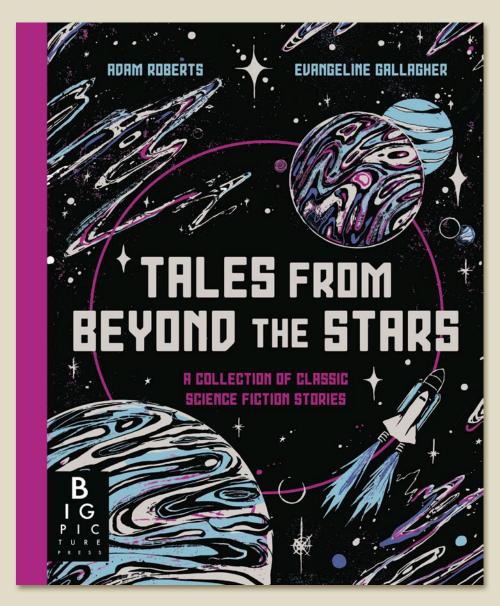
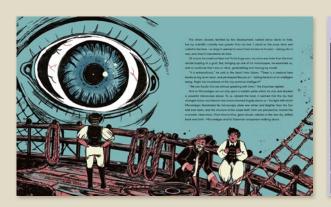
Tales from Beyond the Stars

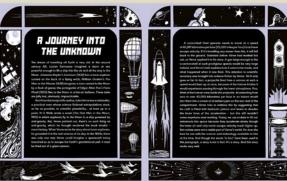


An anthology of classic science fiction stories.

- Stories will be broken up with a series of 'theme' spreads, which will add a non-fiction element to the book. These spreads cover everything from the rise of the science fiction genre to how it has inspired real life inventions.
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Tales from Beyond the Stars









The soldiers scurried and ran, struggling to right their cannons, all aimed into the pit, to bear on this new target. But they were too slow! The giant tripod stepped easily amongst them, shooting its heat ray at this gun and that, and in moments the artillery was all destroyed. Only one gun got off a shot, and it whistled past the tripod's legs and fell away into the far reaches of the common.

Now everything was choos. Soldiers took up position, aiming their rifles and firing. The civilians were swarming away, screaming and shouting, running for their lives. I heard the snop of rifle fire and the ping as bullets bounced off the metal hood of the Martian machine, but I too was running, lumbering up a slope and away.

It was going uphill that saved my life, for the Martian tripod now deployed a second weapon: a naxious black smoke pouring out of the rear of its cockpit, sinking through

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the air and asphyxiating all upon whom it fell. By the time I had reached the top of the hill I looked down upon a terrible scene; the black smoke was everywhere in the hollow, rolling like a foul mist, and all human resistance had been extinguished.

From the Martian tripod came an awful, howling cry, loud enough to bowl me over.

I pressed my hands to my ears but the sound penetrated: ullaaaaah!

I stumbled away from the common, the horrible shrieks of the Martian splitting the air behind me.

My bicycle was lost. My clothes were covered in dirt. I hid behind a wall for a while to catch my breath and listened; screams, crashes, the cockling sound of burning buildings, the thud of tripods – for there were several now – stamping about the countryside, and again and again the cries of ullavaavah!



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