILL HAVE NO NEED OF MONEY AS LONG AS WE ARE HERE, SINCE EVERYTHING WILL BE SHARED EQUALLY.



IT IS ABSOLUTELY NOT A QUESTION OF THE MALL PERSONNEL DOING ALL THE WORK BY THEMSELVES. EACH VICTIM MUST SIGN UP FOR AN ACTIVITY, ACCORDING TO HIS TASTES AND ABILITIES. WE WILL SUPPLY THE LIST IN DUE TIME. THIS WILL BE PROGRAMMED SO THAT EACH DAY'S ASSIGNMENTS WILL BE CLEAR, WITH WORK SHARED EQUALLY--AND NO SHIRKING!

I WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT MY COLLEAGUES IN THE ADMINISTRATION AND I HAVE DECIDED TO KEEP OUR POSITIONS, TO AVOID DISORGANIZATION, WHICH MIGHT PROVE DETRIMENTAL TO THE SMOOTH SAILING OF THIS UNUSUAL OPERATION...



A STRONG SURVEILLANCE TEAM WILL BE ORGANIZED BY US ON A VOLUNTARY BASIS. ITS MEMBERS WILL WEAR UNIFORMS. THEY WILL BE EXEMPTED FROM OTHER TASKS, BUT REMEMBER...



...EACH WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS POST OVER A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR PERIOD, AS ARE ALL MEMBERS OF THE ADMINISTRATION. ORGANIZATION IS ESSENTIAL. CONCERNING DAILY LIFE...EACH ONE OF US HAVING RECEIVED OUR APPROPRIATE NUMBER...

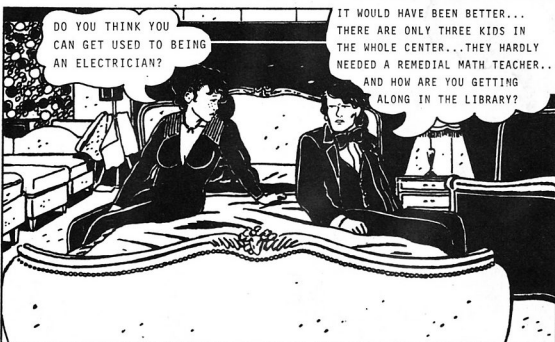


...WE THINK THAT RATHER THAN EATING ALL OVER THE CENTER, IT WOULD BE PREFERABLE IF MEALS WERE SERVED AT FIXED TIMES IN THE CAFETERIA, WHICH SEATS 1000 PEOPLE...FOR THE SAME REASONS, SLEEPING QUARTERS WILL BE SET UP IN THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.





LET'S NOT COMPLAIN TOO MUCH...ANYWAY, AS FAR AS ORGANIZATION IS CONCERNED, YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THEY'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT...



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