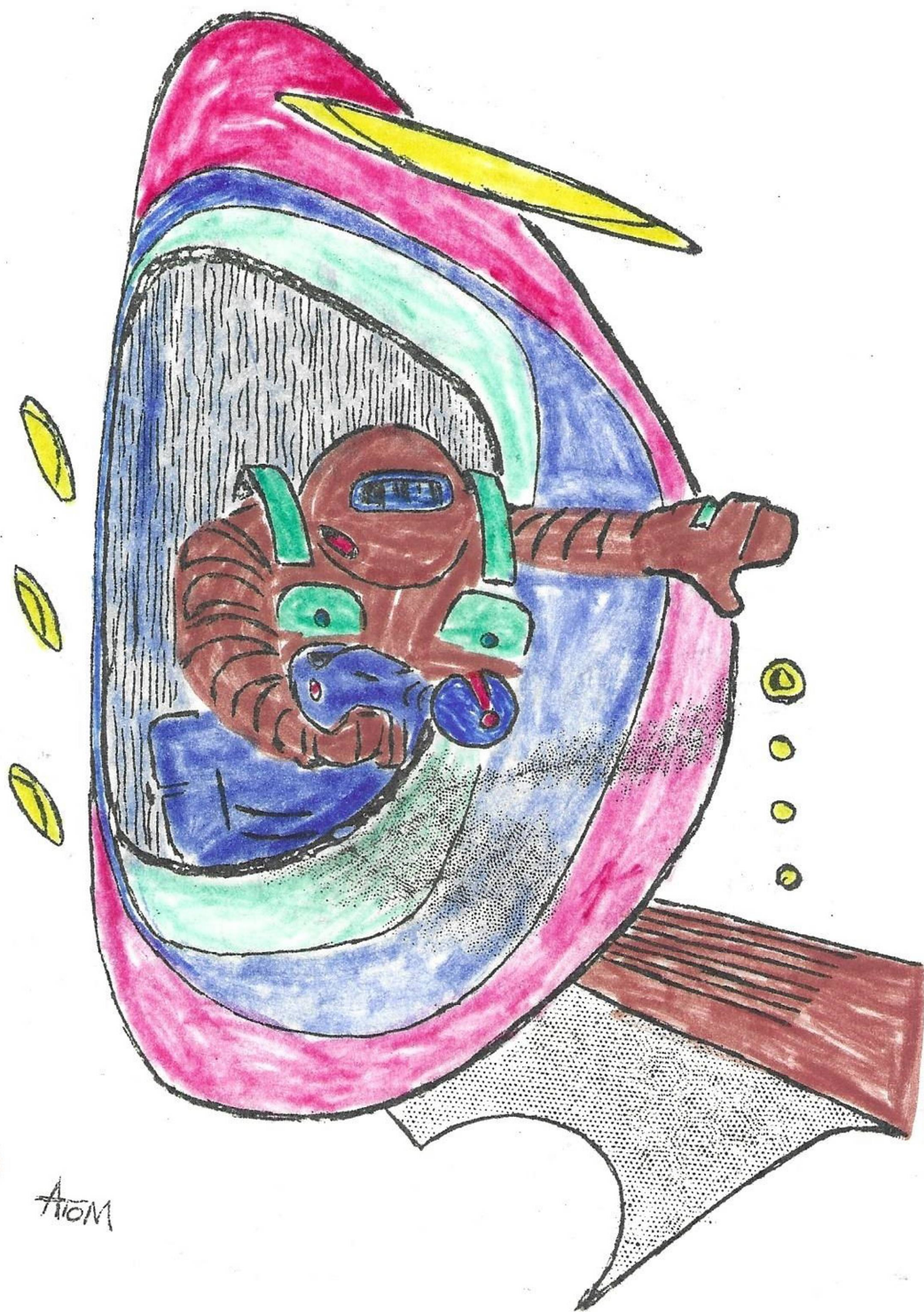


WHAT IS 19



have at y u!

..H TSIT 19, for the 60th (Jan'71) GEN Mailing.

Ken Cheslin, 36 Chapel St, Wardsley, Stourbridge, Worcs.



BLACK ANGEL TWO.Phil Spencer.

a pity about your lost zine Phil.

Can't say much about your cover, except its too..er.. "witchy" and stmbolio? rather than realistic. I

don't know if your interest lies in the comic or horror field, mine lies more in SF and some fantasy. I've been looking through some of my WEIRD TALES and I find that I dislike all I've read so far....with one or two exceptions. Perhaps I've just happened to pick up a bad batch of them.

I rather liked PSYWAR, mostly because Keith seems to have a rational approach. The thing that has put me off a lot of UFO books, etc., has been the very thing you mention; the extreme difficulty of separating fact from fraud, and imagination, hallucination, deception of honest observers, mistaken sightings etc.,. For your and Keiths interest I might mention that when I was in the RAF, about 1956ish, there was an official file kept of UFOs. Of course by UFO they must have mean't any UFO; gathering them rather as a means of catching people who violated air traffic rules, and so on. One night, (I've written this before in some zine) something was spotted..as far as I remember it was a rectangular formation(?) of four lights, 2 orange 1 blue and one I can't remember. They sent a bloke to look at it but by the time he got to where it had been seen there was no sign of it. Then I've seen something myself, a green light going skywards from the horizon. I don't think it was a Very flare, in fact I have no idea what it was, it just struck me as unusual.

Comments on zines...30 out of 330 is good you know...from what I recall magazines like WOMAN, LONDON IL NEWS etc., etc., count 2 or 3 % as a good return.

Record reviews bore me..it must be something thats started since they invented gramophones.....

I never even knew the Irish bank clerks were on strike.....

THE POSTAL MENACE pt 1.....oh well.

PABLO 12 Darroll Pardoe. I share your views about the BSFA abd the Doc Weir Award. I doubt that very many convention attendees; let along BSFA members; ever knew Doc. Maybe thats not the point. The point is that Doc had more in common with fanzine fans, the local fan group, and conventions. The BSFA, in my opinion, was asked to

take charge of the Doc Weir Award merely because it looked like being a continuing, stable, body. I do not think that they have any right whatsoever to changes the terms of reference deciding who is to have the Award. The BSFA is merely custodian; the award should be presented by the obtaining convention committee, (who also have no right to change the terms of reference), and if they don't want to keep to the rules, then let them hand the Award over to some body who will keep the terms, SOMETHING MORE FANNISH. Like the St. Antony, at least there are people there who knew Doc and who would not like to see the award ..bastardised.

If the BSFA wants to acknowledge work on behalf of some member, as you deduce the Doc Weir Award may become, let them make up their own award...I suggest a bust of H.G.Wells; etc., or more appropriately a noble head of Refief's boss.

Hmmm..your mutterings about a possible British Fantasy Society. Well it depends what you regard as fantasy. There is a lot of rubbish about ...if it were more Sword & Sorcery slanted..... Hmmm.. if the BSFA gets to the point when it excludes members from the conventions something might be needed to fill the gap. As the BSFA wanders merrily of munda mandanewards mayhap we could return to the older style conventions. Hm mmmm...I'd be interested in a tight..ie; small; society of people who are interested in SF Fantasy...but not comics or horror...and Sword&Sorcery. Come to that; the organisation known as OMPA isn't too far away from that ..er..definition. I wonder how hard it would be to run a society devoted to only a couple of themes..unlike OMPA which is open to practically anything. Such a society, would it have an OO like the BSFAs VECTOR?, would it be a contributing society, or just a spectator one like the BSFA?.

LAS SPINCE 23, Darroll Pardoe. The cover comes up a treat; I can't think why we were so foolish as to use it in white ink on black paper. I suppose it was that we wanted to use the colour combination, it would have been wiser for us to have used an illo with simpler, bolder, lines.....Drag racing, not my cup of tea. It aroused no interest in me...ditto record reviews. THE PURPLE CLOD dredged up a thousand nostalgic memories of the Age in which it was written. Ghu knows how many present-day fans will know what to make of it, the background, the spirit, the mythos...they just don't seem to be there anymore..sigh,sigh,sigh. I wish it were possible to reprint all the HYPHENS, and Apes,Triodes,et al....in bound volumes?...great ghu.

Shaggy dog....good as these things go....better if it had been kept shorter...

Jeans brother-in-law is a railway fan, he's in some society operating the Keithley and Worth Valley Railroad, in Yorkshire. He even got in one of the RAILWAY CHILDREN films..a TV one I think. There is also a SEVERN VALLEY RAILROAD, operatin from Bridgenorth I think. AND making a profit. But I'm not very interested in railways.

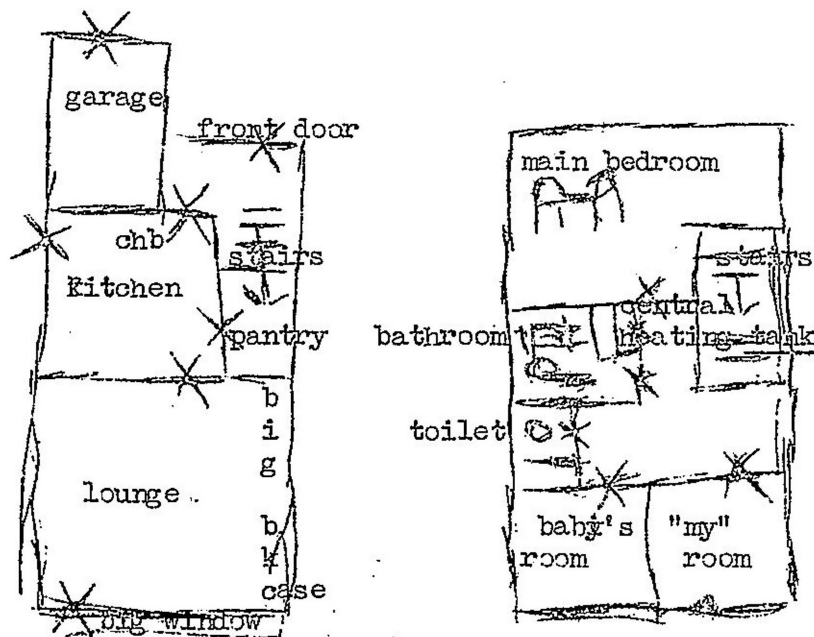
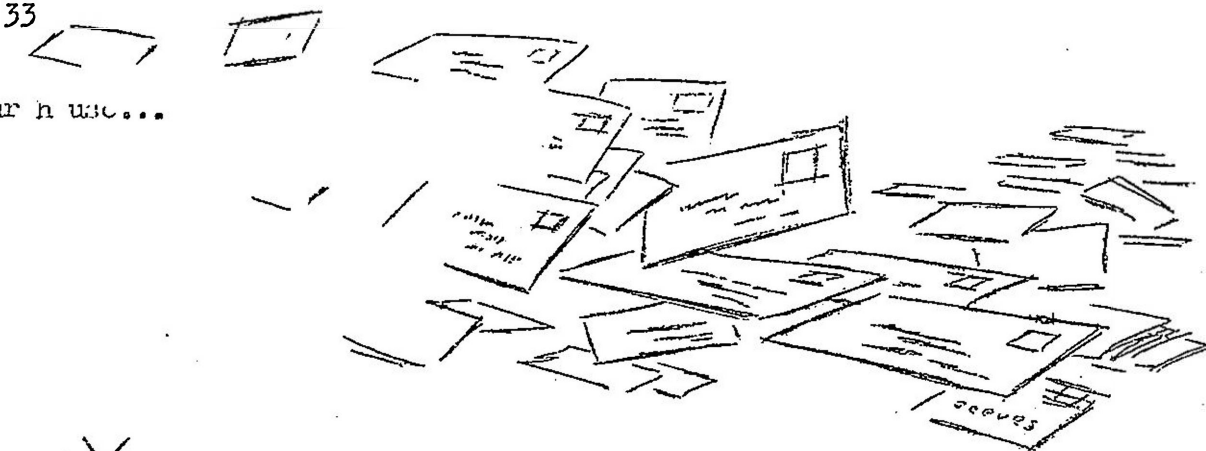
THE PASSOVER PLOT, and George Moores,THE BROOK KERITH, sound interesting(which is why I've typed the titles there,to remind me) thg only book similar to those that I recall reading was Vardis Fishers, JESUS CAME AGAIN. The uniformity and rather sterile chillness of the "New Men" struck me in THINGS TO COME too; but it never ocured to me to question it.....hmmm...

SPINGE 23...Worthington Tower. Sorry, tried to read it but I kept losing my place and missing lines, just has no hold on me. Holmes.....bravo.....any more in similar vein? My WosSos was rather incoherent. A point that was to me obvious I didn't make. Looking at all points of view can be non-survival. You can spend so much time trying to choose the "best" or "fairest" alternative that you end up doing nothing....or..some guys are running towards you waving bottles; should you run, reason with them, shoot 'em, join them?...too late! they have already clobbered you! That's one of the saddest things about war, the bloke who tries to be humane usually gets killed..etc., while the rat who shoots first and only then...if at all...asks questions is the one who goes home. Ditto war jobs in the last war..cushy factory jobs for some "I'm all right Jackist" with good pay. Wounds, prison, death.....bad pay..oh..etc., etc., for the "idots" who went to fight. I think one of the things wrong with our society is the pervading expectation that virtue always goes unrewarded; you have to look after Jack, etc., I see no cure.

ERG-33...Terry Jeeves (FOR TAFT) ...when we moved into OUR new house..... there was no light..so for the first week we made do with a dozen candles..very romantic. And they came in useful a week or two ago when we had power cuts.. We had no gas either, but we had our camping stove, and later the MEB lent us a gas ring and we managed until the cooker came. The gardens were a roughly leveled area of earth and the remains of demolished houses..which soon grew trifid-like weeds on any part not regularly walked on. We were supposed to have a drive tarmaced and electric storage heaters in the house, but they told us that they wouldn't be doing them..instead we could have the house for exactly the same price! How did we benefit? In, well, the house should have gone up in price this year..this is the old price. Oh.(disbelievingly)anyway. It OK for a modern house..plasterboard walls which are a bxxxxxxxr to get a screw in, door frames that have slipped....The worst trouble we had was with the Central Heating. RHF they call themselves. DON'T patronise them until they learn to do a better job. We came in one day, and there he was about to stick a radiator on the kitchen wall....in such a way as we would never get in the kitchen. "Ere ere" says I, "we didn't ask for a radiator in the kitchen!" "Oh?..." consults plans.."oh..oh yes..well...er..you're right..hmm..I'll just plaster the holes up....." and a lot more. And what a mess they left! grease, dirt, plaster, sawdust, big holes in the plaster everywhere, loose floorboards..(they'd just ripped them up) with finger wide gaps in between them...it took weeks and weeks before they fixed it up...and even now they haven't done it right. We have a garage about 4 feet longer than my mini, half extending under the front bedroom. The back of the garage being stuffed with Valuable Possessions the mini only just fits in. The front entrance is a glass door, with a similar size glass "wall" to its right. The stairs face the front door, straight ahead about 5 feet. To the right of the stair you go into the kitchen. This has, by a stroke of genius on the part of the planner, FOUR doors. We have put folding doors on the pantry and lounge though, they took up too much room. The pantry is a diddy cubbyhole.

3

on ur h use...



The kitchen..see plan, chb means central heating boiler, x is a door. The kitchen has 4...sheer genius on someones part. We've put in folding doors for the pantry and lounge, the others took up too much ruddy room. Under the window, next to the outside door is a sink unit, badly built. The lounge wall has a frig first, 2nd hand from a friend, works OK..same size as the chb actually. Then the eye-level-grill, chained-to-the-wall, flexible-hose, on-wheels, gas cooker. There are two cupboards on the stairs wall, one above the other with a foot gap between to provide a working surface.

The lounge. As you come from the kitchen you see the big bookcase. On the left wall. All of the wall except where the gas fire is. I built the bookcase...he says fatherly. The far wall is almost entirely window or glass door. We cover all this with a curtain, 15 yards of it. On the right wall is my old bookcase...about 1/3 the size of the other, and portable FOUR men can carry it. The the last wall has a radiator..plus furniture....heck...I've run out of stencils...

anyhow..bestist.

ERG 33...I've actually been out and bought some more stemmils! and me all poverty stricken too. I'll keep a lookout for your article in TW. hmmm..can't remember getting VAGARY..must check..

Alan Burns says things which make me feel I should be agreeing with him. However it will do little good. Those people who demonstrate in a violent manner are, to my mind, divided into 3 or four types. (I'm only thinking of UK demos), a, troublemakers politically influenced, b, people of a yobbo mentality out for "a bit of fun", c, confused, immature, (in body, mind or both) sincere people who can't control themselves...and..hmmm that really covers most I think..there are others. As I was saying, these people will not, or cannot, take notice of sweet reason. I'd like to see many more cameras used on the scenes of demonstrations...and any of the demonstrators who behave badly enough to get arrested should have any available photographic evidence against them. Actually if I was really bloodthirsty...I'd have an eye for an eye; etc., for instance if a dem trampled someone's flowerbeds he gets his garden trampled..if he has one. If he throws a brick, he gets bricks thrown at him...a petrol bomb, ditto. If they have nothing to destroy in return they should be fined as far as possible; NOT allowed public assistance, chucked out of University of college after a serious offence, or three minor ones. By process of law though, not the college authorities. Anyone, say like a constant offender a political person..etc., should be exiled, say to the Isle of Man, and if he returns to the mainland, or gets into trouble again he is instantly executed...heh, heh, heh. I don't see why we should support criminals either and suggest much the same treatment....oh well. (above..criminals in prison, in certain cases...and maybe lunatics too...Hitleran?, dear me...)

MOTH 7. David C Piper. I sympathise with your height troubles, rung busting, etc., I got blisters on my hand for weeks sawing wood for my bookcase, screwdrive wrist, a painty throat..etc.,

Ah, there is hope for fannish fandom yet....I enjoyed the Bangsund thing. I don't say that I thought it was terrific, but it reads like a peep into the past, when fans were fannish, friendly people, and nearly all was happiness, sweetness and light. (hum..) Well, friendlier than a lot of present-day fans, too much of mundania has come into fandom, (at least that's the way I see it), division and suspicion, probably no-one's fault really, just that too many new fans came in at once and had no chance to learn the Ancient traditions...and ganged together for security, and then stayed together, invented their own...mostly feeble...mythos...

My first green van...was called Blodwen...(white flower I think..) but I'd toyed with the idea of calling it Aphis.... I had a red 1100 a few years ago...called it Rusebud..partly because it was red, partly with some vague idea of the Battle of the Little Bighorn...I'd recalled a phrase from somewhere, "We march on the Rosebud tomorrow"...nothing very logical about that...and this mini is red, I couldn't think of a new name...so it is Rosebud 2. (yr comments re Osteen UR1, I second that).

George G's...ah..we had a 20ft wall in our toilet...it was never surmounted..not through lack of trying....we also had some very evil (yes, evil) lads who made their pens into darts, and played against a door just out of sight from the main door. We found a very good use for girls when we were about 8; we found that if we got some spuds and a pot full of fat, and lit a ~~smoke~~ wood fire, we could persuade the girls to cook them for us...er..sometimes they demanded a kiss, or a share of the chips.

MOTH 7.....I think UK fans must be poorer than US fans...very few could afford to pay \$200 for a second hand duper...I'd have trouble raising £10!.....

good zine.

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS...3 John Bangsund. Feghoot..that particular proverb must be popular, thats at least the third one I've seen..one was in F&SF I think.."lid of a cairns grow"..something like that..the other I read recently, but can't remember.

Spur of moment Feghoot, in revenge....

F Feghoot was once traveling on the planet Rikkikki when he was captured by the mad scientist G'klik. Laughing insanely G'klik explained that the bathcubes he saw on the table were actually made of the radioactive substance Blitzzz, a pound of which, dissolved in water, immediately became critical mass and exploded. G'klik departed to get some birthday wrapping paper to wrap his deadly present in.(he was going to the Palace that night). While he was absent Feghoot adroitly removed one of the deadly bathcubes, with his toes, and replaced it with another bathcube which he fortunately always kept in his boot. When G'klik reached the Palace all went according to plan; but the monarch was not exploded as he took his nightly bath. This drove G'klik mad (er) with rage; he was certain that Feghoot must be behind the failure and he returned to his home...followed by the Secret Police, who had noticed his agitation. As G'klik entered Feghoot felled him with a wet towel. Later, in custody, G'klik said, "my pound of Blitzzz would have cured the kingdoms ills", "ah" replied Feghoot, but my ounce of innocuous bath cube prevented that, ..thus proving once again that an ounce of prevention is worth a lb of cure."....(sorry...well, wajja expect at a moments notice).

flyer from JOHN COOMBE...welcome to OMPA John, I look forward to seeing more of you next time. Beryl Mercer the ex AE is living somewhere around Redruth..but she's not in OMPA now, a pity, you could have formed Cornwall Fandom. I like Cornwall, especially the southern part.

OSTEEN U R 2 Sam Long. amused about the Senates reaction to the octtee on the effects of pornography..but I wouldn't say it surprises me, the world is full of officious people who disbelieve anything not in line with their prejudices...and always willing to ext tell OTHER people what they can or can't do. Plenty of it here in UK. I've been looking thru' my VOLUNTEER thing thebother week,(I've only skimmed thru' whilecollating it before...read the revised copy which was handed in) I nearly went bonkers when I found all the typos and mis-spellings..the typist made even more than I ever do. A good "Viking" history is "THE NORSEMEN" by Count Eric Oxenstierna. It has (I think) some good photos.

STYLUS 2...Keith Walker...hmm..Darroll was saying something about a fantasy organisation being needed...look at his zine..I do not like the expression "weird fantasy", it conjours up (!) a picture of the cheaper vampire,werewolf,undead,thing in the swamp sort of story, the kind that are/or have been/ hacked out in their hundreds. Fantasy, sword and sorcery...Dunsany,Tolkein,THWhite,Merritt,....?. And I would not touch Horror Fandom....with a sharpened state. If I ever get a few bob and a few minutes I'll get a few of those UFO zines.

6

Cronogas-du 1.....Pete Roberts.....hmmm, I had a few HEMPHENS etc., but I think that they were in the pile I gave to the BSFA some years ago...hmmm..I wonder if the BSFA fanzine library (is there still one?) would like to have a non-contributing membership of OMPA..at say double the normal dues...

Talk about language problems...!, they exist even in this country. My wife has relatives, for which the name is the same as the word I use to describe diminutive creatures, red or black or brown...or white in colour, ie...Ants..... (heh heh...wait till Jean reads this.....)

I'M in favour of killing, as a preventive rather than a punishment, ie;- habitual violent criminals, insane. Also, re your remarks "and when did long-haired yobbos last take over a country"...I'd ask, when did long haired yobbos last build a moon rocket, start OXFAM, rescue people in the Pakistan floods, in short, do anything constructive, as a group, regular, more than spasmodically, with any organisation, thought for others...etc., ps....was Castro a long-haired yobbo? or merely long-haired?

MOST apes kill for food. that is, deliberately hunt and kill a prey up to and including small deer. Eating dead animals is at least as nice as eating shreds of cellulose....Money spent keeping people like the Krays alive would be better spent saving some more deserving person...OAP, a Pakistani kid...etc., from starving-freezing-etc., There was an article by Henry Cecil (many years a judge) in a recent OBSERVER ((my wifes' paper)) which you should read as it is very close to my own views.(but better put))

The bloke who publishes Foulter. Lets put it this way...if I dropped 2/- in a cess pit I'd rather leave it there than fish it out. I see no good trying to communicate at a civilised, rational, logical level with him.

SEAGULL 11. & 12 Rosemary Pardoe. a good Jeeves cover.(J fer T). And an amusing story...by same. A good one of its kind. I

liked it... Unicorns ..I've read somewhere a theory that the narwal (sea dweller) was one of the origins of the Unicorn, people seeing the horn could not imagine other than it came from some land animal; and so they over some years and miles perhaps, gradually attributed its origin to some land beast of a herbivorous nature..the sort they associated with horns.

that poem, THE DRUNKEN PHILOSOPHY..is not logical you know..it says in effect that all bananas are yellow, therefore some canaries are bananas. I've never seen the TV Clangers, but after reading some mentions of them I had a look thru' my nephews TVcomics..Now I'm a Clanger fan too.. This OMPA party or what-not at the con. WE MUST get some details worked out....X before the next mailing, then there should be just time to get the UK.....X people their mailing..with the details, before the con. Are we going to....X have it in one of our rooms !!! if we managed to get adjoining rooms we....X could make it a bigger party. OR.....What about all OMPA people who are....X going to the convention asking if their rooms can be near each other??.....X any other ideas?. write to Rosemary or me if you think of something.....X and-or like the last idea mentioned.....X

you have a good letter col..in my opinion a must for any decent fanzine. You can keep you aardvarks, wombats, axolotls and so on, I'm still a faithful believer in the true Ghods. There is no Ghu but Ghu, and Foo Foo was his prophet..or something like that.

SEAGULL 12 Rosemary. I very,very, much enjoyed this issue, its all very interesting, I only wish I had time to do all the reading I'd like. (and could afford to buy the books) as it is I've lists and lists of books "to be read" lying about all over the place..and I think a note book, in which I started a consolidated list of "t-b-reads", heavens! Anyhow,repeat,I enjoyed the zine very much. H nm. I think I've read,of yourbibliography, 1,4(?) 5,6,11,....

The making of the sword Sorrow.

It was early autumn when Wayland came to Nidhad's land. The elks were bellowing their challenges through the brown and gold forests, there was everywhere the quiet sigh of leaf-fall, and the punctuations made by dropping nuts as they tapped from brach to branch to pat on the laefcover forest floor. The fire rising from the town filled the air above it, from side to side of the valley, with a blue-grey haze, smelling not unpleasant.

The feasting hall of Nidhad stood on a stoney spur overlooking the river; nearby were the houses of his chief men, and then the streets of the metalsmiths, clothiers and other merchants, traders and craftsmen. Near the fringes of the town, in the shadow of the stockade, were the huts of the poorer sort.

Wayland carried the tools of his trade on his shoulder in a sack. In his right hand an oaken stave. Striding through the gate he was halted by a rough fellow, seemingly the watchman. "Hold, stranger", he said, pleasantly enough. "what is your bussiness in Nidhadheim?". Wayland hated as he was hailed and made reply. "I am a goldsmith by trade. My bussiness is seeking bussiness. Happen you can tell me where the street of smiths is, I would seek my guild brothers". "ha, man," replied the sentry. "You'll find no guilds in this town, our lord Nidhad says they are a bane to progress.. but if you are skilled at your trade you might go up to the palace," he indicated the wooden feasting hall, "for I've heard that Lord Nidhad has a desire to have his gold shapen". Thanking the sentry, and pondering the untoward news of the abseense of guilds Wayland made his way up to the palace. A few seconds hammering brought a couple of thengs to the wall, and on their orders the gate was opened for him. "Are you a good smith, man", asked one of his escort. "Good enough" replied Wayland shortly.

They entered the main hall. Shields hund around the room, tied down as were the spears and swords so that they might not be siezed and used with the swiftmess prompted by anger, yet being ready in necessity.

A group of men sat on stools round the central fire, it being too early for main meal but not early enough to ride far off hunting. One man sat in a chair, when he jested or spoke it seemed everyone valued his words for they were all quieter. Wayland and his escort walked forward. "King Nidhad," said one of the escort "we have a man here who says that he is a smith, a gold worker. Do you want to see him or shall we send him back to the town". Nidhad ran his eyes over Wayland. Nidhad was tall and lean and light. He had a fine nose and hawkish eyes, alert and all seeing. He saw Wayland, not as tall as he, black-brown of hair, sprinkled with white, a great beard of the same colour. His nose large and lumpy, his eyes merry, soft and brown. His hands were noticable. Strong as if the word strong had been minted for them. "Well", asked Nidhad, "are you

skilled in working gold". "I am accounted skilled amongst my fellows" replied Wayland. He reached into his sack, carefully, and took out a pouch of tools. He opened it out before the king. "No doubt King Nidhad knows the tools of the goldsmiths art. Does the king desire some example of my work." He looked around, "perhaps the king would permit me a minutes work on one of those" he said pointing to a pair of plain gold plates a hand across that were used (along with arm rings) as money. King Nidhad did not much care for Waylands manner. "One minute?" he asked. "One minute, King, such time as a man might draw one hundred breaths"... "Very well" to a theng, give the man a disco. As soon as Wayland recieved the disco he went to work at it on a bench end with his hammers and punches and various chisels. In spite of himself King Nidhad was interested; his men were only too plainly curious. Nidhad counted to himself; let us admit, he had forgottted at first so he cheated and started counting from twenty. He had just begun to smile in inner anticipation, having reached eighty-seven, when Wayland began to put his tools away. A few seconds with a polishing rag, and before even Nidhad could claim the hundred breaths were up (he noticed his own men counting---those that could) Wayland presented the King with the plate. Nidhad nearly dropped it. Only the fact that he felt the eyes of his men on him steadied him. Wayland had made a picture of Odin casting a thunderbolt, so realistic that he looked as though he would step out of the plate, and had surrounded the rim with a representation of the Midgaurd serpent. "You seem to have some knowlege of the art", said Nidhad with commendable control. "it may be that I can find work for you". He spoke to the escort. "find this man quarters and feed him". To Wayland, "Go now, we will speak further of this tomorrow.". As he left the hall Nidhad followed Wayland with brooding eyes. His men crowded unasked to peer at Waylands work which the king had tossed among them. From their midst came gasps and rich oaths, which angered the king.

The next day Wayland met the king again. "I have many rings of gold won in war, given as tribute of given by kings. It is in my mind that the gold would gain in value if it were to gain in beauty; as a fair woman with combed hair is valued more than the slut." "I will work at my trade King Nidhad, and form for you that which you desire; if it be within my skill. But what shall my payment be?". "Tush", replied King Nidhad, to talk of payment! Even if I wished to I couldn't tell you, it depends on how good your work is, and how much you do while the gold lasts." Wayland looked doubtful. "Nay, friend" says the king, "here, I'll swear you an oath before witnesses"... he turned and called, half-a-dozen of his closest men came through the door. "Listen and take not for a witness" declaimed the king. He held his sword before him, "I, Nidhad the king swear before Father Odin, on my sword, and before witnesses, that if Wayland the Smith gives good service his reward shall be such that he will in no wise be able to complain of my geherosity"... he put his sword down. "If its not as good as I like I'll have your hands broken" he added casually. And deliberately.

Wayland worked for many days. The first snow came, and winter set in. The day came whe he was finished. He arranged his work all along the walls and benches of his workroom in the palace and packed his tools. It only remained to display his work to the king and to recieve his wages.

The king and his chief men, the oath-witnesses, came to the viewing. All marvelled at Waylands skill, even the king. "Wayland man, you are without a doubt a most excellent smith, my gold is twice, thrice..or many times increased in value.". "Then, O king, you will be able to fulfill your oath and give me my fee with a glad heart" said Wayland. "Ah yes," said the king, "my oath, that you should not be able to complain of my

generosity" he flickered an eyelid, and a man behind Wayland struck him down with a log. "Ha, my fine fellow," chuckled the king, "I shall not pay your fee, yet I shall keep my oath, for where you are going you will not be able to complain of my generosity". to his men. "Tie him with bonds of sinew and toss him and his tools into the river. Give out that he left in the night. When his body is found, if ever, the sinews will have been eaten or rotted away and it will seem that he met his death by ill chance".

Wayland had a hard head, and was lucky. He went sliding down the slope into the river that night conscious. A snowdrift slowed his fall and he made a lesser splash in the icy water than he might have. But then he had to fight to live. The icy water bit into his bones and it was a great effort to surface and breathe. Minutes later, a mile downstream, he grated of gravel, ice encrusted and rolled up the bank, iceicles on his face, beard and clothing. His tool pouch was still tied to him. Hammering his feet on the ground and beating his back on the ground he warded off freezing and worked his pack loose. It was a struggle with icy fingers but eventually he sawed through his bonds with a tool. He spent the next few minutes on the ground feeling the warmth creep into his limbs. With a vast effort he shook off this lethargy of false warmth, he was in fact freezing, and got to his feet and stumbled off into the forest. A few hundred yards further on he saw a slight depression in the snow on a bankside. his woodlore told him what lay there. Carefully he tunneled through the snow, into the half light and, by comparison, warmth of a cave. Lying amongst the leaves was a hibernating bear. Wayland crawled into the pile of leaves and curled up behind the bear for warmth. Many hours later he woke. The bear snuffled in his sleep uneasily. "Sorry, my furry friend" thought Wayland, and brought his heaviest hammer down with all his force on the bear's skull. The bear died without waking up. Wayland spent the next few days eating the bear and exploring the vicinity. He was careful to keep his fires smokeless. Wayland left the district and sought out a blacksmith a fortnights travel away. He entered the forge and looked around. The smith looked at him. "and what can I do for you" he asked. Wayland pointed to a bar of iron. "I want that bar of iron and the use of your forge" he said. "I have no gold, but in return I will work for you until I have earned the price". The smith scratched his head. "Hmm, I don't know as anyone has ever asked this thing afore! He looked at Wayland, "Ye'r a smith d'ye say?". "Yes, I'm a smith, I can turn my hand to anything!". "hmm, and where would you be living while you worked for me?", "I would find a place in the town" said Wayland. The smith ruminated for a moment. "Nay, thee stay here with me and mine, t'would cost you money to lodge elsewhere. You stay and bide with us for the time you are here! he looked at Waylands hands. "I don't doubt that a month will see yon iron earned". He was right.

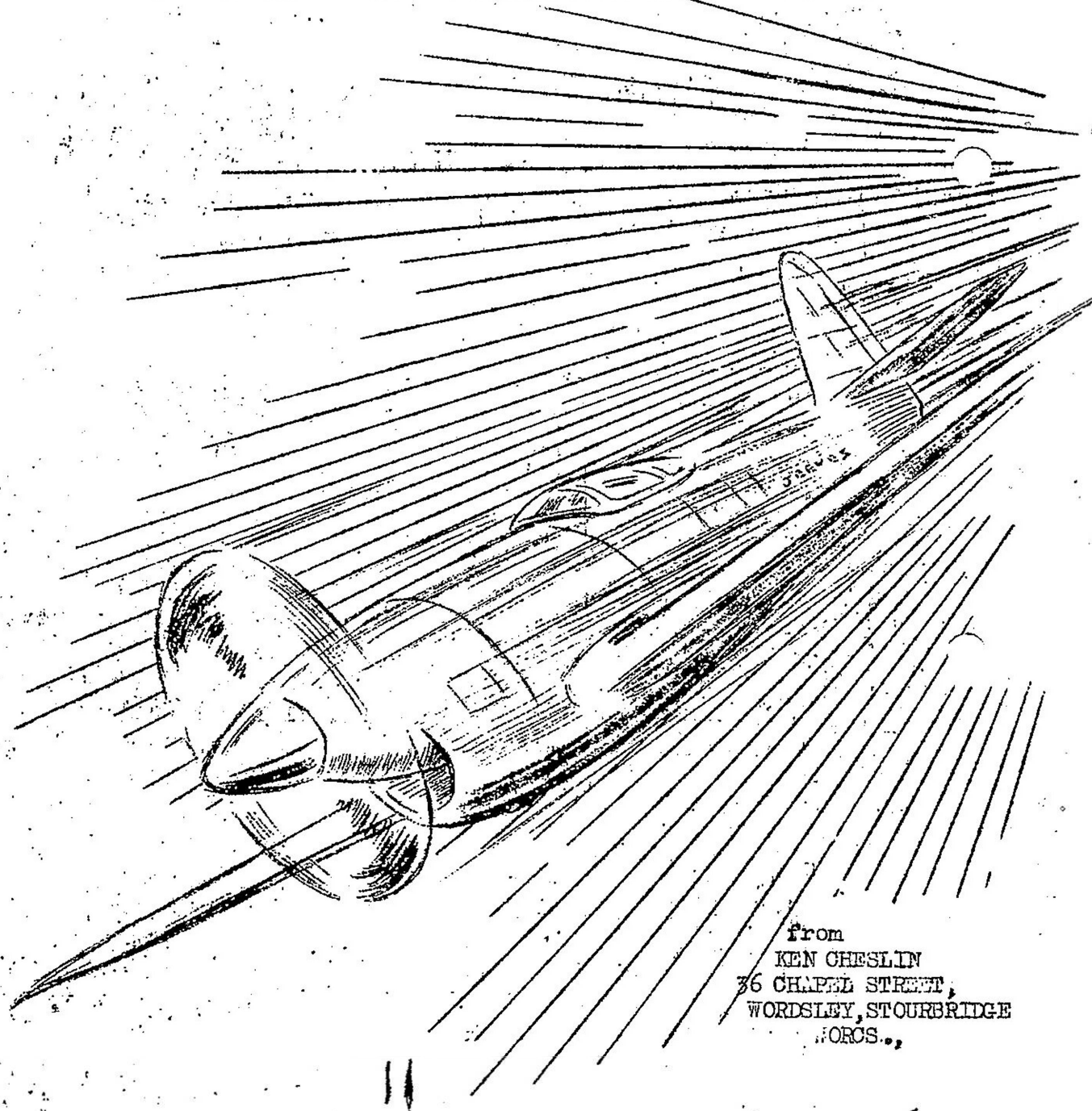
The month over, Wayland more than earned the iron. The smith watched him as he worked. "Might a man ask his friend what he labours on" he asked, for Wayland and the smith liked each other well. "He may," replied Wayland, "I forge a sword". "Indeed" said the smith, "it is a curious sword you make, eighteen times you have flattened the blade and folded it inward upon itself, why do you do this?" "Ah, tis a skill I learned on my travels to the farthest east....it folds strength into the sword". Finishing the sword Wayland heated it up once more, then cooled it in a but of water in which strips of wolf pelt were soaking in brine. He held it up with a certain grim joy. The smith bent forward and traced the runes on the blade....

SORROW, it read.....

to be continued.....

10

this is WHATSIT 19, for the 60th (January 1971) Mailing
of the OFFTRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION.



from
KEN CHESLIN
36 CHAPEL STREET,
WORDSLEY, STOURBRIDGE
WORCS.,

