

# SATURN

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE-FICTION

VOL. 1, No. 4

OCT. 1957

## CONTENTS

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| THE GOLDEN CALF <i>by Frank Belknap Long</i> .....                               | 4   |
| <i>Among the Kulls, bovinity and divinity go together.</i>                       |     |
| CALIFORNIA WILL FALL INTO THE SEA<br><i>by William F. Drummond, Ph. D.</i> ..... | 18  |
| <i>An astonishing fact article of a coming catastrophe.</i>                      |     |
| OBSERVATION PLATFORM <i>by Martin Pearson</i> .....                              | 28  |
| <i>Who is keeping an eye on mankind these days?</i>                              |     |
| THE ELEPHANT CIRCUIT <i>by Robert A. Heinlein</i> .....                          | 39  |
| <i>The exposition was a bit out of this world!</i>                               |     |
| A TIME OF PEACE <i>by John Christopher</i> .....                                 | 54  |
| <i>The lost answer to a mystifying future celebration.</i>                       |     |
| THE HOT POTATO <i>by Alan Barclay (NOVELETTE)</i> .....                          | 62  |
| <i>If they muffed their find, it would be curtains for Mars.</i>                 |     |
| THE HOUSE LORDS <i>by Jack Vance</i> .....                                       | 86  |
| <i>Their culture seemed utterly incomprehensible.</i>                            |     |
| TINY ALLY <i>by Harlan Ellison</i> .....   | 100 |
| <i>Something from the sky is loose in the Himalayas!</i>                         |     |
| STRUCTURAL DEFECT <i>by Robert F. Young</i> .....                                | 106 |

|                                   |                    |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| <i>Editor and Publisher</i> ..... | ROBERT C. SPROUL   |
| <i>Art Director</i> .....         | DAN KOERNER        |
| <i>Editorial Consultant</i> ..... | DONALD A. WOLLHEIM |
| <i>Editorial Assistant</i> .....  | HARRIET MICHELSON  |

SATURN, MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY is published bi-monthly by CANDAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., at 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial office, 218 W. 48 St., New York 36, N.Y. Copyright 1957 by CANDAR PUBLISHING CO., INC. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Holyoke, Mass. Single copy 35c; Subscriptions: Yearly (6 issues): U. S. and possessions \$2.00; Canada \$2.25; Foreign \$2.50. All material submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope. The publishers assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. The names of all characters used in these stories are fictitious; any resemblance to persons living or dead is coincidental. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

# THE GOLDEN CALF

*On Earth cleanliness may be next to godliness, but in the world of Kulls, the nearest to divinity was bovinity.*



by FRANK BELKNAP LONG

**I**T TAKES about four hours to get to the interior of the Kull planetoid. Four hours of heavy plodding through jungle detours and switchbacks, sandy wastes and open grazing lands where swarms of

stinging insects hover like Grecian furies.

Grayson was traveling light and he relieved the tension by pretending that the planetoid was a tropical island on Earth, bright with fragrant, many-

petaled blooms and golden-crested lories. From time to time he paused to stare back at the starship, a bright triangle of radiance against the blood-red sky.

The little man at Grayson's side carried no personal equipment. But he was bent almost double beneath a heavy pack of emergency medical supplies, and he frowned in disapproval every time his companion swung about on the thin-cropped grass.

"We've got to keep moving," the little man warned. "There's no twilight here. Night descends like a swooping vulture. One minute you're in bright sunlight and the next—"

"You're in total darkness. Sure, Kennedy, I know. You can't see your hand before your face. Strike a match and you're a walking target. The flare doesn't even have to last more than a fraction of a second. The darters come right at you."

"I'm glad you realize that," Kennedy said. "They go for your eyes, but it's the flame that attracts them. I guess all insects are attracted by light—on every planet of every sun. Even blind worms on Terra."

He tightened the clasp on

his pack, curling his hand around the cold metal.

"We're blind worms ourselves, in a way."

"A man is a worm only when he wants to be," Grayson said, irritably. "And I wish you'd keep your entomology straight. A worm isn't an insect."

"If he's a human worm he might as well be," Kennedy retorted. "Haven't you ever felt completely insect-like in the presence of the unknown?"

"No. Have you?"

"Of course. And it's a good way to feel—a safe way to feel. No one would deliberately turn aside to trample on a worm. Oh, a child might, or a peculiarly vicious sadist. But in the main the rule holds good."

"What are you trying to say?"

Kennedy looked up at the weathered sandstone cliffs and the long line of gigantic conifer ferns which ran parallel with the grazing lands for several miles in an easterly direction. In all his years as captain of a colonist-transporting ship, he had never before encountered such a landscape.

It was a kaleidoscope of contrasting colors, with vegetation that soared to the zen-

ith, and then became stunted and niggardly. The valleys were too deep, the cliffs too precipitous, and the grazing lands seemed always to terminate in arid depressions. They were the color of flame by day, but at night their barely perceptible contours became overpowering and dreadful.

Kennedy shut his eyes. The Kull planetoid vanished and in his mind's gaze he was back on the starship. He was two parsecs out and homeward bound, with another hazardous settlement project safely concluded. Then had come the bitter, tragic blow—an S O S from the colony he had helped to establish.

Every line of that incredible message danced fitfully before Kennedy's inward vision.

*Come back immediately.*

*Landslide. Two-thirds of colony obliterated. Tragedy inexplicable. We camped beneath mountain on advice of robot calculators. Perfectly safe terrain. Data fed to calculators checked and double-checked.*

*Kulls approached camp but kept right on grazing, apparently unconcerned by tragedy. Condition of survivors critical.*

*Rush medical aid.*

“YOU HAVEN'T answered my question,” Grayson said. “Just why did you ask me if I ever felt insect-like in the presence of the unknown? Were you thinking about the Kulls? There's very little we don't know about them. We've had plenty of opportunity to observe them.”

“I wasn't thinking about the Kulls,” Kennedy said.

He gestured toward a distant hillside where a saddle-backed area of denuded topsoil shimmered in the fine bright sunlight. Across the slope, eight Kulls were lazily grazing, their long necks extended as they munched on succulent herbs.

“There are forebodings you can't analyze, can't pin down,” Kennedy went on. “A hundred men and women die and the Kulls go right on grazing. We know that they're highly intelligent animals, in many respects superior to the great apes. But you can't make me believe that grazing quadrupeds with the intelligence of two-year-old human infants had anything to do with that landslide.”

His arm swept the valley in a wide arc. “The whole planetoid has been over-grazed. You can see how short the

grass is everywhere. The Kulls are intelligent cattle—nothing more. The only thing that vitally concerns them is their food supply. Someday it will give out. But until it does, human colonization isn't likely to antagonize them. Men are not grass-eaters."

"We'd eat grass if we were starving."

"How would you expect the Kulls to know that? It's curious, but when we first arrived I wasn't in the least concerned about them. I took their friendliness for granted. I still do. But after my fifth or sixth day here, I began to grow uneasy. There's something on the planetoid that is antagonistic. Not the Kulls, mind you. It's a tension-generating something that developed slowly and insidiously after we set up camp. Just before we left I was having nightmares—really bad ones.

"A voice seemed to be warning me: 'You should never have come. You're in deadly danger. The entire colony is in danger.' If I had been in the least superstitious..."

A soft rustling announced the arrival of a fresh wind. It blew through the thin-cropped grass, agitating each blade separately, making each blade

seem razor-sharp and menacing. A million tiny knives underfoot, hacking away at human soles, warning away trespassers.

"Perhaps the calculating robots were in error," Grayson said, ignoring the rustling. "Perhaps that camping site wasn't safe."

"Nonsense!" Kennedy retorted. "Calculating robots are *machines*. You feed them data on a tape and they analyze, judge and report. Their reasoning processes meet all the demands of logical thought. They can no more go off on a sidetrack—"

A shout interrupted them. Kennedy looked up and saw Jimmy Preston, a lad from the camp, coming toward them.

He was quite a young lad, and he bore himself with an air of maturity unusual in a boy of fourteen. He was running now, and he might have been just a boy racing along a stretch of open countryside on Earth, had it not been for his unnatural pallor and the terror that shone in his eyes. Above his head, through lacy clouds, a vengeance of blueness seemed to hover.

He was breathing harshly when he came to a full stop before the two men.

"It's pretty awful, sir," he wheezed, addressing himself directly to Kennedy. "You don't know how glad I am that you came back. They'll all be glad, even though some of them may not want to let on that they gave up all hope when the robots disappeared."

"The robots *disappeared*?"

Kennedy gripped the boy's arm, so tightly that he cried out in pain. Instantly Kennedy said: "I'm sorry, Jimmy, I didn't mean to hurt you. You're just about the bravest kid I've ever known. But what you said about the robots took me by surprise. Exactly how bad is it?"

"It couldn't be worse, sir. Right after the landslide dust cleared we practically gave up all hope. Of staying, I mean. We knew you'd come back fast the instant you got our message. If it hadn't been for that—"

"Well, we're on our way, as you can see. We can't travel quite as fast as you can, so you'd better run on ahead and tell them we're coming. We've got medical supplies here—everything they'll need."

"All right, sir. I'll do that."

The lad turned and left them, and they resumed their journey in silence.

THEY HAD advanced scarcely half a mile when a shot rang out in the stillness, and Kennedy's pack was lifted from his back. It all happened with such appalling suddenness that Kennedy stood amazed, following the direction of his companion's gaze with a nightmarish sense of unreality.

Something bright and metallic glittered for an instant behind a nearby conifer fern. Then it vanished from sight.

"Keep down!" Grayson warned, a desperate urgency in his voice. "It's one of the robots from the camp. *It's trying to kill us!*"

Kennedy laughed harshly. "Look over there—behind that hillock! There are at least six of them!"

Grayson stared around him. There were unmistakable movements now behind each of the nearer hillocks—a dodging and a weaving about, the glint of sunlight on metal.

Grayson was silent for a long moment. Then he said, "We're unarmed and completely at their mercy."

"I know."

"There's nothing we can do. They'll fire again, and we can't stop them."

"We'll have to wait for them

to come to us," Kennedy said. "If we don't move they may not attack us. That shot may have been intended as a warning."

"It's tempting fate," Grayson said, his lips white. "Every instant we stand here in plain view—"

"We've no choice. We'd be dead by now if they wanted to kill us. We'll just have to wait and see what happens."

For five full minutes neither Grayson nor Kennedy moved. The air seemed to sparkle and grow brighter and needles of light danced above the nearer hillocks. Then, from behind the thin-grazed slopes and the conifer ferns, eight robots came into view and converged upon them, walking with their shoulders held straight and their segmented arms clasping compact little energy weapons triggered for instant action.

The robots came up and surrounded the two men. One of them came very close to Kennedy and prodded him in the stomach with the stock of its gun.

"Walk, man," the robot commanded. The creature's conical head and massive body-box vibrated slightly as it waited for Kennedy to obey.

Kennedy started to walk.

Grayson stared in dismay. "Challenge them!" he pleaded. "Start asking them questions. If you don't, I will. We've got to find out why they're behaving like this. There must be an answer."

"But what you're suggesting is ridiculous! They'd never obey orders hostile to us! Every command fed to them on a tape must be checked by data in their relays before they'll act on it. You know that as well as I do. An order to injure a man would be rejected instantly as suspect and unsound."

Grayson was walking directly behind Kennedy now, with robots on both sides of him. His mouth twitched and there was a look of desperate pleading in his eyes. "If we don't act now we may never get another chance. We've got to take the bull by the horns—"

"Not now!" Kennedy warned, looking back over his shoulder. "It would just be an unpleasant way of committing suicide."

"But we've got to find out where they're taking us. My God! A thing like this is not to be endured."

"You'd better do as they say

if you want to go on living," Kennedy advised.

One of the robots prodded Grayson between the ribs. "Walk, man," it commanded.

Grayson tightened his lips and stumbled along in Kennedy's wake, his face ashen. "This is unbelievable," he muttered. "It can't be happening to us."

**T**HE CAVE was wide and deep and dripping with moisture; a natural rock structure which penetrated a moss-gray slope like a wedge of steel. The high-arching entrance was choked with foliage which absorbed and filtered the sunlight into grotesque patterns of light and shadow. The wind kept up a continuous drumming, setting twigs to dancing like eerie ghosts through depths beyond depths of spectral radiance.

There was a momentary halt while three of the robots went ahead and cleared away the obstructing vegetation. Then, with the metal creatures on both sides of them and guns at their ribs, the two men stumbled into the cave's brightly glowing interior. For a moment they remained motionless, blinking in the unexpected light, aware only of shiver-

ing movements about them and the pounding of the blood at their temples.

Then Kennedy cried out, "Good Lord! Just look at that!"

In incredulous amazement, the two men stared about them. On both sides of the cave, gigantic murals towered. The scenes depicted were infinitely larger than life, with edges so sharply defined that they seemed stippled into the granite-gray surface of the rock itself. The pigments were crimson, gold, emerald, and purple, and they flashed with a luminosity so intense that no part of the cave remained in darkness.

There were mountains and rivers and low-hanging cloud banks. There were ferns that towered to the zenith and in the near distance thousands of grazing Kulls, their long necks outstretched in the light of a coppery sun.

The Kulls were alone on the slopes. But in the far distance the sloping grazing lands became highways of stone and aerial runways bright with moving vehicles. In the far distance were towering machines, stark symmetries of metal and crystal so vertiginous in their brightness that



the mind lost all sense of direction in attempting to view them as units, or to bring them into sharp visual perspective. For miles the great turbines and sun-mirroring heliographs seemed to blaze and blend, becoming symbols of a scientific triumph unique in space and time: the perfected mechanical dream of a race of creators and builders who had dared greatly under the stars.

Grayson had forgotten where he was. With an effort he forced himself to remember. But still he remained calm, his fear held in abeyance by a soaring exaltation and awe.

"Only the greatest art could have achieved such an illusion of reality in depth," he exclaimed. "The Kull must have had..."

He paused, staring at his companion with a wild surmise.

"Say it," Kennedy urged.

"A great civilization at one time. Don't you agree?"

"Naturally."

"But how could grazing quadrupeds with the intelligence of two-year-old human infants—"

"You've asked me that question a dozen times. There's only one answer that makes sense. Their civilization must

have waned and died. If the Kulls underwent degenerative changes—"

"Man, sit!" one of the robots ordered.

Grayson and Kennedy sat down on the smooth floor of the cave. The robots stood for a moment in a circle looking down at them.

"Food will be brought to you," one of them said.

"You will be brought fresh fruit. You will eat and rest. You must not worry."

"Not worry!" Grayson groaned. "Oh, God!"

Without another word the robots turned, and disappeared into the shadows at the far end of the cave.

**G**RAYSON rubbed his jaw with the back of his hand. "I'll be damned," he said.

"Al we can do is wait," Kennedy said. "I'm sure they will keep their promise."

Grayson suddenly sat bolt upright, his jaw muscles tightening. "Listen. I've got an idea. If we could catch one of those calculating robots alone, with his guard down, we could find out what's wrong with him."

Kennedy nodded slightly, but said nothing.

"They're coming back with some food," Grayson said.

"Perhaps only one of them will come back. If we can take him by surprise—"

Kennedy smiled, and his eyes lighted up. "For some time now I've been way ahead of you," he said. "I suggest we work it this way. I'll stay right where I am. You get up and stand a short distance behind me. Flatten yourself against the wall. If the robot comes in alone he'll see me first and start wondering where you are. Then you can jump him."

Waiting was nerve-wracking. It was unbearably hot inside the cave and both men were drenched with perspiration. Grayson's mouth felt parched his eyelids ached and the gray rock surface at his back abraded his flesh as he leaned heavily against it.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded at far end of the cave and a robot emerged from the shadows. It came clumping slowly toward them, carrying an incredibly bright assortment of fruits in a wooden bowl.

"Watch yourself now!" Kennedy whispered.

The robot stood for a moment looking at Kennedy. "Where other man?" it asked. Kennedy managed to look puzzled. He shook his head and screwed up his eyes in mock

bewilderment. With short, uncertain steps the metal figure moved past the seated man into the shadows.

"Now!" Kennedy called out.

Grayson leaped straight toward the robot. With the dexterity of an accomplished gymnast, he landed on his toes directly in front of it, gripped it by the shoulders and swung it about, his hand darting toward the immobilizing connection at the summit of its body-box.

Instantly a metal arm raked his flesh. It tore a deep gash in his shoulder and sent him staggering backwards.

"Man fool!" the robot said.

It came at Grayson with both of its long arms in flailing motion.

Kennedy's heart shuddered. "Be careful!" he warned, leaping up. "It could cut you in two!"

As the shout reverberated through the cave, the robot swung about. Kennedy was ready for it. He advanced upon it in a weaving crouch, his head lowered.

He waited until the robot was almost upon him. Then he sidestepped abruptly and ducked under the flailing arms with a grim and sardonic purposefulness. The robot brought

its arms sharply downward in a vicious, chopping motion. But Kennedy anticipated the move; he swung his boot at a metal ankle and the robot went sprawling.

Instantly Kennedy hurled himself on top of it. He got his fingers securely around the immobilizing connection and clicked it off.

He sat on the ground for a moment, rubbing his jaw, looking up at Grayson.

"Thanks!" Grayson said.

"Pick him up!" Kennedy said. "Set him against the wall and start working on him. *He's all yours.*"

**A**T FIRST the dismantling of the robot was routine. But after a moment both men were caught up in the utter strangeness and wonder of it.

It wasn't an ordinary, man-made calculating robot any longer. Complex and mystifying changes had been made in the relays, the memory banks and in nearly all of the basal circuits.

From a storage slot, Grayson selected eight metal tapes covered with fed-in data and tested them one by one. It was like a job at the camp, a routine checkup on a model that

had developed a mechanical impediment.

He passed each tape through a vocal recorder without animating the corresponding motor circuit. The robot thus remained completely motionless voice answered questions deep and inert while a faint, tinny within its body-box.

The questions had been phrased with intelligence and precision. But the answers followed no rational pattern.

Before the landslide someone at the camp had asked: "In view of all the data at your disposal, would you say that the Kulls are emotionally capable of understanding us? In more general terms, can a grazing quadruped understand the instinctive drives of a big-brained biped on any level—human or otherwise?"

The first answer defied analysis. "Sweet is the grazing and beautiful the greenness of the land. But when the grazing is no longer sweet there may still be understanding in the mind. Yes... there may be understanding."

The original answer had never been delivered. It had been punched out and discarded automatically by the robot and a less bewildering answer had been substituted for it.

The robot had simply replied, "Yes."

"The actual reply was straightforward enough," Kennedy said, "but its thought processes before that were baffling. Precisely what did it mean by 'understanding in the brain?'"

Grayson passed another tape through the recorder. "Are there any poisonous fruits on the planetoid?" another colonist had asked. "Or any poisonous herbs?"

"Many, many," the tinny voice replied. "They are not deadly to the Kulls but a man would perish quickly and in great agony—"

Almost instantly the answer had been discarded and another reply substituted. There was a sudden break in the tinny voice and the words came slowly and confusedly: "To the Kulls there is no danger from anything that grows. They have built up a natural immunity. But to a man there would be...some danger. Yes, there would be some slight danger without understanding."

The third question-and-answer tape was even more confusing. Not only was the final answer incomplete, but it failed to convey the subtle, disturbingly inadequate warning im-

PLICIT in the earlier answers. It seemed without conscience or remorse, to be nudging the questioner toward and abyss.

"It is safe to assume so," was the trend of the fourth, fifth and sixth answers. Safe to assume that all of the water on the planetoid was pure and uncontaminated, all of the vegetation palatable, all of the rock structures so solid that a cave-in or landslide was unthinkable. *Safe, safe, safe.* No deadly insects, poisonous snakes, quicksands or far-ranging forest fires to threaten men with extinction.

No danger for men anywhere at all....

"**YOU** HAVE discovered the difference between a creature and a creator," a calm voice said. "You built those robots. When they thought in human terms their only concern was for your safety. But when we altered their circuits they began to think in our terms, and to serve our interests. Only at first was there bewilderment, confusion. The thought patterns you instilled in them left faint, ghostly echoes. For a few days, as you measure time, a struggle went on in their mechanical minds. They served

two masters. Then all of the human echoes died."

In some strange way the voice seemed to cut through Kennedy's skull and into his brain. It may have been ultrasonic. Or it may have been a telepathic voice. He only knew that it *was* a voice—a very strange and terrible voice speaking directly to him.

"Creatures cannot reason with any degree of independence," the voice went on. "We changed their circuits to give them Kull attributes. They began to think like Kulls, to act like Kulls. But still they could not reason imaginatively, as we can reason. The robots asked themselves: 'What will best serve the Kulls?' The answer came, quick, and instinctive: 'The destruction of man. If man truly hungers he will destroy everything that walks and crawls and flies. He will even destroy the Kulls.'"

Kennedy was on his feet, wild-eyed and staring. Grayson looked at the tapes in his hand and quickly tossed them aside. He rose slowly to stand beside Kennedy, his face drained of all color.

"The robots had to reason that way," the voice went on. "One compulsive rule of thumb guided their functioning—what

was best for the Kulls. We had changed them and made them ours. Being our creatures, they had to serve us blindly. But creature wisdom can be shortsighted and vain."

Kennedy raised his head and spoke directly to the voice. "Then the landslide that wiped out two-thirds of the colony was brought about by a deliberate lie?"

"It was not a lie to the robots," the voice said. "It was a logical, consistent reply. The colonists asked: 'Is the mountain safe?' The robot replied: 'It is safe,' meaning, 'If there is a landslide and the colony is destroyed so much the better. But with or without a landslide the mountain is safe for the Kulls. Only the colony will perish.'"

Kennedy did not move. He steadied his eyes on the mural, as if he half-expected to see the owner of the voice materialize on one of the distant slopes.

"Do not look for me there," the voice said.

"But you *are* a Kull?"

"Yes," the voice said.

"And you have a great, complex civilization which you have concealed from us. In some miraculous way you have concealed it."

"We had cities once," the Kull voice said. "We had a technology which surpassed anything your little race has known. It was a great vanity, a foolishness. A few small, amusing trifles remain. This cave, for instance, is so saturated with electronic impulses that ultrasound waves are generated every time you whisper or scratch your nose. But such trifles are no more than sentimental toys to us—objects treasured in childhood which have long since been outgrown."

The voice paused, then went on: "You see us now at the height of our evolutionary ascent. What we once accomplished through the instruments of technical science we can now accomplish through pure thought."

"Yet you graze on the slopes like cattle. You pretend to be docile and dull, with minds that—"

"Wait! Did I say that *all* Kulls were alike. On Earth you have men and women who live in rude huts in a virgin wilderness, as naked as the day they were born. There are others who ride the wild stallions at the core of exploding suns. *We* are the great, evolved Kulls. But all Kulls are broth-

ers and will someday share the same great, eternal dream."

"And the robots?"

"They served only the Kulls who graze on the slopes. We changed their circuits to enable them to aid the slope-grazing Kulls. If Kulls are to evolve they must act with independence on each and every evolutionary level, from grass-grazer to contemplator of eternity. You were men and the grass-grazers were our brothers. We naturally sided with our brothers. But blindly, stupidly, the robots went too far. They reasoned that the men who were their former masters would destroy *all* Kulls.

"They failed to realize that only the grass-grazers would be endangered by human colonization, and that we, the evolved Kulls, could intervene at any time to protect our brothers."

A note of tragic sadness crept into the voice. "Even the wisest of men make mistakes. And Kulls are no wiser than men in that respect. The disaster to the colony was unjustified—a grievous blunder we should have foreseen and guarded against. It may have served as an evolutionary object lesson to the grass-grazers... even as a challenge to their

initiative. But the taking of intelligent life can never be justified in time or space."

**D**ISBELIEF widened Kennedy's eyes as the voice paused for the third time. When it spoke again, it seemed almost to be pleading for forbearance and understanding, the bright dissolving of unnecessary barriers, the bridging of unfathomable gulfs.

"You must believe me when I say that we bear you no ill-will."

"Then why did you have the robots bring us here?" Kennedy demanded. "Why?"

To convince you that you must leave the Kull planetoid forever. A third of the colony has survived, and you—you are a born leader of men. You can persuade them all to go."

"And if I refuse."

"You will not refuse."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I am about to show myself to you," the voice said.

They heard the music then. It was a song of solitude and meditation, of ever-growing knowledge and power. It was a song of space and distant voyages, of a strange golden idol once worshipped by men long ago on Earth.

Slowly the mural's radiance

increased in brightness and the landscape faded from view. Where the grazing lands had stretched to far horizons, a pinpoint of brilliance danced. The pinpoint expanded and became a glowing oval hanging suspended in mid-air. From the depths of the glow two great horns emerged.

Kennedy's mouth was dry. He waited, half terrified, half eager, as the Kull took shape before him, sitting upright and enthroned.

The Kull sat erect and the brightness about it increased and became suddenly intolerable.

Grayson cried out: "No! No! No!" and covered his eyes.

But Kennedy looked straight at the Kull and a strange wild cry came from his lips.

"Holy Cow!"

Then both men turned and fled from the cave, and Kennedy knew that he would do what the Kull asked. High above in the night sky, a thousand twinkling points of light blazed down in weaving patterns of splendor, inviting man to rejoice in his small but exciting destiny under the stars.