

# TWO PILOTS OF THE SILVER WING

ROBERT L. HARRIS

"She's ridin' high, okay."  
"Yeah!  
Look down there!"  
"What is it?"  
"Can't make out?"  
"Looks like a city 'bout a mile away.  
Let's pull her 'round a bit!"  
"Okay!"  
"Down closer.  
Not so steep!  
Too steep!"  
"There, pull her up a bit.  
That's it."  
"Yep, she's a city, big one too I'd guess."  
"Looks kind'a dark.  
So dark and dreary."  
"Naw, just a fog.  
Lift her up a bit."  
"Kinda creepy just the same.  
Seems sorta' misty.  
Hey, what's that!"  
"Don't know!"  
"Sounds like a bearing.  
Shot to hell."  
"What can it be?"  
"Gas?  
Water?  
Oil?  
All check."  
"Good God, it's gettin' louder.  
Sounds like—  
The motor's fallin' out."  
"Let's take a look.  
Yep, she's a bearing.  
Red hot one too.  
Hand me a wrench."  
"Better land the thing and take a look."  
"Not here."  
"Not here? Why not?"  
"Dunno, just don't want to."  
"Got to!"  
"Find a place!

Hey, watch that stick."  
"She's goin' in a spin."  
"The stick! The stick!  
Hey, grab the stick.  
Hold on!"  
"Pull her over!"  
"Grab the stick!"  
"Hang on! Hang on!  
We're going down!"  
"Bill!  
Good God! Good God!"  
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"Bill, Bill, where are you?"  
"Here."  
"Okay?"  
"Okay, but kinda woozy!"  
"Better light a flare tube.  
Find out where we are!"  
"But where's the plane?"  
"The plane?"  
"Oh God, the plane.  
We've lost it.  
Where are we?"  
"Dunno.  
Seems awful strange.  
Can't find the plane.  
Can't find the flare tubes.  
Awful strange and creepy.  
Awful quiet this place."  
"Yeah, kinda like it here!"  
"Bill, Bill, let's get out.  
So strange and ethereal.  
What's that over there?"  
"Dunno, let's take a look!"  
"Bill, my legs.  
It doesn't seem like I've got 'em.  
Seems, just like I'm floatin'!"  
"Yes, of course, Jim! Don't you know!  
We're DEAD!"