

**THE TIME MASTER OF VULCAN II**

**By**

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**CHAPTER ONE**  
*(The "Traveler")*

THE ROOM the men found themselves entering seemed immense. Portraits of high officials hung interspaced with plaques of precious metal along the walls. Soft music drifted slowly through the hall, gently filling the ear of the listeners. Sunlight filtered through one of the cracked windowpanes dispelling part of the gloom, which seemed to be filling the room.

From a darkened corner a lone figure arose and made its way to the pedestal at the center of the room. Everyone took to their feet as a hushed silence quickly fell about the room.

The shadowy figure raised its hand toward the ceiling, pointed. All eyes turned upward, toward the object half embedded in the ceiling. Half-globular, it had metallic projections jutting at 90 degree angles from its body.

"That is the remains of the weapon the OOSAGS intended to destroy us with," the figure stated. After all eyes returned to him, he continued. "Our leader, Silob Emos, has given orders to secure as many prisoners as we can. He has insisted that we stretch our mighty arm across the galaxy and secure prisoners from any inhabitable planet we find. When we conquer the OOSAGS we will destroy the prisoners and make the OOSAGS our prisoners ... this is why you have been summoned.

"Report to your assigned areas. Secure them. Should you fail this assignment ... well, you KNOW what happens to those who have failed before!"

The figure turned and left the pedestal. He walked back to the darkened corner and was slowly swallowed by the surrounding emptiness. The smoke ceased rising from the urns located throughout the room. The music ceased to wail. The men stopped chattering and filed quickly from the room as the double sun disappeared from the cracked window and darkness began to set in.

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On the floor of an abandoned warehouse, huddled together in a corner sat two children. Carl Thompson, had just turned twelve, June Smith, was but eleven. Moments before they had been merrily playing near an old, dusty camp stove, when a bolt of lightning had scared them into that damp, dark corner.

Snuggling against each another, they noticed the strange, dark, shadow creeping in upon them. A closer examination revealed a caped stranger whose shadow had been cast by one of the quickly disappearing tallow candles to their right.

They stared at the figure, lurking in the half-demolished doorway. As it approached, the girl let out a sharp wail. The frightened boy tugged on his knife, half concealed in the tight fitting dungarees. A slimy hand shot from under the velvet-like cape of the stranger, grasped the knife and

wrested it from the youth. The other hand encircled his neck, applying pressure. After a moment it disengaged and shot back into the cape, leaving a small, golden band about the boy's neck.

As the boy struggled to free himself from the encompassing band the shadowy figure slowly melted into the shadows. The boy suddenly fell to the floor and lie very still. The frightened girl turned him over. She felt the cold, clammy flesh. His motionless body started rising toward the ceiling. The girl tried feverishly to restrain its upward travel by clinging to it, but she was knocked away as a shower of blue sparks emanated from the boy's body. She watched helpless as it reached the ceiling and seemed to be absorbed. She started weeping again.

The sun was setting as Henry gazed into the sky, seeking the flash of light he had detected earlier from the corner of his eye. After a few moments, he returned to his work. Throwing a few switches the board before him came to life. A low murmur filled the room as lights began extinguishing. A violet haze began surrounding Henry. It deepened to a deep purple. Henry clutched his head in pain. He staggered about the room, knocking over experiments.

Falling to the floor Henry knocked over the board he had been working on. Blue sparks flew in every direction as it clamored to the floor. A fire sprang to life in one of the refuse containers. Henry ceased moving. His body, encased in a purple haze, was soon surrounded by flames. The haze grew deeper and deeper until it turned black. A sudden gust of wind dispelled the smoke, and the mist. The room lie barren, except for flames licking the wooden structure. Henry had vanished.

A storm was brewing to the East as a knock came to the door. A man answered. Discovering no one he took his place at the table and resumed eating. A second knock came. This time the small child went to the door. He looked up and down the street in front of the house. Seeing only dim outlines of neighborhood cars and trucks the boy closed the door and started back to the table. A third knock resounded against the wooden structure. The boy stopped in mid stride, wheeled about, running back to the door. Flinging it wide he ran into the darkness beyond but he was not prepared for what he encountered.

A dim red light shone from above, nebulous clouds now and then blotting it out. He watched the light become brighter. It formed a long shaft, terminating where he was standing. He turned and started to run for the safety of the house, only to find the house had vanished and in its stead a metallic wall had appeared. Before he could back away the barrier encircled him. He found himself being pressed to the floor of the cylinder. Then, just as suddenly as it had come, the pressure left and he floated around the smooth interior.

The youth spent several days inside. He felt neither

thirst nor hunger, but slept many times. During most of the journey the capsule was cool and kept with fresh air. Once during the trip the shield before his eyes was lifted and he was allowed to gaze into the darkened depths beyond.

Peering through the small aperture the boy saw millions of pin-points of light shimmering in the darkness. He detected a large planet he recognized as Mars. A blazing greenish-orange comet flashed by, followed by a cloud of dust-like particles. While passing Saturn he spotted two more moons, making a total of eleven. The tenth barely visible on the outer edge of the rings. The eleventh in the second of the belts surrounding the planet ... about three-fourths the distance from the belts' outer edge. He saw the frozen atmosphere of Pluto and upon closer observation discovered several snow covered domes with evidence of life.

The journey ended as they drew near a double star system. The second planet close to the larger of the two suns seemed the final destination. This seemed to be covered with a fine layer of dust rendering it almost invisible.

The capsule set down in one of the moss-like regions of the planet. Three beams of light proceeded to strike the capsule. The first transported one of the crewmembers to some subterranean location. The second brought him back, while the third transported the small child from the ship.

The child was placed in a small rectangular enclosure. The golden band surrounding his neck released and then he was handed to another member of the crew who, after walking through several corridors, released him to the confines of a small cubical.

Three hooded figures gathered around the still form lying on the table before them. A fourth arrived.

"Well? Will he make it, or will he perish like those before him?" the fourth asked, pacing back and forth behind the others.

"It looks good, Silob," one replied, reaching for the arm of the boy and injecting it with a colored fluid.

I was that sleeping victim. That was how I began my adventure on this planet called Vulcan II. I'm not sure what became of the others they brought from Earth. I knew that I, John Patrick Warbow, a citizen of Earth, had been transported against my will to that planet and I would try until I died, to leave and return to Terra Firma (Earth).

I was transported to my living chambers from the operating room, where they had taken the liberty of implanting a direction finding device inside my skull ... just like they attempted to do to several other captives, but had failed. My quarters consisted of three rooms, linked by small, tubular passageways, several feet in length. The foremost room had a small bench I was granted rest on when my keeps permitted me the luxury. The second was decorated with pelts of numerous animals which had roamed the surface of the planet eons ago ... I say had, because with the intense variations in

temperature on the surface it is rather difficult to survive there, hence the need for subterranean cities. The last room was furthest from the main corridor. It too contained but one item of furniture ... a small wooden platform with a hole roughly the size of a basketball at its center. The platform was suspended over a large opening in the floor. Needless to say, when I first arrived that is where I spent a greater portion of my time (bending low over the hole, letting my distaste be felt by those far, far below in the darkened abyss).

I was kept under strict surveillance for years in a large laboratory. I picked up many interesting pieces of information while there. Because I had survived implantation of the 'Locator' an industrial revolution had been set in motion. I had been one of the weapons Silob Emos was using in his plan to control the planet and become its sole ruler.

I never encountered the great criminal until later in life, then it was but for a brief time ... but I had come to feel the power he had over people. While I was in the lab I picked up the language and customs of the planet ... I could almost pass for a native, except for the tint of my skin. In the years following my arrival this seemed to change the outcome of many situations I found myself in.

I became adept at creating small devices, which prompted the curiosity of the scientists I was working with. Many years passed before I made a discovery which changed my life and freed me from being a laboratory slave.

I had been looking through some old books when the idea struck me. The page which caught my interest contained several pictures of creatures from the inner portion of the planet (90% of all life on Vulcan II is located beneath the surface). One race outnumbers the other inhabitants, the OOSAGs.

The OOSAG stands four feet tall, has an impenetrable covering of grayish hair, and possesses an extraordinary large pair of wings. Its ears protrude from the main body near the top and are anywhere from six to twelve inches in length, covered with a moss-like hair which sometimes can be inflated (at will) when angry or afraid, to nearly twice original size. Each wing has a large pink spot located mid-way between the top and bottom of its outer edge. Two smaller spots located on each side of this and equidistant from it and each other. At the ends of each wing are small, tubular tentacles. Each contains a fluid that, when injected into another creatures blood-stream, causes immediate death.

Unlike the OOSAG, the Flat-Racian (which had been pictured alongside the OOSAG) is barren of wings. The Flat-Racian has compensated by being able to use its claw-like hands with utmost precision. Eight slim fingers protrude from its ball-like hand, two at right angles to each other and at forty-five degree angles from the rest, which are parallel to each other as well as to the palm of the hand. It was the latter of these photos which had piqued my curiosity.

By placing the two pictures together they formed one,

that of the OOSAG. Theorizing that if two like substances are combined they will generate a single composite of the other two. By reversing the process and adding a few modifications, a duplicate can be generated of either of the original. Applying several theories dealing with displacement of like and unlike substances and after long months of experimentation, staying awake long nights, the result I came up with was the Time 'Knob'.

The 'Knob' is mounted on a post in a hidden recess, deep beneath the laboratory I worked in. It was controlled remotely by a unit concealed in the band I wear around my neck. This band had several jeweled ornaments, most permanently mounted, but one turnable (left, right, out, in, and around). Pull the knob, you go forward in time. Turn it right, you increase the speed at which you travel forward. Turn it left and you slow down. Leave the knob centered and you are prepared to travel into the future with the slightest pressure in either direction. Push the knob in and you travel into the past. Turn the knob around within its rim and you are able to travel in the third time zone ... the Sideways Time Zone (STZ). Time stands still in the STZ, but objects can be moved from one position to another.

I was now prepared to venture into time. I sat watching the double suns crisscross the sky through the tinted crystal before me, there in the upper laboratory, the one designated for control of upper surface animal life. I would sit for hours, watching as they crossed each other's paths. At first, it was hard to understand how this phenomenon came about. Then one day I came across some scrolls which taught me the two suns (Nipnar and Melcore) were in perpendicular planes to each other, as well as to Vulcan II. The orbit of Vulcan II is itself a bit erratic. Only on certain portions of the planet were the two suns crossings visible. On all other portions they seemed to parallel each other.

I twisted the knob on my throat, pulling outward. The scenery before me blended into a myriad of colors. I started turning the knob back toward center and took in my surroundings as they took on definite shapes once again. I no longer found myself captive of the laboratory, but instead was beneath the shade of a large leafed tree. Where once animals had watered was now a dusty plain ... cracked, dry, whirling dust in every direction. The flat plain to the left had been replaced by a range of pocketed hills several feet high ... it was toward these I turned my steps.

As I started toward the hills I heard a noise from behind. I turned to see three men advancing with several long, pointed weapons. I turned to run toward the hills but froze in my tracks as a bolt of ice shot through my body, entering the base of my neck and rapidly traveling along my spine until it reached my toes. I watched helpless as the three men hoisted me to their shoulders and carried me back to their vehicle, hovering near-by.

I was placed in the back seat of the domed vehicle. One

man sat on my right, another to my left. The third drove the vehicle from the front seat. It was he that my eyes remained focused on. In my suspended state I really had no choice. I watched as he pressed several buttons then threw a red lever forward. In response to this action the vehicle shot through the air, silently, at a terrific speed.

As we came upon a smog-covered city the craft turned toward one of the taller buildings. These were globular, resting from fifty to one-hundred feet above the surface of the planet. Each structure was separated from the next by twenty to thirty feet. Their construction seemed somewhat milky and non-porous. It looked an impenetrable barrier against most weapons.

We landed on the tallest building and slowly settled to the roof. The low whining the vehicle had made slowly disappeared. I was unfrozen, escorted to a small circular doorway, entered, and followed my escorts.

We traveled down a dimly light corridor perhaps ten feet before entering a richly furnished room. At its center was a pedestal upon which two chairs rested. On the one to my left sat a scantily dressed woman. In the other, a man equally devoid of clothing. His left hand held a long rod while his right encircled the woman's waist. He summoned the three men, who had escorted me, forward.

"Who be ye? and from whence has ye come?" he asked, whom I deduced to be a King or some other form of ruler.

"I am John Patrick Warbow from planet Earth, in the star system Sol," I replied, joining the men, who looked up as I approached.

"Earth? Nay that cannot be. For years our books have told of voyages to yon planet, but all have failed. There once was a stranger from the planet, but he perished several thousand years ago in an experiment. Now ... from whence did ye really come? Tell thee thy truth or ye shall go to the slave island Mella ..." replied the woman.

"Since I already told you where I came from I would ask a few questions of you. Where am I? ... Who are you? ... What do you intend doing with the neck-band your men removed from my neck? ... what year is this that I have come to be greeted so harshly?" I asked, seeking answers to questions pouring through my mind ... where was I? How far in time DID I really travel?

"I am Mala, Queen of the Yuds. This is Erpo, their King. You are on the isle of Zurc. Ye should already know this is the year 7400 after our gracious leaders death. We honor all friends of our leader by placing their likeness here in the 'Royal Art Gallery'. This man ..." she replied, pointing to the picture of Silob Emos, suspended from one of the many steel beams supporting the roof of the chamber. She continued "was our leaders right hand man. He is said to have invented a device for traveling through time ... which should be common knowledge to all who study the arts."

"What you have said is untrue!" I exclaimed. "I was the

inventor of the TTM, and can prove it!"

"Ye have much too large a mouth to accost our leaders friends like ye do. What proof have ye?" the King asked, leaning forward.

"The device you took from my neck. Give it to me and you shall see," I replied.

"Think ye we be such fools as to permit you escape? Off with him ... take him to Mella, tell the 'Keeper' he is to stay until I see fit to release him," the Queen said, waving her hand toward me, ushering us from the room.

I started to protest, but one of the men brought out that stick I had felt not so long ago. He discharged it and again I felt the icicles stab my body. I sat cursing the invisible retainer as the three men carried me from the room, back to the roof. They returned to the car and again took to the air. This time North, away from the isle of Zurc. Out into the Nifla Aes, where I caught my first glimpse of the Fish-Men of Renroc. They were paddling their sleek boats along the coastline of Zurc and Oga.

The Fish-Men were casting lures into the still waters. Seconds later they drew out their catch. The Fish-Mens ears were larger and broader than normal to help cover the gills while they were out of the water.

We lost sight of water as we began traveling inland again, this time across the broad plains of Oga ... the middle section of the island that makes up Zurc-Oga-Serdnun island. Each a separate country with its own rules. We passed the border of Oga and into the Nifla Aes that took on a crimson hue when the two suns were high in the sky, but turned deep red as they sunk lower. With the suns now below the horizon a yellowish-red glow replaced their burning rays as the triple moons rose into the night sky, followed by Nasl, the gas cloud and Oran, the asteroid; thus completing the compliment of satellites orbiting Vulcan II.

In the darkness below I detected outlines of a small island. It was toward this the craft had turned its blunt nose. As we drew closer I made out the jagged peaks of the higher mountains, dotted here and there with trees. The glistening of the moons on a small stream caught my eye as we flew within a few feet. Drawing closer we encountered ground which showed signs of having been used for landing numerous times previously.

I was lifted to the ground, blind-folded, then we traveled several miles inland. When we stopped I was leaned against what I imagined to be the bole of a very large tree and un-frozen. With the sudden release my muscles began twitching this way and that as blood began flowing through them once again. The spasms grew so intense that I lost consciousness within moments.

The air around me was moist with morning dew as I awoke from the effects of the freeze. I rolled my head from side to side, slowly taking in my surroundings. I lie stretched

beneath the shade of a tree. To my left lie a stream with its cool, clear water, running into the sea not far distant from where I lie. I saw a small rise to my right. I started walking toward it. Topping it I came to the edge of a cliff, at its bottom were several large boulders and a half-hidden beach.

Ten foot waves rolling in from the sea caressed the cliff, leaving a smooth, sandy beach in its wake. It was upon this desolate area my attention became riveted. Floating aimlessly near one of the boulders was a wrecked boat. I could barely make out features of an occupant lying inside. I was on the verge of retracing my steps, returning to the tree by the stream when the figure in the boat moved. I watched closely. It moved again. I swung over the edge and started down the face of the cliff.

After a few hours of searching along the face of the cliff, desperately at times, for hand and foot holds, I finally reached bottom. I ran as fast as my weary legs would carry me to the floating wreckage ... when I reached where I had last seen the boat it had disappeared. It had floated out from the shoreline several hundred yards. I dove into the water and swam out to it. The icy water swirling about me brought back life to my limbs as it recirculated the blood. Once I gained the side of the craft I pulled myself up and over, then turned my attention on its occupant.

Lying on the bottom in nearly a foot of water the diminutive form of a woman in her early twenties. I sat gazing at this creature of beauty as the boat rocked to and fro in that greenish water. The girl was lying face and I was awarded a chance to see how beautiful she really was. Her lips were like the weather in the middle of the summer, so soft, so warm and full. Her hair, even though saturated with water, still flowed around her shoulders like a mountain stream. Every curve seemed to accentuate her beauty as she lie there, resting. I pulled myself back to reality and bent to the task at hand.

Bending low I detected the low, soft, thumping of her heart. This and the even, rhythmic heaving of her chest told me she still lived. I noticed a small lump on the back of her head, probably the cause of her long sleep. Discovering a broken oar beneath one of her legs I drug it out and threw it into the water. I found my Time Traveling Neck-band lying beneath her other foot. I wasted no time placing it once again around my neck.

It took nearly an hour to get the boat back down the beach and onto shore. Once on dry land I carried her limp form to a grove of low-hanging trees and laid her down near one of the larger ones. I gathered some fruit from one of the smaller trees in the grove, then finding a tuber, carried some fresh water from the stream and set these items down near her reclining figure.

I discovered later that what I had thought to be a small lake was actually the Ronim Sea. I laid down to rest by the girl. The fruit I had eaten while gathering food had made me

drowsy.

As I awoke I turned my head in the direction of the girl. She happened to awaken then, saw me, and sat up, backing against the bole of the tree. She stared at me with those big, brown eyes, opened wide in horror. She seemed to be recalling past events. She gazed at me, now and then squinting as if to make some past event clear. She eventually caught up to her present and began looking at me differently. She said something now in a language I hadn't heard before, but I had no trouble understanding her intentions ... she wanted food. I pointed out the supply I had brought for her.

After a while she snapped her fingers, then looked about the ground until she found a short stick. She proceeded to draw pictures in the soft, barren soil near the roots of the tree she was under. At first, she drew a stick man chasing a stick woman. The man had a club in his hand and was attacking the woman. She pointed to the woman, then to herself. She pointed to the man, then to me. She wanted to know if it was I who had attacked her. In answer I drew a stick man by the side of a wrecked boat, inside which I drew a stick woman. I proceeded to explain, by means of stick people, how I had rescued her from the sea.

She seemed relieved. She sat for a while, thinking, then started pointing to the stick people, saying their names in her own language. I replied in mine, the one I had been taught while working in the workshop of Silob Emos. In this way we were able to communicate. It took a few days before I was able to understand what she was saying and carry on a decent conversation. While I was engaged in learning her language, and she mine, she relayed the story of how she had come drifting near the island in the bottom of the boat.

**CHAPTER TWO**  
*(Tribal Law)*

SHIE is the name with which I was blessed when first I came into this world. I was given this name in honor of my mother, Shiele, which meant Falling Water in the language of my people, the Fetts. My father died when I was but three years of age. Following tribal law, my mother was made chieftain of the tribe. Any male tribe member that chose to mate would become tribal ruler. If the King leaves no successor then the man who succeeds in warding off his opponents in battle becomes tribal ruler.

My mother was careful choosing her mate ... as a matter of fact, she was too choosy in determining who could wed her. It wasn't long before a representative of the male population approached her and told her that if she didn't choose a mate within the next few days, she would die.

"If and when I choose a mate," Shiele had replied, "it will be of my own free will, not of some others choosing. I have not seen a male here who has yet taken my pleasure. Until I do, accept my rule. Is it so terrible to be ruled by a woman?"

"This is foolish talk, Shiele. You know, as do the other women, that your place is in the caves, cooking and taking care of the tots when first they are born and can not fend for themselves. If you persist in remaining ruler of the tribe, tomorrow when Melrose rises and sends its rays of warmth down upon Serdnuh, there will be two less females to contend with ... do you understand? We ask you to reconsider and mate with one of us to save us this disgrace. Let us know your answer before the light of day," the man replied as he turned to leave the cave.

"I have given you my answer already, Motar. If you think it wiser for a man to rule and bring more wars, ruining the land with the stench of blood, then evict my only daughter and me ... but heed this warning. Let those who harm either of us bear witness to the tragedy that will follow my death! Remember this while you sleep, for when you kill me while I sleep this promise I WILL fulfill," she had said as she returned the cave and started preparing the evening meal.

Although my mother would not have given up so easily before I was born, she was forced because of my safety to flee the village that night. We took refuge in the woods, locating a cave not too far from the edge of the forest. We lived there several years, during which time I became adept at learning the ways of the forest. I soon reached maturity and was able to fend for myself in battles against our natural enemies.

As I lay awake in the darkness of the cave one day I heard a noise from the bottom of the cliff. I crawled forward and peered out over the edge in time to see my mother being carried away by a band of roving Soi ... those half-human creatures who crave the flesh of others. I never saw my mother after that. I spent the next few months searching for her.

Each night I would sleep, disappointment heavy on my mind. I kept moving farther and farther from the cave, rebuilding my home in trees farther and farther from the edge of the forest. I came to realize I would never find mother, alive. I built a permanent shelter in a large tree one day. A clear stream ran close to it and provided me with water to quench my thirst. I hunted every other day, not for berries or fruit, but for meat. I kept wandering farther and farther from the tree. I returned later and later at night.

One night I returned later than usual and found myself surrounded by men from a tribe I had not encountered before. They quickly subdued me and bound me to a long pole, which two men hoisted to their shoulders. I was carried the rest of the way through the forest in this fashion. When we emerged in their village they deposited me, not too gently, to the ground at the back of a dark cave. I spent many sleepless nights before they brought another prisoner.

The man was called Esh. He fell to liking me and told me that when he escaped he would take me with him. He said that other members of his tribe were lying in wait nearby to free him when the moment arose. Although he believed his tribal mates would free him, he said he couldn't count on their help. He said that with my help we could effect an earlier escape.

The next time the guard came by to offer food I feigned pain in my stomach. The guard crept closer to investigate, this was his undoing. Esh sprang from the shadows and fell upon him. The guard was on his back with a broken bowl at his throat before he knew what was happening. The end came quickly. Esh slowly stood up and rolled the body into the caves darkened interior. He took the weapons of the dead man and stuffed a few pieces of dried meat into the skin bag hanging by some Leber gut on the side of his loin cloth.

Esh took me and another woman he had promised to help escape, down to the beach ... where he had landed and been captured by the Kiols. Most of his tribe had slipped away during that first night of capture on their journey through the forest to the city of Orran. His boat still floated on the surface of the sea like a half submerged cork. We found no difficulty boarding it. Once seated we commenced paddling away from the shore, then we heard a noise from the forest.

Having discovered the guards body the Kiols had taken to the water in pursuit. The water began turning into a thick froth as the furious Kiols paddled after us. The wind started whipping up the waters around us, adding to the spray being thrown in our direction. Esh and I used the paddles to propel the canoe forward against the rising waters, while the other girl threw rocks at our pursuers. The advancing Kiols likewise threw spears and other missiles in our direction. The wind became too strong and we started drifting back to Serdnuh, with the Kiols in hot pursuit.

We reached land just as the storm, which had been building, broke. We raced toward the concealment of the forest. The warriors in the first canoe were being carried on

the crest of a gigantic wave toward the spot we had disappeared.

Inside the forest Esh took to the trees ... clutching me under his arm. We quickly left the advancing boatmen and the other girl far behind. We stopped to rest at a small cave situated two-thirds up the face of a cliff. We heard a slight noise from the direction of the forest and discerned one of the boatmen dropping from one of the trees near its edge. He advanced toward the small rise at the foot of the cliff. Looking to see if the man had been followed Esh drug me back to the interior of the cave and then went to its mouth, concealing himself in its shadows.

The boatman approached the entrance, saw me, then entered slowly. Esh sprung from concealment, bringing with him a large rock, which he wielded on the unprotected head of the intruder. The boatman sunk to the floor, unconscious. We again heard noise from the forest. Emerging were the remaining boat members. Esh quickly pulled me after him as he sought the darker interior.

We went deeper and deeper into the cave until we detected a dim light filtering from above. We crept along, testing every step cautiously with outstretched feet. The light became brighter and brighter as we advanced until we emerged upon an open plain. The plain dropped from view thirty feet from where we emerged. As we stepped into the light we heard a cry from the caves interior. A cry of discovery. We raced toward the edge of the plain.

Reaching the edge we looked into the sea far below. Barely discernible on the horizon was a darkened mass we presumed to be an island. At the bottom of the cliff a small object floated among the rolling waves. Grasping my arms Esh told me to hop onto his back. As I did he started descending the face of the cliff.

At the bottom we discovered the small object floating in the water to be one of the Kilo boats which had drifted away from the rest of the fleet. We wasted no time taking up residence in its protective hull and started paddling toward the shore line we had seen from the top of the cliff. Night began falling as we pushed out to sea and so we failed to notice the small fleet of boats approaching.

We kept glancing rearward for signs of pursuit as we rowed toward our unseen visitors. We were totally unaware of the approaching danger until the boatmen were upon us. Clutching the shaft of a spear protruding from his chest Esh screamed and fell into the surrounding waters. I turned at his outcry and watched the waves swallow him. My boat was then overrun by members from the attacking boats.

I was quickly overpowered, tied up, and thrust to the bottom of the boat. Two days came and went before we touched land again.

Under light of day I had a better glimpse of my captors, Fish-Men from the isle of Renroc. So I was in the Ronim Sea. They landed on their native soil and took me before the king.

Unlike most Fish-Men who had gills hidden behind their ears, the king's gills remained hidden beneath his neck. I was promptly brought to the foot of his throne and released so I might kneel before their master. The king jested about my position to a few of those close to him and then had me sent from the room and again placed in bonds.

I lay in a cold, damp chamber just off the throne room proper for three days before the king again summoned me. I had become thinner and paler, which evidently seemed to please him. He sent me to another chamber and had me bathed and clothed in rich garments, I was returned to the throne and sat at his foot. Clapping his hands several times the doors at the end of the room opened wide, permitting high ranking officials and visitors entrance. Among the first were the king and queen of the Yuds, from the isle of Zurc. Mala, their Queen, was first to address the King.

"King Modu, we have come in response to your message. We wish to join you and rid our planet of these accursed OOSAGS. We bring gifts as token of our willingness to help. I, and Erpo my husband, have but recently acquired this gift." Mala stated, drawing from her robe a jewel-encrusted band of leather, handing it to the seated king.

"Yes, this is indeed a worthy token of your support. Tell me then, just how you came upon this rarity?" asked Modu.

"Only recently a stranger came to our land claiming to be a friend to our mighty leader. We knew this to be a lie and sent him to our island of slaves. He remains there even as we speak ... but we removed that collar from around his neck before he was sent there. He claimed it possessed strange magic powers. We have tried to invoke these powers, but to no avail. It remains a unique collar to display before your friends, your majesty," Erpo voiced, silencing Mala with his large green eyes.

"I shall indeed be proud to display this in my hall of evil, Erpo. Now I shall receive other gifts offered for my assistance."

The king leaned back in his throne and waited as many high officials from other cities came before him and presented their gifts. Fully an hour elapsed before the last gift had been given and the last person had left the room. I was returned to the room in which I first had come to know the hospitality of the king.

I was just closing my eyes, trying to get some sleep when I heard a scratching near one of the walls. I crawled to where the noise seemed loudest and listened. It sounded as if some instrument was scraping away the soil from the other side. It was not long before a small opening appeared. I crawled against the opposite wall and waited. The hole grew larger and larger. Soon an arm appeared through the opening, then a shoulder, head, then a large fish-man stood before me in the darkness. He was covered with mud and breathed rapidly as he advanced toward me.

"Don't be frightened," he had said as he came toward me.

"I mean you no harm. I only come to breed. You must make Lolu proud and provide his family a home to live ... come now, do not resist."

He advanced, arms spread wide, trying to lay his slimy hands on my body. Had I not been raised in the forests of Serdnuh, I don't think I would have escaped that mad creature. I was too fast and evaded his clutch when he grabbed for me, then crawled toward the opening he had made. I managed to get my head and hands through the hole before I felt something cold and clammy grab my ankles. Although I could not go further into the hole, neither could I be dragged back into that room. Soon, however, all thoughts of escape were erased when I felt the lower covering cloth being ripped from me. I screamed and tried to pull my body through the hole against the struggling arms of my attacker. I was able to force my chest over the lip of the hole before I lost the rest of my body coverings and felt those clammy seven-fingered hands creeping up my legs, fastening themselves around my waist. I started weeping and frantically looking around for some sort of weapon. The moment I felt that warm throbbing climbing upward on my leg and start wedging itself between my legs in its effort to seek out and reap the reward of its journey I released my grip on the opening and shot back across the room, knocking the Fish-Man from atop me and against the further wall.

As the Fish-Man had rolled backward he struck his head on one of the many rocky rises on the floor. He was out cold. I searched for and secured the coverings taken by the Fish-Man. I searched the bag hanging on his waist and took the only item inside, a neck band adorned with jewels. I wiggled my way through the opening thoughtfully provided by my intruder.

Outside I found myself in an adjoining room much the same as the one I had been isolated in. At its center, however, was a large hole overlooking a swiftly running stream. Once through the hole I floated with the current until it brought me out to the sea. A small boat was beached near the entrance, I lost no time in boarding and turning it back to the open sea.

I lost sight of Renroc as night begun falling. There was enough light to detect the pursuit party rowing after me. I raced through the night, my pursuers closing in with every stroke of the oars. I was beginning to tire and rapidly began losing the head-start I had on my previous captors, when I detected the outlines of an island in the distance. Redoubling my efforts I turned toward the shoreline. I was fighting a losing battle. The Fish-Men soon were within range and had begun casting their missiles in my direction. I felt the first spear brush my ear, the second scraped flesh from my arm in its onward journey. Then I was hit from behind and lost consciousness. When I came to I saw you and in you, only another foe. I have learned these past few days that my first impression of you was wrong indeed.

**CHAPTER THREE**  
*(Enslaved)*

I hugged Shie as we listened to the breaker waves of the Ronim Sea roaring against the cliff-face below. I pointed toward a shadowy image on the horizon.

"Is that Serdnuh?" I asked, turning so she faced me.

She turned away long enough to locate the darkened shadow in the distance then turned back. "Yes, that is my homeland."

"I must repair your boat, then see about getting off this island. Would you like that? ... But wait, what is that over there?" I said, watching an object drift back and forth with the waves as they rolled up on the beach.

The object glimmered momentarily as the light from both suns caught it on the crest of a wave. It tumbled onto shore, coming to a rest on the sandy beach below. I descended the face of the cliff, Shie followed. A few minutes later we arrived at the spot where the object lay. It seemed to be a metallic globe completely devoid of exterior markings and bearing no means of opening as far as I could determine. There seemed nothing to indicate what its purpose had been. It was a mystery. I turned toward Shie.

"It's the Sevael of Serdnuh," she announced, bending closer, searching its surface with her fingers. "See this marking ... this is the \*Kut-Sevael. This Sevael has been on display in the cavern of Nalto, the quiet one. Those who guard the Sevaels of our land know the loss of any one of the five means instant death to its guardian. Without the Sevael the caves lose their protection against the Surface People and the cave dwellers must retreat to subterranean dwellings, where Surface People fear to tread."

I stood quietly looking out over that great expanse they call the Ronim Sea, thinking how one life had already been spent protecting that ball which lie at my feet and of how many more would be lost attempting recovery. While I stood contemplating the subject a small dark mass started looming out of the sea before me. I detected bluish flashes issuing in the area, followed shortly by occasional clashes of sound ... much the same as made by guns on the world from which I had come.

I grasped Shie by the hand and started inland, toward the forest and the shelter of higher land. We started at a fast walk that turned into a gentle lope as we detected figures seated in the long boats approaching the island. We reached the face of the cliff and started climbing. Slow and steady was our progress, but just as steady was the progress of the small party of boaters but a few hundred feet off-shore.

\*Kut-Sevael: third in the series of religious stones.

Melcore and Nipnar, the double suns, released their last feeble rays into the forest as we entered seeking refuge from the Red Men. We stayed on the main path until we came to a

bend. Here we turned our steps into the surrounding bushes, away from the security of the well beaten pathway.

Our pursuers were soon drowned out by the denizens of the forest who had up to now remained silent high above us in the larger trees. Several times we would look behind, catching a fleeting glimpse of some strange creature following too close in the shadows. Yet none ventured close enough for me to use the growing supply of rocks I had been gathering in event of attack.

The forest began thinning before us. The grass beneath our feet gave way to greenish-blue topsoil the texture of dried mud. We found ourselves in a small clearing bordered on three sides by the forest. On the fourth loomed a barren cliff-face which seemed to radiate tiny points of light over its entire surface. Wading into the small stream at its base we caught our breath.

I turned my eyes in the direction from which we had recently come and felt them drifting over the figure of the girl I had rescued from the boat. She had escaped her captors before, only to run from them again? Why were they following her? To secure the globe we had recently discovered? Surely they had ample opportunity to reclaim it, what need they of her?

I brought myself back to my present surroundings with stark abruptness and found myself following her supple movements as she cleansed herself in the stream. Her flowing black hair reminded me of the time I had been a boy playing near a tree and had fallen against it. Nursing its warmth as it stood drinking in sunshine. My eyes followed the ripples in the water as they passed over her lithe body. Her hands caressed her slender waist, removing the debris of our journey. She was perfection itself. I began marveling at how she even made the tattered garment she wore accentuate her features, draping enough here and there.

As I stood gazing at her Shie turned and met my gaze for a brief instant, then hurriedly pointed to where she had been watching. I turned my eyes in the direction she indicated and was able to make out a band of Red Men lying sheltered in the dense underbrush. Seeing they had been discovered they wasted no time emerging from behind their cover and running toward us. Our only hope lie in the barren cliff-face.

Our pursuers were swift. Only a few minutes separated us as we reached the bottom of the cliff. No sooner had we started climbing than the Red Men began crossing the stream. Lining the cliff face were numerous creepers and vines. I threw my weight onto the vine I had selected. It held. I started climbing, glancing around to assure myself Shie was following. I located her above and to my right. Yes, I thought to myself, she would make it just fine.

We reached the top in a few hours and started for my ship, the one I had build during my stay on the island of slaves. I designed it so more than one person might travel in time. The only thing it lacked was the neck band I now wore.

With this in place the ship was operational. Shie had been fascinated at what could be done with time, as I had explained while building a common language. She wanted a ride in the ship, I quickly granted her request with one condition ... she would have to return to her present time period after the excursion. She was more than willing to accept my terms, in fact, she literally threw herself at my feet and kissed them when I told her I would take her.

Arriving at the ship I threw away the bushes covering it and bade Shie enter. I strapped myself in then turned to her. I found my eyes drifting over her fully rounded breasts and deep set thighs and wondering why I hadn't noticed her exquisite figure before. I could see she was a mature woman ... one who never looked more delicious to me than at that moment.

I buckled Shie into her seat then set the controls for forward time travel. I kept the button turned for ten seconds then released the pressure. Due to the delay device I had installed we had to wait a few seconds before being whooshed from our present time to our next one, somewhere in the future.

The green light illuminated. We were pushed back in our seats as the scenery around us began to whirl, blurring before our eyes. The sun became a bright flash, then was extinguished. We were surrounded by darkness and it began to grow cold. I turned the inside heating unit on. When the red light went on the blur around us started taking shape, we found ourselves in a land of eternal darkness. The sun for this side of the planet (I estimated we were in the middle of summer ... when the two suns were directly opposite each other and shed their light on one half the planets surface) had been 'out of order' for several hundred years. The only light we had came from the thousand tiny stars high overhead. It took several minutes for our eyes to adjust.

The green light came on. I unstrapped myself and Shie. Opening the door I was hit by a blast of freezing air. I quickly closed the door and went to the footlocker, coming back with two suits. Donning them we departed the craft.

Outside we made our way toward a grove of trees off to our right. I shimmied up the nearest and looked around from my lofty perch. We were in a deep valley. Cliffs rising on either side, a small stream not too distant from where the TTM lie. The stream looked purple, no doubt to the intermittent lighting, and was quite wide, perhaps three miles across. It ran to the edge of a cliff before plummeting into a gorge several thousand feet below, where it emptied into a small lake ... possibly the same I had come upon Shie in. I looked toward the cliffs, I thought I detected movement.

As I looked I could see nothing, but I was sure I had noticed movement in the distance. I descended the tree and joined Shie who had been waiting at its bole. I relayed to her what I had seen and she told me she wished to return to her own time now. Reluctantly I agreed and accompanied her to the

ship. I set the controls for our return and waited for the green light to signal the start. It began illuminating as a band of creatures came into sight from around a group of boulders near the base of the cliff to our right.

I turned the knob and waited ten seconds before returning it to its original position. Shie pointed out that the band of creatures were Flat-Racians. They were nearly upon us as the green light began to flicker (denoting the start of the transfer cycle). As the cycle began one of the creatures threw itself at the door. Being on the outside of the ship you might think it would stay in its own time zone, but such is not the case. Anything within the field generated by the TTM is carried along to its new destination. This field extends for several feet from the hull. What did happen was that it upset the values used in controlling the time realm and sent all three of us into the third time dimension ... the Sideways Time Zone.

The Sideways Time Zone (STZ) exists in time where only the time traveler moves. He is able to travel through the STZ just like any of the other zones. The difference being that in the STZ everything stands still and is held in the position it was in upon initiation of the STZ. Objects cannot be removed from the STZ.

As the second green light extinguished and our travel into time ceased, the creature clinging to the door released its grip and stood staring at us dumbly. We removed our suits and exited the TTM. The double suns were visible on the horizon. The temperature was about normal for the planet. There was no wind ... we were the only moving objects in this time zone. Shie looked at the creature, then to me as if to say something. I had by now become quite adept at her native tongue and we could speak freely. Motioning her to silence, I approached the Flat-Racian.

With Shie's help I explained to it where it was and how it had come here. I further explained that in order to return to its own time zone it would have to take up its original position again. When it arrived back, it was to keep several feet from the 'Luza Diin' in order not to be caught in a secondary time warp. The Flat-Racian agreed, took its place as we entered the TTM and started our journey back. Once there we waited while it and the other members of the band moved several feet away from the ship. I activated the controls and again shot back toward Shie's own time.

**CHAPTER FOUR**  
*(Epilogue)*

Back in her own time, Shie departed the TTM. I was ready to resume my travel in time when I remembered I still had my suit on. When we had returned the Flat-Racian to its own time we were given a token of his esteem for being returned unharmed. In order to accept we had to put our suits back on, emerging from the craft momentarily while it was handed to us. As I took my suit off and placed it in the locker I noticed the other locker was empty. I realized Shie still had on the other suit. I had to recover the suit in case I needed it again. So it was I again found myself seeking out Shie.

I found Shie at the bottom of the cliff. She was crying softly. I came upon her unexpectedly and she gave a cry of alarm. Then, seeing who it was, ran and flung her arms about my neck. When a woman of Vulcan II does this it means but one thing, she has given her heart to you. So it was that I took Shie for my wife.

We found a place not too far from the stream, well above the lake. It seemed ideal. A cave, high on the face of the cliff. We made it our home and lived many happy years together.

Shie and I had lengthy discussions as to just where our permanent home should be though ... she insisted we not live in a hole in the ground for the rest of our lives. I was reluctant to leave the safety of the shelter we already had. So it was that I built a home near the cave with a subterranean passage leading from the house to the cave. The house had high walls built around it and I built many devices to warn of intruders.

I kept up my work in science and every now and then would venture into time. It was on one of these trips I joined an OOSAG fishing fleet and had an adventure with a man known to me as Jerry Howard Hawks.

In later years Shie and I raised a family. Some of my sons took up my own scientific interests, creating their own inventions. Well, I am ready to join Shie now ... she gave her life many years ago fighting some of the ruthless inhabitants of this planet. I am dictating this story to my eldest son Jojo, as I lie here on my death bed. I have given him instructions to send this manuscript back to Earth as soon as he can. He is to include in it the message no one should try to colonize this planet. It would not be worth the trouble. I'm sure some will still try. I feel a heavy weight pressing upon me now and so must sign off.

JOHN P. WARBOW  
*(Time Master of Vulcan II)*