

# SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES MAGAZINE

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# the Spy

BY STEPHEN ARR.

Colonel Zarin was one man against an entire nation—yet he felt secure. He had the unpenetrable disguise, at least it was unpenetrable from the outside....

Three generals sat on the edge of their chairs looking down at Colonel Zarin, tension written clearly in the set of each face. A smell of fear pervaded the room. Colonel Zarin sniffed again and his lips curled in a slight sneer that uncovered the tips of his yellowed fangs. He made a mental note to report that General Andreyev of the Medical Corps and General Popoff of the Air Corps were afraid when he returned from the mission. The third general in the room, Colonel Zarin's superior, the Major General of the Secret Police, also gave off a slightly irritating odor, but it was not of fear. The Colonel tried to place it but could not.

"You understand," General Andreyev, a short, fat, bald man

was saying as he clenched and unclenched his sweating hands nervously, "that we have not had sufficient time to experiment satisfactorily. Of course I realize that the need for haste has left us with no alternative. But there is still too much that we do not know. I wish," he added nervously, "that there was more time."

"There is no time," the Major General broke in harshly. "Colonel Zarin is one of our best men, and he has volunteered to risk his life for the movement. That, General Andreyev, is as it should be."

Colonel Zarin nodded his head in agreement. The odor of fear from Andreyev was stronger now, almost distracting. Colonel Zarin wished that he could tell



the Major General about it. It was strange, he reflected, that if it had not been for the surgical skill in the fat hands of a coward, the whole project would have been impossible.

The Major General continued speaking to the other two, pounding one big fist on his knee to emphasize each word. "We all know that our sources of information have dried up, yet we must find out more about the new bomb. Now!"

"And you, Colonel," he snapped turning to Zarin, "You will be picked up by me personally at exactly 2:00 A. M. of the Wednesday two weeks after you land. You have memorized the maps, have you not?"

Colonel Zarin nodded his head "yes" and wagged his bushy white tail.

"Two weeks should be safe, should it not? General Andreyev?" continued the Major General.

General Andreyev wiped his sweating forehead with a dirty handkerchief. "I guarantee nothing, I guarantee nothing," he said stubbornly.

The Major General's lips curled in a sneer of contempt. "Colonel Zarin, you have two weeks. In those two weeks you must succeed. You will succeed. Is the camera ready?"

Colonel Zarin reached up with

his right paw and touched the minute mechanism grafted into the loose fur of his throat. It was well hidden by the long white hairs of his collar. He clicked off a few frames to show that it worked.

"Very good," the Major General seemed pleased. "You should have no trouble. We are dealing with a sentimental people. Remember that no matter what happens, be cute, be playful, or the sick and hurt. Win their sympathy. You will have no trouble. Who would ever suspect a dog with the brain of a man as our agent? Colonel Zarin," the Major General leaned forward for emphasis. "Even in this country only five men know about this project. And that includes we four. General Popoff will drop you at the proper spot. Gentlemen, you are dismissed."

Colonel Zarin trotted out alongside General Popoff. He had always felt contempt, the contempt of the strong for the weak, for the Air Force General, a thin quiet man whose health had been broken in the crash of an experimental plane. Therefore the Colonel was surprised to find, once they were out in the courtyard with the smell of fear left behind in the room, that he felt some slight satisfaction in running alongside the thin general. He pushed

the feeling out of his mind immediately. What had Andreyev once said, that the body could affect the mind? Nonsense, he, Colonel Zarin had a mind with a will of iron.

However, maybe because of the tension of the morning, he felt a sudden need. Immediately deciding that if he was to act a part for the next two weeks he should start now, the Colonel abruptly left General Popoff's side and made for the telephone pole in the center of the courtyard.

He easily disentangled himself from the special harness, and rapidly dug a hole with his fore-paws in the soft ground, pushed the miniature parachute into it, then hastily covered it with loose earth and rotting leaves. Only then did Colonel Zarin pause to get his bearings. He sniffed the pre-dawn air and caught the scent of rabbit. It roused his interest momentarily, but pushing thoughts of a succulent breakfast aside, he began to slowly trot westwards until he reached the road that he knew would be there. Along the road he ran easily for a mile, until he caught sight of the first barrier. He began to limp towards the gate.

"Whatsamatter, boy. Hurt?" the Pfc on guard spoke to him.

as he limped up. The soldier reached down and ran his hand along Colonel Zarin's back. The Colonel writhed inwardly at the touch, though it was not really unpleasant, then he moved into his act. Whining a little, he licked the Pfc's hand.

"Say, you're too nice a pup to be wandering about all by yourself without a collar. Let's see that leg, boy." The Pfc put down his rifle. Colonel Zarin noted that breach of discipline with disapproval. Kneeling down beside the dog, the Pfc took his left paw with a gentle hand and examined it carefully. Every time he touched it the Colonel whined and pretended to try to pull it away.

"I dunno," the Pfc said finally, standing up, "I can't see anything, but it sure seems to be hurting you. I'll tell you what, boy. If you stick around till I go off duty I'll see if some of the medics can help you. There might even be a vet on the project for all I know."

Colonel Zarin wagged his tail; licked the Pfc's hand again, then sat down by him patiently to wait.

"That little Spitz is the darnedest dog," the Pfc thought. "Almost acts like he understood me."

The sun was well up when the guard changed. The Pfc picked

the small dog up gently and put him into the back of the jeep, then started off in search of a medic or vet.

As they drove through the project, passing the second and third check-points without difficulty, Colonel Zarin could hardly restrain his jubilation. Though he was not aware of it, his tail was wagging constantly. It had been easier, far easier than he had expected. Oh these stupid, stupid people, he crooned in his mind. The ride even led to an entirely unexpected bit of luck that would save him precious hours of exploration on foot. As they drove past large complicated structures, his trained eyes began to fit them into place. By the time they reached the medical barracks he knew that what he wanted was in the large gray building with the closed steel door.

Colonel Zarin had no intention of letting a veterinarian look at his paw, and as the jeep began to slow down he quietly rocked up on his feet, tensed, and jumped. Hitting the street hard, he rolled over and over, came up on his feet finally, dirty, but only slightly bruised. He darted around a corner, ran up a street and around another corner, continued up a long narrow alleyway. Colonel Zarin did not think that the Pfc had seen him

jump, nor did he think that the soldier would send out an alarm for a small white dog, but he was taking no chances.

The Colonel finally ducked into the cover of a doorway to see if there were signs of pursuit. He was panting heavily and his back and left paw were bruised from the jump, but otherwise he was in good condition. Without thinking, he lifted his bruised paw to his lips and licked it. After awhile it felt better.

After about half an hour, the Colonel concluded that no alarm had been given. Keeping in the shade by the side of the street, he trotted in search of the large gray building with the steel door. An occasional soldier or civilian passed on the street, and at first the Colonel crouched, as little a bundle as possible, with his heart in his mouth, but he soon realized that no one was going to pay any attention to a small white dog. After that he made better time.

It was afternoon when he reached the large building. He faded into the shadows by the doorway to rest. As he relaxed, he realized how very hungry and thirsty he was. Drifting through the street came the tantalizing aroma of cooking meat. His ever active nostrils quivered. The smell affected him strongly. Sa-

liva began to run in his mouth, while his thirst became so acute that he opened his mouth and panted, letting his red tongue hang slightly out. For a few moments he lay undecided, and at one point he arose determined to follow the smell back to its source. With an effort the Colonel forced himself to remain where he was. There would be time enough for eating later, after he had put the next stage of his plan into effect. He was working against time, and there was much to be done. He wondered why, with his duty clear before him, he had been so sorely tempted.

From his vantage point by the entrance, the Colonel saw two people approaching the massive steel door. Their credentials were minutely inspected by the guards before the door was opened, even though it appeared that the guards knew them personally. Through the opened door, he could see dimly into the interior for a brief moment. There was, he noted, another check point inside.

Good, he thought, while he would have his troubles getting in, this must be the right place. The Colonel continued to lay patiently in the shadows waiting. Once a field mouse ran by, almost under his nose, and the small white dog came instinc-

tively up on its feet with a low growl. Colonel Zarin stopped surprised and settled down once more to wait. The sun was red and low in the west when men finally started drifting out of the building by two and threes. Colonel Zarin studied them carefully to pick out a target.

No, not those. Too young, junior engineers. One of that group of three. No, they must be workers from the looks of their hands. Him maybe. No, the guard didn't show him enough deference. That one seems to be important, but let's wait. There, the guard really snapped to that time. That's the one, walking alone, carrying the briefcase. See how the others give him a little room.

The small white dog rose and padded silently after the walking figure of the tall, graying man with the briefcase.

Later that evening, when Professor Ertz left his house for his evening walk, he found a small fluffy white dog crouched shivering by his doorstep. When the dog saw him he whined and still shivering reached up feebly to lick the Professor's hand. Barely hesitating, the Professor picked up the poor animal and carried it inside of the house.

Well fed, warm, more than content with the progress he had made on the first day, Colonel

Zarin curled up on the blanket provided for him in the kitchen by Professor Ertz's plump, motherly wife, and fell into a deep sleep. However, all that night he dreamt that he was chasing a large juicy rabbit whose white cotton tail was always one hop away from his snapping jaws.

The next morning he woke up early, stretched his muscles stiff from the exertion of the day before, and got up. He sniffed around the kitchen. There were many interesting odors. He could tell that there was a piece of uncooked beef on the table, and he considered jumping up to get it. Of course not, what was he thinking. At all costs he must win and keep the affection of the Professor and his wife.

With this thought in mind, he silently explored the house. It was small, compact, neat, and orderly. It had a nice smell. He liked it. There came a stirring from the bedroom, and Colonel Zarin moved confidently in to solidify his position in the household. He searched under the bed and found the slippers of the Professor's wife.

When she rolled sleepily out of bed, Helen Ertz was surprised to see the small white dog that her husband had found the night before sitting by the bedside holding a slipper on an upraised

paw. It took a moment for her to grasp the situation, and as she cleared her sleep-filled eyes, the dog moved his paw obviously handing the slipper to her. She took it with a laugh, and slipped it on her foot. Colonel Zarin went under the bed and returned with the other slipper hooked over one paw.

"George," Helen said to her husband as she took the second slipper, "did you see that. He brought me my slippers, and with his paws, not with his mouth."

"Uh," George said, coming out of bed, "he did what?"

Colonel Zarin did not wait to be described. Before the amused eyes of Professor Ertz and his wife he repeated the process with the Professor's shoes.

"Quite a dog," the Professor said approvingly, and he reached down and scratched the Colonel's head. "If no one claims him, let's keep him." The Colonel turned his head up and licked the hand. It came almost automatically now. Funny how it had annoyed him to do it at first.

He followed the Ertz's into breakfast, and further amused them by walking on his hind legs. He was rewarded with scraps of egg and toast, which he truly appreciated. They experimented in giving him simple commands to stand up, lie down,

sit up, and he obeyed them all. By the end of breakfast he had successfully wormed his way completely into the hearts of both the tall thin Professor and his plump wife.

After the Professor finished his breakfast he got up and took his coat out of the closet. Colonel Zarin followed him closely, his tail wagging.

"Come here doggie," Helen Ertz called, "Stay with me. George has to go to work now."

The Colonel ignored her and continued to follow the Professor. His small body was tensed. This was a critical move, and he would have to make it carefully. However, before opening the door the Professor turned and pointed to the kitchen. "Go on back 'now, go on."

The Colonel whined, wagged his tail harder, and reached up with a moist muzzle to lick the Professor's hand. The Professor caught him by his collar hair. "Helen," he called, "Come here and hold him for a moment, will you, while I leave."

Helen Ertz came out and put an arm around the small white dog. The Colonel struggled violently as the Professor opened the front door, but his strength was no match for that of the woman. As the door closed behind the Professor, in a rage of frustration Colonel Zarin pre-

vented himself with difficulty from turning with a snarl and biting Mrs. Ertz. He must remember not to antagonize them, but he also had to get out to follow the Professor.

Once the door was closed, Helen Ertz released him. "You certainly seem to have taken to George," she said with a smile, then went back to her kitchen.

Colonel Zarin could hear her bustling with the dishes as he ran quickly through the house to see if he could find a way out. He must find a way out, he thought bitterly. What was the use of all he had accomplished if he had to remain a prisoner in the Professor's home. The living room held no hope. The backdoor opening into the pantry was firmly shut, and the slippery knob far beyond the capabilities of his paws.

In the bedroom he found a window open. The sill was a full three feet above the floor, and he could not even guess how deep the drop was on the other side. Well, there was nothing else to do, though the three feet looked tremendous from his angle on the floor. He backed up, took a good run, and jumped. From the moment his feet left the floor he knew he would not make it cleanly. His paws crashed into the sill, while the momentum of the jump carried his body over it,

somersaulting out of control, then he was falling twisting on the other side. After a long drop he hit the earth on his side. For a moment he lay there, the wind knocked out of him, then he rose and shook himself. He was uninjured. He saw that it was a good ten feet from the ground to the level of the window, and that he was lucky that he had landed on the soft earth.

Running swiftly he took off after the Professor and caught up with him several blocks before the building. Professor Ertz told him to go back several times, but the Colonel just wagged his tail, acted playful, and followed along. Finally the Professor shrugged and decided to ignore him.

When they reached the building Colonel Zarin did not try to enter with the Professor. Much to George Ertz's relief he lay down beside the steel door to wait while the Professor's credentials were being checked.

"He followed me here," Professor Ertz said to the sergeant in embarrassment.

"That's all right, sir," the sergeant said with a friendly grin. "You go on in and don't worry. We'll look after him till you come out."

The sergeant came by Colonel Zarin and started to pet him. The Colonel relaxed, the monot-

onous stroking on his back felt very pleasant. He dozed in the sunlight. Later, around lunchtime, some of the soldiers brought him food from the mess hall, and he did tricks for them. Some ingenious soul even thought of asking how much two and two added up to, and when the dog replied with four short barks his future was made.

"That's the darnedest dog," the sergeant said, and everybody agreed that it was.

"He was no trouble at all," the sergeant said later to Professor Ertz as he was leaving. "Bring him along every day, we enjoyed having him. He's a remarkable dog."

"Yes, he seems to be," the Professor said smiling and petting the Colonel who was wagging his bushy tail furiously.

When they reached the house Helen Ertz was glad to see him also. "Oh, there he is," she said, "I thought we'd lost him. He must have jumped out of the bedroom window to follow you."

After dinner Colonel Zarin relaxed on the kitchen floor by the radiator and reviewed his progress. It had been very, very good. He now was confident that he would have the secret of the bomb before the week was out. Only two of his precious fourteen days were gone. He decided that he could let two more go by

before he made his bid. In the meantime, his condition was not nearly as unpleasant as he had imagined it would be when they had suggested that he "volunteer" to have his brain transplanted into that of the dog. A dog's life, he reflected, at least in this country was not a bad one. No worries, no responsibilities, no purges. He closed his eyes, feeling the comforting presence of Professor Ertz close to him, and slept. Again he dreamed that he was chasing fat 'round cotton tail rabbits. Once he awoke with a start, and sleepily began to wonder where he, Colonel Zarin, had ever seen a cotton tail. But before he could follow the thought he closed his sleepy eyes again, and this time he dreamed of a cat. A tremendous spitting Tom with unsheathed claws. He barked out loud and woke himself up.

The next day the Professor did not protest when the small white dog insisted on going to work with him. Again the Colonel did not try to follow the Professor through the door, but sat outside with the guard. With the sure hand of a politician, he spent the day making certain that each and every member of the guard detail was his friend by the time he left with the Professor that evening.

On the third day, it was taken

for granted that he would leave the house with the Professor. At the building, after fooling with him for a little while the soldiers forgot about him and went on to discuss baseball, the fights, and women. Colonel Zarin sat quietly by the door, memorizing every detail of the entrance.

On the fourth day, five days after he landed, Colonel Zarin made his move. The Professor, trailed by the white dog, arrived at the steel door simultaneously with two other members of the staff. The sergeant checked their credentials and the steel door swung open. A tiny white bundle, crouching close to the floor and well below eye level, the Colonel scooted through the door as it started to shut on the heels of the three men.

"What the heck," the sergeant thought, looking around after the door had closed, "where's the mutt? Must have gone inside with the Professor. Oh, well, he'll be bringing him out in a moment."

The Professor did not bring the white dog out, but the sergeant did not think about it any more. After all, what difference could one white dog make?

Once inside the door, the Colonel slipped under the desk used by the inside guard, and he crouched there unseen until the six feet of the three men dis-

appeared down the hall. The foot of the guard at the desk brushed him once or twice, and the Colonel trembled with excitement, but the guard at the desk did not notice anything.

Finally the Colonel decided that the coast was clear, and he crept from under the desk and darted swiftly down the corridor unseen. Now he was in unknown territory. With his heart pounding and his canine instincts alert, he ran down the full length of the corridor, turned into another corridor, stopped abruptly as he heard the sounds of footsteps coming in his direction, glanced wildly around for shelter, then spying a flight of stairs darted behind them and huddled in the cavity behind the first step. The footsteps came closer and went up the steps above his head.

Colonel Zarin studied his hiding place. It was dark enough there to protect him against a casual glance. He looked at the stairs rising above his head and saw that they did not hold a light socket. Apparently this was just plain waste space, not even used as a broom closet. A good place to hide and to wait. Colonel Zarin curled up as tightly against the step as he could and rested. Many people came and went up and down the stairs above his head, but no one dis-

turbed his hiding place. His stomach told him that many hours had passed long before the great building finally became still. Only the occasional footstep of the night guard echoed through the empty halls when he slipped out of his hiding place and began to explore the semi-lit halls of the great building.

Large pieces of machinery whose meanings were obvious to his trained eye filled some rooms, others were offices with charts, papers, graphs. Both were equally important to the Colonel. It was clear that he had been right, this building contained the heart of the construction of the new bomb. What was to be found here would cut years off of the time it would take to duplicate the construction of a similar bomb.

There were several night guards, but Colonel Zarin had no difficulty in evading them. His super-sensitive ears and sense of smell warned him of their presence long before they could see him. After thoroughly investigating the building the Colonel set to work.

First he photographed selected charts, then the pieces of equipment themselves, and finally, jumping up on one desk after another, he read and photographed those papers that he thought would be of use. He worked silently and fast, and

had finished his task long before daybreak. Returning along the corridor by which he had entered, Colonel Zarin crawled back under the guard's desk by the door long before the first of the personnel arrived in the morning.

"Why there you are, you little rascal," the sergeant said when Colonel Zarin slipped out of the steel door sometime later. The sergeant reached down and patted him. The Colonel trembled at his touch, suddenly conscious of the precious role of film under his throat. "Now were you in there all night?" the sergeant asked musing, "or did you get in again this morning and come out again? Or weren't you in there at all? I didn't rightly see where you came from, but it seemed like from inside. The Professor's been lookin' for you, pup." The sergeant ran his fingers over the white dog's head and around his neck. The Colonel felt weak and dizzy from lack of food and sleep, and he wondered if he should run for it or if he was giving way to foolish panic now that he had the films. The sergeant reached down and scratched him under his chin, and his fingernail grated against the lens of the camera. "What's this boy, you got a growth on your throat or something." Holding him loosely with a large

hand, the sergeant reached over with his other hand to investigate. The Colonel tensed himself to snap out and try to twist free, when suddenly he found himself released by the sergeant who moved away to examine the credentials of some late comers.

Colonel Zarin trotted casually away. He was still feeling weak and dizzy, but now that the job was done and the steel door left behind he looked forward to a period of rest and relaxation. It would be very pleasant, he thought, to spend a week with the Ertz's just enjoying life without having to make his tired brain drive his unwilling body, to escape from the iron will that had led him to the successful accomplishment of his mission. Reaching the Professor's house, he walked up the path and knocked on the door with his paw.

"Hello," Helen Ertz greeted him, "what happened to you? We thought you'd left us." She reached down and picked him up and carried him into the kitchen where she fed him some kibbled biscuit and soup. Colonel Zarin ate it gratefully. He could hardly remember when he had ever tasted anything so good. After eating he stretched out under the kitchen table and fell into a deep sleep.

He woke up when the Profes-

sor returned, and the Colonel moved to sit by his feet in the living room. He liked the Professor. He liked the house, it smelled nice.

For the next few nights the Colonel dreamed that he was hunting rabbits with Professor Ertz. Each dream was more vivid than the last.

One evening, when he went out with the Professor for his usual walk, he chased a large gray cat. He never did catch the cat, it took refuge in a tree, but he enjoyed the excitement of the chase. After barking and jumping around the base of the tree for awhile he had to run to catch up with the Professor.

Three nights later, he saw some papers with symbols and figures on them that the Professor had let slip to the floor in the living room by his chair. As Professor Ertz lay sleeping in the chair, the little white dog studied the papers curiously. From deep within him there came an overpowering impulse, and without quite knowing why he reached up with a paw and touched the tiny switch built into his throat. Methodically he went through the papers sheet by sheet. After he finished, he lay down by Professor Ertz's chair and fell into a deep sleep.

He woke up nervous on the next day, and slowly the idea

worked into his consciousness. He had to leave. The idea grew. He had to leave that night. The little white dog was sad, but the idea was stronger than he was.

After the Ertz's had fallen asleep that night, he silently crept into their room and licked the hand of the sleeping Professor for the last time, then he quietly pushed against the unlocked door which was always left a little open so that he could go out at night if he had to, and the Spitz trotted down the deserted street.

The night air felt good. Scents and sounds of small animals stirring came to his senses but did not slow his steady trot. He continued on to the check points, under the barriers, and out into the night.

He went down the road for a mile, then turned eastwards until he reached a moonlit meadow that he knew would be there. He sat in the darkness of the trees and waited and wondered.

He heard the call of an owl and stirred uneasily. For what did he wait? Colonel Zarin had said he should wait. Who was Colonel Zarin? He was Colonel Zarin. No he wasn't Colonel Zarin, he was he. He was the instinct to chase a rabbit. He was hunger for meat and not for bread. He was faithfulness to man, to Professor Ertz. He was

a strong nose and weak eyes, a combination of different senses operating in different ways to bring different messages informing and forming his brain. Different instincts and different glands and different desires altering personality patterns. No, he was not Colonel Zarin, nor was he the small Spits once called "Babush." He was he, waiting in the darkness and not knowing why.

The plane landed smoothly and coasted to a stop close to where he sat. The animal that had been Colonel Zarin rose and trotted towards it, carrying the secret of the bomb in the camera grafted into his neck. A door on the plane swung open and a fat man dropped to the ground.

"Colonel Zarin, thank God," General Andreyev said. He hastily scooped the small dog up and pushed him into the plane then climbed in after him.

"Quick," said the Major General to General Popoff at the controls, "their radar may have picked us up. While this plane is loaded with enough thermite to burn all evidence if anything should happen, it is still of utmost importance that we return with the films."

"You did get the films, did you not, Colonel Zarin?"

The dog smelled the scent of fear from two men in the plane,

and the subtler scent of hatred that arose from the third, and he backed away towards the rear of the cabin and growled. The plane started to move with slowly gathering speed across the meadow.

General Andreyev reached for the dog that had been Colonel Zarin. With a quick slash of teeth the dog tore the soft flesh on his fat hand. The General stared at the red on his hand uncomprehending, then turned white. "My God, he has reverted," he said.

"But has he the photographs?" the Major General asked coldly as he drew a long barreled pistol from the holster at his side. The dog smelled the warped hatred in the man and bared his fangs in a snarl.

"No! No! General," Andreyev shouted, and before the Major General could shoot he hurled himself with a surprisingly agile leap on the little white dog. The dog, his bared fangs turned towards the Major General, was unprepared for the attack and he felt himself firmly grasped before he could turn to meet it. The Major General slipped his pistol back into his holster and walked over.

He reached down and grasped the camera grafted on to the dog's throat, then with a powerful wrench of his large hand

tore it loose from the living flesh.

The dog gave a crescendoing scream of pain. Twisting and writhing in agony he tore loose from the grasp of General Andreyev and sprang at the throat of his tormentor. His small hurtling body struck the Major General in the face, knocked him down, then went tumbling over him and into the pilot's compartment trailing a stream of blood from his throat. The pilot glanced up in alarm but the plane was moving along the ground faster now, and approaching the line of trees that marked the end of the meadow.

The Spitz sprang back into the cabin and ripped the Major General's face with his teeth. The Major General had his gun out of his holster and shot at the dog, but he missed his rapidly moving target. The dog, snarling mad with pain and fury slashed at the Major General's face again, and passed back over him into the pilot's compartment. Turning instantly he charged again.

The Major General had pulled himself up on one elbow. His face was streaked with blood, his own mixed with the dog's. He aimed carefully at the bounding dog and fired. The shot burned a red streak along the dog's back, hit the steel armor

by the pilot's seat, ricocheted, and General Popoff suddenly slumped forward over his controls.

General Andreyev reached down and tore the snarling Spitz from the Major General's head, kicked open the door of the rapidly moving plane, and threw the bundle of writhing white fur out into the night.

The dog hit the ground hard, rolled over and over, then lay still.

At the end of the meadow a tremendous blast marked the end of the pilotless plane as it plowed into the trees. Roaring white flames of terrible heat consumed every vestige of the fusilage and of the three men in it.

The fire brigade from the project, which arrived soon after the explosion, could do little but stand around and watch the fire. A member of the brigade circling the fire stumbled over the still body of the dog. He felt it and saw that it was still warm, so he carried it over to the first aid section.

"Hey," somebody said, "That's Professor Ertz's pooch."

The medics went to work.

Much later, at the project, the dog opened his eyes and saw Professor Ertz. His body was a mass of pain, he couldn't move his head, there were bandages

around his neck and his left forepaw was in splints, but he still could and did wag his tail.

"If he could only talk," a Major was saying to the Professor. "Strictly in confidence, I would give my right arm to know what plane it was that smashed in that field and what it was doing there. We are checking, but it doesn't seem to be one of ours. But that wandering pup of yours must have been an eyewitness to the whole thing."

"As a matter of fact," the Professor said, "I'd like to know what animal tore his throat and roughed him up that badly?"

"You think that there might be a connection," the Major asked with interest.

"Why of course," the Professor said laughing and stroking the unbandaged portion of the Spitz's head, "It couldn't be that he was out at night chasing a coon and made the mistake of catching up with it. No, sir, I'm sure my little dog here chased the villains away, saved the project, the country, and civilization, only he's too modest to tell us about it.

The dog raised his good paw at that, though he didn't know why, and saluted smartly.

The Professor and the Major looked at each other in momentary astonishment, then burst into roars of laughter. That little dog certainly did the darnedest things.

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