

Epilogue

IT WAS almost midnight. The moon was high in the sky now. The Illustrated Man lay motionless. I had seen what there was to see. The stories were told; they were over and done. There remained only that empty space upon the Illustrated Man's back, that area of jumbled colors and shapes.

The picture on his back showed the Illustrated Man himself, with his fingers about my neck, choking me to death.

I ran down the road in the moonlight. I didn't look back.