

# Lamb to the Slaughter

## by Roald Dahl

The room was warm and clean, the curtains drawn, the two table lamps alight - hers and the one by the empty chair opposite. On the sideboard behind her, two tall glasses, soda water, whisky. Fresh ice cubes in the Thermos bucket.

Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of the head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil. Her skin - for this was her sixth month with child - had acquired a wonderful translucent quality, the mouth was soft and the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger, darker than before.

When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen and a few moments later, punctually as always she heard the tyres on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as he came in.

'Hullo, darling,' she said.

'Hullo,' he answered.

She took his coat and hung it in the closet. Then she walked over and made the drinks, a strongish one for him, a weak one for herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he in the other, opposite, holding the tall glass with both his hands, rocking it so the ice cubes tinkled against the side.

For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his

company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved to luxuriate in the presence of this man, and to feel - almost as a sunbather feels the sun - that warm male glow that came out of him to her when they were alone together. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides. She loved the intent, far look in his eyes when they rested on her, the funny shape of the mouth, and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness, sitting still with himself until the whisky had taken some of it away.

'Tired, darling?'

'Yes,' he said. 'I'm tired.' And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it, left. She wasn't really watching him but she knew what he had done because she heard the ice cubes falling back against the bottom of the empty glass when he lowered his arm. He paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another.

'I'll get it!' she cried, jumping up.

'Sit down,' he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was dark amber with the quantity of whisky in it.

'Darling, shall I get your slippers?'

'No.'

She watched him as he began to sip the dark yellow drink, and she could see little oily swirls in the liquid because it was so strong.

'I think it's a shame,' she said, 'that when a policeman gets to be as senior as you, they keep him walking about on his feet all day long.'

He didn't answer, so she bent her head again and went on with her sewing; but each time he lifted the drink to his lips, she heard the ice cubes clinking against the side of the glass.

'Darling,' she said. 'Would you like me to get

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you some cheese? I haven't made any supper because it's Thursday.'

'No,' he said.

'If you're too tired to eat out,' she went on, 'it's still not too late. There's plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair.' Her eyes waited on him for an answer, a smile, a little nod, but he made no sign.

'Anyway,' she went on, 'I'll get you some cheese and crackers first.'

'I don't want it,' he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face. 'But you must have supper. I can easily do it here. I'd like to do it. We can have lamb chops. Or pork. Anything you want. Everything's in the freezer.'

'Forget it,' he said.

'But, darling, you *must* eat! I'll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like.'

She stood up and placed her sewing on the table by the lamp.

'Sit down,' he said. 'Just for a minute, sit down.' It wasn't till then that she began to get frightened.

'Go on,' he said. 'Sit down.' She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes. He had finished the second drink and was staring down into the glass, frowning.

'Listen,' he said, 'I've got something to tell you.'

'What is it, darling? What's the matter?'

He had become absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down so that the light from the lamp beside him fell across the upper part of his face leaving the chin and mouth in shadow. She noticed there was a little muscle moving near the corner of his left eye.

'This is going to be a bit of a shock to you, I'm afraid,' he said. 'But I've thought about it a good deal and I've decided the only thing to do is tell you right away. I hope you won't blame me too much.' And he told her. It didn't take long, four or five minutes at most, and she sat very still through it all, watching him with a kind of dazed horror as he went further and further away from her with each word.

'So there it is,' he added. 'And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course I'll give you money and see you're looked after. But there needn't really be any fuss. I hope not anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job.'

Her first instinct was not to believe any of it, to reject it all. It occurred to her that perhaps he hadn't even spoken, that she herself had imagined the whole thing. Maybe, if she went about her business and acted as though she hadn't been listening, then later, when she sort of woke up again, she might find none of it had ever happened.

'I'll get the supper,' she managed to whisper, and this time he didn't stop her. When she walked across the room she couldn't feel her feet touching the floor. She couldn't feel anything at all - except a slight nausea and a desire to vomit. Everything was automatic now - down the stairs to the cellar, the light switch, the deep freeze, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met. She lifted it out, and looked at it. It was wrapped in paper, so she took off the paper and looked at it again. A leg of lamb.

All right then, they would have lamb for supper. She carried it upstairs, holding the thin bone-end of it with both her hands, and as she went through the living-room, she saw him standing over by the window with his back to her, and she stopped.

'For God's sake,' he said, hearing her, but not turning round. 'Don't make supper for me. I'm going out.'

At that point, Mary Maloney simply walked up behind him and without any pause she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought it down as hard as she could on the back of his head. She might just as well have hit him with a steel club. She stepped back a pace, waiting, and the funny thing was that he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds, gently swaying. Then he crashed to the carpet.

The violence of the crash. The noise, the small table overturning, helped bring her out of the

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shock. She came out slowly, feeling cold and surprised, and she stood for a while blinking at the body, still holding the ridiculous piece of meat tight with both hands.

All right, she told herself. So I've killed him. It was extraordinary, now, how clear her mind became all of a sudden. She began thinking very fast. As the wife of a detective, she knew quite well what the penalty would be. That was fine. It made no difference to her. In fact, it would be a relief. On the other hand, what about the child? What were the laws about murderers with unborn children? Did they kill them both - mother and child? Or did they wait until the tenth month? What did they do?

Mary Maloney didn't know. And she certainly wasn't prepared to take a chance. She carried the meat into the kitchen, placed it in a pan, turned the oven on high, and shoved it inside. Then she washed her hands and ran upstairs to the bedroom. She sat down before the mirror, tidied her face, touched up her lips and face. She tried a smile. It came out rather peculiar. She tried again. 'Hullo, Sam,' she said brightly, aloud. The voice sounded peculiar too. 'I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas.' That was better. Both the smile and the voice were coming out better now. She rehearsed it several times more. Then she ran downstairs, took her coat, went out the back door, down the garden, into the street.

It wasn't six o'clock yet and the lights were still on in the grocery shop. 'Hullo Sam,' she said brightly, smiling at the man behind the counter. 'Why, good evening, Mrs Maloney. How're you?' 'I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas.' The man turned and reached up behind him on the shelf for the peas. 'Patrick's decided he's tired and doesn't want to eat out tonight,' she told him. 'We usually go out Thursdays, you know, and now he's caught me without any vegetables in the house.' 'Then how about meat, Mrs Maloney?' 'No, I've got meat, thanks. I got a nice leg of

lamb, from the freezer.'

'Oh.'

'I don't much like cooking it frozen, Sam, but I'm taking a chance on it this time. You think it'll be all right?'

'Personally,' the grocer said, 'I don't believe it makes any difference. You want these Idaho potatoes?'

'Oh yes, that'll be fine. Two of those.'

'Anything else?' The grocer cocked his head on one side, looking at her pleasantly. 'How about afterwards? What you going to give him for afterwards?'

'Well - what would you suggest, Sam?' The man glanced around his shop. 'How about a nice big slice of cheesecake? I know he likes that.'

'Perfect,' she said. 'He loves it.'

And when it was all wrapped and she had paid, she put on her brightest smile and said, 'Thank you, Sam. Good night.'

'Good night, Mrs Maloney. And thank you.'

And now, she told herself as she hurried back, all she was doing now, she was returning home to her husband and he was waiting for his supper; and she must cook it good, and make it as tasty as possible because the poor man was tired; and if, when she entered the house, she happened to find anything unusual, or tragic, or terrible, then naturally it would be a shock and she'd become frantic with grief and horror. Mind you, she wasn't *expecting* to find anything. She was just going home with the vegetables. Mrs Patrick Maloney going home with the vegetables on Thursday evening to cook supper for her husband.

That's the way, she told herself. Do everything right and natural. Keep things absolutely natural and there'll be no need for any acting at all.

Therefore, when she entered the kitchen by the back door, she was humming a little tune to herself and smiling.

'Patrick!' she called. 'How are you, darling?' She put the parcel down on the table and went through into the living-room; and when she saw him lying there on the floor with his legs doubled up and one arm twisted back underneath his body, it really was rather a

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shock. All the old love and longing for him welled up inside her, and she ran over to him, knelt down beside him, and began to cry her heart out. It was easy. No acting was necessary.

A few minutes later she got up and went to the phone. She knew the number of the police station, and when the man at the other end answered, she cried to him, 'Quick! Come quick! Patrick's dead!'

'Who's speaking?'

'Mrs Maloney. Mrs Patrick Maloney.'

'You mean Patrick Maloney's dead?'

'I think so,' she sobbed. 'He's lying on the floor and I think he's dead.'

'Be right over,' the man said.

The car came very quickly, and when she opened the front door, two policemen walked in. She knew them both - she knew nearly all the men at that precinct - and she fell right into Jack Noonan's arms, weeping hysterically. He put her gently into a chair, then went over to join the other one, who was called O'Malley, kneeling by the body.

'Is he dead?' she cried.

'I'm afraid he is. What happened?'

Briefly, she told her story about going out to the grocer and coming back to find him on the floor. While she was talking, crying and talking, Noonan discovered a small patch of congealed blood on the dead man's head. He showed it to O'Malley who got up at once and hurried to the phone.

Soon, other men began to come into the house. First a doctor, then two detectives, one of whom she knew by name. Later, a police photographer arrived and took pictures, and a man who knew about fingerprints. There was a great deal of whispering and muttering beside the corpse, and the detectives kept asking her a lot of questions. But they always treated her kindly. She told her story again, this time right from the beginning, when Patrick had come in, and she was sewing, and he was tired, so tired he hadn't wanted to go out for supper. She told how she'd put the meat in the oven - 'it's there now, cooking' - and how she'd slipped out to the grocer for vegetables, and come back to

find him lying on the floor.

'Which grocer?' one of the detectives asked.

She told him, and he turned and whispered something to the other detective who immediately went outside into the street.

In fifteen minutes he was back with a page of notes and there was more whispering, and through her sobbing she heard a few of the whispered phrases - '... acted quite normal... very cheerful... wanted to give him a good supper... peas... cheesecake ... impossible that she...'

After a while, the photographer and the doctor departed and two other men came in and took the corpse away on a stretcher. Then the fingerprint man went away. The two detectives remained, and so did the two policemen. They were exceptionally nice to her, and Jack Noonan asked if she wouldn't rather go - somewhere else, to her sister's house perhaps, or to his own wife who would take care of her and put her up for the night.

No, she said. She didn't feel she could move even a yard at the moment. Would they mind awfully if she stayed just where she was until she felt better? She didn't feel too good at the moment, she really didn't.

Then hadn't she better lie down on the bed?

Jack Noonan asked.

No, she said, she'd like to stay right where she was, in this chair. A little later perhaps, when she felt better, she would move.

So they left her there while they went about their business, searching the house.

Occasionally one of the detectives asked her another question. Sometimes Jack Noonan spoke to her gently as he passed by. Her husband, he told her, had been killed by a blow on the back of the head administered with a heavy blunt instrument, almost certainly a large piece of metal. They were looking for the weapon. The murderer may have taken it with him, but on the other hand he may've thrown it away or hidden it somewhere on the premises.

'It's the old story,' he said. 'Get the weapon, and you've got the man.'

Later, one of the detectives came up and sat

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beside her. Did she know, he asked, of anything in the house that could've been used as the weapon? Would she mind having a look around to see if anything was missing - a very big spanner, for example, or a heavy metal vase. They didn't have any heavy metal vases, she said.

'Or a big spanner?'

She didn't think they had a big spanner. But there might be some things like that in the garage.

The search went on. She knew that there were other policemen in the garden all around the house. She could hear their footsteps on the gravel outside, and sometimes she saw the flash of a torch through a chink in the curtains. It began to get late, nearly nine she noticed by the clock on the mantel. The four men searching the rooms seemed to be growing weary, a trifle exasperated.

'Jack,' she said, the next time Sergeant Noonan went by. 'Would you mind giving me a drink?' 'Sure I'll give you a drink. You mean this whisky?'

'Yes, please. But just a small one. It might make me feel better.' He handed her the glass.

'Why don't you have one yourself,' she said.

'You must be awfully tired. Please do. You've been very good to me.'

'Well,' he answered. 'It's not strictly allowed, but I might take just a drop to keep me going.'

One by one the others came in and were persuaded to take a little nip of whisky. They stood around rather awkwardly with the drinks in their hands, uncomfortable in her presence, trying to say consoling things to her. Sergeant Noonan wandered into the kitchen, came out quickly and said, 'Look, Mrs Maloney. You know that oven of yours is still on, and the meat still inside.'

'Oh dear me!' she cried. 'So it is!'

'I better turn it off for you, hadn't I?'

'Will you do that, Jack. Thank you so much.'

When the sergeant returned the second time, she looked at him with her large, dark, tearful eyes. 'Jack Noonan,' she said.

'Yes?'

'Would you do me a small favour - you and

these others?'

'We can try, Mrs Maloney.'

'Well,' she said. 'Here you all are, and good friends of dear Patrick's too, and helping to catch the man who killed him. You must be terribly hungry by now because it's long past your suppertime, and I know Patrick would never forgive me, God bless his soul, if I allowed you to remain in his house without offering you decent hospitality. Why don't you eat up that lamb that's in the oven? It'll be cooked just right by now.'

'Wouldn't dream of it,' Sergeant Noonan said.

'Please,' she begged. 'Please eat it. Personally I couldn't touch a thing, certainly not what's been in the house when he was here. But it's all right for you. It'd be a favour to me if you'd eat it up. Then you can go on with your work again afterwards.'

There was a good deal of hesitating among the four policemen, but they were clearly hungry, and in the end they were persuaded to go into the kitchen and help themselves. The woman stayed where she was, listening to them through the open door, and she could hear them speaking among themselves, their voices thick and sloppy because their mouths were full of meat.

'Have some more, Charlie?'

'No. Better not finish it.'

'She wants us to finish it. She said so. Be doing her a favour.'

'Okay then. Give me some more.'

'That's the hell of a big club the guy must've used to hit poor Patrick,' one of them was saying. 'The doc says his skull was smashed all to pieces just like from a sledgehammer.'

'That's why it ought to be easy to find.'

'Exactly what I say.'

'Whoever done it, they're not going to be carrying a thing like that around with them longer than they need.'

One of them belched.

'Personally, I think it's right here on the premises.'

'Probably right under our very noses. What you think, Jack?'

And in the other room, Mary Maloney began to giggle.

# Hey You Down There!

## Part One

by Harold Rolseth

Calvin Spender drained his coffee cup and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He burped loudly and then proceeded to fill a corncob pipe with coarsely shredded tobacco. He scratched a match across the top of the table and holding it to his pipe, he sucked noisily until billows of acrid smoke poured from his mouth.

Dora Spender sat across the table from her husband, her breakfast scarcely touched. She coughed lightly, and then, as no frown appeared on Calvin's brow, she said, 'Are you going to dig in the well this morning, Calvin?' Calvin fixed his small red-rimmed eyes upon her, and, as if she had not spoken, said, 'Git going at the chores right away. You're going to be hauling up dirt.' 'Yes, Calvin,' Dora whispered. Calvin cleared his throat, and the action caused his Adam's apple to move rapidly under the loose red skin on his neck. He rose from the table and went out of the kitchen door, kicking viciously at the tawny cat which had been lying on the doorstep.

Dora gazed at him and wondered for the thousandth time what it was that Calvin reminded her of. It was not some other person. It was something else. Sometimes it seemed as though the answer was about to spring to her mind, as just now when Calvin had cleared his throat. But always it stopped just short of her consciousness. It was disturbing to know with such certainty that Calvin looked like something other than himself and yet not know what that something was. Some day though, Dora knew, the answer would come to her. She rose hurriedly from the table and set about her chores.

Halfway between the house and the barn, a doughnut-shaped mound of earth surrounded a hole. Calvin went to the edge of the hole and stared down into it distastefully. Only necessity could have forced him to tackle this task, but it was either this digging or the hauling of barrels and barrels of water each day from Nord Fisher's farm half a mile down the road.

Calvin's herd of scrub cattle was small, but the amount of water it drank was astonishing. For two weeks now, ever since his well had gone dry, Calvin had been hauling water, and the

disagreeable chore was becoming more unpleasant because of neighbour Nord's hints that some kind of payment for the water would only be fair.

Several feet back from the edge of the hole, Calvin had driven a heavy iron stake into the ground, and to this was attached a crude rope ladder. The rope ladder had become necessary when the hole had reached a depth well beyond the length of any wooden ladder Calvin owned.

Calvin hoped desperately that he would not have to go much further. He estimated that he was now down fifty or sixty feet, a common depth for many wells in the area. His greatest fear was that he would hit a layer of rock which would call for the services of a well-drilling outfit. Both his funds and his credit-rating were far too low for such a team.

Calvin picked up a bucket to which was attached a long rope and lowered it into the hole. It was Dora's backbreaking task to pull the bucket hand over hand after Calvin had filled it from the bottom of the hole. With a mumbled curse, Calvin emptied his pipe and started down the rope ladder. By the time he got to the bottom of the hole and had filled the bucket, Dora should be there to haul it up. If she weren't, she would hear about it.

From the house, Dora saw Calvin prepare to enter the well and she worked with desperate haste to complete her chores. She reached the hole just as a muffled shout from below indicated that the bucket was full.

Summoning all her strength, Dora hauled the bucket up. She emptied it and then lowered it into the hole again. While she waited for the second bucketload, she examined the contents of the first. She was disappointed to find it had only the normal moistness of underground earth. No water seeped from it.

In her own way, Dora was deeply religious and at each tenth bucket she pulled up she murmured an urgent prayer that it would contain more water in it than earth. She had settled at praying at every tenth bucketload because she did not believe it in good taste to pester God with every bucket. Also, she varied the wording of each prayer, feeling that God

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## Part Two

must become bored with the same plea repeated over and over.

On this particular morning as she lowered the bucket for its tenth loading, she prayed, 'Please God, let something happen this time... Let something really and truly happen so I won't have to haul up any more dirt.'

Something happened almost immediately. As the rope slackened in her hands indicating that the bucket had reached the bottom, a scream of sheer terror came up from the hole, and the rope ladder jerked violently. Whimpering sounds of mortal fear sounded faintly, and the ladder grew taut with heavy strain. Dora fell to her knees and peered down into the darkness. 'Calvin,' she called, 'are you all right? What is it?'

Then with startling suddenness, Calvin appeared. At first Dora was not sure it was Calvin. The usual redness of his face was gone; now it was a yellowish green. He was trembling violently and had trouble breathing. 'It must have been a heart attack,' Dora thought, and tried hard to control the surge of joy that came over her.

Calvin lay upon the ground, panting. Finally he gained control of himself. Under ordinary circumstances, Calvin did not converse with Dora but now he seemed eager to talk. 'You know what happened down there?' he said in a shaky voice. 'You know what happened? The complete bottom dropped right out of the hole. All of a sudden it went, and there I was, standing on nothing but air. If I hadn't grabbed a hold of the last rung of the ladder... Why, that hole must be a thousand feet the way the bottom dropped out of it!'

Calvin babbled on, but Dora didn't listen. She was amazed at the remarkable way in which her prayer had been answered. If the hole had no more bottom, there would be no more dirt to haul up. When Calvin had regained his strength, he crept to the edge of the hole and peered down. 'What are you going to do, Calvin?' Dora asked timidly. 'Do? I'm going to find out how far down that hole goes. Get the flashlight from the kitchen.'

Dora hurried off. When she returned, Calvin had a large ball of binder twine he had brought from the tool shed.

He tied the flashlight securely to the end of the line, switched it on and lowered it into the hole. He paid out the line for about a hundred feet and then stopped. The light was only a feeble glimmer down below and revealed nothing. Calvin lowered the light another hundred feet and this time it was only a twinkling speck as it swung at the end of the line. Calvin released another long length of twine and another and another and now the light was no longer visible, and the large ball of twine had shrunk to a small tangle.

'Almost a full thousand feet,' he whispered in awe. 'And no bottom yet. Might as well pull it up.' But the line did not come up with Calvin's pull. It stretched and grew taut, but it did not yield to his tugging.

'Must be caught on something,' Calvin muttered, and gave the line a sharp jerk. In reply there was a downward jerk that almost tore the line from his hands.

'Hey!' yelled Calvin. 'The line...it jerked!' 'But, Calvin,' Dora protested. 'Don't Calvin me. I tell you there's something on the end of this line.'

He gave another tug, and again the line was almost pulled from his hands. He tied the line to the stake and sat down to ponder the matter. 'It don't make sense,' he said, more to himself than to Dora. 'What could be down underground a good thousand feet?' Tentatively he reached and pulled lightly on the line. This time there was no response, and rapidly he began hauling it up. When the end of the line came into view, there was a small white pouch of a leatherlike substance.

Calvin opened the pouch with trembling fingers and shook into his palm a bar of yellow metal and a folded piece of parchment. The bar of metal was not large but it seemed heavy for its size. Calvin got out his jack-knife and scratched the point of the blade across the metal. The knife blade bit into it easily.

'Gold,' said Calvin, his voice shaky. 'Must be a whole pound of it... and just for a measly flashlight. They must be crazy down there.' He thrust the gold bar into his pocket and opened the small piece of parchment. One side was closely covered with a fine writing. Calvin

turned it this way and that and then tossed it on the ground.

'Foreigners,' he said. 'No wonder they ain't got any sense. But it's plain they need flashlights.' 'But, Calvin,' said Dora. 'How could they get down there? There ain't any mines in this part of the country.'

'Ain't you ever heard of them secret government projects?' asked Calvin scornfully. 'This must be one of them. Now I'm going to town to get me a load of flashlights. They must need them bad. Now, mind you watch that hole good. Don't let no one go near it.' Calvin strode to the battered truck which was standing near the barn and a minute later was rattling down the highway towards Harmony Junction.

Dora picked up the bit of parchment which Calvin had thrown away. She could make nothing of the writing on it. It was all very strange. If it were some secret government undertaking, why would foreigners be taking part? And why would they need flashlights so urgently as to pay a fortune for one? Suddenly it occurred to her that possibly the people down below didn't know there were English speaking people up above. She hurried into the house and rummaged through Calvin's rickety desk for paper and pencil. In her search she found a small, ragged dictionary, and she took this with her to the kitchen table. Spelling didn't come easily to Dora.

Her note was a series of questions. Why were they down there? Who were they? Why did they pay so much for an old flashlight? As she started for the well it occurred to her that possibly the people down there might be hungry. She went back to the kitchen and wrapped a loaf of bread and a fair-sized piece of ham in a clean dish-towel. She added a PS to her note apologizing for the fact that she had nothing better to offer them. Then the thought came to her that since the people down below were obviously foreigners and possibly not too well versed in English, the small dictionary might be of help to them in answering her note. She wrapped the dictionary with the food in the towel.

It took Dora a long time to lower the bucket, but finally the twine grew slack in her hands and she knew the bucket had reached the bottom. She waited for a few moments and then tugged the line gently. The line held firm below, and Dora seated herself on the mound of earth to wait.

The warm sunlight felt good on her back and it was pleasant to sit and do nothing. She had no fear that Calvin would return soon. She knew that nothing on earth - or under it - could keep Calvin from visiting a number of bars once he was in town, and that with each tavern visited, time would become more and more meaningless to him. She doubted that he would return before morning.

After half an hour Dora gave the line a questioning tug, but it did not yield. She did not mind. It was seldom that she had time to idle away. Usually when Calvin went to town, he burdened her with chores that were to be done during his absence, coupling each order with a threat of what awaited her should his instructions not be carried out.

Dora waited another half hour before tugging at the line again. This time there was a sharp answering jerk, and Dora began hauling the bucket upward. It seemed much heavier now, and twice she had to pause for a rest. When the bucket reached the surface, she saw why it was heavier.

'My goodness,' she murmured as she viewed the dozen or so yellow metal bars in the bucket. 'They must be real hungry down there!' A sheet of the strange parchment was also in the bucket, and Dora picked it out expecting to see the strange writing of the first note.

'Well, I declare,' she said when she saw that the note was in English. It was in the same print as the dictionary, and each letter had been made with meticulous care. She read the note slowly, shaping each word with her lips as she read.

Your language is barbaric, but the crude code book you sent down made it easy for our scholars to decipher it. We, too, wonder about you. How have you overcome the problem of living in the deadly light? Our Legends tell of a race dwelling on the surface but intelligent reasoning has made us ridicule these old tales until now. We would still doubt that you are surface-dwellers except for the fact that our instruments show without question that the opening above us leads to the deadly light. The clumsy death ray which you sent us indicates that your scientific development is very low. Other than as an object from another race it has no value to us. We sent gold as a courtesy payment only. The food you call bread is not acceptable to our digestive systems, but the ham is beyond price. It is obviously the flesh of some creature, and we will exchange a double weight of gold for all that you can send us. Send more immediately. Also send a concise history of your race and arrange for your best scientists, such as they are, to communicate with us.

**Glar , THE MASTER**

# Hey You Down There!

## Part Three

Dora took the gold bars to her petunia bed beside the house and buried them in the loose black soil. She paid no heed to the sound of a car coming down the highway at high speed until it passed the house and a wild squawking sounded above the roar of the motor. She hurried around to the front of the house, knowing already what had happened. She stared in dismay at the four chickens which lay dead in the road. She knew that Calvin would blame her and beat her into unconsciousness.

Fear sharpened her wits. Perhaps if she could dispose of the bodies, Calvin would think foxes had got them. Hastily she gathered up the dead chickens and feathers which lay scattered about. When she was finished, there was no evidence of the disaster. She carried the chickens to the back of the house wondering how she could best dispose of them. Suddenly, as she glanced towards the hole, the answer came to her.

An hour later the four chickens were dressed and neatly cut up. Ignoring the other instructions in the note, she sent the bulky parcel of chicken down into the hole.

She sat down again to enjoy the luxury of doing nothing. When, an hour later, she picked up the line, there was an immediate response from below. The bucket was exceedingly heavy this time, and she was fearful that the line might break. She was dizzy with fatigue when she finally hauled the bucket over to the edge of the hole. This time there were several dozen bars of gold in it and a brief note in the same precise lettering as before.

*Our scientists are of the opinion that the flesh you sent down is that of a creature you call chicken. This is the supreme food. Never have we eaten anything so delicious. To show our appreciation we are sending you a bonus payment. Your code book indicates that there is a larger creature similar to chicken called turkey. Send us turkey immediately. I repeat, send us turkey immediately.*

**GLR, THE MASTER**

'Land sakes,' gasped Dora. 'They must have eaten that chicken raw. Now where in tarnation would I get a turkey?' She buried the gold bars in another part of her petunia bed.

Calvin returned about ten o'clock the next morning. His eyes were bloodshot and his face

was a mottled red. The loose folds of skin on his neck hung lower than usual and more than ever he reminded Dora of something that she couldn't quite put a name to. Calvin stepped down from the truck and Dora cringed, but he seemed too tired and preoccupied to bother with her. He surveyed the hole glumly, then got into the truck and backed it to the edge of the mound of earth. On the back of the truck was a winch with a large drum of steel cable. 'Fix me something to eat,' he ordered Dora.

Dora hurried into the house and began preparing ham and eggs. Each moment she expected Calvin to come in and demand to know, with a few blows, what was holding up his meal. But Calvin seemed very busy in the vicinity of the hole. When Dora went out to call him to eat, she found he had done a surprising amount of work. He had attached an oil drum to the steel cable. This hung over a heavy steel rod which rested across the hole. Stakes driven into the ground on each side of the hole held the rod in place.

'Your breakfast is ready, Calvin,' said Dora.

'Shut up,' Calvin answered.

The winch was driven by an electric motor, and Calvin ran a cable from the motor to an electric outlet on the yard light post. From the cab he took a number of boxes and placed them in the oil drum.

'A whole hundred of them,' he chuckled, more to himself than to Dora. 'Fifty-nine cents apiece. Peanuts... one bar of gold will buy thousands.' Calvin threw the switch which controlled the winch, and with sickening force Dora realized the terrible thing that would soon happen. The creatures down below had no use or regard for flashlights.

Down went the oil drum, the cable screeching shrilly as it passed over the rod above the hole. Calvin got an oil can from the truck and applied oil generously to the rod and cable. In a very short while the cable went slack and Calvin stopped the winch.

'I'll give them an hour to load up the gold,' he said and went to the kitchen for his delayed breakfast.

Dora was almost numb with fear. What would happen when the flashlights came back up, with an insulting note in English, was too horrible to contemplate. Calvin would learn about the gold she had received and very likely kill her. Calvin ate his breakfast leisurely. Dora busied herself with household tasks, trying with all her might to cast out of her mind the terrible thing

# Hey You Down There!

which was soon to happen. Finally Calvin glanced at the wall clock, yawned widely, and tapped out his pipe. Ignoring Dora, he went out to the hole. In spite of her terrible fear, Dora could not resist following him. It was as if some power outside herself forced her to go.

The winch was already reeling the cable when she got to the hole. It seemed only seconds before the oil drum was up. The grin on Calvin's face was broad as he reached out over the hole and dragged the drum to the edge. A look of utter disbelief replaced the grin as he looked into it. His Adam's apple seemed to vibrate under his red-skinned throat, and once again part of Dora's mind tried to recall what it was that Calvin reminded her of. Calvin was making flat, bawling sounds like a lost calf. He hauled the drum out of the hole and dumped its contents on the ground. The flashlights, many of them dented and with lenses broken, made a sizeable pile.

With a tremendous kick Calvin sent flashlights flying in all directions. One, with a note attached, landed at Dora's feet. Either Calvin was so blinded by rage that he didn't see it, or he assumed it was written in the same unreadable script as the first note.

'You down there!' he screamed into the hole. 'You filthy swine! I'll fix you. I'll make you sorry you ever double-crossed me. I'll... I'll...' He dashed for the house and Dora hastily snatched up the note.

You are even more stupid than we thought. Your clumsy death rays are useless to us. We informed you of this. We want turkey. Send us turkey immediately.

**Gar, THE MASTER**

She crumpled the note swiftly as Calvin came from the house with his double-barrelled shotgun. For a moment, Dora thought that he knew everything and was about to kill her.

'Please, Calvin,' she said.

'Shut up,' said Calvin 'You saw me work the winch. Can you do it?'

'Why, yes, but what...?'

'Listen to me. I'm going down there to fix those dirty foreigners. You send me down and bring me up.' He seized Dora by the shoulder. 'And if

you mess things up, I'll fix you too! I'll really and truly fix you.' Dora nodded dumbly.

Calvin put his gun in the oil drum and pushed it to the centre of the hole. Then, hanging on to the cable, he carefully lowered himself into the drum.

'Give me just one hour to run those dirty rats down, then bring me back up,' he said. Dora threw the switch and the oil drum went down. When the cable slackened, she stopped the winch. She spent most of the next hour praying that Calvin would not find the people down there and become a murderer.

Exactly an hour later, Dora started the oil drum upward. The motor laboured mightily as though under a tremendous strain, and the cable seemed stretched almost to breaking point.

Dora gasped when the oil drum came into view. Calvin was not in it! She shut off the motor and hastened to the drum, half expecting to find Calvin crouching down inside. But Calvin was not there. Instead there were scores of gold bars and on top of them a sheet of the familiar white parchment.

'Land sakes,' Dora said, as she took in a full view of the drum's contents. She had no idea of the value of the treasure upon which she gazed. She only knew it must be immense. Carefully, she reached down and picked out the note, which she read in her slow, precise way.

Not even the exquisite flavour of the chicken compares to the incomparable goodness of the live turkey you sent down to us. We must confess that we thought turkey would be rather different from this, but this does not matter.

So delicious was the turkey that we are again sending you a bonus payment. We beg you to send us more turkey immediately.

**Gar, THE MASTER**

Dora read the note a second time to make sure she understood it fully.

'Well, I declare,' she said in considerable wonder. 'I do declare.'