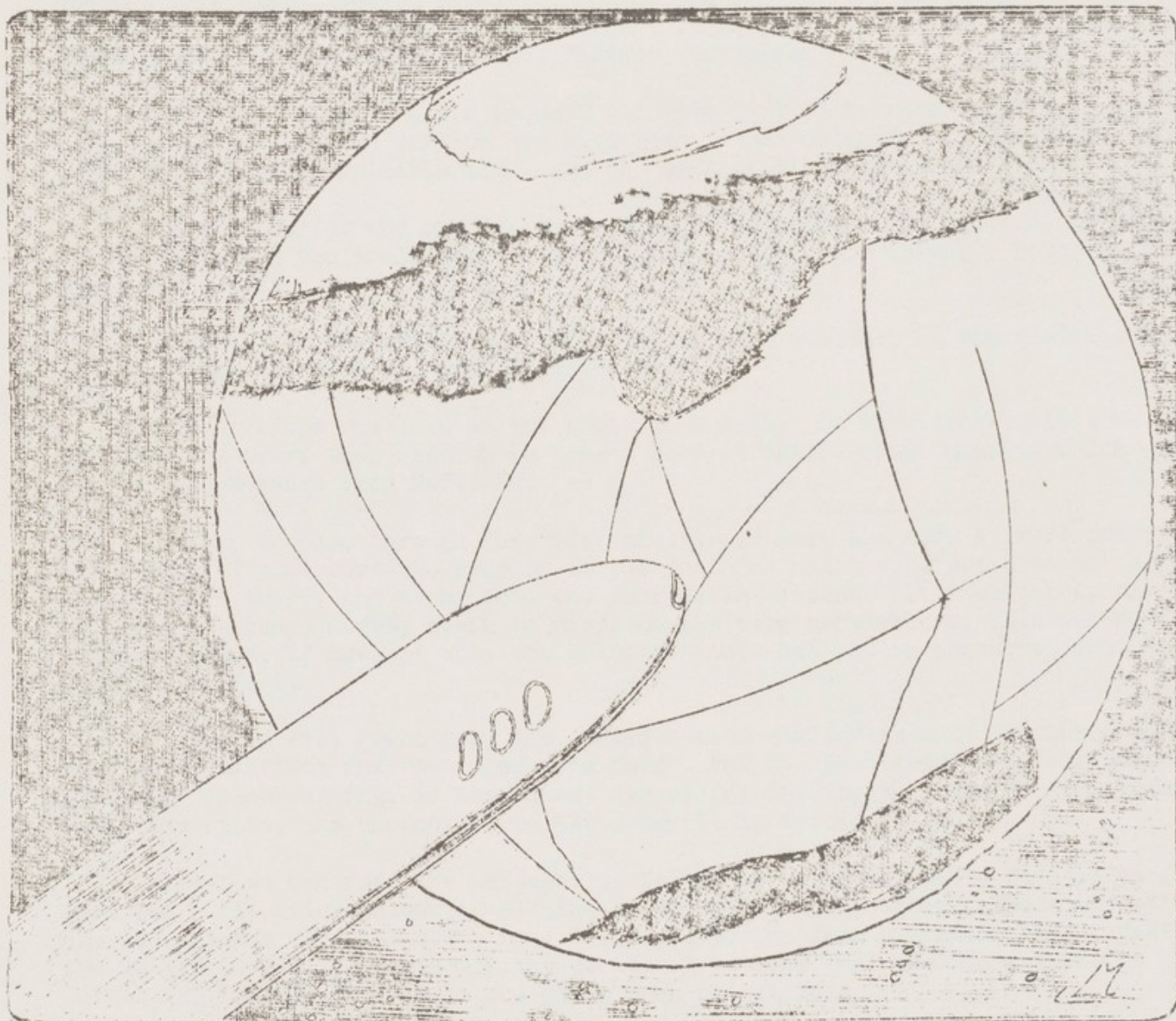


INFINITE



VOLUME II

15¢

NUMBER II

SPECIAL MARS ISSUE

CAPTAIN CREATURE

AND THE

PHYSICIAN OF MARS

by Hamil Edmonton

Complete Book-length Novel !

THUDS! BLUNDERS!! MELERDRAMER!!!

Captain Creature was in his laboratory on the sun (What's that? How could he live on the sun? Don't ask me. I'm sure I don't know). He was reading a book called "The A B C's of Science". Captain Creature had just reached an especially intriguing part of the book -- How to make your very own electric motor -- when Slag, his robot, tripped over the Eye and fell with a terrific clatter.

Captain Creature leaped to his feet, bumped his head on the ceiling, and began swearing horribly, meanwhile beating Slag with a sledge hammer. In a short time, however, he was exhausted, as he was given to drinking, smoking, and other vices. His health was terrible!

"My heart!" he croaked feebly, sinking into his rocking chair. Instantly Blotto, the synthetic fungoid, rushed over with a huge hypodermic and pumped several gallons of adrenalin into Captain Creature.

As he sat there, resting, Captain Creature reviewed, in his mind (oh yes; he had one!) the circumstances that had led to his present mode of life. He recalled the Eye's vivid tales of how Creature's parents had been kicked out by their cold hearted landlord one sultry August night.

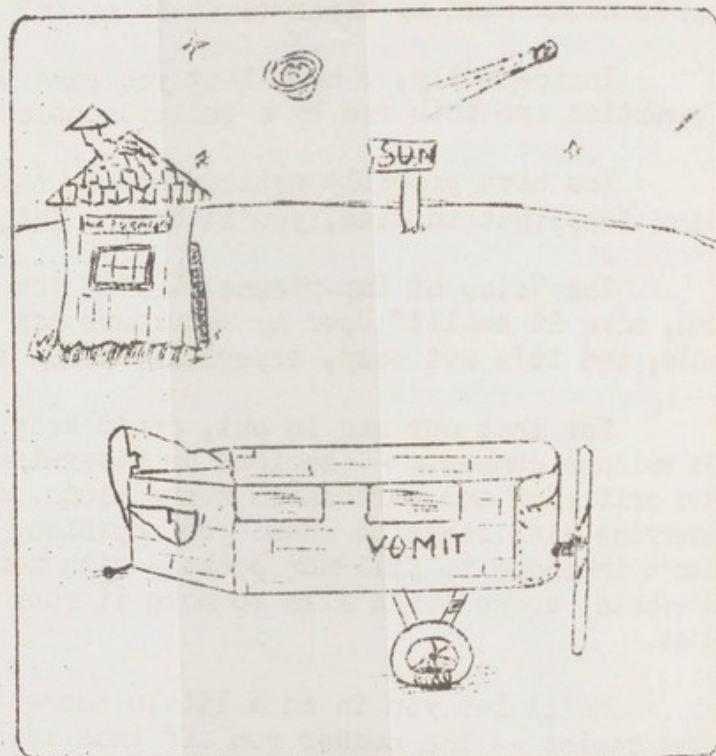
"And only because their rent was three years overdue!" he reflected bitterly.

His parents had then fled to the sun, where they had built the cramped six by eight laboratory in which Captain Creature now lived. They had brought with them from earth, in his whiskey-filled glass case, the Eye, who had been taken from a dying old drunkard. From the Eye, Captain Creature had learned almost everything he knew!

Shortly after they arrived on the sun, Captain Creature's father built Slag, the robot, from old tin cans and a victrola motor. In this difficult enterprise he was ably assisted by the Eye.

Later they grew Blotto, the synthetic fungoid.

Two years after Captain Creature was born, the landlord came to the sun and angry because he could not collect the three years rent, shot Captain Creature's lab.



Two years after Captain Creature was born, the landlord came to the sun and, angry because he could not collect the three year's rent, shot Captain Creature's parents. When Captain Creature reached the age of twenty one and the Eye told him of the unfortunate occurrence, he swore.

When he was older, Captain Creature realized what a horrible thing the murder of his parents had been, and he vowed to avenge their deaths by wiping out crime. He went to the president of the Solar Federation and offered his services.

"Whenever you need me," he said, "put a candle in the window!"

So when the arch villain, Count yer Cash, threatened to blow up the moon, the president put a candle in the window. Unfortunately, the Captain had neglected to tell the president that the candle should be lighted, so the Count blew the moon to bits.

However, Captain Creature soon remedied the situation. He hung a large electric light bulb in the sky (What did he hang it on? How should I know? Stop asking such silly questions!)

The captain was awakened from his reverie by Blotto, who was weeping over the battered Slag.

"Poor Slag!" blubbered the fungoid, "My best pal!"

"Oh stop it!" growled Captain Creature, "You're getting my feet wet!" And, indeed, the fungoid's tears had formed a large puddle two inches deep.

Blotto turned beseeching eyes on Captain Creature. "Please," he wheezed, "Please fix poor Slag!"

"Oh, very well," growled the Captain. He picked up a roll of scotch tape and some baling wire and set to work.

After several hours of terrific labor, he finally finished the difficult job. Picking up a crank from his work bench, he wound up the robot's motor and stepped back to admire his work.

"Better than new," he growled.

"You ain't kiddin'," grated the Eye.

After swaying back and forth for a few minutes, Slag took two steps

forward and tripped over the Eye again! Pieces flew all over the laboratory.

"(censored)," screamed Captain Creature.

Glaring at the Eye, he growled accusingly, "It's all your fault! Why do you always have to lie there on the floor?"

"He wouldn't feel natural in any other position!" wheezed Blotto sarcastically.

Ignoring their remarks, the Eye rolled to the window (he was mounted on roller skates so that he could move)

"Look!" he grated excitedly, "The candle is burning!"

Upon hearing his cry, Captain Creature and Blotto rushed madly to the window. Sure enough, the lighted candle was showing up clearly.

"Whee!" shouted the Captain, "Action!"

"Slag! Haul out the Vomit!"

"Don't you remember?" Blotto wheezed in his ear, "Slag is broken!"

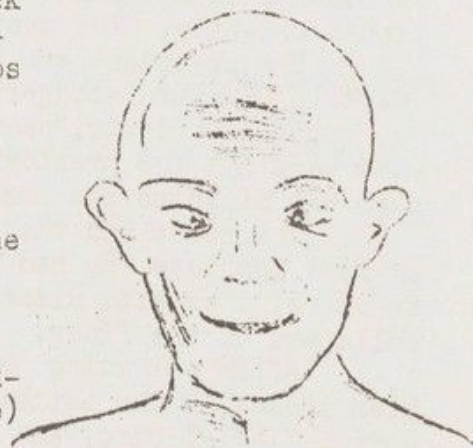
"Oh dear!" wailed the Captain, "This will never do! Only Slag can haul out the Vomit." So, with a despairing sigh, he picked up another roll of scotch tape, found some more baling wire, and started to fix Slag again so that the robot could haul out the Vomit.

The Vomit, you know, was Captain Creature's marvellous space ship, which he had



Captain Creature

The Simp of Science



Blotto

The Synthetic Fungoid



Slag

The Robot

built himself from orange crates, scotch tape, baling wire, and discarded model A Ford parts. It was propelled through space by a propellor (Aha! Got you this time! Captain Creature knew that the propellor wouldn't work in empty space, therefore he always carried along a tire pump, which was so arranged that it would spray air out in front of the propellor. Slag and Blotto took turns pumping.)

The captain, weak from loss of sleep, finally had the robot repaired and wound up again. "Slag," he whispered feebly, "Haul out the Vomit!"

"Sure, chief," Slag squeaked in his high, falsetto voice, "Right away!" and he hurried to obey the Captain's orders.

When Slag had hauled the ship out, they all climbed in. The Vomit creaked ominously, but was Captain Creature afraid? You're darn right he was! However, he had his insurance paid up, so they started the motor and were off, leaving behind a cloud of smoke that obscured the sun for three days.

"I told you the carburetor needed adjusting!"

complained Blotto.

"Can't help it," growled the Captain, "The fellow wanted six bits to fix it, and all I had was ten cents, two bottle caps, and half a dozen Colorado tax tokens."

"Oh, so you were at Denver too," observed the Eye raspingly.

The Vomit shot through space at a mad pace, and soon the intrepid little group of adventurers was approaching the earth. As they circled for a landing, catastrophe struck! The motor fell out of the Vomit and plummeted into the ocean! Powerless, the craft swooped down and crashed through the window of the president's office.

"Well!" stormed the president, as he slithered out from under the wreckage, "What brings you here?"

"The candle, of course," rasped the Eye.

"Candle? I didn't light the candle," exclaimed the president. "Oh, I know!" he continued brightly, "You must have seen the match I used to light my cigar!"

The president was interrupted at this point by a horrible, hollow groan, and Captain Creature staggered from the wreck.

"Slag, Blotto," ~~haemoaned~~ ^{hissed}, pointing a trembling finger at the president, "Grab him! He's not the president, he's the nefarious Dr. Alle Corn, of Mars!!! I saw through his disguise the moment I laid eyes on him!"

The robot and the fungoid grabbed frantically for the bogus president, but they were too late. He had already vanished! Captain Creature, sick with disappointment and frustration, collapsed on the floor.

After releasing the real president (he had been locked in the bottom drawer of his desk by Dr. Corn), Slag, Blotto, and the Eye repaired the Vomit. Dumping the delirious Captain in the baggage compartment, they flew back to their laboratory on the sun.

The End

Coming Next Issue!!!

more

THUDS! BLUNDERS!! MELERDRAMER!!!

THE QUEST OF CAPTAIN CREATURE

- 17 -

the Eye

