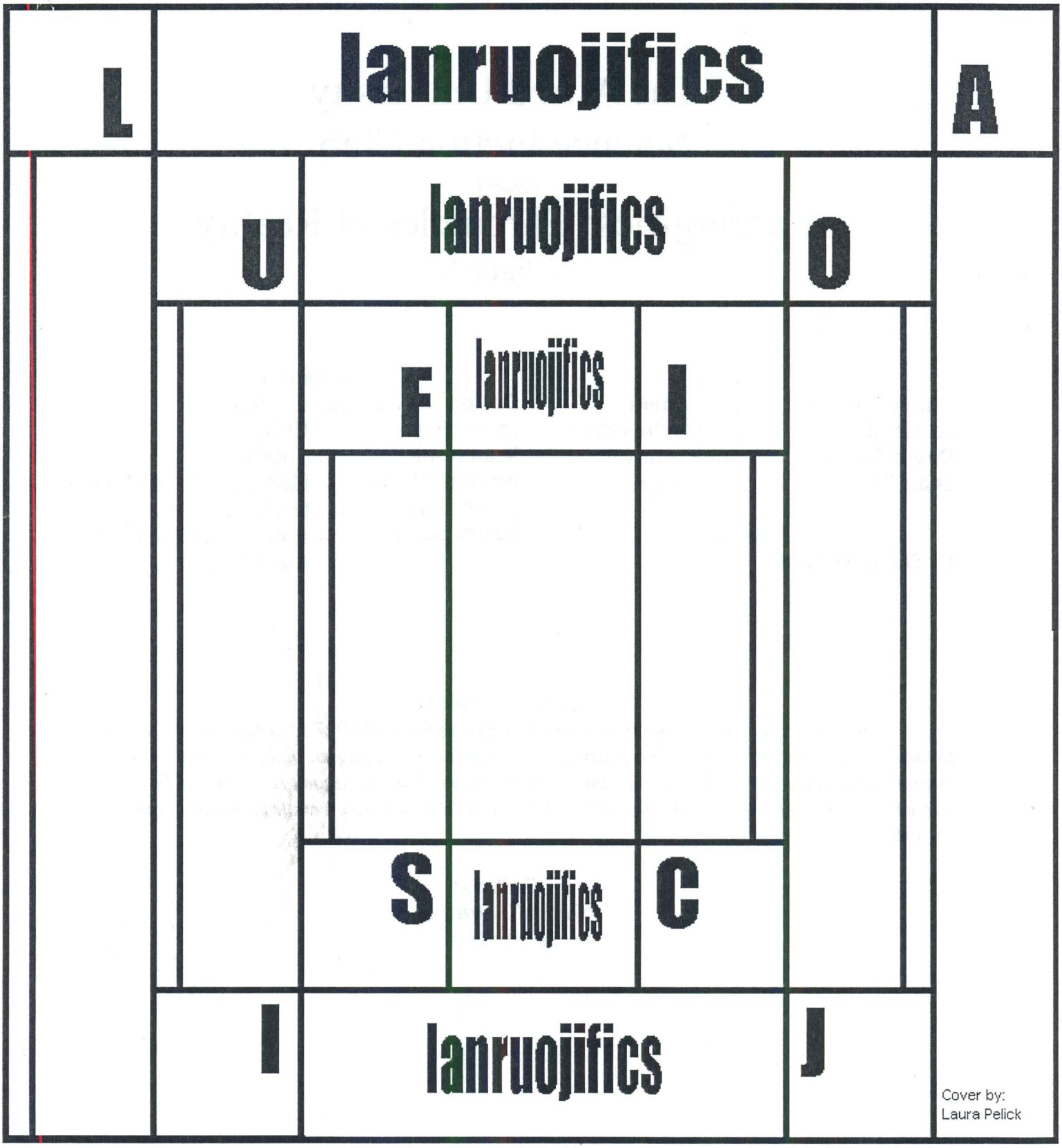
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Cover by:
Laura Pelick

Fall 1998

The Alfred University Science Fiction Club

presents

Lanruojifics: Chronicles of Reality

Volume II

Officers:

Nancy Sullivan.....President
Ed Goyda.....Vice President
David Seymour.....Secretary
Sean Rook.....Treasurer

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Contributers:

Darton Kay.....Untitled
Laura Pelick.....Untitled
Sean Rook.....Another Job
Andria Schwortz.....Making a Time Machine
David Seymour.....Friendly Forms
Nancy Sullivan.....A Brief History of the AUScifi Club

Editor's Note:

The first issue of Lanruojifics was released during the Fall 1997 semester. We are pleased to present the next issue this Fall. This journal is dedicated to providing an outlet for creative science fiction and fantasy works. The stories and artwork presented in this issue are submitted from our current members of our club. We welcome submissions from non-members from the AU community as well.

Editors:
David Seymour
Sean Rook

A Short History of the AUScifi Club

by Nancy Sullivan, David Seymour and Sean Rook

The AUScifi Club was founded in Spring '95 mainly as a disscussion group about science fiction writings and movies. As time went on, the club's activities started to include showing movies (such as *2001*, *Mad Max*, and *Planet of the Apes*), trips to movie theaters to view current science fiction movies, and publishing journals for showing the science fiction stories that members have written.

In Spring '96, the AUScifi Club held the first Virtual Ball. It won an Alfie for being the best non-alcholic event. In Spring '97 another Virtual Ball was held.

This current semester has been one of our most active semesters of the club's history. We have now started to host Mystery Science Theatre 3000 nights where we show some of our favorite eposides in Nevins. We have begun working on our own website. Our fundraiser for this semester was a raffle for a copy of *Men in Black.*

SR

Friendly Forms

*The protection lens over the optical sensors both opened. It confirmed what the barometer and gravity sensor detected: a rapid decent through a dense atmosphere. After a bit of calculating, two other protection panels opened. Out of one came a folded propeller blade that opened up and begin to spin. The other panel revealed a small hole that a strong jet of air came out of. This was used to counteract the rotational forces of the propeller blade.

Once the decent into the atmosphere was stopped, a protection panel right below the optical sensors opened. A collapsible tube extended to a length of about two inches. On the end of the tube was a filter. Air from the atmosphere began to flow through the filter by the pumping action of a small, but powerful, pump (the same that ran the counteracting jet). Now the data collecting began.

The air brought in passed through the filter then ran by dozens of different sensors. Most were used to describe what the air was made out of, like water sensors, carbon dioxide sensors, and many other similar sensors. Almost one for each type of gas you can think of.

The internal cryometer measured the days that went by as the spherical object followed and recorded trails of different gases in the atmosphere. One day, the wind gage measured a sudden change of wind. The sphere tried to fight the strength of the wind but the wind won. In a programed defense mechanism, all the sphere's extensions retracted and it let the wind carry it where it wanted to go.

The sphere came to an abrupt stop. According to the pressure gages

located on the photovoltaic skin of the sphere, it was resting against something. It's computer did a bit of computing and decided that it was in a type of narrowing tube. It wasn't receiving any light either. This triggered a file to open in the computer. It advised shutting down most sensors until a light source was registered to conserve energy. So the sphere slept.*

* * *

After the covering plate was removed, the man shown his flashlight inside the pipe.

"Well, what is that? Not another part of the ship I hope.":, the man said. He reached inside the pipe and plucked the spherical object out. It was covered with what appeared to be photovoltaic cells. The man turned it around in his hands looking for some way it connect to his ship to see if it broke off of something. He couldn't see anything. He held it in the palm of his hand, staring at it. It was probably 10 inches at it's diameter he figured.

"I'll figure out what it is later.", he said to himself (a habit of late). He set the sphere down in his toolbox and began putting the plate back on the pipe. Half way through the job he started hearing a whirling noise and a putt-putt sound. He turned around and found himself facing the sphere's face. This startled the old man enough that he fell backwards.

The sudden movement was picked up by the optical sensors of the sphere and it moved backwards to avoid a collision.

The man sat still for a few moments watching the hovering sphere. It was looking at him but not moving. He slowly stood up. The sphere continued to stare at the man but not at his eyes, more at his chest which was at the same height as the sphere. Since it didn't look harmful, the man simply tried to shoo it away with his hands.

Again, the sphere saw movement coming at it and moved backwards. When the movement was noticed again, the sphere computed a decision to move to the side since moving backwards didn't work.

The man was trying to shoo the sphere into an air lock but instead of going backwards it went to the side. Hoping it was just a fluke, the man adjusted his angle towards the airlock and shooed again. This time the sphere went to the other side. "Clever little thing aren't you.", he said. The man backed away to think about what to do next.

Sensing that no more objects were coming at it. the sphere computed that it was time to continue to gather data. The collapsible tube popped out and began filtering air. Immediately it detected organic molecules, oxygen, nitrogen, and many other top priority gases that it was looking for. Even He3. It started following gas streams but it was hard to do because they seemed to be everywhere. It picked up a very slight trail and followed it to it's source.

The man watched the hatch open on the sphere and the tube object come out. Then it started to move around in what seemed to be sharp, random directions. Suddenly it started coming at him. He out ran the sphere to the door that entered to the main cabin but the door was stuck. He heard the whirling and putt-put sounds coming closer and closer. Then he felt something touch his back. He was waiting for the jolt of electricity or the prick of a needle to follow but nothing happened. He turned around and watched as the sphere rise up to face him face to face. It seemed to stare right into his

eyes and he started breathing heavily. Then the sphere just turned around and left for the other end of the room.

Having collected much data on the organic and CO2 gas molecules, the sphere went off to find the sources of the O2 and He3.

Seeing his chance for escape, the man pulled hard on the door. The door squeaked open and the man stepped into the next room, closing and locked the door.

* * *

For the next couple of hours the man watched the sphere using the remote camera that would only normally be used if the room the camera was in had been exposed to dangerous gases or a vacuum. He watched the sphere float all over room. It flew along pipes, next to his toolbox, a flyby of the camera, and everything else in the room. Finally it extended three legs, set itself down on a table and stopped moving.

Now the man had to decide what to do next. He had come up with some ideas as to what the sphere was. Some were just based on fear (such as a killer robot sent by space aliens to kill him) but he ignored them. His most logical thought was that it was a probe of sorts. He had heard of big time gas companies using them to search for good mining sites. He had never seen or heard a description of their appearance but from the sphere's actions it seemed to match how he would expect a gas probe to behave. He watched how it tended to stay near vent openings for long periods of time. He had tested his theory too by switching air off to vents and watching the sphere move away. Then when he turned the air back on, the sphere would return to the vent.

As interesting as this was, he had to figure out what he was going to do with it. The cover on the pipe still needed to be tighten down before he could start pumping helium 3 gas again. And every minute more he wasted, the longer it would be before he could head home to his family. He didn't know how dangerous the sphere could be if truly threaten. He watched the sphere sitting there and then an idea came to him. He was staring at the photovoltaic skin and realized that this was probably it's only power source. All he had to do was turn off the lights! So he did.

Now how long should he wait? He did some calculating taking into account the area of the photovoltaic skin, the amount of time the sphere was in the light, and how strong the light source was. His answer told him that it had taken longer to find the answer then for the sphere to run out of power. So he turned on the lights for a brief second to see if he was right. He saw that the sphere was still on it's tripod legs but now it had retracted it's other extensions.

He found his jacket in the cabin. Then he turned the lights on very low in both rooms. He then opened the door. Quickly he went over to the sphere and threw his jacket over it. "The jacket should be thick enough to block the light.", he said to himself. But now what? Should he throw it into the airlock like he was trying to do before? Something kept him from doing that. He found the sphere thing very interesting and it was nice to have company after so many months of being alone. So, for the time being, he stuck the jacket and sphere inside a cabinet. Then he finished tightening the plate down on the pipe.

* * *

*The sphere opened it's optical sensors again. It was in the same location it had studied earlier but now there was a barrier around it that would not let it

move much. It's cryometer indicated that 3 days had passed since the light source had disappeared. It's optical sensors noticed movement again. It was the same object that had produced the top priority gases. Since this object was appearing regularly now, it labeled it subject A for reference. The sphere then studied subject A.*

The man was busy making lunch. He decided that he would study the probe while he ate. He was keeping the probe around because there was not much else to do on the ship when there was nothing to fix so he would study the probe during this free time. Before the probe came, he had kept himself busy by tinkering with inventions and learning to speak Martian.

He picked up his rehydrated meal and brought it over to the cage which held the sphere object. He had been thinking about a name to call it by since he had decided to keep it. Sniffer seemed appropriate but not very clever. Sphere was even less clever. Analyzer was to technical. "I believe that I will call you Rebroter.", the man said, "It's the Martian word for friend, did you know? Probably not. There isn't much gas to prospect for on Mars, is there now." Then the man laughed.

Subject A was rather close now. The sphere extended it's intake tube again to continue analyzing the various gas molecules produced from subject A. It immediately picked up the odors of the rehydrated food and moved closer to the barrier for better results.

"Interested in my dinner, are you?", the man said. Half jokingly, he asked "Are you hungry? Would you like a bite?" and extended a piece of carrot on his fork to Rebroter to let it sniff the carrot. To his surprise, a hatch on the right side opened up and a small arm with three pinchers extended to the fork. It removed the carrot and placed it a hatch under the tube area. "Remarkable."

The sphere analyzed the substance. It found proteins, carbohydrates, and fats. It calculated the percentages of each and concluded that it was a rather healthy food for humans. It then removed the substance.

The man watched as the hatch opened and the carrot was thrown out. "Don't like vegetables? How about a piece of fruit then."

Another interesting substance was placed within reach by subject A and it was analyzed also. It's percentages of proteins, carbohydrates, and fats were also calculated and the substance was removed again.

The man munched on his lunch and thought about Rebroter. "I don't think you are just a gas probe anymore. I don't know what else you could be but a gas probe would have no need of a way to test solid objects. I wonder. Can you study liquid objects?". At this the man moved his glass of water over to the cage.

Subject A moved an object closer that emitted water molecules. Water, being a top priority, opened files that dealt with studying sources that produced water gas molecules. The local temperature and pressure indicated that liquid water was possible to be present. It extended TOOL#442 for such an analysis.

The man watched as a hatch opened on the left side and a mechanical arm was extended. This arm was different from the previous arm in that it had no pinches but a plastic tube attached to the arm. The end of the tube was used to poke around at the glass until finally it went in at the top. The water level went down slightly for a bit then back up as the tube was brought back into the hatch. "Yuck. Backwash." However, he knew he

couldn't waste the scarce water and would have to trust that Rebroter didn't have a cold. "You are a remarkable piece of engineering.", the man said and gave a small toast of his glass.

* * *

After lunch was over he decided that he would let Rebroter out of the cage. "Sorry I had to put you in this cage but I just want to make sure, you know. This cage used to belong to my bird, Souning, until he died about a few months ago. He used to keep me company on these trips of mine. Souning means "music" in titianian, you know. It gets very lonely out here and I miss him very much."

Subject A removed the top barrier so that it was now possible to move upwards. TOOL#12 was extended and TOOL# 108 was also activated.

Rebroter flew up out of the cage. "Now I need to go back to work. There is a filter that needs to be replaced. I've placed all of the breakable things in this room away so you may look around all you want.". With this the man returned to the control room and closed the door.

*The sphere went to the closed door. Finding a barrier in it's way, it searched for a way around it. It flew up and down and flew side to side. Having noticed that Subject A had performed the same operation before, the sphere made a note to study how Subject A proceeds through the barrier the next time.

Meanwhile, a more in-depth search of the local area could be preformed. It studied the walls, cabinets, and floor. The area was mapped out in 3-D and was described as an enclosed space. There were no other light sources besides an artificial light source overhead. The type of gases present in the room were cataloged and their trails through the room were mapped out with their origins clearly marked.

After this through search of the surroundings, the sphere decided that it should stop and recharge it's spare batteries while at the same time gather seismic activity data through it's tripod stands. So it set itself down on a table and listened.*

* * *

The man returned to find Rebroter on the table. "Resting? Well, I could use a rest too. Those dang filters are such a pain. Always at the end of your reach when working on them and without much elbow room too.". The man sighed and sat down in the room's only chair. "I'm getting old Rebroter. This will have been my eighth trip to Jupiter. You see I'm here to gather He3 for fuel back home in the asteroid belt. This has been my job for 47 terren years. It's not a very exciting job but it's an important job. I also get the benefit of spending a good deal of time with my family when I am home. Soon I can start heading home, if nothing else goes wrong. The tanks are almost filled. Three more weeks I am guessing. That will also put us in a good course back home."

The man went and poured himself a glass of water and returned to his seat. Rebroter simply watched him. The man sat in silence listening to the hum of the engines. "Well; dinner, some studying, and then to bed.", he announced.

* * *

The weeks past in a much similar course. Rebroter studied it's surroundings and Subject A's behaviors and the man talked and tested Rebroter. One day the man had a surprise.

"I hope you like it.", the man said as he placed the object in front of Rebroter.

It was a shiny sphere about 3 inches in diameter with many small holes in it. "I made it for you. See, I can place different objects inside it. Right now I have it so that it can hold some liquid N2. Then the gas vapors can evaporate off through these holes. It's supposed to keep you entertained while I'm busy."

The effect the man wanted seemed to be achieved because Rebroter immediately started to sniff at it. When it got too close and bumped it with it's nose, the sphere started to roll away. Rebroter hurried up to catch it only to end up bumping it again. And so the man laughed watching Rebroter play with it's new toy.

* * *

At last the day came when it was time to sleep for the long journey home. The tanks had been filled and the ship had left Jupiter's outer atmosphere. The man thought about whether he should leave Rebroter where he found him (after all he knew somebody had to have made him and sent him there for a purpose) but he had grown to attached to the little guy. He liked the company and thought that he would fit right in at the mine back at home. And Rebroter didn't seem to mind being on board the ship.

The man floated out of the control room and closed the door. Rebroter used it's jets (which hadn't been known to the man to exists before they got into zero-G) to float over to the man. The man patted his head and Rebroter returned to playing with it's sphere which had become quite a challenge since entering zero-G.

The man went over to the cryogenic chamber. He had prepared it earlier that day for the journey home. The journey would take over a year to reach back home but that wouldn't matter. Not when your asleep. The lights and chamber were on a timer he had just set. He floated down into the chamber and waited for it to close up. He watched Rebroter bounce the sphere off the wall. He thought that when the lights went out, he would sleep too so he wasn't worried about him.

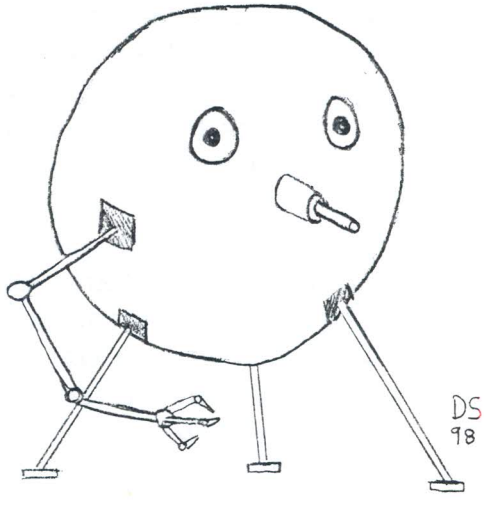
The lights started to dim and there was a hissing sound. The man knew that the chamber was closing up now. He readied himself for the cold blast. "Good night, Rebroter.", the man said as the lid closed.

Author's Note:

I wrote this story partly for it's entertainment value and partly to show how people need companionship for their emotional well-being. Is space, this will be a major problem if humans need to fly long missions by themselves. There are more stories about Rebroter to come that answer some questions and make new questions.

Author's Biography:

David Seymour is currently a senior ceramic engineering student. He grew up in Horseheads, N.Y. and then went to Corning Community College for two years befor transferring to Alfred University. His activities on campus include the AUScifi Club, Intervarsity, and AU Orchestra.



Untitled

by Laura Pelick

A globe floated. . .

Strange. The silver orb, polished and cold, bobbed gentle on a waft of air, too light to be drawn down into the clutches of gravity, waited before her face. It seemed to watch her, tilting itself, rotating as if to take pictures. Then it would pause and rock up and down, currents of air pushing over it's glassy surface, disturbing its concentration. Her hair is pushed by the same breeze, and gets in her eyes.

Over the country. . .

Distraction. She pushes back her normal hair, her gray eyes never leaving the globe's spherical surface and just waits, unsure what else she could do. It was a gaint eye, never blinking, nor looking elsewhere. Only at her. but, maybe the other uncountable curves held-beneath its surface-hiding thousands of cameras, watching everything as the many-fractured lens of a housefly. Colecting data of her and the blank corners and white walls and mesh carpet. To send it back. But back where? Watching the slow rotation, she tried to figure out if-and how-the pictures she knew it was taking got back to the source. Its master behind the eye.

Searching for the perfection. . .

Shiver. Her hands wring together. . . then stops. . . feeling taht if she was being surveyed, then it would be best to not be nervous. So her muscles in her cheek began to twitch and she held back a sigh. The rotation paused for a moment. She froze and stared hard, trying to see past the icy layer of the silver, to see the cameras. Hoping that there really *were* cameras,not just a feeling. She did not want to be seen as too curious, but her gaze never flickers from the surface.

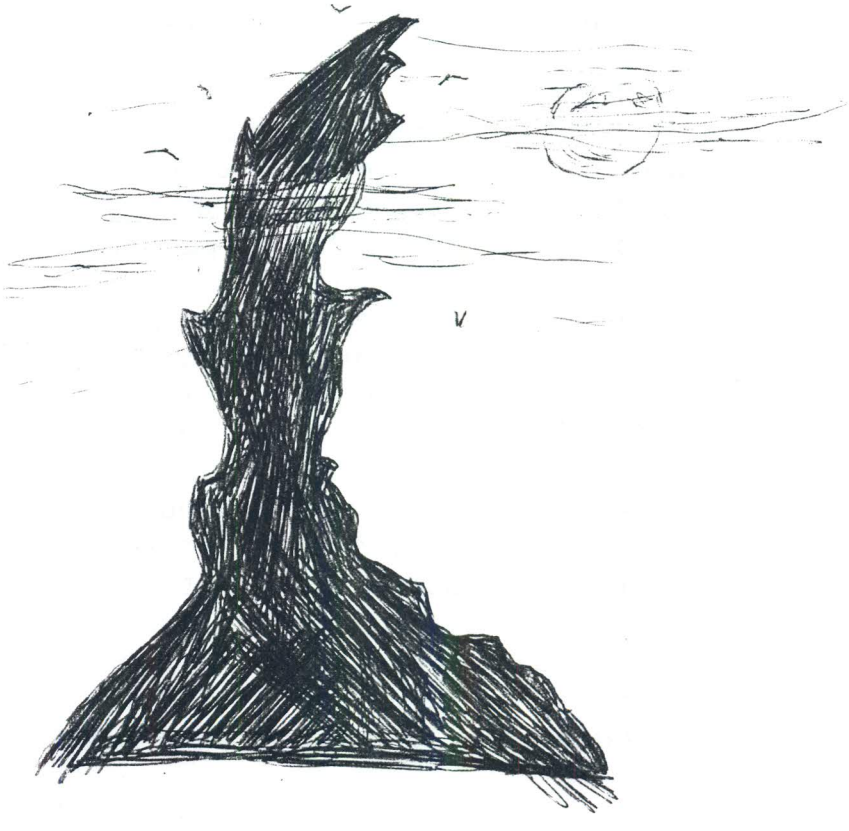
Over the seas. . .

Sigh. Muscles not moving, she is in daze and her eyes are blinking. Her brain fades out, then jumps back to consciousness and she wakes back up. She lost the time, not that it matters, but it would be nice to know how many minutes she had been just standing there.

But does not find it here. . .

Blink. Opening her eyes, she sees that the globe she had been staring at has moved away from her, as if it lost interest. She pushes away her gray-streaked brown hair and hobbles off to sit down.

And starts to search again. . .



Making a Time Machine
Andria C. Schwortz
April 30, 1998

Jonah must spike his coffee; there was no other way he could be so energetic so early in the morning, thought Mitchell. It might have been only 10am, but Mitchell had been in the lab until late the night before, working on his research proposal. That jolly promotions time of year was right around the corner, and this time Mitchell was determined that he would get the promotion; not Gary, not Lisa, and certainly not that nit-picky Jonah. Unfortunately, that was the reason Jonah had gotten the last raise: his attention to detail meant that he made very few mistakes. It also meant that it took him longer to do jobs Mitchell could complete quickly, and it made Jonah completely unwilling to take risks. This was not a problem with Mitchell, and this was probably the reason he had been passed over for the last promotion.

Mitchell shook his head; he had been wandering again, and he just realized that he had been asked a question. "I'm sorry," Mitchell apologized," I didn't catch that one."

His boss rolled his eyes. "Up late working again? Never mind; don't answer that one. Just tell me what your proposal is." Mitchell had prepared some slides and a time schedule, and so forth, but it all boiled down to the title of his proposed research topic: "An Investigation into Non-Sequential Occurrence of Casual Events." A few of the others at the table looked skeptical. "You mean, *time travel*?" one person ridiculed.

"No," replied Mitchell, "I mean I plan to investigate..." But it was too late; people were already laughing; the damage had already been done. Mitchell's proposal was asked only a few perfunctory questions, such as how much it was supposed to cost, and how long it would take. The latter drew snickers from the table. *Well, fine then. Maybe I just <u>will</u> build a time machine!*

As Mitchell slowly paced back to his office, his head hung low to avoid the stares of prying eyes, he passed the *Mystery Room*, as he liked to call it. The door looked like just any other in the hall, but the number was specifically 325. The room was probably no larger than the average sized broom closet, but even though Mitchell had the key to the room, he had never been in it. As normally rational as he was, such a superstition might seem out of character for him, but he had a piece of paper specifically instructing him to never enter the room. This he had found in his diary, neatly written where the next blank page should have been. Mitchell found it some few years ago, before he had come to this university looking for a job when the industrial aspect went sour. One day, Mitchell had been about to write an entry in his diary, when he found that the previous page contained writing he had not put there, and in a hand vaguely familiar, although he could not place it.

The message was cryptic. It described the location of a room, including its number, in a place Mitchell had never been to at that point. This was followed by an injunction that he should "Never go in through the door; only come out of it." How he was supposed to come out of the room without ever entering it, was also a mystery to him, as was how the message could have gotten into his diary. Mitchell was meticulous about his diary, and there was no way anyone could have gotten into it: he hid it in a place he had never told anyone

about, not even his rare lovers, in a box with a lock only he had the key to. But since this passage had somehow managed to make its way into his diary, and in a handwriting he could almost place—but not quite—Mitchell intended to obey its command until he found a reason not to.

Mitchell continued on to his office, and spent the rest of the afternoon sulking over his equations, muttering to himself.

⧖

Outside the window, it was nighttime. Rain poured down from the eaves onto the cracked sidewalk where the puddles reflected the orange glow of the lights outside the Physics building. The only other light came from the table lamp which had been pushed onto the floor to make room for the growing calculations. Mitchell sat hunched over the desktop in an old rusty swivel chair that creaked any time he moved. Papers containing formulae, diagrams, calculations, and such forth spilled off his desk and across the office. He rubbed his back with his left hand as he furiously scribbled down some more notes on a page already overflowing with numbers, letters, and symbols.

Mitchell stared at the page for another moment, nodded, then began to stretch himself out. His back cracked, the chair creaked, and his muscles protested at the movement, and he had to wait a moment before he was able to move again. His eyes scanned the mess on his desk, and then the floor nearby where almost an inch of paper covered in scribbles had been casually swept off the desk during the night. Next to this mess was a pile of crumpled up papers seemingly flowing from out of his garbage can. The wastebasket itself was filled up with tightly packed paper, but it was apparent that at some point Mitchell had stopped bothering to try to be neat, and just started heaving paper in the general direction of the garbage. Mitchell's eyes ran up the wall, and stopped abruptly when they reached the darkened window. He blinked a few times, as if trying to clear the image from his mind, then checked his watch. 2:47 am. *Damn, I've done it again,* he thought. *I've really got to start getting some more sleep.* But Mitchell really couldn't berate himself for too long, for he had finally worked out the final calculations.

All the Lagrangian transformations and special relativity equations were easily handled by the short computer program Mitchell had written the night before. And he had finally been able to make the negative masses cancel out, so that the thing was actually feasible. He had feared it would be inescapable; that he would have to come up with something which weighed a negative amount, and therefore the project would be impossible. This was what everyone else Mitchell had talked to had asserted. But when Mitchell had gone though the calculations more carefully, making sure to account for the rate of occurrence being negative, all the negative signs had cancelled out. Now all he had to do was to *make* the darn thing!

⧖

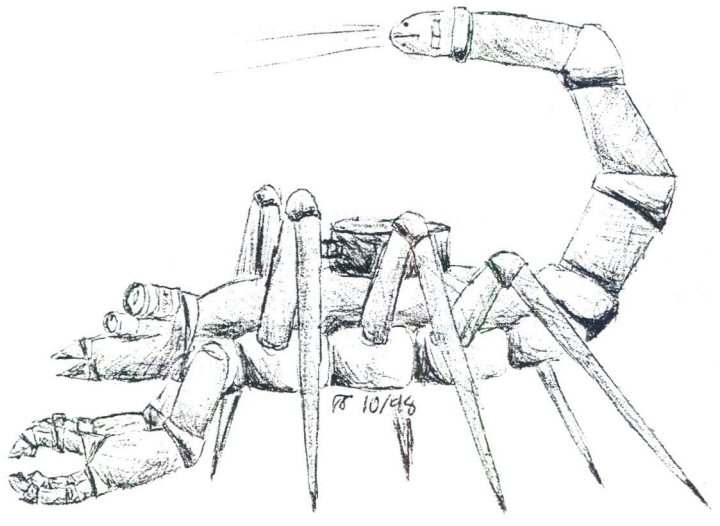
Mitchell's alarm clock woke him up the next morning with not even four hours of sleep. *7:00. Damn it's early*, he thought. His hand reached out and banged around on the night table until he heard the crashing of the alarm clock hitting the floor. It continued to ring,

however, and Mitchell was forced to finally drag himself over to the side of the bed and reach out to grab the clock. His arm flailed around trying to find it on the floor, and suddenly the world turned upside down. Rubbing a bruise that had somehow appeared on his head, Mitchell realized he had fallen out of bed.

He shook his head to clear the fuzziness out of it, and proceeded to turn off the alarm. Now that he was out of bed, he decided it might just be worth getting up all the way, especially since he had lecture in less than an hour. Mitchell stumbled over to his closet to try to find some clothes that matched. He had tumbled into bed in the same clothes he had come home in, and they were quite rumpled. He also hadn't had the time to do laundry or go to the cleaner's for the past few weeks, so his selection was limited. He finally chose a gray pair of slacks, a dark blue shirt, an off-green jacket, and a brown tie, and prayed that his students were as sleepy as they usually were for his early morning lectures.

Mitchell wasn't in much better shape by the time his classes started, nor by the time they were done. He tended to wander off in his lectures, and found his mind straying to the practicalities of creating the equipment and designing experiments. When his last class was over, he rushed out of class as quickly as any of the students. Luckily no one was waiting in the hall to talk to him, and none of the students seemed to need to ask him any questions, for then Mitchell would have had to waste valuable time talking to them.

His mind raced as he ran over to his office and adjacent lab. The first thing to do would be to set up some sort of "landing pad" so that he had a site he could send test objects to. To start, this would have to be a small evacuated chamber so that he wouldn't have to worry about any particles occupying the same place at the same time, and any resultant explosions. Perhaps the walls should be padded as well, so if anything arrived still possessing its original momentum, it wouldn't shatter the container. Yes, that was a good idea. Maybe later he could turn that energy into a form that could power the temporal displacement mechanism, but not yet. But, then again, should he really build the landing pad before he—



Mitchell's thoughts were interrupted as he passed room 325. Just *what* was so special about that room, anyway, that would warrant someone else making an entry in his diary? Maybe one of these days he'd check it out. But he certainly should go and build that landing site. That way, once he had made the actual apparatus, he'd have someplace to send the test items to.

⌛

Within the week, Mitchell had created a prototype "landing pad." He had calculated that the greatest relative velocity an object could have upon arrival would be when the Earth had traveled through half its orbit, or half a year. This velocity was 958.7 m/s, or about 2,000 mph. To stop a one gram object moving at this speed, it would take over four thousand Joules of energy. To stop this one gram object in one meter would take four thousand Newtons of force; the equivalent of almost 900 lbs. of weight, such as a V. W. bug. He ended up taking up about ten cubic feet with his landing pad made of Styrofoam and Kevlar.

A day after making it, he was working in his lab when he heard a loud bang coming from behind the landing pad. He waited almost thirty seconds before running over there. The back of the large container had a hole practically burned through it. The cinderblock wall facing it had a penny embedded about a half inch into it. Mitchell froze for a moment, then grabbed a screwdriver off a nearby shelf and pried out the penny. There were no particular dating methods on it; it had been recently shined and the date was well before the present one. This, however, did nothing at all to quell his excitement. On a sudden flash of inspiration, Mitchell took the edge of the screwdriver and proceeded to scratch the date and time into the penny. That way, if the mechanism was such that it returned of its own, there was a confirmation of the date to which it had been sent. Mitchell placed it in a sample tray and proceeded to shout for joy. It was going to work! His time travel project was going to work! This was indisputable proof! A quiet **pop** interrupted his jubilation, and when he turned to the penny, it wasn't there. He sighed with satisfaction. Not only did it work, but it worked in reverse.

⌛

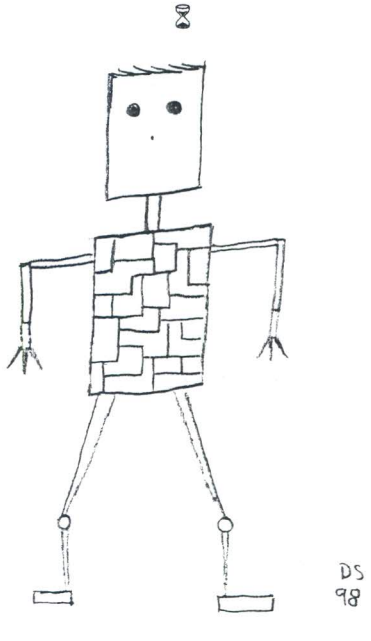
Over the course of the next few weeks, more pennies and other objects began to appear in the box, some with great force, some only noticeable when Mitchell periodically cleaned out and repaired the landing pad. On these occasions, Mitchell made sure to keep a meticulous log of the date and time. Once something shot out of midair and barely missed his head while he was cleaning out the apparatus anyway. This object was a plastic spoon, and Mitchell made sure to write a scathing complaint back to himself on it. It amused him to no end to hold conversations with his future self, but while the objects sometimes had things like "Hello," and "How 'ya doing," on them, nothing more substantial ever appeared.

Meanwhile, Mitchell's designs for the machine itself progressed. When he finally built it, it was even bigger than the landing pad. Mitchell began sending things through; first to close by times, then to further ones. Although he was able to determine the location to which he sent the object, he still didn't know

Mitchell was so absorbed in his work that he never even noticed. Finally, it was time to send a higher order living sample. He had sent mice and rabbits, and now had the process working quite smoothly. He was willing to experiment with the most impressive of subjects of all: humans. And for the first one, he would have to send himself; should anything go wrong, it was better to subject himself to it than a possibly not completely informed volunteer.

By this time, Mitchell had refined the process that he didn't need a landing pad at all, however he still kept it intact, and occasionally, objects would appear in it. Whether this meant that in the future he kept sending things back, or that some of his past experiments sent things forward, he wasn't sure, and he was too enraptured in his present work to take the time to put a date on the objects. The only question Mitchell had yet to answer was, where to send himself? He would rather send himself to a nice padded landing pad, just in case he miscalculated something, but he certainly couldn't send himself to his own landing pad: he had never seen himself come out of it, and it was too easy to mistime things if he wanted to try to appear at a time when there wouldn't be anyone in the building. And anyway, Mitchell's hours were too irregular for this option to be safe. Mitchell didn't know of anywhere else he could send himself; he certainly had never built another landing pad, and he didn't even know of a place he could send himself where was guaranteed to not run into another person, especially himself.

Mitchell pondered this question for the next couple weeks. It would be bouncing around on the inside of his skull during lectures, and he often didn't notice questions directed to him during his labs, for he would let the problem completely absorb his mind when not talking. He wandered around the halls in a daze, often bumping into other professors and students. His circuit of the halls became familiar to his co-workers: his own lab, his office, then turn right; the secretary's office followed by some of the other offices, turn right; pass the lounge, go down the hall with all the smaller classrooms, and turn right just after room 325; pass Jonah's office, then the lecture hall, turn right a final time, and back to his own lab again. His mind began to wander in classes, thinking of the fruitless hours spent pacing the halls, until one lecture session, reliving his route around the halls, it came to him. He stopped dead in his sentence and yelled out, "Room 325!" The sleeping student in the back row jumped up with a start and said, "I'm sorry sir, can you repeat the question?" The class nervously laughed, giving Mitchell just enough time to regather his thoughts for the lecture. Mitchell hurriedly finished the class, his last for the day, and ran off to his lab.



Mitchell nervously stepped into range of the time-porter. In his left hand was the brief case with the return switch; its strap crossed his body onto his right shoulder. Taking a deep breath, he reached out and put his right index finger on the case over the transfer switch. He had put a sign outside the lab reading "experiment in progress," so he shouldn't have to worry about disturbances. But that wasn't his worry, it was that something would go wrong. Finally, he flipped open the case, and gently pressed down on the button. A humming filled his ears, then the lab slowly faded away.

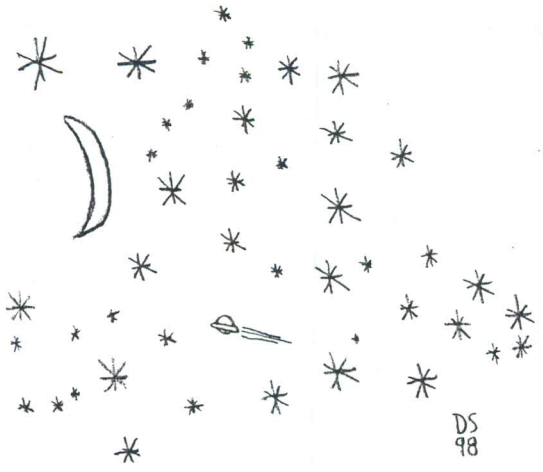
For a moment, an indefinable space of time, Mitchell felt much like the time he had volunteered for a sensory deprivation experiment: like he had no body at all. He could see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, and so on. He could still think, but that was all that he could experience. Then the gray faded away to be replaced by the inside of a closet; room 325 unless something had gone drastically wrong.

Mitchell looked around carefully so he'd remember where everything was. Shelves lined the walls of the small room. On these shelves were small bottles and flasks filled with various substances. After taking a whiff of one, Mitchell decided that this room must have been used as a chemistry storage area many years ago. *Hah! Many yeas ago. Well, then, many years before the present "now."*

Mitchell shook his head. If he time traveled too much, he'd have to invent some new tenses. English just wasn't designed for time travel. While shaking his head, Mitchell suddenly noticed a bucket of water a mere two inches from his right shoe, and broke into a sweat. As things were, his ears were ringing from the compression wave caused by his displacement of the air in the closet. If he had appeared just two inches to his right, or the bucket had been two inches to the left, the explosion would have been such that he would not have survived. The hall might have, but the people in it probably would not have. And even asides from his death in this time, Mitchell didn't want to contemplate what that would do in creating paradoxes. He was trying very hard to avoid having to face such a situation.

Taking a deep breath, Mitchell stooped and checked the equipment in his case to settle his nerves. It was all intact, and appeared to be working, although he could not really tell without throwing the switch. But he wasn't going to do that. Mitchell wanted to walk around the building and see if he could at least find some exterior confirmation of the date and time before he returned. He had planned to arrive late in the evening so that the building should be mostly deserted. This was also a good few years before he himself had started working at the university so that there was absolutely no chance of running into himself in the hallways. The last thing Mitchell wanted to do was experiment with creating a paradox using himself as the subject! He had also dressed up as a janitor, should he run into any of his future co-workers.

Mitchell checked that his janitor's outfit was intact and then opened the door to the closet and stepped out. He conscientiously refused to scan the hallway for changes as he closed and locked the door behind himself. Straightening, he stretched his back and glanced around. Since he didn't see anyone,



Mitchell decided to stroll past his old—no, future—office. No one appeared to be inside it, so Mitchell was about to walk past it when his eyes were drawn to the name plaque like paperclips to a magnet: this was Jonah's office in this time.

Mitchell froze for a moment. His hands began to stray towards his keyring when his mesmerism was broken by a footstep echoing down the hallway. Mitchell jumped, but then continued walking. As he passed the other man, Mitchell appeared to be a stooped, tired, old janitor. Mitchell glanced at the other man's feet, and saw familiar looking loafers—Jonah! He covered his startlement with a cough.

"Godbless, chap," said Jonah. Mitchell mumbled something back through a mouth muffled by his hands, and hurried on.

Outside the Physics building, Mitchell stopped to catch his breath. *That was another close call. I couldn't have him see me to well, or the next time he saw—sees me he might recognize me, and that might change things. I really don't know what'd happen then.* Mitchell wandered the dark street for a moment, lost in his thoughts.

"Want a ride bud?" Mitchell looked up. It was a cabbie, pulled up next to the curb. Then he realized he was shaking with reaction, and nodded. He got in the cab and gave the driver his address.

⧗

"That'll be $7.50, bud." Mitchell fished around in his pocket and found a ten. Handing it to the cabbie, he got our of the car and left his the rest as a tip.

Mitchell leadenly crossed the sidewalk and mounted the stairs to his home. He fumbled for his keys and unlocked the door and walked in. After shutting the door, Mitchell stumbled into the kitchen and opened the fridge. ON the bottom shelf in the back was a beer. Mitchell took a deep pull and savored it. *Funny, I didn't think I had any of these left. I stopped drinking these years—*

"Hey! What do you think you're doing in my house? How the hell did you get in here? Who do you think you are!"

Oh shit. Suddenly it all dawned on Mitchell. He hadn't gone back after encountering Jonah. This was still the past. That meant that the person standing there yelling at him was...

Mitchell looked up and saw a younger version of himself standing in the kitchen doorway. He panicked. He rushed up towards the other figure and before the younger Mitchell could say a word, the older one had clonked him on the head with the beer bottle. The younger man sank to the ground.

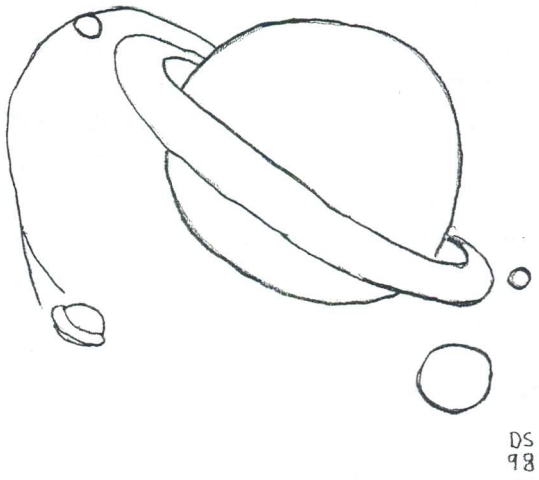
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god... What have I done? Now what do I do. Oh shit, have I killed him—me? A small seed of rationality seeped out. *I*

what to do about the excess momentum. Once he was set back by a whole month because the returning object still retained the other time's momentum and it shot across the room to damage an important part of the machine. Luckily, his calibration stage was relatively short because he had always written the reception date and time on the objects that appeared.

Finally, a live tagged rat appeared stationary in the reception box. Having no way to write a time on it, and since he had previously discovered that things tied or otherwise affixed to the transferred objects did not go back with them, Mitchell instead wrote a comment about it in his lab journal, with the suggestion that for his second rat, he start giving them differently colored ear tags. A few days later, a rat with no ear tag was discovered in the box, dead, of no apparent causes. Mitchell duly noted it in his journal.

Mitchell played with the concept of the Heizenburg uncertainty principle. This was the reason why his earlier sent objects had a large momentum. While contemplating this, Mitchell heard a shriek and a crash in the hall outside. He dashed out to find the secretary staring at the books she had dropped and completely harmless seeming small piece of Styrofoam. She was gibbering something about how it had appeared out of no where and just hovered there for a moment. Taking charge, Mitchell thanked her profusely for finding the missing part to his machine, asked her is she was sure it was stationary, and when she replied in the affirmative, picked up her books for her and went back into his lab. The dazed secretary continued down the hall.

The key was in the uncertainty principle, and Mitchell soon figured it out and began sending soft objects, just



to be on the safe side. When an object might appear in an unknown location with an unknown velocity, it was best that these not be things which could hurt people or damage things. Even so, he heard of things in the building mysteriously breaking, and some of the objects he sent never returned in any recognizable form. *I wonder if that's what caused the crater in the Yucatan peninsula, a future object appearing the solid rock?* Mitchell laughed at the thought. He didn't yet have enough power for that, and he wouldn't send anything that far anyway!

He improved the machine, making the duration of the stay longer and longer, until he came up with a trigger mechanism, where it stayed back for up to a certain amount of time and came back if the trigger was set off. To test this, he first hooked timers up to switches, then attached pressure switches to rats, then just sent the switches, relying on himself to switch them. By sending timers, Mitchell determined that the time spent in the other time was equivalent to the time which passed while the object was gone.

While all this refinement was going on, four years or so passed, but

can't have killed him, I wouldn't be here... Mitchell refused to entertain the possibility of alternate timelines. *What if he saw me? I know, it's a robbery!* Mitchell frantically dashed around the house knocking things off tables, pulling books from shelves. He stopped at a picture of his mother. Whatever had happened to it anyway? Hm, maybe he'd take it with him, maybe that's what had happened to it.

Mitchell continued through the house until he reached his bedroom. In here, Mitchell gathered up some money and such and tossed clothes out from drawers. In the bottom of one, he came across a little chest, just about the right size for a book. In fact, it did hold one: his diary. Reaching into his pocket, Mitchell pulled out his keys and proceeded to unlock the box. With no thought to the outside world, Mitchell sat down on the bed and began to read, slowly at first, then skimming over the more recent and more familiar entries. Finally, he flipped a page and found the next sheet to be blank. Leafing back a few pages, Mitchell saw that the previous entries described his increasing frustration at his job and the fear that the company wasn't going to make I through the year. The blank page drew Mitchell back to it. Eyes never leaving the white leaf, Mitchell reached around for a pen until he found one that had been dumped off the night table beside the bed. With a shaking hand, he began to write upon the clean sheet. Mitchell described room 325's location in a building the "present" him had never yet been inside. He ended the entry with the quote which was burned into his brain: "Never go in through the door; only come out of it." It was appropriate. Now he'd need never worry about running into himself in the past in that particular location; he could use the closet with safety.

Mitchell's eyes felt a bit fuzzy, but shaking his head and rubbing them didn't work. *It's probably the stress. Oh yeah, it's probably time to go back.* Mitchell closed the book and placed in back in its box in the drawer with a reverence foreign to all but the most holy relics. Then he slowly returned to the kitchen, carefully stepping over his prone body, and picked up the case he had carried in, containing the switch mechanism with which he would return home.

Pressing the button to return home, Mitchell felt a profound sense of *rightness*, like everything had worked out the way it was supposed to. He had established that his time machine worked, he found the explanation for the cryptic message in his diary, and he hadn't even caused any paradoxes. Once more he appeared in the closet. Pausing before he left, Mitchell reached into his pocket for the picture of his mother. How he missed her! He was glad he had found the picture after all. He must have thought it stolen in the burglary.

Funny thing that burglary. He didn't recall it happening. Mitchell scratched his head. He'd have to check if it was in his diary...

Author's Note:

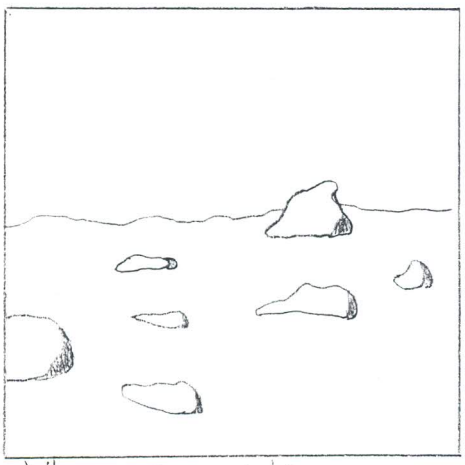
The essay was supposed to be some musings on time travel, and I've always been fascinated with the apparent lack of free will inherent in time travel. The story is just part of a longer one I hope to complete writing some day, once again exploring inevitability. In my full idea, the main character will try to prevent something from happening, and his very actions will cause it to happen, as in

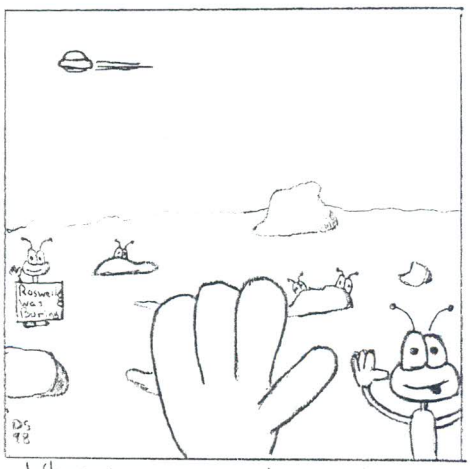
the story of Oedipus. I keep coming up with ideas or the starts of stories without endings, so if anyone ever feels like collaborating, I'm willing to give it a shot. http:/ merlin.alfred.edu/~schworac/ for my homepage including more stuff about me.
Andria:)

Author's Biography:

Andria C. Schwortz is a physics and math double major, third year student, from NYC. I love astronomy and have grown upon sci-fi and fantasy. My story and essay were written for the Honors course taught by Dr. DeGraff called Time Travel, and were already published on his web page (http://merlin.alfred.edu/degraff/TimeTravel/).

Mars





Untitled
by Darton Kay

Cool, crisp night air streams over my face into my eyes. I blink, relieving the parched spheres as I glance up at the stars. Yesterday I was there, traveling from one metallic harbor to the next. Ports miles long float in the dark quietness of the space, eternal. Life pumping in the veins of the steel monsters, my parasities.

I wonder now, as I pause, why I went. It is that tiny paradox that I ponder. Under the light of the new star, I was seen. I should have known better. 27 years should have taught me something. Too late for regrets now, not that I have any. The vacuum is alone in its greatness. Not everyone believes that. Why should I? It is nothing.

There is light to the right, and sound from the left. And why? I should not have gone yesterday. But then I never claimed to be bright. I try to calm myself with impending warmth. Perhaps it is not as cold as they say. Nothing can be colder then what I have. It has been dreadfully cold. I stand. the darkness catches me, bringing the light. Another void.

SR

Another Job
by Sean Rook

The rain fell lightly onto the forest. The man traversing the almost invisible path was annoyed at this but he kept quiet. Every few minutes he stopped to make sure he wasn't being watched, shifted the light gear he carried, and then continued on.

Roarde knew this job would be tough. Not only would he have to break into that gnoll lair to steal some necklace but then he'd have to retrieve his payment from that freak-job of a wizard. When he first met the guy he was surprised at how frail the man looked, almost like a skeleton. It gave him an almost skeletal look. The mage set him up with a map to the lair as well as some money for any supplies he might need. Of course Roarde always worked with what was on hand so he just pocketed the cash and picked out his own gear. An assassin/thief like him always knew places where he could get a special five finger discount.

The thick forest didn't even give any warning as to his approach to the cave and Roarde could've given himself away to a dead man if there had been any around. Luckily it was still light out and raining, two things gnolls hate. Unfortunately the rain was letting up but no guards is still no guards.

The gnolls must have still been sleeping and Roarde didn't intend to let this advantage go to waste. He crept up to the mouth of the cave to get a look inside. His vision was
taking it's time in adjusting but from the smell of wet fur Roarde could tell not all of them kept from venturing out. He slipped inside and almost molded his body to the wall as he progressed further in.

At about a hundred feet he spotted the first guard. Well if you consider a stupid mongrel leaning on his spear completely asleep a guard. Even in the half-light of the cave Roarde could see the coarse fur and hyena-like features that marked this creature as a gnoll.

It wouldn't be much of a hassle to take out this obstacle and Roarde was starting to doubt the difficulty of this job. He pulled out the throakish garrote and slipped it over the thick-necked monster. A precision twist drove in the barbed wire and didn't even let the thing peep before it was dead. A quick search turned up nothing of value, to Roarde at least, and he continued on a bit more confidant.

His employer had told him that the gnoll tribe's shaman wore the necklace he was after but as to which one was the shaman the thief didn't know. One gnoll looked the same as any other and a dead one looked even better. As he pondered how he'd actually get this talisman and manage to make it out in the hour or so left of daylight that was left he managed to make it to the sleeping lair of the whole clan.

Roarde had never seen so many sleeping bodies and the reek they gave off was almost unbearable. Empty kegs and half-eaten corpses of who-knows-what littered the floor, as well as the forty-some bodies. A smile flickered across Roarde's face for the first time since taking this job. They must have had a feast recently and the thief's timing couldn't be more perfect, or at least it seemed

that way.

Very, very carefully the man began to tiptoe through the almost completely carpeted cave floor. He figured that the shaman probably wouldn't lower himself to sleeping with
the regular riffraff and that there must be some other room not to far off. It was a time consuming task and the slightest snore or shuffle made Roarde reach for his weapons. By the time he made it to the other end of the great cavern the sun had already decide to set. At this point the thief pulled out a black piece of cloth from one of his many pockets. After a quick look to make sure none of them had started to wake he quickly tied it around his head, making sure that it covered his eyes completely. After several minutes of being completely blind he removed the blindfold and his now adjusted eyes examined the cavern wall.

It didn't take Roarde long to find the crude doorway that was barely covered by a moldy blanket. Moving quickly into the new room he almost was spotted by two hulking figures. Luckily for Roarde they didn't seem to notice him, but then again it didn't seem like they were noticing anything. It took the thief several minutes of scrutinizing from the dark crevice he was hiding in to notice that the two forms were human. His instincts kept him from venturing out two soon and the question of why these two would be apparently guarding this room popped into Roarde's head.

It wasn't until he stopped to think about why these two were here that he noticed the new aroma. The stench of death filled his nostrils; the barely perceivable gag he let out immediately changed the two "guardians". Without making a sound they started to shuffle over to the noise. Their jerky movements betrayed their true nature, they were undead.

Without a warning the assassin/thief drew his sword and a vial in one motion. One hand flung the vial at one of the creature closer to him, shattering against its head. The other monstrosity received a blow to the neck; old muscles were sliced in half but failed to slow the creature down. While the first undead thing slowly had it's face eaten away by the broken vial of acid the other reached for his neck.

It wouldn't even have required the thief's superb dexterity to dodge the blow. The creature was moving as if in slow motion and therefore didn't even turn around before
Roarde had severed its head from the body. He examined the second one to find the acid had taken care of it. He looked past the entrance and found that his scuffle hadn't interrupted the gnoll's beauty sleep.

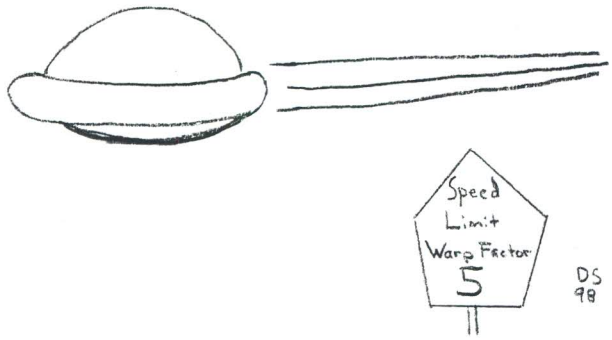
With a little more caution Roarde continued down the passageway. It wasn't long before he spotted one of the hairy gnolls sleeping on a pile of filthy hay. He spotted no more obstacles and so entered the small room. Looking down on the suspect gnoll he saw that it did indeed wear something around its neck. The description of what he was to steal had been vague at best and as Roarde didn't even know if this was the shaman his chances of getting the right talisman would be chancy.

After a brief hesitation the thief decided that one necklace was as good as another so he slowly reached for the creatures neck. As his hand crept closer the gnoll suddenly jerked. Roarde immediately went rigid. After a minute of the gnoll lying there peacefully he continued to reach for the necklace. He was just about to grab it when a furry hand

grabbed his.

"I don't think so!" the gnoll growled in crude common.

Roarde's first reaction was to pull away but the grip was extremely strong. A prick to his neck revealed the creature wasn't unarmed. The thief's gaze went straight at the inhuman face that stared back at him with hungry eyes. As experience had taught him the best move in such a situation was usually the most direct. In an instant his one hand smacked the bone dagger away from his throat while the other twisted out of the gnoll's clutches. A backhand to the creatures face was more surprising than really damaging



and the thief took this chance to jerk the necklace from the shamans' neck.

Roarde bolted out of the room barely escaping from the gnoll's grasping paws. As he ran through the doorway he could hear the gnoll behind him yipping and howling in it's uncouth tongue. Not one to really care out about how he made an exit Roarde dashed through the sleeping quarters. His misplaced footsteps did more to wake the sleeping gnolls than did their leader's ranting. Barely keeping from falling flat on his face from stepping on sleeping bodies and wagging tails Roarde could see that he had overstayed his welcome.

The entrance to the cave was ahead of him and from the sound of it an army of gnolls was barely behind him. He flew out of the entrance of the cave to discover a world even darker from the one he just left. He could barely see the path he had followed here but that was enough and he ran towards it after barely glancing at his own tracks. Though as soon as he reached the trail his boots started to sink into the mud that had formed all around him. The howls behind him grew louder and Roarde couldn't guess now much time he had left before their leader organized it's followers into a posse.

With adrenaline filled muscles Roarde managed to pull himself free and tried to continue on. The going would be heart wrenching slow and the suspense was beginning to take its toll on the thief. He wouldn't be able to escape this job the way things were going but he hated to admit defeat. With a mind numbing realization he reached into his vest and pulled out another vial. Taking enough time to curse himself he downed the contents of the stoppered vial.

As the pack of gnolls began to fan out in search of his blood Roarde began to feel his muscles strengthen. His body felt as light as air and without losing a moment he picked himself up. A cry caught his attention and turned to see he had been spotted. His newly enhanced body easily paced itself across the muddy ground without leaving a single footprint. The gnolls weren't so lucky and while they floundered to keep from falling face first into the mud Roarde was halfway back to town.

"Hey barkeep I'd like another ale! And where's my roast duck!" screamed one of the filthy

adventurer's that the Broken Horn was usually frequented with.

"I toldja it's a comin'!" screamed the barkeep back to his ill- mannered customer.

Roarde sat back in his chair, hungry but happy. Soon his employer would be arriving and then he could unload this little charm that cost him one of his potions. Taking the necklace out to examine it Roarde noticed that it didn't look special at all. He was surprised that someone would want such a thing and for a moment he hoped that he was holding the right thing. The necklace was just some long piece of leather with a bunch of teeth attached to it. From his animal experience Roarde could tell that a couple were wolves fangs, one seemed to be a shark's, and from the look of them some were human.

A rattle at the entrance almost caused the thief to leap out of his skin and he turned to see who it was. Sure enough it was his employer. It really hadn't dawned on Roarde how much younger than Roarde this guy was. His last encounter had made him think the man was much older. Skin had seemed barely able to contain the man's bones, but now his employer's body was completely covered by black robes, like he was hiding from the sun. It didn't take him long to spot Roarde and as he approached the table he seemed to glide across the floor. A strange numbness spread through the thief's body.

"Do you have it?" the man asked, the words carrying a chill.

Roarde laid the necklace on the table, barely suppressing a shiver. The necklace hardly had time to hit the table when a bony hand grasped it. Roarde could see a flash of intense emotion pass across the man's face before going impassive again.

"You did a good job." he began to get up.

"I think you forgot something." Roarde had managed to get control of himself.

"Ah yes your payment, I can't give it to you here but if you'll come with me..." he began to exit the inn.

Roarde followed the man uneasily but without any thought of leaving without his pay. As they began to enter the forest Roarde finally decided to say something when everything seemed to spin. He rubbed the blurriness from his eyes and looked around in surprise as he noticed they were no longer near the town.

"What's the meaning of this?!" he screamed at the man, who wasn't showing any alarm, "What are you pulling a back stabber on me, wizard?"

"Indeed." was all the man said without facing him. Suddenly the black robed wizard brought a tiny whistle Roarde hadn't noticed before to his lips and blew.

No sound seemed to escape the device but Roarde decided this was as good a time as any to get his pay. He lunged at the robed figure with a quick burst of energy. He barely moved two feet before a flash of light blinded his vision and a stabbing pain hit him simultaneously. A startled moment later he noticed he was lying on the ground. Gasping, he had barely enough willpower to roll onto his back.

Time seemed to go much slower and Roarde still couldn't feel his limbs. After what could have been days hoarse voices caught his attention. He could see that bastard wizard and ... gnolls. Their voices seemed miles away but he caught the end of the conversation.

"I thought you might like this gift oh great warlord GaKss-grrl {Fangs-Like-

Swords}." "And I have retrieved your talisman shaman HrrAwg-rrk {Howls-With-Roar-Of-Thunder}", and he placed something in the beast's outstretched claw.

Roarde couldn't believe that he had been set up. The shock so dazed him that he hadn't noticed several gnolls had just picked him up and were carrying him away.

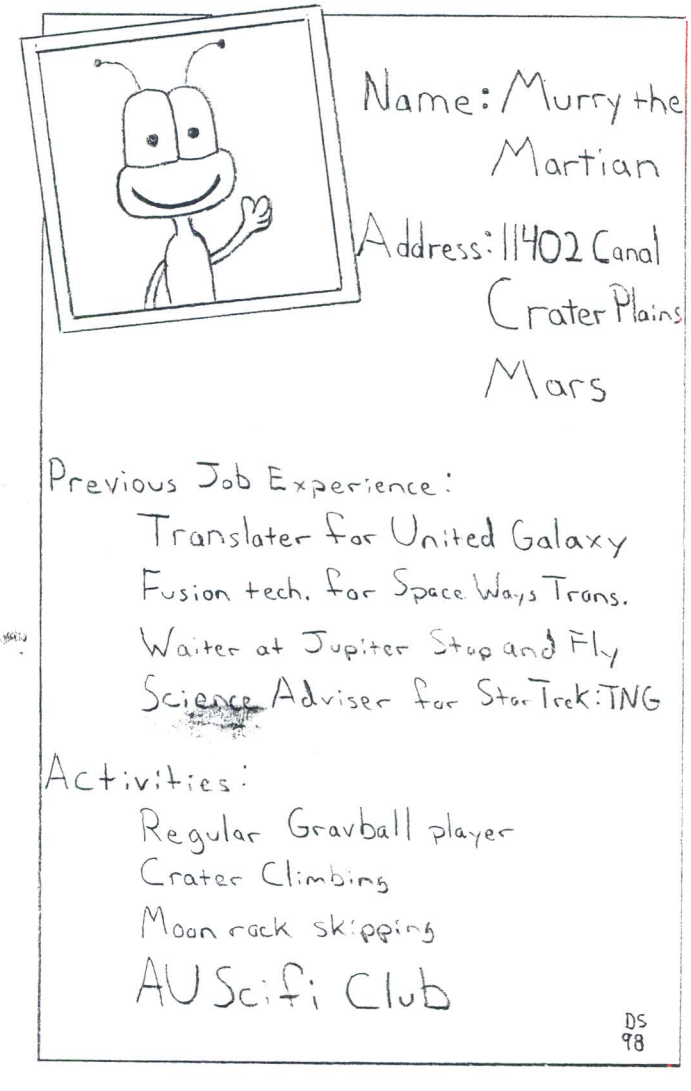
"Enjoy your new life thief, that is if they let you have one." The wizard almost let a smile slip onto his face.

When the filthy gnolls were out of his sight Vockrihn pulled out the real talisman and stared at it with pride.

"That stupid creature will never realize what a worthless piece of crap he's wearing until it's too late." He gingerly touched the talisman now hanging around his neck, "No loose strings this time, eh?"

Author's Note:

I don't consider this story to be one of my better works. I wrote it shortly after my first fantasy piece, featured in the last journal, and wanted to do another. In this story, as in several of my other works, I basically leave the main character worse off than when the story begins-I don't whether I enjoy playing a vengeful god or if I just have contempt for "happy endings." I'm not very happy with Another Job, I consider it too rambling with not enough dialogue. Lastly, I hope you don't hold this story against me as a writer, I'm fairly certain that my next submission will have much more depth.

Author's Bio:

Currently I am an accounting major within our business school. I belong to several organizations on campus, and am currently the treasurer for AUSciFi. My home town is Red Hook, the one along the Hudson River, in the state of NY. Most of my writing has been done during my college years, since I actually have access to computers here. I really enjoy reading stories within the Fantasy and Science-Fiction genres. Some of my favorite books include: A Call To Arms, by Alan Dean Foster; World War: In the Balance, by Harry Turtledove; The Fire Rose, by Mercedes Lackey; and Pigs Don't Fly, by Mary Brown.