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# FANTASTIC

## Novels

MAGAZINE



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*Book-Length Novel*

**DRINK WE DEEP**

**Arthur Leo Zagat 14**

Beneath the timeless rocks of the Helderbergs—slumbering below Lake Wanooka's unfathomed waters—lies the seed of earth conflict. For there lives the strange and troubled race of other worldlings waiting, always waiting, for the hour of deliverance. . . . And on the earth's surface, one man feels in his blood an irresistible summons that calls him to their side.

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*Short Story*

**THE CATS OF ULTHAR. . . . . H. P. Lovecraft 114**

Who was to know the depths of their pride, or guess from their quiet mien that they were bred from ancient Egypt's fierce godhead—and had not forgotten the taste of sacrificial blood?

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**WHAT DO YOU THINK? 6**

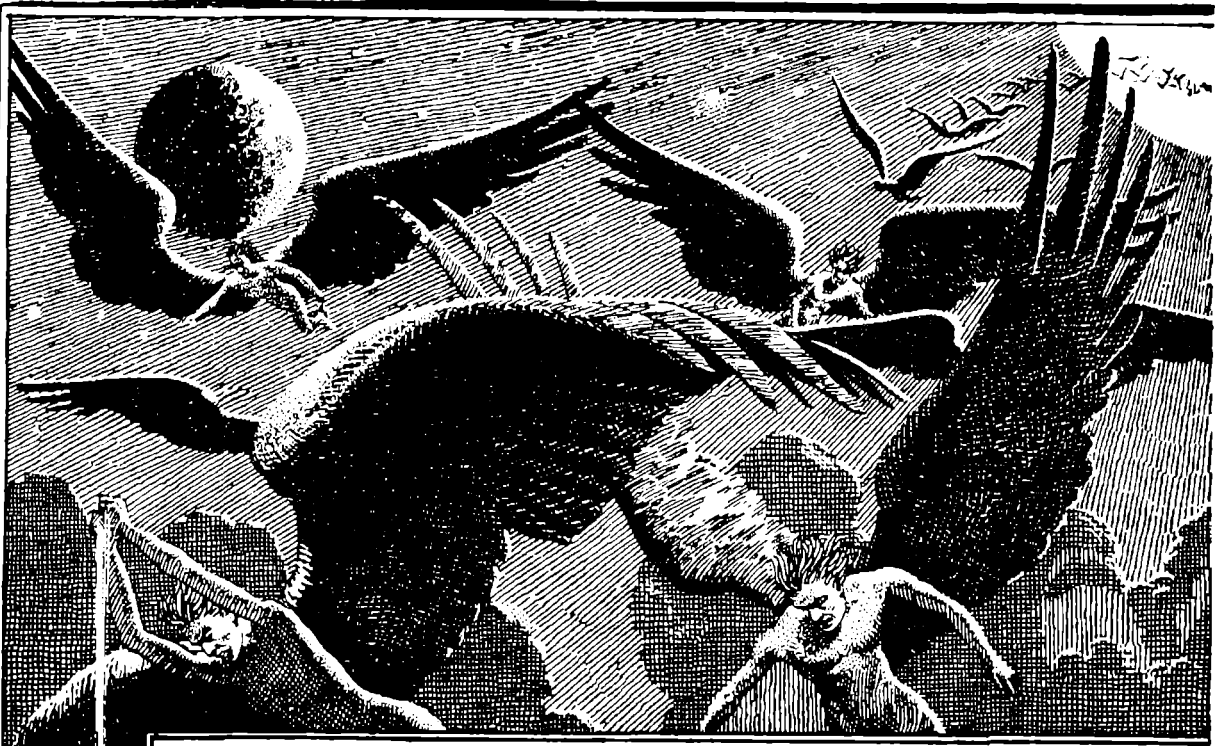
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**THE LAST WAR. . . . . Stanton A. Coblentz 118**

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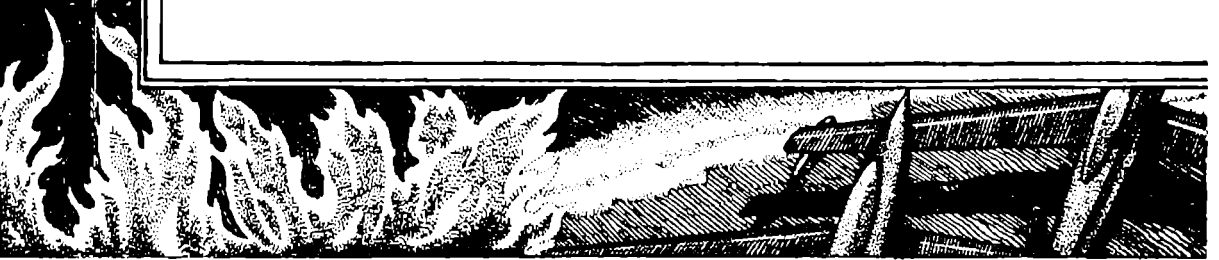
# THE LAST WAR

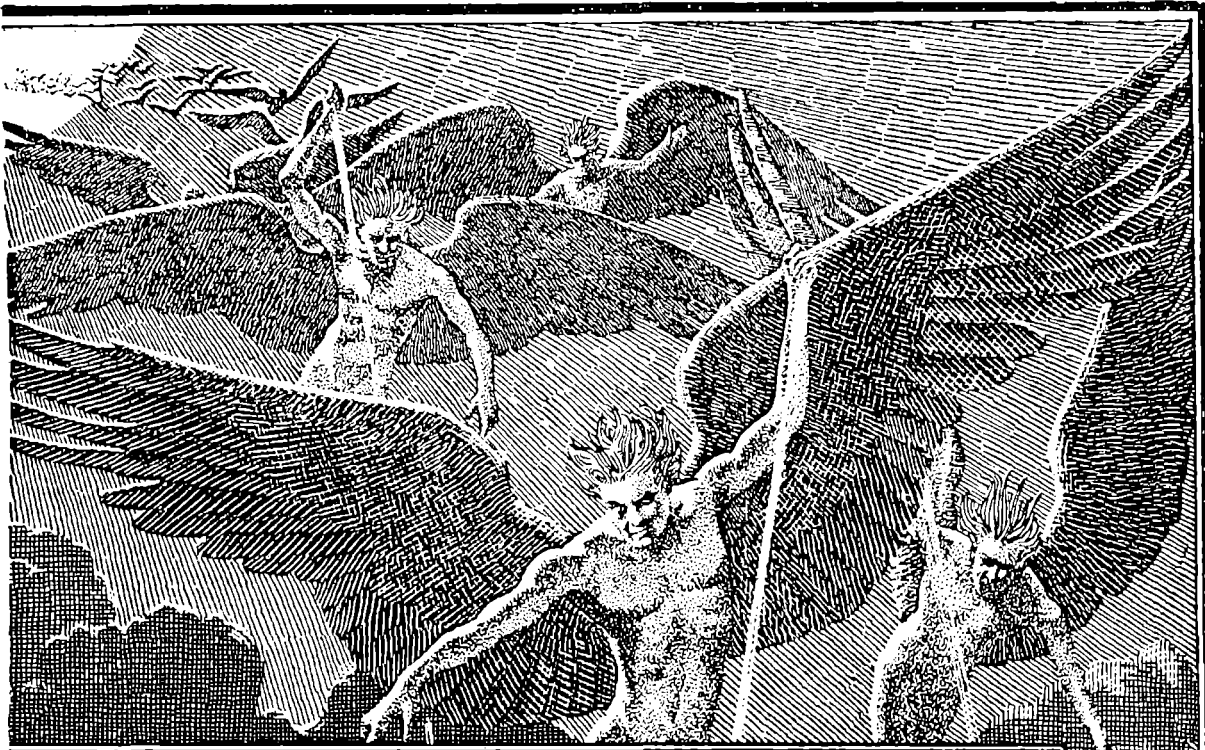
**O**UT of the red plateau of Mars they flew with crater eyes,  
Riding on disks that matched the flight of the comets in the  
skies.

And on a smoky shore they paused, where rocket shells were hurled  
And genocidal bombs piled high for a War of All the World.



The stratospheric strafing planes lay loaded underground,  
And death's-hood tanks, and robot ships with wings outdistancing  
sound;  
And steel-beaked myriads were poised for a parachute assault;  
And nations shrank till came a voice that dreadfully rumbled,  
"Halt!"





**By Stanton A. Coblentz**

*“Ranging the desert plains of space, we’ve watched from the void  
unknown,  
And the battle that you wage, O Earth, is not your fight alone!  
The cosmic fires you blindly hurl would shrivel your world to ash,  
And we on our ancient hills would feel the death-flame spurt and  
flash.*

*“Which of your crimson hordes prevails, nothing we care at all,  
But we cannot let a maniac blow rip down a timeless wall.  
We cannot let your poison rays ruin our ancient coast.  
Earthmen! for your own sakes and ours, we come, a conquering host!”*



*Suddenly, where the atom-planes thronged for a massed attack,  
A radiant legion, Icarus-winged, whirled on a glowing track.  
And where the squat land battleships blazed with an earthquake's  
noise,  
Beings whose arms were rods of light whisked them aside like toys.*



*And the clanking columns clashed no more, the bomb-piles dis-  
appeared,  
The continents no longer groaned for fields and cities seared.  
But in all courts and capitals, great-winged and burning-browed,  
Luminous monarchs, lion-vast, governed the cringing crowd.*



*Still, as in olden times, the world might labor, play and love,  
But let men lift a spear or shell, and terribly from above  
Thunder would rattle round their walls, voices would cry, "Beware!",  
Ominous wings would beat and flap, and crater eyes would glare.*

