

FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION

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AUTHOR, AUTHOR!

★ **RON SMITH** is the publisher of the award-winning *Inside*, one of the finest of amateur efforts for the science fictionist.

**just
evie
and
me...**

by Ron
Smith

**... but there was some-
thing else we hadn't
figured on!**

I DON'T know why I'm writing this; it will never be read. At least, no one will ever know it just the way it happened. Not in the twentieth century they won't. Because I know how the story reads then.

But, as my kid brother always said (he was one of those magazine writers in the time I come from), writing is good for the soul. It releases tension.

And have I got tension!

My name is Adam Schwartzburger. My wife's name is Eve. We were both born in 1940 in a place called Brooklyn, U.S.A. And maybe it all wouldn't have happened if we hadn't gone to Paris on our honeymoon. That was in 1962.

We had been there two weeks when we rented this car and went on a tour of the countryside. You know, we wanted to see all the scenic spots we'd read about in the folders. And the little villages and the farms. We'd never seen much grass or flowers and it was nice to

walk through the fields, just Eve and me, all alone. Whole *fields* of flowers. We'd never seen so many.

Now I wish I'd never seen a flower.

It was because we were out walking in one of these fields that we met Justin Le Blanc. He lived alone in this shack on this land he owned, and he carried on all sorts of experiments. He was a scientist.

We dropped by his place and he showed us around. He was an old guy, with white hair and a funny way of talking. I never did understand anything he said.

I don't even remember where he said he came from. All I remember is he had a lot of money—he showed us that. He said if we'd help him in one of his experiments he'd pay us.

And since Eve and I had sunk all our savings into our honeymoon trip, we took him up on it.

IT DIDN'T occur to any of us how it *had* to end. Maybe if we'd told Le Blanc our names, he would have realized. But he didn't ask, and...

Well, as I guess you know by now, he had a time machine. He wanted to send me back in it because someone had to stay and operate it from the 1962 end; and he was too old, anyway. Then,

too, I was handy and he didn't want news of it to get out until he was sure it worked.

He told us there was a certain amount of risk involved—that we might get stuck in time—but we decided to go anyway. We needed the money, and Eve insisted on going with me.

So we came back here—I don't know how many million years—and, as you know, we didn't get back. The time machine is still here, rusting away on some hill a few miles from where we built our house.

It's nice here. Trees and flowers like they never saw back home. But I miss Brooklyn, our friends, our little apartment we had all picked out, the job I had waiting for me.

And I don't even know how the world series turned out! They were still playing when we left.

But I wouldn't mind so much, if things had happened as we thought they would—as they were *supposed* to.

It's as my kid brother used to say; you can't ever believe anything you read.

You see, Eve turned out to be barren. God knows we tried, but it wasn't any use.

And the only company we've had all these years is this ape named Cain.

