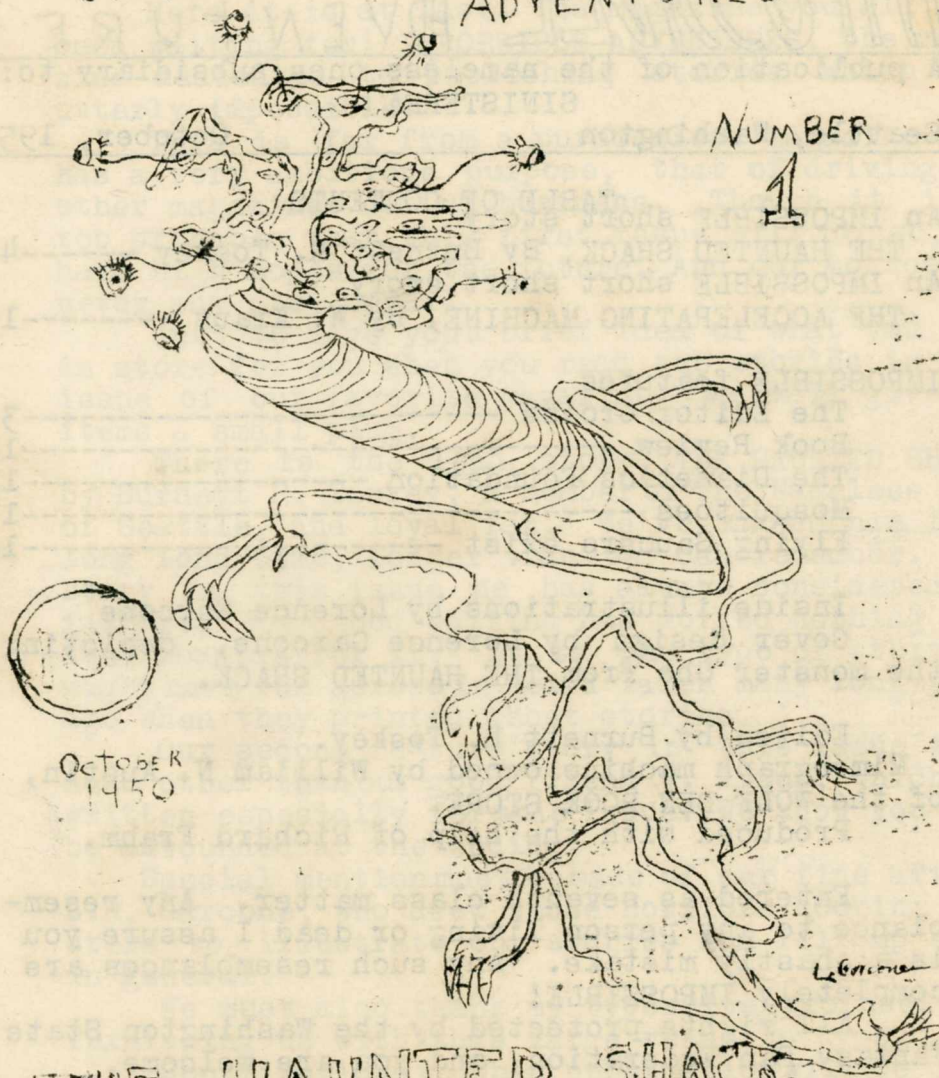


IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURES

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THE HAUNTED SHACK

BY BURNETT R. TOSKEY

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IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURES

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Inside illustrations by Lorence Garcone
Cover design by Lorence Garcone, depicting
the monster Gho from THE HAUNTED SHACK.

Edited by Burnett R. Toskey.
Mimeograph machine owned by William N. Austin,
of the WOLF DEN BOOK STORE.
Produced with the help of Richard Frahm.

Entered as seventh class matter. Any resemblance to any person living or dead I assure you is a ghastly mistake. Any such resemblances are completely IMPOSSIBLE!

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edition limited to one hundred copies.

this is copy number:

57

Here it is at last! The magazine you all have been waiting for! IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURES, the magazine dedicated to publishing stories which are utterly impossible.

This is far from a purposeless magazine. It has a very ambitious purpose, that of driving all other magazines out of business. Though it isn't too probable that this first issue will do so, we have high hopes for the future. And our mottoe is, never say die, never!

Just to give you a brief idea of what you have in store for you when you read the stories in this issue of our favorite magazine, we will give the items a small plug.

There is the lead story, THE HAUNTED SHACK, by Burnett R. Toskey, a member of The Nameless Ones of Seattle, and loyal fan. We've known him for a long long time, longer than we can remember. His story in this issue he has always considered his failure, but good editing has worked nothing more than wonders for it. It is the type of story you might have run across in Weird Tales many long years ago when they printed ghost stories.

Our second feature story in this issue is by none other than our good friend W. Kraus, which was written especially for this issue. We know you will be astounded at the ending.

Special mention must be made of our fine artist, L.R. Garcone, who drew those horrible looking monsters to illustrate our stories and fill up space in general.

We must also thank my typewriter profusely for furnishing us with this large readable type.

Contributions to this publication will be given consideration, either from within or from without the state of Washington, and responsibility will be accepted for the return of unwanted material, provided return postage is enclosed. Payment for all acceptable items will be one free copy of the mag-

(continued on page 10)

4

THE HAUNTED SHACK

By Burnett R. Toskey

The wind fiercely howled over the flatlands unbroken by dwelling places. Faintly the howling of an approaching locomotive could be noticed above the roar of the blowing wind. Gho listened to the puff puff with not a little apprehension filtering through his tortured soul. He wafted himself toward where he hoped to find the track before the train passed.

As the sound became louder, he began to despair, but at last he found the tracks. Gho smiled with satisfaction, and waited.

Now the sound of the wind was completely drowned out by the thunder of the train engine; Gho knew it wouldn't be but a few more minutes of waiting. The wind had stirred up huge blankets of sand from the desert floor, preventing vision of more than a few feet in any direction; even a being like Gho cannot see far through such concentration of sand particles. He knew he would only be able to see when the front light of the train lit up the immediate vicinity. Even as he thought that, the light penetrated faintly through the swirling sand, as if just emerging from a dense clump of trees, and rapidly grew in intensity. Gho threw a hex on the rails and settled down to watch the coming events.

On the train the men studied the terrain with straining eyes. All knew this was by far the worst sandstorm they had ever seen. The ground in front was so nearly invisible that they were forced to travel slowly and trust luck to keep the train on the track. Nothing of this changed until the place where Gho waited was reached. None on board the train could have foreseen the fatal spot on the track.

The two men in the caboose of the long train were somewhat uneasy. Both realized that a storm as terrible as this was not a natural occurrence in this part of the land. Both had a strange fear of nameless forces putting such obstacles in man's path. The two played cards so as to keep as calm as possible, at least in outward appearance.

The inner tension came to the fore violently as the car suddenly lurched, and the sound of a terrible explosion came from somewhere to the front. Both of the men stood upright, but at that moment came another explosion which sent them sprawling. A third violent explosion rendered the two helpless men unconscious. They didn't hear the other cars explode as each passed the spot where Gho had thrown his hex. Down the line of cars the explosions went like a chain reaction until they reached the car in front of the caboose. The explosion sent the car so violently to the side, that the comparatively light caboose was thrown clear of the tracks, and so escaped being itself exploded. Thus the only ones who escaped being blown to death were the two in the caboose.

Gho smiled in satisfaction as he saw the results of his hex. He had not planned on survivors but was not displeased to notice them. He was particularly pleased with himself as he looked upon the demolished train. He knew that the ruler of limbo would be pleased with him, and Gho swelled his airy form at the thought. It would bring closer that far off day when limbo would be a recognized part of the universe.

Gho began to make plans concerning the two survivors of the holocaust.

Inside the caboose, the two men were still unconscious. It was probably well for them that they had been knocked out at the outset of the tragedy so that their limp bodies would not be critically injured, which might have been the case had they been conscious and tense during the ordeal. Still they could not escape injury altogether. The violent heave which had thrown the caboose off the

6 track had also rolled it over twice before its inertia was overcome by resisting forces of gravity and friction. They were both sorely bruised, though neither had any broken bones or strained muscles. It was an hour before the first of them came out of his coma and could remember what had happened. It was just then, too, that Gho returned from delivering his other victims to limbo.

When the man who was awake reached up to his short stubble beard and remembered the explosions, he felt his bruises for the first time. Slowly and agonizingly he rose to his feet, at once thankful that no bones were broken. At the same time he saw that the train was now still and that the caboose was upside down. He knew then that the train must be a complete wreck. He went to the door. Strangely enough the storm had stopped altogether and a dead stillness seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Night was beginning to descend on the flatlands, and as he gazed into the moonless sky, he knew it was going to be a very dark night.

He returned to his companion lying on what once was the ceiling of the little caboose and shook him until he started to revive. "Hey, Joe! Wake up!"

Joe Adams finally came out of his unconsciousness under the promptings of the other, and as he did, he said wearily, "What happened, Andy? Why ain't the train movin'?"

Andy White said nothing. Joe came groggily to his feet and fought for true footing as he mounted the uneven wood, and then advanced toward the door to look out into the land. They both got out and walked toward the wreckage which could but dimly be seen in the fast falling twilight.

Without knowing it they were going to find if there were others alive besides themselves, though neither of them could have much real hope after seeing the wreck. They were only a few minutes, however, in being convinced that no one else could come out of that junk pile and be alive. Andy returned to the caboose and when he came back with a shining flashlight in his hand, he came with a slow

trot. He played the light slowly over the various parts of what recently had been a train. A strained silence prevailed between them. 7

The darkness fell faster than they realized; while they watched the blackness become complete, Andy suddenly grabbed Joe's arm. He had been sweeping the flashlight in a circle, revealing nothing but one of the barest plains they had ever seen. But the circle had not completed, when something broke the scenery quite abruptly. Complete surprise overtook them when a shack suddenly appeared in the shaft of light. Neither could guess what a shack was doing in this desolate country.

It took time for the shock to wear off. Still silently walking, they made their way toward it, as if by common consent, and in a few minutes they reached it. Andy played the flashlight ray over the edifice briefly. To their tired eyes it was just an abandoned old shanty, a welcome place to shelter themselves for the night. Being in their battered condition and the night being so dark, they did not notice the strange things about the house, though even if they had, it is probable that they would have paid scant attention. They might have noticed the windows of clean glass, which might or might not be unusual for a deserted old house in the desert. Also the house had a high concrete foundation, and was constructed of high grade lumber that attempted to look aged and discolored by undiscoverable artificial means. It should seem improper for such a tiny place in the middle of the desert to be constructed like this. Andy did not hesitate as he went to the door, which he did not notice as being a hardwood door, and turning the brass doorknob, he pushed inward.

But if they missed any peculiarity of the outside, they could not miss the strangeness of the inside. Nor did they. The flashlight revealed two beds that appeared to be made up with new sets of bedding. The whole inside was immaculately clean, and not a cobweb could be seen, as should be expected in a deserted shack in the desert. The sight of this inside was enough to throw them off balance so far

8 that one of them even looked for a light switch, but there was no such thing. They wondered what turn of providence had caused the train wreck at this exact spot.

The sight of the soft beds staring them in the face was more than enough to make them lie down on them, for their efforts and bruises of the day had exhausted their energies. One of the two managed to rise and shut the door, then both retired for the night. The beds were soft and comfortable, but this did not worry the weary men. Each decided that he was going to sleep much better than he had thought to. Now they would wait until morning before starting the trek down the tracks, but if they hadn't found this convenient resting place, they would probably have started that night. Things being thusly with them, the flashlight was put out.

They tried to go to sleep.

For an hour or longer they tried to sleep, but ~~Gho~~ kept them awake. Neither knew that the other was as wide awake as he, but after a time Andy called softly to his comrade. Hearing a reply, he knew they were both awake. They could not guess the cause of their insomnia, but they tried. The incredible stillness of the place, they thought it must be.

They were aware of a twisting sensation during the next hour, but this movement, if it was present, was so slow that neither of them could tell exactly whether it was real movement or just their imagination working overtime. Little did they know that Gho was the cause of their sensation. Now, Gho thought, it was time to make himself felt in more force, and he floated at the thought of what he would do next.

The bed under Joe Adams suddenly wobbled, as of its own accord. Immediately afterward the whole house rose twisting and gyrating into the air. At length it plunked back to the ground, resumed its former peacefulness.

"Andy," he called.

No answer!

He called again, louder this time, but still no answer came. Cautiously he made his way toward his companion's bed. He listened for the other's breathing, but could not discern it. He felt the bed, but felt only bedclothes. Frantically, he searched the room on all fours, but nowhere could he find trace of Andy White. He felt his way to the front and tried to open the door, but could not. He beat the door with fist and shoulder, but to no avail. Exhausted with his efforts, he slowly made his way back to bed. He was hardly surprised when his bed had changed from the comfortable twin bed to a small, musty, moth-eaten cot. Nevertheless, he fell heavily upon it and whimpered slightly. At that same moment the bed under him rotted completely away, and he landed painfully on the floor where he lay unmoving, afraid to move. Surely, he thought, morning would soon be here. But he reckoned without Gho, who had just returned from delivering Andy to limbo, and was once more rubbing his claws together in exultation of his next plans for Joe.

A dim light suddenly shone in the room. Looking around, Joe was unable to see where it was coming from. He could now see the whole room at once, but it was a different looking place than it had been under the ray of the flashlight. The room was now empty. Even the beds had disappeared. Somehow nothing seemed strange to him any more. But the room was not quite empty. He noticed the object when it started to move.

It was a small cube, but it seemed to be glowing with a strange brilliance. The light from it was pulsating, as of inner life. The thing was moving of its own accord in a straight line towards Joe. As it moved, it picked up speed and began to lift itself off the floor. It speeded up rapidly now, and as Joe ducked instinctively, the thing flew past his head with such tremendous speed that it ruffled his hair. Nothing daunted, the flying cube started again toward Joe's head, faster now than before, as if more confident of itself. Again Joe was able to dodge. But again the cube came, and Joe

10 was just barely able to escape this time. Its momentum sent it crashing against the wall. It came again, faster than ever before, always aiming for the man's head. The glow was now a white heat, and Joe was being both blinded and seared by the intense radiation. As the cube hit him, and burning pain filled his entire universe, a ridiculous thought entered his mind. WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME TO THIS SHACK. SOMETHING ABOUT IT IS NOT QUITE RIGHT.

Now everything was blackness. He felt himself rising, felt the slimy presence of Gho enveloping him ---.

---THE END---

THE EDITOR CROAKS
(continued from page 3)

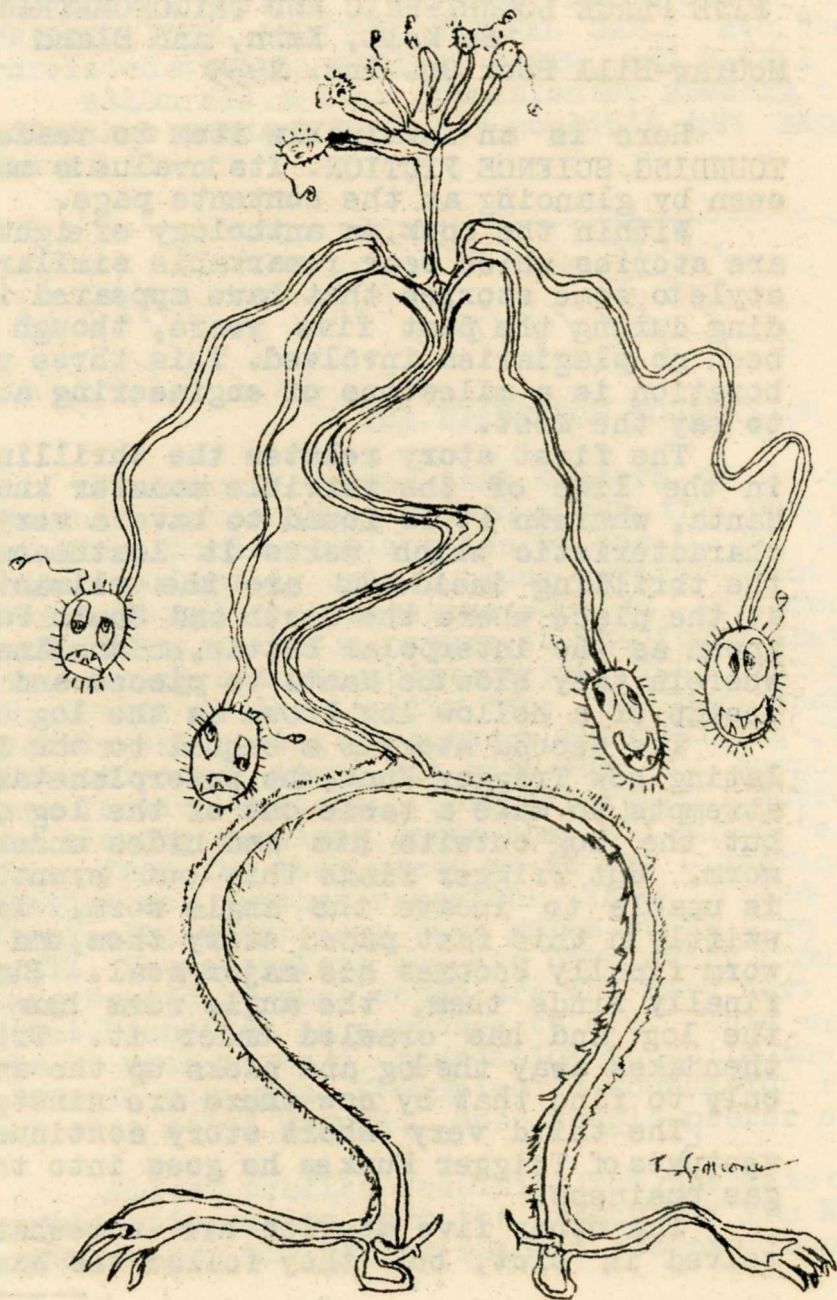
azine. Fiction must be utterly impossible, thus making it also impossible to sell because of this fact. Articles of any nature will be used, preferably humorous or satirical pieces, but nothing of juvenile nature.

This is an insurgent publication of The Nameless Ones of Seattle, an affiliate of the Washington State Fantasy Fan Federation, and dedicating itself to driving, among others, SINISTERRA, out of business.

Watch for the coming issue of SINISTERRA for the best in amateur fiction and fact by such outstanding authors as Burnett R. Toskey, Wally Weber, Leslie H. Jones, and others. The new SINISTERPA promises to be much better than the first issue, both in fact and fiction.

Fanzines are beginning to come out by the dozen in this rapidly growing fanstate of Washington. Thus far there are five either already out or coming shortly.

When review editors of professional magazines read this, we know we will make them green with envy, and make them rue the day they rejected our stories.



L. H. Allen

12 Book review:

FIVE PLACE LOGARITHMIC AND TRIGONOMETRIC TABLES

By Kell, Kern, and Bland

McGraw-Hill Book Co. Inc. 1935

Here is an invaluable item to readers of **ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION**. Its value is most readily seen by glancing at the contents page.

Within the book, an anthology of eight stories, are stories which bear remarkable similarity in the style to some stories that have appeared in **Astounding** during the past five years, though there has been no plagiarism involved. This three way collaboration is a milestone of engineering achievement to say the most.

The first story relates the thrilling episode in the life of the terrible monster known as the Manta, wherein it is found to have a very strange characteristic which makes it loathesome. Among the thrilling incidents are the climactic battle at the place where the North and South Poles meet, known as the inter polar battle, and the final triumph wherein they blow the Manta to pieces and stuff him inside of a hollow log known as the log of rhythm.

The second story is a sequel to the first, relating how Trigger Funk, the interplanetary logger, attempts to make a table out of the log of rhythm, but the log outwits him and hides under an angle worm. But Trigger finds this out eventually, but is unable to locate the angle worm. Time passes swiftly in this fast paced story then, and the angle worm finally becomes his major goal. But when he finally finds them, the angle worm has outwitted the log and has crawled under it. Trigger Funk then takes away the log and picks up the angle worm, only to find that by now there are ninety of them.

The third very short story continues the adventures of Trigger Funk as he goes into the natural gas business.

The other five stories are somewhat more involved in plot, but they follow the same general

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lines. The titles are: THE FIVE TABLES MADE FROM 13
THE LOG OF RHYTHM. TRIGGER FUNK'S LOG OF RHYTHM.
TRIGGER FUNK AND THE NATURAL GAS. And then two
unrelated stories: RADIANT EARTH, and HAVE A SHINE.

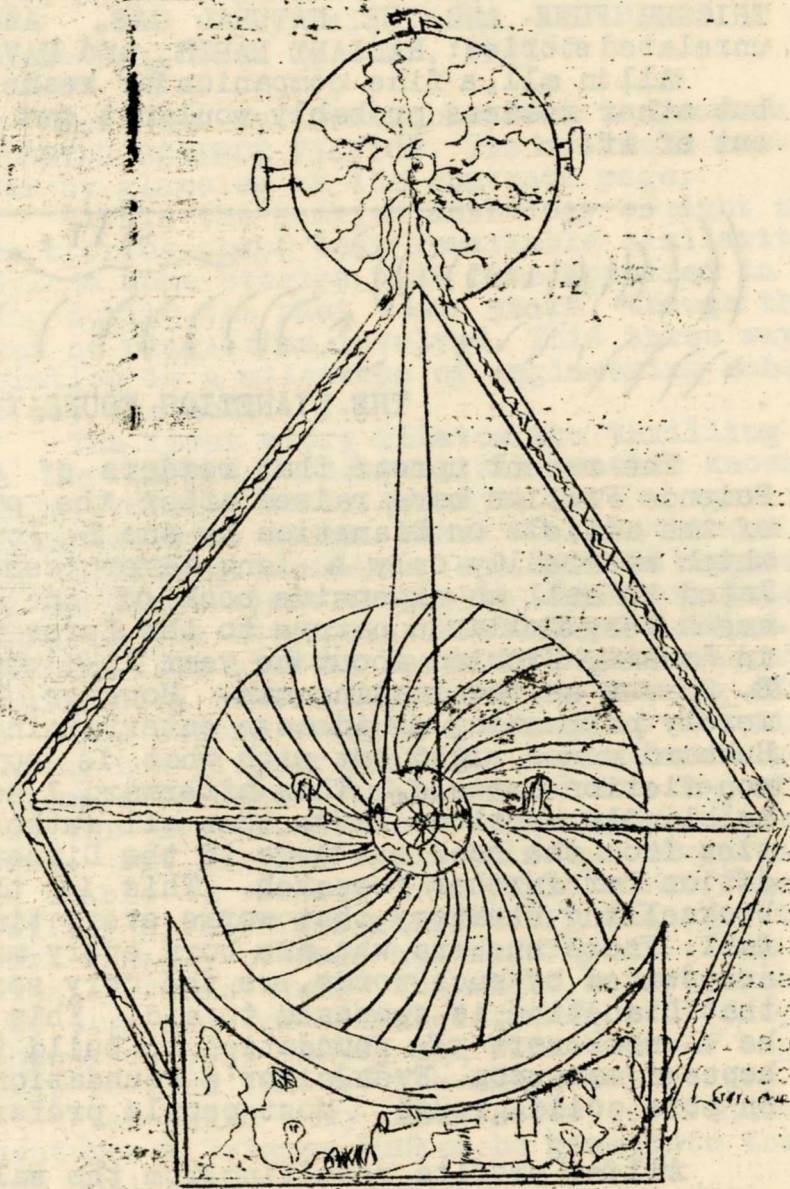
All in all, a fine companion for readers of ASF,
but other readers probably wouldn't get much kick
out of it.



THE DIANETICS FOUNDATION

The recent uproar that readers of Astounding
Science Fiction have raised after the publication
of the article on Dianetics by one L. Ron Hubbard,
which was really only a long advertisement calcu-
lated to sell an expensive book of the same name,
seems very similar in nature to the furor that began
in Amazing Stories about the year 1945 with Richard
S. Shaver as the leading man. However, instead of
merely presenting his ideas as entertaining fiction,
Hubbard comes right out with what is supposedly a
non-fiction article. Then afterward I notice that
he blandly mentions later that all author's royalti-
ties from the book are to go to the Dianetics Foun-
dation for further research. This is the type of
bookselling strategy that works every time without
fail. Those suckers who are born every minute, who
are swayed by such words, are the very sort of ones
that Dianetics is supposed to aid. This seems to
be a weak sort of foundation to build the future
hopes of man upon. Even Simon's Foundation is based
on more solid ground. Most people prefer concrete.

All net profits resulting from the sale of this
publication are to go to the treasury of the Nameless
ones, which has nearly reached its own foundation.



L. S. ...

THE

ACCELERATING

MACHINE
By W. Kraus

15

"Perpetual motion," explained Professor Ames, is merely a matter of making ends meet. If you make the end of one motion meet its other end, that is, its own beginning, you have perpetual motion."

"I don't believe it," someone said.

The professor turned from the five men facing him with a satisfied smirk on his face and beckoned to someone beyond the door. The response came in the form of a huge machine, which several men laboriously pushed out to the center of the room. The professor laid one hand gently on his machine, as if it was a household pet.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I present you with the one and only perpetual motion machine in existence."

The other five men remained seated in scepticism while the inventor depressed a lever. A low whirring sound reached the ears of all in the room.

"The noise you hear is the sound of the rotors of the machine turning out unlimited energy." The man's voice now had a suave quality.

As a unit the five men rose and surrounded the machine. They checked to see that there were no wires leading away from it secretly and feeding it power.

"But the sound," one of them protested. "You don't expect it to keep running very long with all that friction, do you? There might not be very much friction, but there's enough to produce that sound and sooner or later it will stop the machine. Of course," he let sarcasm creep into his voice, "if you have a machine that is more than one hundred percent efficient ---"

"I'm perfectly aware of that," Ames replied. "My machine can be adjusted to any efficiency I desire, up to about three hundred percent."

All five looked up in horrified surprise at this. The man must have somehow gone crazy, they thought. They watched in mutual decision to humor

16 the man while he twisted a dial. The visible shaft began to accelerate its speed, and continued to do so for the next several minutes while they watched, nor did it show any signs of slowing down. One of the watchers tried to adjust the dial so that the machine would not fly to pieces in their face and possibly injure them. But when he touched it, the thing was so hot that his fingers were scorched.

"My God," he cried. "It's generating heat!"

A reddish glow began to creep outwardly from the position of the shaft, and still the speed was on the increase. Professor Ames spoke, his voice a wail of terror. "There's no way to turn it off now. It will get hotter and hotter until it burns the whole Earth up. We'll become another star!"

"Tell me," one of the five said, obviously amused at the professor's fears, "will we be a nice big supernova or just a fizzling ordinary nova?"

"Gentlemen, this is no joke! The world is in peril!"

"You old fool, listen!" one of them finally said. "You can't possibly have invented perpetual motion. No machine can be more than a hundred percent perfect! That thing of yours will burn itself out within five minutes. You know that the heat is caused by friction, don't you?"

The inventor calmed down. "I see," he told them, "that I must show you the principle behind it or you will never believe me. Then you will HAVE to believe."

He led them into another room nearby, and swung an arm indicating the diagrams covering most of the wall space. They were the blueprints of the machine.

For the next hour he explained the principle of perpetual motion. It seemed that a stationary magnet kept a magnetic rotor in motion and was at the same time kept magnetically charged by the rotation of the turning magnet. These devices were arranged in circular fashion about the main shaft, which supplied the magnetic power for the turning magnets. The problem, they saw, was to make the ends meet when the circle was completed, and they

listened as the professor explained his ingenious method for solving this difficulty. 17

"But what material did you invent that shields magnetic lines of force?" one of them asked.

"Why nothing, but --- but ---"

"You know," went on the questioner, "that your machine isn't theoretically correct unless you use a material that DOES shield them! Otherwise it won't even start!"

"But the machine," he sputtered, "it works!"

That much was all too evident, for during the past five minutes they felt the heat reaching for them. They turned back to where they had left the machine, but they couldn't get very close to it. From the adjoining room they saw the incandescent white hot mass of molten metal. Fire was licking at the floors and walls and reaching fingers toward the six men.

"But it can't work!" one shouted. "We showed back there that it can't possibly work!"

The heat became then so unbearable that they had to retreat. They broke into a run, ran shouting and gibbering into the streets.

Two hours later they were in six separate cells of the local insane asylum. Each of them was calculating whether they would be a supernova or just an ordinary one. They kept right on calculating, until the heat reached them ---

---THE END---

Earthman: On Earth we have mosquitoes so big that their steaks are served aboard ship when the main supply of food runs out.

Martian: On Mars the mosquitoes are so big they once sunk my battleship with their weight.

Earthman: How did YOU get back safely if your ship sunk?

Martian: Our whole crew climbed on the back of our trained mosquito and it took us to land.

FLYING SAUCERS EXIST

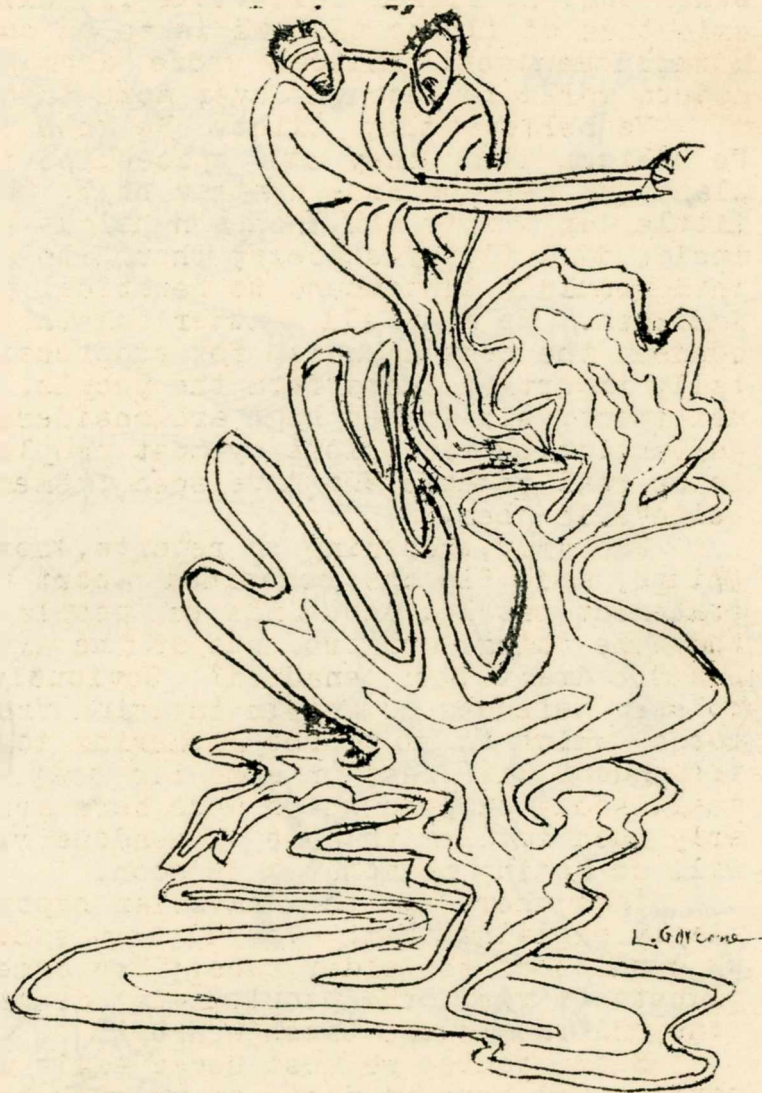
Anyone who can positively say one way or the other that he either believes or disbelieves in the existence of flying saucers is to be considered as a megalomaniacal radical whose dogmatism in the modern world is becoming ever more intolerable.

We believe they exist. We know they exist! We believe that they are spaceships from another planet, or perhaps from another star. We know that little men twenty six inches in height actually fly inside the flying saucers, though to admit such a thing would be tantamount to heretical positivistic idealism. We must all gather together and openly condemn the news agencies for suppressing such vitally important facts from the people. The little men twenty six inches high are considered now to be fantastically ridiculous by most people, and known to be real to those who have seen them and those who believe in them.

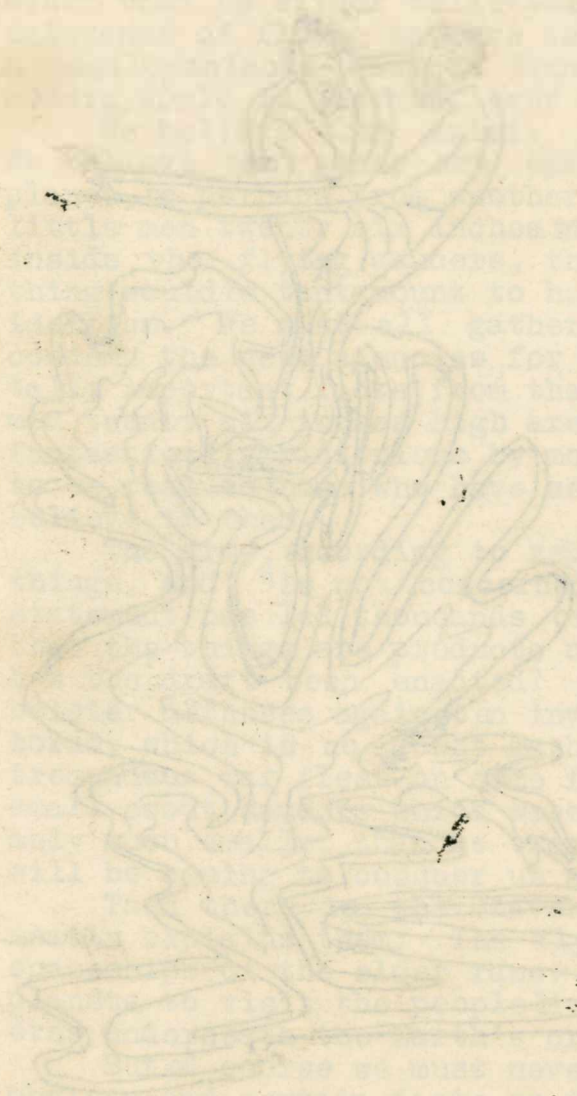
The army, according to reports, knows about the things, and "is not concerned about them". This statement has led thousands of people to believe that the things are products of the army. But why has the draft been enacted? Obviously it is to bolster defenses against an invasion from the alien horde, which is no doubt gathering together now a tremendous war fleet on some far away world. The small scout saucers which were here are most probably much smaller than the tremendous warships that will be coming to conquer us soon.

Then there is the Shaverian hypothesis which neatly explains them: The flying saucers are the spaceships of the elder race. They come from other planets to visit the people living deep in the caverns underneath the Earth's crust.

But of course we must never admit any of these obvious and certain facts or we will be branded as prejudiced atheistical materialists who are so blind as to put verisimilitude into the sworn statements of honorable men.



NICE LITTLE POSIE



Large white block