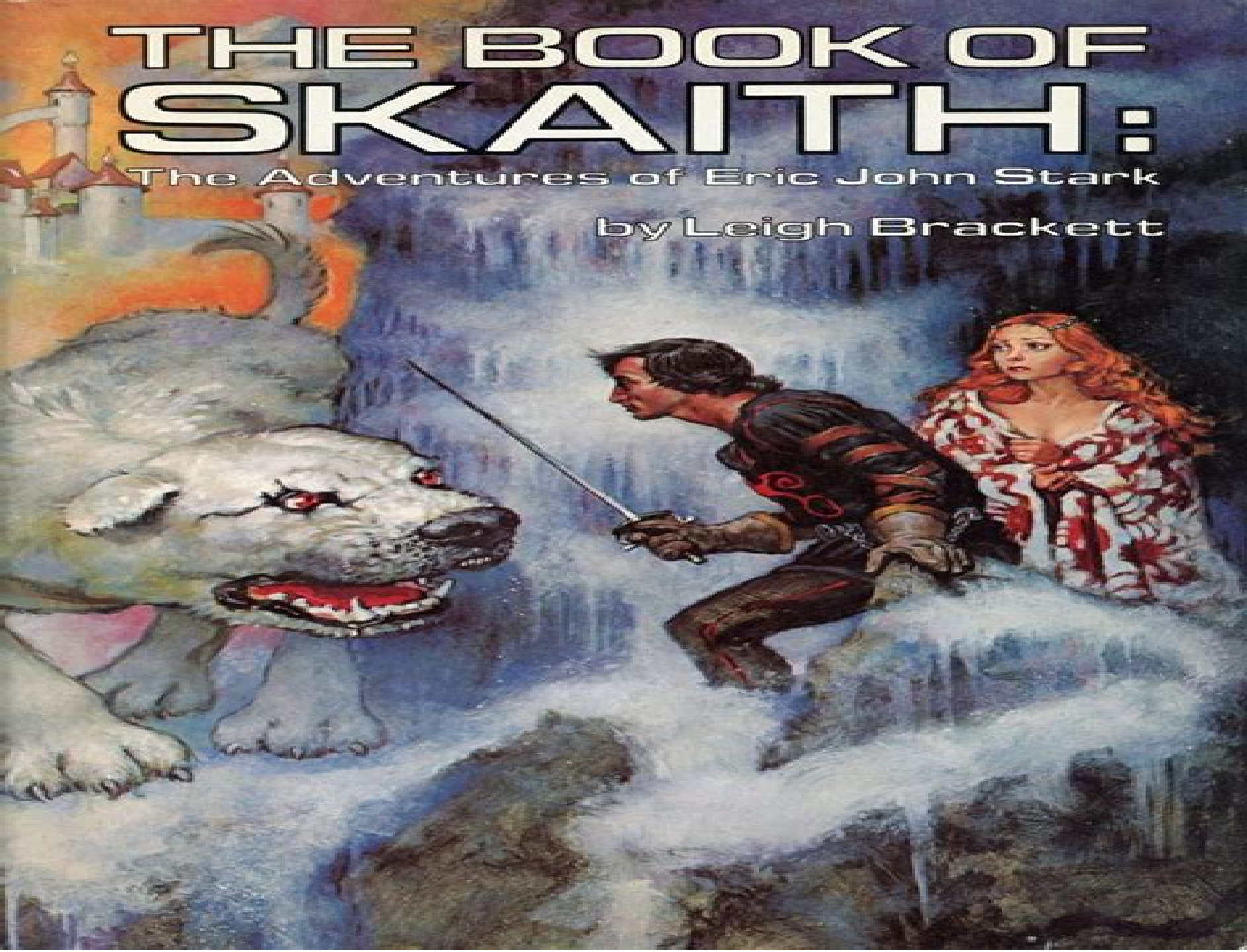


THE BOOK OF SKAITH:

The Adventures of Eric John Stark

by Leigh Brackett



Book Of Skaith The Adventures Of Eric

Leigh Brackett



Book Of Skaith The Adventures Of Eric:

The Book of Skaith Leigh Brackett, 1974 *Thralls of the Endless Night* Leigh Brackett, 2011-06-10 In the freezing night the great ship held mysterious secrets secrets that the Piruts and the Hans wanted Excerpt Wes Kirk shut his teeth together hard He turned his back on Ma Kirk and the five younger ones huddled around the box of heat stones and went to the doorway padding soft and tight with the anger in him He shoved the curtain of little skins aside and crouched there with his thick shoulders fitted into the angle of the jamb staring out cold wind threading in across his splayed and naked feet The hackles rose golden and stiff across Kirk s back He said carefully I would like to kill the Captain and the First Officer and the Second Officer and all the little Officers and the Engineers and all their families His voice carried inside on the wind eddies Ma Kirk yelled Wes You come here and let that curtain down You want us all to freeze Her dark furred shoulders moved rhythmically over the socking child She added sharply Besides that s fool s talk Jakk Randl s talk and only gets the sucking plant Who s to hear it Kirk raised his heavy over lids and let his pupils widen huge liquid drops spreading black across his eyeballs slicking the dim grey light into themselves forcing line and shape out of blurred nothingness He made no move to drop the curtain The same sandscape he had stared at since he was able to crawl by away from the box of heat stones Flat grey plain running and left to the little curve of the horizon Rocks in it and edible moss Wind made gullies with grey shrubs thick in their bottoms guarding their sour white berries with thorns and sacs of poisoned dust that burst when touched Between the fields and the gullies there were huts like his own sunk into the earth and sodded tight A lot of huts but not as many as there had been the old ones said The Hans died and the huts were empty and the wind and the earth took them back again Kirk raised his shaggy head The light of the yellow star they called Sun caught in the huge luminous blackness of his eyes Beyond the Hans quarter just where the flat plain began to rise were the Engineers Not many of them anymore You could see the rusty lumps where the huts had been the tumbled heaps of metal that might have meant something once a longer time ago than anyone could remember But there were still plenty of huts standing Two hands and one hand and a thumb of them full of Engineers who said how the furrows should be laid for the planting but did nothing about the tilling of them And beyond the Engineers the Officers The baby cried Ma Kirk shrilled at her son and two of the younger ones fought over a bone with no meat on it rolling and snapping on the dirt floor Kirk shifted his head forward to shut out the sound of them and followed the line of the plain upward with sullen glowing eyes **A World Is Born** Leigh Brackett, 2011-06-10 The first ripples of blue fire touched Dio s men Bolts of it fastened on gun butts and knuckles Men screamed and fell Jill cried out as he tore silver ornaments from her dress Excerpt Mel Gray flung down his hoe with a sudden tigerish fierceness and stood erect Tom Ward working beside him glanced at Gray s Indianesque profile the youth of it hardened by war and the hells of the Eros prison blocks A quick flash of satisfaction crossed Ward s dark eyes Then he grinned and said mockingly Hell of a place to spend the rest of your life ain t it Mel Gray stared with slitted blue eyes down the valley The huge sun of Mercury

seared his naked body Sweat channeled the dust on his skin His throat ached with thirst And the bitter landscape mocked him more than Wade s dark face The rest of my life he repeated softly The rest of my life He was twenty eight Wade spat in the damp black earth You ought to be glad helping the unfortunate building a haven for the derelict Shut up Fury rose in Gray hotter than the boiling springs that ran from the Sunside to water the valleys He hated Mercury He hated John Moulton and his daughter Jill who had conceived this plan of building a new world for the destitute and desperate veterans of the Second Interplanetary War I ve had enough unselfish service he whispered I m serving myself from now on **The Stellar Legion** Leigh Brackett,2011-11-05 MacIan was a man with a secret and it had followed him to Venus and the Legion escape was impossible ExcerptSilence was on the barracks like a lid clamped over tight coiled springs Men in rumpled uniforms outlanders of the Stellar Legion space rats the scrapings of the Solar System sweated in the sullen heat of the Venusian swamplands before the rains Sweated and listened The metal door clanged open to admit Lehn the young Venusian Commandant and every man jerked tautly to his feet Ian MacIan the white haired space burned Earthman alone and hungrily poised for action Thekla the swart Martian low canaler grinning like a weasel beside Bhak the hulking strangler from Titan Every quick nervous glance was riveted on Lehn The young officer stood silent in the open door tugging at his fair mustache to MacIan watching he was a trim clean incongruity in this brutal wilderness of savagery and iron men Behind him the eternal mists writhed in a thin curtain over the swamp stretching for miles beyond the soggy earthworks through it came the sound every ear had listened to for days a low monotonous piping that seemed to ring from the ends of the earth The Nahali the six foot scarlet eyed swamp dwellers whose touch was weapon enough praying to their gods for rain When it came the hot torrential downpour of southern Venus the Nahali would burst in a scaly tide over the fort Only a moat of charged water and four electro cannons stood between the Legion and the horde If those things failed it meant two hundred lives burned out the circle of protective forts broken the fertile uplands plundered and laid waste MacIan looked at Lehn s clean university bred young face and wondered cynically if he was strong enough to do his job Lehn spoke so abruptly that the men started I m calling for volunteers A reconnaissance in Nahali territory you know well enough what that means Three men Well Ian MacIan stepped forward followed instantly by the Martian Thekla Bhak the Titan hesitated his queerly bright blank eyes darting from Thekla to Lehn and back to MacIan Then he stepped up his hairy face twisted in a sly grin Lehn eyed them his mouth hard with distaste under his fair mustache Then he nodded and said Report in an hour light equipment Turning to go he added almost as an afterthought Report to my quarters MacIan Immediately MacIan s bony Celtic face tightened and his blue eyes narrowed with wary distrust But he followed Lehn his gaunt powerful body as ramrod straight as the Venusian s own and no eye that watched him go held any friendship *The Dragon-Queen of Venus* Leigh Brackett,2011-11-01 Attempting to make Venus safe for colonists turns out to be a very dangerous job for Tex and his partner Breska excerptTex stirred uneasily where he lay on the parapet staring into the heavy Venusian fog The greasy moisture ran down the fort wall

lay rank on his lips With a sigh for the hot dry air of Texas and a curse for the adventure thirst that made him leave it he shifted his short steel hard body and wrinkled his sandy red brows in the never ending effort to see A stifled cough turned his head He whispered Hi Breska The Martian grinned and lay down beside him His skin was wind burned like Tex s his black eyes nested in wrinkles caused by squinting against sun and blowing dust For a second they were silent feeling the desert like a bond between them Then Breska mastering his cough grunted They re an hour late now What s the matter with em Tex was worried too The regular dawn attack of the swamp dwellers was long overdue Reckon they re thinking up some new tricks he said I sure wish our relief would get here I could use a vacation Breska s teeth showed a cynical flash of white If they don t come soon it won t matter At that starving is pleasanter than beetle bombs or green snakes Hey Tex Here comes the Skipper Captain John Smith Smith was a common name in the Volunteer Legion crawled along the catwalk There were new lines of strain on the officer s gaunt face and Tex s uneasiness grew He knew that supplies were running low Repairs were urgently needed Wasn t the relief goin to come at all But Captain Smith s pleasant English voice was as calm as though he were discussing cricket scores in a comfortable London club Any sign of the beggars Tex No sir But I got a feeling H m Yes We all have Well keep a sharp

The Beast-Jewel of Mars Leigh Brackett,2011-06-10 The wise men of Caer Dhu were not so wise They found the secret of Shanga and they escaped their wars and their troubles by fleeing backward along the path of evolution Excerpt Burk Winters remained in the passenger section while the Starflight made her landing at Kahora Port He did not think that he could bear to see another man not even one he liked as much as he did Johnny Niles handle the controls of the ship that had been his for so long He did not wish even to say goodbye to Johnny but there was no avoiding it The young officer was waiting for him as he came down the ramp and the deep concern he felt was not hidden in the least by his casually hearty grin Johnny held out his hand So long Burk You ve earned this leave Have fun with it Burk Winters looked out over the vast tarmac that spread for miles across the ochre desert An orderly roaring confusion of trucks and flatcars and men and ships ore ships freighters tramps sleek liners like the Starflight bearing the colors of three planets and a dozen colonies but still arrogantly and predominantly Terran Johnny followed his gaze and said softly It always gives you a thrill doesn t it Winters did not answer Miles away safe from the thundering rocket blasts the glassite dome of Kahora Trade City for Mars rose jewel like out of the red sand The little sun stared wearily down and the ancient hills considered it and the old old wandering wind passed over it and it seemed as though the planet bore Kahora and its spaceport with patience as though it were a small local infection that would soon be gone He had forgotten Johnny Niles He had forgotten everything but his own dark thoughts The young officer studied him with covert pity and he did not know it Burk Winters was a big man and a tough man tempered by years of deep space flying The same glare of naked light that had burned his skin so dark had bleached his hair until it was almost white and just in the last few months his gray eyes seemed to have caught and held a spark of that pitiless radiance The easy good nature was gone out of them and the lines that laughter had shaped around his

mouth had deepened now into bitter scars Queen of the Martian Catacombs Leigh Brackett, 2011-12-10 Erik John Stark is sent on a perilous mission into the Valkis and encounters the Queen of the Martian Catacombs Excerpt The leader of the four men rode slowly toward the tor his right arm raised His voice carried clearly on the wind Eric John Stark he called and the dark man tensed in the shadows The rider stopped He spoke again but this time in a different tongue It was no dialect of Earth Mars or Venus but a strange speech as harsh and vital as the blazing Mercurian valleys that bred it Oh N Chaka oh Man without a tribe I call you There was a long silence The rider and his mount were motionless under the low moons waiting Eric John Stark stepped slowly out from the pool of blackness under the tor Who calls me N Chaka The rider relaxed somewhat He answered in English You know perfectly well who I am Eric May we meet in peace Stark shrugged Of course He walked on to meet the rider who had dismounted leaving his beast behind He was a slight wiry man this EPC officer with the rawhide look of the frontiers still on him His hair was grizzled and his sun blackened skin was deeply lined but there was nothing in the least aged about his hard good humored face nor his remarkably keen dark eyes It s been a long time Eric he said Stark nodded Sixteen years The two men studied each other for a moment and then Stark said I thought you were still on Mercury Ashton They ve called all us experienced hands in to Mars He held out cigarettes Smoke Stark took one They bent over Ashton s lighter and then stood there smoking while the wind blew red dust over their feet and the three men of the patrol waited quietly beside the Banning Ashton was taking no chances The electro beam could stun without injury Presently Ashton said I m going to be crude Eric I m going to remind you of some things Save it Stark retorted You ve got me There s no need to talk about it Yes said Ashton I ve got you and a damned hard time I ve had doing it That s why I m going to talk about it His dark eyes met Stark s cold stare and held it **The Jewel of Bas** Leigh Brackett, 2011-11-05 A quest to the Mountain of Life to save what remained by humanity from the machines that were bent on destroying them excerpt Mouse stirred the stew in the small iron pot There wasn t much of it She sniffed and said You could have stolen a bigger joint We ll go hungry before the next town Uh huh Ciaran grunted lazily Anger began to curl in Mouse s eyes I suppose it s all right with you if we run out of food she said sullenly Ciaran leaned back comfortably against a moss grown boulder and watched her with lazy gray eyes He liked watching Mouse She was a head shorter than he which made her very short indeed and as thin as a young girl Her hair was black and wild as though only wind ever combed it Her eyes were black too and very bright There was a small red thief s brand between them She wore a ragged crimson tunic and her bare arms and legs were as brown as his own Ciaran grinned His lip was scarred and there was a tooth missing behind it He said It s just as well I don t want you getting fat and lazy Mouse who was sensitive about her thinness said something pungent and threw the wooden plate at him Ciaran drew his shaggy head aside enough to let it by and then relaxed stroking the harp on his bare brown knees It began to purr softly Ciaran felt good The heat of the sunballs that floated always lazy in a reddish sky made him pleasantly sleepy And after the clamor and crush of the market squares in the border towns the huge high silence of the

place was wonderful He and Mouse were camped on a tongue of land that licked out from the Phrygian hills down into the coastal plains of Atlantea A short cut but only gypsies like themselves ever took it To Ciaran s left far below the sea spread sullen and burning cloaked in a reddish fog To his right also far below were the Forbidden Plains Flat desolate and barren reaching away and away to the up curving rim of the world where Ciaran s sharp eyes could just make out a glint of gold a mammoth peak reaching for the sky Mouse said suddenly Is that it Kiri Ben Beatha the Mountain of Life The Citadel of Lost Ships Leigh Brackett,2011-06-10 **Lord of the Earthquake** Leigh Brackett,2011-12-10 In the mysterious lands of Manoa Xacul claims he is a god but is he really the one causing the rumbling and fire spouting from the ground ExcerptIt was stiflingly hot in the submarine s tiny cabin The steady pound of the screws was a throbbing ache Coh Langham his scarred hawk face set in lines of restless boredom stared out the port at the featureless muck that rolled endlessly away under the searchlight Krim he said abruptly you re crazy Simon Krim hunched like a shaggy black bull over the tiny control panel spoke without taking his eyes from the sea floor What s the matter Langham Has the thrill petered out Thrill Langham s strong brown body stripped to dungarees hitched angrily lower in the seat Yes he had expected a thrill He had hated seeing Krim again it took him back to a time he wanted to forget But Krim had asked him and he at a loose end and restless as always had accepted Hunting a sunken continent with a submarine was something he hadn t done before It looked exciting The excitement had resolved itself into three weeks of hellish monotony heat and inactivity and utter boredom Simon Krim grunted That s all you think about isn t it Thrills Your father was a hard working archeologist my best friend And you spend your life crashing planes and climbing mountains having adventures There was an edge to his voice his hairy body gleamed with sweat and there were tight lines around his mouth Coh Langham s blue eyes went hard under the scarlet cloth that held back his damp fair hair My life s my own Krim My father certainly never got much out of his *Child of the Sun* Leigh Brackett,2011-06-01 Eric Falken couldn t run any more At least he d led the Hiltonists away from the pitiful starving holes where his people hid on the outer planets and barren asteroids and dark derelict hulks floating far outside the traveled lanes ExcerptEric Falken stood utterly still staring down at his leashed and helpless hands on the controls of the spaceship Falcon The red lights on his indicator panel showed Hiltonist ships in a three dimensional half moon above behind and below him Pincer jaws closing fast The animal instinct of escape prodded him but he couldn t obey He had fuel enough for one last burst of speed But there was no way through that ring of ships Tractor beams criss crossing between them would net the Falcon like a fish There was no way out ahead either Mercury was there harsh and bitter in the naked blaze of the sun The ships of Gantry Hilton President of the Federation of Worlds inventor of the Psycho Adjuster and ruler of men s souls were herding him down to a landing at the lonely Spaceguard outpost A landing he couldn t dodge And then For Paul Avery a choice of death or Happiness For himself and Sheila Moore there was no choice It was death The red lights blurred before Falken s eyes The throb of the plates under his feet faded into distance He d stood at the controls for four chronometer days ever

since the Hiltonists had chased him up from Los Angeles back on Earth He knew it was because he was exhausted that he couldn't think or stop the nightmare of the past days from tramping through his brain hammering the incessant question at him How How had the Hiltonists traced him back from New York Paul Avery the Unregenerate recruit he went to get had passed a rigid psycho search which incidentally revealed the finest brain ever to come to the Unregenerate cause He couldn't be a spy And he'd spoken to no one but Falken Yet they were traced Hiltonist Black Guards were busy now destroying the last avenues of escape from Earth avenues that he Falken had led them through But how He knew he hadn't given himself away For thirty years he'd been spiriting Unregenerates away from Gantry Hilton's strongholds of Peace and Happiness He was too old a hand for blunders Yet somehow the Black Guards caught up with them at Los Angeles where the Falcon lay hidden And somehow they got away with a starving green-eyed girl named Kitty Not Kitty Falken muttered Kitty's Happy Hilton took Kitty thirty years ago On our wedding day A starving waif named Sheila Moore who begged him for help because he was Eric Falken and almost a god to the Unregenerates They got away in the Falcon but the Hiltonist ships followed Driven hopeless flight desperate effort to shake pursuit before he was too close to the Sun Time and again using precious fuel and accelerations that tried even his tough body Falken thought he had escaped But they found him again It was uncanny the way they found him Now he couldn't run any more At least he'd led the Hiltonists away from the pitiful starving holes where his people hid on the outer planets and barren asteroids and dark derelict hulks floating far outside the traveled lanes And he'd kill himself before the Hiltonist psycho search could pick his brain of information about the Unregenerates Kill himself if he could wake up He began to laugh a drunken ragged chuckle He couldn't stop laughing He clung to the panel edge and laughed until the tears ran down his scarred dark face

Shannach- The Last Leigh Brackett, 2011-06-10 An Earthman on Mercury stumbles into a long lost colony in a hidden air filled valley ruled by harsh Sunstone wielding hawk controlling lords and of course an alien overlord behind them

Anatomy of Wonder Neil Barron, 1981

Enchantress of Venus Leigh Brackett, 2011-06-01 Few men have gone beyond that barrier into the vast mystery of Inner Venus Fewer still have come back Excerpt The ship moved slowly across the Red Sea through the shrouding veils of mist her sail barely filled by the languid thrust of the wind Her hull of a thin light metal floated without sound the surface of the strange ocean parting before her prow in silent rippling streamers of flame Night deepened toward the ship a river of indigo flowing out of the west The man known as Stark stood alone by the after rail and watched its coming He was full of impatience and a gathering sense of danger so that it seemed to him that even the hot wind smelled of it The steersman lay drowsily over his sweep He was a big man with skin and hair the color of milk He did not speak but Stark felt that now and again the man's eyes turned toward him pale and calculating under half closed lids with a secret avarice The captain and the two other members of the little coasting vessel's crew were forward at their evening meal Once or twice Stark heard a burst of laughter half whispered and furtive It was as though all four shared in some private joke from which he was rigidly excluded The heat was oppressive Sweat

gathered on Stark's dark face. His shirt stuck to his back. The air was heavy with moisture tainted with the muddy fecundity of the land that brooded westward behind the eternal fog. There was something ominous about the sea itself. Even on its own world the Red Sea is hardly more than legend. It lies behind the Mountains of White Cloud, the great barrier wall that hides away half a planet. Few men have gone beyond that barrier into the vast mystery of Inner Venus. Fewer still have come back. Stark was one of that handful. Three times before he had crossed the mountains and once he had stayed for nearly a year. But he had never quite grown used to the Red Sea. It was not water. It was gaseous, dense enough to float the buoyant hulls of the metal ships and it burned perpetually with its deep inner fires. The mists that clouded it were stained with the bloody glow. Beneath the surface Stark could see the drifts of flame where the lazy currents ran and the little coiling bursts of sparks that came upward and spread and melted into other bursts so that the face of the sea was like a cosmos of crimson stars. It was very beautiful, glowing against the blue luminous darkness of the night. Beautiful and strange. There was a padding of bare feet and the captain Malthor came up to Stark, his outlines dim and ghostly in the gloom. "We will reach Shuruun," he said before the second glass is run. Stark nodded. Good. The voyage had seemed endless and the close confinement of the narrow deck had got badly on his nerves. "You will like Shuruun," said the captain jovially. "Our wine, our food, our women, all superb. We don't have many visitors. We keep to ourselves as you will see. But those who do come..." He laughed and clapped Stark on the shoulder. "Ah, yes. You will be happy in Shuruun." It seemed to Stark that he caught an echo of laughter from the unseen crew as though they listened and found a hidden jest in Malthor's words. Stark said, "That's fine. Perhaps..." said Malthor, "you would like to lodge with me. I could make you a good price." He had made a good price for Stark's passage from up the coast. An exorbitantly good one. Stark said, "No. You don't have to be afraid," said the Venusian in a confidential tone. "The strangers who come to Shuruun all have the same reason. It's a good place to hide. We're out of everybody's reach." He paused but Stark did not rise to his bait. Presently he chuckled and went on. "In fact it's such a safe place that most of the strangers decide to stay on. Now at my house I could give you..."

Outpost on Io Leigh Brackett, 2011-06-01

Pendleton's quiet voice was grave. Mars is old and tired and torn with famine. Venus is young but her courage is undisciplined. Her barbarians aren't suited to mechanized warfare. And Earth... He sighed. Perhaps if we hadn't fought so much among ourselves... Excerpt. MacVickers stopped at the brink of the dark round shaft. It was cold and he was stark naked except for the silver collar welded around his neck. But it was more than cold that made him shiver and clamp his long bony jaw. He didn't know what the shaft was for or where it led. But he had a sudden feeling that once he went down he was down for good. The small round metal platform rocked uneasily under his feet. Beyond the railing as far as MacVickers could see to the short curve of Io's horizon there was mud. Thin, slimy blue-green mud. The shaft went down under the mud. MacVickers looked at it. He licked dry lips and his grey-green eyes narrow and hot in his gaunt dark face flashed a desperate look at the small flyer from which he had just been taken. It bobbed on the heaving mud, mocking him. The eight-foot European guard standing between it and MacVickers made a slow weaving motion.

with his tentacles MacVickers studied the European with the hating eyes of a wolf in a trap His smooth black body had a dull sheen of red under the Jupiter light There was no back nor front to him no face Only the four long rubbery legs the roundish body and the tentacles in a waving crown above MacVickers bared white uneven teeth His big bony fists clenched He took one step toward the European A tentacle flicked out daintily and touched the silver collar at the Earthman's throat Raw electric current generated in the European's body struck into him a shuddering blinding agony surging down his spine He stumbled backward and his foot went off into emptiness He twisted blindly catching the opposite side of the shaft and hung there groping with his foot for the ladder rungs cursing in a harsh toneless voice The tentacle struck out again with swift exquisite skill Three times like a red hot lash across his face and twice harder across his hands Then it touched the collar again MacVickers retched and let go He fell jarringly down the ladder managed to break his fall onto the metal floor below and crouched there sick and furious and afraid The hatch cover clanged down over him like the falling hammer of doom

Last Call for Sector 9G Leigh Brackett, 2011-12-10 Out there in the green star system far beyond the confining grip of the Federation moved the feared Bitter Star for a thousand frigid years the dark and sinister manipulator of war weary planets Excerpt Martie said monotonously There is someone at the door sir shall I answer There is someone at the door sir shall I Durham grunted What he wanted to say was go away and let me alone But he would only grunt and Artie kept repeating the stupid question Artie was a cheap off brand make and bought used and he lacked some cogs Any first class servall would have seen that the master had passed out in his chair and was in no condition to receive guests But Artie did not and presently Durham got one eye open and then he began to hear the persistent knocking the annunciator being naturally out of order And he said quite clearly If it's a creditor I'm not in shall I answer Durham made a series of noises Artie took them for an affirmative and trundled off Durham put his face in his hands and struggled with the pangs of returning consciousness He could hear a mutter of voices in the hall He thought suddenly that he recognized them and he sprang or rather stumbled up in alarm hastily combing his hair with his fingers and trying to pull the wrinkles out of his tunic Through a thick haze he saw the bottle on the table and he picked it up and hid it under a chair ashamed not of its emptiness but of its label A gentleman should not be drunk on stuff like that Paulsen and Burke came in Durham stood stiffly beside the table hanging on He looked at the two men Well he said It's been quite a long time He turned to Artie The gentlemen are leaving Burke stepped quickly behind the servall and pushed the main toggle to OFF Artie stopped with a sound ridiculously like a tired sigh Paulsen went past him and locked the door Then both of them turned in to face Durham Durham scowled What the devil do you think you're doing Burke and Paulsen glanced at each other as though resolve had carried them this far but had now run out leaving them irresolute in the face of some distasteful task Both men wore black dominos with the cowls thrown back Were you afraid you'd be recognized coming here Durham said A small pulse of fright began to beat in him and this was idiotic It made him angry What do you want Paulsen said in a reluctant voice not looking at him I don't want anything Durham believe me

Durham had once been engaged to Paulsen's sister a thing both of them preferred not to remember but couldn't quite forget. He went on. We were sent here, Durham tried to think who might have sent them. Certainly not any of the girls, certainly not any one of the people he owed money to. Two members of the Terran World Embassy corps, even young and still obscure members in the lower echelons, were above either of those missions. *Black Amazon of Mars* Leigh Brackett, 2011-06-01

Grimly Eric John Stark slogged toward that ancient Martian city with every step he cursed the talisman of Ban Cruach that flamed in his blood-stained belt. Behind him screamed the hordes of Ciaran, hungering for that magic jewel; ahead lay the dread abode of the Ice Creatures; at his side stalked the whispering spectre of Ban Cruach, urging him on to a battle Stark knew he must lose.

Excerpt: Through all the long cold hours of the Norland night the Martian had not moved nor spoken. At dusk of the day before Eric John Stark had brought him into the ruined tower and laid him down, wrapped in blankets on the snow. He had built a fire of dead brush and since then the two men had waited alone in the vast wasteland that girdles the polar cap of Mars. Now just before dawn Camar the Martian spoke Stark: "Yes, I am dying. Yes, I will not reach Kushat." No, Camar nodded. He was silent again. The wind howled down from the northern ice and the broken walls rose up against it, brooding, gigantic, roofless now but so huge and sprawling that they seemed less like walls than cliffs of ebon stone. Stark would not have gone near them but for Camar. They were wrong somehow, with a taint of forgotten evil still about them. The big Earthman glanced at Camar and his face was sad. A man likes to die in his own place, he said abruptly. "I am sorry. The Lord of Silence is a great personage." Camar answered: "He does not mind the meeting place. No, it was not for that I came back into the Norlands. He was shaken by an agony that was not of the body. And I shall not reach Kushat." Stark spoke quietly, using the courtly High Martian almost as fluently as Camar: "I have known that there was a burden heavier than death upon my brother's soul. He leaned over, placing one large hand on the Martian's shoulder. "My brother has given his life for mine. Therefore I will take his burden upon myself if I can. He did not want Camar's burden whatever it might be. But the Martian had fought beside him through a long guerilla campaign among the harried tribes of the nearer moon. He was a good man of his hands and in the end had taken the bullet that was meant for Stark, knowing quite well what he was doing. They were friends.

Science Fiction and Fantasy

Literature, 1975-1991 R. Reginald, Mary Wickizer Burgess, Daryl Furumi Mallett, 1992. Science fiction constitutes one of the largest and most widely read genres in literature and this reference provides bibliographical data on some 20,000 science fiction, fantasy, and horror fiction books as well as nonfiction monographs about the literature. A companion to Reginald's *Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature 1700-1974* (Gale, 1979), the present volume is alphabetically arranged by approximately 10,000 author names. The entry for each individual work includes title, publisher, date and place published, number of pages, hardbound or paperback format, and type of book (novel, anthology, etc.). Where appropriate, entries also provide translation notes, series information, pseudonyms, and remarks on special features such as celebrity introductions. Includes indexes of titles, series, awards, and doubles for locating volumes containing two novels. Annotation copyright by Book News Inc., Portland.

OR **Analog Science Fiction/science Fact** John Wood Campbell (Jr.),1977
Schlobin,1983

Urania's Daughters Roger C.

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