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THE ORIGINAL **SCIENCE FICTION** STORIES

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JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Jr.'s

"Who Goes There?"

by Randall Garrett

(who also did the design)

These parodies are perpetrated in the spirit of good fun, and no offense to either author or story is intended. In all cases, the author has seen the parody, and has approved, between gusts of laughter.

Here's a tale of chilling horror
For the sort of guy who more or
Less thinks being an explorer
Is the kind of life for him.
If he finds his life a bore, he
Ought to read this gory story,
For he'll find exploratory
Work is really rather grim.

For the story starts by stating
That some guys investigating

The Antarctic are debating
On exactly what to do
With a monster they've found frozen
Near the campsite they have chosen,
And the quarrel grows and grows, un-
Til they're in an awful stew.

There's a guy named Blair who wants to r-
Eally check up on this monster
And dissect it. To his conster-
Nation, everyone's in doubt.
So, of course, he starts in pleading,
And the rest of them start heeding
All his statements, and conceding
That the Thing should be thawed out.

So they let this Thing of evil
Start to melt from its primeval
Sheath of ice; they don't perceive a l-
Ot of trouble will ensue.
When the Thing is thawed, it neatly
Comes to life, and, smiling sweetly,
It absorbs some men completely,
Changing them to monsters, too!

Now we reach the story's nub, ill-
Uminating all the trouble:
Each new monster is a double
For the men they each replace.
Since it seems a man's own mother
Couldn't tell one from the other,
These guys all watch one another,
Each with fear upon his face.

And so then the men are tested
To see who has been digested,
And who's been left unmolested.
But the test don't work! It's hexed!
So each man just sits there, shrinking

From the others, madly thinking,
As he watches with unblinking
Gaze, and wonders—*Who Goes Next?*

Now, they've found that executing
Monsters can't be done by shooting;
They require electrocuting,
Or cremation with a torch.
When they find these Things, they grab 'em;
They don't try to shoot or stab 'em;
With high-voltage wires, they jab 'em
'Til their flesh begins to scorch.

So the entire expedition
Eye each other with suspicion,
For they're in a bad position,
And there's no denying *that!*
Now, to clear this awful scramble,
The ingenious Mr. Campbell,
Suddenly, without preamble,
Pulls a rabbit from the hat.

Here's the way they solve the muddle:
They discover that a puddle
Of a pseudo-human's blood'll
Be a little monster, too!
With this test for separating
Men from monsters, without waiting,
They start right in liquidating
All the monsters in the crew.

Thus, the story is completed,
And the awful Thing's defeated,
But he still was badly treated;
It's a shame, it seems to me.
Frozen since the glaciation,
This poor Thing's extermination
Is as sad as the cremation
Of the hapless Sam McGee.