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Science Fiction Stories

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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JULY

Volume 9

1960

Number 7

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Cover: LEO SUMMERS



ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, One Park Avenue, New York 16, New York. William Ziff, President; W. Bradford Briggs, Executive Vice President; Michael Michaelson, Vice President and Circulation Director; H. B. Sarbin, Vice President; J. Leonard O'Donnell, Treasurer.



SPECIAL REPORT

By FRANKLIN M. DAVIS, JR.

GENERAL JANNISON'S EYES ONLY

Raja Hotel
Kraypenh, Khmai Nam
16 February 1960

Major General Wilton H. Jannison, USA
Office of the Inspector General
Department of the Army
Room 3E1026, The Pentagon
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Willy:

The attache tells me that the diplomatic
courier will get this to you before....

... Air Khmai Nam can do as much for me, so because I have at last come to appreciate the utter urgency of this affair you sent me out here on I know of no better way to com-

municate this same urgency to you than to have you read the enclosed statement from Lt. Col. Dillon. In reading it, please bear in mind that I, as your personal representative,

have checked the evidence. I have seen everything that is to be seen, from the dog chain at the beginning to the unfortunate "sample" at the finish. So I simply want to tell you three things, Willy. First, Lt. Col. Dillon has never been anything but a rational and dedicated medical officer. His record is entirely in his favor. One cannot discount his brilliant work among the Japanese immediately after the war, and later in Korea. It is this work, in fact, which lends weight to his observations. Second, it is a known fact (I am certain this has been discussed in the United Nations) that there are still some 40,000 unreported World War II prisoners of war, Germans and Japanese alike, in Russian hands today. Keep that in mind. Third and last, I stake my reputation on the belief that this should be reported to the President and the National Security Council at once. The national course of action may then be considered and plotted.

I shall be back in Washington by the 19th and am prepared to give any assistance you or anyone else may require. Meanwhile I have ordered the MAAG Chief to release Lt. Col. Dillon from arrest and have arranged

with the Ambassador to restore his diplomatic immunity. I am satisfied—and now everyone on the U.S. side here is too—that Lt. Col. Dillon is in no way directly responsible for the death of the Soviet second secretary. While of course I have assured the silence of our people concerned here on this matter, it is my firm belief that we shall find the shocking demise of Nabokov to have been to our definite and distinct advantage because it broke this business into the open. Pending our own action, and in the face of the frightening silence on this subject in Soviet circles, I see no other course at the moment.

Regards,
DeWITT C. LaROUSSE
Brigadier General, USA

Incl: 1 Copy, Sworn Statement of Lt. Col. Dillon.

GENERAL JANNISON'S
EYES ONLY

Incl to Ltr 16 Feb., Gen. LaRousse to Gen. Jannison

*DeWitt C. LaRousse, Brig.
Gen. U.S.A., repr T I G:
Personally appeared before
me on the 13th day of Febru-
ary 1960 at Kraypenh, Khmai
Nam, Lt. Col. Leslie T. Dillon,
Medical Corps, U.S. Army,*

who of his own free will and volition deposes and makes the following sworn statement:

My name is Leslie T. Dillon. I am a lieutenant colonel Army Medical Corps, stationed in Kraypenh, Khmai Nam, as the medical staff officer of the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group to Khmai Nam. General LaRousse has told me to keep this in my own words and tell it in my own way, which is a handsome attitude, I must say. Between the Ambassador and the MAAG Chief here, I've been expecting to be marched out and shot just so my suddenly embarrassing presence could be removed from the scene. I won't dwell on recriminations, however, since it is easy to see how misunderstandings could develop when you know Khmai Nam. Accordingly, I'll have to begin with a little geography and sociology, both important to this statement.

Khmai Nam is a neutral republic in Southeast Asia, bordered on the south and west by Cambodia, on the North by Thailand, and on the east by Laos and part of South Vietnam. It emerged as a republic after the partitioning of Indo China as did these other Southeast Asian states. The capital is Kraypenh,

which sits on the Tonle Kong river, a point important to this report. The Tonle Kong is the fifth largest river in the world—and judging by some of my water samples, the first dirtiest. The Tonle Kong rises on the edge of Manchuria in China and flows through much of China to eventually become the eastern boundary of Khmai Nam and thus a route for small shipping from the north and a route for larger shipping across the Southeast Asian peninsula as the river goes south to enter the ocean at the large Vietnamese port of Saigon. I mention this because a lot of people don't seem to be aware of the fact that a small boat, like a native sampan or junk or even the large bamboo rafts with family housing aboard can come all the way into Kraypenh from as far north as innermost China. The river flows south and provided you don't mind taking a lot of time, you can drift on down, especially during the rainy season.

So much for the geography. Now the sociology. The Khmai are a gentle proud people who at last are independent after being dominated by somebody or other for donkey's years. You need to know this because

while there is a pure Khmai racial strain—connected to the ancient Chams—over the years the Khmai have intermingled and married with whoever might be around. And, since the Japanese occupied this area during the last war, a number of Khmai either married directly or *marié un peu* with Japanese, the latter phrase being the local description for the less formal arrangements. This point is likewise important to this statement.

I think I should add too, the point that medical science recognizes the sex drive, the hunger drive, and the urge for the security of the family as being fundamental to man whatever his immediate environment. This is well-known of course, but I mention it because it has bearing, indeed, is in some ways the heart of the whole matter.

Now for the beginnings. I have nothing to hide concerning my interest in Madame Phen U. Indeed, I count the day I met her as one of the most fortunate of my life, transcending even those moments of personal triumph such as the day I received my degree in medicine at Cornell. It has been my practice, with the full knowledge and ap-

roval of the Ambassador and the MAAG Chief, to provide medical assistance within our means wherever possible. Accordingly, in dealing with local cases I meet many local people. I did not "establish a clandestine liaison" with Madame Phen U as the newspaper *Aujourd'hui* charged; I met her in the course of my medical work.

I state the circumstances. First, it must be appreciated that the health and medical situation in Khmai Nam is incredible. In spite of my experience in the past in Japan and in Korea, I was not prepared for the appalling conditions I found in Khmai Nam. Here the combination of subtropical heat and Khmai apathy and ignorance in health matters have created conditions almost beyond belief in this modern day and age. To illustrate, the life expectancy of the average Khmai is a scant thirty years. The infant mortality rate is a flat fifty per cent. In this country of just over five million people there is not a single Khmai doctor trained in modern medicine, though of course there are virtually thousands of *kru* or local sorcerer-medicine men who use cupping, leeches, herbs, spells and similar techniques unknown to

materia medica. I am preparing a paper on this subject as a matter of interest

The modern practitioners here are the few French doctors and the one Japanese and though much has been accomplished in recent years in terms of clinics and hospitals, it is well known that there is nowhere near the medical help here the country needs. When you add to this the fact that nowhere does there exist modern sewage disposal, public sanitation, nor even the most rudimentary conceptions of domestic home health measures, the frightening mortality statistics are not surprising.

In my capacity as the only American doctor in Kraypenh and thus in Khmai Nam and since it is my duty here to run the Embassy dispensary, I have both the opportunity and the facilities to serve and to study. Just last week, for example, I diagnosed my first case of leprosy, or Hansen's Disease as some know it, and found some intensely interesting mutations in the bacilli. I am likewise preparing a paper on this; many doctors will spend a lifetime of practice and never see such a case.

I mention this to emphasize two points. First, as a doctor,

albeit a military one, I am sworn to help my fellow men. Thus how could I have had anything to do with the violent death of the Russian Naborikov? Second, because there are so few modern practitioners here there is great co-operation. Though admittedly we still evacuate our serious cases to Bangkok, I am gradually working the Ambassador around to permitting treatment of many American cases in the new Khmai hospital. Eventually, I think, all cases will be handled there after dispensary action. The Ambassador is reserving decision because he simply cannot get used to the idea that the *chekshi* lizards which crawl on every wall in Khmai Nam and so cannot be eliminated from the hospital, are innocent of sanitary threat.

But to get back to Madame Phen U. I was returning a month or so back from a call at a missionary home—advanced *acne rosacea* misinterpreted by the child's parents—when on a whim I swung my jeep down the Street of the Crippled Elephant toward the river, heading for the Quatre Bras where the Tonle Kong makes a wide sweeping turn to reach the skyline in a graceful bend most pleasing to the eye. There is a gentle cast

to the land in Khmai Nam that I never saw in Japan or Korea. It comes from the great flat reaches of lush green paddy and the soft nodding of the palm trees in continuous ballet. It comes from the incredible blue of the sky, the placid brown of the huge river, and from the thundering majesty of the sunsets. Small wonder life proceeds in easy unhurried attitude in Khmai Nam.

At a point where the Street of the Crippled Elephant turns past a huge thicket of mango trees shielding a sweeping driveway that leads back into the brush of this rather thinly-settled part of Kraypenh just short of the bursting raucous reaches of the waterfront, my jeep moved easily in the rutted roadway. I was thinking of nothing more than the fact I would enjoy the view of the river and would, as I often did, re-charge myself by a moment or two of communing with this soft and placid land.

I was astonished, then, when a screaming Khmai woman flashed in front of my jeep from the mango thicket, arms waving, face contorted. "Ai! Ai!" Her shrieks were heart-rending. "Ai! Ai!"

I braked the jeep instantly

and jumped out. Once she stopped screaming, I discovered that her child had been badly bitten by a dog, as nearly as I could interpret her hysterical gabbling. I don't speak Khmai well, but I can manage, and so it was. I found the child, a plump little boy of perhaps six and naked as are all Khmai children of that age, with a badly gashed leg. Propped against the bole of a palm along the drive, the child was likewise screaming. After I completed rudimentary first-aid prior to taking the youngster to the dispensary for a more complete examination and rabies shots, I got the full story from the child's mother, now more calm and rational. The woman was a servant in the big house at the end of the drive, the building of many roofs now to be seen above the crowns of the trees. Madame who owned the house and who was thus the mistress kept a huge dog, *prochti plaang*—very bad—for a watch dog. The dog had attacked and bitten the child.

This was all a little unusual, even allowing for the natural exaggeration of the distraught mother, who was small and fine-boned like all Khmai women, with a flat-planed brown face now streaked with tears and smudged with the

inevitable betel. Khmai dogs are all small, much like Japanese dogs, with thin bony heads and slanted eyes. The Khmai, being Buddhists, do not believe in violence or restraint for humans or animals. While even the lowliest Khmai dog would serve as a watchdog of sorts, ordinarily the family, with animals, fowl, pigs, lizards and everything else lived in happy community. But the size of the bite alone indicated a big dog, and of course I wanted to get a rabies check as soon as possible.

So I moved up into the shaded green thickness of the yard below the big house. Sure enough, on a long heavy chain fastened to an iron stake in a neatly-landscaped terrace lying behind the barrier of mango, banana and bamboo trees edging the drive, I found a tremendous German shepherd dog. As I circled the terrace, conscious of the imposing teak facade of the villa, wondering if I couldn't get someone to help me restrain the dog for examination, the beast flung itself against the end of its chain. Fangs bared, eyes red with rage, the animal made the afternoon hideous with a deep and snarling bark. Hoping that the thick chain was as strong as it looked, I

kept out of the dog's arc and circled toward the house.

"You are frightened of my dog?" A woman spoke from the porch.

As I stood, startled, at the foot of the stairs, she spoke a single guttural command to the dog and the beast stopped barking at once and slunk back to the center of the yard where it lay down and appeared to ignore me. I stared up at the woman, seeing at first glance that she was a slim graceful-looking person, with a delicate face saved from blank impassiveness by snapping black eyes and an exceptionally rich-looking mobile mouth. Her jet black hair was piled high on top of her head, and she was wearing a handsome white silk *chumpat*, the Khmai woman's native dress that elsewhere is called a sarong. Above the *chumpat* she was wearing a peppermint-striped shirt, styled like a man's, open at the button-down collar with the sleeves rolled back to her elbows displaying softly rounded arms. Her skin was the creamy shade of the Khmai aristocrat and because she had spoken to me in musical English and because her dress was a curious combination of Khmai Nam and New York, I knew at once that she was unusual for a

Khmai. And, as it turned out, for myself as well.

"No," I said, "I'm not afraid of your dog. But the beast has bitten a child, very badly. Has the dog had rabies shots recently?"

She laughed, a light musical sound, and her teeth looked a shade too small against her mouth. "You Americans!" She used the phrase derisively. "Must everyone have a shot for everything?" She dropped a hand to the railing. "Why not a shot for loneliness, for poverty, young doctor? Indeed, why not a shot for all evils?" She stopped smiling and looked at me sharply. "Do I look like a person who would deliberately keep a savage beast for my protection and not look to the safety of those around me who must also be protected? Of course the dog is protected. Against everything except the torments of a curious and rather cruel child. I have warned Ah Sum of this before, you know." Then her face changed expression again and she said, this time her voice full of concern, "But what of the child?"

"He'll live," I said dryly. "Curious and cruel or not." Someone else, I thought, was curious and even cruel. But with her rather grudging assurance about the dog, it was

best to care for the child and so I did, making a further check at the dispensary where there seemed no reason for stitches, and starting the rabies shots series, (just in case. I should mention here, I think, that having served a total of seven years in the Far East, Oriental women are no particular novelty to me. That is to say, I see them as individuals, not as exotic creatures from another world. And as always in my dealing with women, I found my relationship with Madame Phen U to be a complementing of personalities and, if you will, the exchange of strengths.

The child and the dog-bite gave me an excuse to return to the villa, ostensibly to inquire as to the health of the youngster.

"Now that you have come," Madame Phen U said to me, with a slant-wise glance I found most intriguing, "you must have some tea."

Tea turned out to be excellent Scotch served on the back patio porch of the villa, the first of many such pleasant visits. In the course of our association, in the complementing of personalities and the exchange of strengths, I found in Mei (this being her small name, or first name as

we would call it) a deep spring of warmth and companionship I didn't dream could exist in any woman, let alone exist in a place like Khmai Nam and I have convinced myself that she found something similar in me. In any event, in a short space of time we learned a great deal about each other and I knew that for my part I was falling in love.

Mei, I know, had reservations. On the settee overlooking the patio one day, with the Grundig tape-recorder playing a symphony, the perfume of the land a faint caress, the brilliant greens and blues of Khmai Nam gleaming after a swift tropical rain, we were sharing one of those magic moments you want to hold forever. Mei slipped a slim hand over mine and said, "There is nothing for us, my Leslie. This you know."

I stirred on the settee. She was right of course, but hard facts always get obscured by soft moments. "Only because of so many silly rules," I said. "And rules are made to be broken."

She shook her head. "Not for me. I am here because of rules. Without them I should be nothing."

I didn't know what to say, so I didn't say anything. I just

did some thinking. I confess that when I first saw the rich state she maintained for herself, so unusual for a Khmai woman, that uncharitably enough I thought she was very likely the mistress of some wealthy metropolitan businessman, perhaps back on the European continent on a trip. Such arrangements are common enough in Southeast Asia. Instead, I discovered, she was a ranking member of the royal family now in eclipse in the new republic, living out her days until the pretender might be recognized. Her husband had been killed in the Indo-China fighting. In a way, like so many of us, she was the prisoner of her heritage but at least she had the sense to recognize that it was a benevolent restraint. "What must be must be," she went on in the musical English she'd acquired in a Swiss school, her hand stroking mine. "But when I feel sorry for myself I think of Ah Sum, or of the countless others who have less than I."

"Ah Sum?" I didn't get what she meant by the reference to the maid.

"Of course. She has not seen her husband in perhaps fifteen years. She has married with a Japanese, you know. During the Occupation."

I smiled a little, thinking of the age of the child I'd treated. "She is not suffering," I said. "She has a child hardly six years old. She must have other arrangements."

"Oh no," Mei said quietly. "The child is fourteen. But it does not grow. It will be six years old forever."

I started. "Impossible," I said. "Why, that child is perfectly normal." And I went on with a rush of medical jargon to prove it.

"As you wish, my Leslie." Mei shrugged my comments aside. "But I have been here when Ah Sum returned from Japan after her husband vanished. I know the child. You thought it cruel when I showed no more concern about the dog bite. But at times the burden becomes a little heavy, even for me. The child is not right."

Looking back on it as I prepare this report, I wish now that I had flagged this moment for what it was, very likely the vital moment in the whole case, but I didn't. I refused to take Mei's word for the child's age. And while I did arrange to examine the child later, I found absolutely nothing to prove it was anything but what I thought, an active well-formed youngster

of six. I was wrong. In my stupidity, I put Mei's tale down to some whim of respectability when all I would have needed, I think, to start me on the proper track was the place in Japan where Ah Sum had lived with the missing husband.

But a man in love accepts many things from his beloved, and just as I accepted Mei's life, suspended as it was between the best of the worlds of East and West, just as I accepted her wish to maintain that savage dog when a watchman would have better served her security needs, so I accepted the explanation of Ah Sum's child. If that was how Mei wanted to believe it, it was good enough for me. I knew better, but I didn't force the point. While I suppose I was romantically consistent, if that's the term, it was most unscientific of me. I shall regret it forever, because it was the first piece of the puzzle. I simply did not know it.

The second piece, I suppose, is the man Naborikov, the second secretary at the Russian Embassy in Khmai Nam. A tall thin bony-nosed man with an expression of permanent hauteur on his face, I simply knew who the man was. The diplomatic community in Khmai Nam is small

and as in Asiatic posts elsewhere, the Westerners are prominent just because they are different from the people of the land. I had seen Naborikov at a few of the big affairs —the French Embassy Bastille Day reception, for example; at our own Embassy's Fourth of July formation and once at a large dinner party given by the Khmai Foreign Secretary to which I escorted Mei. To the best of my recollection, I never spoke to the man. In a neutral country, to be sure, one occasionally rubs elbows with the representatives of the opposition because this is the way of protocol. One needn't seek them out.

I mention all this to show that I could have no motive for any action toward Naborikov except a sense of revulsion one feels for the group that is so patently bent on destroying what we ourselves believe in.

This brings me now to the evening of the fifteenth of January. This was a Friday night, and I had taken Mei to the Embassy movie, a rather dull affair for me since it was a screening of *Boys Town*, a film already finished on the TV circuits at home, but of course suitable for entertaining Americans in the far-flung outposts. But like so many Khmai, Mei loves movies and

entertainment in all its forms and so we attend regularly, though I am not unaware of the disapproval of people like Mrs. Ambassador who assigns me, I am sure, all manner of base motives so far as Mei is concerned. It amuses me, when I think of it, to consider that Mei's family goes back to two thousand years of Khmai royalty; more, I suspect, than Mrs. Ambassador can say.

We returned from the movie in the jeep and I by-passed the driveway at Mei's place to drive closer to the river, conscious as always that the dog was snarling and barking at the end of his chain, but at such a distance as to be a barely distinguished noise in the background. It was my thought to walk together up a pleasant path, under the soft fringes of the palms and the bananas, to enjoy the moonlight and the river before we settled down for drinks and music on the porch. The nights in Khmai Nam, when the darkness hides the harshness of the humid day, are beautiful to me. They have an inherent velvet caress, as though capable of wrapping you in a soft shroud protecting you from all evil and offering somehow a promise that only

the present moment is important. Somehow, no problems can go unresolved.

So we dismounted from the jeep and as I usually do, I thrust my flashlight into my pocket, largely from habit. There are no streetlights in this section of Kraypenh and while I know the path well, it is easier to walk back to the jeep with a light when the time comes for departure. I slipped my arm about Mei's waist and we started to stroll down the path, her arm around me. Just as the path bends back toward the house, where you get a marvelous view of the river, the moon, and the dappled richness of the land spreading down to the river, I turned to kiss Mei. Thus my back was to the moon, and I say this because it is to my everlasting regret.

Just as I turned I heard a sound and had an impression—nothing more—of a shadow overhead. The sound was a faint hissing, as if a huge bird glided above us, and the shadow was formless. Just there. I started. "What was that?"

Mei's face was turned up to mine, her eyes glowing. "It is nothing, my Leslie. Come, my darling. Kiss me." I did so.

Here, I should emphasize something. I do not believe that Mei knew what the shad-

ow was. If she had, I am sure, she could never have remained so calm. Much has been made of the point that she knew all along what was going on, but I frankly cannot believe it. She is not capable, I am positive, of accepting the occurrences as credible, something she would have to do if she knew of it. I am certain that she thought, as did I, that we had simply stirred up a vulture or similar large bird, and at the moment neither of us gave it much thought. I claim this view is borne out by the later events.

After dallying on the path a few moments, we went on but now, I realized something was wrong. It took a while for this to seep in, but as Sherlock Holmes put it, ". . . the mystery, Dr. Watson, was that the dog did not bark at all."

I realized the dog was silent before Mei did, principally I think because I was always alert to the possibility that the dog would one day get loose and too, I had been practicing the Khmai commands to control it, without much success I might add.

"What's the matter with Phnong?" The dog is named for the Khmai word *savage*. "He's not yapping at me tonight."



"Perhaps he recognizes it is I who come."

"No, I don't think so. He never has before."

As we emerged from the path toward the yard, I pulled the flashlight out of my pocket and flicked it across the yard. In a moment, the thick beam marked a huddled lump near a *mangouste* tree. Warily, I moved closer. Then, as I saw what was left of Phnong, I waved Mei back. "Don't come up. Stay there!"

I knelt to examine the dog. The great jaws were closed, and the red eyes stared vacantly. With the light, I saw with a squirt of shock that the dog had literally been torn in two. I won't describe the details. Further, the chain had been broken a foot or two from his collar, snapped clean.

Inexplicably, I was now thoroughly frightened. I can't explain this. My first thought

was that the dog had been attacked by the vulture or whatever the bird was I thought I saw on the path. But that didn't explain the chain. Remember, Phnong was a tremendous dog. He weighed, I suppose, a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Somehow he had been killed without any appreciable reaction. I had heard no unusual barking, such as you might expect in a struggle between dog and predatory bird.

The next events were confused at the time, but I have them sorted out by now and I consider this a reasonable eye-witness account.

I am certain it was at least an hour that I passed with Mei on the porch. Somewhat to my surprise, she regarded the death of Phnong as of little consequence. "I shall get another dog," she said. "Perhaps one a little less violent."

For my part, I wanted to call the police. After all, a valuable property was destroyed.

Mei laughed. "The police? They are of no use. No, my Leslie, do not be disturbed. Come, fix us something to drink."

I moved to the porch bar, making mental note to get someone to check up on the situation. I even gave some thought to burying the dog but then thought it might be better to wait and see if the vulture came back. I wanted to see what kind of bird could do that to a dog the size of Phnong. As for the little spider-legs of fright traveling my spine, these I ignored. There on the porch, in the pleasant night, it was hard to be frightened.

Until we heard the voices. Then I was startled. As in most Khmai houses, Mei had Ah Sum and the other servants quartered under the house, in a series of small compartments offering only the rudest accommodations. These voices came from there, rising high in argument, now shrill, now cajoling, always abusive. I recognized a word or two. "Good Lord, that's Japanese!" I looked at Mei. "What's a Japanese doing here?"

Catching up the flashlight, I ran down the stairs, Mei pattering after me. As I wheeled into the servants' area, I saw three figures ranged in tense attitude around the flickering clap-pot lamp set on a low *tashi* table. I staggered back, flinging out an arm. Mei bumped my arm. I goggled. Facing each other, faces contorted, bodies straining, were two men. One I recognized as Naborikov, second secretary from the Soviet Embassy. The other I had never seen. He was a huge Japanese, stooping now under the low ceiling, great arms reaching. His face was twisted, his great head looked scarred even in the bad light. Most incredible of all, he was surely seven feet tall.

"What the hell is this?" Instinctively, I gathered Mei to me.

Ah Sum, the servant, crouched at the table, sputtered something in Khmai and I heard Mei gasp, then she shuddered in my arms. "The husband." She whispered, a hand going to her face. "But what has happened to him?"

Naborikov spoke and he must have intended to address me because he spoke in English. "This is a matter of concern only to the Soviet Em-

bassy," he said. "You would do very well to get away while you can." He thrust a hand in his pocket.

Then I realized that the Japanese was in some sort of uniform. As he faced me, I saw he was wearing what was plainly a rough tunic and had some sort of boots on his tree-trunk legs. "Are you threatening me?" Frankly, I didn't think Naborikov had a gun in that pocket. "What's going on here? What are you doing with this man? Who is he?"

At this point, I think, the fundamental drives took over. Instincts of self-preservation, protection of the family, call it what you want, I won't attempt to describe it. My first thought was to protect Mei so I tend to the belief that the giant Japanese was protecting what he loved, namely, his wife and his family—Ah Sum and the child.

Because the Japanese made a swift gesture. One great arm flashed out, thick fingers grabbed Naborikov at the throat, and as easily as I lift a tongue-depressor, the Japanese banged Naborikov *tunk tunk tunk* against the overhanging beam.

Naborikov screamed. *Splat Splat.* The gun in his pocket went off. Twice. The giant faltered, let Naborikov fall, and

as Ah Sum and Mei both shrieked, he tottered, swayed, then crashed over across the table.

I barely gave Naborikov a second look. He was as dead as Lenin. I tried to help the Japanese, but he was past help. He'd taken two bullets in that great chest, and it's a miracle, nothing less, that I got the few words out of him that I did before he died.

I won't attempt to describe the burden I felt descend on me when I realized the impact of what he said. I did get Mei, after some effort, to verify through Ah Sum that I had heard correctly—I know little Japanese. I do claim, however, that I acted in the best interests of the United States and that my decision, made at that moment, to talk to no one except a special investigator was sound. What I discovered even there in that poor room was too much to trust to anyone except someone from Washington. I admit that I violated a few local laws, but these are incidental.

Naturally, I left Naborikov where he was. "You must," Mei said. "He is murdered."

It was no easy job to move the Japanese—later we found he weighed three hundred and twenty-five pounds—but I found the strength somehow.

Extra adrenalin, I guess. I locked him in the mortuary room of my dispensary. From there, I made the anonymous telephone to the Khmai police and also called a good friend among the French doctors to see to Mei and Ah Sum. Then I undertook the detailed examination of the Japanese, uninterrupted until I was arrested toward dawn. My detailed findings are enclosed in the attached medical notes. I also enclose the films I attempted, but they are virtually worthless because of emanations from the body itself.

The facts, when assembled, speak for themselves. Ah Sum, I have established, was in Hiroshima with her husband's family on August 6, 1945. At the moment the first atomic bomb went off, her child was three days old. I now believe that the child's retarded development stems from radiation exposure incurred during this explosion.

Her husband, one Tanigaya Kakichawa according to the identity disc I found around his neck, was en route on August 6, 1945 to join a Japanese regiment being posted to Manchuria, a regiment captured by Soviet forces presumed by Japanese authorities to be among the host of World

War II prisoners still in Russian hands.

From my own autopsy and examinations of the dead giant I am satisfied that his amazing growth and development was artificially induced by repeated hormone injections and controlled irradiation which created unbelievable pituitary action together with additional phenomena I shall mention shortly. Encountering a savage dog while seeking his beloved family, it was no problem for a man of Tanigaya's strength to dispose of the beast with a few swift strokes of his talon-like hands, breaking the chain in the process.

That Tanigaya escaped from wherever the Soviets are conducting these experiments we know by his own statement to me, proven by Naborikov's presence. The Soviet Embassy in Khmai Nam unquestionably was alerted to be on the watch for the poor unfortunate. That Naborikov found him so readily speaks well for the Soviet dossiers on the experiment personnel.

My own future is uncertain. Mei is not likely, in spite of my urging, to give up her life to join mine. But I must pursue this case. By far the most frightening fact of all—here we may speculate endlessly—

lies in something the Khmai police might have verified had I suggested it. I had no trouble verifying through a barge-man that he brought a huge Japanese down the Tonle Kong from deep in China and deposited him at a dock six miles above the city from where the Japanese presumably walked on into Kraypenh.

Walked? I know better. And now I know what caused the shadow over the moon that night, and what made the faint hissing sound in the air.

During my examination of Tanigaya that night in my dispensary, I found the real cause of the Soviet concern

and the real source of the dangers in these inhuman experiments now underway. Beneath that rough tunic, as much a part of his splendid torso as his muscular neck and his tremendous arms, Tanigaya Kakichawa had grown a set of fibrous planes, when unfolded measuring seven feet from tip to tip. In their experiments on prisoners of war with mutations and irradiations, the Soviets are creating something they are not yet ready to expose to the world.

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THE END