

## The Rocket

The humming grew louder, louder, higher, higher, wilder, stranger, more exhilarating, trembling in him and leaning him forward and pulling him and the ship in a roaring silence.

And in a kind of metal screaming, while his shut eyes quivered, and the sound grew and grew until it was a fire, a strength, a lifting and a pushing of power that threatened to tear him in half.

The Moon! he cried, eyes blind, tight.

The meteors!

The silent rush in volcanic light.

Mars. Oh, God, Mars! Mars!

He fell back, exhausted and panting.

His shaking hands came loose of the controls and his head tilted back wildly.

He sat for a long time, breathing in and out.