SAUCER SCARE!



DAY AFTER DAY, AT THE WIRE SERVICE, ROSET CRANE
DLAYS THE NERVE-STRAINING GAME OF HEADLINE HANTING
EACH MORNING, HE WATCHES THE TAPE FEED FROM THE
TELETHER MACHINE, AS HE SEARCHES FOR A NEWWORTHY
THE MORNING, AS HE SEARCHES FOR A NEWWORTHY
THE MORNING FOR THE WATCH'S FORDY TRACES...



AND ON A BLUE MONDAY, AS THE SECONDS TICK AWAY, ROSER CRANE FINDS NO STORY ROR PAGE ONE! AGAIN AND AGAIN, HIS PICNE RINGS, AS BEN BOWLES, HEAD OF THE SERVICE HARANGUES HIM...



AS BOWLES' PROMPTINGS BECOME MORE URGENT, A DEVILIGH GLEAM CROSSES THE FACE OF THE DESPERATE REPORTER...





CALSHT-UP N'THE FURY OF CREATION,
ROSEC CRAME GIVES A PUREY PETITOR
HORK ALL THE AIR OF DOCUMENTER! AUTHORIZE
ONLY IN JIES IMAGINATION, AIR
PRETITED CONTINUES LIKE THOSE!
THERE THAT AMBIGUOUS TAID
SHOULD COVER ME, IF AND WHEN
THE CHIEF CATCHES ON

WITH A QUICK GLANCE AT THE ITEM ROGER CRANE INITIALED, BOWLES RACES FOR THE PRESSES...







MINUTES AFTER THE PAPERS HIT THE STANDS AN ASTOUNDED AND THEN THE CONTACHON OF FRAR SPREADS, AS RUMOR PUBLIC READS THE INCREDIBLE NEWS... TAKES HOLD...





AS MORE AND MORE PAPERS CALL FOR ADDITIONAL FACTS, BOWLES LEARNS THE TRUTH...

OF ALL THE IF YOU'LL READ THE LAST SCATTERBRAINED TRICKS! YOU'VE SENTENCE YOU'LL REALIZE IT WAS SCARED HALF THE COUNTRY WRITTEN WITH OUT OF ITS TONGUE IN CHEEK! WITS WITH YOUR LITTLE "NEWS" ONLY IN H IMAGINATION, ITEM! MR. BRENT STATEO, PICTURED CREATURES

ALL RIGHT, YOU WERE SMART ENOUGH TO PROVIDE YOURSELF WITH AN OUT! I WON'T FREE YOU BUT CONT BOTHER TO OPEN YOUR PAY ENVELOPE FOR THE NEXT TWO WERES! TILL BE EMPTY!



AS ROGER CRANE STEPS FROM HIS CAR, HE BECOMES AWARE OF AN UNEARTHLY HUMMING, AND LOOKING SKYWARD, HE GAPES...



THE ALIEN SHIP LANDS! AS THE TRANSFIXED REPORTER WATCHES, A RAMP SLIDES OUT AND DOWN IT, ADVANCE FANTASTIC BEINGS...



BEFORE THE HORRIFIED NEWSMAN CAN RUN, THE CREATURES SWARM ABOUT HIM...



WE ARE FROM THE PLANET YOU CALL MADS! WE HAVE WATCHED YOU EARTHLINGS CAREFULLY WE KNOW YOU WROTE A STORY WHICH ACCURATELY DESCRIBED OUR PRESENT LANDING! BY NOW THE PUBLIC KNOWS IT WAS A FLISE GEODAT! NO ONE WILL TAKE YOU SEROUSLY WHEN YOU SAY WE HAVE LANDED! YOUR HOME 19 A PERPECT BASE FOR OUR CONQUEST OF EARTH!



AS THE HOSTILE CREATURES SET UP THEIR COMMAND POST, ROSER CRANE WAITS FOR A CHANCE TO PLACE A CALL...

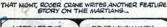


SURE, CÉANE! MY DESK IS
PILED HIGH WITH WIRES AND
LETTERS! YOUR SYEMITHES
STORY WAS GREAT SCIENCE
FICTION! THEY WANT MODE!
TILL CONNECT YOU WITH MY
SECRETARY...GIVE HER THE
NEXT EPISODE!

DESPITE CRANE'S PROTESTS THAT HE IS SERIOUS, BOWLES LAUGHINGLY ACCEPTS THE STORY, BUT AT THE BOTTOM ADDS AN EDITOR'S NOTE.,



BACK AT HIS HOUSE, ROSER CRANE WATCHES THE MARTIANS CLEVERLY ORGANIZE THEIR CONQUEST...









THAT NIGHT THE MARTIANS LET ROGER CRANE GO WITH THEM AS THEY PLANT DELAYED EXPLOSIVES ON THE CROSS-CONTINENTAL TELEPHONE LINES...



AND ONCE AGAIN, HIS CHIEF'S

N, HIS CHIEF'S BUT ONCE AGAIN, HIS PLEAS FALLON SKEPTICAL THE SAME... EARS AND HE RETURNS HOME, ALONE...









THE NEXT MORNING AT PRECISELY ELEVEN, A HUGE FLEET OF MARTIAN SAUCERS FLIES LOW OVER DEAD MAN'S DESERT, BUT NO ONE IS THERE TO SEE THEM...

FOR AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, CRANE KNOWS HIS BIG STORY OF THE DAY IS SCHEDULED TO TAKE PLACE...THE TESTING OF THE GREATEST H-BOMB!



