



WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION

JUNE 1955

35 CENTS



THE STRANGERS

By ALGIS BUDRYS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Your Time is Up, by Walt Sheldon

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this ebook.

Title: Your Time is Up

Author: Walt Sheldon

Release Date: April 17, 2019 [EBook #59297]

Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK YOUR TIME IS UP ***

Produced by Greg Weeks, Mary Meehan and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>



YOUR TIME IS UP

BY WALT SHELDON

The Colonel was a career man; and knowing what would happen within his lifetime promised to be an invaluable asset.... But he had never heard of that ancient legend of Faust....

**[Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from
Worlds of If Science Fiction, June 1955.
Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that
the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]**

At first I thought it was just another wrong number. Well, it was, in a sense—but not the kind of wrong number I thought it was. The ringing signal burred against my ear in the usual way, then there was a click, and somebody said, "Office of Historical Research. Zon Twenty speaking."

"Oh. 'Scuse me," I said. "I must have dialed wrong."

That was euphemism—misplaced loyalty, maybe. I didn't dial the wrong number, and I knew it. But high brass had installed a new automatic dialing system in the Pentagon as an economy measure, and it produced so many wrong numbers and entanglements that I think it actually must have cost more money in the long run than the old-fashioned live operator system—but then that shouldn't surprise you if you've ever been connected with the military.

I was about to hang up after my apology. The voice on the other end said: "Wait! Did you say—*dialed*?"

"Sure," I said.

"Then—" and he seemed surprised, if not downright startled—"what kind of a phone are you speaking from?"

"Huh?" I said. "What kind? The regular kind. Phone, desk, dial, M-1—or whatever the Army calls it."

This time his voice went off like a small bomb. "The *Army*?" he said.

"Sure," I said. "What's the matter with the Army?"

And thought: Navy or Air Force type, no doubt. Our allies. Have to put up with them in the Pentagon. Have to put up with a lot of things—even being Colonel Lawrence Boggs didn't save you from a snafu dialling system. I thought: somebody is out to needle armchair

colonels this week. I'll play around with it for a while, maybe find out who's got the sense of humor.

The voice said, "Look here, are you joking with me?"

"Perish it," I said.

"But this talk about—about *dial* phones. About *armies*. Why, you sound like one of those historical tri-vids about the twentieth century!"

I smiled, without too much humor, shook my head at the phone, and said, "Look, fellow, come off it, will you? I haven't got time to play games." I hoped he wasn't some general or equivalent rank in a pixie mood.

"Wait!" he said. "Wait—please—don't think off! Tell me, what year is it? Where you are, I mean."

"What year? It's 1955, of course."

"Why," he said, "this is remarkable!"

"It is?"

"Do you know what I think has happened? A quantum inversion."

"Beg pardon?" I said.

"Karpo Sixteen predicted the possibility just the other day! Listen, my friend, let me ask you just a few questions—"

Then the mechanical voice of the operator cut in. It wasn't a real operator, of course, just a recorded voice, part of the new automatic system. These voices gave all the standard phrases and usually at the wrong time, the way the system was working. The worst of it was you couldn't argue with them or curse them—at least you always felt a little foolish afterward if you did.

The operator's voice said, "*I'm sorry. Your time is up!*"

"Now, wait!" said my communicant, his voice fading a little, "Don't cut us off! Don't think off yet!"

Again: *"I'm sorry. Your time is up!"*

And after that a click, and after that silence.

I jiggled the hook a few times. No result. I shrugged. I hung up and rearranged the papers on my desk and went back to work, forgetting for the moment the party I'd been trying to call in the first place. And forgetting the odd conversation I had just had. No—not quite. Not quite forgetting it. Queerly, it clung to my mind. What had he said his name was? Zon Twenty. Sounded like that, anyway. Odd name. Of course I still thought it was a gag of some kind. Yet it bothered me. Zon's manner, his tone of voice had been so convincing. What he had said suggested that in some queer way I had managed to place a telephone call into the future. But as a sane, normal, recently promoted colonel, I knew this was impossible.

At lunch I was still thinking about it. I ate in the officers' mess on my floor and steered my tray through the line. I saw, among other acquaintances Major "Clipper" Moskowitz at a far table, and remembered that he was a great science fan, always talking about rockets and reaching the moon, and that sort of thing—we had one argument about why a rocket works in a vacuum, such as space, and he hammered the table and drew diagrams and quoted Newton, and I'm still not convinced. Anyway, I went over and sat next to Clipper.

"Lo, Larry. How's it?" he said.

"Routine," I said. "Latest request for overseas duty turned down. I'll probably die in the Pentagon with my pencil still behind my ear."

We talked of such things for several minutes.

"Clipper," I said finally, "you're the G.L.E. on this future science stuff —"

"The what?"

"Greatest Living Expert. Latest Pentagonese. Tell me, what do you think of the possibility of ever being in touch with the future?"

"You mean time travel?"

"I guess that's what you'd call it."

"Time travel is nonsense," he said. "A logical absurdity. By definition, time is a series of infinitesimally small moments in succession. Once a point in time is established, it can't be changed, any more than energy can be destroyed."

"I didn't say anything about changing anything. I was thinking about—well, talking with somebody in the future."

"Just as paradoxical," he said, shrugging, and taking a huge bite of braised beef tongue. "If you go into the future—or talk to the future—the future affects the change, through you. In other words, if you can't go back into the past, neither can people from the future. And it's inconceivable that such a thing wouldn't make changes. Maybe only small ones, but they'd multiply in time. *'Thou canst not change a flower, without troubling of a star.'* That's Francis Thompson. You step on one spider today, and you affect the evolution of spiders, the ecology of all other things in the distant future. By a simple act like that you could destroy or create a whole species to come."

"My head swimmeth," I said. "All I want to know is—"

He wasn't even listening to me. He enjoyed spouting this kind of thing. "Of course, it's theoretically possible for you to *witness* events out of the past, without being party to them. If, for instance, you could travel away from Earth at more than the speed of light, overtaking the light waves of an event—say, the Monitor and Merrimac fight—"

"Or the Battle of Gettysburg," I said, loyal to the core.

"—you could look back and see it happen. The future? I doubt it.

Unless in some way time and space actually curve back upon themselves, as some think."

"Uh huh," I said, and drank my coffee and finally left Clipper Moskowitz.



After that I did manage to forget about Zon Twenty temporarily. It was a busy week. The draft quota had gone up, and Personnel Planning had worked out new criteria for classification, and I had to study these to apply them to analysis. This won't make much sense to you unless you've worked in a military headquarters yourself. I worked. I had a dim idea that if I worked hard enough somebody would favorably regard one of my requests to get sent overseas.

I've got to explain something right here. I don't want anybody to get the idea I'm a hero type—a professional volunteer. But I'm a career officer, and overseas duty is the quickest way to tactical unit command, which is important on the record. The lack of it has kept many a perfectly good colonel from getting his first star and making that final big step.

So I worked hard, and of course, sent in another request for transfer, this time under the provisions of a different set of regulations. And I didn't think about Zon Twenty again until about a week later, one afternoon, when the phone rang.

"Personnel Analysis. Colonel Bog—"

He didn't even let me finish. "Well! I've found you again! The man from the past!"

"Oh, no," I said. "Don't tell me. Not Zon Twenty—"

"Yes, it's I, of course! Seems we've had another lucky accident, and

been connected again. I was despairing of it for a while. Now, for machine's sake, don't go away this time! I've *got* to talk to you!"

"It's your dime," I said.

"Dime!" He pounced on it. "That was a monetary unit, when you had money, wasn't it?"

"Look, mister—"

"You haven't guessed what's happened, have you? We have it pretty well analyzed at this end. But we didn't really suppose your technology would be equal to it back there."

"Look, just who are you, and where are you?" I said.

"My name is Zon Twenty, as I told you. I'm an historical technician in the Office of Ancient Research in Washington, the capital of the planet, Earth. I'm an Earthman myself, of course. My job is to prepare studies of ancient civilizations such as yours—"

"Now, wait—what kind of a gag is this?"

"A gag? Oh—that's the ancient term for a joke. Good! I'll make a note of that!"

"Come on. Who is it? Did Clipper Moskowitz put you up to this?"

"Oh, dear," said Zon Twenty, and I could hear his heavy sigh. "I was afraid you wouldn't be able to grasp the situation. I'm going to have to offer proof, I suppose. Look here—exactly what date is it where you are?"

"I told you. 1955."

"I mean what month and year?"

"It's August 23, 1955—and I think you know that as well as I do."

"August 23. Just a minute ... we'll make a quick tape on the cyb, here. Ah, yes, here we are. August 23. All right. The nearest date of

significance is September 1st. On the date twenty-one of your so-called nations reached—or should I say will reach—a new trade and tariff agreement in the U.N., and this will eventually lead directly to the free nation federation in—"

"I'm sorry! Your time is up!"

It was that blasted recorded voice of the mechanical operator again.

"Hey! Don't cut us off!" I said.

"Hello? Are you still with me? Look here—I'll try to call back! It's difficult, but I think I can!" said Zon Twenty.

"I'm sorry! Your time is up!"

And again the click, and silence.

This time I didn't forget Zon Twenty, neither quickly nor easily. If it was a gag, it was a beauty: crazy and elaborate, and the acting was superb. If it wasn't a gag—well, I couldn't yet quite believe that it wasn't a gag. A week streamed by in a sea of paperwork. My latest overseas transfer request came back disapproved. Then, on the morning of September 2nd I opened the newspaper and saw the headline:

TWENTY-ONE NATIONS REACH TRADE ACCORD IN U.N.

I read the story. It was essentially what Zon had predicted—or remembered—or whatever you want to call it. I was confused now.

That day I didn't work very well. I couldn't concentrate. I am not a deep thinker, and have no illusions that I am. But one idea presented itself, starting as kind of hypnotic little glow in the bottom of my mind, and this grew until I could scarcely think about anything else.

Put it under the heading of temptation. Ask yourself if you would have been able to resist. Or just forget all the moral and ethical

implications, and accept that I was tempted in this way. If I could be in touch with this Zon character—if he really was from the future, and an historical expert, at that—he could tell me all sorts of things that were going to happen. I could then either predict them or otherwise adjust my actions to fit them. I could go up so fast it would make Caesar's career look like a misfit reservist's. I could—

Well, then I started justifying and rationalizing. I could do my country all sorts of good. I thought along those lines for a while, and presently even managed to convince myself that my original purpose had been altruistic all along.

Of course I tried to get in touch with Zon Twenty again. Over and over again I dialed the number I had dialed the first time I had become connected with him by apparent accident. I dialed random numbers. I listened to a long and boring dissertation on permutation of numbers by Clipper Moskowitz in an effort to devise a system of hitting all possible combinations. There were an awful lot of possible combinations.



My phone rang again nearly ten days later.

It was Zon. He said, "Oh, *there* you are! I'd about given up! Look—the quantum inversion is swinging back to normal! This is the last time we'll be able to talk! So we've got to make every moment count!"

"Sure," I said. "You bet. Only I don't exactly get it. I don't understand just how all this happens. If you'd explain—"

"That's not important. Briefly, we use telepathic induction for message selection. That's why I was startled when you mentioned the ancient dial phone. And of course we don't have armies any more."

"Yes, but—"

"Listen, Colonel—what was your name? Never mind. You can be most valuable to me in my research. You can supply details about your time that simply don't exist any more—"

"Don't exist? Don't you have movies, recordings, magazines, all that stuff?"

"Of course not. They were all destroyed in the Final War."

"The what?"

"The Final War. You'll hear about it soon enough. If you survive, that is. Only three hundred thousand did, out of the entire population. They were the seed of our present civilization."

"Hey, now, wait a minute! What about this war? When was it? When's it going to be, I mean?"

"There's no point in your asking," said Zon. "You can't change it, you know. If you could change it, I wouldn't be here. My world as I know it wouldn't exist. The fact that my time does exist proves, therefore, you never changed it. Now, if you'll just calm down—"

"Calm down?" I shouted it across the centuries at him. "How can I? How would *you* feel? Look, this Final War, as you call it. Is it going to be soon? You can at least tell me that, can't you?"

"All right. Soon, as all time is reckoned. In your lifetime, I would say. Now, I suggest that you adjust yourself emotionally and accept what is inevitable. The best thing you can do is answer a few questions I've prepared."

I took his advice. I calmed down. "Questions? Well, Mr. Zon, or whatever your name is, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a bargain with you. I'll answer your questions if you'll answer mine. I'll tell you what's happening here—anything you want to know—if you look in that little file of yours and tell me what's *going* to happen in my time. A deal?"

He was silent for a moment, and at first I thought we'd been cut off again.

"Hello? Zon? You still there?"

"Yes, I'm still here." His voice had become oddly quiet. "So it's the old Faust legend all over again, is that it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. I didn't—then. "You just answer my questions, and I'll answer yours. Mine first."

"All right," he said. "Very well."



And I started my barrage. When would the Final War start? He told me. How would it start? He told me that. Who would be the belligerents, and what weapons and techniques would be used at first, and what new ones would be developed? He knew. Where would the major campaigns be fought—how many troops would be involved? I got the whole story. I scribbled furiously and put it on paper.

Afterwards, he asked his questions. They were innocuous, compared to mine. He wanted to know about taboos and marriage customs and slang expressions and education and eating habits and articles of clothing. I told him.

I was in the midst of an explanation of the game of Bingo, of all things, when there was a sudden whooshing and crackling in the earpiece of the telephone.

"Hello? Zon? Still with me?"

"Yes—but I think the signal's going out. This may be the inversion passing! We probably won't be able to talk again. Hello? Do you still

hear?"

"I do. Look—one more thing before we go. You said this dictator—the one everybody hated so much—survived the final series of blasts. He and his staff. Where were they? Where were they when the blasts came?"

"In a country at that time called Canada. Little place named Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. They'd dug in there—very elaborate underground installation."

"And the date you gave me is correct?"

"As far as I know. You're determined to be in that place at that time, I suppose." He seemed amused.

"You can say that again," I said.

There were more rumblings of static on the line.

"Well, since you're so determined," said Zon Twenty, "one more word of advice. The dictator and all his followers were afterwards imprisoned by what populace remained. Small wonder, since they were mainly responsible for all the carnage. It was a pretty horrible thing. They were slowly and most savagely tortured continuously for nearly two decades. So if you mean to be there, at Great Slave Lake, I suggest you arrange to be on the right side."

"Don't worry," I said. "I'll arrange it somehow. Larry Boggs is going to live through this, if anybody is—"

"What's that? What's that you said?"

"I said I'm going to live through this—"

"No, no, the name. Boggs. Is that your name?"

"Certainly that's my name. Colonel Lawrence E. Boggs, United States Army, and—"

He was laughing. He was laughing loudly, uproariously, and, I thought, hollowly.

The background noise in the receiver had been steadily getting worse. Now it swelled, like an angry sea. Interference of some sort snarled and crackled. A sick feeling began to grow like fungus in my stomach.

Suddenly his voice came through again. He was still laughing. "Generalissimo Lawrence E. Boggs survived all right Colonel, he—"

All the noise cut away suddenly. There was a pinpoint of silence.

Then the mechanical operator:

"I'm sorry! Your time is up!"

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of Your Time is Up, by Walt Sheldon

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK YOUR TIME IS UP ***

***** This file should be named 59297-h.htm or 59297-h.zip *****
This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:
<http://www.gutenberg.org/5/9/2/9/59297/>

Produced by Greg Weeks, Mary Meehan and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions
will
be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S.
copyright
law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these
works,
so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the
United
States without permission and without paying copyright

royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg-tm License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a

Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries

are
in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States,
check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this ebook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project

Gutenberg-tm
trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works

unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

* You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed

to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid

within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

* You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies

you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and

discontinue

all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

* You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the

electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of

receipt of the work.

* You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than

are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing

from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and The

Project Gutenberg Trademark LLC, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided

you
with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is in Fairbanks, Alaska, with the mailing address: PO Box 750175, Fairbanks, AK 99775, but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby

Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm

electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.