What's Real Augues A Fainy Take Minung . That is a poor looking gym," Danke raid. By golly, Oly Schoel 12 poor, but we do here & the ty badder Where I came for. Kopartes tow ollage schul when I poor esally fris to the we do have a fide form and a by beer, trup and 15th entry for kears, my probled have buy any ring any below hears Side horrs and by hour, Vaulbing bucks and oblight laddles. Let abre The mets and frangelines. And here " No Hig . What alo you do at pyse live that born the start and exercises nonicy hainen a to ploor - when any apparetur ? "Jun weil & Munn, " Virgie vaid, Do you know ber & the"? Not really will, Dank naid. "ben 1 by ? Vingel 1201. a antigen oursely At that he aparent to ober ge well clear and pulled our a per of vikis mound as some turns medensu. Where per of mound have been a some turns medensus. Where per of back of the section of vupperts from , 1. 1861 yo comp Muyine & Men shouldy, Rug I pole wer allader an all will, It way & this wents by holds them. But the to the Set int How beek, " Virget vair. A yes remarks That's & Evener meetine. the file the stream coup of yes apportant Man 40 This do Evener & They to Musily to has t predue : ye tay to the prosty & the theatre. 3'l Hun 1 on Mar, on fort. Mark you ture, 11 by I make you at them, you feller. heplailes 14: tun, weth ch tip visi ture. You are des Kelly well. Key for : ferle her. Aus vhamp turn.

all rith

That's good Nos weil, He disappeared is the obser. There we g horsen of balac Markness and then :

the Dank former kinnelly is a beautiful forbest when land viege It sur show bright the air we timped any generally see fer int b Rispers Member: when cours ships and reing places. The one around win begins first and perioder and gli there, is I mustime, the days blue sharters in dynamics and little bus, here hun then, When a mean my been day they it the, or a while rester to pale. The brands of a fin trees around when lede and full suce, was no breeze to he up a pop welapele hung it blue, stiff from an enous cliff, W inform icicles, a fall a freen, What is That " Danke & called our, Visyre, aber an yo; When an S? Vingil stood went to kin . "I fin burning to Carles as ." The explosion. jan se, you my have vandling bucks and oblign laddes a ge gipm; we have I while went it ou pyres; it has all it has vie higs in on long library, bende to vlabour new, to dow bet new, and the pump. Daule notices they his ski, has begun to slade gody they is periods mar. Vingre strong wird, went I have, althey to begin skin.

you been put bon then by beause vote, for verter.

Yes an was shown to share to decen from Dis volegge of voice

said. you puide whe read you a themany. Follow your fines

ekerly. Copp eng norm Every movement.

1. Passenne, and Schnung and Wayen, and Vin Vally and Alta, What iller ye want

Key yan nezhre i Bou ski 'n porce kern Cee ann fru h nuewen frum! pruli yan vicos kyptu.

At they a skier has a arany Parks com shealy don to thousand has right, and cut in both Ryth a from of line, and a heart for farallel way, that barg Boot A Reveleping him 1. & Cleary persoler ever. The to been a test port of Dank. Dand fellow, or a fixed dostance. He housed a her medine, & to the turner befor him. He or front, the faller, v brazer, they popular 1 1 v by, wedeles dow 9 Jully. To man view like as angel, Danh Heryps, Hi prhet is a anger and be kept after bien, making in furies a 4 meduce on 4 preside on 6 precisions pell, of 6 presie her open Virgie has dis appearent. Then, all of a vuole, it is pites Mark apen, the the bight, was a, be be hall a to jue, slile Maying his presting there is the Mealure. I though that her lump - Virget toot, and human of I leger .- Prells neer, den 11 yr Kim. "I new var aughty & Mantiput, Dard var, aus j some tage, but here the Mini'l pour eil the 1 Cours 1/6: Powell. At a bet tereisken h purche, pay so. Caula 3 jun spice may ou when a pure? "I course buy " Virgel vary because, of course, go are i'l really viking of all. Ys arei'l en mon fre hoper 31: I landstep this turns, It my of; her filmer, any-Can't Change that yo has I there exactly to be yo ar beg-etters it obein were, go has a chere. His preparament a let it the medice they, ye the for in shep lin to the

3

1 48 mounter & 12

from other both istin of and pill and will.

Do you how Campellera in you Lage Librery , he asped. lande Most ". When ", Mup vinge sain 1 Mur. Mur; 1 i ferre where me fell for her Dant peri s Suly .] 30 Mar wy 42 four our pun home Darle? Here yours about Dane 13 prov unifored of Dankes, . No pour

else. Dante unbuckley his beats and for of to madere. Virge Toller it hack int it cleet. He ged and wall clear and relled any here ful sail boat in "ge the he hear?" * Ther is a ferger little board i Devile actor. It's pit q mice maintide, viger boarden, ause Genog fib, aus a que spirmarer ! Hy belight in , Vinger drappenen for little toba when to leve the weat a, the found themalous is to the day of a mid blue ocean. A well we called, and delption wer lepty aly wit a bosy hus kinds neve diver & celes prof. The pener & begild island, on blendful vandy kearly and coco uns trees and flewer, he king Colour, Dance though of I little is low in a that because, then to feel be for . But h time we getty strange, There is a time meters, pyraming int to be prenume - Virgel explement, Detriell, the also been R AMellevision when a que way has I donde it More or an the hard to have feel to key I bear sheady. Black cloud were gettery and by the pri 29 ggat they there and to been an your talle per verter ber felly lifter they light . A see broken dark they and the hells hepen I ful the fully i golden . His performent toucher, Virge said dary. Hugan and inter and spectrum and the performant toucher, Virge said dary. Hugan and inter an proven arther ACMelly, be also helle of Stuellevision Vinger and and the second and the Smellevisie, Vingel adden, but 'il's gut kin, hur 3 didn't hun a on . De y, ham d, The dinn. the shyperh of t shelle vience, a type his service & hillow see, be be land, "I an sich I but .. they a flece

il stier des Éveren - aus 1 pleastfut; Geroup, & ster ge kennely

I Grand Handon of Malla in our Lave Library, Virgie earl provide, " and to Dove obseith Charmed and 6 Vbraich of Malacce. Jo learn a lot sail of the programmer, of the - and ong glant sails, has sher needed - and why and traffic experil vibrais... And as to programs I like her?." May

stop & wones & want but eff

he showed. "Gnick - when sh hall rear."

in a hast as all recting

Vingil Campbers. He jumpers and of thees, and Human of h Cazers. - And He Dand Jenny kinnelf hack a fire present " Her; Vinger vaid, "fake the pile : the seascie apert seasciences. you'll be all hight it i for humans."

"Is a c need see ticknes pill " David askes "M's helle to need " Vingil andorn. your cersickness of prelly need - the Mays to ble was us seed : 75 to beeks pertug green. Her, have a. y 1 were placebo, vinge Burgh, a probably wound the course, I really, surrect Hays 31 on unneed occe co gri y'r will, an unneed med um my ow play need well aprice. " y'll show yo some the che. He ver.

Ry pursuit boar back int is wall cled. Vingie opening auch door, and pursuit out a life fige home, wit near bone her, fully bridles and vaddeles. like H skis am & boar, i her bracen is a vary werdene. "Et on !! Vingel vard. Noo, yo see, her you purs- am & hom Can frest as Canler, it ca en bruck and fung.

Dand Maryh of the vadelle in h gynn of the boot the moth has been one free Europe. His Malle her deep they, but she has been one free Sheg a a boar. She treaden Mann Clairs, wil els h europeant from Shelf, all h friun of Fascion. Ann des duirs is he's - so he Mall her her her her - all h Maryh and second Clan kich der albour I ter t fur Clas, am th Cours play is to gyn for bon. Aus the his h taddle. Davie he heping I ful belle. "Centry you key to boot our bea, and put to viking pypenumer int to larea so thin go filley lack to boot obor to views thousander?" the meals priver of pint of they bere "I gue ge could." Vigne vert, some obst bestocking." I don't there. we have at thes: you will place " "D'un place ; what "Dearts inarter, that he prive ensue. "to the stand thes: you will place " "to the stand of the stand "Dearts inarter, that he prive ensue. "to the they's of a gene the plane, out to tothe: to make the prive fors in the thingt of a gene the plane, out to tothe: to make the prive fors in put of a narrow. And, once at an tim, out of the plane here to be the things is put of and in the out of the bost here to be belle the put of a mirrow. And, once at an tim, out of the bost here to be the things is put of and on the place of the bost here to be bost to be the the put of a mirrow, and a term of a plane to be be the put of a mirrow, the flow of cendle lift, and to belle the things, your flow obst to the place."

"I'll the you would else, " Viepel Lery.

or drugs raddle withour a your : a methemile raddle. and a very bridles alledy I to well. They were writigh a 4 wale to, a and, a courds I where our you twomen a, He vaddle would ge twog to exact medine of a the thing hour. You caus peat is you stimup; or all of our, live German Frel. by you waiteder on the othe shift, it to vardelle would canter. The Find Class persongers exercises on the vaddle every day. Inobably, when the dawn there eges, they ver a parks around their mansion, where they excuses their vier yours of here, Dance Theyper.

but did suy how to close one; eye her. When the lever we turned as he former timely the King Brough & pimeriel park. They was a little lake, with shears, arching the nech lin quelies merks; plan by & here of help Ducklup. Weeping willens, the breach guivery shoek the gree manes in I wind certing five, grovers shadows as to stutillay wale. He galleppen our & with meado, streo in poppis and complexity. Here dee were prapy, any reaching a bridle per, a 4 off and they the an oak any head forest. "They's I Park of Vollas Hympheling, o Cennery Vingel Expleiner. But there, I any water we have, beads, y course on obstach course, and one for burn. 32's pury, Yo know, has barry key beary une to here any ture. 51's un papule.

How come " Dance asked I quer il becann à burn a us real . Vinge ter tur burs exples. When yo are en a near home, it responds to why yo do - en I when yo feel. yo Commind, yo love M - A the cling his is involve, It loss professione Here't de 34 heren boorig. To may of to CMG pouls her at rebus ar been own. At first, ye and a'l for them of 4 here. But i dida't best. Nehody Mars I have no, Wen yee at an gas I per & scales d'us programme ?" Vingel societad mound of the laces, any by present here back ar i closer. "Ye like the pyth the?" Vingel anices. Course. I also you th lase librery. yo who, yo a borrior a ser of leses and sum preparente and have then been for a couple of days. A They's really put & Because you can have you room int & numerum : we been to Denter Museu, and the Muser of leve device i cylind Nattury Hirty & Chicago, and & Louve a Pars - or ye Cemberry 1 la furner you reen and beautiful purature - any about you lave derive have inthe met want - kun box pay et anlique cliner vars is h Bunk h prill Conny on exetin plant, or a hegins aquerium with t putty blue and that para fish they gliste like enereld and goldes Cores prices hog fil ! Jun don't ity to sling to alles him sofe, It wit a to Chay - he caus of an't there. Dan't werry glow buents you shin 'gains to borner of the larver and inter cake Cupboand a break the Chinas vare

NTION: 12

portelle

and don't by I feel the fish on lost & plant become i lower be quite a men! I There have then had : The chess game : So got 'll here rome campony. The's for ear!" and of that he grathered a little chess halle wil two bends allacted to it, and a couple of boxes. Let go."

Danie plaged unsenn fe cloble. He filled his rean will medievel Knight in armour, and & Collecte of Stoards an hallard. He wendered lov real to knight were - hardy trig halle the burrely -er wheth, perhaps, I we a dispersion of h largo. He conjunar up the ceal mine of the Dentert Mercum and Cingon bey hepe I harrow shall where work bleever men were failing mus un conforbelly, but he thought of the poor falls, out to be need there there . He went to the Renework Huncarmy to first our too then whill lace Numeric of Science L W. Paul Principle Mapi Heally warted: When by whoved all about lasen - crystall lager and liquid bases and ge been. They shows a spackly particles a a higt - evening pulsan unby laver make a cula in a sheet of obesula · beel. Blue brook, ned and plat burch - belle the firewards - Laser angelets He ser boudreus can ships aler interference petternes, and be to figure y a dag book form is I pace : 4 playing laser new back they a great & Orneible R & wilde thing Molymphi place. / Leven and Misson, mares and been. yo were look ar A fer all augh; Mwe Mun; full bloom.

He sev Dr. Fownes and Dr. Skollens, werking of Chelle Felghen Laborates In New york, bent ober a ultrewold bere. They were felting stored the Sev Dr. Maimen and Haughe Resear Laborates an Celfornia, auror, Reamsperson. Charle i'releglenelwy. Velicle propellen by a leve-turke.

Then be fixed kinnelf a beautifue room, & live in, for bough and follower. On , perky bollower to wour charge of . yo chare of for to Olaleque, leen up Il terreta, and get to lague. He chose & spacious best room living room - they we a beautiful dake queen organ had in an alcove in a backyround. It from part we a parlow we couport leads up wolder anu chain and a Marill by roun hell. A rid, and gu China Vare adtenued bet wide of the door, and through to window a terraced forden, with pines and cyprens, and heard puls clipper Caurel hedge and shelter, descender for for blue alex. Darl we wigh stimes, When be berning a la Caseer .

When his mole be a child - whe have fold him - for people dis wenderpre things to the here aroun Chrostene time. noc « yee, whe been then, then the poonen but could look like a little palace - by wight firm: Lit with humbuch of colored electric bullos in wondren pattern. The vitains & a lutrance door of bee parents humple and, it bet time, loquer like Jacobs ladde, a sher care to beaver, and all a by i frend of to home, there were by glowing flowers firming a to dark like Klipis and begages and encoulds, and they were good trugling in to wind in a gentle Muturi They vounded like glass, because the keelig were glass. 31 han hen been, very very beautiful. But that beauter this malle vay her, if the vac-

the poor time transformed int a pelace. As he gaper out of to moles, our the spacien garde, wil a lough of these greateness gracefully playing in the distance -he heavy the out there an ung, all to familia noise: the Mighbow, whose hat, is keely, shood tight we st, very clar, he to own, were as it again. The there wells versues a thequity, rech the dampa, the second while were part of vilie land of slumsape: Siggles and moaning merly valuely wight, and screenes, and the thuds of bend objed being burled - probably funct real furniture - -Rud Hiresting aus shrieks: Violand sound of Rup and Constrant and violence alment every day. "ty god," Daule Neught. "The probable don't now any helle." They certain did without that a vlumiscope we gave, a far a were dear be lowerned, and that this vulgar, sound did as fit int Danks! pebici vernemidup, Could a'l posite h Ching I kin per the spacion pandou: sounded ghastly Unrell. When to crying and furning per worker hard died No, Dauli decider of the Fine fee game of chan. He welker kigit they the furniture, and picket up to Cherridel, all a packed new hi wal, Carried of vert h

I window, he he buch enjoy to small sharp be form, and plucked is the Computer. Her be prener L. be the tharton get ready? To be anagement, & fine came walking is, age though the Clored deen. The set doo man have bee about his age - for here, to them. she we slende, drenar " blue year for & reasking int an earthland Handard Chen Club acres he char, but premer by he safty falls weiter by gold bill. The be to sure heaveful pine Dave bed ere veer. The var dear a li here apposite his aux vaior, Hi, Star My namen Beatrice, Run I Run you oben partule. The nodder, levers ha been cherled. Then in view, & viscely kin with Antherey: take the dire and of a bet her, and three it. Marle tele ge where ge are ges i ply black or white ." Dave eleger when beiber. He know, for h Sym experience, then yo been to cooperal unquestioning and I bere fanken, Oktore H Wel Us fall agard. He ober White. It veid : pren K. bothen markens usale of alse hun the bok bother. He conflued. The sto vary there place you piece a h beaut. H He carefully assembled to pieces and planas. # He black pieces the shood there, all as ance by first.

He kind & tour there, has his hand went kight theye; they wer laser pila. "While he the find more" whe vaid. He played : thought fully, taking his time : She responded lad mene in a spl1 recourd: At one point he per conjunct, and our looked a per that his bishy we was co mened to brishy int as uncerena peritie, exposed to to attack of the gueen. The best of thing seems amaged our amanent. The shock her beautiful leike, the locker of king, squing her egre her, mily, and - channes dimple appeared to left cheek, "ye caner hear down be the then that!" The reis meledious, incinnely, flin the geals repeatiful. Non I gar beer hi iverist a the throw, pren the o. K. bothers, aus we'll go ar. 31 yo went ber to them been, yo pres h "Correcte" botten, gag time teach h gen ber pritelus mape & defines mean. He prener & "coved "bothe aus changes to sea. At and pan, he took be hore on the queer. "Of you silly darling ! " The exclaiment," That wa'l do you any good

al all!" and its drammed with the fringe type or to Cherbhall. All the mean, the lock the queen.

Dank bad cleared to did us lay whethe he was boring of locaring. What he wanter we have her vay again to Charming "you could have done bette the that !" on "Oh yo willy dealing !" And she said it, again and again: Shaking her headful lacks, Rquinty be loge. It say a melodous, inimuly, and A disupl appeared on he left cheepe. Dans were Frenzig. He upplucied & compute. The disappeared. The att black piece an pear wer pr, and any in blac she piece, i disarrey well left - I hoard. He plucked a compale : the Judar n' per xeady better. The Care May a Clover Noer, val ele lun veig Hi, My Mances Beelvie. I am you Ober partne. blet lafernales lies to n they she did not falk A. Micky-Men vere, it dut my mu lik e selver: the way red, elue, It was beauling wird to bed as see. But the concerts 'I get cuter that preparente, and of he brances h Ellimeral with, & bas I Carpon 61 prepramme.

16 to back my say, bel's p and here a the ice orean rods, I bus un take be to be mover, have be banch, kin ber. Dank hepen I understand why the little find, of 4 Segne did i'l like to horse rids jegreenen. Als ge beer hiven High, ye want live Hing Hall he hand, 1411 her Entral to get a here out of 4 maler. He stretcher in arren e cron to bette, to bear, cupper, to gray to bread. the feely of void we shocking. How you day bend to fin terre ar a firre bener vhere, Rue her plesar respered into Campleley jana, flacial, dead, hand ? Adn Whe Daule verweet presping to Void But the to weber they the our hand buy become pleet of they breen : 040, 4 bul to the poverface 9 par the be canter throw he part of him away ha. If Jan biss an surpeased there . Beid knowly, he swant to olle bend int to reque of he leg. But efte & Minul, be seemen to tele fully of his dainy. He heget Fear filled her egg, "I love ye, Daul sobhed, B want ye so want " Beaker & loar yo 6 h rece!"

Then to this converse Computer, and lower to then table put to black pieces back ind her, bet, and carried Cher hall back h I well.

Billid, & Maan bar Kiven, and sheed Signoxielly oles his well preasure garden. Dank's beaut her been and to Wind her to exhanged.

He walked they & living near funiture, and gave 9 purtues kick to the Chinas vous they key to fear dauge Widay. He send to become dury ber winney a b maprificer green a ze ook hed shed, and fill kips though M, L' flags. He did nor care. He fill asley int 9, ville sleg. Her by he ilegs be district press, but the had a la endress

drean.

31 wer le vaddle. The vaddle pear to skip an ider his matter com per l'als country, tober she we a child. Horse les and ride les a vaddle came gallepping acress the school's bese ball field, right up & where be shored. To horse we absent, Ann his Mette by abren. But the heave's absence we quite d'fferen fran he meller's absence. The here we alson the boy A not then the way I have not been on he vilipi I we not mean to be ther. Ho mother evidente, we not there, but

he knew whe we have . He did not been by talk either but be cleared perceived what she vaid. This is what she vaid while to vaddle be gently trotting. Danke," she vaid, "you have been a good boy ell yee. you been done well as school. you been bedies to you falle. Jan ben jup 11 heren for line & here you could. you been not stele anything you have not checked anybody; you have i'l been Meen - not ever entertainer mean Hough - well, handly any -and you should to been you reasend. I grand you three wishes. Wish Wheten you want. But he remaible, ever a you wisher. Ch, Hum? Danle vaid, o the true, other really true ? But the vaddle we already getting dishant, and in melli were we absent differently the An by absence being much more penetreling. My god, " Daul vaid, "I wish ... I wish ... I wish ... I wish the mer what lave worker, the way I built of, should become real: Every this: real.

He aboke: and former limoely lying on the queer siter and bornon Oak her stead, tobered by a silk - covering eiderdoor compaters her we were the in the limber bornow her a silk - covering eiderdoor compaters her we here the He starter up. He touched panen his hand du every miling M ben: it we there. Jolin, polisters backwood, mont pleasing h I toud. He clour his eggs, to seem of yes helle. And theyer, that's I beg

17

9 bliver man ver to real world, with the finger, and with the eyes

the much his way though the living norm. Knowing he shin against he Wayth in a leg of the Multile topper table, R he toutend prices I thatk thought again. He very consciously abstances from hicking the Chine vere in the Gree by to piel of to door. He would be the betherown. Well the thing has changed there, though that it between the betherown. Well be the two living room. The works, which was of poor greety, has eater a know channel from the leaking fament, oban the balle be the drain. The analy due control of internovable shain, the flaking off bere and there. So as the Challern floor. There been a faking off bere and there. So as the Challern floor. There have some pieces of theory out acon pape king an a ranky the a half he heiler, which base to veet, and we created and bally shained.

> I say god. Dans though. of cour S'a perfolle I bak noom. And, on he boek her stower stepped in climan ind that marks that he take he shower he the remembered that he still had the wishe teff, has he certains wears were them as he hattreen;

Honribly to behold; the neighbours were at in agen. From here he cauler hear it distinctly. Ho we yelling, then we a pres runkle and clatter, and h bounder we storiering. It vander a though he bast kneeder her down.

Dank huwing to per our of his hallroom.

He example to living room windoo, and breaked in delyth In part menuing breeze, prequeat whe the theet around of flooring shrubs and brea. The smallevision programming int I laser programme be thought, wit & monnely fit of manner. But the he Realized, well, 11's real war: We ween for voulled'rie. He walkey But only the terrare, and blown the step, planting statuelle, Bus nough of a she's case I beaves his mult has seen when the we e Wild, V But he depend feel buch is all this splends. There were ? 9 him sent around will when I share her excipement. Not the h preybuild be har when a h lese scen, were there oldy. He called to then, but & neverbouring eacho of the point was the only answer, "I stail kno " He Mough. "I really dail know." Sun as they he turned around strippy by to stary, int to bern, this out a l'street.

A street we just a times. A slitting hick overels a coor an another, "pilling fill and garbage a rideoacts and justle. But it is begreened that wheely we there as all. He welked by the school, I been of Vingrie: 31 bacent fun i other to vinget when has become ge lan programme. But vingrie se worten to to veer. Some book be predici, string a legar. But, somehow Dante did not wood to pe Mooge that eyes and grichel, about did not been. Nome what depicted, to another to be palabal house. Well, Nov course the bijgers and best; the though, encouraging kineself. Woo cours Beaking.

He pulled the chentable out, like the obspore, plupped in A Compute, and pushed the "3d reads" 5 m Hor. She cause though the closen door, ver himself on the beach and vaid, "Hi, My name of Bealerice, and 5 and your chess partner."

the ne, he preased. "She is n't any more reac than she we gerlesday: He kind he press he hands, i vaie, Beatric, he volder you were supposed that red holy, Mon't ge understand?" He

The medden, lewening her glanne, chestely. Then she sain, sweetly but with an theny. "Factor the dive out of a box and and three it. It will tell you whethe you are going he play black on white."

tell the not again, he go tried. Then be merged his hand with her breast and delpen he right are deep into her lep, and shear them, for long bitter weer decends. Then he discemented to compute, and tried. At night, Muli that Christian lidender competer, be delaured apain. Then by a vadable, boaselen and ridender, gallyps parad bin a cross I all base ball field. He thay, his bead a ri and vers "billy?" - Then -"Why isn't she need like angi everything thee? Slove be so! I want he Neel."

- you silly bey he percever he vaying. If the room and garde are real, I way ye prepromised a, the to find can't be read. 51 3 wer I thak Beetric reel, ell would thep around be being he have to white due and ester Living they are projecturly to bely deferent light vous , you during. and M'S bear i press der I source need so had every that wells els cours reast. We law ob they begand science - they the science des unget underten hus my be some time whe underland ... has be land to any by yund science. To substantiale inor elyeds - bell, up 1, our rulads plent - and peopl at to saw time is not pencife. you should have bee - a se after - more precise and clea and yound and we ge should bee very I were Beatrice and you would been bar be. But now, Mr., shep aging, yo nincen peop. Ye here to the works. I's fet you as h felle.

Dank kept vobling for little while, hus be doned to been and blev to were, and they be vaid, on cleaned and distinctly a be could: "I wan Beakin, reel and alive, and all the real of the landscape. In reach, and to furnitum and the gende Coor should become a long outurn aper."

The vaddle as getting divident, frothing, yo could been poster to pay in a dimmips. And Dank we awaken by & his felling obser a h & bard cold fleat: The ooks bed steep and the color tor wilk-Covered eiderdoor comparts, has a lave pheastern, once more.

When he had purked to "get nearly buffer, he heard a knock of the dear. "Come in !" He should righting from the bench. There she was: Beatrice she reamy the mer beautiful I tim than etway is previous days. The morning our was prissing ber golden han. Hi, he vaid, "you will be Beatice": Nice to Aleet you weeking you. " She shoed wear the door, cheving a piece of gue. "Wice look place yo for!" "Just for the week-end, be vid. "I geven up. I geven up for you, Bealine he send, bee voor, too emploically. "What's he melle and ye whe verd, chloring, vormenter coustly, and, hepen In over prevent of the bried I ken berney a one of h leather - uphelsterns are chais, and fell kills Many and set a b fless. "a, my gest be sein. This ye for burn . "Why a cruming place the key

the yo can't due on a cher.

He belged her to get up. He touched bee he fell ber. He tot golden, silky hair envelopen his hand, I be led I slide and be breast valegely beent, Sall has first. Somethy direct is his to have rear know. "I go want h sit, you been he wil there, he said, pointy h 4 henry. "There: I hall we play a farm of chen?" to know yo do they " b. K. she wind : He took a black pour and , will per an of 4 het, our law in this head, when he comen, our to hable. "Left" whe vary. The they black. They can arranged then poor pieces and peron, and he sharles, silenty, I did book but a for moves, matter be manager to get the histop inte an Macoveren position, exposed to be allock by he queen. She shook her locks, squinting he ege, and a Channing dinge appeared a be left cheek of the Heiled. " you could have down better than they " whe very Milediany : His hears we threbbing is the thread. "ber I have I hack?" He arker, 04, sur vh vaid, the ang a presile farme! " ye live h ply " He ever " oh, vous time to photoes boring it sen,

Cheving, cowishly ,

He doley they, when she acted when h programme, I has sublime, it bes neversking. He bound how giv of, mong he pelve, her in life, I have he, is he art has bother she. has acted ent of a programme, whe bender i he boolgoe ordines; vulges

His minut we het en his stretegy. He did not think three moves a head when he beek he hom in h to queen. "You will dealing," The exclement, on though they were going to do yo any good !" - and she had the queen.

"Cur out the onep" the sain. I you're weaking to fince ain't you. "ya want h per on "

He ger up "Way don't we ge our and de voue Kiz" vhe supples - "per a he cream, ge see g duevie."

Welle, he want. We wal your your a prease food, I have the Swigh some in orean to I forg. get any to stopp anywy, but & mon - sti all & sense, which d' any a b voren there, a which sti is ber. I can a king h tare pryrace, styre want. To be seen with a give and there is to reasonant we are the changed from there, decere, and binder to per prove a ker. I winder, a few time; and the word, "I lips it find and boy," and provide the court, "I lips it find

A Juiss Chales in the Monutoin; & Pent house ou Non hullen;

> Jen vley as h new hed " be vard: It's Mine Computer. I vley blue to love bed is, : I like d her way, that, also s're bee does a part her wysk. She book of her herstens and lay as to her, what here names. He was strumer site imprises to grean and palles her bay my abo. He we aleccupied. Her view we greace brown. She was not viering, but there was not an annu of far an her. "Oh, once as. Whit are you are here for ." The vair, His He course lands involtor. He course hands here. Ho stans were burily.

The freed him of his Jean. The public his biffy then it that we here here, and did unspeak the Wing to H. It made him squeet and brien and delph ear pain and delight. "New 5 show yo here it's done." The soid . and they, Sweetly, but with outhowy. " Lie dear a li keet. Then the knell own him, her know this aligned in floak. It but ou him, When her band, a her chan, day by gelder have Kained ar him, or his three or her neek, a her shoulder. He cloug her ege. She took hold of his dust forward it into her dust should keeking. He fleetingly though of h sadafle, mult she recked him into a delivious explosion of Jay.

It as still dark when Dance aweke. He genty preed himsey from he contrace har walker over I to Lave, ber, fell through I had snugger kinnselp repette a har to care a the out hear floor, He fell feverit, and they, and bar a hand time fallig galley is to have be sleep.

The saddle came belying, somewhy united, on exper parking pro, brown him. He readed at pert: he they his bear on it, and values. Mathe, he vaid, a Mathe, 3 trace: 5 blev. A. 5 could been been to happing, the tricking beg to be broked, and 5 March & Mens of A. What g men. Beatrice can't sky 5 them that, thethe, blue should 5 d with her, whet wants Dar var the be cause been a Furdy & What, of se had a beely: a Less Body - beep programmer and key free? And - and vorme where and then, then Mens he g tree first that to exactly like Beaterse : the and that the filleness for the programme. Sing them been been happen of the even my and there . No: 1 when, Reale we he for to p. Am I de herre one wish left, moth: I with," he said, choking the sobs, "I with any he said it a clearly and a Coherents a le cours, "I wish they Beatrice showing he & lare coustruis yain, ve han 3 oan stritch ber off ... and an "he added, jans ou. The saddle gave him & bor, amicable little push, and then I walked away, slowly, limping, and go boy in the distance. When the got up, Bealein we withing an he bend at I chess fable. The locked more beautiful then en. Hi, he Jaid, did ya sleep well? The said; " Take the dice out of the bot New, and Monger 1: In will tell you whether you are going Is play black on white," "No, be vaid, not hody." He shretded his arun acren to hable, and period his hands, on both wides, our le pare, he heir, he brend her leg: Eve vo lightly. No lipty he countra't really tell wheth who we there or nor. By by, Beater to very. Then he got up, dis annully h compute and stritzter of a lisers. The by gove. And I were looked to drag and dreey. I dress and dreary. I blev 1, I really blev 1, he thought, & by loader all the apparetus on h helley I push a been to vehoce.

Nen 4 eutram, he Kan inte Virgil. Hi, Virgil vaid, Man, ya leek glums on his beautiful Montery! Didn't ya been fem bit h layer."

Lohy from, Dande vain. My 'n green, really. And ya proce when, 's de man i borrow them apain, and have them abou to to mercure tober my dan warks! The sures-scene! Ja know, M 2 can get see sich on these lane ocean, he can't possibly get black lung in all the show! what's real anyway, and who cares.

WHAT'S REAL ANYWAY

A Fairy Tale

Lasers are queer things.

Light that cuts, sharper than knives

pierces, faster than bullets

inhabits the grey zone between material and immaterial, still mysterious to most minds.

It has long been known that laser light, that "coherent" light, where waves are all in phase, is, is most suitable for the making of holograms; and holography is the basis of three-dimensional photography: a process so different from traditional captures two-dimensional image-making. Holography the reflected waves which travel outward from an illumined point in concentric spherical "wave fronts," like the ripples emanating from a pebble thrown into still water. The pattern thus created by a multitude of interfering wave fronts is recorded, or "frozen," as it were, and can be "unfrozen" at any time. The reconstructed waves are identical to the original ones. They can be focused through a lense, re-evoking the image of the original object before the eyes of the observer in full and threedimensional form.

The oldest among our readers perhaps remember a place called Disney Land: a sort of amusement park, not far from what used to be the city of Los Angeles. Visitors to the park could enjoy themselves by riding, among other things, a trolley car taking thrm through a ghost house there: a delapidated mansion reconstructed without overly daring flights of imagination, with skeleton hands grabbing you from behind, collisions threatening from unsuspected mirrors, and hanged men falling from gallows on the

German - Die Brei Wuensde (Dentical)

WHAT'S REAL ANYWAY

A Fairy Tale

"That's a crummy looking gym," Dante said. "At home school was poor all right, but we did have bars and rings and balance beams and vaulting bucks and oblique ladders. Not to mention the mats and trampolines. And here? Nothing. What do you do in a gym like this? Monkey business -- without any apparatus?"

"Wait a minute," Virgil said. "Do you know how to ski?"

"Not really," Dante said.

"Want to try,? Virgil said

At that he opened the door of a wall closet and pulled out a contraption, consisting of a pair of skis mounted on some sort of turning mechanism; a pair of boots mounted on the skis; a supporting frame, in which you could imagine a man standing, and the poles attached on either side, the way a skier would be holding them.

"Get into the boots." Virgil said. "That is the Everest machine. The man who skied down the Everest invented it, to practice. I'll turn it on: slow at first. Make your turns, the way it makes you do them. Just follow. Weight on the left ski: turn. Weight on the right ski: turn. You are doing really well. Keep going. Faster now, and sharper turns. That's good. Now wait."

He disappeared in the closet. There was a moment of total darkness and then:

Dante found himself in a snow scene. The sun was shining brightly. The air was limpid and you could see far into the distant mountains: snow-covered slopes and rocky peaks. The snow around him looked fresh and powdery and glittered in the sunshine, with deep blue shadows in depressions and little holes. here and there, where a mouse might have dug through the snow, or a skier rested his pole. The branches of the fir trees around were laden with fresh snow, waving in the breeze. To his left, a frozen waterfall hung stiff from a high cliff, with icicles as tall as trees.

"What on earth is that," Dante called out, "Virgil, for god's sake, where are you? Where am I?"

Virgil stood next to him ." I just turned the lasers on, he explained. "You see, you may have vaulting bucks and oblique ladders in your gym: we have the whole world in our gym! We have all the best ski trips in our laser library: the Parsenne, and Schrunz and Wengen, and Sun Valley and Alta. Whatever you want, besides, of course, the slalom race, the down hill race, and the ski jump."

Dante noticed that his skis had begun to glide gently through the powdery snow. Virgil was gliding along, although he had no skis. Then a voice was heard, from nowhere.

"You are now about to start the descent from Diavolezza," the voice said. "Your guide will join you in a moment. Follow your guide exactly: Every movement."

At that, a skier in an orange Parka came shooting down the slope to Dante's right, and cut in right in from of him. with a beautiful. sharp parallel swing that briefly enveloped him in a cloud of powder snow. When the snow had settled, he went on, right in front of Dante. Dante followed. at a fixed distance. He turned in his machine, as the man turned before him. Slow at first, then faster. Straight down, then parallel to a steep slope. "Keep your weight on the lower ski," the voice said, "lean away from the mountain. Turn. Pull your skis together." Then they wedeled down a gully. The man skies like an angel, Dante thought. Probably he is an angel. And he kept after him, making his turns on the machine, on the prescribed path, in the prescribed rhythm, at the prescribed speed.

Virgil had disappeared. Then, all of a sudden, it was pitch dark again. When the lights went on, he was back in the gym, still making his prescribed turns in the machine.

"I turned off the lasers," Virgil said. "Pretty neat, don't you think?"

"I never saw anything so beautiful." Dante said, "and I never knew I could ski so well."

"Of course you can't," Virgil said, "because, of course you aren't really skiing at all. You aren't even moving from the spot. It's the landscape that moves, the way it has been filmed. It's programmed. Get off now. I'll show you something else."

Dante unbuckled his boots and got off the machine. Virgil rolled it back into the closet. He opened another wall closet and rolled out a life-size sailboat. It was mounted in a frame within which it could pitch . and roll.

"That's some little boat"!" Dante said.

"It's got a nice maincail," Virgil boasted, "and a Genoa jib. and a full spinnaker."

When the lasers went on, they found themselves at sea. The water was calm and deep blue, and dolphins were leaping alongside and birds nose-diving to catch fish. They passed a tropical island with sandy beaches and coconut trees and flowers in a riot of colours. Dante thought of the little island in the Mediterranean where his father was born.

The wind was getting stronger. "There is a wind machine, programmed into the laser programme," Virgil explained. They had to move fast to keep the boat steady. Black clouds were gathering, torne by zigzag lightenings. The sea looked dark now and the boat was pitching and rolling in foam-crested waves which were growing taller and taller. Dante began to feel very squeamish.

"Actually we also have a smellevision that you can combine with the laser programme," Virgil said dryly. "It's quite nice, but I did not turn it on. Do you want it?

That did it. The suggestion of the smellevision, on top of the billowing sea and the heaving and rolling, was too much. "I am sick. I have to....Stop it, please," Dante called out."Quick, Where is the bathroom?"

Virgil laughed. He jumped out of the boat. right into the biggest wave and through it as if it were not there, and ran to turn off the lasers. The boat was back on firm ground, though still rocking. "Here," Virgil said, "take a seasickness pill. You'll be all right in a few moments."

"Is it real?" Dante asked.

"It better be real," Virgil laughed. "Your seasickness is pretty real, even though the sea was not. Your face looks positively green. Here take it." "If it were a placebo," Virgil said, as an afterghought, it probably would be the same.

Dante was beginning to feel better.

"Could you keep the boat out here, and put the skiing programme into the lasers so that you tack down the snowy mountains?" The pill was getting him high, and he really entered into the spirit of things here.

"I guess you could," Virgil said. somewhat hesitatingly. "I don't know. We never do that: you never know."

"You never know what?" Dante insisted, but he got no answer. He thought of making faces in front of the mirror; and, at one time, one of the kids had told him: If you make faces in front of the mirror, by candle light, and a bell happens to ring, it freezes: your face stays like that forever!"

"I'll show you something else," Virgil said.

They pushed the boat back into its closet, and, from another closet, they rolled out a horse, fully bridled and saddled. Like the skis and the boat, the horse was braced in a sort of machine. "Get on," Virgil said, "and if you push these buttons, the horse can trot or canter. It can even buck and jump."

Dante thought of the saddle in the gym of the ship on which his mother had come over from Europe. His mother was dead now, but she had come over from Italy on a boat. She had travelled third class, with all the other emigrants from Italy, at the time of Fascism. One day during the trip -- so his mother had told him, all the third-class and second-class kids were allowed to see the first class, and they could play in the gym for an hour. And there was that saddle. A saddle without a horse. A mechanical saddle, with stirrups, and a set of bridles attached to the wall. There were switches on the wall. too, and according to which one you pulled, the saddle would go through the exact motion of a trotting horse . You could post in your stirrups or sit it out, like a German trot. If you pulled the other switch, the saddle would canter. The first-class passengers exercised on the saddle every day. Probably, when they closed their eyes, they saw the walled parks around their mansions, where they exercised their show horses at home, Dante thought.

You didn't have to close your eyes here. When the lasers were turned on. Dante found himself trotting through a lordly park. There was a little lake, with swans, arching their necks like questions marks; and behind them, a train of Ugly Ducklings. Weeping willows shook their green manes in the wind casting fine, quivering shadows on the scintillating water. He galloped across a wide meadow, strewn with poppies and cornflowers, where deer were grazing, and reached a bridle path, on the other side, winding through an oak and beech forest. "Schloss Nymphenburg, Germany," Virgil explained. "But that is the only ride we have, besides, of course, the obstacle course and one fox hunt. It's funny, you know, but hardly anybody uses the horse any more. It's not popular."

"How come?". Dante asked.

"Who knows," Virgil said. "Living beings are different," he said. "When you have a real horse, it responds to what you do, even to what you feel. You communicate, you love it: When living beings asre involved, I guess the laser programme becomes boring. So many of the little girls here at school are horse-crazy. At first, you couldn't get them off the horse. But it did not last. Nobody uses the horse now. Next year we are going to get a scuba diving programme."

Virgil turned off the lasers, and they pushed the horse back into its closet.

"You like our gym now?", Virgil asked. "Come, I show you the laser library. You know, we have portable laser equipment, and you can borrow a set and some programmes and take them home over the week-end. There: that is the cylinder containing the laser device; here is the power supply box, and this is the switch to trigger the laser process. Quite simple. And it is fun. You can turn your room into a museum: We have the Deutsche Museum in Munich, and the Museum of Natural History in Chicago. and the Louvre in Paris -- or you can just fill your room with beautiful furniture (any style you want) and put an antique China vase in the corner, or exotic plants. or a tropical aquarium with parrot fish that glisten like emerald and golden hogfish. Just don't try to slump into the luscious sofa, or sit on the chair because it ain't there. Don't worry about bumping your shin 'gainst the corner of the carved cupboard, or breaking the China vase; and don't try to feed the fish or water the plants because you would make a mess. Here: take that too: the chess game: You'll have a surprise," and he grabbed a little chesstable with two benches attached to it, and a couple of boxes. "Lets's go."

Dante played museum for a while. He filled his room with mediaeval knights in armour, and a collection of swords and halberts. He wondered how small the knights were -- just about his size -- or whether. perhaps, it was a distortion of the lasers. He conjured up the coal mine of the Deutsche Museum and lingered long before the narrow shafts where sooth-blacked men were toiling most uncomfortably, and he thought of his poor father, out there in the real mine. He had the Museum of Science. St. Paul. Minnesota, visit him. and got a demonstration of all sorts of lasers: crystal lasers and solid lasers and liquid lasers. Showers of sparkling particles as a high-energy pulsed ruby laser made a crater in a sheet of stainless steel. Blue bursts, red, and golden bursts: better than fireworks. Laser crystals growing in crucibles. He saw wondrous shapes called "interference patterns." and the figure of a basset hound emerging in space. by playing laser rays back through a photographic plate. People in the museum were looking at it from all angles: It was there, fullblown. Lasers and masers, masers and lasers, and someone was talking about an interplanetary vehicle propelled by a laser-motor.

Then he prepared himself a beautiful room, to live in. for tonight and tomorrow. Or. perhaps, tomorrow he would change it. You choose it from the catalogue. look up the number, and get the film. He chose a spacious bedroom/livingroom: there was a beautiful oaken queensized bed in an alcove in the background. The front part was a parlour with comfortable, leather-uphostered armchairs and a marble-top round table. Two rich, antique china vases adorned the sides of the door. and through the bay window a terraced garden, with pines and cypresses and beasutifully clipped laurel hedges and statuettes, descended down to a blue ocean. Dante was simply stunned, when he turned on the lasers.

When his mother was a child, she had told him, people did wonderful things to their homes around Christmas time. Once a year, so she said, even the poorest hut could look like a little palace, by night time: Lit with hundreds of coloured electric bulbs in luminous patterns. The humble steps to the entrance door of her parents' hut, she told him, looked like Jacob's ladder, a staircase to heaven, and all along the front of the house, there were big, glowing flowers glimmering in the dark like rubies, topazes and emeralds. And they tingled in the wind in a gentle music. They sounded like glass, because they really were glass. it must have been very, very beautiful.

But what would his mother say now, if she saw his poor home transformed into thig palace?

As he gazed out of the window over the spacious garden, with a couple of Italian greyhounds most gracefully playing in the distance. he heard from out there. from the wide open spaces. an ugly, altoo familiar noise⁻ The neighbours, whose hut, in reality stood right next, very close. to his own, were at it again. The thin walls seemed to magnify rather than dampen the sounds which were part of the slumscape: giggles and moanings, mostly Sasturday nights, and screams and the thuds of hard objects being hurled -- probably real furniture -- and thrashings, and shrieks: sounds of anger and constraint and violence and pain. Almost every day.

My god, Dante thought. They probably don't know any better. They did not know that the slumscape was gone, as far as nextdoor was concerned, and that the vulgar sounds did not fit into Dante's palacial surroundings: could not possibly be coming to him from these spacious gardens: sounded ghastly unreal.

When the crying and fussing had died down, Dante decided it was time for a game of chess. He walked right through the furniture. picked up the chesstable, carried it next to the bay window so he could enjoy the sunset during the game, and plucked in the computer. Then he pressed the button marked "Get ready."

To his amazement, a girl came walking in, right through the closed door. She must have been about his age -- fourteen. fifteen. She was slender, dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt with a Harvard Chess Club emblem across her chest, framed by softly falling, waist-long golden locks. She was the most beautiful girl Dante had ever seen. She sat down on the bench opposite him and said, "Hi, my name is Beatrice, and I am your chess partner." She nodded, casting down her eyes, chastely. then she said, sweetly but with authority: "Take the die out of the box now, and throw it. It will tell you whether you are going to play black or white."

Dante obeyed without hesitation. He knew. from his gym experience, that you have to cooperate unquestioningly with the laser phantoms. Otherwise the whole thing falls apart. He drew white. She said: "Press the button marked with the color you drew, and then the OK button.

He complied. She said: "Now place your pieces on the board."

He carefully assembled his pieces and pawns. Her black pieces stood there, all at once, by fiat. He tried to touch them, but his hand went right through: they were laser constructs.

"White has the first move." she said.

He played, thoughtfully, taking his time. She responded to each move in a split second.

At one point, he got confused and moved his bishop into an uncovered position, exposed to the attack of her queen.

She seemed amazed and amused. She shook her beautiful locks, she looked at him, squinting her eyes, smiling, and a charming dimple appeared on her left cheek. "You could have done better than that!" she said melodiously, insinuatingly, gently reproachful. "Now if you want to insist on this move, press the o.k. button, and we'll go on. If you want to take the move back, press the "correction" button, withdraw to your last position, and make a different move."

He pressed the "correction button and changed his move.

A little later he took her horse with his queen. "Oh you silly darling!", she exclaimed, "that won't do you any good at all!" And she drummed with her finger tips on the chess table. After three moves, she took his queen.

Dante did not care whether he was winning or losing. Whast he wanted was to hear her say again and again so charmingly, "you could have done better than that!" or "Oh, you silly darling!" And she said it, again and again, shaking her beautiful locks, squinting her eyes. She said it melodiously, insinuatingly, and a dimple appeared on her left cheek.

Dante was in a frenzy.

He unplucked the computer. She disappeared. The black pieces and pawns were gone too, and only his pieces, in disarray, were left on the board. He reconnected the computer; he pushed the "Get ready" button. She came through the closed door. sat down, and said, Hi, my name is Beatrice. I am your chess partner.

What confounded him so was that she did not talk with a mickey-mouse voice, she did not move like a robot: she was real, alive, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. But she could not get out of that programme, of course, and if he wanted to communicate with her, he had to conform to the programme. He could not say, "let's go and have an ice cream," he could not take her to the movies, hold her hands, kiss her.

Dante began to understand why the little girls didn't like the horse-riding programme at the gym. When you want living beings, you want living beings.

Hold her hands. Kiss her. He gathered his guts, he broke out of the mold. He stretched his arms across the table, his hands cupped, to grasp her breasts.

The feeling of void was shocking. Have you ever tried to give a firm hand-shake to a person. and that person responds with a completely passive, flacid hand?

What Dante felt was much worse than that. But then he noted that his own hand had become a bulging part of her breast. A part that was part of himself and of her. That was the way the laser had it. It gave him an unspeakable thrill. Beside himself, he moved his other hand into the region of her lap.

But after a minute, he sensed the total futility of his doings. Tears filled his eyes. "I love you," Dante sobbed, "I want you so much, Beatrice, I want you to be real."

He disconnected the computer, threw the black pieces back into their box, and carried the chesstable back to the wall.

Outside, the moon had risen and stood lordly over his well groomed garden. Dante's heart was heavy and his mind was exhausted. He walked through the living room furniture, and gave a frustrated kick to the China vase that kept his foot dangling mid-air. He went to the alcove to lay himself down on the magnificent queen-size oak bedstead, and fell right through it, to the floor. He did not care. He fell into a leaden sullen sleep

How long he slept. in deep unconsciousness, he did not know, but then he had a wondrous dream.

It was the saddle. The saddle from the ship on which his mother came from the old country, when she was a child. Horseless and riderless, the saddle came gallopping across the school's baseball field, right up to where he stood. The horse was absent, and his mother was absent. But the horse's absence was quite different from his mother's absence. The horse was not there the way it had not been there on the ship. It was not meant to be there. His mother, evidently, was not there either, but he knew she was there. He did not hear her talk, but he clearly perceived what she said. This is what she said while the saddle was reflecting gently the absent horse's pawing on the ground. "Dante," she said. caro Dante, you have been a good boy all year. You have done well at school. You have been obedient to your father. You have kept the house for him as best you could. You have not stolen anything. You have not cheated anybody; you haven't been mean with anybody -- not even entertained mean thoughts -- well, hardly any -- and you should have

your reward. Se no, non c'è gusto. Lo so bene, caro Dante. I grant you three wishes. Wish whatever you want. Qualunque cosa. But be sensible, even in your wishes."

"Oh, Mum," Dante said, "is that true, is that really true?"

But the saddle was already getting distant, and his mother now was absent in the sense that her absence was now much more penetrating.

"My god, Dante said, "I wish...I wish...I wish...that the whole laser world, the way I built it should become real. Everything: REAL."

He awoke, and found himself lying on the queensized oak bedstead, enveloped in a silk-covered eiderdown comforter, the lighest, lovliest and warmest he had ever seen. He started up. He passed his hand over every millimeter of the bed. it was there. Solid, polished oakwood, most pleasing to the touch. He closed his eves to sense it still better. And he thought, that's the way a blind man sees the real world, with his fingers, and with his eyes turned inward he sees laser phantoms.

He made his way through the living room, knocking his shin against the wrought iron leg of the marbletop table, as he distractedly tried to walk through it again. He very consciously abstained from kicking the China vase by the side of the door. He went to the bathroom.

Well, nothing had changed there. except that it looked even slummier. next to that new livingroom. The water. which was of poor quality. had eaten a rusty channel from the leaking faucet, down the wall, broadening and getting blacker, all the way to the drain. The enamel, rought and catching grime into irremovable stain, was flaking off here and there. So was the linoleum floor. There were some pieces of old newspaper hung on a rusty nail next to the toilet, which had no seat, and was cracked and badly stained. Oh my god, Dante thought. Of course I forgot the bathroom. And as he climbed into that nasty tub to take his shower, he remembered that he still had two wishes left. But he certainly would not waste them on the bathroom!

horrible to behold: the neighbours were at it again. From here he could hear it distinctly. The man, yelling, there was a great rumble and clatter, and the woman was shrieking. It sounded as though he had knocked her down.

Dante hurried out of the bathroom.

He opened the livingroom window, and breathed with delight the fresh morning breeze, pregnant with the sweet aroma of flowering shrubs and trees. The smellevision, programmed into the laser programme. he thought, with a momentary fit of nausea. But then he realized, well, it's real now: no need for smellevision. He walked out onto the terrace and down the palatial steps flanked by statuettes and thought of the staircase to heaven his mother had seen when she was a child. An arbour of wisteria; roses, rows of roses, and a sea of Iris and gladiola, sloping down to the real sea: calm and unreally stark blue against this outrage of colour. If the wind rose, Dante thought to himself, who knows, maybe these flowere would tingle like glass. And then he wondered where the streets and houses had gone that used to be here. Maybe they were underground now, and didn't even know it, or maybe he... He had another brief attack of nausea, and began to feel lonely in all this splendour. There wasn't a living soul around with whom to share his excitement. Not even the greyhounds he had noted on the laser scene, were there today. He called out for them, but a reverberating echo of his own voice was the only answer. "I don't know," he thought. "I really don't know." And at that he turned around, skipping up the stairs, into the house, through the livingroom, out into the street.

The street was just as usual. The slummy huts crowding one another, and piles of filth and garbage on sidewalks amd gutters. But it so happened that nobody was there at all. He walked towards school. to look for Virgil: It would be fun to show Virgil what had become of the laser programme. But Virgil was nowhere to be seen. Somebody was practicing skiing in the gym, but, somehow, Dante did not want to go through that again, and quickly he closed the door.

Dejected, he returned to his palatial home. Well, now comes the biggest and best, he thought, encouraging himself. Now comes Beatrice.

He pulled the chess-table out, like the day before, plugged in the computer, and pushed the "Get ready" button. She came through the closed door, sat herself on the bench opposite and said, "Hi, my name is Beatrice, and I am your chess partner."

"Oh no!," he groaned. "She isn't any more real than she was yesterday. He tried to grasp her hands: in vain. "Beatrice," he sobbed, "you were supposed to be real today. dont' you understand?"

She nodded, lowering her eyes, chastely. Then she said, sweetly but with authority: "Take the die out of the box and throw it. It will tell you whether you are going to play black or white."

"Oh no, not again!", he cried. Then he merged his left hand with her breast and delved his right arm deep into her insubstantial lap, and stood there, for long, bitter-sweet seconds. Then he disconnected the computer, and cried.

At night, under the luscious eiderdown comforter, he dreamed again. There was the saddle, horseless and riderless, it came trotting towards him, across the old baseball field. He threw his head on it and said, "Why? Mom, Why isn't she real like everything else? I love her so! I want her to be real!"

"Sciocchino!", he perceived her saying. "If the room and the garden are real, the way you programmed it, then the girl can't be real. Grullino! If I were to make Beatrice real, all material things around her would be burned to white dust and ashes. It takes a totally different type of laser -- pulsed lasers utilizing capacitor banks for energy storage of many thousands of joules at several kilovolts -- to concretize the the laser construct of a human being. We can do things beyond science: things that scientists do not yet understand, but some day maybe will understand -- but we cannot do anything against science. To substantiate inert objects -- well, up to, and including, plants -- and people at the same time is not possible. Dovresti spiegarti meglio. You should have said: I want Beatrice. And you would have had her. But now, caro Dante, stop crying, bambino che sei. What is the matter. You have two more wishes. So, get your act together."

Dante kept sobbing for a little while, but he dried his tears and blew his nose, and then he said, as clearly and distinctly as he could, "I want Beatrice, real and alive; and all the rest of the landscape - the room, and the furniture, and the garden, should become laser constructs again. Without any substance."

The saddle was getting distant. trotting, you could have posted the trot in the stirrups. And Dante was awakened by his falling down through the bed onto the hard cold floor. The oaken bedstead and the silkcovered eiderdown comforter. was a laser phantom once more.

When he had pushed the "Get ready" button, he heard a knock at the door. "Come in!" he shouted, rising from his bench. There she was: Beatrice. She seemed even more beautiful to him than during the previous days. The morning sun was kissing her golden hair. "Hi, he said. "you must be Beatrice: nice meeting you!"

She stood near the door, chewing a piece of gum. "Nice looking place you got!," she said.

"Just for the week-end," he said. "I gave it up. I gave it up for you. Beatrice," he said, too soon, too emphatically.

"What's the matter with you," she said, chewing, somewhat cowishly, and, before he could prevent it, she tried to seat herself in one of the leather-upholstered armchairs and fell right through and sat, rather hard, on the floor.

"Oh my god," he said. "Did you get hurt?"

"What a crummy place," she said, "where you can't even sit on a chair!"

He helped her to get up. He touched her. He felt her. Her golden, silky hair enveloped his hand as he let it slide over her shapely breast, soft but firm. Something stirred in him he had never known.

"If you want to sit, you have to sit there, " he said, pointing to the bench. "There. Shall we play a game of chess?"

"O.K.," she said.

He took a black pawn and a white pawn out of the box, one each in his hands which he crossed, over the table.

"Left," she said. She drew black. The each arranged their pieces and pawns, and he started. silently. It took but a few moves for him to manage to get his bishop into an uncovered position, exposed to the attack of her queen. She shook her locks. squinting her eyes, and a charming dimple appeared on her left cheek as she smiled. "You could have done better than that!" she said melodiously.

His heart was throbbing in his throat.

"May I take it back?" he asked.

"Oh. sure." she said, who cares.

"You like playing?" he asked.

"Sometimes it gets damn boring," she said, chewing, cowishly.

His mind was not on his strategy. He did not think three moves ahead when he took her horse with his queen. "You silly darling," she exclaimed, "as though that were going to do you any good!" And she had his queen.

He stretched his arms, he grasped for her breast.

"Cut it out!" she said. "You'r wasting no time, are you, you want to get on!" He was utterly confused. noting that, when she acted within the programme, she was sublime, she was ravishing. He would have given not only his palace but his life, to have her, to be with her. When she was acting out of the programme, she tended to be very ordinary: even vulgar.

He got up.

"Why don't we go out and do something," she suggested, "get an ice cream, go see a movie.

"I've got ice cream in the frig," he said, "and the movies -- it's all the same. whether it is out there on the screen, or whether we are in it here." To be seen with a girl out there in the real world, was not the thing to do, he thought. Not with a girl that spacy. "I can change the laser programme, if you want."

He changed furniture, decore, and the view from the window, a few times. A Swiss chalet in the mountains; a penthouse over Manhattan; and then he said, "I like the first one best," and he put it back.

"You can sleep on the real bed." he said. "it's more comfortable. I sleep where the laser bed is: I like it that way. That is where I have been sleeping the past two nights."

She took of her T-shirt and lay on the bed, naked down to her waist. He was stunned. She unzipped her jeans and pulled them down half-way. He was electrified. Her skin was golden brown. She was not scrawny but there was not an ounce of fat on her. "Come on. What are you waiting for," she said. He could hardly swallow. He could hardly move. His jeans were bursting. She freed him of his jeans. She did unspeakable things to him. She made him squeal with delight and pain and delight.

"Now I show you how it's done." she said, and then, sweetly but with authority. "Lie down on the bed." She knelt over him, her thies alongside his flanks. She bent over him, digging her hands into his chest and her golden hair rained on him, on his face, on

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his neck, on his shoulder. It rained on him softly. It drowned him. He closed his eyes. She forced him into her and started rocking. He fleetingly thought of the saddle. until she rocked him into a delirious explosion of joy.

It was still dark when Dante awoke. He gently freed himself from her embrace and walked over to the laser bed; fell through it and snuggled himself together as best he could on the cold hard floor. He felt feverish and shaky and had a hard time going back to sleep.

The saddle came, haltingly, somewhat unsteady, at a slow walking pace, toward him. He reached for it; he threw his head on it, and sobbed. "Mother," he said, "Mamma, I know: I blew it. I really blew it. I could have been the happiest, the richest boy in the world, and I made a total mess of it. what a mess. Beatrice can't stay. I know that, you need not tell me. Mamma. What should I do with her? What would Dad say when he comes home tomorrow? What if we had? a baby: a laser baby?...And somewhere, out there, there must be a real girl that is exactly like Beatrice: the one they must have filmed for the laser programme. Just think what would happen if the two ever met out there! No: Beatrice has got to go. And I do have one wish left, Mamma. I wish." he said, choking his sobs, and he said it as clearly and coherently as he could, "I wish that Beatrice should be a laser construct again, so that I can switch her off.... And on," he added, just in case.

The saddle gave him a last, amicable little push, and then it walked away, slowly, limping, and got lost in the distance.

When Dante got up, Beatrice was sitting on the bench at the chess table. She looked more beautiful than ever. "Hi," he said, did you sleep well?" She said, "Take the die out of the box now and throw it: It will tell you whether you are going to play black or white."

"No," he said. "not today." And he stretched out his arms across the table and passed his hands, on both sides, over her face, her hair, her breasts, her lap: ever so lightly. So lightly he couldn't really tell whether she was there or not. Then he got up, disconnected the computer and switched off the lasers. "By by Be," he stammered.

She was gone. And the world looked so drab and dreary. So drab and dreary. I blew it, I really blew it, he thought, as he loaded the heap of apparatus on the trolley to push it back to school.

Near the entrance, he ran into Virgil. "Hi," Virgil said, "man you look glum on this beautiful morning' Didn't you have fun with the lasers?"

"Lots of fun," Dante said. "They're terrific, really. And you know what, I do want to borrow them again, and take them down to the mine where my dad works...The snow scene. You know, if I can get sick on that laser ocean, he can't possibly get black lungs in all that snow...What's real anyway. and who cares." international organizations" and, with its 21-Century characteristics and functions, discussed earlier in these pages, it could not fail to exercise some influence on the further evolution of the whole network.

For which we would be if we believed that the world community would move, unwveringly, on a straight line of progress, toward this system enhancing developmeng, disarmament, and the protection of the environment and creating new forms of scientific, technological, and industrial cooperation between North and South. The world community will continue to fumble and bumble along, to create as many problems as it solves, to comtromise and debauch ideas and ideals. But the fact remains that the adoption of the Convention on the Law of the Sea has opened new horizons, new possibilities to act if we wish to act, possibilities which would not be there had the Conference failed to adopt the Convention.

> In 1967 halts had a dream. The dream has been creative, acting on political reality, beyond any expectations. Let us have the courage to dream again.

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DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES DIGITAL SEPARATION SHEET

Separation Date: June 26, 2015

Fonds Title: Elisabeth Mann Borgese
Fonds #: MS-2-744
Box-Folder Number: Box 129, Folder 3
Series: Publications, drafts, and speeches
Sub-Series: Fictional writings
File: What's real anyways : a fairy tale by Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Description of item(s):

File contains two copies (one with handwritten corrections) of the German version of the story ("Die drei Wünsche").

Reason for separation:

Pages have been removed from digital copy due to copyright concerns.

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He all answed in Jameie is 8 Kolle vubdued nood. Secretaries has estimated be- 70 adoptions (50 needed) instead: Landslide 119 - Japan - Figi Half of EEC - 3 more declared March of OECD + Japan Common wealth all soviet Bleck Van Mappy of 77