

THE MAGAZINE OF

Fantasy and Science Fiction

VOLUME 8, No. 2

FEBRUARY

The Climbing Wave (<i>short novel</i>)	by MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY	3
Blood	by FREDRIC BROWN	56
Birds Can't Count	by MILDRED CLINGERMAN	57
The Royal Historian of Oz (<i>article: second of two parts</i>)	by MARTIN GARDNER	64
The Tweener	by LEIGH BRACKETT	75
The Tidings	by ARTHUR FORGES	90
Recommended Reading (<i>a department</i>)	by THE EDITOR	96
Shiver in the Pines	by MANLY WADE WELLMAN	99
Botany Bay	by P. M. HUBBARD	114
The Midway	by BRYCE WALTON	117

Cover painting by Kelly Freas
(*from The Climbing Wave, by Marion Zimmer Bradley*)

Joseph W. Ferman, PUBLISHER

Anthony Boucher, EDITOR

The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Volume 8, No. 2, Whole No. 45, February, 1955. Published monthly by Fantasy House, Inc., at 35¢ a copy. Annual subscription, \$4.00 in U. S. and Possessions; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. General offices, 471 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Editorial office, 2643 Dana St., Berkeley 4, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1954, by Fantasy House Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Submissions must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes; the Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

J. Francis McComas, ADVISORY EDITOR; Robert P. Mills, MANAGING EDITOR; George Salter, ART DIRECTOR; Howard K. Pruyn, PRODUCTION MANAGER; Charles Angoff, ASSOCIATE EDITOR; Gloria Levitas, ASSISTANT EDITOR; Constance Di Rienzo, EDITORIAL SECRETARY

Blood

by FREDRIC BROWN

IN THEIR TIME MACHINE, VRON AND Dreena, last two survivors of the race of vampires, fled into the future to escape annihilation. They held hands and consoled one another in their terror and their hunger.

In the twenty-second century mankind had found them out, had discovered that the legend of vampires living secretly among humans was not a legend at all, but fact. There had been a pogrom that had found and killed every vampire but these two, who had already been working on a time machine and who had finished in time to escape in it. Into the future, far enough into the future that the very word *vampire* would be forgotten so they could again live unsuspected — and from their loins regenerate their race.

"I'm hungry, Vron. Awfully hungry."

"I too, Dreena dear. We'll stop again soon."

They had stopped four times already and had narrowly escaped dying each time. They had *not* been forgotten. The last stop, half a million years back, had shown them a world gone to the dogs — quite literally: human beings were extinct and dogs had become civilized and man-like. Still they had been

recognized for what they were. They'd managed to feed once, on the blood of a tender young bitch, but then they'd been hounded back to their time machine and into flight again.

"Thanks for stopping," Dreena said. She sighed.

"Don't thank me," said Vron grimly. "This is the end of the line. We're out of fuel and we'll find none here — by now all radioactives will have turned to lead. We live here . . . or else."

They went out to scout. "Look," said Dreena excitedly, pointing to something walking toward them. "A new creature! The dogs are gone and something else has taken over. And surely we're forgotten."

The approaching creature was telepathic. "I have heard your thoughts," said a voice inside their brains. "You wonder whether we know 'vampires,' whatever they are. We do not."

Dreena clutched Vron's arm in ecstasy. "Freedom!" she murmured hungrily. "And *food!*"

"You also wonder," said the voice, "about my origin and evolution. All life today is vegetable. I—" He bowed low to them. "I, a member of the dominant race, was once what you called a turnip."