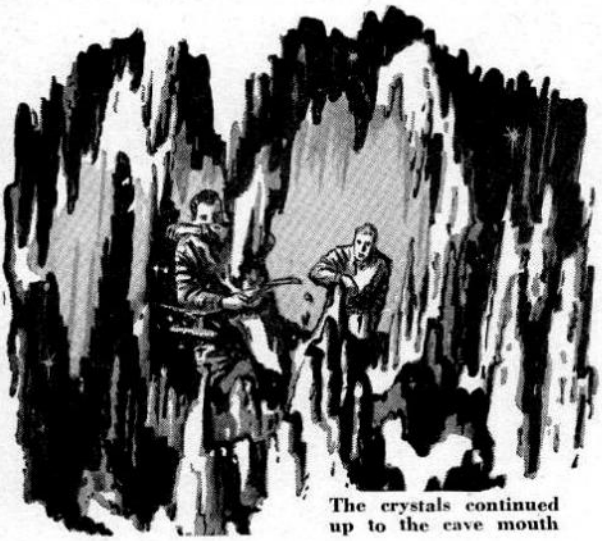

The crystals continued up to the cave mouth

Satellite Scout

It's grim work being a member of a disaster party but when you are searching for people you know it's almost more than you can take

By ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

CONCLUSION

THE RUMBLE GOT louder and I saw a light through the snow, back down the road. Dad stepped out and waved the torch.

The rumble stopped almost on top of him; it was a rock crusher, people hanging all over and even riding the spade. The driver yelled, "Climb on; Hurry!"

Then he saw the cow and added, "No live stock."

"We've got a stretcher with my little girl in it," Dad shouted. "We need help."

A couple of men got off to help us. In the mixup Dad disappeared, and so did Mabel. We got the stretcher onto the spade and braced it by hand. I was wondering what to do about Dad when he appeared out of the darkness and scrambled up beside me. "Where's Molly?" he asked.

"Up on top. What did you do with Mabel?"

"Mabel is all right." He folded his knife and put it away.

At long, long last we reached Leda and got Peggy into a pressurized hospital room. She was in bad shape, but alive.

Molly stayed with her. Dad told Molly that he was reporting to the chief engineer for duty. I was sent to the Immigration Receiving Station. There it was like the day we landed, only worse—and colder.

The place was packed and getting more packed every minute, but it was not so bitterly cold as outside. I was happy just to feel the blood start to go back into my feet.

I stayed there forty-seven hours. It was twenty-four hours before we got anything to eat.

After a long time—it seemed a week but is was actually eight o'clock Sunday morning—they passed out some lukewarm soup. It was wonderful. After that I wanted to go to the hospital, but they wouldn't let me. It was seventy below outside and still dropping.

About twenty-two o'clock the lights came on and the worst was over.

WHEN THE SUN came up at midnight they announced that anybody could go outside who cared to risk it. I waited until noon Monday. By then it was up to twenty below and I made a dash for it.

Peggy was as well as could be expected. Molly had spent the time in bed with her, huddling up to keep her warm. Although the hospital had emergency heat, it was darn near as cold as the Receiving Station. But Peggy had come through, sleeping most of the time. She perked up enough to smile and said hello.

I went back to the Station and ran into Sergei.

"Just the guy I'm looking for," he said. "I had you down for dead. Disaster party—are you in?"

The parties were made up of older Scouts and young men. We were sent out on tractors, and we worked in teams of two.

It was grim work. We had shovels and lists of who lived on which farm. Some names had notations "known to be alive." Our job was to find out about those other names and—theoretically—to rescue anyone still alive.

We didn't find anyone alive.

When we found a body, we would try to identify it, then cover it with snow. When we settled with the people at a farm, we would salvage the carcasses of livestock. It seemed like robbing the dead, but we would all be hungry by and by.

The fact that the shock had occurred right after the "line up" had kept people from being killed in bed—but they say that the line up triggered the quake, by tidal strain, so I guess it evens up. The line up didn't make the quake; it had been building up ever since the beginning of the atmosphere project. Gravity's books have to balance.

The colony had had thirty-seven thousand people; our count showed less than thirteen thousand left. And we had lost every crop, almost all livestock, most buildings.

THEY DUMPED US back at the Receiving Station and I was just dozing off when Dad shook me. "Bill, have you seen the Schultzes?"

I sat up, wide awake. "No. Have you?"

"There's no report on them. I'm going out and check up."

"Let's go."

A disaster party was just heading down our road and we hitched a ride. We dropped off at the turn off and trudged up toward their house. I began to get the horrors. It's one thing to pile snow over strangers; it would be another matter to find Mama Schultz and Gretchen with their faces blue and stiff. I didn't think I could take it.

We came around a little hummock and sighted the house. I stared. I yelled, "George! *The Tree is gone!*"

Their beautiful apple tree—"the only tree on Ganymede"—was missing.

They were all safe, every one. The Tree was ashes in the fireplace. Papa had cut it down when the power went off—and then had fed it, little by little, into the flames.

Papa, telling us about it, gestured at the blackened firebox. "'Johann's folly,' they called it. Old Appleseed Johnny is not so foolish, eh?" He roared and slapped Dad on the shoulders.

"But your tree," I said stupidly.

"I will plant others." He was suddenly serious. "But, William, your brave little baby trees—they are dead, not?"

I said I hadn't seen them yet. He nodded solemnly. "They are dead. Hugo! Fetch me an apple!" Hugo did so and Papa presented it to me. "You will plant again."

AFTER THAT WE trudged over to our place. The fields were there, that was all. The plants were dead and the ground was hard. My saplings were dead, of course.

We found two rabbits, huddled together and stiff, under a drift against the wrecked barn. We didn't find any chickens except our first old hen. She had been setting and her nest was protected by a piece of barn roof. She hadn't budged and the eggs under her were frozen. That was what got me.

Dad came back then and spoke to me. "Well, Bill?"

I stood up. "George, I've had it."

"Let's go. The truck is about due."

"I mean I've *really* had it!"

"I know."

My accordion was in Peggy's room, with snow drifted over the case. I picked it up. "Leave it," Dad said. "It's safe."

"I won't be back," I said.

We made a bundle of what Dad had salvaged, went down, and waited for the tractor-truck.

The colony settled down into a routine. Those whose houses had stood up moved back and the rest of us lived in the Receiving Station. Food was short but there weren't many left to feed. It was decided to set winter back, that is, start all over again with spring. That would give us a new crop quickly. Plans were made to build two more power plants, spaced around the equator, each capable of holding the heat trap alone. The disaster wasn't to happen again.

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Not that I cared. We were going back as soon as there was space and we weren't the only ones. Dad and I went to the Commission office to apply. We were about the last; Dad had been out of town on duty and I had waited for him.

The office was closed for lunch. While we waited, we read the posted lists of those who were going back. I found Noisy Edwards and his family on the list and then I read on. I expected to find Hank Jones, but he wasn't listed. I started paying attention to every name I recognized and began to see a pattern.

The agent got back and Dad touched my arm. I said, "Wait a minute. You read all the names?"

"Yes."

"George, I don't like being classed with these lugs."

He chewed his lip. "I know what you mean."

I took the plunge. "Do as you like, George, but I'm not going home until I've licked this joint." Underneath I was thinking that I hadn't licked Noisy but I would lick what had licked him.

Dad looked unhappy. "I've got to take Peggy back, Bill."

"Yes, I know," I answered.

I moved out to the farm the next day. I slept in Peggy's room and started repairing and getting ready to plant. Things began to shape up.

Then, about two weeks before they were to leave in the *Covered Wagon*, Peggy died —and there wasn't any reason for any of us to go back to Earth.

Dad sent word back by Yo Schultz. He came over and told me. I thanked him.

He urged me to come home with him. I said, no, thanks, I would rather be alone.

I lay down on Peggy's bed.

SHE WAS DEAD and it was too late for me to help her. If I hadn't encouraged her, they would have been able to get her to go back before it was too late. She would be back Earthside, going to school and growing up healthy and happy—back in California, not here in this horrible place where she couldn't live, where human beings never were *meant* to live.

I bit the pillow and blubbered. I said, "Oh, Anne, Anne! Take care of her, Anne— She's so little; she won't know what to do."

We all lived in Peggy's room until Dad and I had the seeds in, then we built again, quake proof. All the rooms had windows and the living room had a fireplace.

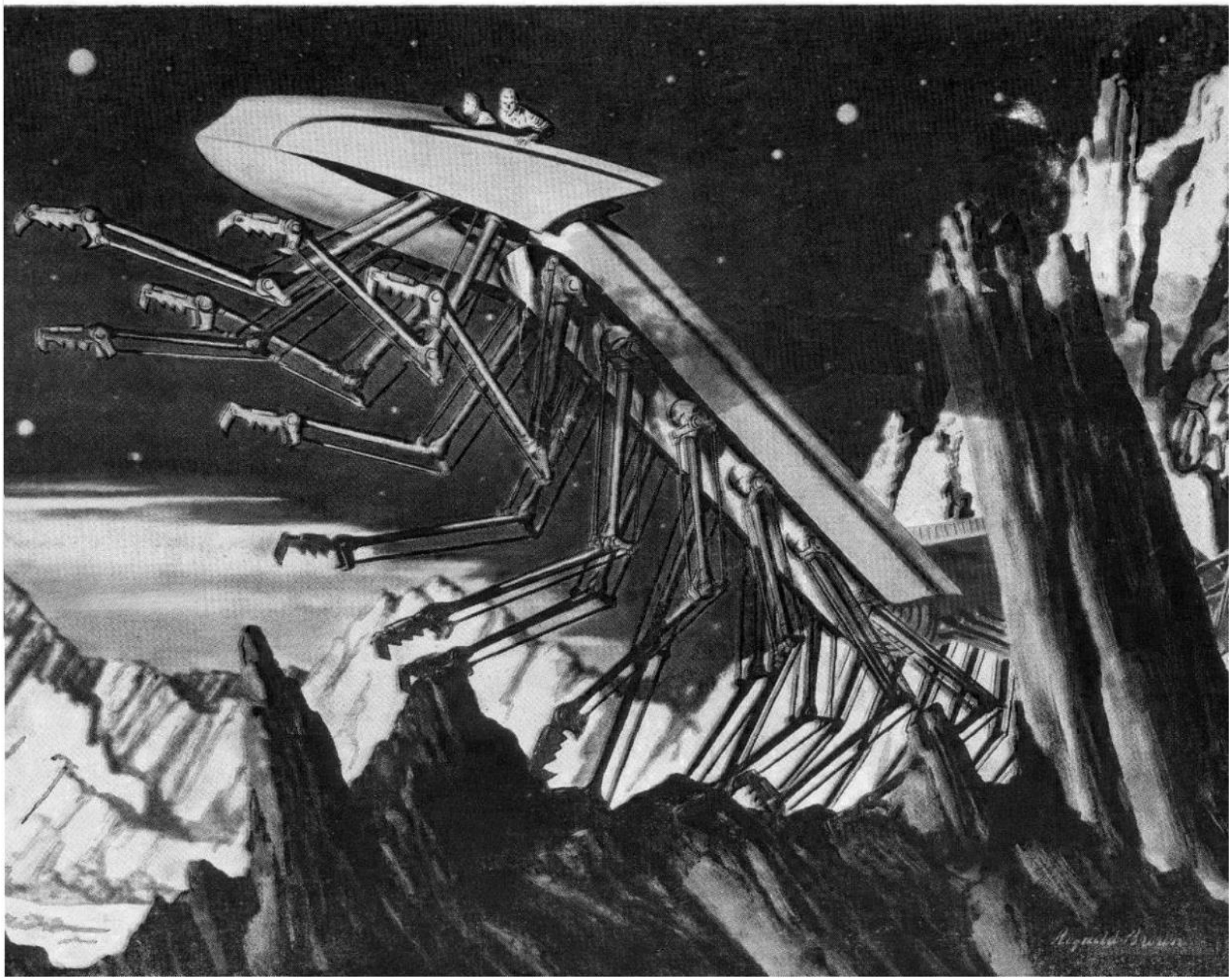
Two G-years after the "line up" you would never have known anything had happened. There wasn't a wrecked building in the community. New people were coming in so fast that you could even sell produce to the Commission in lieu of land.

We weren't doing badly. We had bees. We had Mabel II, and Margie and Mamie, and I was sending milk into town by the city transport truck that passed each day. I used Marge and Mame for ploughing as well (and we were talking about getting a horse)—we had crushed five more acres. It turned out we needed an extra room. Twins—both boys. I bought a crib for them, made right here on Ganymede. It was getting possible to buy home products.

I told Molly I would initiate the brats into the Cubs when they were old enough. I had a Patrol again—the Daniel Boone Patrol, mostly new kids. I still hadn't taken my tests but things happened. Once I was scheduled for them and a litter of pigs picked that day to arrive.

IT SOUNDS AS IF the survivors didn't give a hoot about those who had died. That isn't true. We weren't the first colony to be two-thirds wiped out—nor the last. George says you can grieve only so (*To page* 51)

"This," Hank announced, "is the greatest rough-country vehicle ever built"



Satellite Scout

(Continued from page 21)

much; after that it's self-pity.

George still wanted me to go back to Earth to finish my education. The idea was attractive; I would not be going back with my tail between my legs; I'd be a property owner, paying my way. The fare was five acres and would about clean me out and put a load on George and Molly. But they were for it.

We were talking about it when the planetary survey came up. The Commission wanted to start new towns and the old *Jitterbug* was about to take parties out to select sites.

Hank and Sergei were going and I wanted to go so bad I could taste it. Suppose somebody asked me what it was like on Ganymede when I got back to Earth? I wouldn't be able to tell them; I hadn't been any place.

I talked it over with Dad. He finally agreed to the postponement and I landed a billet—as cook.

CAPTAIN HATTIE put us down in a valley nine degrees north and longitude 113 west—out of sight of Jupiter and 3100 miles from Leda. The *Jitterbug* would be back to pick us up in about three weeks.

I didn't see much of the survey as I was up to my elbows in pots and pans. I had to produce hot meals every four hours during the light phases; I had no time for sightseeing. By the end of the third dark phase I was getting mighty tired of seeing nothing but the inside of our portable range. The *Jitterbug* was due shortly, so I asked for time off for Hank and myself to do some exploring. Paul du Maurier, our party captain, let us go, but warned us to get back on time. By the time we left, I had a nasty stomach ache, but I went anyhow.

We climbed out of the valley our party had surveyed and through a notch in the valley wall. It led upwards through a corridor in the hills. I was a bit behind, going slowly because of the pain in my side when I heard Hank shout, "Hey, Bill! Come here! Hurry!"

I caught up and saw what he was staring at.

Crystals—but what crystals!

They were all colors, and they came anywhere from little squatty fellows up to waist-high giants.

Hank whispered, "Come on. Let's see where they come from."

I was shaky from the climb and my right side was giving me fits, but Hank had started so I followed. The crystals kept to the bed of the canyon. We came to a place where they filled it, wall to wall. Hank lost his footing as we scrambled past and snatched at one of the crystals. It broke with a sharp, clear note, like a silver bell.

Hank stared at his hand. There were parallel cuts across his palm and fingers.

I got out a first-aid kit and bandaged it. Then I said, "Let's go back."

"Shucks," he said. "What's a few cuts?"

I said, "Hank, I want to go back. I'm sick."

"What's the matter?"

"Stomachache."

"The exercise will do you good."

"Hank, I've *got* to."

He stared up the ravine. Finally he said, "Bill, I think I see where they come from. You wait here. I won't be gone long—honest."

"Okay," I agreed. He started up; I followed him slowly.

After a bit I heard him shout, looked up, and saw him facing a great hole in the cliff. I called out, "What's the matter?"

He answered, "Great jumping cat fish!"

I hurried along until I was standing beside him.

THE CRYSTALS continued up to the cave mouth, but did not go in; they formed a dense thicket across the threshold. Lying across the floor of the ravine, as if it had been tumbled there by a quake, was a giant rock. You could see where it had broken off the cliff, uncovering the hole. The cleavage was as smooth as anything done by the ancient Egyptians.

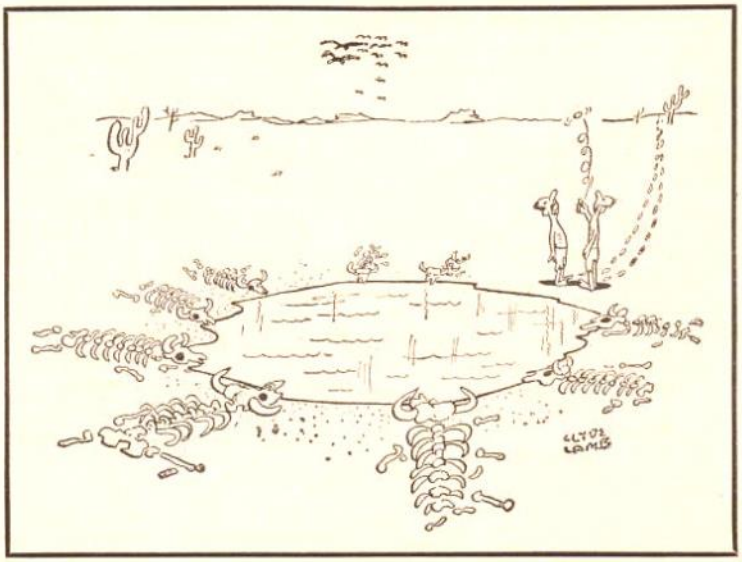
But that wasn't what we were looking at; we were looking into the hole. Light filtered dimly into it. My eyes began to adjust and I could see what Hank was staring at. There were *things* in there and they weren't natural. They weren't rocks, nor plants, nor animals. They were *made* things—maybe not man made, but not things that just happen, either.

For the moment, I forgot I was sick.

Hank said, "Come on!"

I said, "How?"

"Why, we just—" He took another look. "Well, let's see, we go around—Hmm . . . Bill, we will have to bust those crystals and go through the mid-



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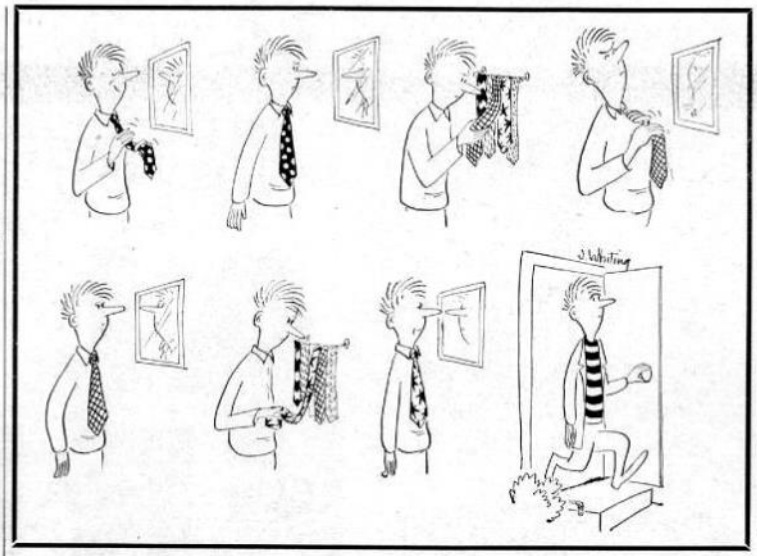

dle. There's no other way."

I said, "Isn't one cut hand enough?"

"I'll bust 'em with a rock."

"I don't think you can bust those big ones, and I'll bet they are sharp enough to cut your boots."

He found a rock and tried; I was right. "Bill— See that ledge over the opening? It comes out to the left farther than the crystals do. I'm going to pile rock up to it, then we can go along it and drop down in front of the cave mouth."

I looked it over; it would work. "How do we get back?"

"We can pile up some of that stuff we see inside and shinny up. At the worst I can boost you up and you can reach down your belt to me."

If I had my wits, I would have protested. But we tried and it worked—up to the point where I was hanging by my fingers from the ledge.

A pain stabbed me and I let go.

I came to with Hank shaking me. "Let me alone!" I growled.

"You knocked yourself out," he said. I didn't answer. I just gathered up my knees and closed my eyes.

HANK SHOOK ME again. "Don't you want to see what's in here?"

I kicked at him. "Can't you see I'm sick?"

I must have passed out. When I woke up, Hank was sitting in front of me. "You've been asleep a long time, fellow," he said gently. "Feel better?"

"Not much."

"Pull yourself together. You must see this, Bill. It's the greatest discovery since, well, never mind; Columbus was a piker. We're famous."

"You may be," I said; "I'm sick."

"Where does it hurt?"

"All over. My stomach is hard as a rock—a rock with a toothache."

"Bill," he said seriously, "have you ever had your appendix out?"

"No."

"Hmm . . . maybe you should have."

"A fine time to tell me!" I got up on one elbow, my head swimming. "Hank, listen. Go back to camp. Have them send a tractor for me."

"Look, Bill," he said gently, "you know there isn't a tractor at camp."

I struggled with the problem but my brain was fuzzy. "Well, bring a stretcher," I said peevishly and lay down again.

Some time later I felt him fumbling with my clothes. I tried to push him away, then I felt something very cold. I took a wild swing at him.

"Steady," he said. "I found some ice. Don't squirm or you'll knock off the pack."

"Take it away!"

"You've got to have it."

I was too feeble to resist. When I opened my eyes again, I was amazed to feel better—merely awful. Hank wasn't around; I yelled for him.

HE TROTTED UP, waving his torch. "I thought you had gone," I said.

"Hardly! I can't get back up to the ledge and over the crystals." He held up one boot; it was in shreds and there was blood on it.

"Hurt yourself?"

"I'll live."

"I wonder," I answered. "Nobody knows we are here. Looks like we starve. Not that I care."

"Speaking of that," he said. "I saved you some lunch. Not much; you were asleep a long time."

"Don't mention food!" I retched and grabbed at my side.

"Sorry. But look—I think we'll get out. It was what you said about getting a tractor—"

"Tractor? Are you crazy?"

"Skip it," Hank answered. "There is sort of a tractor back there—or more like a scaffolding, maybe."

"Make up your mind."

"Call it a wagon. I think I can drive it, at least across the crystals. We could use it as a bridge."

"Well, roll it out."

"It doesn't roll. It, uh—walks."

"This I got to see." I got to my feet, with Hank helping me.

I DON'T KNOW HOW to describe the walker wagon. If a centipede were a dinosaur and made of metal, it would be a walker wagon. Its body was tough and it had thirty-eight legs.

"That," I said, "is the craziest contraption ever. You'll never move it."

"Wait," he advised. "And if you think this is crazy, you should see the stuff farther back."

"Such as?"

"Bill, you know what I think this place is? A hangar for a space ship."

"You mean you saw a *space ship* in here?"

"Well, it's not like any I ever saw before, but if it's not one, I don't know what it is."

I wanted to see, but Hank objected. "Another time, Bill; we've got to get back. We're late."

I was too sick to object. "Okay, what now?"

The rear of the contraption came nearly down to the floor. Hank helped me in, told me to lie down, and went up to the front. "The guy that built this," he said, "must have been a hump-backed midget with four arms."

"Do you know what you're doing?" I asked.

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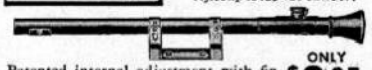

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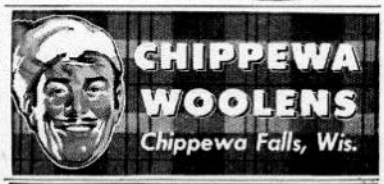

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"I moved it before; then I lost my nerve. Abracadabra! Here goes!" He poked a finger into a hole.

The thing began to move, silently, gently. When we came out into the sunshine, Hank pulled his finger out. I sat up. The front end was beyond the crystals.

I sighed. "You made it, Hank. Let's get going."

"Wait," he said. "There are holes here I haven't tested."

He tried other holes cautiously and found one which caused the machine to rear up its front end and swing to the left, like a caterpillar. "Now I can steer it," he said happily.

IT WAS MORE like guiding a horse than a machine—or perhaps like those new groundmobiles with the semi-automatic steering. It stayed level; apparently it could adjust its legs, like the fabulous hillside snee.

We headed down the canyon. "This," Hank announced, "is the greatest rough-country vehicle ever built. I wish I knew what makes it go. If I had the patent, I'd be rich."

"It's yours; you found it."

"It really doesn't belong to me."

"Hank," I answered, "you don't think the owner is going to come looking for it, do you?"

He got an odd look. "No, I don't. Say, Bill, uh, how long ago do you think this thing was put in there?"

"I wouldn't guess."

We came out the canyon into the valley and I heard Hank shout, "There's the *Jitterbug*!" I sat up and looked.

We were coming down the slope, not five miles from it, when flame burst from its tail and it climbed for the sky.

Hank groaned. I lay back and closed my eyes.

I woke up again when the contraption stopped. Paul du Maurier, our party captain, was there, staring at us. "About time you birds got home," he grunted, "but where did you find *that*?"

"Paul," Hank said urgently, "Bill is very sick."

"Oh, oh!" Paul swung up into the walker. A moment later he had my belly bared and was shoving a thumb into that spot between the belly button and the hip bone. "Does that hurt?" he asked.

I was too weak to slug him. He gave me a pill.

I took no further part in events, but what had happened was this: Captain Hattie had waited two hours, and then had announced that she had to blast. She had a schedule to keep with the *Covered Wagon* and couldn't keep eight thousand people waiting for the benefit of two.

Paul couldn't stop her, so he sent the rest back and waited for us.

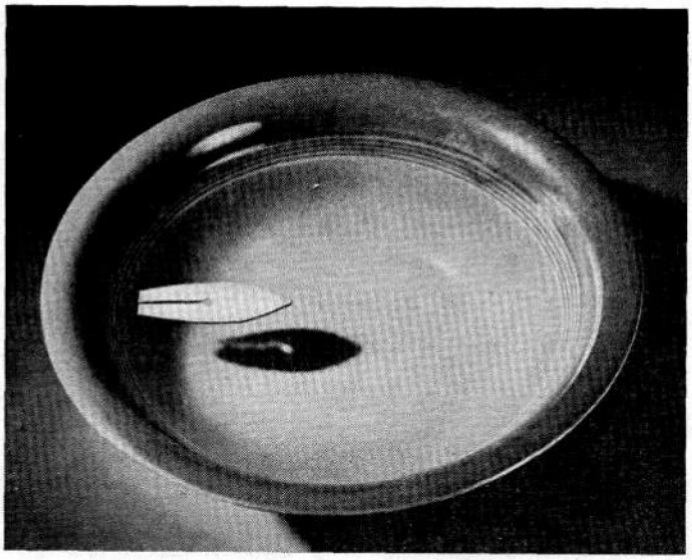
BUT I DIDN'T HEAR this at the time. I was vaguely aware that we were traveling, and I roused up when I was repacked with ice, but the episode is foggy. Some long, dreamy time later they reached another camp surveying a site a hundred miles east—and there Paul radioed for help.

Whereupon the *Jitterbug* came for us. I remember the landing at Leda—that is, I remember somebody saying, "Hurry! We've got a boy with a burst appendix."

There was excitement over what we had found—and still is—but I didn't know it. I was playing games with the Pearly Gates. I have Dr. Archibald to thank for being alive. And Hank. And Paul. And Captain Hattie. And some nameless party, who lived somewhere, a long time ago, whose shape and race I still don't know, but who designed the perfect vehicle for rough country.

I thanked everybody but him.

They all came to see me, even Captain Hattie, and the Leda daily *Planet* interviewed me. They wanted to know



Trick of the Month

TO DEMONSTRATE a principle of surface tension of water try this experiment. Cut out of cardboard a small boat about the size of the one in the photograph. After you've placed it in a dish of water, put a drop or so of soapy water in the hole at the end of the slit. You'll probably be surprised to find that the boat will move forward under its own power. Why? Because the surface tension of the water in front is greater than the tension of the soapy water behind.—K. S.

Flexible Flyer!

with sensational "Super-Steering"

You leave the gang behind when you take the hills on a lightning-fast Flexible Flyer. And how you take the turns! Your super-steering "Flexy" turns twice as sharp as other sleds . . . without skidding or upsetting. The finest sled in your dad's day . . . now the unquestioned leader!

- Patented Super-Steering for sharper, safer turns
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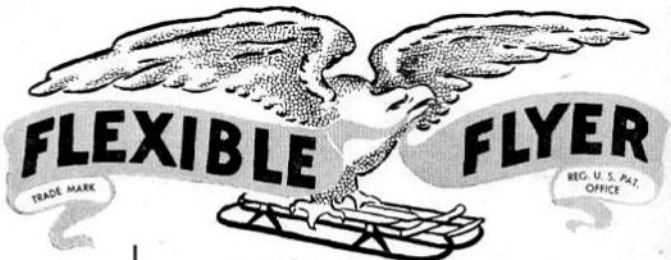
- Strong! Even smallest size can support over two tons!

LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS FLYING EAGLE



P. S. Show this advertisement to Mother and Dad. They'll get the hint!

Write for a free Flexible Flyer Puzzle for fun

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.

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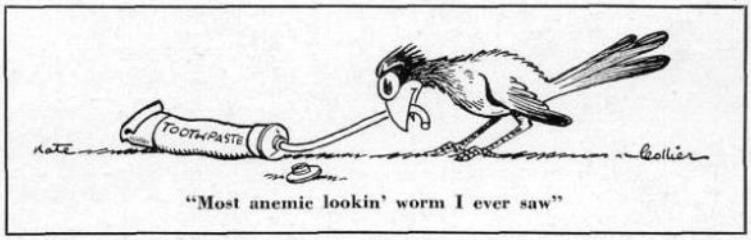
NOW HERE'S A CANDY THAT'S AS GOOD TODAY AS IT WAS WHEN I WAS A SCOUT

"THIS chewy, chocolaty, TOOTSIE ROLL is the same delicious candy I enjoyed as a G. I. and before that when I was a Boy Scout."

Individually wrapped, fresh, tempting — wholesome. Make it YOUR candy. FIVE CENTS — that's all . . . wherever candy is sold.



"Most anemic lookin' worm I ever saw"

whether or not the things we found were made by men?

What is a man?

I don't doubt that I would run screaming if I met one of them. But they weren't animals, forced to accept what nature handed them; they took nature and bent it to their will.

I guess they were men.

The crystals were an odd thing, and I had no opinions there. I don't understand everything in the universe. It's a big place.

I had time to think before they let me out of the hospital—and lots to think about. I thought about my coming trip to Earth, to go back to school. I had missed the *Covered Wagon,* but I could take the *Mayflower* next month. But did I want to? It was a hard decision; a brush with the hereafter changes your values.

I STILL DIDN'T have the answer when Dad called on me one Sunday night. I tackled him about the expense. "I know the land is technically mine, George—but it's too much of a drain on you two."

"That's what savings are for," said George. "We'll be sending the twins back for school, someday."

"I don't feel right about it, George. I don't need a fancy education. I've been thinking about Callisto: there's a brand new planet. I could get a job with the atmosphere expedition—Paul du Maurier would put in a word for me—and grow up with the project. I might be chief engineer of the planet some day."

"Not unless you learn more math than you have now! Engineers don't just 'grow up'; they go to school."

"I can study here; I don't have to drag back half a billion miles."

"Fiddlesticks! You haven't even taken your Merit Badge tests. You've let your Eagle Scoutship lapse."

George stood up. "Son, I'll put it to you straight. Even a farmer needs the best education he can get. I want you to have a good degree—M.I.T., Harvard, the Sorbonne—some place noted for scholarship. Believe me, it will pay."

I answered, "I guess you're right, George."

"Make up your mind. I've got to hurry for the bus. See you tomorrow."

"Goodnight, George."

I thought about it. After a while, Mrs. Dinsmore, the wing nurse, came in, turned out my light, and said goodnight. But I didn't go to sleep.

I didn't want to be an ignoramus. I had seen the advantage held by men with fancy degrees—first crack at jobs, fast promotion. Okay, I'd get one of those sheepskins, then come back and —well, go to Callisto, or perhaps prove a new parcel of land. I'd go and I'd come back. About midnight I went outside.

The Sun was barely below the horizon; north of me I could see its first rays touching the antenna of the power station miles away on Pride Peak. It was quiet and very beautiful. Overhead old Jupiter was in half phase, bulging and orange and grand. West of it Io was coming out of shadow; it passed from black to cherry red to orange.

How would it feel to be on Earth? To weigh three times as much as I did now? To breathe that thick dirty soup they use for air?

How would it feel to have nobody but ground hogs to talk to?

The Sun broke above the horizon and caught the snow on the Big Rock Candy Mountains, tinting it rosy against pale green sky. I began to see the country around me. It was a new, hard, clean place—not like California with its crowds falling over each other. It was my kind of a place—it was *my* place.

The deuce with Caltech and Cambridge! It didn't take ivied halls to get an education. Yes, and I'd pass those tests and be an Eagle again, first thing.

Hadn't Andrew Johnson, that American President, learned to read even after he was married? Give us time; we'd have as good scientists and scholars here as anywhere.

The long slow dawn went on and the light caught the road west of me. I thought of the night we had struggled along it in the storm.

"I have lived and worked with men." The phrase rang in my head. Kipling, maybe. I had lived and worked with men.

The sun was reaching the roof tops. It spread across Laguna Serenidad, turning it purple, then blue. This was my planet, this was my home and I knew that I would never leave it.

Mrs. Dinsmore came out and spotted me, "Why, the very idea!" she scolded. "You get back where you belong!"

I smiled at her. "I *am* where I belong. And I'm going to stay!"

THE END

New MODELS EASIER TO PLAY

Find out about these sensational new Conn Band Instruments. Many wonderful, exclusive features! Today, *more than ever,* Conns are the "Choice of the Artists." You'll advance faster and take more pride in a genuine Conn—made by the world's largest manufacturer. See your dealer or write us for free literature. Mention instrument. Conn Band Instrument Div., C. G. Conn Ltd.,1107Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

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GIVE YOUR BOY SCOUT THIS FINE AX FOR CHRISTMAS

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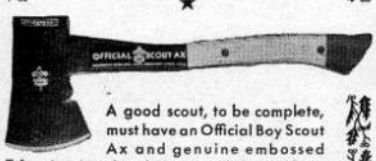

A good scout, to be complete, must have an Official Boy Scout Ax and genuine embossed leather sheath that attaches to his belt.

It's sure to be just what he wants and it's just what you'll want to give him, too — *it's the safest ax you can buy!* The head can't fly off the handle because it's one solid piece of drop forged steel from butt to head.

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The BRIDGEPORT Ax

No. 1424 Scout Ax and Sheath, $3.25

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MONMOUTH ILLINOIS

Quizzie Jr.
Patrol Leader

I Tell You!

By Quizzie Jr.'s Patrol Leader

Answers to YOU TELL ME on page 45

Give yourself 10 points for each correct answer. 90 or more is EXCELLENT. 70 or 80 is GOOD. 50 or 60 is FAIR. Below 50 . . . well, you aren't much better than Tenderfoot Quizzie, Jr., himself.

1. Victims of both shock and heat exhaustion have white faces, so if you checked both answers take 20 points, but 10 points if you checked either one. 2. Aromatic spirits of ammonia. 3. Narrow cravats. 4. They should keep it up until breathing is restored *OR* a doctor pronounces him dead. Take 10 points if you checked either answer, 20 points if you checked both. 5. They can breathe air near the floor. 6. Out of step. 7. Chair carry. 8. The second one; it's poison sumac.

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