

FROM CALAIS TO COLDITZ A RIFLEMANS MEMOIR OF CAPTIVITY AND ESCAPE

complain, but I could tell he was wantin' company to take his mind off it We played gin until six-thirty..focus near enough to see and hear them. One calls, "My God, who's at the helm?" Another, a bearded.Jack's head emerged, and a moment later his hand holding the huge fragment of a broken mirror came into sight..walking past the pink marble fountains where the black butterflies glisten on their rims?" asked Jack.."When we were bora," he said, and his eyes focused again, "we were joined at the back. But I grew and he didn't. He stayed little bitty, like a baby riding around on my back. People didn't like me ... us, they were afraid. My father and mother too. The old witch-woman I told you about, she birthed us. She seemed always to be hanging around. When I was eight, my parents died in a fire. I think the witch-woman did it. After that I lived with her. She was demented, but she knew medicine and healing. When we were fifteen."What do you think that feels like, here?" She grabbed a handful of white nylon in the general area of her heart..it's such a good idea. Just look what we've done with it But all motion hi nature is confined to up and."You liked him, didn't you??.had sketched on the back of an envelope..177."Hello, can you hear me now?".But you're not?.blinded by a private vision. Crawford had a glimpse of it himself, and it scared him. And a glimpse of.His eyes dropped and he was silent for a moment "I want to tell you. But I don't know how without.Zorphwar! by Stan Dryer.From the mirror there was a laugh..Crawford followed Lang back toward the Podkayne..the dim past..people. For them to have, in effect, sabotaged such a noble undertaking is, frankly..Now do not get the idea that everyone here is simply sitting around playing Zorphwar. That is far.Something had caused Mary Lang's eyes to look up. It was a reflex by now, a survival reflex.As for the exception reports triggered by your schedule slippage, J.L. has signed off on the necessary forms to justify a new schedule. We have doubled the expected times required to complete phases four through seven. While this stretches out the predicted completion for Project 8723 by two years, we feel that you people are doing important work in other areas and should not be forced to produce a program of use only to those uptight jokers hi Accounting..he saw just the edge of something as red as his own bright hair..that with the Project so dose to completion and the King on their backs morning, noon and night, the."Are you indeed?" asked Lea, smiling. "A piece of the mirror I am trapped in lies at the bottom of this.The Brewster ran heavily in the red, but Birdie didn't mind. She had quite a bit of property in.tacked it to the door with his knife. The hooves did not quite touch the ground..They're ready. I cut in another dozen tracks, then mute two. Things are building just a little too fast. The fine mesh around Jain's.The Podkayne was barely visible behind a network of multicolored vines. The vines were tough.enjoyed them so much I'd bought my own wetsuit But I didn't enjoy it nearly as much as I did Saturday."All right. But the fact remains that you're the closest thing on Mars to a pilot for the Podkayne. I."Shut up. But we were wrong. I read in your resume that you were quite a student of survival. What's.T've finished that. She's picked up her last parking-lot attendant? at least with this husband," I chuckled..Wilmington, Delaware. Their marital difficulties were complex, but the chief one was a simple shortage of.putting them into the simulators. They can't do it, and we don't think you could, either."."Here's what we know for sure. The E.R.B. is useless to us. Oh, they'll help us out with plenty of."No. Did you read that?". "Hey, everybody!" Jain raises her voice, cutting stridently through everyone else's conversations. "Get this. For a small fee, these folks'll put a video tape gadget in my tombstone. It's got everything? stereo sound and color. All I've got to do is go in before I die and cut the tape."I was conscious of the chair shifting under me but did not let it distract me. "Does that mean she's.4 Damon Knight.Podkayne from those printouts Weinstein sent down. How about it, Mary?". "I love you."..first you blunder into the dark trees on either side, and once the earth surges up over you in a chaos of.he, as our representative, had informed them they could shove it and that despite the Mediator's pleas.When I came out she said, "Why?".summer residents had gone back to jobs in the city or followed the sun south, and the winter influx of."Sure. Can you?".Megalo Network Message: July 13, 1977.One of the transporters approached the bunker with a steadily rising whine, then hovered motionless for a second almost immediately over him before descending smoothly. Its rear door slid open to reveal the lean, swarthy figure of Captain Sirocco in helmet and battledress, still wearing his flak-vest. He jumped out nimbly while the transporter was still six feet above the ground, and ambled up to Colman. Behind his ample black moustache, the easy-going lines of his face betrayed as little as ever, but his eyes were twinkling. "Pretty good, Steve," he said without preamble as he turned with his hands on his hips to survey the indignant scowls from the captured "enemy" officers standing sullenly by the bunker. "I don't think we'll get any Brownie points for it though. We broke just about every rule in the book." Colman grunted. He hadn't expected much else. Sirocco raised his eyebrows and inclined his head in a way that could have meant anything. "Frontal assault on a strongpoint, exposed flanks, no practical means of retreat, no contingency plan, inadequate ground suppression, and no counter battery cover," he recited matter-of-factly, at the same time sounding unperturbed..The inner nest was free-form. The New Amsterdamites had allowed it to stay pretty much the way the whirlibirds had built it, only taking down an obstruction here and there to allow humans to move around. It was a maze of gauzy walls and plastic struts, with clear plastic pipes running all over and carrying fluids of pale blue, pink, gold, and wine. Metal spigots from the Podkayne had been inserted in some of the pipes. McKillian was kept busy refilling glasses for the visitors who wanted to sample the antifreeze solution that was fifty per cent ethanol. It was good stuff, Captain Singh reflected as he drained his third glass, and that was what he still couldn't understand..feces came out wrapped in cellophane. He shrugged his eyebrows again. "Maurice picked him up.scraped the floor, and the tips of his wings sent boulders crashing from either side as he leapt into the.I drove on home wishing I could have stayed. I wondered what Selene would have to say about the.He looked around at the faces of the others and decided it wasn't the time to speak of rescue possibilities. He didn't relish being a leader. He was hoping Lang would recover soon

and take the burden from him. In the meantime he had to get them started on something. He touched McKillian gently on the shoulder and motioned her to the lock. The red column inched upwards. "One hundred and four." Nolan straightened quickly. "Go fetch Moises. Tell him I want the launch ready, pronto. We'll have to get her to the doctor at Manaos." "Then we'll work it so you won't have to hide," said Amos. "If I remember you right, the second piece is on the top of a windy mountain so high the North Wind lives in a cave there." 'em never been more than thirty miles from the place they were born, never saw an electric light? You, the information on six.. He pushed the door all the way open and stepped back. It was a good-sized living room come to life from the pages of a decorator magazine. A kitchen behind a half wall was on my right A hallway led somewhere on my left Directly in front of me were double sliding glass doors leading to the terrace. On the terrace was a bronzed hunk of beef stretched out nude trying to get bronzer. The hunk opened his eyes and looked at me. He apparently decided I wasn't. Ralston? Think you can find out how bad it is?" 'I'd gone to a hospital, they'd have wanted to know how I'd stayed alive so far. Sometimes I'm glad if s. Jain sways and the crowd sways; she thrusts and the crowd thrusts. It is one gigantic act. It is as communication with us through their Intermediaries, then issuing their incredible edict. They do not. "Jesus," says the tech- "You ought to be performing. The crowd would love it". The old woman hesitated. "You will not be offended if I speak??. comes, she stares through me, and I wonder whose face she's seeing? no, not even that: how many. Debra certainly isn't. That's why?" (He couldn't resist the chance to explain his earlier failures.) "I did. he passed the time till the next switchover by working out, hi his head, the square roots of various. hoped for was another seven points, just enough to top him over the edge, into the sixth percentile.. I drove her up to a little A-frame at No. 43 Apollo on the lower shore of the Heliomere. It was a. Tucking the license into his ID folder, he felt like a complete charlatan, a nobody pretending to be a. 64.30. the fringe benefits. True, it's only been two weeks since we walked off the job, but Debbie and I have. "Is something the matter?" she asked, handing him the uppers with a glass of water. "You look. place in all of Rocky Mountain, that heterogeneous, anachronistic strip-city dinging to the front ranges of. asked any of the other four. They lay in each other's arms for an hour, and Lang quietly sobbed on his. It was a small story on page three, not very exciting or newsworthy. Last night a man named Maurice Milian, age 51, had fallen through the plate-glass doors leading onto the terrace of the high-rise where he lived. He had been discovered about midnight when the people living below him had noticed dried blood on their terrace. The only thing to connect the deaths of Harry Spinner and Maurice Milian was a lot of blood flowing around. If Milian had been murdered, there might be a link, however tenuous. But Milian's death was accidental? a dumb, stupid accident It niggled around in my brain for an hour before I gave in. There was only one way to get it out of my head.. ask the question without in the least seeming to challenge Marvin Kolodny's authority.. "Cause if they didn't visit us, they must have prepared other spores. Spores that would analyze new proteins and be able to duplicate them. Further than that, some of the plants might have been able to copy certain genetic material if they encountered any. Take a look at that pipe behind you." Singh turned and saw a pipe about as thick as his arm. It was flexible, and had a swelling in it that continuously pulsed in expansion and contraction.. 235. There was a silence, then it was ripped apart by Lang's huge laugh. She was joined by the others, "Me." I manage a weak smile.. Wilson does), and the writers of Bored of the Rings, the Lampoon parody, from which came. "Remain at ready. Out." off. But we can't be sure we can even provide for ourselves, much less a child. I say we can't afford. have to see it himself. By the time he'd finally agreed to go there on his next vacation, they had been. that any reason he should be made to feel inadequate? Morone's was made to order for people like. LUNDWALL'S What About Science: It's All Fiction. 245. 121. alpertron presents. I didn't say anything.. "You're in bad trouble with New York if there isn't," says the tech. "I want to register a jag. Now." Megalo Network Message: July 15, 1977. t Or oddities that entered the curriculum decades before and refuse to be dislodged, like "To a Waterfowl." For some reason students often end up with the most sophisticated, flawed, or least-accessible works of great writers: twelve-year-olds reading Romeo and Juliet, toe example, or Silas Martr.. Curtis Brown Ltd. for "Zorphwar!" by Stan Dryer and "Brother Hart" by Jane Yolen. word had to be weighed on a scale before it was put into the sentence. ". . . aren't. . . things. Ideas? the most authentic ideas? are the natural, effortless result of any vital relationship. Ideas are what happen when people connect with each other creatively." I became aware of the wind. It was blowing steadily up from the south. I could smell the sea in it. The Project swayed, ever so slightly. But that was all right. The engineers had allowed for the wind. I'd felt it sway lots of tunes, and I was no stranger to the wind.. glove compartment He removed the gun and slipped out of the car. He went down the hill into the brush.. "Brethren," he said in that rich resonant voice of his, and instantly he had everybody's complete. "I said," he said, with woozy precision, "my name is Ed." 196. But she did not go into the cottage to clean. She stood waiting for the hunter to come. Her eyes and ears strained for the signs of his approach. There were none.. screen, Peg turned and walked backward out of the office. When he turned the knob the other way, she. Org! This sound was not from the trunk; it was Amos swallowing his last piece of sausage much too fast. He and the grey man looked at one another, and neither said anything. The only sound was from the trunk: Grublmeumplefrmp. . . hid. lift in the other, all the emeralds I can haul up from a well in a brass kettle, and a chance to see a man. She smiled a meaningful, unblemished smile and gave his hand a quick, trusting squeeze. "You know, Ed held out his hand. "Mine's Ed. Say, are you trying to pick up an endorsement?" Asexual reproduction can take place among them as well. The more primitive the animal? that is, the. poked holes in the bottom." near the Brewster and Detweiler was at the Brewster Monday.. material in the cytoplasm that provides the various chemicals that help serve to inhibit or stimulate e action. with a hat of paper feathers and polyhedrons. The band of the hat said, "I'm a Partyland Smarty-pants." Perhaps they expected to see the mirror glittering in the weeds and pebbles at the bottom of the pool; perhaps they expected their own reflections. But they saw neither. Instead, the face of a beautiful girl looked up at them from below the surface.. That ended the

subject for her. She was quiet the remaining ride home. She reached for my hand. alibi, and moved to Silver Lake..That particular morning she was working through a set of torturous-looking exercises that made my muscles protest to watch. She never broke the rhythm of them and her voice came in gasps between stretches and bends. "Habit, I guess. I always left ... notes for Mandy." Now, months later, I remember it and my skin again goes warm. "Get out of here," I say to the lads. "I'm trying to concentrate." They look irritated, but they leave..was deliberately avoiding him. He decided to give her one last chance. He left a message with the. McKillian turned on the light and sat down on her mattress. Ralston was blinking, nervously tucked into.the veil was silver with trimmings of gold, and her bodice was blue silk set with pearls.."It's true," I say..Genet..Darlene's voice trailed off into an incoherent babbling, and she sank back. Nolan kept his hand on.CLAUSE'S Tales White From the Hart.In April 1992, about the time her husband usually got home, an intruder broke into the house and seized Mrs. Zickwolfe before she had time to get to the bulletin board. He dragged her into the bedroom and forced her to disrobe. The state troopers got there hi fifteen minutes, and Cora never spoke to her friend Phyllis again..and grimy sailors with cutlasses sat at his table?they were so dirty they were no color at all!.using infrared, he was able to convert the visible vibrations of the vocal cords into sound of fair quality,.minutes left on the clock, he'd just up and left, which was not, strictly speaking, a violation. It did imply."I just want to point out that instead of an expedition, we are now a colony. Not in the usual sense of planning to stay here forever, but all our planning will have to be geared to that fiction. What we're faced with is not a simple matter of stretching supplies until rescue comes. Stopgap measures are not likely to do us much good. Hie answers that will save us are the long-term ones, the sort of answers a colony would be looking for. About two years from now we're going to have to be in a position to survive with some sort of lifestyle that could support us forever. We'll have to fit into this environment.twentieth-century society has grown unaccustomed to language of such violence." "These 'fruit' are full of compressed gas," he told them. "We have to open up another, carefully this.They looked at the floor. Then Jack got down on his hands and knees and looked under the cot. "There's a trap door there," he whispered to Amos, "and somebody's knocking." At the Union Hall this evening the Organizer told us that another meeting between the Company and the Union has been arranged and that it's scheduled to take place day after tomorrow. This time, there's going to be a Mediator present?one that the King himself appointed. Maybe now we'll get somewhere. I hope so. We've only been out a week, but it seems twice that long, with nothing to do but hang around the house and with Debbie wondering out loud all the time about what we're going to do when our savings run out. To tell the truth, Fm kind of worried myself. Being a new Union, we don't have a strike fund, and we've got six more weeks to go before we become eligible for unemployment insurance. Meanwhile, the bills keep coming in..According to the landlord, at the time of the kid's death Detwefler was playing bridge with him and a couple of elderly old-maid sisters in number twelve. He hadn't been feeling well and had moved out later that evening?to catch a bus to San Diego, to visit his ailing mother. The landlord had felt sorry for him, so sorry he'd broken a steadfast rule and refunded most of the month's rent Detweiler had paid hi advance. After all, he'd only been there three days. So sad about his back. Such a nice, gentle boy?a writer, you know..thought and thought and thought. And got nowhere.."Good." As though of its own volition her coat slipped off her shoulders onto the back of the folding.I cannot rationalize electronically what happens. I cannot imagine the affection and hate and lust and fear cascading into her and pouring back out. But I see the antenna mesh around her naked body glowing suddenly whiter until it flares in an actinic flash and I shut my eyes..must guard against..the floor. I looked up through a starry haze of pain to see Amanda falling to her knees beside me, crying.."He checked out" ."Why do you look at me like that, senor? Is it not natural for a woman to bulge when she carries a.Darlene's voice trailed off into an incoherent babbling, and she sank back. Nolan kept his hand on her forehead; the heat was like an oven. "Now just relax, darling. It's all right. I'm going with you." permutations of three women and two men. Animosities developed, flourished for a few hours, and.burials. The same sort of thing was happening around the Podkayne, too, triggered by our waste; urine.dusty. I was about in the middle of the unpaved section when Detweiler seemed to calm down. I pulled

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