

“GO ON, LAUGH!”

The street was stone-cobbled, each stone three inches wide, six inches long. With a move unrecognizable as such, the street settled. It weighed the invaders. In a machine cellar a red wand touched a numeral:

178 pounds . . .

210,

154,

201,

198

—each man weighed, registered and the record spooled down into a correlative darkness.

Now the city was **fully awake!**

Now the vents sucked and blew air, the tobacco odor from the invaders' mouths, the green soap scent from their hands. Even their eyeballs had a delicate odor. The city detected it, and this information formed totals which scurried down to total other totals. The crystal windows glittered, **the Ear tautened and skinned** the drum of its hearing tight, tighter—all of the senses of the city swarming like a fall of unseen snow, counting the respiration and the dim hidden heartbeats of the men,

listening,

watching,

tasting.

For the streets were like tongues, and where the men passed, the taste of their heels ebbed down through stone pores to be calculated on litmus. This chemical totality, so subtly collected, was appended to the now increasing sums waiting the final calculation among the whirling wheels and whispering spokes.

Footsteps.
Running.

“Come back! Smith!” “No, blast you!” “Get him, men!” Footsteps rushing.

A final test.

The city, having listened, watched, tasted, felt, weighed, and balanced, must perform a final task.

A trap flung wide in the street. The captain, unseen to the others, running, vanished.

Hung by his feet, a razor drawn across his throat, another down his chest, his carcass instantly emptied of its entrails, exposed upon a table under the street, in a hidden cell, the captain died. Great crystal microscopes stared at the red twines of muscle; bodiless fingers probed the still pulsing heart. The flaps of his sliced skin were pinned to the table while **hands shifted parts of his body** like a quick and curious player of chess, using the red pawns and the red pieces.

Above on the street the men ran. Smith ran, men shouted. Smith shouted,

and below in this curious room blood flowed into capsules, was shaken, spun, shoved on smear slides under further microscopes, counts made, temperatures taken, heart cut in seventeen sections, liver and kidneys expertly halved. Brain was drilled and scooped from bone socket, nerves pulled forth like the dead wires of a switchboard, muscles plucked for elasticity, while in the electric subterrene of the city the Mind at last totaled out its grandest total and all of the machinery ground to a monstrous and momentary halt.

THE TOTAL.

These are men.

These are men from a far world, a certain planet, and they have certain eyes, certain ears, and they walk upon legs in a specified way and carry weapons and think and fight, and they have particular hearts and all such organs as are recorded from long ago.

THE TOTAL.

Above, men ran down the street toward the rocket. Smith ran.

These are our enemies.

These are the ones we have waited for twenty thousand years to see again. These are the men upon whom we waited to visit revenge.

EVERYTHING TOTALS.

These are the men of a planet called Earth, who declared war upon Taollan twenty thousand years ago, who kept us in slavery and ruined us and destroyed us with a great disease. Then they went off to live in another galaxy to escape that disease which they visited upon us after ransacking our world. They have forgotten that war and that time, and they have forgotten us. But we have not forgotten them.

These are our enemies. This is certain.

Our waiting is done.

“Smith, come back!”

Quickly.

Upon the red table, with the spread-eagled captain's body empty, new hands began a fight of motion. Into the wet interior were placed organs of copper, brass, silver, aluminum, rubber and silk; spiders spun gold web which was stung into the skin; a heart was attached, and into the skull case was fitted a platinum brain which hummed and fluttered small sparkles of blue fire, and the wires led down through the body to the arms and legs. In a moment the body was sewn tight, the incisions waxed, healed at neck and throat and about the skull—perfect, fresh, new.

The captain sat up and flexed his arms. “STOP!”

On the street the captain reappeared, raised his gun and fired. Smith fell, a bullet in his heart.

The other men turned.

The captain ran to them.

“That fool! Afraid of a city!”

They looked at the body of Smith at their feet.

They looked at their captain, and their eyes widened and narrowed.

“Listen to me,” said the captain. “I have something important to tell you.”

“I am no longer your captain,” he said. “Nor am I a man.”

The men moved back.

**“I am the city,”
he said, and smiled.**

“I've waited two hundred centuries,” he said. “I've waited for the sons of the Sons of the sons to return.”

“Captain, sir!”

“Let me continue. Who built me? The city. The men who died built me. The old race who once lived here. The people whom the Earthmen left to die of a terrible disease, a form of leprosy with no cure. And the men of that old race, dreaming of the day when Earthmen might return, built this city, and the name of this city was and is Revenge, upon the planet of Darkness, near the shore of the Sea of Centuries, by the Mountains of the Dead; all very poetic. This city was to be a balancing machine, a litmus, an antenna to test all future space travelers. In twenty thousand years only two other rockets landed here. One from a distant galaxy called Ennt, and the inhabitants of that craft were tested, weighed, found wanting, and let free, unscathed, from the city. As were the visitors in the second ship. But today! At long last, you've come! The revenge will be carried out to the last detail. Those men have been dead two hundred centuries, but they left a city here to welcome you.

“Captain, sir, you're not feeling well. Perhaps you'd better come back to the ship, sir.”

The city trembled.

The pavements opened and the men fell, screaming. Falling, they saw bright razors flash to meet them!

TIME PASSED.

Soon came the call:

“Smith?”

“Here!”

“Jensen?”

“Here!”

“Jones, Hutchinson, Springer?”

“Here, here, here!”

They stood by the door of the rocket.

“We return to Earth immediately.”

“Yes, sir!”

The incisions on their necks were invisible, as were their hidden brass hearts and silver organs and the fine golden wire of their nerves. There was a faint electric hum from their heads.

“On the double!”

Nine men hurried the golden bombs of disease culture into the rocket. “These are to be dropped on Earth.”

“Right, sir!”

The rocket valve slammed. The rocket jumped into the sky. As the thunder faded, the city lay upon the summer meadow.

Its glass eyes were dulled over. The Ear relaxed, the great nostril vents stopped, the streets no longer weighed or balanced, and the hidden machinery paused in its bath of oil.

In the sky the rocket dwindled.

Slowly, pleasurably, the city enjoyed the luxury of **dying.**