

ANC

IMAGINATION

STORIES OF SCIENCE AND FANTASY

MARCH, 1955

35¢

HIGHWAYS IN HIDING

by George O. Smith



The Project Gutenberg eBook of No-Risk Planet

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 will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: No-Risk Planet

Author: Stephen Marlowe

Illustrator: W. E. Terry

Release date: October 13, 2021 [eBook #66526]

Most recently updated: October 18, 2024

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/66526

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

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK NO-RISK
PLANET ***

NO-RISK PLANET

By Milton Lesser

**Sam had sold life insurance to every race
in the galaxy. But on Halcyon he found a people
who not only didn't want it—but didn't need it!**

**[Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from
Imagination Stories of Science and Fantasy
March 1955**

**Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that
the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]**

Interstellar Hotel
Halcyon City
Halcyon

Mr. Herman Spottsworth
Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Co.
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Dear Boss:

The natives got a big kick out of it when I told them what the name of their planet means in English. It means peaceful. From what I could gather, the first Terran to land here fifty years ago was so impressed with the balmy climate and pleasant rolling terrain and almost tideless oceans that he named the planet Halcyon. The only catch is, the natives have all the food they want and all the natural resources and just about everything. So, they have nothing to keep them occupied except fighting wars. They haven't been able to string three peaceful years together since the beginning of recorded history here, two thousand years ago. It's kind of like a game with them.

That being the case, I ought to establish a new record for the Interstellar Division. I've got to sign off now because the air-raid bell just rang. Regards to Joanie.

Cordially,
Sammy Trumple

Interstellar Division Terran Insurance Co.
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Mr. Sammy Trumple
Halcyon City
Halcyon

Dear Sammy:

Glad to see you've arrived O.K. and are so impressed with the sales potential there. Remember the motto of the Interstellar Division: IF YOU CAN PLANET-FALL, YOU CAN SELL....

Yours in sales,
Herman Spottsworth

P.S. Regards from Joanie.

Interstellar Hotel
Halcyon City
Halcyon

Mr. Herman Spottsworth
Etc.

Dear Boss:

That air-raid was murder! You'd better double my own life insurance policy. Take the premiums out of my salary, please. Incidentally, your letter almost got lost because you forgot to include "Interstellar Hotel" in the address. It's a fifty-room fleabag, boss, but they got pride. Please take good care of Joanie.

Cordially,
Sammy Trumple

Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Co.
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Dear Sammy:

You've been on Halcyon three weeks now. How come you wrote up no policies yet? You aren't taking the sights in like a tourist, are you—on a Terran expense account?

Yours in sales,
Herman Spottsworth.

143-1/4 East Scjulak Street
Halcyon City
Halcyon

Dear Boss:

Please note the new address. The Interstellar Hotel was blown to bits in the last air-raid. I'm scared, boss. There are air-raids around the clock, with Halcyonians dropping off like flies.

And that answers your question, incidentally. There are no tourists on Halcyon. It's too dangerous. Better quadruple my own life insurance policy. And tell Joan I love her.

Frantically,
Sammy Trumple

Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Co.
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Dear Sammy:

I've quadrupled your policy. I'm taking care of Joanie. I'm awaiting your first sale.

Spottsworth

143-1/4 East Scjulak Street
Halcyon City
Halcyon

Dear Boss:

I'm trying. I'm trying my head off. With those big premiums to pay, don't you think I could use the commission?

There's something fishy going on here on Halcyon, but I can't figure it out yet. The way they get killed off in these wars, the Halcyonians ought to snap up insurance policies. In fact, I don't even know how much profit the Company could expect to make from them, but that's your department. It's funny, though. The Halcyonians don't want life insurance. They don't even know what life insurance is!

To give you an idea of what I mean, I'll quote verbatim a conversation I had with a couple of Halcyonians right after this morning's air-raid, which leveled every building on their block except their own.

ME: Good morning, folks. You're mighty lucky people, yes siree.

FIRST HALCYONIAN: Why are we lucky?

ME: You're the only survivors on your whole block.

SECOND HALCYONIAN (shrugging): So what?

ME: So what? So you could have been killed in that air-raid, that's what.

SECOND HALCYONIAN (shrugging again): So what?

ME: (tuning my language translator to its most cheerful pitch): I'm from the planet Earth. Did you ever hear of the planet Earth?

FIRST AND SECOND HALCYONIAN: No.

ME (hopefully): It's also called Terra. Near Sirius?

FIRST AND SECOND HALCYONIAN: No.

ME: Well, anyhow, I represent the Terran Insurance Company, Interstellar Division. I'm here on Halcyon to offer your loved ones financial protection from the ravages of war, via life insurance.

FIRST HALCYONIAN: Which insurance?

ME: Life insurance. The special, triple indemnity war and disaster policy of the Terran Insurance Company.

FIRST HALCYONIAN: I never heard of life insurance. What does it do?

ME: I have here in my hand (this required some explanation, boss, because the Halcyonians do not have hands) a blank policy for you to look at. Life insurance, you see, pays a stipulated sum to a party of your designation in the event of your death. All you do is pay small yearly premiums, and....

SECOND HALCYONIAN: Oh, like the fellow from Fomalhaut.

ME (gasping): What? There's another insurance salesman in my territory? Someone's poaching?

SECOND HALCYONIAN: He's been here some time now, but we couldn't possibly be interested.

ME: The Fomalhautian's policy offers you more?

FIRST HALCYONIAN: Really, we couldn't be less interested. But the answer to your question is no.

ME: Is he still here in Halcyon City?

SECOND HALCYONIAN: Who?

ME: The insurance salesman from Fomalhaut.

SECOND HALCYONIAN: I think so. His name, I believe, is Lar Luk. You could look him up in the city register.

ME: I sure will. And thank you, folks.

FIRST HALCYONIAN: You're wasting your time, Mr. Terra.

ME: No, that's my planet. My name is Trumple.

FIRST HALCYONIAN: Well, Terra or whatever your name is, you won't sell any of those dohinkuses here.

Well, that's the conversation, boss. Half an hour later, the two Halcyonians got their breathing vents ruptured in the air-raid and died of strangulation. I'll bet you're glad I didn't sell *those* two policies!

Yours still hopefully,
Sammy Trumple

P.S. I intend to look up this guy from Fomalhaut.

Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Company
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Dear Sammy:

Six weeks now without a sale. What's the matter with you? Getting soft? Homesick? Joanie is all right, I assure you. Hell's bells, man, IF YOU CAN PLANET-FALL, YOU CAN SELL. And by the way, you go right ahead and sell 'em. Let the boys in the actuary department worry about having to pay off immediately. We're sales, Sammy. Sales.

Why don't you go out into the grass roots somewhere, where this bird from Fomalhaut hasn't tried his hand? Maybe he's soured all the Halcyonians on life insurance with the wrong approach. Over-aggressive or something.

Buck up, Sammy. I've still got a little faith in you. Explore. Consider. Sweat. Sell.

Yours in sales,
Herman Spottsworth

Rmpldecroidesanspertextkle
Halcyon

Dear Boss:

I'm out here in Rmpldecroidesanspertextkle trying your suggestion about the grass roots. It's a small town, population under two thousand, without an important war industry. You'd think it would be safe from air-raids, but it's not. As I told you when I first reached Halcyon, they have no real reason for

war. War is like a game with them. Their best bombers are sent out after hospital ships, I understand. 'Tennyrate, tomorrow I'm going to try my luck here in Rmpldecroidesanspertzkle.

Meanwhile, I have something of interest to report. Remember that guy I mentioned, Lar Luk, the insurance salesman from Fomalhaut? I met him in Halcyon City before I took the monorail to Rmpldecroidesanspertzkle, and we had a long talk.

I said, "I hope you don't think I'm poaching on your territory, Mr. Luk." I then turned down the translator to soft obsequious. "I assure you, that's not the way Terran Insurance operates. We didn't know you were here."

"That's quite all right," Lar Luk told me. "You can have the whole planet for all I care."

"Are you going back to Fomalhaut?" I asked hopefully.

"Goodness, no. I had my savings shipped here to Halcyon and started a munitions plant. I'm making a fortune."

I next asked Lar Luk (translator on shocked voice) about his Company Loyalty. He said, "That's a lot of (CENSORED BY MY TRANSLATOR)! When in Rome, heh-heh...." It seems every civilized planet has an author who said something like "when in Rome, etc."

"You didn't happen to try the grass roots, did you?" I asked with my translator in indifferent because I didn't want Lar Luk to get the idea I was eager and maybe try it himself.

"Friend," admitted Lar Luk, "I tried everything. Without any success. Say, why don't you come into munitions with me? There's a whole colony of extra-halcyonian insurance salesmen going into munitions here. I could use a partner."

That ended our conversation. I'm going to cold-canvas Rmpldecroidesanspertzkle in the morning. I'll keep in touch.

Pessimistically,
Sammy Trumble

XXX—SUBSPACEGRAM—XXX FROM HERMAN SPOTTSWORTH
INTERSTELLAR DIVISION TERRAN INSURANCE COMPANY
BALTIMEARTH XXX TO SAMMY TRUMPLE
RMPLDECROIDESANSPERTXKLE HALCYON XXX DON'T GO
GETTING ANY IDEAS FROM THIS LAR LUK FELLOW XXX
REMEMBER YOUR COMPANY LOYALTY XXX REMEMBER OUR
MOTTO XXX REMEMBER ALL THOSE PREMIUMS YOU HAVE TO
PAY XXX THE CHIEF OF SALES WANTS RESULTS SOON XXX. I
WANT RESULTS SOON XXX OTHERWISE HE'LL HAVE MY HEAD
XXX I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD SPOTTSWORTH XXX TRANSMITTED
VIA ALPHA CENTAURI SUBSPACE STATION XXX SEND FLOWERS
BY SUBSPACE TO ANY PART OF MILKYWAY GALAXY AT NO
EXTRA COST XXX QUARTERLY SPECIAL: ARCHENAR III
DRAGON BLOSSOMS XXX ALPHACENT XXX

Rmpldecroidesanspertzkle
Halcyon

Dear Boss:

You don't have to worry about *my* company loyalty. But still, no sales. Unfortunately, half of Rmpldecroidesanspertzkle was wiped out yesterday in an air-raid. I'm lucky I came through it with a whole skin. I went through the hospitals and first aid stations to canvas what was left of the population. They're just not buying. They can't—or refuse to—grasp the meaning of life insurance. The following conversation is typical:

ME: But in a devastating war like this, you *need* protection. Most other insurance companies wouldn't issue policies under the circumstances. You can consider it an interstellar public service by Terran Insurance.

IT: What do I need life insurance for?

ME: Don't you have a family? Loved ones? People you'd like to see cared for after your—uh—that is, if you're suddenly not around to take care of the bills and things, if you....

IT: You mean if I drop dead?

ME: Yes, sir.

IT: What the hell for?

ME: One never knows when he is going to, uh, drop dead.

IT: No. I mean what the hell do I want an insurance policy for?

ME: Statistics demonstrate that everyone wants the security of a life insurance policy.

IT: I don't.

So, that's the way it goes. I've had another idea, though. How does this strike you, boss? The local Army commander has his headquarters not far from Rmpldecroidesanspertzkle. Since the whole planet is under military rule because of the constant warfare, I figure if I can sell a policy to General Multacni, I could then sell every dogfoot in his command. How does the idea strike you?

With a glimmer of hope,
Sammy Trumple

Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Co.
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Dear Sammy:

Now you're firing away on all jets, boy! Now you're good Terran Insurance material. You're darned tooting, sell the general. We'll have it made after that.

Enthusiastically,
Hermie

P.S. I take back everything I may have said about you in haste, dear boy. You're A-1 Terran Insurance all the way. P.P.S. Joanie is languishing, she misses you so much. Make a couple of dozen sales to cover your expense account and we'll think about getting you home on the next ship.

MILITARY TWX FROM SUPREME COMMANDER HALCYON
SUBDIVISION THREE CMM OFFICE OF MILITARY JUSTICE CMM
TO CLN MR H SPOTTSWORTH CMM INTERSTELLAR DIVISION
CMM TERRAN INSURANCE CMM BALTIMEARTH DASH PENDING
TRIAL OR APPEAL OF YOUR STATE DEPARTMENT CMM
WHICHEVER COMES FIRST CMM WE ARE HOLDING TERRAN
CITIZEN S TRUMPLE UNDER PROVISIONS OF ARTICLE SEVEN
CMM HALCYON CODE OF MILITARY JUSTICE PD PARA ARTICLE
SEVEN READS CLN QUOTE ANY INDIVIDUAL ATTEMPTING
SUBVERSION OF MORAL WELFARE OF OFFICERS OR ENLISTED
MEN CMM THIS COMMAND CMM IS SUBJECT TO
IMPRISONMENT FOR NOT MORE THAN TWENTY FIVE
HALCYONIAN YEARS PD ENDQUOTE PARA PLEASE ADVISE PD
PARA FOR THE COMMANDING GENERAL CMM LIEUT DASH MAJ
ROG GO FURL CMM HALCYON SUBDIVISION THREE CMM
OFFICE OF MILITARY JUSTICE PD END TWX

Subdivision Three Stockade
Halcyon

Dear Boss:

Lar Luk of Fomalhaut is forwarding this letter for me. Help!!!

Sammy Trumple

Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Co.
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Commanding General
Subdivision Three

Halcyon

Dear Sir:

With Terran State Department approval, I am writing you in regard to the case of our employee, Mr. S. Trumple of Earth. With full State Department backing we insist that you permit Mr. Trumple to tell us, uncensored and in his own words, what has happened, in order that we may take steps to defend him as a citizen of Earth.

Very truly yours,
Herman Spottsworth

Subdivision Three Stockade
Halcyon

Dear Boss:

Lieutenant Major Roggo Furl informs me that I'm permitted to write you an uncensored letter. Boss, I'm in the dregs of despair. Please take good care of Joanie.

It's cold here in the stockade. The food stinks. The other prisoners are all Halcyonian military deserters. Get me out of here!

But I better calm down and try to tell you what happened from the beginning. As I already told you, I decided to try and sell General Multacni a life insurance policy. It took me two hours working my way through the chain of command before I could even get to see the General. When I finally did, I found myself facing a huge figure in military uniform—huge even by Halcyonian standards. General Multacni is probably nine feet tall.

At first he was courteous. He listened politely, taking time out every now and then to direct a bombing raid by radio, while I explained to him exactly what life insurance was and what he could expect from the Terran policy. Like everyone else on Halcyon, he said he didn't need life insurance.

"See here, sir," I said, translator polite but not obsequious. "War is dangerous business. You never know when your number is going to be up."

The General's office rumbled with laughter as he said, "Mr. Terran—" they all call me that "—I'm indestructible." As you probably know, that's a typical military career man's attitude. They all think they are indestructible. The other fellow will die in the trenches or the raids, not them. Even on Earth we have trouble selling our policies to the military.

I tried a different tack, the one approved for military customers on Earth. "Well, General," I said, "someday this war is going to be over. Someday you're going to retire to a farm somewhere in the good rich land around Rmpltdecroidesanspertzkle. You'll raise chickens—" which the translator translated to the Halcyonian equivalent, of course "—and bounce your little grandchildren on your knee. And then, way off in the dim future, General, years and years from now after you've lived a rich, full life, you're going to succumb to natural causes. And, if not sooner—and we certainly hope it won't be sooner—that's when your family will need this insurance policy I have for you."

"The war isn't going to end," General Multacni told me.

"But someday, when your side is victorious, and—"

"Victorious?" His translator buzzed, repeating the word syllable for syllable.

"What is that?"

"When you win the war."

"Win it? But we're not going to win it, Mr. Terran."

"Things can't be that bad," I consoled the General giving him my best you're-down-in-the-dumps-now-but-wait-till-later smile. "Maybe the enemy has you on the run just now, but you'll emerge victorious—you'll win—in the end." Of course, I would have told the same thing to General Multacni's opposite number in the opposing camp. I'm no authority on Halcyonian military matters, but under the circumstances it seemed the correct thing to say.

General Multacni stood up. "I must consider this interview at an end, Mr. Terran," he said frostily. "And I advise you to keep such subversive thoughts to yourself in the future. I'm a broad-minded Halcyonian, but—" And the General let his voice trail off ominously.

I figured he had battle fatigue, boss. Nobody could talk like that in his right mind, not even a general on a planet which is engaging in warfare almost constantly. Anyhow, I had to find out. Wandering through the military reservation on my way back to Rmpl, I chanced upon a non-commissioned officer's club. Here was the place to find out once and for all! I would speak to the NCO's who probably had families and probably were in danger of shipping out to the warfronts at any time.

I went inside and I spoke. Maybe I made too much like a soap box orator, I don't know. I don't know. I told them they would need insurance during the war, and after the war. I told them our policies would give them solace in these trying times, mitigating some of their worries during the necessary horrors of their struggle for existence. When finished, there wasn't a sound in the whole vast room. Boss, I thought we had them. I brought out a pad of policies and was ready to start scribbling names.

Then the military police came in and arrested me.

You know the rest. How I was taken to the subdivision stockades, given a medical exam (for some reason, a small slice of flesh was taken from my rump. I won't miss it, but I couldn't sit down for two days), told that I was being held under the provisions of article seven of some kind of code of military justice. Me, subversive. When all I want to do is sell insurance policies. Boss, please get me the heck off this nutty planet.

Tragically,
Sammy Trumple

Terran Consulate
Halcyon City
Halcyon

Department of State
Halcyon Subdivision Three

Sirs:

Please explain the charges under which Terran citizen Samuel Trumple is being held in military prison.

Walter M. Foggarty
Asst. Consul

Department of State
Halcyon Subdivision Three

Mr. Walter M. Foggarty
Terran Consulate
Halcyon City

Dear Mr. Foggarty:

We hasten to respond to your note of yesterday and wish to thank you for the diplomacy, tact and patience you have displayed in this matter. We of Halcyon are firm believers in reincarnation of the individual after death, as you may know if you've read Stoy's ANTHROPOLOGICALLY SPEAKING: A Study of Sixty Seven Galactic Societies, or attended any of our religious services.

Now, since we believe in reincarnation (off the record, I'm a free-thinker, myself) and since every individual certainly can't be born with the proverbial silver feeder in his mandibles, death is an adventure eagerly anticipated by most Halcyonians, who have hopes that their station in life will be improved in their next incarnation, although they believe, of course, that they will maintain their individuality, their *elan vital*, if you wish, in the subsequent incarnation.

Terran Citizen Trumple was guilty of the worst sort of subversion when he spoke of an end to warfare. Naturally, there are some atheistic pacifists on Halcyon who would like to see war abolished and more people live out their current incarnations, but this dangerous minority is constantly hunted down. However, we recognize extenuating circumstances in the case of Terran citizen Trumple. He is, of course, unfamiliar with our way of life. That

being the case, I have recommended to the military authorities that he be pardoned without trial. I will keep you informed.

Most sincerely,
Aleg Trogonommo
Sec'y for resident extra-Halcyonians

Terran Consulate
Halcyon City
Halcyon

Mr. Herman Spottsworth
Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Company
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Dear Mr. Spottsworth:

The enclosed communication from Trogonommo is self-evident. Feel better?

Foggarty

Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Co.
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Dear Sammy:

Keep your chin up, boy. It's only a matter of time now. Joanie's fine.

Hermie

MEMO:

TO: The Commanding General

FROM: Lieut-Major Roggo Furl, Office of Military Justice

SUBJECT: The Terran Sammy Trumple

1. Trogonommo of State wants us to go easy on the prisoner, Trumple.
2. It is my feeling, though, that in the best interests of Halcyon, an example should be made of the Terran Trumple. The General realizes, I'm sure, that the colony of extra-halcyonians on Halcyon is growing. They must learn to consider Halcyonian culture as inviolate.
3. Accordingly, I recommend we go ahead with trial of Terran Trumple.

Signed
Roggo Furl
Lieut-Major

MEMO: TO: Lieut-Major Roggo Furl, Office of Military Justice

FROM: The Commanding General

SUBJECT: The Terran Sammy Trumple

1. Sorry, Furl. Trogonommo has more political friends than a Veterans' Legion Commander.
2. However, I quite agree with you. An example must be made of Trumple.
3. But not through a military court of justice. That's political dynamite.
4. I'd like to suggest that Trumple be allowed to make an attempted escape. He can be killed while fleeing. That should teach everyone a lesson, Trumple included.
5. The details of this attempted escape are in your hands. I suggest you use Lar Luk of Fomalhaut as a go-between, however. And make sure Trumple is killed!
6. After you read it, burn this letter.

Unsigned

143-1/4 East Scjulak Street
Halcyon City
Halcyon

Dear Boss:

Have I got news for you!

A few days ago, Lar Luk—the ex-insurance salesman from Fomalhaut—visited me at the stockade. You could tell something was going on because Luk, usually a loud extrovert, spoke in conspiratorial whispers.

"They are going ahead with your trial," he said.

"How do you know?"

"I am in a position to know. I think you're being treated unjustly, Sammy. I came here to do something about it."

Boss, I was desperate. Despite your encouraging note, I didn't know which way to turn. I said, "Like what?"

And Luk leaned forward to whisper: "Like helping you escape."

He clamped a flipper over my mouth before I could blurt out something which would give us away. I calmed down and said: "Can we do it?"

"We can try. We have to try."

"When?" I asked.

"Tonight, after I leave, after it's dark. I had to get special dispensation to visit you. They won't let me visit you again."

"But what ... how...." I'm no intriguer, boss. I felt like a pawn in this game—but a pawn who was about to be checkmated unless he did something about it.

"Here," said Lar Luk, thrusting something into my hand. "This is a Fomalhautian freezer, Sammy. You'll stop anybody dead in his tracks with it. When they come to your cell tonight and bring your meal...." Lar Luk didn't finish the sentence.

"You'll be waiting for me outside?"

"Yes. With a jetcopter, my friend. It won't be long now."

And Lar Luk was gone. I examined the weapon he had given me. It looked deadly, all right, with a dull metal finish and a wicked, funnel-like snout. I was ready, but I didn't see how I would get through the afternoon.

I tried to sleep. I couldn't. I tried to think of you and Joanie and what it would be like back on Earth. I couldn't concentrate. It grew dark slowly, the way it does on Halcyon. I thought they never would come with my supper. I thought they were starving me before the trial so I would confess readily. Then I began to think that maybe someone had seen Lar Luk give me the weapon. Perhaps the cell was wired and every word we said was heard in the stockade commander's office.

Then I heard footsteps in the corridor. It always sounds like more than one person, the Halcyonians having more legs than we do. I stood there at the door of my cell, waiting. I could feel my heart fluttering around inside me, like a bird.

The cell door opened.

At first I was going to use Lar Luk's weapon, but I didn't know what kind of noise it would make. He hadn't told me. Instead, I used the butt of the gun, banging it down across the guard's head. He slumped at my feet. I hoped I hadn't hurt him too badly. I even hoped Lar Luk's weapon was effective but not lethal. I had nothing against the Halcyonians. I just wanted to escape.

Out into the corridor I ran, passing three cross-corridors before I reached the stockade quadrangle. In the halls, I met no one. So far, I was lucky. But then....

"Halt! Who goes there?"

A guard in the quadrangle challenging me!

I was trembling so much I had to hold Lar Luk's weapon in both hands to fire it. It made a noise like a siren.

The guard didn't fall. He kept coming.

I fired again.

It was a siren.

Lar Luk had tricked me.

You can imagine the pickle I was in, boss. The siren summoned more guards, who came at me from all directions. I tried to get away, pounding across the pavement of the quadrangle. From somewhere, a searchlight cut a bright yellow swath across the quadrangle. It found me and held me.

One of the guards fired a blaster, hitting me in the base of the skull and killing me instantly.

Cordially,
Sammy Trumple

Interstellar Division
Terran Insurance Co.
Baltimore, Md., Earth

Dear Sammy:

I'm glad you managed to get away, but quit pulling my leg, will you? So the guard killed you—and then you sat down and wrote me a letter. Please tell me what really happened.

By the way, I have great news for you. Joanie had a litter of four pups, all spotted brown and white and cute as the dickens. I'm sending two of them to you by Subspace Express.

And let me know what happened, will you?

Yours in sales,
Hermie

Rmpldecroidesanspertxkle
Halcyon

Dear Hermie:

This letter is being smuggled out to you by a friend because it never would pass the Halcyonian censor. They have a good thing and they want to keep it to themselves as much as possible and I can't blame them.

Thanks for sending along the pups. I'll be waiting for them. Give Joanie a pat on the head for me.

Incidentally, cancel all my insurance policies. And I quit the company, effective immediately. I'm staying here on Halcyon.

I wasn't pulling your leg, Hermie. You remember I told you a slice of flesh was taken from my rump at the stockade. That's how the Halcyonians have developed their reincarnation process. They've learned a way to duplicate an individual artificially using a sample of his hereditary genes from the slice of flesh. Every Halcyonian has his slice on file of course. The new embryo is then grown rapidly, in a matter of a few days.

Lar Luk and I figured it's about time heavy industry came to Rmpledicroidesanspertzkle. We're opening a new munitions factory here, which suits the Halcyonians fine. Most of them are in favor of war because they'd like to better their position in life and might do it next time around on the new incarnation.

This reincarnation sure as hell beats life insurance, doesn't it?

With fond regards,
Sammy

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK NO-RISK PLANET

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™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks 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™ 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 License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

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

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg 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 electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg 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 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 electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg 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 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 mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg 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 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 work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than 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 License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg 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 will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg 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 trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg 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 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 License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

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 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 work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (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 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 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 electronic works provided that:

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

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ 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™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ 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™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ 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™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ 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 work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg 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's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg 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 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 business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

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

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread 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 electronic works
Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with

anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg 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 website which has the main PG search facility:

www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, 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.