

FANCIFUL TALES

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The ELECTRIC WORLD

BY Kenneth B. Pritchard

MR Hinkle Blubber had his young covorting son enrooned upon a none too inviting lap. It was one of those laps that almost disappears upon sitting down, never mind standing up. Well, anyway Little Willie, as his parents fondly called him (the neighbors called him the Little Devil), was seated on his father's pants.

"Pop! Hey, Pop!! Tell me a story? Will ya, Pop? Aw, come on, Pop, I wanna hear a story! I WANNA HEAR A STORY!! WAW!!! I WANNA HEAR A STORY!!"

He rips and pulls his Pop's necktie playfully, and bellows into his ear.

Mr. Hinkel's ears are red from the concussion of Little Willie's outburst, and his face is nearly black from the tightening tie. He finally decides to placate the little fellow.

"Yeh—ugh—phooo!" comes the breath taking words. "Y e h Willie, jus' a minute, ugh, till I can get my breath! Leggo! d—, er, Willie, please release, ugh, ugh, my tie! And, shut—that confounded, er, that loud trap, er...Aw, never mind, close that big yap of yours!"

"Wo—O—oW! Maw—Maw! Pop is callin' me names!"

"Hush up, Willie; I got a nice story to tell you!"

The struggles finally cease, and Little Willie confines himself to twisting Mr. Blubber's ears into little crullers.

The story is as follows:—

Once upon a time, in the fifth dimensional world of Tgick, there was a youngster named Willie. Willie was an inquisitive fellow. He would often do things that astounded his elders. But one day, he did things which astonished even himself.

It seems that it had rained static all this one day. It came down like popping lightning. Clouds of violet rays banked the Sky. But after a billionth of ten sextillion, million molecules of radium had transmuted into lead, the sky cleared slightly, and the clear, cool cosmic ray breezes blew throughout the land. The central ray maker hung low in the heavens. There was enough static rain falling, however, to have a transforming influence on the emission of the central ray maker. The rain of static took on a beautiful hue. Sub molecularized ionization took place. Living sheets of iridescence colored everything. It was like the fairy land of an atomic sugary.

Well, Little Willie couldn't stand it any longer. He had to go out and hunt for the rare magnetic case of concentrated photons that was said to exist just in back of the iridescent curtain.

He ran outside, on his 66 electric legs, and picked up a bar of hepterion. (Hepterion, on Tgick, is a magnetically stunted form of ionized hydrogen.)

Willie was in luck at that moment. In fact he was the only person ever to have such luck. A flame from the static curtain dropped in front of his 66 feet. Willie couldn't miss. Grasping his hepterion bar firmly in 12 of his vibrating forceps, he jumped upon the curtain. — And what a scramble followed!

Using the bar to balance himself, Willie slowly climbed the precarious flame. Up, up, and up, he went. But a flame flickers; and so did this one.

Willie found himself clinging as tight as he could. He swayed 'way over, as though a great current was blowing. Then, horrors! Another fold of the gigantic static curtain swept over and engulfed Willie! For a moment it looked as if he would suffocate from electrical adhesions. He thought sure he would be translated by the static into a mere ghost of energy. But luck was with

him, and his all engulfing fold snapped back with a terrible crackle. Once more, Willie was free.

High up on the curtain of flame, Willie met another obstacle. The static flame he was on, contracted to a knife edge. There was danger that it would cut clear through him! He steadied himself for a moment, and thought. The thought cost him several amperes, but was worth it. He placed the hepterion in front of him. Then gently, and with increasing pleasure, he smoothed off the edge of the flame.

Soon he was at the top of the curtain; the first ever to get there! He looked around, and over the other side. How could he get down to find the case of photons?

In the distance he saw a fold of flame sweep far out in back of the curtain. He had to get there! And it would take about two kilowatts of energy. Boy! would he be hungry after this trip? He'd be drinking dynamo juice for a week!

With the bar in his twelve forceps, he scrambled along as rapidly as the wobbly static curtain would allow. When he arrived at his destination, the big fold of iridescence was fast disappearing. He would have to act fast!

Quickly, he grasped the bar and placed it on an edge of the fold. Then, he hoisted himself up, all 66 feet in the ether, and balanced. Zzzzzwooop!! Kerplunk! And Willie had ended his wild ride down the other side. He was sizzling hot, like a stewed prune. His swift descent had generated tortuous eddy currents. But good or bad a large volume of amps had been shoved through the bar into Willie's anatomy. And, now, Willie was gorged. He felt as if he had been put in the coils of a giant electric machine, and then left there for an overtime period. He felt dizzy and wobbled. But, he had to find that case of photons!

He screwed himself into as little space as possible, held the bar pointed outward, and let go a blast of electric fury. The point on the bar sparkled and grew hot. But, Willie felt much better after getting rid of the excess potential.

Willie whipped along at a snapping pace at the base of the flaming curtain. A hill of moving silicon dioxide molecules loomed not far ahead. He swarmed to the top of it; the stream of energy that trailed behind him, in his exertions, cut a gash in the molecules. The moving silicon dioxide particles tickled his feet as he glanced about. He began to laugh in streaky bursts of electrons. Soon he was rolling over and over. And the more he rolled, the more he became tickled. It wasn't long before regular streams of electrons blasted from his vent, and ripped into the hill.

His laughter was becoming very painful, when a terrific blast shot him high in the ether! His energy had in some way penetrated to some molecules of free oxygen. His heptetion bar had come in contact, and the whole hill was blasted as a result.

Willie flew to the top of the curtain of iridescent vapors. Something very bright flew up along with him. It was the case of photons! Willie saw it, and wriggled around trying to reach the case. At last he gripped it. But, with fear and horror, he saw that the curtain was disappearing beneath him! He wouldn't be able to get down without being exploded!

The central ray maker dropped below the horizon. The curtain vanished into nothingness. But, strange as it may seem, Willie didn't crash. The case of photons, being light, held him up like a huge parachute!

It wasn't long before Little had landed, with hardly a jar. Proudly, he walked to his magnetic house. He was the richest in all Tgick for the case of photons was more valuable than a mine of alpha particles. It was no wonder that his parents welcomed him home. And no one was more surprised than Willie when he got a special desert of fifth dimensional grama rays that night.

And so it is that Willie of the fifth dimensional world of Tgick became famous, and lived happily to the ripe old age of a ton of radium that turns to lead....

"That's all Willie! How'd you like the story?" asked Mr. Blubber. Willie squirmed fearfully. Then he bellowed. "Oh MAW! MAW! Pop's been drinking again!!"

"Hush up, you numbskull! — E-r—a-f-f!!"

"M A W! POP IS GONNA KILL ME!!!!!!"

Thus we leave Pop Blubber and his darling infant, Willie-

FINIS

