

Chapter 1 : Lester del Rey: and it Comes out Here (ePUB) - ebook download - english

Lester del Rey (June 2, - May 10,) was an American science fiction author and editor. He was the author of many books in the juvenile Winston Science Fiction series, and the editor at.

I was interested in God and how technology could bring us closer to finding out where we came from and why. Before graduating in , she moved to North Bergen, New Jersey. She was also a Brooklyn resident for four years. I was in college, [and] we went to the Indian reservation. That day I realized that I had only two options: I chose the first option. If it [had] not [worked], I would [have] probably [done] social work in any small town. She began to work in community service. David Kahne, who produced Grant and previous label owner David Nichtern have both stated that Grant bought the rights back from her label, 5 Points, as she wanted it out of circulation to "stifle future opportunities to distribute itâ€”an echo of rumors that the action was part of a calculated strategy. I was going to Miami quite a lot at the time, speaking a lot of Spanish with my friends from Cuba â€” Lana Del Rey reminded us of the glamour of the seaside. It sounded gorgeous coming off the tip of the tongue. Born to Die and Paradise Main articles: Born to Die was officially released on January 31, , worldwide, and reached number one in 11 countries, though critical reaction was divided. With the release of her third EP , Paradise , Del Rey spawned her second top 10 album in the United States, debuting at number 10 on the Billboard with 67, copies sold in its first week. Film projects and Tropico Del Rey at the Echo music awards in After the release of Paradise, Del Rey penned the original song " Young and Beautiful " for the soundtrack of the film adaptation of The Great Gatsby with director, co-writer, and co-producer Baz Luhrmann. Before showing the film, Del Rey told the audience "I really just wanted us all to be together so I could try and visually close out my chapter before I release the new record, Ultraviolence ". Ultraviolence and Honeymoon Main articles: On January 23, , it was announced that Del Rey would be covering the song " Once Upon a Dream " from the film Sleeping Beauty for the dark fantasy film Maleficent. The single was released on January The album sold , copies in its first week, worldwide. Eight of the shows featured Courtney Love , [] and ten of the shows featured Grimes. Also in December , in an interview with Galore Magazine, Del Rey revealed she began working on a new album, which she said would be released sometime in It explores a sound close to the golden age of jazz", she said. Dan Heath and Rick Nowels are two of my dearest friends and producers and we are always up to something. For the cover, she collaborated with producer Justin Parker. It was located at The Wiltern , in Los Angeles. Lust for Life and collaborations Main article: She released the official cover art for Lust for Life on April 11, The tour began in North America during January [] and concluded in August. Now I sing quite low Because of the way I look, I needed something to ground the entire project. Otherwise I think people would assume I was some airhead singer. Del Rey was eerily casual, singing and smiling with the ease of someone performing at singer-songwriter night at the local coffee shop.

Chapter 2 : Free Classic Short Stories and Novels | Socialpolitan: And It Comes Out Here by Lester Del Rey

The Book: "And It Comes Out Here," by Lester del Rey. Originally published in in Galaxy Science Fiction, the edition read was in the anthology Mortals and Monsters published by Ballantine in

This etext was produced from Galaxy Science Fiction February Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U. You will, you know, so why quibble about it? At least, you always have I did, so you will. I remember just how you feel; I felt the same way when heâ€”that is, of course, I or weâ€”came back to tell me about it, thirty years ago. Here, have one of these. And you can look at the revenue stamp date, if you still doubt my story. Some kind of telepathy seems to work between two of the same people. You know, I could try to change things around by telling what happened to me; but heâ€”Iâ€”told me what I was going to do, so I might as well do the same. Jerome Boell, just a plain engineer, the man who put atomic power in every home. So I cut off your questions, and get you inside. I snap on a green button, and everything seems to cut off around us. You can see a sort of foggy nothing surrounding the cockpit; it is probably the field that prevents passage through time from affecting us. There is exactly nothing thereâ€”in fact, there is no there. You are completely outside of time and space, as best you can guess how things are. You try to reach a hand out through the field into the nothing around you and your hand goes out, all right, but nothing happens. Where the screen ends, your hand just turns over and pokes back at you. You turn to me, getting used to the idea. Of course, there may have been a start for all this once. There may have been a time when you did invent the machineâ€”the atomic motor first, then the time-machine. And when you closed the loop by going back and saving yourself the trouble, it got all tangled up. I figured out once that such a universe would need some seven or eight time and space dimensions. When you spend thirty years thinking about it, as I didâ€”and you willâ€”you get further and further from an answer. Anyhow, you sit there, watching nothing all around you, and no time, apparently, though there is a time effect back in the luggage space. That means you either carry a small time field with you, or you are catching a small increment of time from the main field. Out there is neither time nor space, apparently. How could the air leak out? Maybe the machine has a gravity field built in, or maybe the time that makes your watch run is responsible for gravity. In spite of Einstein, you have always had the idea that time is an effect of gravity, and I sort of agree, still. Then the machine stopsâ€”at least, the field around us cuts off. You take another cigaret from me and you get out of the machine, just as I do. This is a sub-sub-sub-basement. We have to walk up a flight of stairs, and there is an elevator waiting, fortunately with the door open. It gives out a coughing noise and the basement openings begin to click by us. Then the door opens, and the elevator says "first" back at us. I grab your hand and shake it. Find the museum, grab the motor, and get out. And good luck to you. You nod at me and I move out into the main corridor. A second later, you see me going by, mixed into a crowd that is loafing along toward a restaurant, or something like it, that is just opening. You come out of the side corridor and go down a hall, away from the restaurant. There are quiet little signs along the hall. You look at them, realizing for the first time that things have changed. The signs are very quiet and dignified. Some of them can be decoded to stationery shops, fountains, and the like. You stop at a sign that announces: But there is only a single picture of a dull-looking metal sphere, with passengers moving up a ramp, and the office is closed. You begin to get the hang of the spelling they use, though. Now there are people around you, but nobody pays much attention to you. You get up your courage and go up to a boy selling something that might be papers on tapes. Stoo blossom," he tells you. Around you, you hear some pretty normal English, but there are others using stuff as garbled as his. The educated and uneducated? You go right until you find a big sign built into the rubbery surface of the walk: Ahead of you, two blocks on, you can see a pink building, with faint aqua trimming, bigger than most of the others. They are building lower than they used to, apparently. Twenty floors up seems about the maximum. You head for it, and find the sidewalk is marked with the information that it is the museum. You go up the steps, but you see that it seems to be closed. You hesitate for a moment, then. But then a guard comes to the gate. Except for the short legs in his suit and the friendly grin on his face, he looks like any other guard. I saw it twice. You go down that corridor, up one flight of stairs and left. Finest display in all the known worlds. Professor Jonas was

using them to check his latest theory of how they work. Too bad he could not explain the principle, either. Someone will, some day, though. Lord, the genius of that twentieth century inventor! Ohâ€”congratulations on your pronunciation. Sounds just like some of our oldest tapes. The building seems deserted and you wander up the stairs. As you come near, it goes through a crazy wiggle inside, stops turning out a continual row of what seem to be bearings, and slips something the size of a penny toward you. You can have it made into a ring on the third floor during morning hours for one-tenth credit. If you have more than one child, press the red button for the number of stones you desire. You turn left and go past a big room in which models of spaceshipsâ€”from the original thing that looks like a V-2, and is labeled first Lunar rocket, to a ten-foot globe, complete with miniature manikinsâ€”are sailing about in some kind of orbits. Then there is one labeled Wep: Beyond is the end of the corridor, and a big place that bears a sign, Mad: The earlier ones are larger, of course, clumsier, but with variations, probably depending on the power output. A big sign on the ceiling gives a lot of dope on atomic generators, explaining that this is the first invention which leaped full blown into basically final form. You study it, but it mentions casually the inventor, without giving his name. They call attention to the fact that they have the original model of the first atomic generator built, complete with design drawings, original manuscript on operation, and full patent application. They state that it has all major refinements, operating on any fuel, producing electricity at any desired voltage up to five million, any chosen cyclic rate from direct current to one thousand megacycles, and any amperage up to one thousand, its maximum power output being fifty kilowatts, limited by the current-carrying capacity of the outputs. They also mention that the operating principle is still being investigated, and that only such refinements as better alloys and the addition of magnetic and nucleatric current outlets have been added since the original. So you go to the end and look over the thing. And it still operates as well as ever. Like to have me tell you about it? He wants to examine some of the weapons for a monograph on Centaurian primitives compared to nineteenth century man. You go up to the head of the line, to that Rinks Dynapattuh, or whatever it transliterates to. But the darned thing is absolutely fixed. You work down the line. You lift it; it only weighs about fifty pounds! Naturally, it can be carried. You expect a warning bell, but nothing happens. But maybe some of it helps. Pre-set, you might say. Well, you stagger down the corridor, looking out for the guard, but all seems clear. Then you hear his voice from the weapons room.

Chapter 3 : Lana Del Rey - Wikipedia

There is one fact no sane man can quarrel with everything has a beginning and an end. But some men aren't sane; thus it isn't always so! Read by Phil Che.

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. Release Date: January 26, [EBook] Language: English Character set encoding: This etext was produced from Galaxy Science Fiction February Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U. You will, you know, so why quibble about it? At least, you always have I did, so you will. I remember just how you feel; I felt the same way when heâ€”that is, of course, I or weâ€”came back to tell me about it, thirty years ago. Here, have one of these. And you can look at the revenue stamp date, if you still doubt my story. Some kind of telepathy seems to work between two of the same people. You know, I could try to change things around by telling what happened to me; but heâ€”Iâ€”told me what I was going to do, so I might as well do the same. Jerome Boell, just a plain engineer, the man who put atomic power in every home. So I cut off your questions, and get you inside. I snap on a green button, and everything seems to cut off around us. You can see a sort of foggy nothing surrounding the cockpit; it is probably the field that prevents passage through time from affecting us. There is exactly nothing thereâ€”in fact, there is no there. You are completely outside of time and space, as best you can guess how things are. You try to reach a hand out through the field into the nothing around you and your hand goes out, all right, but nothing happens. Where the screen ends, your hand just turns over and pokes back at you. You turn to me, getting used to the idea. Of course, there may have been a start for all this once. There may have been a time when you did invent the machineâ€”the atomic motor first, then the time-machine. And when you closed the loop by going back and saving yourself the trouble, it got all tangled up. I figured out once that such a universe would need some seven or eight time and space dimensions. When you spend thirty years thinking about it, as I didâ€”and you willâ€”you get further and further from an answer. Anyhow, you sit there, watching nothing all around you, and no time, apparently, though there is a time effect back in the luggage space. That means you either carry a small time field with you, or you are catching a small increment of time from the main field. Out there is neither time nor space, apparently. How could the air leak out? Maybe the machine has a gravity field built in, or maybe the time that makes your watch run is responsible for gravity. In spite of Einstein, you have always had the idea that time is an effect of gravity, and I sort of agree, still. Then the machine stopsâ€”at least, the field around us cuts off. You take another cigaret from me and you get out of the machine, just as I do. This is a sub-sub-sub-basement. We have to walk up a flight of stairs, and there is an elevator waiting, fortunately with the door open. It gives out a coughing noise and the basement openings begin to click by us. Then the door opens, and the elevator says "first" back at us. I grab your hand and shake it. Find the museum, grab the motor, and get out. And good luck to you. You nod at me and I move out into the main corridor. A second later, you see me going by, mixed into a crowd that is loafing along toward a restaurant, or something like it, that is just opening. You come out of the side corridor and go down a hall, away from the restaurant. There are quiet little signs along the hall. You look at them, realizing for the first time that things have changed. The signs are very quiet and dignified. Some of them can be decoded to stationery shops, fountains, and the like. You stop at a sign that announces: But there is only a single picture of a dull-looking metal sphere, with passengers moving up a ramp, and the office is closed. You begin to get the hang of the spelling they use, though. Now there are people around you, but nobody pays much attention to you. You get up your courage and go up to a boy selling something that might be papers on tapes. Stoo bloss," he tells you. Around you, you hear some pretty normal English, but there are others using stuff as garbled as his. The educated and uneducated? You go right until you find a big sign built into the rubbery surface of the walk: Ahead of you, two blocks on, you can see a pink building, with faint aqua trimming, bigger than most of the others. They are building lower than they used to, apparently. Twenty floors up seems about the maximum. You head for it, and find the sidewalk is marked with the information that it is the museum. You go up the steps, but you see that it seems to be closed. You hesitate for a moment, then. But then a guard comes to the gate. Except for the

short legs in his suit and the friendly grin on his face, he looks like any other guard. I saw it twice. You go down that corridor, up one flight of stairs and left. Finest display in all the known worlds. Professor Jonas was using them to check his latest theory of how they work. Too bad he could not explain the principle, either. Someone will, some day, though. Lord, the genius of that twentieth century inventor! Ohâ€™congratulations on your pronunciation. Sounds just like some of our oldest tapes. The building seems deserted and you wander up the stairs. As you come near, it goes through a crazy wiggle inside, stops turning out a continual row of what seem to be bearings, and slips something the size of a penny toward you. You can have it made into a ring on the third floor during morning hours for one-tenth credit. If you have more than one child, press the red button for the number of stones you desire. You turn left and go past a big room in which models of spaceshipsâ€™from the original thing that looks like a V-2, and is labeled first Lunar rocket, to a ten-foot globe, complete with miniature manikinsâ€™are sailing about in some kind of orbits. Then there is one labeled Wep: Beyond is the end of the corridor, and a big place that bears a sign, Mad: The earlier ones are larger, of course, clumsier, but with variations, probably depending on the power output. A big sign on the ceiling gives a lot of dope on atomic generators, explaining that this is the first invention which leaped full blown into basically final form. You study it, but it mentions casually the inventor, without giving his name. They call attention to the fact that they have the original model of the first atomic generator built, complete with design drawings, original manuscript on operation, and full patent application. They state that it has all major refinements, operating on any fuel, producing electricity at any desired voltage up to five million, any chosen cyclic rate from direct current to one thousand megacycles, and any amperage up to one thousand, its maximum power output being fifty kilowatts, limited by the current-carrying capacity of the outputs. They also mention that the operating principle is still being investigated, and that only such refinements as better alloys and the addition of magnetric and nucleatric current outlets have been added since the original. So you go to the end and look over the thing. And it still operates as well as ever. Like to have me tell you about it? He wants to examine some of the weapons for a monograph on Centaurian primitives compared to nineteenth century man. You go up to the head of the line, to that Rinks Dynapattuh, or whatever it transliterates to. But the darned thing is absolutely fixed. You work down the line. You lift it; it only weighs about fifty pounds! Naturally, it can be carried. You expect a warning bell, but nothing happens.

Chapter 4 : Science Fiction Story: And It Comes Out Here by Lester Del Rey

Lester del Rey was an American science fiction author and editor. Del Rey is especially famous for his juvenile novels such as those which are part of the Winston Science Fiction series, and for Del Rey Books, the fantasy and science fiction branch of Ballantine Books edited by Lester del Rey and his fourth wife Judy-Lynn del Rey.

There is one fact no sane man can quarrel with. You will, you know, so why quibble about it? At least, you always have I did, so you will. I remember just how you feel; I felt the same way when he--that is, of course, I or we--came back to tell me about it, thirty years ago. Here, have one of these. And you can look at the revenue stamp date, if you still doubt my story. Some kind of telepathy seems to work between two of the same people. You know, I could try to change things around by telling what happened to me; but he--I--told me what I was going to do, so I might as well do the same. Jerome Boell, just a plain engineer, the man who put atomic power in every home. So I cut off your questions, and get you inside. I snap on a green button, and everything seems to cut off around us. You can see a sort of foggy nothing surrounding the cockpit; it is probably the field that prevents passage through time from affecting us. There is exactly nothing there--in fact, there is no there. You are completely outside of time and space, as best you can guess how things are. You try to reach a hand out through the field into the nothing around you and your hand goes out, all right, but nothing happens. Where the screen ends, your hand just turns over and pokes back at you. You turn to me, getting used to the idea. Of course, there may have been a start for all this once. There may have been a time when you did invent the machine--the atomic motor first, then the time-machine. And when you closed the loop by going back and saving yourself the trouble, it got all tangled up. I figured out once that such a universe would need some seven or eight time and space dimensions. When you spend thirty years thinking about it, as I did--and you will--you get further and further from an answer. Anyhow, you sit there, watching nothing all around you, and no time, apparently, though there is a time effect back in the luggage space. That means you either carry a small time field with you, or you are catching a small increment of time from the main field. Out there is neither time nor space, apparently. How could the air leak out? Maybe the machine has a gravity field built in, or maybe the time that makes your watch run is responsible for gravity. In spite of Einstein, you have always had the idea that time is an effect of gravity, and I sort of agree, still. Then the machine stops--at least, the field around us cuts off. You take another cigaret from me and you get out of the machine, just as I do. This is a sub-sub-sub-basement. We have to walk up a flight of stairs, and there is an elevator waiting, fortunately with the door open. It gives out a coughing noise and the basement openings begin to click by us. I grab your hand and shake it. Find the museum, grab the motor, and get out. And good luck to you. You nod at me and I move out into the main corridor. A second later, you see me going by, mixed into a crowd that is loafing along toward a restaurant, or something like it, that is just opening. You come out of the side corridor and go down a hall, away from the restaurant. There are quiet little signs along the hall. You look at them, realizing for the first time that things have changed. The signs are very quiet and dignified. Some of them can be decoded to stationery shops, fountains, and the like. You stop at a sign that announces: You begin to get the hang of the spelling they use, though. Now there are people around you, but nobody pays much attention to you. You get up your courage and go up to a boy selling something that might be papers on tapes. Around you, you hear some pretty normal English, but there are others using stuff as garbled as his. The educated and uneducated? You go right until you find a big sign built into the rubbery surface of the walk: Ahead of you, two blocks on, you can see a pink building, with faint aqua trimming, bigger than most of the others. They are building lower than they used to, apparently. Twenty floors up seems about the maximum. You head for it, and find the sidewalk is marked with the information that it is the museum. You go up the steps, but you see that it seems to be closed. You hesitate for a moment, then. But then a guard comes to the gate. Except for the short legs in his suit and the friendly grin on his face, he looks like any other guard. I saw it twice. You go down that corridor, up one flight of stairs and left. Finest display in all the known worlds. Professor Jonas was using them to check his latest theory of how they work. Too bad he could not explain the principle, either. Someone will, some day, though. Lord, the genius of that twentieth century inventor! Oh--congratulations on your

pronunciation. Sounds just like some of our oldest tapes. The building seems deserted and you wander up the stairs. As you come near, it goes through a crazy wiggle inside, stops turning out a continual row of what seem to be bearings, and slips something the size of a penny toward you. You can have it made into a ring on the third floor during morning hours for one-tenth credit. If you have more than one child, press the red button for the number of stones you desire. You turn left and go past a big room in which models of spaceships--from the original thing that looks like a V-2, and is labeled first Lunar rocket, to a ten-foot globe, complete with miniature manikins--are sailing about in some kind of orbits. Then there is one labeled Wep: Beyond is the end of the corridor, and a big place that bears a sign, Mad: The earlier ones are larger, of course, clumsier, but with variations, probably depending on the power output. A big sign on the ceiling gives a lot of dope on atomic generators, explaining that this is the first invention which leaped full blown into basically final form. You study it, but it mentions casually the inventor, without giving his name. They call attention to the fact that they have the original model of the first atomic generator built, complete with design drawings, original manuscript on operation, and full patent application. They state that it has all major refinements, operating on any fuel, producing electricity at any desired voltage up to five million, any chosen cyclic rate from direct current to one thousand megacycles, and any amperage up to one thousand, its maximum power output being fifty kilowatts, limited by the current-carrying capacity of the outputs. They also mention that the operating principle is still being investigated, and that only such refinements as better alloys and the addition of magnetic and nucleatric current outlets have been added since the original. So you go to the end and look over the thing. And it still operates as well as ever. Like to have me tell you about it? There is more of this story The source of this story is SciFi-Stories.

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Chapter 7 : and it Comes out Here by Lester del Rey

ebook (ePUB), by Lester del Rey There is one fact no sane man can quarrel with everything has a beginning and an end. But some men.

Chapter 8 : and it Comes out Here (ebook) by Lester del Rey |

There are two ways to learn how to write fiction: by reading it and by writing it. Yes, you can learn lots about writing stories in workshops, in writing classes and writing groups, at writers' conferences.

Chapter 9 : and it comes out here english download pdf book writer del rey lester

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