

# SCENES

By Howard Smith & Lin Harris

## S-F Contest: Winner No.4

One livid crybaby decided not to submit an entry but instead sent a furious letter stating that this column's insensitive use of the phrase "sci-fi," (in the address, mind you), instead of the more respectful "Science-Fiction" was the reason for her boycott. Her concluding thought, ". . . [you] don't deserve the time it takes to write a story. Sci-Fi up your ass."

Yes, running a contest does elicit rather baroque health suggestions from competitors, potential and real. However, there sure is something about the challenge of trying to execute a smart piece of literature, all in the minuscule length of 250 words, that turns on writers because the mail continues to mount.

Congratulations to this week's champ, Robert J. Sawyer of Ontario, Canada, whose opus is printed below. He's the

fourth winner with six more to go. Follow the rules.

Type entries double-spaced, name, address, phone in upper right-hand corner of each page. • One submission per person. • Manuscript will not be acknowledged or returned. • Must be exactly 250 words. Hyphenated words count as two; numerals, symbols, contractions, as one. Titles don't count. • Only previously unpublished work eligible. • Send to: Sci-Fi Scenes, Village Voice, 842 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Deadline not yet set. Ten winners will be selected in toto. Each receives Doubleday's *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia*; grand prize, 10 novels of your choice from Gregg Press of Boston.

Judges are: Robert Sheckley, author and fiction editor, *Omni*; Victoria Schochet, editor-in-chief of science fiction, Berkley Publishing; Shawna McCarthy, managing editor, *Analog* and *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. Their decisions will be final.

### IF I'M HERE, IMAGINE WHERE THEY SENT MY LUGGAGE

One look at the eyes of that allosaur had been enough: fiery red with anger, darting with hunger, and a deeper glow of . . . cunning. Those sickle claws may be great for shredding prey, but he can't run worth a damn on mud. Come on, Allo-baby, you may have armament, but I took Paleontology 250 with Professor Blackhart! Damn the professor, anyway. If it weren't for his class, I'd be on Altair III now, not running for my life across a prehistoric mud flat. Those idiots at Starport Toronto said teleportation was a safe way to travel. "Just concentrate on your destination and the Jumplink belt will do the rest." Ha! I *was* concentrating, but when I saw that fat broad I couldn't help thinking of a brontosaur. So I let my mind wander for half a second: the Jumplink belt still shouldn't have dumped me here with the dinosaurs. There should be enough juice left for one more jump if I can get it to work. Damn, it's hard fiddling with your belt buckle while doing a three-minute kilometer. Let's see: if I reroute those fiber optics through that picoprocessor . . .

The *thwock-thwock* of clawed feet sucking out of mud is getting closer. Got to hurry! *Thwock-thwock!* There! the timer's voice counts down: "Four."

Concentrate on Starport Toronto. Concentrate. *Thwock-thwock!*

"Three."

Toronto. The Starport. Concentrate. *Thwock-thwock!*

"Two."

Concentrate hard. Starport Toronto. No stray thoughts. *Thwock-thwock!*

"One."

Boy, am I going to give them Hell—

—Robert J. Sawyer  
Ontario, Canada