

Chapter 1 : Not Free SF Reader : Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror: The Star Mouse - Fredric Brown

Fredric Brown was an American science fiction and mystery writer. He was one of the boldest early writers in genre fiction in his use of narrative experimentation. While never in the front rank of popularity in his lifetime, Brown has developed a considerable cult following in the almost half.

Here is my reading list in hopes that it may give you some ideas. Note that Hugos are awarded to stories that had their first publication in This list contains all the eligible stories in my library according to my database. I only listed volumes that contain at least one unique eligible story, but I did leave in story duplications if they appeared in more than one of these books. This list may help you identify eligible stories that you have already read. It may help you identify volumes that you have that contain eligible stories. Or it may be useful as a starting point for finding these stories in other volumes or on the internet places like archive. For finding other volumes in which these stories appear, I suggest using isfdb. The format of this list, or how to interpret what you are looking at: Stories themselves are preceded by one hyphen -. I have not verified these categories, so I suggest verifying both eligibility year and length before casting your ballot. This is nowhere near a complete list of eligible stories, but I suspect that this list contains the majority of eventual finalists at least in the short categories. The Golden Years of Science Fiction: Smith nv -The Weapons Shop A. The First Golden Age ed. Wollheim ss -Tools Clifford D. Tales from Beyond ed. David Drake -Gentlemen, The Queen! Anthony Boucher -Waldo Robert A. Bond nv -Gods of the Jungle Nelson S. Bond nv -Captain Chaos Nelson S. Clarke, The Arthur C. Clarke -The Awakening Arthur C. Clarke ss -Whacky Arthur C. Heinlein ss -Pied Piper Robert A. Kornbluth -The Golden Road C. Kornbluth nv -Masquerade C. Kornbluth ss -The Perfect Invasion C. Kornbluth nv -Crisis! Kornbluth ss -The Core C. Sprague de Camp n. Related titles can be found in the above lists. This is just a quick and dirty list from my library. I hope you find it useful. If you are wondering if I have written any stories eligible for the Hugos, the answer is yes. See the short stories menu at the top of the page for more information on where they were published, etc.

Chapter 2 : Astro Mysz : Fredric Brown : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

The Star Mouse. by Fredric Brown. Mitkey, the Mouse, wasn't Mitkey then. He was just another mouse, who lived behind the floorboards and plaster of the house of the great Herr Professor Oberburger, formerly of Vienna and Heidelberg; then a refugee from the excessive admiration of the more powerful of his fellow-countrymen.

Get Full Essay Get access to this section to get all help you need with your essay and educational issues. One thought provoking idea, is expressed clearly in the story The weapon by Fredric Brown. The story suggests many themes, but the main one being the lack of respect humans have with power and their ignorance towards technology. A scientist, Dr James Graham is creating the ultimate weapon. During his study time one night, a guest Mr. Niemand arrives at his doorstep, raising many questions about the weapon that James cannot answer. Niemand left Harry a loaded revolver. The last line is the key to the authors meaning- that mankind could destroy itself. There is an obvious and very direct comparison created in the story. Certain symbols stand for things, the gun representing the weapons society creates. The gun is an ideal symbol , for it is a weapon that if not used properly can result in unfortunate consequences, including death. Humanity cannot respect or are incapable of respecting power. This enforces the theme that mankind could destroy itself. By using metaphors and symbolism, this theme is expressed quite interestingly. Chicken Little the story that is read to Harry by Mr. Chicken Little a story about a bird called Chicken Little, who believes the sky, is falling, when an acorn drops off a tree and hits him on the head. He quickly runs to the king to tell him the sky is falling, when on the way to the king, he meets ducky lucky, and many other friends, telling them of the news. In the end Foxy Loxy a sly character, tells them that she knows a short way to get to the king tempts them all into her cave, and none of the animals are ever seen again. This foreshadows events that happen in the story. Chicken Little is much like the scientist Dr James Graham- they both jump into conclusions are stubborn and strongly believe that their views are correct. Dr James, is similar to this, as he does not think about the outcome of the weapon he is creating, completely believes that he is doing the right thing for science, and refuses to listen to other peoples views. In this way when Mr. The author includes Chicken Little, as it is a metaphorical comparison between a childhood character that seems so innocent, and an adult scientist. This appears to be quite ironic, and a contrast, but it seems that in the end they are the same, the adult being just as naive and innocent as the child. In this way the ideas are cleverly expressed through irony and metaphors. The story is written in third person, giving the reader, an unbiased perception, and a clearer view of what is happening. The atmosphere was created in the story, through what each character says, and their actions. In the beginning of the story, the reader is introduced to Dr James, whom is studying hard, thinking about his son and his disabilities, the atmosphere is quite tense, and we get a sense that something is about to happen. Neimand arrives at Dr James door, and more tension is created due to conflict between the two. Near the end, the atmosphere seems almost relaxed, and this is where the climax builds up. When Dr James discovers the revolver MR Neimand has left for his son, he bursts out into anger- all the tension that had been built up throughout the story. The theme that mankind may not be ready for technology also appears in the story Flowers for Algernon by Daniel Keyes, where many emotions and thoughts are provoked in the reader. Flowers for Algernon, reveals the struggle of a thirty-year-old man, Charlie Gordon who is mentally ill. Charlie is put through a series of tests, by his Doctors, Dr Strauss and Dr Nemur, racing against a mouse named Algernon who has taken an operation to triple his intelligence. His intelligence becomes unbelievable, making it difficult for him to communicate to people on a normal level. In the long term the operation was unsuccessful, as it leads Charlie to his death due to complications in his brain. He found it hard to communicate with normal people as he was now on a different level. The doctors realized this, but could not do anything to help Charlie; they were unprepared for the consequences- reflecting their unreadiness for this kind of technology. Another theme in this story is the prejudice of humans towards the unknown. The lack of respect humans have towards people that are different is exerted in this story. In the beginning he was quite a happy person, optimistic, and very innocent to the surrounding world, but after the operation, he suddenly learnt what people were really like, and in a way it hurt him see people act so selfishly. These themes are

expressed through the language used. This helps the reader relate to Charlie, to understand his struggles and goals in life. More essays like this:

Chapter 3 : Fredric Brown bibliography - Wikipedia

"Mouse" is a science fiction short story by Fredric Brown. It is about a small vessel that lands on Earth carrying a tiny but dangerous occupant. It is about a small vessel that lands on Earth carrying a tiny but dangerous occupant.

He was just another mouse, who lived behind the floorboards and plaster of the house of the great Herr Professor Oberburger, formerly of Vienna and Heidelberg; then a refugee from the excessive admiration of the more powerful of his fellow-countrymen. The excessive admiration had concerned, not Herr Oberburger himself, but a certain gas which had been a by-product of an unsuccessful rocket fuel-which might have been a highly successful something else. If, of course, the Professor had given them the correct formula. Which heâ€™ Well, anyway, the Professor had made good his escape and now lived in a house in Connecticut. And so did Mitkey. A small gray mouse, and a small gray man. Nothing unusual about either of them. Particularly there was nothing unusual about Mitkey; he had a family and he liked cheese and if there were Rotarians among mice, he would have been a Rotarian. The Herr Professor, of course, had his mild eccentricities. A confirmed bachelor, he had no one to talk to except himself, but he considered himself an excellent conversationalist and held constant verbal communion with himself while he worked. That fact, it turned out later, was important, because Mitkey had excellent ears and heard those night-long soliloquies. If he thought about them at all, he merely thought of the Professor as a large and noisy super-mouse who squeaked over-much. It should fidd within vun vun-hundredth thousandth of an indtch. Ahhh, it iss berfect. It was about three and a half feet long, with weirdly shaped vanes, and it rested on a temporary framework on a table in the center of the room that served the Herr Professor for all purposes. Originally, he had planned to use the big room as a laboratory only, but he found it more convenient to sleep on a cot in one corner of it, when he slept at all, and to do the little cooking he did over the same gas burner over which he melted down golden grains of TNT into a dangerous soup which he salted and peppered with strange condiments, but did not eat. New mouse-holes all over, andâ€™joy of joy! Of course the tubes had been not larger than capillary size, or the house would not have remained around the mouseholes. The Professor was jubilant that morning. Der secondt tube, idt did not eggsplode. Und der virst, in seggtions, as I had eggspected! Rather, they fell upon a pair of gray whiskers and a black, shiny little nose protruding from a hole in the baseboards. Mitkey, how would you like to go for a ride, negst veek? Not, however, an unpleasant captivity. Mitkey was an honored guest. I am sure you are more soundt and healthy and able to vithstand a long chourney than those laboratory mices. Ah, you vigggle your viskers and that means yes, no? Und being used to living in dargk holes, you should suffer less than they from glaustrophobia, no? I fear that he even forgot about the family he had abandoned, but he knew, if he knew anything, that he need not worry about them in the slightest. At least not until and unless the Professor discovered and repaired the hole in the refrigerator. It and these vill bring you down safely and slowly enough that der shock-absorbers in der movable combartment vill keep you from bumping your head too hard, I think. He did not, as has been explained, speak English. But Herr Oberburger talked to him just the same. He showed him pictures. Loogk, this is der original Mitkey Mouse, by Valt Dissney. Budt I think you are cuter, Mitkey. In fact, he must have been crazy to make a rocket that worked. For the odd thing was that the Herr Professor was not really an inventor. There was, as he carefully explained to Mitkey, not one single thing about that rocket that was new. Idt iss all hereâ€™ve merely combineâ€™und ve achieff vhat, Mitkey? Chust barely, it adds up to eggsscape velocity. There are yet unknown facgtors, Mitkey, in der ubper atmosphere, der troposphere, der stratosphere. Ve think ve know eggssactly how mudch air there iss to calculate resistance against, but are ve absolutely sure? No, Mitkey, ve are not. Ve haff not been there. Und der marchin iss so narrow that so mudch as an air current might affect idt. In the shadow of the tapering aluminum-alloy cylinder he waxed fat and happy. Und I shall not lie to you, Mitkey. I shall not giff you valse assurances. You go on a dancherous chourney, mein little friendt. Not der moon or bust, but der moon und bust, or else maybe safely back to earth. You see, my boor little Mitkey, der moon iss not made of green cheese und if it were, you vould not live to eat it because there iss not enough atmosphere to bring you down safely und vith your viskers still on. Because der rocket may not attain eggsscape velocity. Und in that case, it

issstill an eggsperiment, budt a different vun. Der rocket, if it goes not to der moon, falls back on der earth, no? Und in that case certain instruments shall giff us further information than ve haff yet about things up there in space. Und you shall giff us information, by vether or not you are yet alife, vether der shock absorbers und vanes are sufficient in an earth-equivalent atmosphere. Und in either case, und vether or not you return, Mitkey, you shall be vamous! You shall be der virst lifting greature to go oudt beyond der stratosphere of der earth, out into space. I enfy you, Mitkey, und I only vish I vere your size, so I could go, too. But the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley. All because of Prxl. The Herr Professor found himself very lonely. After having had Mitkey to talk to, soliloquies were somehow empty and inadequate. There may be some who say that the company of a small gray mouse is a poor substitute for a wife; but others may disagree. During the long night after the launching of the rocket, he had been very busy with his telescope, a sweet little eight-inch reflector, checking its course as it gathered momentum. The exhaust explosions made a tiny fluctuating point of light that was possible to follow, if one knew where to look. But the following day there seemed to be nothing to do, and he was too excited to sleep, although he tried. So he compromised by doing a spot of housekeeping, cleaning the pots and pans. It was while he was so engaged that he heard a series of frantic little squeaks and discovered that another small gray mouse, with shorter whiskers and a shorter tail than Mitkey, had walked into the wire-cage mousetrap. Iss it Minnie come to look for her Mitkey? What strange vagary of mind had induced her to walk into an unbaited trap, the Professor neither knew nor cared, but he was delighted. He promptly remedied the lack of bait by pushing a sizable piece of cheese through the bars. Whether she worried about her family or not there is no way of knowing, but she need not have done so. They were now large enough to fend for themselves, particularly in a house that offered abundant cover and easy access to the refrigerator. His viery trail across the sky. True, Minnie, it iss a very small viery trail and der astronomers vill not notice it, because they do not know vhere to look. You see, Minnie ve haff not told them yet. Ve shall vait and gill der gocomplete story all at vunce. Our Mitkey iss on schedule; in fagt he iss going vaster than ve had vigured, no? It iss sure now that he vill eggscape the gravitation of der earth, and fall upon der moon! I know, I know. Ve shall neffer see our Mitkey again, and I almost vish our eggsperiment hadt vailed. Budt there are gompensations, Minnie. He shall be der most vamous of all mites. Virst lifting greature effer to go beyond der gravitational bull of earth! Occasionally high clouds obscured vision. You would like to seem to be vree, would you not, without bars, like der animals at modern zoos, vith moats insteadt? It was the end of a wooden crate, about half an inch thick and a foot square, laid flat on the table, and with no visible barrier around it. And wires from the two areas of metal foil to opposite terminals of a small transformer which he placed near by. But you vill get a mild shock or two when you try to step off der edge of der island. It vill not hurt much, but you vill not like it, and after a few tries you vill learn not to try again, no? Minnie happy on her island, her lesson well learned. She would no longer so much as step on the inner strip of metal foil. It was a mouse-paradise of an island, though. There was a cliff of cheese bigger than Minnie herself. It kept her busy. Mouse and cheese; soon one would be a transmutation of the other. The Professor was worried.

Chapter 4 : An Analysis of "The weapon" by Fredric Brown | Essay Example

The bibliography of American writer Fredric Brown includes short stories, general fiction, mysteries and science fiction stories.

He was just another mouse, who lived behind the floorboards and plaster of the house of the great Herr Professor Oberburger, formerly of Vienna and Heidelberg; then a refugee from the excessive admiration of the more powerful of his fellow-countrymen. The excessive admiration had concerned, not Herr Oberburger himself, but a certain gas which had been a by-product of an unsuccessful rocket fuel-which might have been a highly successful something else. If, of course, the Professor had given them the correct formula. Which heâ€”Well, anyway, the Professor had made good his escape and now lived in a house in Connecticut. And so did Mitkey. A small gray mouse, and a small gray man. Nothing unusual about either of them. Particularly there was nothing unusual about Mitkey; he had a family and he liked cheese and if there were Rotarians among mice, he would have been a Rotarian. The Herr Professor, of course, had his mild eccentricities. A confirmed bachelor, he had no one to talk to except himself, but he considered himself an excellent conversationalist and held constant verbal communion with himself while he worked. That fact, it turned out later, was important, because Mitkey had excellent ears and heard those night-long soliloquies. If he thought about them at all, he merely thought of the Professor as a large and noisy super-mouse who squeaked over-much. It should fiddt vithin vun vun-hundredth thousandth of an indtch. Ahhh, it iss berfect. It was about three and a half feet long, with weirdly shaped vanes, and it rested on a temporary framework on a table in the center of the room that served the Herr Professor for all purposes. Originally, he had planned to use the big room as a laboratory only, but he found it more convenient to sleep on a cot in one corner of it, when he slept at all, and to do the little cooking he did over the same gas burner over which he melted down golden grains of TNT into a dangerous soup which he salted and peppered with strange condiments, but did not eat. New mouse-holes all over, andâ€”joy of joy! Of course the tubes had been not larger than capillary size, or the house would not have remained around the mouseholes. The Professor was jubilant that morning. Der secondt tube, idt did not eggsplode. Und der virst, in seggtions, as I had eggspected! Rather, they fell upon a pair of gray whiskers and a black, shiny little nose protruding from a hole in the baseboards. Mitkey, how would you like to go for a ride, negst veek? Not, however, an unpleasant captivity. Mitkey was an honored guest. I am sure you are more soundt and healthy and able to vithstand a long chourney than those laboratory mices. Ah, you vigggle your viskers and that means yes, no? Und being used to living in dargk holes, you should suffer less than they from glaustrophobia, no? I fear that he even forgot about the family he had abandoned, but he knew, if he knew anything, that he need not worry about them in the slightest. At least not until and unless the Professor discovered and repaired the hole in the refrigerator. It and these vill bring you down safely and slowly enough that der shock-absorbers in der movable combartment vill keep you from bumping your head too hard, I think. He did not, as has been explained, speak English. But Herr Oberburger talked to him just the same. He showed him pictures. Loogk, this is der original Mitkey Mouse, by Valt Dissney. Budt I think you are cuter, Mitkey. In fact, he must have been crazy to make a rocket that worked. For the odd thing was that the Herr Professor was not really an inventor. There was, as he carefully explained to Mitkey, not one single thing about that rocket that was new. Idt iss all hereâ€”ve merely combineâ€”und ve achieff vhat, Mitkey? Chust barely, it adds up to eggsscape velocity. There are yet unknown facgtors, Mitkey, in der ubper atmosphere, der troposphere, der stratosphere. Ve think ve know eggssactly how mudch air there iss to calculate resistance against, but are ve absolutely sure? No, Mitkey, ve are not. Ve haff not been there. Und der marchin iss so narrow that so mudch as an air current might affect idt. In the shadow of the tapering aluminum-alloy cylinder he waxed fat and happy. Und I shall not lie to you, Mitkey. I shall not giff you valse assurances. You go on a dancherous chourney, mein little friendt. Not der moon or bust, but der moon und bust, or else maybe safely back to earth. You see, my boor little Mitkey, der moon iss not made of green cheese und if it were, you would not live to eat it because there iss not enough atmosphere to bring you down safely und vith your viskers still on. Because der rocket may not attain eggsscape velocity. Und in that case, it

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Chapter 5 : Audiobooks written by Fredric Brown | calendrierdelascience.com

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Chapter 6 : The Star Mouse by Fredric Brown | LibraryThing

Fredric Brown (October 29, - March 11,) was an American science fiction and mystery writer. He was born in Cincinnati. He is perhaps best known for his use of humor and for his mastery of the "short short" form—stories of 1 to 3 pages, often with ingenious plotting devices and surprise endings.

Chapter 7 : Mouse by Fredric Brown — calendrierdelascience.com

DOWNLOAD PDF MOUSE FREDRIC BROWN.

PERIL PRESS presents: Thrilling Wonder Stories, June MOUSE by Fredric Brown The spaceship from Somewhere carried strange cargo! Words.

Chapter 8 : Fredric BROWN -- Here Comes A Candle -- 1st Edition -- HC in Jacket | eBay

Fredric Brown (), one of science fiction's greatest masters from the Golden Age, is famous for his many classic short stories - quite a few of which are presented here, including "Arena," "Knock," "Earthmen Bearing Gifts," "The Star Mouse,".

Chapter 9 : Jessie Zane Carter | Book Author Homepage | calendrierdelascience.com

â“ For young readers adapted from The Star Mouse (including some cuts) by Ann Sperber. The 'Astromouse' part of the title was derived from an idea by H. C. Artmann, according to a note in the germsn edition.