

## A SPORTSMANS WANDERINGS

The mountains awe me. "Right here?" Stone 85. stealing bricks. The gate's pretty wide, of course, but four pickets can guard it easily, and the wall's high. "Where would that have come from?" Lang had asked. 168. pushbuttons, most of which you don't understand, but you know they are for special purposes and don't. a breath away from hysteria. "She only comes to dance. I read once about a horse whose tendons were." "Brothers?" I say. "Sisters?" She swooped toward her ankles with the knife. The long skirt of her dress bung in the way. Before. believe that only moments ago this same body had been a writhing, wriggling coil of insatiable appetite, divorce. forth were short and to the point Helpless as the mother ship was to render them more aid, they knew. "Certainly. Barry, you said? You're so direct it's almost devious. Let's go to my place. It's only a. by TOM REAMY. predilection for gas-pump jockeys, car-wash boys, and parking-lot attendants. I guess it had something around, but it was a damn close thing. Lou was young; so was Cantrell. They were both fresh from flying. 171. rasp. "You take us to these God-damned Sreen of yours and let us talk to them." perfectly adapted, too ingenious to have just sprung up his response to the environment" Her eyes seemed. We have to have children." She looked back and forth from Lang to Crawford, her face expressing. line. some of the pipes. McKillian was kept busy refilling glasses for the visitors who wanted to sample the. before her eyes. "Not at all, Dr. Kolodny. I'd be grateful." (high) than that of facial tissues (low). Just out of curiosity, Barry wondered aloud, what kind of cash payment were they talking about? The last step took the thin grey man right into the open trunk. He cried out, stumbled, the trunk is," she explained. Then, contritely, "I hope you don't mind." "Good." As though of its own volition her coat slipped off her shoulders onto the back of the folding. They triggered them to be activated only when they encountered certain different conditions. Maybe. "At work. He's a lawyer." "I think so," Lang said. "It was so little water, though. You know we didn't want to waste it; we condensed it out until the air we exhausted was dry as a bone." not, in fact, Larry. What difference does one letter make, after all? (or, possibly, an allied) species, and then let nature take its course. He down unpeacefully? exhausted? and sleep, and my dreams are of weathered stone. And I awake empty. "clone" is Greek, exactly as it stands, provided you spell it in Greek letters, and it means "twig." [See. minutes left on the clock, he'd just up and left, which was not, strictly speaking, a violation. It did imply. Where are my eggs and sausages?" one of them is leaving for work. "a box number at the Hollywood post office. The title of the story was "Deathsong." I wished I'd had time. Peacock coming toward me. My car was right there. I pushed Detweiler into it and drove away. He sat. "I think I can answer that," McKillian said. "These organisms barely scrape by in the best of times. The ones that have made it waste nothing. It stands to reason that any really ancient deposits of crude oil would have been exhausted in only a few of these cycles. So it must be that what we're thinking of as crude oil must be something a little different. It has to be the remains of the last generation." "Possibly a culture of plants from the Edgar. If we could rig some way to grow plants in Martian. singer and stim star. one feeling the oppression, she went on, more strongly. "I think if I go another day like yesterday and the. "Why," said Jack, "I am a prince because I am worthy to be a prince, and with me is a woman worthy to be a princess." through seven. While this stretches out the predicted completion for Project 8723 by two years, we feel. "Teddy? ah? that is? Gerald Theodore. Selene and I were dancing partners and cohabs in London. Smith made a disgusted sound. He opened the clamps that held the device and picked it up, reaching. experiments that can be conducted with the hope of more useful results if the question of genetic variation. My chair scraped back as I stood up. "Who are you?" still on the table. His suitcase was on the floor by the couch. It was riveted cowhide of a vintage I hadn't. Then, too, suppose it were possible to learn enough about human embryonic development to guide. The house lights momentarily dim and the crowd noise raises a few decibels. I realize I can't see features or faces or even separate bodies. There are simply too many people to comprehend. The crowd has fused into one huge tectonic slab of flesh. Take that bulge apart and you'd be amazed at the resemblance to a human heart So there's another. sounded vaguely Japanese. The booklet described the device as a distant viewer and gave clear, simple. I looked around to make sure I hadn't disturbed anything, turned off the bathroom light, and got in. More reasonably, it could be argued that the clone of a great human being would retain his genetic. none of them looked away. It was the fusion drive of the Edgar Rice Burroughs, heading sunward, away. It took Smith six weeks to increase the efficiency of the image intensifier enough to bring up the ghost. or I'll find you the farthest place you can go." strong. Above, there seemed no way to go any higher. The hunter controlled the shaking of his hands, but he could not control his heart He allowed himself one moment of fierce anger. With his knife he thrust a long gash on the left side of the deerskin that hung by the door. Then he was gone. In another hah\* hour I said I had to call it a night. I had to get up early the next morning. I always spent Sunday with my mother in Inglewood. My mother was touring Yucatan at the time, but that was neither here nor there. I looked at Johnny. He nodded. He was to make sure Detweiler stayed at least another twenty minutes and then follow him when he did leave. If he went anywhere but his apartment, he was to come and let me know, quick. space firms. But I've got one marketable talent? what the interviewer called a peculiarly coordinative. "I do," he protested. But, clearly, he had just failed a major test With a sigh of weariness and a triumphant smile, the woman rotated her sofa around one hundred and eighty degrees and drove off in the direction of the couple chained together on the blue settee. readers) of mainstream as well as science fiction. He wrote six fine stories for F&SF in the 1960s. Window 28 was the window that issued licenses: he had passed. "Brethren," he repeated. And then, "There's been considerable talk in the city and the suburbs since. to the nearest speakeasy to celebrate, he took the subway home and spent the evening watching first a. have done so in the past, and it did them no good." Thomas Disch is one of the handful of writers whose work is as much admired by critics (and readers) of mainstream as well as science fiction. He wrote six fine stories for

F&SF in the 1960s. Since then he has published poetry (The Right Way to Figure Plumbing), an anthology, Bad Moon Rising, and three remarkable novels, The Genocides (1964), Camp Concentration (1968) and 334. He has just completed a new sf novel, On Wings of Song..Oregon, who still can't remember the blocking for Lovely to Look At, which she has been dancing since.160.& even Utley.they were afraid. My father and mother too. The old witch-woman I told you about, she birthed us. She.Megalo Network Message:.\*T've got a car; we're going away.".turned hi a path of moonlight and looked back at him?only a moment, but long enough for Nolan to see.In his bedroom something rustled..Hommage ? James Thurber.The leash broke. She bounded away down the sand. As though that were not release enough, she flung herself into a succession of cartwheels and forward flips. She went around a curve of the beach and out of sight, still cartwheeling. By the time I reached the curve, she had disappeared..Somebody would die tomorrow and Andrew Detweiler would be close-by.."I seek a deer," he called when he glimpsed Hinda's face, a pale moon, at the window..essentially neutral area. But if "politics" means the relations of power that obtain between groups of..she has to tilt her face up to glare at me. She says, "You're not going to be working for any promoter in.Eighty. I engage five more tracks. Five to go. The crowd's getting damn near all of her. And, of.out of sight, still cartwheeling. By the time I reached the curve, she had disappeared..with the word "Princess" in big, glitter-dust letters across her breasts. Her hat said: "Let Tonight Be Your.?Wes and Lynn Pederson."This is no game.". "How long are those. . suits good for?".She smiled a meaningful, unblemished smile and gave his hand a quick, trusting squeeze. "You know, Larry-you're an all-right guy.".I'm sure she thought he was an imp from hell. I almost died. Fm not sure what was wrong. Apart, we.Megalo Network Message: July 6, 1977.Jam Snow, my intermittent unrequited love. Her voice is shagreen-rough; you hear it smooth until it.there were so many things you didn't know..Darlene's voice trailed off into an incoherent babbling, and she sank back. Nolan kept his hand on.First Ace printing: November 1981 Published Simultaneously in Canada.and that damned Dallas Cowboys jersey. It was authentic. The name and number on it were quite.tracks anyway. Moog Indigo takes their cue and begins to play. Hollis gives the dome the smoky pallor.The cottage in the clearing was still except for a breath of song, wordless and longing, that floated on the air. It was Hinda's voice, and when the hunter heard it he smiled for she was singing tunes he had taught her..to the bed, rooted among the papers, and returned with a thin, odd-sized paperback. "This is the latest".No good-bys. I know I'm canned. When I go into the Denver Alpertron office in another day and a.I was still angry, not ready to stop the fight yet. "She left him? It is my understanding that her.orange design, went to the trunk and lowered it through a small round hole in the top. As the last of it.studying the development of embryos with known variations in their genes which, except for those.Between 1992 and 2002 more than six hundred improvements and supplements to the Ozo were.through the narrow streets. It dominates the whole city. The whole Plain, for that matter. It had sort of a.Amanda sat wrapped in a shawl and staring into the empty fireplace. The polychair had turned pale gray. "She's trying to take over, Matthew.".Some of the scaffolding was still in place along the wall of the sixth stage, and the King, perceiving that it provided a more direct route to the seventh-stage apron, swarmed up it. He was more agile than either Ike or I were, and by the time we reached the apron he was halfway up the scaffolding that flanked the unfinished seventh-stage wall..V2.5 ? Fixed formatting, broken paragraphs, garbled text; by peragwinn."We're doing some diving off Catalina tomorrow. Want to come along?".anyone who didn't want to make love to her. "When you're a star," she said once, half drunk, "you're not.I let myself into number seven with the master key. The drapes were closed, and so I took a chance and turned on the bathroom light. Detweiler's possessions were meager. Eight shirts, six pairs of pants, and a light jacket hung in the closet. The shirts and jacket had been altered to allow for the hump. Except for that, the closet was bare. The bathroom contained nothing out of the ordinary?just about the same as mine. The kitchen had one plastic plate, one plastic cup, one plastic glass, one plastic bowl, one small folding skillet..Crawford didn't know if he should let it drop..educated guesses from time to time about the tastes of some groups of readers. Editors must, such.In fact, the controls on this machine are unfamiliar, die little viewers you have used all your life have only one knob, for nearer or farther?to move up/down, or left/right, you just point the viewer where you want to see. This machine has dials and little windows with numbers in them, and switches and pushbuttons, most of which you don't understand, but you know they are for special purposes and don't matter. The main control is a metal rod, right in front of you, with a gray plastic knob on the top. The knob is dull from years of handling; it feels warm and a little greasy in your hand. The console has a funny electric smell, but the big screen, taller than you are, is silent and dark. You can feel your heart beating against your breastbone. You grip the knob harder, push it forward just a little. The screen lights, and you are drifting across the next room as if on huge silent wheels, chairs and end tables turning into reddish silhouettes that shrink, twist and disappear as you pass through them, and for a moment you feel dizzy because when you notice the red numbers jumping in the console to your left, it is as if the whole house were passing massively and vertiginously through itself; then yon are floating out the window with the same slow and steady motion, on across the sunlit pasture where two saddle horses stand with their heads up, sniffing the wind; then a stubbled field, dropping away; and now, below you, the co-op road shines like a silver-gray stream. Yon press the knob down to get closer, and drop with a giddy swoop; now you are rushing along the road, overtaking and passing a yellow truck, turning the knob to steer. At first you blunder into the dark trees on either side, and once the earth surges up over you in a chaos of writhing red shapes, but now you are learning, and you soar down past the crossroads, up the farther hill, and now, now you are on the big road, flying eastward, passing all the cars, rushing toward the great world where you long to be..wasn't sweating; her skin was curiously cool to the touch, and in her eyes was a mystery..surface of the water. Then, below the surface, Lea appeared..different chemistries. But it's hard to believe that you've survived eating the food these plants produced.He turned toward the suitcase, his back to me. The hump was artificial, made of something like foam rubber. He

unhooked the straps, opened the suitcase, and tossed the hump in. He said something, too soft for me to catch, and lay face down on the couch with his feet toward me. The light from the opened curtain fell on him. His back was scarred, little white lines like scratches grouped around a hole..FASF's special Damon Knight issue (November 1976). As might be expected, it is a totally fresh."I do know enough to know the Edgar is not equipped for an atmosphere entry. My idea was, not to bring down the whole ship but only what's aboard the ship that we need. Which is a pilot. Might that be possible?".became a habit, since they seemed to have developed a bond between them and none of the other three.the argument; it got them both thinking along the right lines, moved them from the deadly apathy they."Then we have been found out and all is lost," said the prince. "For it is noon already, and the sun is

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