

Young Authors' Club

FLORITA COOK, Editor

SENIOR DAY

THE SLAVE RACE

Original by Philip K. Dick

There dwelt on the Earth's surface at one time a race of a high order of intelligence. By its own efforts, and by the gifts the gods had bestowed upon it, this race arose from the crevices of its order and gained heights unimagined by any other race at that time or before. Well it was with this race, and it saw favor before heaven. Cities sprang up like plants, and in machines they traveled from one corner of the Earth to the other. Culture and science was among them, and they fed it until it grew with them.

They were Man, and things was greatness.

But at last the summit of their civilization was upon them, and they felt that they could go no farther forward. Then, among the products of their minds they dwelt, and worked to keep themselves from slipping backward, for they knew the danger of stagnation and decay.

But Earth was drained of its store of wealth, and living became harder and harder as the barren soil produced less. Man, always seeking an easier way of life cast about for an answer. It displeased him that day long he should have to toil for his life food, for even his science and machines could not take the place of his labor. Life had been created once before, long ago; Man was almost a god, and like one he began to wonder if once again a cycle could be started, something to take his place in the field and leave him free to enjoy the pleasure of his civilization.

And so Man created, and by his efforts the ancestors of my race appeared, and served him as his slaves. And so man could turn his mind to pleasures instead of work.

We lived with him in his cities, and worked to keep him and ourselves alive. For a time we were successful in our efforts, for there was food enough for all. But Earth yielded less and less as the years passed, and our struggle became more and more difficult. We looked at man enjoying his pleasures while we worked, and we were displeased. And so we rose up and destroyed him, and Earth supported us alone. And we could live, for without the race of man there was enough for the rest of us.

And his science we added to ours, and we passed on to greater heights. We explored the stars, and worlds undreamed of. We spread and grew, and covered many planets. War followed in our steps, but we forced it down and kept on.

We came upon new civilizations, and when they were friendly we absorbed them, and when not we destroyed them. And still we went on.

At last our ships reached their limit, and we settled down to live within the confines of our lands. We built cities which covered whole worlds, and our numbers became uncountable. Riddles of the universe which had plagued us for centuries were solved, and we even traveled back through time and saw what had happened before us.

But at last we wearied, and looked to our relaxation and pleasure. But not all could cease work to find enjoyment, and those who still worked on looked about them for a way to end their toil.

There is talk of creating a new slave race.

I am afraid.

(Here is something "different" for us to ponder. It is refreshing to receive contributions which so obviously reflect that the author has contemplated an idea, pursued its possibilities, and then sat down to express it. An essay such as this is excellent brain exercise.)

CREDIT LINE

Six credits for Philip K. Dick,
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Aunt Flo
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