

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY

"What am I doing here?" Suddenly I wondered. I was terribly frightened. I could remember nothing, but here I was, working in an atomic factory assembly line. All I knew was that I was Denny Phillips. It was as if I had just awakened from a slumber. The place was guarded and the guards had guns. They looked like they meant business. There were others working and they looked like zombies. They looked like they were prisoners.

But it didn't matter. I had to find out who I was ... what I was was doing.

I had to get away!

I started across the floor. One of the guards yelled, "Get back there!"

I ran across the room, bowled over a guard and ran out the door. I heard gun blasts and knew they were shooting at me. But the driving thought persisted:

I've got to get away!

There was another set of guards blocking the other door. It looked like I was trapped, until I saw a boom swing down. I grabbed it and was pulled over three hundred feet to the next landing. But it was no good. There was a guard there. He shot at me. I felt all weak and dizzy ... I fell into a great dark pit ...

One of the guards took off his hat and scratched his head.

"I dunno Joe, I just dunno. Progress is a great thing ... but that x-238A ... Denny Phillips, name ... they' re great robots ... but they go haywire, now and then, and it seems like they was looking for something ... almost human. Oh well."

A truck drove away, and the sign on its side said: ACME ROBOT REPAIR".

Two weeks later, Denny Phillips was back on the job ... blank look in his eyes. But suddenly...

His eyes become clear ... and, the overwhelming thought comes

to him: I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!!