



"ALL KEY WAR LEADERS OF AXIS DIE"

THE STORY I'M about to relate sounds utterly fantastic I must admit, and I've kept it to myself just as long as I could. But before I start, let me say that I'm considered of sound mind and body . . . believe it or not. However, let me go on.

One night not so long ago after a hard long day of classes, I crawled into my rickety upper bunk in Foster, looking forward with sweet anticipation to a restful night of uninterrupted sleep. Ah, was I fooled! No sooner did I fall asleep than I began to experience the most amazing things. First I seemed to be lifted out of bed, out of the window, and then straight up into the dark blue, star-studded sky. Up and up I went, and then I seemed to slow down. There I was floating around aimlessly; all

around me was nothing but deep purple sky and the ever-present blinking stars—it was all really very confusing to me.

Then, out of the vast infinite space I heard a voice . . . or maybe it was several voices in unison—most unlike anything I had ever heard before. The voices seemed to sing out to me, "Peace! Peace! You will bring peace!" Then, just as suddenly as it had begun, I found myself back in my bed again. Whew! I was really scared. I rose up and looked around the dark room, but all seemed in order. Wiping the beads of perspiration from my face, I finally relaxed and tried to go to sleep. When almost in the arms of Morpheus, the odd feeling came over me once more. I hardly know how to explain it, but in some way I

felt that anything I wanted or wished for would be mine for the asking. My subconscious mind kept reminding me of it until I thought I would just go plain screwy. It couldn't be, I thought, it just couldn't be. Such a thing existed only in fairy tales or Fantastic Story magazine.

By this time I was fast becoming a potential customer for the state asylum what with all the high pressure rattling thru my cranium. Well, I thought, silly as it seems, I'll just try and see if my wish would be answered. But what would I wish for? A cup of coffee would taste good, and in bed too! So I wished for a cup of coffee. Swish! Just like that—there it was—a cup of steaming hot coffee on a little silver tray right before me. When this happened I was very much awake and plenty scared. It had happened—the impossible, right before my very own two eyes. I eased out of bed so as not to spill the tray. What should I do? Obviously my wishes would really come true.

My two roommates started to stir. Immediately I wished the tray and the coffee, which I had been afraid to touch, to disappear — and they did! Reveille blew, and my roomies got up cussing and yawning. They looked at me standing in the middle of the floor like a marble statue of AWE. One of them said, "What in the world is the matter with you? You are as pale as a ghost, and your eyes are all bloodshot. Have you been up all night?" "No," I replied, "just had a restless night."

After breakfast, when the two roommates went to their. 8 o'clock classes, I locked myself in the room, sat down, and start-

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By Janner Freeman, Jr.

FANTASTIC, INDEED