

THE  
LEY  
HUNTER

THE LEY HUNTERNUMBER TWODECEMBER 1969

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LEAD-IN

Maybe one of the most pleasing aspects of ley hunting is that the investigator can, if he so wish, dismiss the ufology and orthoteny theories without weakening his own case for the existence and importance of his own chosen field of research.

In John Michell's latest book, "The View Over Atlantis," certain charges against the validity of leys are set out, and dismissed. I, too, believe 100 per cent in the reality of the ley system.

However, orthoteny also seems to have amassed a weighty case for there being routes in the sky whereby UFOs of all shapes and sizes move.

The archaeologist can trace his leys, note their geographical and even astronomical significance. And the ufologist can look for patterns in any one day's sightings of UFOs.

But how strong is the alleged connection between the two? It has been stated that orthoteny always trace in the sky, the lines of leys on the land. But leys are so thick on the ground that I can see a strong argument to suggest that orthoteny can be made to fit over leys.

With regard to the whole question of the authenticity of leys and orthoteny, I quote, with his permission, from two letters received from J. Cleary-Baker, Ph.D., of the British U.F.O. Research Association. I feel the views of a sceptic of his standing are as valid as those of a firm believer. He tells me a fuller account, with reasons, of his dismissal of both leys and orthoteny is set out in the summer 1967 issue of "Bufora Journal" - which I have not, however, read.

He writes: "I am afraid that my interest in leys and orthoteny is a negative one in that I totally disbelieve in both.

Michel, the founder of orthoteny, has long since virtually abandoned it. That, in spite of the continued interest of some students, appears sufficient reason to me for not wasting more time on it.

"As for leys, the Watkins book, 'The Old Straight Track,' is generally repudiated by archaeologists. To my way of thinking, one could construct equally convincing ley lines by the use of public houses, telephone booths or branches of F.W. Woolworth's. Anyway, prehistoric trackways were almost never straight. They had a habit of meandering all over the place, or else followed the lines of the great ridgeways.

"The fact is that prehistoric sites are thick on the ground in most parts of Britain. Drag in churches, fir-groves and other features assumed to be on prehistoric sites and there is virtually no end to the variety of patterns one can construct on a map.

"It is a common human habit to attempt to group random and unrelated objects into patterns. The constellations are an example. Psychologically, it probably represents an attempt to bolster up the feeling of personal security, by bringing order out of chaos.

"I am bound to admit that some prehistoric sites seem also to be focal points of UFO activity, for some reason as yet unascertained.

"Jimmy Goddard is a friend of mine but I simply don't go along with his leys at all.....I once told him he was just a 'ley about!'"

Nevertheless, I believe leys are fact and orthoteny a possibility. Also I challenge Dr. Cleary-Baker to attempt to line up Woolworth's branches in convincing lines.

I think I have here made clear my standpoint on leys and orthoteny. I leave it to the discretion of writers of articles to decide whether they wish to treat them as definitely connected or otherwise.

But it was with some trepidation that I decided to mix leys and orthoteny with science fiction.

My reasons for the section's inclusion were:

a) S.F. is descended from man's aspirations to reach out into space and has been fertilised by the strange objects seen in the skies. Though as a writer in the magazine "Penthouse" pointed out: "There are fewer flying saucers in the joint output of Aldiss, Ballard and Moorcock than you might see on a clear single night in Warminster".

b) S.F. is read by those who find the boundaries of modern fiction too dull or limited, or who are stimulated with ideas of what could be out in space, just as the ufologist ponders on the vast possibilities of UFO phenomena. Such readers could perhaps be broadminded enough to be encouraged to research into leys and also UFOs as fact - not fiction.

c) I wish to encourage the writing and criticism of a hybrid literature which I believe to be equal in stature to mainstream fiction - if not, in certain cases, ahead.

Comments on the section's inclusion are included in a long and helpful letter regarding the magazine from Mr. Fred O. Gardner, F.R.G.S., editor of the South Herts Unidentified Flying Objects Investigation Group Journal. In brief, he states: "Be careful with your S.F. section. You could, inadvertently, discourage the serious UFO researcher from showing interest in your Ley Hunter, and conversely provide ammunition for those critics or sceptics, who among other things, ascribe UFOs to S.F. reading.

"Your S.F. section, rightly handled, could be a great asset, but be careful, do some thorough research and make it quite clear that it is not associated with your UFO or ley hunting investigation or you'll queer your pitch before you start bowling."

Taking note of these remarks, I think it is true to say that though many ufologists do not read S.F., they and S.F. authors share a mutual problem. The ufologist is frequently scoffed at and the S.F. author is regarded almost universally as being inferior to his mainstream colleagues. But if more people are made willing to believe there may be other worlds than ours, other cultures, other dimensions, other means of locomotion, then both the ufologist's and S.F. writer's standing will rise together.

Lastly I am pleased to report that the response to my appeal for readers has been encouraging and the magazine will definitely now continue beyond the proposed trial period for as long as it is supported.

A constant supply of articles on leys and related subjects is required to keep the magazine on a monthly basis. So I hope to see anyone with information on leys or having a new point of view, putting pen to paper so we can all share in a building up of our knowledge of leys.

- Paul Screeton.

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LAWRENCE MOORE

is working on a film for the B.B.C. which looks at the relationship between structures such as Stonehenge and Glastonbury Abbey. A freelance filmmaker, Moore is interested in astrology and warns "that if you use the intellect too much it blunts the intuitive senses." Ley hunters will surely agree that intuition plays a great part in their discoveries. This piece of information is taken from the November 17 issue of "The Guardian," which also includes a mention of Alfred Watkins and his book "The Old Strange (sic) Track", described as "now a lodestone for a new generation."

POSTINGS

"I am pleased to hear that 'The Ley Hunter' is making a come-back. I was just getting interested in it before, when it ceased circulation.....I wish the new venture every success."

R.K.Proctor (Maidstone)

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"I was rather surprised but pleased to receive your letter about 'The Ley Hunter' as I thought the interest had died out."

F.Lockwood (Sheffield)

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"I am rather suspicious about the 'orthoteny' side if this is to do with UFOs. I hope anyone who writes on this aspect will be very careful to be extremely factual, there seems to be an awful lot of 'mumbo-jumbo-inspired' woolly talk and thought about this."

R.D.Y.Perrett (Sheffield)

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"I think the leys are a most important part of the flying saucer saga.....I am so glad that someone has taken on the task of telling us of more information in connection with leys. We are greatly indebted to you."

Brinsley Le Poer Trench (CONTACT)

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"I am very glad to hear that 'The Ley Hunter' has been revived and wish you every success.....One of our objects in publishing 'Pendragon' is to promote the exchange of ideas and projects between all those societies that are now working in the field.....I feel sure 'The Ley Hunter' will be widely read here among the Bristolians."

Mrs. Jess M. Foster (PENDRAGON SOCIETY)

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"I hope that you may be able to continue your publishing of 'The Ley Hunter' and so foster interest in this line of approach."

Fred O. Gardner (SHUFOIG JOURNAL)

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"I trust you will have great success and pleasure, and I feel sure all will gain much knowledge. I am now completing my 93rd. year....."

Charles R. Mayo (Crossway)

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"I am glad someone else is taking up where Jimmy Goddard left off and hope you are able to build up a reasonable circulation."

Jon Tacey (Richmond, Surrey)

"Thanks a lot for the new edition of 'The Ley Hunter,' which I have been reading with interest. I congratulate you on it."

Philip Heselton (Manchester)

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"A fine start, which I hope will continue, along with the necessary increase in subscribers I feel sure you are bound to attract. There are several people I know personally who will certainly subscribe."

Gerald Lovell ( SOUTH-WEST  
UNIDENTIFIED AERIAL PHENOMENA INVESTIGATION  
GROUP)

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"It's certainly very interesting that there are star-patterns in Yorkshire similar to Doug Chaundy's.....I do hope you continue with the magazine and wish you the best of luck."

Jimmy Goddard (Shepperton)

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"I read the copy of 'The Ley Hunter' and thought it very interesting. Keep up the good work - especially the S.F., as I'm a keen fan."

Miss Doris Cropper (Shepperton)

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"My father would have been delighted at the interest 'The Old Straight Track' continues to exert upon the young generation. I think that for deep reasons it will always appeal to those who are humanly interested in early man, and will put together a short article for the magazine on this theme."

Allen Watkins (Cheltenham)

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## ETHERIC CENTRES

-by-

### Circumlibra

Many years ago, before our roads were numbered, I was fascinated by the long straight stretches of highway which streaked across our countryside. Leeming Lane, Watling Street, The Fosse Way and many others were explored when they were just narrow lanes, almost devoid of traffic.

It was not until many years later that certain chance findings brought home to me their real significance. Ancient sites were being explored and the discovery made that they held a quality not possessed by other places. After much research I found the source of this quality which is none other than a fountain of energy which emerges from the Earth itself.

This fountain of energy comes from a point which shows no different from its surroundings and is so small as to be almost covered by the hand. If the point of energy comes out on to flat land then the energy merges with the energy which never ceases to flow around the Earth, but should a mound, a stone, a circle of stones or some kind of building be placed above then that which is so placed becomes charged with this energy.

These energy points, which I usually speak of as Etheric Centres, as this is a reasonably descriptive term, together form a simple pattern over the face of the earth. The simpler a pattern is, the easier it is to plot complicated and other designs. One will find that these centres were used by ancient peoples to depict any particular aspect in which they were interested.

Certain remains show that these centres were known and used by people long before the age of metals. Ancient Man was probably more advanced in the things which really matter than the man of today, who only sees the little bit he can grapple with and misses the overall pattern or reason for the existence of the little bit which looms so large in his own eyes. Try to show him what lies behind and beyond and he will try to ridicule you.

The features I speak of are most noticeable in country where there are outcrops of rock which he manipulated with simple tools and probably used forces of which we know little or nothing today. Some of his works would be impossible with even the most advanced tackle we have at our disposal today. It would appear that in some way he was able to relax the cohesion of solid matter and so make shapes which would need more scaffolding than we could conveniently use.

Not only have I found the signs in various parts of these islands but perhaps even better examples in Portugal and Spain. No doubt they are to be found in many other lands also, but I would prefer to speak of my own findings and not repeat something I have read. However interesting a book may be there is nothing like a bit of personal fieldwork to verify the statements made.

The long straight track would be expected to pass along the centres themselves, but it may be found that the track runs parallel to the line drawn between the centres or on the other hand the track may not be dead straight but as though made by a drunken man. This may be explained because the energy changes direction within limits and this, linked with the speed at which the traveller moves, causes the deviations.

Unidentified objects appear to use these connecting lines (leys) and also seem to appear at certain times. I know there are extraterrestrial beings who have a far wider knowledge of the forces surrounding the earth than any man on earth, but don't jump to the conclusion that all that passes between the centres has a "man from space" within, for a sudden outpouring of energy flowing above the level of the earth would show shape and colour on occasions. This phenomena could give rise to the dragons of old.

Speaking of extraterrestrial man and his sky vehicles let us not forget that matter as we know it is "very much down to earth," and there are several levels of a substance which is not necessarily visible to man or tangible to his instruments, however scientific they may be. Man on earth has a nasty habit of assuming he is the greatest of all creatures whether on earth or in the heavens. Be Ye Humble as a Child - I know down here we are the laggards and look forward to duties ahead which are more in keeping with my ideals.

In space there are entities working on many levels, make sure you contact those who will help you forward in a constructive manner. Science fiction can either educate or just be a fantasy conjured up by those who delight in fighting the imaginary dragons, or what have you, which surge up in their minds and those of their readers from - nobody knows where.

When you have settled in your mind the origin or purpose of the long straight track and have rediscovered the centres I speak about you will find yourself in a maze of other studies, for the implications of the **Etheric** Centres are so far-reaching as to encompass a multitude of human beliefs and activities.

No matter what aspect you choose to study, don't forget it is not the end but only a stepping stone to something far more important which lies beyond. One lifetime is far too short to study every aspect and far too important to waste time seeking medals for the little bit we are allowed to know.

By all means probe into whatever takes your fancy. You will find a good way to learn is to speak of what you know to others who are also trying to probe into the unknown. Your audience will be very limited - that matters little. The fact of consolidating your thoughts and putting them on to paper has its reward. If you send it along to "The Ley Hunter" and only one other reader is helped along his line of research the effort will have been worthwhile.

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## A HUNTER'S TALE

-by-

TONY WEDD

Coxley, down in the moors of Somerset, lies ten miles north-west of Henley, to stir the soul of the ley hunter. A short investigation with a 1in. map reveals Cocklake, Cockmillcroft Farm, Cucklington and a cockpit as reasonable marks along the line. Its terminal points are Flatholm in the Bristol Channel, and St. Catherine's Point on the Isle of Wight - where catherine wheels are sure confirmation of the orthoteny there.

The Hen Ley is more elusive, and I am not entirely satisfied with working from Henley Corner via Wimble Toot and alongside Cadbury Castle down to Henstridge. Some other Galahad may come up with a better line. But in his quest for the Holy Grail he will find no likelier maiden, I believe, than the old wimble herself, Mother Carey, who kept the chickens called Mother Carey's chickens.

Mother Maltwood, who mapped the zodiac in these parts, avoided the usual forms of scales and water carrier when she came to plot the Libra and Aquarius figures, and settled instead for a pair of birds; which is surely more in keeping with the name of the zodiac, which refers to little animals. The apothecary's balance is a very odd anomaly among so many simple beasts: the lion and the bull; the dog and the ram; the scorpion and the fishes; how much likelier is a dove.

Taking the River Cary and its tributaries, Mother Maltwood arrived at a Virgo whose breast coincided with a tumulus for teat. "Aaah, Wumble toat, where be 'un now?" they reply when you ask locally. Though crowned with a clump of trees it is no outstanding landmark: too low lying. The Fosse Way clearly jinks around the outstretched arm of the wimble, as if the Romans did not care to cut off the hand; which is a punishment for thieves. She offers corn to the nearby bird, in the form of a fan-shaped sheaf.

I am convinced that the two birds are intended as a pair, the cock and hen. Taking the bigger one as the cock, places it three miles from the cock's ley; while the hen is two miles from the hen ley. Coxley lies in Queen's Sedgemoor, and Henley in King's Sedgemoor, incidentally. One looks for the king and queen of this fertility religion, remembered by Queen Camel and Kingweston. Indeed the balance we have come to associate with these zodiacal signs is perhaps the proper balance between the male and female, which is the birthright of us all, as we live in lifetime after lifetime, expressing the male and female halves of our personality equally. Who but King Arthur, of course, whose castle at Cadbury lies only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Wimble Toot? Outside the circle, certainly, but King Arthur's Causeway heads unmistakably towards Glastonbury, or at least towards the kingly archer figure of the zodiac.

Here we see the third noteworthy ley: for the archer aims unmistakably at the bull's eye. The line from his own eye passes through the centre of the circle at Butleigh: hence the Butt Ley.

It is at the butts, of course, that the archer demonstrates his skill. As if to remind us that the place name may be split in two, we can see that Butt Moor lies close behind the bull.

I trace the butt ley back, mapwise, to Stonehenge, but its marks are difficult to find in the field. But the cock's ley runs exactly parallel, and a mile away from "Gordon Creighton's Orthoteny," from Weston-Super-Mare and Bruton through Ringwood and the Charlton crater.

Having exorcised the figure of Gunga Din from Glastonbury, we are left with three human figures at three sectors of the circle: Sagittarius, Virgo and Gemini. The twin to the west is solitary, sitting in his boat. Where is the Castor to this Pollux? Where but in the fourth section, Pisces, where Mrs. Maltwood has insisted on a whale, to accompany the fishes. It isn't very clearly drawn, and in different diagrams she draws its outline differently. But its presence is demanded by Wallyer's Bridge, at the tail end; and by references to the Castle of the Whale in her source book "The High History of the Holy Grail."

When I pointed out to Mrs. Maltwood that the fourth figure of the Happy Family was obviously inside the whale, she declared that I must have once been one of the Templars, for I evidently knew all about it. And did I not go for walks around the guardian dog, up Wagg Drove, which outlines his tail, as a little boy? And met H.F. Trew, out one day on Turn Hill to map the outline of the Serpent figure he believed to be another guardian of the temple (to Mrs. Maltwood's great disgust, for she would not listen to the idea). And did I not hear Grannie Overd's granddaughter Florrie sing about the Girt Dog of Langport, who was certainly Cerberus himself; and the cakes which Alfred burnt, the sops of Cerberus to allow entry up the River Parrett, past the watchtower of Alfred's Castle, called Burrow Mump? And was it not by an almighty strange series of coincidences that I met Mrs. Maltwood, in retirement in Oak Bay, Vancouver Island. Yes, I was there, drinking Somerset cider and eating the lovely easter cakes that Webb's of Langport post all around the world.

I believe this cakes-and-ale ceremony is as old as all religions, the blood and body we have taken from the soil:remembering.

I picked blackberries at Somerton Door. Was this the way into the precincts of the temple, for those who sailed up the Parrett to dock at the wharves you can still see at Langport, though the river is no longer navigable? A door to what? And maybe this was the way by which Joseph of Arimathea came, whose portrait is in the stained glass of Langport Church.

Maybe, if you think of it, the flying saucers are the Holy Grail, and if you put together the plate for the cakes and the chalice for the cider, you will get just such a shape, domed at the top and saucer shaped below.

Oh, and one more tip. Try Farmer Cullen's cider, if he's still alive. Up by Wearne, towards Paradise.

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DUE TO pressure of space and the need, because of its importance, to give a lengthy review of John Michell's "The View Over Atlantis" this item has been held over until the next issue. However, I fully recommend the book to all readers. It is available from Garnstone Press (distributors for Sago Press) of 59 Brompton Road, London S.W.3 (35/-). Postage is probably about 1/6 extra.  
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SCIENCE FICTION SECTION

"THE MAN IN THE MAZE" - Robert Silverberg (Sidgwick & Jackson, 24s.)

Dick Muller's nine years of self-exile on Lemnos, in a city forming a massive and dangerous labyrinth, is disturbed by the arrival of a spaceship from his native Earth. Its occupants have been sent to contact Muller, who has not only retreated into the maze, but into himself and away from mankind. Muller had met with a bad experience when becoming the first human to meet extraterrestrials, and as Jesus Christ was martyred by humans so Dick Muller meets with an ambiguous reception.

His words have a familiar echo: "When I dropped through the clouds to visit the Hydrans, I felt like a god. Christ, I was a god. And when I left, up through the clouds again. To the Hydrans I'm a god, all right. I thought it then: I'm in their myths, they'll always tell my story. The mutilated god. The martyred god. The being who came down among them and made them so uncomfortable that they had to fix him. But - "

The pace of the story is capably enmeshed with themes of religion and morality. Robert Silverberg has the reader riveted by flowing prose and tension. The reader is intrigued by the enigmatic maze, stalked by ferocious beasts and littered with aliens' skeletons, which only Muller had penetrated; and by the mysterious affliction which makes him intolerable to his own species yet makes him the only man able to communicate with a race of deadly extraterrestrials; and how

had Muller avoided the booby traps set millions of years before to keep out strangers.

There are notable sequences such as where robot probes are sent into the maze to find a safe route and eventually the 100th. reaches Muller in the centre zone.

Care has been taken to delineate the characters carefully though the three main protagonists have much in common.

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 "ARMED CAMPS" - Kit Reed (Faber & Faber, 25s.)

Two stories intertwine in Kit Reed's first novel. The most satisfying is the story of Ann crossing the U.S.A. in 2001 as the wicked messenger, in a state of shock and prophesying further disaster. No one wants to listen to her warnings. She is taken to a castle where a perpetual party is in motion, the guests moving on from one room to another after the food in each is eaten and the room is wrecked by the jollity. A party on the lines of the non-stop party at which Alice met the Mad Hatter, March Hare and Dormouse.

From there Ann is taken to Cambria by a group of peaceniks involved in the running of a utopian community on kibbutz lines where all must work, and each is encouraged to join in shared leisure activities and the spreading of non-violence ideals by preaching. As might be expected, outside authority is baffled by their rejection of guns and Eamon, the leader, turns the other cheek when officialdom attacks.

However, Eamon is unable to remain completely pacifist and when attacked by a friend he returns with blow for blow. After seeing this, Ann concludes that everyone is an "armed camp" - that we can all resort to violence.

The other story is the military career of Danny March who ends up a lieutenant colonel and hero - chained to a pole on top of a cone by his own army.

Basically this book disturbs because it would be so easy for the world to get into such a position - before 2001 even. It is also about man's inhumanity to man, both on a personal scale (as against Ann) and universal scale (as perpetrated by Danny). It contains much food for thought.

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## DRAGONS AND CAVEMEN SUPERMEN

-by-

Neil Etterby

### Conclusion:

Her brother moved, took her hand and tugged her to follow, away from the dragon's banquet. She sniffed disgust for Vvkkall. She was only journeying with him for the adventure. The pair strode towards the hills.

Gliding screeching pteradons in the sky reminded Shir of home. The bats in the cave. She did not get sentimental though. Home was a series of caves in a Scottish Highlands glen. Home was a cool climate. A tribe of insipid insular minded middle aged morons spearing rabbits, wild cats, dogs, digging traps full of stakes to kill unsuspecting deer; living in terror of most other creatures. No other horizons than the valley and today. And after the even-in meal talk would turn to heroic deeds and legends of giant men. A race of supermen who had migrated south.

Not half-men like the cringing flinching twilight tribe hiding in caves, but incredible giants in exotic clothes who did not go naked in the cold to merge with the surroundings - a race of fearless demigods with vast intelligence.

Vvkaall had given much thought to this. He was sceptical of the failed giants' supernormal powers. Were they the super race? Men needing thick furs, unable to change colour, unable to communicate telepathically as he and Shir could, and took twenty years to reach maturity! Shir was sure the larger race was superior.

"We are just like animals," she had said. "We change colours like animals, communicate like bees, return to one place - a cave - like bats. We just happen to be a bit cleverer than animals."

The sun fell, the sky turned pink, the air cooled and Shir stumbled into a deep pit. Her scream of surprise shrilled to a shriek of agony as a sharp oak stake ripped at her midriff, broke a rib and she began bleeding badly. Pain-fainted she crumpled between the stakes, and cautiously Vvkaall clambered down and cradled her body. Then a stone thudded against his thigh and his forehead. Searing pain and he too collapsed.

Only to awaken with hands and feet bound, carried by children nearing their teens and their cave. Shir was moaning with pain, but when she saw Vvkaall turn his head she grinned bravely. She told him telepathically that her injury was not too serious.

Fear had silenced Vvkaall's tongue, but not his thoughts. Repulsed by these giants, he held them in contempt. These scum.

Vvkaall shuffled beside Shir. He rubbed her arm comfortingly with his elbow and forced a smile. She sniffed unhappily. Shir fell asleep with her head on her knees. Vvkaall could not sleep for worrying and scheming. Only one man stayed awake to guard them. At one point he crossed to a ledge on the rocks where there was assembled hollowed rocks containing paint; rocks ground to powder mixed with animal fat. He had a brush of animal's hairs tied to a stick with grass. Vvkaall stood with difficulty and the guard eyed him suspiciously. By sign language Vvkaall made the guard understand that he wished to use the paints. With bonds unloosed Vvkaall drew with flint on the wall the profile of two dragons and several fur clothed men. Deftly he then painted the scene. Vvkaall then sat and as his hands and feet were bound again he wondered why he had felt the need to depict such a scene.

When he awoke it was dawn and the Leader was examining the painting, with a cruel grin on his lips .

An hour afterwards all the tribe assembled. Shir, limping, and Vvkaall were led into daylight. The Leader daubed paint over both of them and their bonds were cut. The Leader's hands thrust at backs of Shir and Vvkaall. They looked back questioningly at the Leader, who smiled friendship and turned away. Vvkaall and Shir set off walking. Half a mile from the cave they heard whoops and pounding feet.

"Run," urged Vvkaall.

"Can't," stated Shir, flinching with every quickened step.

Vvkaall caught hold of Shir's hand and tugged encouragingly. It was hopeless. Their sporting pursuers closed on their helpless prey. Brother and sister jumped over a low undulation. Vvkaall cursed that the paint stopped them from merging with their surroundings, but his thoughts were cut short by Shir's squeal. They jumped away from two small dragons which darted away from them.

The dragons reared into the view of the cavemen, who halted. Shir lay sobbing, nursing a terrific pain in her side. Vvkaall peeped over the rise in the ground. The two thin dragons were advancing on the cavemen.

The guard of the previous night was gesturing frantically at the lizards and tugged at the arm of the Leader. Had not Vvkaall suggested in his painting that the pair were in league with dragons or could turn into them themselves.

Vvkaall guessed that a conclusion of this sort had been drawn from his drawing. He marvelled at their luck and wondered at his choice of drawing.

The Leader turned, all turned and with the small but fierce dragons in squeaking pursuit, the cavemen supermen scurried.

Shir squeezed Vvkaall's hand.

"You were right. We are the super race, if either is superior," she said.

"It has taken two thousand miles, five years of travelling, pain and fear to prove it to you. Was it worth it?"

"Yes," whispered Shir meekly.

(The End)