

CREATED

Vult jumped backward. His
Y-gun spat blue gas!



HIE THEM

IT WAS like seeing a dead man's face, hearing the voice of a corpse. Jon Ad was so startled he lost control of his Vult antigrav car; almost sent the sleek little speedstreamer spinning to

swift destruction on the glittering chromium spires of City Three, far below his aerial traffic lane.

Eyes widened, he stared unbelievably at the stereo visaplate of his telerad set, which made a luminous miniature rectangle on the instrument panel before him. "My God!" he whispered. "It's Wilm Vult!"

By
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In the twenty-first century, no one believed in black magic. Yet Wilm Vult had separated Jon Ad from his anti-self—a being of evil. And had done the same to the girl Jon loved!

No doubt about it, the photo-vised face smiling three-dimensionally at Jon Ad from the tiny frame was that of his science mentor of undergraduate days. There could be no mistaking Vult's shaggy and leonine head, the bearded and intelligent features. Nor could anyone have counterfeited the rumbling voice which emanated from the telespeaker: "Hello, Jon Ad. Turn on your transmitter so I can see and hear you."

But the thing was fantastically impossible, for Wilm Vult had been dead a good four years.

Bewildered, Jon Ad made no move to flip the switch. How, he asked himself, could a dead man speak to him? There were no such things as ghosts in the pure science-life of the year 2140 A.D. That sort of superstition had died out almost two centuries ago, back in the nineteen hundreds. Moreover, how could a ghost make use of an instrument so wholly material as a man's private telerad?

Nothing could be less supernatural than a telerad hookup. Every citizen possessed one, operating on his individual wavelength. Radio channels had long ago been split into vernier graduations, thousands of them crowded into each frequency formerly allotted to a single broadcasting unit. A wavelength was assigned to you, much the same as a telephone number in the old days; you had one receiver-transmitter in your home, another in your antigrav car. To contact anybody in the nation you looked him up in the teledirectory, twirled your autodial. When he switched in to answer you, a visual conversation ensued; you saw and

spoke to each other as if in the same room, though perhaps three thousand miles intervened.

But at least the party at the other end of the connection had to be alive; not four years dead, as Wilm Vult was!

Vult's pleasant bellow sounded again in the telespeaker: "Are you there, Jon Ad? Switch in, man. It's important."

Then Jon Ad saw that his antigrav car was spinning dizzily earthward; he grabbed the controls in time to avoid smashing into a passenger speedstreamer in the lower lane. His machine responded instantly; flashed upward to the proper level, regained even keel. This immediate maneuverability was a tribute to the genius of Wilm Vult, who had discovered and perfected the antigrav principle—only to lose all profit from the invention by gambling away his holdings on the stock market.

The loss had caused Vult's suicide. Yet here was his voice saying: "I'm not dead, old chap. Please switch in."

JON AD pressed the cut-on button. "Is this some joke?"

"Ah. Now I can see you, hear you. That's better, Jon. Listen. For the time, I don't want the world to know I'm still alive. I'll explain my reasons later. Right now I want you in my laboratory—which nobody else knows about." He gave its location.

Jon Ad broke in. "Does Heln know about—about—?"

"About my not being dead? Yes. She's here with me now. A pleasant reunion, too; you should have seen her when she learned her

shaggy old father was still living! By the way, she tells me she's engaged to you, Jon."

Jon Ad nodded into the visascope. "We're to be married next week, sir. Our brokerage employers are giving us a month for the honeymoon. Put Heln on the screen, won't you? I'd like to say good morning."

A flicker of craftiness seemed to slither across Vult's pale blue eyes, then vanished. "She's—er, busy right now. But you'll see her when you get here. Oh, yes, you'll certainly see her."

In the older man's tone, Jon Ad detected an undercurrent of something he didn't like. A vague sixth sense made him suddenly uneasy. "I'll be right there, sir," he said. He broke the telerad connection, fed full power to his antigrav's silent mechanism.

Twenty minutes later he came to earth in a clearing bordered by a thick grove of oaks on the western shore of Michlake; pelted toward a square structure fashioned of solaroid pliobrick set deep within the woods and hidden by leafy foliage from overhead aerial traffic lanes. As he ran, a door opened before him and Wilna Vult stepped forth, huge, muscular, grinning in his beard. There was a Y-ray gun in Vult's hairy right fist. He aimed it at Jon Ad.

"Got you, sucker!" he announced.

Jon Ad drew up short. "What's the idea, sir?"

"You'll find out. Meantime, don't make any silly moves. You probably know what the Y-ray does to a man. It disintegrates his insides without spoiling his outer

appearance. That way, the mourners can remark what a lovely corpse he makes in his coffin. You wouldn't want any mourners saying that about you, would you?"

Jon Ad felt a kind of panic. "Where's Heln?" he burst out.

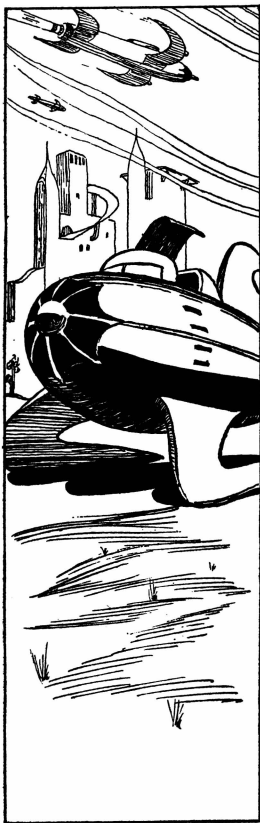
"Safe and sound. Come along; I'll show her to you."

"Show her to me?" Jon Ad felt the short hairs rising at the nape of his neck. Vult's words had an ominous ring; seemed to indicate that Heln was being held in restraint—or worse. And there was a maniacal expression slithering into the older man's eyes, now; the same expression Jon Ad had noticed on the scientist's bearded face a while ago, in the telerad's visaplate.

Vult chortled, deep in his thick throat. "Come along, my would-be son-in-law." He prodded Jon Ad into the laboratory. It was a square room lined with strange electrical apparatus such as the world had never before known. There were giant condensers, humming generators of curious design, switches and control panels whose purpose Jon Ad couldn't guess. Nor was he interested, for suddenly he saw his beloved Heln.

"Great God!" he rasped, and tried to leap toward her.

SHE lay strapped to a tilted metal table, her enticing young body slanting head-downward at an angle of twenty degrees—and she was stripped almost naked. Leather thongs crossed her slim ankles and flattened her shapely legs to the table's smooth surface; another strap cut cruelly into the creamy whiteness of her thighs.



An odd network of finely-woven wire mesh lay like an apron upon her slender waist and lyric hips; a similar metallic concealment squeezed the alluring mounds of her breasts, like a tight brassiere of torture. Her wrists were bound together under the table, her hair streamed to the floor in a golden waterfall, and abysmal fear lay in her azure eyes.

"Jon! Jon Ad!" she whimpered through tremulous red lips.

He hurled himself at her; then stiffened into immobility as he felt Wilm Vult's Y-gun jamming into his spine. "Hold it, hero!" the bearded scientist snarled. "Don't make me kill you. I have use for you—alive!"

Jon Ad whirled. "What's the meaning of all this?"

"You'll learn. Be patient."

"Patient? With Helm strapped to that table for God knows what reason? My God, man, she's your own daughter! What are you going to do to her?"

"Divide her antithetically," Vult said. "Remember how I perfected the antigrav car? I worked on the theory that all matter is energy, and all energy has its embodied antithesis—its direct opposite. When I found the way to separate gravity into its two parts, I utilized the negative half to energize my antigrav cars. They fly without falling because they operate on an anti-gravity principle; yet gravity itself is not disturbed in any way."

"I know all that. Come to the point!"

"The Walstreet thieves stole my fortune, ruined me. I wanted revenge. I pretended to kill myself,

but the corpse found by the police was merely the body of a man I murdered for the purpose; while I, meanwhile, came here and set up a secret laboratory."

"Well?"

"This morning, after four years of experimenting, I achieved the ultimate success in my researches. I summoned my daughter here to demonstrate, with her living body, the fact that I can divide her into duplicate twins. One twin will be Heln; the other will be anti-Heln. She—"

SHOCKED horror came into Jon Ad's throat. He balled his fists; smashed himself at the heavier man. Vult jumped backward, and his Y-ray gun spat blue gas. Jon Ad felt a stinging sensation needling his left forearm; froze when he saw the sleeve of his coat disintegrating, sluffing off. He drew a strangled breath.

"Don't worry," the scientist chuckled. "I deliberately missed you that time. But let it be a warning. Now don't make another move or it'll be your guts that disintegrate!" He grinned paternally. "I know you're worried for Heln's safety; but I assure you she will be unharmed by my demonstration."

"Unharmed. . . ?"

"Of course," Vult said. "Is there any change in the force of gravity, merely because I divide the anti-gravity from it? Certainly not! It will be the same with Heln. Divided and twinned, her duplicate counterpart will be an anti-Heln; will be a creature of evil, just as Heln is all that's good and sweet and wholesome."

From the table, Heln herself



Together they raced toward the antigrav speedstreamer.

whimpered: "Jon . . . no! Don't let him do it! He's insane—and I'm afraid!"

Jon Ad heard, and his reflexes answered for him. Unmindful of the death that could issue from the Y-ray gun, he again lunged at the bearded scientist. His fist arced upward; bashed home to a hirsute chin.

Vult righted himself; spat a bloody oath. "You swine!" he roared. He raised the Y-ray weapon. But instead of triggering it, he maced its muzzle across Jon Ad's skull with sickening force. The impact was brutal, savage, final. Jon Ad fell forward like a hewn oak; measured his length on the laboratory floor. Black oblivion closed in on him.

MOOONLIGHT was flowing eerily through the building's translucent pliobrick walls when he awakened. He was in a tiny prison cubicle, trussed hand and foot to an iron cot. And someone was leaning over him, touching him.

"Heln!" he whispered, sensing the fragrance of her golden hair and the warmth of her well-remembered hands. "Heln—what are you doing here?"

She put her ripe lips close to his ear; her swelling breasts brushed his shoulder, yieldingly. "Be quiet, Jon. We're going to escape while my father is asleep." Her fingers worried at his fetters; loosened them.

"But—but what happened? The experiment—" he gasped as the last knot came undone. He sat up.

She panted: "His apparatus went wrong at the last moment. He couldn't complete the test on me.

So he freed me and set to work making repairs. A while ago he fell into an exhausted slumber. It was my chance! Now we'll get away. Come!"

Together they sped into the open, with Heln in the lead. Her toga-like robe of nylasilk flowed about her lithe curves, limning them in the moonlight as she raced toward Jon Ad's speedstreamer. They gained the antigrav car; he helped her in, took his place at the controls. Like a swift rocket the car went swishing upward. Jon Ad slipped an arm about his fiancée's lissome waist; his palm encountered yielding sweetness through her single gossamer garment. . . .

She made no move to draw away, although never before had she permitted such an intimate caress. Instead, she nestled closer to him; put her own hand on his and pressed his fingers against her body. "Jon," she whispered.

"Yes, Heln?"

"Wh-what are we to do about my father? Obviously he's deranged. But when I think of reporting him, having him sent to some institution, I—I can't stand it!"

"But it's got to be done, my sweet. He's dangerous."

She drew a quivering breath. "I g-guess you're right. We'd better go to the authorities at once." Then, abruptly, she added: "Can we stop at the brokerage office first? I left something in my desk. . . ."

"Of course," he said. He changed the direction of his anti-grav car; moments later he landed it on the flat roof of the building where he and Heln worked. He

used his key to open the suite. They entered.

In the dim glow of a night-light, she drew something from her desk drawer; thrust it into the loose bodice of her toga. "Know what it is?" she smiled softly, almost coquettishly.

He shook his head. "What?"

"Our wedding wristlets. I bought them yesterday to surprise you."

His pulse leaped. "Let me see them. Please." Always his blood raced faster when he thought of their approaching nuptials. It thrilled him to know that soon Heln would belong to him, irrevocably and forever, body and soul and mind. In anticipation he could savor the moist succulence of her lips, the sweet surrender of her lithe form. . . .

She was smiling at him again; it was almost a wanton smile, challenging, inviting. "If you really want to see the wristlets, Jon . . . then get them for yourself." She moved toward him; her toga gaped open at the throat.

The bold bid startled him; this was a new Heln, a Heln of sinuous allurements and azure-eyed temptation. He could see the mounded contours of her breasts under the thin white nylasilk that draped them; her lyric hips swayed in languorous rhythm as his fingers reached forth to touch her.

Within his veins, a dam seemed to burst; desire flooded him like a scalding tide. He grabbed her and plunged his fingers under her garment, seeking the wedding wristlets; then he forgot the baubles as his hand touched more enticing treasures. His arm encircled her;

he bent her far backward as he stormed passionate kisses on her parted lips, her closed eyes, her throbbing white throat. "Heln . . . my dearest dear. . . !" he whispered.

Her moan of response inflamed him. "Jon . . . I love you. . . ."

THE toga had fallen away from her snowy shoulders, now; he could see the upper swells of her breasts, like great creamy pearls, taut and out-thrust with her swift breathing. His mouth traversed the velvety skin of her throat, drawing gasps of fervent response from her ripe lips with each ecstatic exhalation. He lifted her to the top of the glassodesk behind her. . . .

What was that?

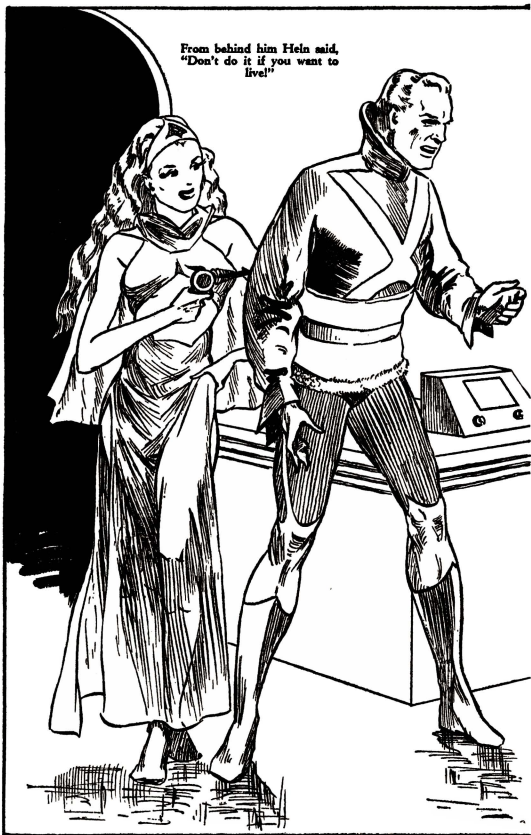
He heard the sound, and he recognized it. Someone was operating the vault-safe's mechanilock in the next room of the brokerage suite; the electrical click of tumblers echoed across the stillness like the tinkling of steel bells. Then came a whispering creak; that would be the vault door swinging open—

"Burglars!" Jon Ad gasped. He leaped away from Heln; pivoted. Then, just as he was about to catapult toward the adjoining office, a stupefied bewilderment froze him in his tracks.

Jon Ad was coming out of that next room.

But how could it be John Ad, he asked himself, when he—the *real* Jon Ad—stood here in the outer office? He was not twins; he couldn't be in two places at once. Yet that other man was his exact counterpart—like a mirrored reflection of himself. And the dupli-

From behind him Hein said,
"Don't do it if you want to
live!"





cate Jon Ad had a thick sheaf of currency in his hand; had just robbed the brokerage safe!

Then the truth dawned on him. "Wilm Vult's work!" he raged. He tensed his muscles to spring.

From behind him, Heln said: "Don't do it. Unless you want to die."

He wheeled around; faced her. She had whipped up the lower hem of her toga, baring her dainty legs well above the knees. Around the columnar purity of her right thigh, a holster was strapped; she drew a small Y-ray gun from the holster, aimed it at Jon Ad. "You fool!" she smiled, and the smile was like an evil sneer.

He realized, abruptly, to what foul extent he had been duped. "You—you're not Heln!" he whispered dully. "You're her molecular twin! You're . . . anti-Heln!"

"Right," she said carelessly. "It took you quite a while to dope it out, didn't it?"

THEN he knew, bitterly, that Wilm Vult's experiment had been carried to successful fruition. By some weird electronic division, Vult had multiplied his daughter's atomic structure; had created a duplicate of her—but a duplicate bereft of all the genuine Heln's sweet wholesomeness. This foul twin was a creature without soul, without morals, without a will of her own; she was Wilm Vult's creature, obeying only his commands. It explained why she had been so passionately willing to allow Jon Ad to caress her, make love to her. . . .

"It was a trick to make me open the front door of the brokerage

suite!" he said unsteadily. "So that my own anti-self could come in and rob the safe!"

The anti-Heln nodded. "Correct, sucker. While I held your attention, your atomic twinself was making hay." She beckoned to Jon Ad's grinning counterpart. "Give me the money. I'll take it to the Master; it will repay him in part for the fortune Walstreet stole from him."

"That's a lie! Walstreet never stole anything from Wilm Vult!" Jon Ad rasped. "He gambled his money away; lost it through his own folly! This is thievery!"

The anti-Heln shrugged. "We wouldn't know about that. We merely obey the Master's commands. He separated me from his daughter; gave me existence. He did the same with your molecular-twin over there. Now we show our gratitude by doing what we're told to do." She darted a glance at the anti-Jon Ad. "Give me the money and be on your way. You have killing to do: the four men who robbed our Master. The financier named Morg is the first on your list. Go."

Jon Ad's twin nodded, tossed the packet of currency across the room, stalked out. The real Jon Ad felt his mouth going dry. "So it's to be murder as well as burglary! Murder—because a madman thinks he's entitled to revenge! I can't let it happen!" And he launched himself at the girl who was not Heln.

Her Y-ray gun spat blue gas. But even as she triggered, Jon Ad stumbled and fell. He landed behind a glassdesk; felt it quiver and jar as the Y-ray struck it. But

he was unharmed by the blast; lead was the one element impervious to Y-rays, and the desk's solid glass structure obviously contained lead. Therefore he was shielded, protected. His only hurt was a bruised forehead, where he had struck his temple in falling.

The anti-Heln apparently thought she had slain him, for she bared her alluringly nude right thigh, holstered her gun. "I must go to the laboratory," she said aloud. "The Master might want me to attend my molecule-twin in her drugged sleep." She glided out of the suite.

JON AD swayed dizzily upright; staggered after her. But when he reached the landing-roof of the building, she was gone; she had taken his antigrav car and vanished.

He remembered the words she had spoken to herself; words that assured him the real Heln was alive—in dope-induced slumber. "Thank God for that much!" he whispered. Then he raced to a light-switch on a shielded control panel; blinked a speedstreamer-taxi signal.

A cruising Silver antigrav swooped from an aerial lane; dropped to a smooth landing. The hackman said: "Yes, sir?"

"To the residence of Peer Morg, the banker!" Jon Ad panted. "And hurry!"

Haste was in his veins, hammering at his heart. He must reach Peer Morg before that murder-creature, the false Jon Ad, had a chance to kill. And the hackman seemed to sense this urgency; he fed full power into his antigrav

mechanism, and the silvery speedstreamer rocketed upward.

The moondrenched miles wailed past Jon Ad's ears; he crouched forward, peering with narrowed eyes. The Morg mansion loomed dead ahead. A dark antigrav coupe was just settling to the landing-roof. Jon Ad shouted: "Faster—faster! Before that man can get into Morg's house to murder him!"

The silver taxicar glided in; stopped. Jon Ad leaped to the roof; his twinself turned, saw him, snarled. Jon Ad said: "Now, damn you—!" and flung himself into combat.

Man and anti-man came to grips like infuriated lions. The hackman, watching, suddenly saw the faces of both combatants—and realized that they were identical. "Gawd!" he gasped. "I'm seein' double! I gotta get outa here!" He lifted his speedstreamer, sent it screaming toward the nearest whiskeybar. From that night onward, his dreams would be unpleasantly troubled. . .

But Jon Ad had no thoughts for the hackman. He was battling a creature who matched him ounce for ounce, power for power; a creature of evil, wrought from Jon Ad's own anti-molecules. This snarling *thing-man* was his own counterpart, his atomic twin—separated from him by a madman's electronic wizardry. How could such a fantastic battle end? How could either self triumph over the other?

Yet Jon Ad knew he must win, lest multiple murder be done tonight. He bashed a sledgehammer blow home to the snarling mouth

of his anti-self; followed with another. He felt pain blazing through his head as knuckles collided above his ear; his dazed brain faltered for an instant, and he fell into another vicious blow. It jarred him to his heels. He tottered; and in sheer desperation he lunged forward like a Mars-rocket. His skull impacted sickeningly against his twin-self's face, smashing it. The creature shot backward like a projectile, struck the parapet around the roof's edge and fell over. A scream of hellish intensity came from below; then a dull, squishy thud. After that, silence settled.

Jon Ad peered over the parapet; smiled bloodily. His atomic twin was dead—and there could never be another. No more anti-molecules existed in Jon Ad's structure. Nor would that pulped corpse ever be identified; after a fall of forty floors, nothing remained but a shapeless blob. . .

The dead creature's antigrav car was on the roof, where he had left it. Jon Ad leaped into its compartment, manipulated the ray-controls. He headed toward Michlake—and a final showdown.

DAWN was streaking the east when Jon Ad landed in the woodland clearing. Until that moment, he'd had no idea of the passage of time; the night's events had been too swift, too bewildering. Now, in the grey light, he raced toward the plibrick laboratory building.

Its front door was open; Heln stood there waiting for him, her blue eyes worried, her arms outstretched. His heart gave a great

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bound when he saw her and realized that she was safe, unharmed. "Then you succeeded!" she cried.

"In everything. I killed my anti-self. Now we'll put your father under restraint, get rid of your atomic twin—and everything will be finished."

She glided into his embrace, her eyes veiled by long dark lashes. "My dear . . . my very dear. . ." she whispered, and held up her parted lips for the questing pressure of his mouth. Her nylasilk toga slipped down over her dimpled white shoulders.

He stiffened, stared. "You're not Heln!"

"Wh-wh—what makes you say—?"

His fingers clamped around her arms. "The marks on your throat—my kiss-marks!" he snarled. "You're the anti-Heln—the one who was with me in the brokerage office!"

"No! Let me go! I—"

"You thought you killed me with your Y-ray! And when you saw me flying in just now, you naturally figured I must be my twinself coming back from a murder job! And when you saw your mistake you tried to trap me by pretending to be Heln!" He shook her savagely, vengefully.

Somehow she broke away from him. The toga ripped; came away in his hands. Nude, she turned and raced into the laboratory; screamed at the top of her lungs. "Master—Master Vult!"

Jon Ad caromed after her. He

caught her; spun her around. Death-terror was in her soulless eyes; fear transfigured her face into a hideous mask. "No—no!" she shrieked as Jon Ad's hands went to her throat.

For an instant he hesitated, repelled at the thing he knew he must do. She was so much like the real Heln—so completely Heln's twin-counterpart—that killing her was like slaying Heln herself. A pang of ugly doubt stabbed him. Suppose this really *were* Heln? Suppose he was throttling his own beloved bride-to-be?

But the tiny red mouth-marks on her neck and shoulders dispelled his qualms. This was the one who had lured him to his brokerage office for the sake of burglary and murder; this was the one he had caressed. . .

. . . And she deserved death, had no real right to exist. She lacked soul; she was an evil creation of electronically-stolen atoms—of molecules pilfered from the genuine Heln. To allow her to live would be a crime in the face of Nature, Jon Ad told himself. He began strangling her.

She clawed at him, kicked him, tried to break away. His thumbs shut off her wild and hellish cries; he bent her backward, blinding himself to the lush beauty of her. "Now—!" he grunted.

Somebody roared: "Yes. Now!" It was Wilm Vult, and he had his Y-ray gun lifted. Drawn by the anti-Heln's cries, he had raced along the corridor, his eyes blaz-

ing, his beard dribbling the saliva of fury.

Jon Ad saw the gun. He hurled himself aside. A blue puff belched from the weapon. But instead of striking Jon Ad, it impacted against the soft white flesh of Heln Vult's evil twinself. The creature screamed once; then she sagged, dropped. You couldn't see any wounds on her perfect body, but you knew what had happened to her. Beneath that fair skin, her organs were disintegrating into putrescent slime. . . .

"Damnation!" the mad Vult yelled. He tried to trigger a ray-charge at Jon Ad. But Jon Ad had already hurled himself at the scientist. In a low flying tackle, he slammed full-tilt into the maniac's knees. Both men went down in a flurrying tangle of fists and feet, kicks and punches. The Y-ray weapon skittered down the hall and lay there beyond Vult's reach.

IT WAS brawn against brawn, now; strength matched to strength, with inevitable death for the loser. Jon Ad realized it; knew his life was at stake—and Heln's life as well. Maybe Heln was already dead; maybe her father had slain her during the night. The thought sent a sudden spate of raging stamina into Jon Ad's thews. He struck out blindly; felt his knuckles split open as they smashed into Vult's bared, fang-like teeth.

The bearded man bellowed in pain; probed his fingers toward Jon Ad's eyes. "I'll blind you, by God! I'll blind you—I'll pluck out your damned eyeballs by the roots!"

Jon Ad averted his head, freed himself of Vult's grasp, rolled over. Vult scrambled to his feet; aimed a murderous kick at his enemy's skull.

It grazed Jon Ad—and stunned him. In reflex defense he grabbed the heavier man's ankle; yanked it. Vult came tumbling down on top of him, his massive body pressing the breath from Jon Ad's tortured lungs.

The battlers were locked together again, now. Jon Ad felt the madman's arms going around him to crush him. Vult was far the stronger, he knew. Once that bear-like grip was fastened on . . . well, it would be Jon Ad's finish. He realized it. "Damn you, Vult!" he wheezed. And he jammed his knees and elbows against the bearded maniac; exerted the ultimate ounce of his waning strength.

Vult's hold broke. Before he could try it again, Jon Ad's fists were triphammers that pistoned punch after smashing punch into the scientist's blood-smearred face. Clinching, both men came to their feet. Jon Ad bashed himself free, arose on his toes, swung a pile-driver uppercut full to his enemy's whiskered chin.

The aching thud of it arrowed up Jon Ad's arm, almost dislocated his shoulder. But even as he winced under the pain, he knew he had dealt Wilm Vult his death-stroke. It isn't nice to know you've killed a man with your bare fist; it's something you'll carry with you until you die. Especially when your victim happens to be the father of the girl you love. . .

But Jon Ad knew there could

have been no other way. He saw Vult stagger; saw the stupid glassiness that filmed the madman's dulling eyes. Abrupt gouts of blood spewed from Vult's nostrils and mouth and ears; his tortured, twisted brain had burst under the savage impact of that last blow, and now even his eyes were hemorrhaging. He fell backward, very slowly; and when at length he lay at Jon Ad's feet, no movement stirred him.

This time Wilm Vult was really dead; there would be no more resurrection.

LIMPING, stumbling, half-blind-ed, Jon Ad dragged himself wearily along the corridor. Presently he reached the prison-chamber where he himself had been fettered the night before; the room from which the fraudulent twin-Heln had pretended to rescue him. The place had another occupant now; a sweetly-smiling, golden-haired prisoner who lay deeply slumbering on the cot, her azure eyes closed, her enchanting breasts rising and falling gently with each drugged breath. Jon Ad could see those dainty charms, where Heln's white toga had slipped open; he could see her flawless throat, marred by no kiss-marks, and he noticed that there was no ray-gun strapped to her creamy thigh. . .

He leaned over her and kissed her lightly, on the lips. She stirred; her lashes fluttered. Dully, then, she looked up at him. "Jon . . . Jon Ad. . . !"

It was a good hour before she was thoroughly revived. Then he told her all that had happened dur-

ing the night. "And now it's finished," he ended. "We'll take the stolen currency down to the office, put it back in the vault before anyone else shows up. My own twinself is dead past all identifying; your anti-twin will never be found."

"You mean . . . ?"

"The world needn't know about your father," Jon Ad said as he took her into his arms. "History thinks he died four years ago. We'll let it rest that way."

Then he took Heln out of the plioglass building; stopped only long enough to pick up Wilm Vult's Y-ray gun. Out in the clearing he turned; aimed the ray toward the shining laboratory. The solaroid bricks were synthetically resinous; contained no metallic lead. Hence they were vulnerable to the ray—as was the weird machinery within the structure.

Jon Ad triggered the gun. Puff after semivisible puff of bluish ray-gas reached fingers of destruction at the laboratory. Plioglass bricks began to melt, fuse, disintegrate. Like a shimmering mirage the building ran together, annealing its mass with the electronic atom-apparatus which Wilm Vult had invented. And at long last the spot was nothing but a brownish heap of liquescent rubble — in which lay buried forever the corpse that had been Vult and the *thing* that had been Heln's evil anti-twin.

Then Jon Ad took Heln to his antigrav car, touched the controls. His arm went around her waist and she nestled sweetly against him as they headed into the roseate sunrise—toward happiness.