

bound them together as a unit so that I could transport them easily to earth. I would have done more of this but the glazing day for my dog was approaching and I felt that I could not allow him to remain in this immortalized state on this distant planet. I approached him carefully one evening and found him in a talkative mood. He scoffed at what I had learned and accused me of envy but after some discussion I persuaded him to go and view the glazed areas...the gardens of the immortal. He professed small interested but as we went through and saw all sorts of things in this form he became a bit alarmed. At the glazing cauldron he was terrified and when I showed him his name on the list he cried for help. I offered one suggestion which he quickly took and, dashing to the area of the fulcrum he bit the chief justice just behind the knee..then me made an angry scowl and announced in short syllables the intention to bite anyone he wished. Biting others is a serious offense on Kuisbeighn and his hero status was taken from him and he was actually confined in a small coupound. It took no small talk on my part to persuade the officials that he was my dog and that I was willing to take the bad-tempered beast with me when I left. But it was agreed that I could go with him at the due time.

Soon thereafter I picked up my manuscripts and my dog and walked to the hall of the fulcrum for a last look. I felt secure now and I announced to some that I was returning to my homeland and would likely never see them again (I was about out of the K pills and this was my last E pill). Most looked sad and one brought me a glass of fluid which, he said, made the trip more solvent. I had implicit trust of Kuisbeighners and I drank the pleasant tasting stuff with my pill. Holding Jorge under my left arm and my mss in the right, I was ready when the chief justice came and offered to shake hands on my departure. I placed the manuscripts on a nearby table and gripped his hand warmly. He seemed much moved. But suddenly I saw that my hand was transferring as was the rest of me...I withdrew it and tried to grab the manuscript only to find that I had passed the point of taking anything. In horror I disappeared unable to clutch my life work and before I knew it I was sitting in my office in Hatfield reaching for a bunch of waste paper. I can only tell you in a few words the magnitude of the shock.

About two evenings later (as we count time) I answered a knock at the door and found myself facing the hitchhiker. He had taken the license number of my car that miserable night and had tracked me down. He begged for return of his pills and I gave him such as I had..there was still a K pill and his thanks was boundless. " I will go shortly," he said, "I have but one more expatriot to visit and that party is nearby. I offered to help him find the desired group and was astonished when he asked me for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Harding. He would only stop for a minute he said and while he could promise nothing. I noted that would not be necessary for Mr Harding would be at his office in the evening. He thanked me and then gave me a knowingly disconcerting word..."Has Mr. Harding been to Kuisbeighn, too?" he asked. And as we close the communique, think about the implications of that question for a minute.