



(Sentry, vuela su tele, László Mednyánszky)

## Sentry

He was wet and muddy and hungry and cold and he was fifty thousand light-years from home. A strange blue sun gave light and the gravity, twice what he was used to, made every movement difficult.

But in tens of thousands of years this part of war hadn't changed. The flyboys were fine with their sleek spaceships and their fancy weapons. When the chips are down, though, it was still the foot soldier, the infantry, that had to take the ground and hold it, foot by bloody foot.

Like this damned planet of a star he'd never heard of until they'd landed him there. And now it was sacred ground because the aliens were there too. THE aliens, the only other intelligent race in the Galaxy ... cruel, hideous and repulsive monsters.

Contact had been made with them near the center of the Galaxy, after the slow, difficult colonization of a dozen thousand planets; and it had been war at sight; they'd shot without even trying to negotiate, or to make peace.

Now, planet by bitter planet, it was being fought out.

He was wet and muddy and hungry and cold, and the day was raw with a high wind that hurt his eyes. But the aliens were trying to infiltrate and every sentry post was vital.

He stayed alert, gun ready. Fifty thousand light-years from home, fighting on a strange world and wondering if he'd ever live to see home again.

And then he saw one of them crawling toward him. He drew a bead and fired. The alien made that strange horrible sound they all make, then lay still.

He shuddered at the sound and sight of the alien lying there. One ought to be able to get used to them after a while, but he'd never been able to. Such repulsive creatures they were, with only two arms and two legs, ghastly white skins and no scales.

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## Vuaite

Al jere strafont e plen di pantan e di fan e di frêt e al jere cincuantemil agns-lûs lontan di cjase. Tal cîl slusive un strani soreli turchin e la gravitât, il dopli di chê che al jere usât lui, e rindeve dificil cualsisei moviment.

Ma in desenis di mîars di agns chel cjanton di vuere nol veve mudât. Ur lave ben ai fantats de aviazion, cu lis lôr astronâfs lustris e i armaments sflandorôs. Ma cuant che al vûl disberdeât il grop, ve che e je la infantarie, al è il soldât a pît, simpri lui, che al scuen conquistâ la posizion e tignî bot, un blec insanganât di tiere daûr chel altri.

Compagn ancje in chest sfondrât di un planet, ator di une stele mai sintude a nomenâ fin che no lu vevin spedît alì. E cumò al jere teren sacrât, par vie che a jerin rivâts ancje i aliens. I Aliens, la uniche altre raze inteligjent inte Galassie... mostris crudêi, orents, stomeôs.

I prins contats cun lôr a jerin stâts stabilîts dongje dal centri de Galassie, daspò di vê colonizât, cun fature e pazience, uns dodismil planets; la vuere e jere tacade daurman; lôr a vevin sbarât cence nancje cirî une negoziazion o il patizament de pâs.

Cumò, un planet a la volte, si seguitave a combati.

Al jere strafont e plen di pantan e di fan e di frêt e un aiar crût al disfredave il dì e i sponzeve i voi. Ma i aliens a cirivin di penetrâ e ogni avampuest al jere vitâl.

Al steve in vuaite, cul fusîl pront. Cincuantemil agns-lûs lontan di cjase, combatint su di un mont strani, domandantsi se al varès mai vivût avonde di tornâ a viodi cjase sô.

E in chê al viodè un di lôr strissinâsi te sô direzion. Al smicjà e al fasè fûc. L'alien al de fûr chel sunôr strani, trement, che a fasin lôr; dopo si fermà di movisi.

Si scaturì tal sintî chel sunôr, tal viodi il cuarp dal alien. Un al crodarès di podê usâsi cul

timp, ma lui nol jere mai rivât. A jerin masse stomeosis chês creaturis, cun dome doi braçs e dôs gjambis, e chê piel blancje tombadice, e cence scaiis.

**Conte dal 1954**  
**dal scritôr merican Fredric Brown**  
**voltade par furlan di Pablo Gortan**