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## THE TALE OF THE TERRIBLE TYPER by Ray Bradbury

"God, what an idea;" Colossali Stupendousi Hideous!" Wade Shurp gleated over the clicking keys of his typewriter. "Why this story will be so good that Street and Smith will pay me five cents a word!"

"Take it easy!" I teld him. "You haven't sold anything yet."

"Bah!" He spat the word out like a maggoted clive. "Who gives a damn!"

"You'll wasip your operation if you den't take it careful," I went on, secretly edging toward the door. Shurp turned one blood veined eye to me. "I'm putting," he gibbered, "everything I have in this story. It's me, and I'm it! I'm putting myself into it! It'll be classed in the science-fiction hall of fame!"

"I wouldn't trust that typewriter of yours if it were the last one on earth," I said. "You're meddling in things that shouldn't be meddled with."

"As if I hadn't warned you about Hedy." he snarled into the keys.

"You're speaking of the heroine I love." I cried. "Why, she is besutiful. She has hair like a god ...

"A god-blasted ostrich," he replied, large tears of laughter welling in his eyes. "Now get out of here while I write! Send in some chemicals! I want them bubbling in my ears! Turn on the juice, turn the lights off and on! I need atmosphere!"

Well, I got out quick! I stead in the hall, listening. The typewriter keys clicked on and on, madly, rising and falling. Clickety-clickety-click! Clunk! Chunk! Zing! Clickety. (Well, you get what I mean.)

"What an ideal" I heard Shurp say in a high bellow. The chandelier overhead gave off a faint timbling sound and fell elattering to the floor. Shurp said: "The locale's Mars, with hot and cold running rays, prisons with upholstered gutters and -WHAT A YARN! This is swell!" Keys clicking on, monotonously, endlessly, I grow tired waiting.

And then - an ominous note. Something had happened. There came a dull, g. inding noise, a weird screeching, a thick, wet sound. Shurp was mumbling, mumbling, cursing! "Martians invade Barth;" Clickety clickety-click! Bong. Zing.

"Ogh!" said Shurp.

Sorumble, mumble sorumen - slurp!

"Ugh!" he repeated.

"That's going on in there?" I asked. "Hey, open up!" I knocked on the door. Growing frantic at the greedy sounds I fell to hammering on the panels. The door grouned inward.

\*Ush - ugh - ohhh! Gurgle! The door fell in and I stood gasping at what I saw. then I must have screamed!

"Wade! Wade Shurp! Chmigawd!" The room was empty!

(contd. on next page)

It couldn't be - it was unnatural, uncanny! But -
But the typewriter was still clicking. Still writing.
"Wade!" For it was true! Wade Shurp HAD thrown himself into his work. I heard one last despairing mean, a bare murmer -
Bits of flesh protruded from the typewriter keys -
And one jerking, snapping hand, with nervous, clutching fingers was just disappearing down, down - into the rollers of the horrible mathine:

8 .....THE FANTASITE