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Fabulous Fannish Fiction Feature:

THE REAL WORLD????????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

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He had had another hard day at the office-- the rule rather than the exception lately--followed by a heavy dose of molasses-like freeway traffic. The car radio had kept giving out an endless mixture of Sigalerts and dreary commentary on the world situation, and when he'd finally arrived home his wife had met him with the news that the washing machine was broken and that the property tax bill had arrived in the mail that day. It was considerably bigger than it was last year. To add insult to injury his wife had dragged him off to dinner with the Joneses and there he was, sitting in their living room listening to various dull accounts of the weather, How My Car Is Acting Lately, How I Got My Freezer Tholesole, etc., etc. He was just wondering whether the conversation would ever get reasonably interesting when a bell, like an extra-loud telephone bell or a burglar alarm, began sounding. The others present appeared not to notice it and he was just about to ask them about it when the whole scene faded out.

He rolled over, opened his eyes, and groped around until his hand found the cutoff button on the alarm clock. He'd had strange dreams before but THAT one took the stack of fanzines, even if that dream world wouldn't appreciate them properly. Imagine--a world where the mundane types predominated and actually ran society, with Fandom existing only as a small, little-known subculture (Some even called it a HOBBY!!!). THIS was something worth writing up in one of his zines! That reminded him--it was Disty Day for XAP (Xenedu Amateur Publishers) and copies of some of the other zines had already appeared in his receiving tray. He got up and took the master copy of his zine that he had prepared earlier, stuck it into the scanner, set the selector switch on "XAP", and pushed the TRANSMIT button to start the system producing copies at the other members' receivers. (The OE would make up and send the contents page after the deadline for zines.) He then took the morning newszine from the receiving tray and began looking it over. There was the usual political fuss with a Citizens' Committee angrily vowing that if Xenedu didn't get the next Univcon the city government would find itself impeached, a new column, DEAR FAN FANDERS, that might be worth reading, the Pun Page, reviews,.....

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The above has been a wishful-thinkingzine for various people.

- Q. What did the fannish schoolteacher say when she found she had 60 children in her class?
- A. Children, for our first lesson for today we are going to write an APA-Lzine. I'll put it on the blackboard and you copy it and hand it in.

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He had had another hard day at the office...
the rule rather than the exception lately...
by a heavy dose of massages-like freeway traffic...
The car radio had kept giving out an endless
mixture of statistics and glib commentary on the
world situation, and when he'd finally arrived
home his wife had met him with the news that the
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was considerably dinner than it was last year. To
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the houses and there he was, sitting in their living room
listening to various dull accounts of the weather, how big the
is acting lately, how I got my freezer, potatoes, etc., etc.
He was just wondering whether the conversation would ever get
possibly interesting when a bell, like an extra-long telephone
bell on a buzzer, began sounding. The others present
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about it when the whole scene faded out.

He rolled over, opened his eyes, and groaned around until
his hand found the control button on the alarm clock. He'd had
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gaining newsline from the receiving tray and began looking it
over. There was the usual political line with a discussion
Committee eagerly voting that if Xanadu didn't get the next
edition the city government would find itself imbedded in a new
system. DEAR VAN HANDELERS, that might be worth reading, the
for late, reviewers.....

1-4-44

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had 60 children in her class?
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