

FOR some time, a magazine which shall be nameless has been featuring the peregrinations of a pun-minded time-and-space traveler yclept Ferdinand Feghoot, whose adventures are told by one Grendel Briarton.

By an enormous coincidence—which we would not permit any of our authors to use as a plot gimmick—the Editors of AMAZING have come into possession of a series of adventures experienced by a space-and-time voyager named Benedict Breadfruit, and indited for posterity by one Grandall Barretton, who took a solemn oath as a young man never to tell a lie nor to make a pun.

It is with pride and pleasure that we bring to you now the first adventure:

Through Time and Space With Benedict Breadfruit: I

ON the ancient planet of Phogiu II, the natives were in a terrible tizzy. Their local god—a huge, intelligent lichen which covered a fifth of the habitable surface of Phogiu II, was dying. Naturally, they sent for Benedict Breadfruit. He took one look at the lichen and said: “It is obvious that the fungi part of this intelligent symbiotic organism is in good health. The other part, however—”

He gave it a shot of vitamins and a chlorophyll pill. The Great Lichen immediately spruced up and began delivering its deep pronunciamientos with the proper punctilio.

“What was wrong with it?” asked one of the natives.

“Nothing serious,” said Benedict Breadfruit. “All it needed was an algae buttress.”

—GRANDALL BARRETTON