

# AMAZING

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# MISSION

# ACCOMPLISHED

By PAUL DALLAS

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*Alien life forms have been pondered, prophesied, and debated in both science fact and science fiction since mankind first dreamed of adventuring into space. That other conscious entities exist in space is a mathematical certainty. So the possibility that one of these forms could thrive on our most brutal treatment is not beyond conception. Or so says author Paul Dallas.*

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I WARNED each man before I killed him. Thus, those who opposed me died stupidly. I mention this so it cannot be said that I killed wantonly with no thought to the fulfilment of my mission.

The first to die was the man in blue, armed (as are all people in authority on this planet) with what is called a gun. I told him that he must come with me and warned him that resistance would be useless. It was at this point that the patronizing look disappeared from his face, to be replaced by what I considered a complexion of wrath. He reached for his weapon, and I destroyed him.

The people in the immediate vicinity were attracted by the sight of the man in blue lying at my feet. They gathered in a circle about us; but none knew what to do, so I walked through

them and left the area. I moved to another part of the city and attempted to collect two or three people who appeared less likely to oppose my will. Unfortunately, they did not seem to comprehend my orders and attacked me with their bare hands, which they closed in anger. Strangely, one person, although wearing no uniform, produced an emblem from his pocket and then extracted a gun from beneath his jacket, with which, it could be supposed, he would have offered me some harm. I destroyed them all.

Moving rapidly across the city, I gathered three persons, all of the female type. I found that these, although more easily frightened than the males, were better able to contain their wits, and they obeyed me handsomely. They have a curious way of shiv-

ering as they submit to orders, but then they are probably the stronger of the two. However, I leave all conclusions to the Examining Board who have by this time, no doubt, confirmed my views.

It is worthy of note that these people, not being eternal, quickly use up their limited supply of life, and usually suffer death not through mischance but as a natural conclusion.

My first male was old, being more than half used up. He made no resistance and, in fact, seemed to accompany me willingly. From this I deduced that the intelligence of these people increases as they advance in age—for otherwise, how could one explain the stupid actions of the middle group? The younger ones, although the easiest to command, are of such small size that I think we cannot attribute their cooperation to intelligence, but rather to lack of power.

But, of course, the learned Examining Board will discover these facts for itself.

When, as a result of my strict application to duty, I had completed and forwarded my collection, I was able to rest, secure in the knowledge that my orders had been carried out to the last detail.

But, although under no obligation to achieve more, I, as always, felt it my responsibility to study my surroundings, in the hope that I might accumulate more knowledge to place before

the Examining Board as an aid to their deliberations.

I was particularly struck by the unbelievable stupidity of the species of this planet. It is the more incredible to a visitor because of the extraordinary resemblance which they bear to us. From their appearance, one at first assumes them to be the masters of logic—but soon it becomes obvious that such is not the case. It is, however, true that they are possessed of a certain amount of cunning. This sly quality was evinced by the manner in which they effected my capture.

They came upon me when, having exhausted my energies, I had abandoned my consciousness for a period of recuperation. They transported me, in this condition, to a small room whose ceiling and floor were manufactured from a kind of rock. Its walls consisted of steel rods, or conductors, embedded top and bottom in the rock. When I returned to consciousness and my situation became apparent I went about replenishing myself.

But I discovered, that somehow, accidentally or otherwise, I was blocked off from my source. The metals, perhaps. Or could their machines be less crude than I thought? Anyhow, I was drained and powerless to replenish. I exerted my every resource and came so close to exhaustion that I had to conserve the last bit of my force or enter oblivion.

From time to time, they even

pushed portions of strange materials into my enclosure and seemed puzzled that it produced no reaction from me.

At last they opened a doorway which had been fashioned into the rods, and entered my compartment. They were obviously planning to lead me from my cage, and I had hopes that a change of location would allow me to replenish to regain my strength and free myself.

Unfortunately, they produced lengths of the strange metal with which they bound me. I was still powerless. Obviously, the metal blocked me off. I wondered if they knew this. It seemed that I had underestimated their intelligence.

I was taken before a body that resembles our Board of Decisions. And they spent quite a little time attempting to arrive at some conclusion about me. Or so it appeared. And I was sure their conclusions were negative,

because I was finally returned to my enclosure.

I have hardly enough energy to continue sending, so this may be my last contact. . . .

All is well. These people are not the primitives I thought. Nor are they hostile to me for defending myself while seeking specimens for our laboratories.

After I spent even more time in the cage, I was taken to another—a still-smaller one—and from there escorted to a room in which they had constructed a recharging device: a chair into which they placed me. And with many witnesses—obviously present to wish me well—I was completely replenished.

With my assignment having been previously accomplished, I had no further reason to remain on this strange planet and even as I send this report, I am on my way home, happy that I am able to report: Mission accomplished.

**THE END**