

gently to the ground. Nothing seemed to happen. When he opened his eyes again he was still pressed against the ceiling.

In desperation he pressed his hands hard against the ceiling and straightened out his body until his feet were pointing downwards, about four feet from the floor. It did not seem so far now. Then he stiffened his arms firmly against his sides making himself as rigid as possible—and willed himself down.

It worked. He'd dropped like a stone and lay on the floor, panting and bruised, afraid to move in case he took off again. At length he cautiously stood up, his legs feeling like rubber. Following a vague instinct to keep his mind occupied, as if it would then be too busy to get out of his control again, he stumbled to the door, his one thought to seek companionship. This sort of thing *would* have to happen when he was alone.

In a few moments George was outside the house, walking down the almost deserted street. Although it was summer he shivered in the chill of the early morning air and realized how early it was. Stupid of him not to have clothed himself more adequately. He stopped in horror as it dawned on him he was still wearing his pyjamas. A hasty glance reassured him that the only person in sight was too far away to recognize him and he turned to run back.

His haste was his undoing. His feet left the ground; he put out his arms to save himself—and once again he was floating. Panic seized him as he realized that this time there was no ceiling!

He started to rise, but remembered in time that his only control over the phenomenon was to keep calm. The rising ceased. He was now ten feet up and proceeding along the street with an involuntary swimming motion, striving to keep his balance against the breeze. He passed the entrance to his house, forgetting his desire to be home again in the more immediate problem of getting down to the ground.

A passer-by stood open-mouthed as George swept overhead, then started to run after him. Soon he was joined by another—and another. Suddenly, quite irrationally, George did not want to be caught. He began to enjoy the sensation. With witnesses to prove his strange ability no one would doubt his sanity. As a means of transport it was faster than a bicycle, and certainly less tiring. He increased his speed and began to outdistance his pursuers. At the same moment the wind took a hand and he found himself rising on an upcurrent of air.

Conditions stabilized for a moment and he managed to quell the flutter of fear that threatened to send him up still farther. Now he could appreciate what it felt like to be a bird. Few people noticed him now. Those who did thought they must be having hallucinations as he disappeared behind the roof tops of the houses on the other side of the street.

Above the roof tops his view was considerably extended. In the distance he could just make out the outskirts of the city, the green fields beyond. A wisp of smoke blew across his path of flight from the factories near at hand, soon to start their daily hustle. Just at the moment there was comparative quiet. George felt like an observer from another world.

The quietness made him feel lonely. He felt an intense desire to be back in his room again, one of the millions now preparing for the day's work—washing, shaving, dressing, having breakfast.

The dream always ended in a fall, but this time he knew the fall would be fatal—there would be no awakening.

'Be calm,' he told himself. 'Float till you find higher ground or something to break your fall—water perhaps.'

Another upcurrent caught him; he could not control his fear much longer.

A REMINDER

There is still some stock left of the Larousse *Encyclopedia of Astronomy* (reviewed in the May *Science Fiction News*), but it is going rapidly. This magnificent book will have a special value for everyone interested in sf, and if you have not yet ordered it, we do urge you to do so now. Please send your order to Science Fiction Book Club, Dunhams Lane, Letchworth, Herts, giving your membership number or your source of supply.

WANTED AND FOR SALE

Mr E. G. Mock, of 222 Queen's Drive, Putnoe Estate, Bedford, wishes to sell his collection of SFBC titles (Nos. 1-71), and also a number of other sf books. Will anyone who is interested please get into touch with Mr Mock direct.

Mr Norman Crampin, of Woodside, Vaughan Avenue, Grimsby, Lincolnshire, would like to obtain copies of the following SFBC past Choices: Nos. 1-8, Nos. 12, 33 and 38.

Mr F. H. Dutton would like to obtain a copy of *Last and First Men* by Olaf Stapledon and of *Swastika Night* by Murray Constantine. His address is 7 District Road, Wembley, Middlesex.

Mr J. B. Bevan, of 9 First Avenue, Maroubra, New South Wales, Australia, wants to make his SFBC collection complete with Nos. 7, 8 and 56 (*I Robot*, *Voyage of the Space Beagle* and *Time Out Of Joint*).

Mr A. Binfield of 4a High Street, Seaford, Sussex, would like to get hold of a copy of *Starship Troopers*.

Mr J. Chambers, of 38 Rathlin Drive, Foyle Hill Estate, Londonderry, Northern Ireland, wants to obtain a copy of *Astounding SF Before 1950*.

If any readers can help, will they please be kind enough to contact the above members direct.

THIS MONTH'S CHOICE IS

TWILIGHT WORLD
by Poul Anderson

(Gollancz 15s; SFBC 5s 9d)

NEXT MONTH'S CHOICE IS

PILGRIMAGE
by Zenna Henderson

(Gollancz 16s; SFBC 5s 9d)