Tom Swift in Hell

Timothy Craig

College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol6/iss1/13
TOM SWIFT IN HELL

Timothy Craig

Angels, please bear with me. I created in my boyhood an accretion of black air as a substitute for night, but now no such emergency arises but the damned intelligent forethought that renders heroes unnecessary. I produced a chest containing in itself successively smaller, very perfect reproductions of itself down to a point where they became intangible, a labor which I here continue with invisible utensils!

I made cigarettes which, smoked, remained the same length, an electric girl with hair the color of unpainted model airplanes and with bones no less delicate. I was never unaware of a “sphinx-like inscrutability” in my manservant as his years of bondage drew to a finish.

Illumined less by insight than by beauty and tired at last of all my incarnations (The little they believe in isn’t true!), I had a poker hand so good it hurt, when all the other players were flat broke.