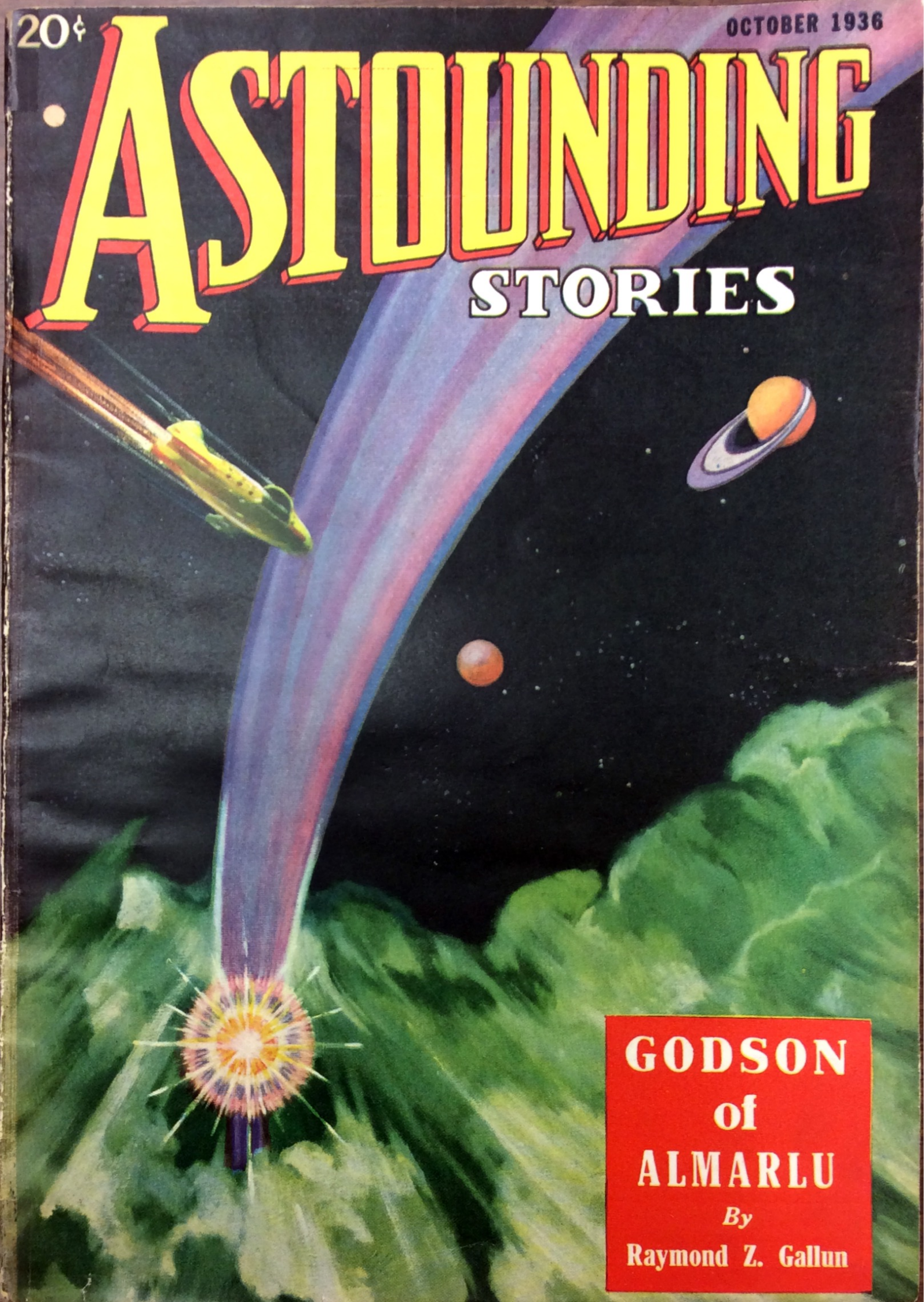


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OCTOBER 1936

ASTOUNDING

STORIES



GODSON
of
ALMARLU

By
Raymond Z. Gallun

On Sale Third Wednesday of Each Month

VOLUME XVIII
Number 2

ASTOUNDING STORIES

OCTOBER
1936

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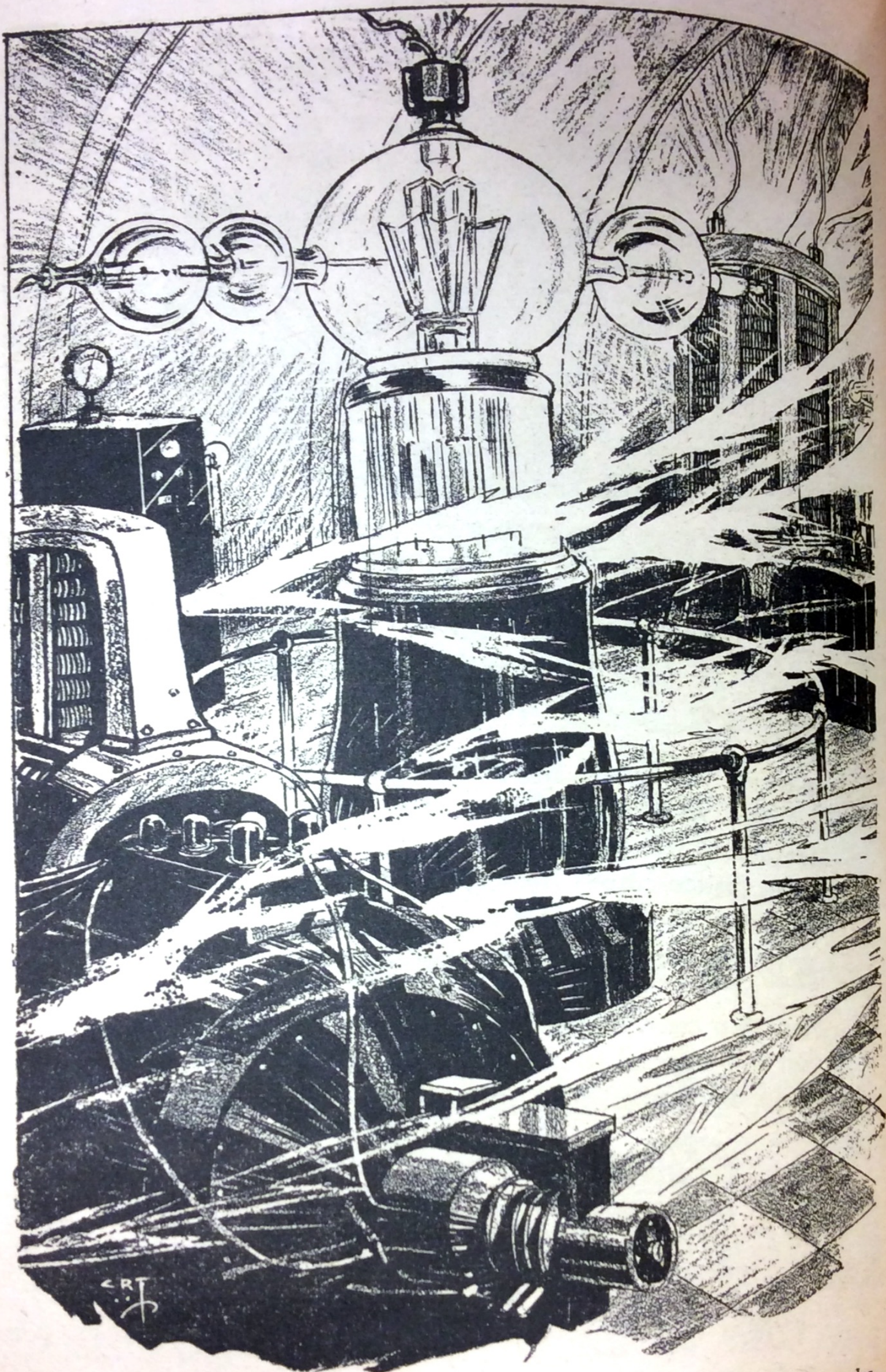
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It was as if the Earth itself were breaking apart—churning lavender-lighted water—as if a thousand hurricane-driven oceans—



*Born to believe himself
a genius—he built as never
man had built before—*

Godson of Almarlu

A Novel of titanic forces

by Raymond Z. Gallun

WITH almost soundless caution it moved beneath the child's window. No one saw it but the stars. They alone might harbor some knowledge of its purpose.

Satisfied that there was small reason

to fear interruption, it arose from the ground, its five-inch wings of fabric and metal thrumming softly. Slender filaments explored the screen of the window, locating the slit which their owner had made in the meshed wire several

ation were following Jeff's advice. They were loading planes with supplies, and flying toward the Scanlon Tower. For some reason, perhaps associated with the lack of centrifugal strain due to the Earth's rotation, the earthquakes were less violent in the polar regions than nearer the equator.

Then, too, the tower, being located as it was, near the north pole, could send its beam continuously toward the Moon, unhampered by long periods during

which the satellite was far beneath the horizon.

But though refugees were preparing to use Jeff's plant as an avenue of refuge, the chance he had given them did not lessen in the slightest the fury they felt toward him. For he was still the man whose blunderings or designed evil had brought about the destruction of their homes and property, and the deaths of their loved ones.

The aspect of the future was black.



Adventure was at an end. Already the godson of Almarlu was turning over in his mind plans—plans for—



As he watched, a truck, and then another, and then another, rolled into the haze—and disappeared completely—