FEATURING: THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF FUTURE HISTORY!

sixty cents
Inside Fanzine '77

By James M. Puck

I suppose all of you that I have talked to know that Fanzine '77 is in dire financial trouble. The Post Office the TEC and the TW, and my own feelings toward high priced fannsne have contributed to the present situation. Advertising in large circulation magazines costs more and more with each issue, the Post Office raises its Third Class rate annually, and I could never bring myself around to charging enough money per issue to make up for those costs. So, consequently the present crisis arises.

The over spiralling list of customers, although much needed, is also a contributing factor. With each new reader, a new postage is required, new envelopes must be purchased, and a larger print run is needed. It would seem that nothing works out right.

My hope at the outset of Fanzine '75 was to draw enough advertisers to take up the slack on the cost spiral. I surmised if the publication could be printed on a regular schedule, (which we've tried to do), advertisers could depend on it. Well, needless to say, it never happened. I wish to thank publicly Larry Nibert, (Crystal Press), Larry Blake, (Afterworld), Mitch Sonoda, (Heliographics), Wright State University, Russell Gendello, Omni, Art Associates, and Unpublished, for lending their advertising support. Without the help of these fine people and their products Fanzine '75, '76, '77 would never have existed.

To aid the situation, I am going to take some drastic measures. I hope you'll understand. 1) The price per single issue will be $1.00 (not applicable to present subser). 2) If two or more issues will not be answered if return paper is not included, 3) Two issue subscriptions will cost $1.50. 4) Although we will try to keep the present schedule, we can't promise anything, and 5) The name of the wire will be changed so it can be sold over the counter at stores.

I'm interested in what you, the readers, have to say about these changes. Whether you agree or disagree is very important. I feel like you're all my friends and whatever you say carries a lot of weight around here.

So, until next issue, keep it cool. And while you are waiting for next issue, go ahead and feast your eyes on the one you're holding in your hands.

FLASH

At Springfield II held in Springfield, Ohio on April 3 a complete set of Fanzine '75, '76 was sold for the price of $2.50. Gads! You could have knocked me off my seat. If the issues were bought and sold separately the cost would only be $1.25. Or course one of the last issues of Fanzine '75 was included but still, it was something else. Perhaps I should reprint that issue. Hmmm No, I don't think so. Oh well, just thought I'd tell you.

Fanzine '77 is published quarterly by Lance Studio. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 201 HILLER RD. #22, LEBANON, OHIO 212. ALL CONTENTS COPYRIGHT 1977 BY JAMES M. PUCK. RIGHTS RESERVE TO AUTHORS OR ARTISTS upon publication. No portion of this periodical may be reproduced in part or whole without express written permission of the publisher. VOLUME III ISSUE 1 MAY 1977
Competition has always been a necessary element in our democratic system, and it must continue to take a high priority if we are able to keep that system free. However, it is deplorable to think there are those who feel obligated to morally abuse our intrusted ideals for the sake of the "almighty dollar." Yet everyday we are reminded of such actions.

We in fandom cannot overlook the question of each and every persons right to decide for himself what he desires to read. That decision is part of our rights under the Constitution and our freedom as individuals.

That anyone can be capable of suppressing our reading content for fear of competing with others is a gross injustice to its readers. To my feelings, it is nothing more than a grand rip-off and a scam in the face of fandom.

One dully noted newcomer to the "fate" of fandom is the publication The Fryers' Guide for Comic Fandom, spearheaded by that not-so-lovable Alan Darke. Now let's not let it be said that I would slap the face of one of fandom's more uncourteous figures for the fun of it; it is with reservation I let this story be known.

I happened by chance to meet Darke on the street the other day and we entered into a conversation.

"Hey Dave, how's business?"

"Hi Darke," I looked around for an escape but there was none.

"Listen," he said while placing his arm around my neck. I cringed. "I understand there's a new publication movin' in on my turf."

"I don't follow you Darke." I said looking a little confused.

"You know, my Fryers Guide. There are some creeps trying to get an admine started."

"So?"

"Well, hey man, I've checked them out and they're offering -- better quality than I give."

"And that bothers you, does it?"

"Naw, not really. As everyone knows the only real way to get known is to advertise with me, right?"

"Yeah, I'd say you have got the market cornered."

"Right, well I ain't gonna let those creeps place any ads in my Fryers Guide." He smiled.

"They'll be whipped before they ever get started." His chuckle sounded deep and from down within his bowels.

"Do you think that's fair, Darke," I asked.

"Hey, all's fair and all that shit, right? I got a business to look after. If I let just anybody invade the scene with a new admine, I'd be putting my self on the line."

"Aren't you good enough to stand beside the others?" I asked him.

"Now I know I haven't got anything that will stand up to some real competition," he remarked."So I have to keep it out...if you know what I mean."

"Yeah," I said, "I know what you mean. You're ripping off the people that put you on top." "Hey, what does fandom need with one more admine, huh?"

"Better business," I said.

"Are you really gonna print that, man?"

"You wrote it didn't you?"

"Yeah, but you got the right to turn down anything that we can get hurt for. If you don't like it for just rapin', I can write something else."

"Naw, there's a lot of truth in there about admines in general. I think we'll print it as is."

"You'll bring me something on visiting days, won't you?"

"What do you mean? You'll be handing me drawing paper through the bars."

"We've come a long way, haven't we?"

"Yeah. Too bad, though, we were just gaining steam."
There are a million stories in the aftermath of a nuclear catastrophe. Some are more interesting than others. Some are about man's inhumanity toward his fellow man and some are about man's struggle to grasp and understand that which has happened to him...

But this is far less deep than philosophical statements. This story is about something far closer to home than questions asked when the lights go off and the mind is free to wonder.

This story is about Food

Story: James Pack
Art: Steve Karmele

Damn, I haven't found a speck of food in a week!

Keep this up, Jim! My boy and you'll go the way of the rest of humanity.

I guess it's about time for a new prescription, eh? Perhaps we should go down and get our eyes checked out at the local optometrist.

Ha, ha, ha. Then you can really see the sights. Huh? Then again, perhaps you should consider yourself lucky. You can see well enough to get around. It'll be years before you go totally blind.
It is indeed funny that on a planet that has barely a million souls living that two should meet, especially at this time in space.

I think there is a supermarket somewhere in this block. If it hasn’t been ransacked yet, there should be some food there.

The pitiful remains of humanity are not the only ones hunting for food.

Damn rats!

You should be more careful, Jim. With your pistol, someone might hear you.

Huh?

Yes, the supermarket is still short for food. In its precious unchlorozed cans.

At last, now we can get something into our stomachs.

It would seem the rest of humanity also came here to eat, for there is nothing on the shelves.

Except that...
THE TWO HUMANS STAND AND STARE AT ONE ANOTHER. ONE IS A WOMAN AND ONE IS A MAN. UNDER BETTER CONDITIONS THEY WOULD HAVE LAUGHED AND MADE LOVE BUT NOW... NOW, THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS.

YOU MOVE ONE FINGER AND I'LL BLOW YOUR HAND OFF.

YES, THOSE THAT CAME BEFORE WERE NOT QUITE AS THOROUGH AS YOU BELIEVED. THERE IS ONE TIN LEFT.

DON'T TRY IT. I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU BUT IF YOU TRY TO BLOW ME AWAY, WELL, I'LL HAVE TO DO IT FIRST.

THAT FOOD IS MINE!
Well Jim, you finally lost your glasses. No matter though, at least you have the food.

I won't need them anyway as I have this food.
PART 2

Somewhere beyond the reach of space were smiling rods dotting upon silly rituals performed by funny little creatures sporting about like ants that have drowned in the juices of their fruit.

Somewhere warm hands tightly placed into other warm hands dragged each other through plots of rotted burial grounds, searching for the miracle they had yet to learn. But the spirits had always been strong and brave, and the devil could not penetrate the barrier placed by the gods to protect them. The hands were safe for countless eons.

Until they began to wonder...

How long would the barrier stand between their contented souls and the age of ruin? Where were the miracles? Would they come at last? The gods demanded silence and the barriers were broken by lack of faith. One by one, the hands turned cold and slipped from the grasp of the others. Fitty the hands that have turned cold and the spirits that have cried unto the night. Fitty those who reveal in the shadows mistaken for the light.

"Dan! Hey, Dan!" Granger called, shoveling his way through the crowd.

I looked up and motioned Granger my way. "Hey ol' man, you got some crowd here. Every clown in the city must have come out today."

"Oh you're right there Danny my boy." Granger fumbled in his shirt for a cigarette. "I'd say we got the entire sector here and from the looks of things, this party isn't going to die off for quite awhile."

"By the way, it's about time for the unveiling isn't it?" I asked.

"Yeah, yeah," Granger answered methodically, "almost time." He paused, then asked, "where you headed?" He looked at me sullenly.

"Nowhere special. Just thought I'd take a walk and look around." I nudged him in the waist and pointed. "Who're those boys over there Granger?"

Granger squinted, then frowned. "Dissenters. We took some of them away earlier."

"What's up?"

Oh, they've been around now for a few days. Caused quite a ruckus this morning though. A couple of the boys started a fight over at the Palace DiSana and shook up Fra Mussoma. He's the ambassador from Bordeaux," he answered, anticipating my question.

"Why weren't they all removed?" I asked.

"Well actually, Dan it was mostly yelling and carrying they were doing. These boys are ok; just a few agitators dissatisfied with things. It seems like a lot of people are
yelling at the government lately." He gave a slight laugh that curled from his throat. Anyway," he continued, "that's why I'm hosting our little celebration. Get everyone in a party spirit and keep them calm." He looked at me seriously. "Don't worry Dan...let's go join in the festivities."

The crowd of people grew larger as each anticipated the opening of the time capsule. Some believed it would be remnants of days gone by, nothing more than trinkets to amuse their fledgling descendants. Others were convinced the capsule held something more powerful; possibly a religious offering, or at least a symbol of hope and love. But all were happy and excited as they drew themselves to the large concourse inside Government Control where the capsule rested, waiting to reveal its inner secrets to the world after so long a quiet and peaceful sleep.

Hours before the grand opening, as it were, newspapers and television crews assembled to report the event. Armed guards surrounded the monument which lay inside a roped corridor opened for public viewing, trying to dispell any violence that may have erupted from the presence of the news media or the anticipation of the secrets of the capsule.

Granger was scheduled to arrive at the concourse at seven o'clock.

"I've got your speech ready, Mr. Granger," Miss Cutter told him as he sat looking out his office window.

Miss Cutter was going to accompany Granger and I to the concourse. It was a few minutes before we were to leave, as Granger sat thinking.

"Thank you Miss Cutter," he smiled at her, then hated himself for doing so.

"It's a damn poor speech if you ask me," she smirked.

"Oh for God's sake, can you...never mind. What am I to do with her, huh Danny boy?" He looked tired and I felt pity for him. When she left the room I asked him, "Why don't you get rid of her Granger?"

"Ah, hell! She's a headache, isn't she?" He paused then stood and placed his face against the window.

"It looks like it will be a good night, doesn't it? The clouds are pink and the sky is blue; people are crowding the streets with their incessant singing and dancing believing they are going to find something better." He turned his face sideways and pressed his ear to the cold glass as if he were listening.

"What do you suppose is in that thing?"

"No idea," I said to him. "Trinkets probably, a bunch of paraphernalia left over
from the good ol' days," I chuckled.

"Well there's a lot of people out there that think whatever is in the capsule will change their lives." Funny," he continued, "I feel that way too."

"Maybe our lives will be changed, that is if our ancestors left us with the secret of youth or possibly a cure for the common cold."

"Yes, Granger said, "I suppose it is too much to ask that something permanent come of this; but I do wish something would happen. This capsule has really stirred the people, haven't looked at them," he pointed out the window.

"Yes, I know."

Miss Cutter stuck her head in the door. "Aren't you guys ready yet... come on before they start without us."

"Yes, know hurry, after we take out what's in the capsule we can put ol' sweetcakes in and leave her for the next three hundred years."

We both laughed.

The concourse was crowded but a silence filled the room as Granger approached the platform. No cheers echoed through hall, no applause filtered the air; only the stirring of the people that waited for the final act of a long drawn out play that began several days before with cheering and applause.

"Greetings, my friends," Granger spoke with a cheerful sound; then continued with his speech. "It was short because the people were anxious to receive whatever gift was given to them.

"...and now it is my honor to present to you and the rest of the world the gift of our ancestors. to be received in good faith as was given."

The people stood quiet. Not a sound could be heard in the concourse as newsmen stepped talking and everyone fell silent in anticipation; only the buzzing of the cameras remained. I surprised myself when I noticed I was holding my breath waiting for Granger to open the time capsule. "What could it be," I wondered, but there was no way to guess.

Granger's laugh, when the capsule opened broke the stillness that lay heavy in the air and all the people cheered. Then the laugh disappeared and Granger stood back and was muttering something I couldn't hear.

I ran to the platform. It took only those few seconds for the crowd to react and the guards were already pushing them away. Granger yelled into the microphone. "Please stand back. Everything is ok." He was smiling, trying to make them believe him.

The people quieted somewhat and Granger continued. "You have anticipated me," he commented. "But I also gave myself away. Once again the people were quiet and listening.

"I am sorry," Granger said, "to have aroused you so. Hmm, you know we humans are funny creatures; we make so much out of so many simple things," He paused. "I am sorry but the best we were thought of by our beloved forefathers was quite meaningless to say the least. We have here only one object in our capsule," he hesitated a few seconds then continued very slowly as if he were emphasizing each word, "and that my friends is a book," he picked it up, judged what it must have been and threw it down again.

"A war story," he said to the people, then looked at me. "Yes, they were barbarians, weren't they?"

Granger left the platform and the people shoved their way along with him. I noticed two young boys lag behind to recover the book, and recognized them as members of the dissident group that I saw earlier.

"A war story, eh?" I thought to myself; "it should do them no harm. In fact let them read it and learn of the mistakes their ancestors made; let them know how well they live today."

"What's the name of it?" I heard one of the boys ask.

"It says," the other boy hesitated, "Klno Kampi," and it was written by someone named Adolf Hitler."

They smiled and ran away. ■
Dear Readers of Fanzine 77,

Two years ago, five people banded together to publish a Fanzine entitled "Siege". Although its printing, budget and advertising campaign prevented it from becoming a hit, it did enjoy a mild success. Due to the experience gained, "Siege B" (our new issue) has provided us with a springboard from which we launch "Siege Vol. I, No. 1". The forthcoming issue will be an accumulation of over sixty pages of science fiction, fantasy, horror and humor; and featuring two full color covers.

In conclusion, an all-out effort will be brought to bear on the quality of production as well as the quality of its contents...we believe you will be impressed.

Watch for price and release date in major fan and ad publications.
"Siege B" is still available for $1.50 (plus $0.25 postage) from
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THE DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE'S ADS IS JULY 15, 1977. ALL ADS RECEIVED AFTER THAT DATE WILL BE PLACED IN THE NEXT ISSUE WITHOUT EXCEPTION.

MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO JAMES M. PACE.
...and, a cry came back.

Letters of comment for this feature should be sent to:
CRIES, c/o David Yetter, 4984 Maplecreek Dr., Trotwood, Ohio, 45426

Jim, and Dave,
I am definitely impressed by Fanzine '76, noticeably superior to other fanzines I have read.
Mark Whitfield
Falls Church, Va.
(Thanx, we needed that.)

Jim,
I really like your free-flowing writing style and the way you put it to work on various strips. Your art, and even your lettering shows your unique multi-talent.
Mike Swanston
St. James, N.Y.
(Shucks, Mike, you didn't have to say that. Now I'm embarrassed and terribly conceited.)

Jim and Dave,
I liked my copy of Fanzine '76 so much that I decided to buy some back issues. Enclosed is $1.25 please send one copy of Fanzine '76 Vol II #1, and Vol II #2.
Bill Kent
Oak Ridge, Tenn.
(Nothing speaks louder than shuckles in the palm.)

Jim,
Did you know you didn't put your address anywhere in Fanzine '76 Vol II #3? Had to look it up from old records.
Sergio Andrade
Roselle, N.J.
(S-Gads! You're right, Sergio. It was an oversight on my part. I promise not to let it happen again. It's just that I get tired of looking in my wallet to find out what it is.)

Jim and Dave,
Mitch Sonoda's strip (Untitled) was (also) excellent, especially that breathtaking opening page. As far as amateur strips go, his work is almost unparalleled. Oh, the story wasn't bad either. If I ever figure it out, I'll let you know...
Neal Blaikie
Pensacola, Fla.
(I'll tell you what, Neal. As soon as Mitch figures out what it is about, we'll let you know.)

Jim and Dave,
The format and art are outstanding, but the scripts leave something to be desired.
Steve Keller
Des Plaines, Ill.
(Oh, oh why Fanzine '76? Hundreds of fanzines on the market and you choose to pick on us. We'll try harder next time.)

Jim and Dave,
...you've got to get a better name and numbering system.
Scott McEwan
Binghamton, N.Y.
(Well, Scott, we're kinda stuck with both due to an oversight on my part early in the magazine's life. I agree, the system is atrocious)

Jim and Dave,
...the only bad part about zine (Vol II,#3) is that the poem wasn't completely illustrated.
Mark Oberhellman
Binghamton, W.

Jim and Dave,
I missed Capt. Cannibas in J #3.
Howard G. AnsheI
Oak Park, Ill.
(It seems from the letters we've got that ol' G.C. has quite a fan club out there. So, we decided to let him cavort around this issue. Howzzat?)

Jim,
Cover...cheesecake, but undynamic. "Virgins" is very interesting. The story is thought provoking, while the art is the best I've seen Larry do.
Mitch Sonoda's story, although lacking in balance between story and art, is very nice. His technique is quite good, and aside from a little inconsistency, from panel to panel, his art works well.
"To Kill a Martian Cat"...the story line is interesting one and deserves more investigation.
Brent Anderson
San Jose, Ca.
(Thanx Brent, your comments well taken and duly recorded in that great omnipotent Fanzine Maximus.)

Because of space limitations in this issue, the length of some of the letters, we found it necessary to take only excerpts. They are taken out of context. The regular feature of premiering our readers' artwork will continue next ish. I hope that the questions asked and the answers given are to your liking. Keep them coming...we can take it.
LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS EASY FOR A SUPERHERO. SATURDAY NIGHTS ARE WORSE!

AINT THIS A KICK IN THE HEAD. SATURDAY NIGHT WITH MONEY TO SPEND...

... AND NO ONE TO SPEND IT ON. THE LEAST SHE COULD HAVE DONE WAS STILL LET ME DATE HER.

EVER SINCE GLORIA MOVED OUT, WITHOUT A WORD, I HAVEN'T HAD A THING TO DO. THE HOUSE IS AWFUL QUIET WITHOUT HER!

GREETINGS, CAPTAIN CANNIBAS.

AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS...

IT IS I.

KING SATIVA.

THE ONE WHO GAVE YOU THE AWESOME POWER OF MARIJUANA.

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW. THANKS FOR THE INFO. NOW, GO AWAY...

I KNOW YOUR PROBLEMS SEEM MONUMENTAL TO YOU, MISTER DEAN LIST.

AND THEY SEEM ALMOST INSURMOUNTABLE.

YOU'RE NOT A KIDDING!!!
But they are Infinitesimal when compared to a problem we are both aware of.

And, what's that?

It is what you are indulging in at this very moment.

The lowest ones on this planet have not the courage to fight him. But you, man-of-weed need only say the mystic words... "far-out."

...become Captain Cannibas and rid the planet of this evil thing. Then, maybe all those misguided ones will turn to me.

King Sativa! Ruler of the mystic realm of marijuana.

Capt. Cannibas vs Alko-Hol

What? Another one of your Wierdo Super Villains? Oh-no! Huh-uh! You ain't gettin' me to do that again.

What freako, Amphetamine Man? About burned my cookies?

It is your duty!

Duty, shmuty! You ain't gettin' me to do that. If I ruined my face, Gloria would never come back to me!

You shall become Captain Cannibas!

For I will say the mystic words for you!!

Story & Lettering - Jim Pack
Art & Inks - Larry Nibert, Larry Blake, Mitch Sonoda, Jim Pack.
FARDUT

Shay, did you shee that?

Naw, did gou?

I gesh not.

Thanks, I needed that!

At least it will keep my mind off Gloria.

Where will I find this fiend.

ALKO-HOL?!!

You will find him in his secret hideout, the stoors brewery. There, he is working on a new formula for 3000 proof whiskey. With that, he could destroy the world, not to mention put one hell-of-a-drunk!

You must stop him. Destroy his ability to create havoc.

Then, maybe some people will turn to me....

And the quiet, peaceful life of marijuana... bring my sheep back to me, Captain Cannibas. Show them the right way... bring them... glub, glub, glub...

Shay, buddy, "nic" how did gou do that?

Yeah, that was real strange!

In one, lightning, swift movement, Captain Cannibas pulls one of his legendary silver joints from his pocket and stuffs it in the man's mouth.

Breathe deep!
SOME MINUTES LATER, CAPTAIN CANNIBAS FINDS HIMSELF OUTSIDE THE BREWERY.

ALKO-HOL, BEWARE!!!

SAY, THAT'S A CLASSY LINE. I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT.

CAPTAIN CANNIBAS GIVES NO QUARTER!

THAT ONE ISN'T BAD EITHER.

ALKO-HOL, YOU HAVE BREWED YOUR LAST POISON! CAPTAIN CANNIBAS IS HERE!

WITH BEER ON YOUR BREATH TOO!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, CAPTAIN CANNIBAS WE BOTH HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!! ME....... AND GLORIA!

MMMMPH

JEEZ, WOTTA RUSH!!
GLORIA ??!!

WHY... YOU...
TEMPER, TEMPER
WEED-HEAD

YOU MAKE
ONE WRONG MOVE
AND I'LL FILL HER 50-O
FULL OF WHISKEY,
SHE'LL DIE!

YOU ARE EVIL!!

WHY, THANK-YOU,
COMPLIMENTS WILL
GET YOU EVERYWHERE!

AND YOU MUST
DIE!

YOU ARE A FOOL,
CANNIBAS, NOW
YOUR GLORIA
WILL CEASE
TO EXIST.

ALL I NEED
DO, IS PULL
THIS LEVER.

DON'T DO IT
ALKO-HOL!

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE
THAT, ALKY!

IT IS
DONE!

Uh!
Now, I'll just return the lever!

That won't help!

Look!

Well, I'll just pull that out.

Alko-hol grabs an empty bottle and breaks it.

No!

You cut my face!

You and your bottles have done worse to others, Alko-hol...

Yes!

Arrgh!

Now, begone man-of-weed or I shall do the same to your heart!
YOU ARE FINISHED!

I WONDER IF MY BLUE CROSS COVERS CUTS MADE BY SUPER VILLAINS...

BUT, NO MORE!

DAMN! THAT GUY'S GOT ONE HELL OF A PUNCH.
NOW, GLORIA. YOU ARE SAVED.

NOT WHILE ALKO-HOL LIVES!

OH, EXCUSE ME, MIND IF I USE YOUR BOTTLE?

ZIP

THANKS.

COME TO ME, GLORIA.

ALKO-HOL WILL BOTHER NO-ONE AGAIN. HIS CAREER IS ENDED BY WHAT STARTED IT. LET'S GO HOME, GLORIA.

HIC? HIC? THIS STUFF AIN'T BAD.

CAN YOU GUESS WHICH ARTIST INKED WHICH PANEL?
IF YOU CAN, PUT IT ON A LIST AND SEND IT TO US. THE LIST MUST BE COMPLETE. THE FIRST CORRECT ENTRY WINS $5.00. CONTEST ENDS JULY 15, 1977 (SORRY, WE CANNOT ANSWER ALL ENTRIES)

THE END
A Song for a Siren

Battles in space are short. Once, deep in battle, one ship usually dies!

Confirmed, captain. Enemy starship is destroyed.

Good! That's one less Omegan that won't prey on our supply lines.

...and, the other lives on.

Let's pack it in and set a course for Starbase 13.

The days pass silently into months as the starship plows its way through the black starry sea.

There's a planet on scope, captain.

Come home, weary spacemen, let me soothe your aching minds. I, Siren of Camulsa, have the medicine for your kind.

Cads, I must be hearing things. That sounded like a woman!
YOU KNOW, I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT...

...SIRENS.

...SIRENS, CAMERON? AH, COME ON, YOU KNOW THERE'S NO SUCH THING.

SHE'LL FIND US ALL DEAD TIRED ANYWAY AND DEAD MEN AREN'T ANY GOOD TO HER, RIGHT?

WELL IT MAY BE AN S.O.S. SET A COURSE, ROBIN.

COURSE SETTING NOW, CAPTAIN.

APPROACHING SIGNAL NOW, CAP.

I WILL TAKE THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS. I CAN HELP YOU, YOU KNOW.

OH MY GOD! IT'S THE SIREN!

SO WHEN YOU LAND ON CAMULSA, I'LL DRAIN THE LIFE FORCE FROM YOUR SOUL!
COME, WEARY SAILORS, I BECKON YOU HERE TO STAY. LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND SO TENDERLY, AND, ORAIN YOU IF I MAY.

ONLY ONE SAILOR, HE WAS NOT ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN ME.

AH, BUT THERE COMES ANOTHER!

IT IS GOOD, SURELY THERE BE A FEW LIVING WOUNDED IN THIS ONE.

WHOOSH

PTOOM
IT IS GOOD! THERE IS AT LEAST ONE. HE SHALL SUFFICE!

COME, WEARY SAILOR, I BECKON YOU HERE TO STAY. LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND SO TENDERLY AND DRAIN YOU IF I MAY.

OH CAPTAIN, PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON. IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD. NOTHING CAN STOP MY FEEDING.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT

OKAY MEN, PUT THEM AWAY. THE SIREN OF CAMULSA MUST FEED ON THE LIVING.

WE'RE ALREADY DEAD.

ARGH-H-H

THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM WITH YOUR FEAST, SIREN...

OH GOOD! THERE IS MORE THAN JUST ONE. IT WILL BE A FEAST, WARM LIVING FLESH TO INTOXICATE ME!

NOW, WHEN THE SONG OF THE STARS IS HEARD, LISTEN CAREFULLY. ARE YOU SURE IT IS ONLY ONE VOICE?... OR IS IT MANY SINGING A SONG FOR A SIREN?

THE END
Mars (marz) - Fourth planet of the star system Sol (sol). First settled by American colonists in the year 2014. These colonists consisted of Americans with Negro, Caucasian, and Indian ancestry.

Chief exports of Mars consists of iron, magnesium, uranium and oxygen.

COME ON! HURRY IT UP! THOSE COLONISTS ON LUNA NEED THAT AIR!

WONDER WHAT THEY WOULD'VE DONE IF WE HADN'T FOUND OUT THAT WE COULD EXTRACT AIR FROM THE MARTIAN SAND.

SUFFOCATE, I GUESS. NOW MOVE IT, OR I'LL DOCK YOU A DAYS PAY!

OXYGEN PACK

Soviet domination of Mars lasted from 2020 until 2025 when communist regime fell and was replaced by the Educrats. (See also: Educrats, Part of: and American Scientific Society.)

MARS IS OURS!

NOW THIS CERTAINLY WILL BE THE RED PLANET!

History - In the year 2020 Mars was attacked by elements of the Soviet Space Corps under the command of Admiral Andrei Molotnokov. The First Martian War lasted for 3 months and left the capital city of Marsopolis a radioactive ruin.
The Edocratic Martian society rebuilt Mars- Ioolis changing its name to Solterium and began a long range project titled "Sufficiency." (See also: Genocid, Martian; Smilodon Extermination; and Martian Cat.)

"Sufficiency" involved the extermination of all native martian organisms and the insertion of adapted species of Terran wildlife. Sufficiency ended in 2031 when it was discovered Smilodon Futurus, a form of mutated Felis Domesticus, had evolved beyond scientific expectations.

The year 2033 is important in Martian History because this year signifies the beginning of the Smilodon Extermination Phase.

The Smilodon Extermination Phase lasted until 2041 when the Second Martian War began.

If the scientists say it can be done, I believe them.

THAT MAYBE SO BUT WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS THE EFFECT OF UNFILTERED COSMIC RAYS ON THE TRANSPLANTED ANIMALS.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT! AND IT WALKS ON TWO LEGS... LIKE A MAN!

I'LL TELL YA, IT AIN'T NO HOUSE CAT ANYMORE! I'D SWEAR IT HAD SOME SORT OF INTELLIGENCE! IT DODGED THE FIRST TWO BLASTS LIKE IT KNEW WHAT TO DO. I'M LUCKY THE LAST THREE HIT IN THE CHEST!
The Educrats were defeated by United Nations Expeditionary Forces on February 2, 2042 and all Educrats were executed for crimes against life. You were all fools, Larson. If you hadn't started with Nazi tactics you might have kept this planet and made something of it. Now, well, you have met a just end.

"If you do not destroy Smilodon Futurum, they will surely destroy you!"

The manufacturing of oxygen on Mars became very important to space travel after the invention of star drive and the subsequent colonization of Alpha Centauri. On June 5, 2094, backed by units of the 101st Spaceborne Infantry, American military units landed.

The Smilodon Futurum population was given complete control of half of Mars while the U.N. remained in control of the oxygen plants at Solterium. The air plants had become increasingly valuable with the colonization of Venus and the subsequent discovery that the Terran oxygen compound was an element common only to Earth. The Smilodon Futurum became the dominant species of Mars. In the year 2033 complete control was transferred from the U.N. Expeditionary Force to the Smilodon Nation.

"The planet is yours, Zion.

"We thank you, human. Our race has a home and a civilization to call our own. It is how it should be."

The Third Martian War ended June 6, 2094. (Further reference: Air, Production of: Smilodon, The Nation of: American Military Disasters.)

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