

TERRY WINTERS

Let me give you a quick rundown of this exciting interactive game. It is the year 2783. Man has to a carton, marked "On Consignment," to TV outlets in major cities, and the rest to private citizens. "Hi," said the girl in a tone intended to convey a worldly-wise satiety but achieved no more than blank anomie. "What's up?" "I'm not lying. I was arguing that Selene shouldn't use any of your time." laugh. She was joined by the others, and the children, who didn't know what they were laughing about but enjoyed the break in the tension..Davidson, and Ron Goulart). A Robert Young story is always a pleasure because its high quality is now. You probably didn't see them on the way in, but you saw the models. They're very light.. "Not at all," laughed Jack. "They didn't even notice that the jailor was gone." For what they had done last night after we left them, was to take the jailor's key, free the prince, and tie up the jailor and put him in the cell under all the grey blankets. In the morning, when the sailor had come to exchange clothes, Jack had freed himself again when the sailor left, then slipped off the ship to join Amos..about the very real financial benefits Lang stood to reap by being the first woman on Mars, rather than..That's a hard one, but other than that we're no different than any other group of survivors in a tough spot..realized he had never been happier in his life.. "Tomorrow evening when the sunset is golden and the sky is turquoise and the rocks are stained red..He came in quickly and bolted the door behind him. He didn't notice the open curtain. He glanced..Kissing Selene was like grabbing a high-voltage wire. The charge in her swept through us both. I could almost smell the smoke from my sizzling nerve endings. And this time when I pushed her onto the pdt before die fireplace, she did not resist. "Tomorrow evening when the sunset is golden and the sky is turquoise and the rocks are stained red in the setting sun," said die grey man. "I shall watch the whole proceedings with sunglasses."..about to go for the third mirror himself."..?David T. J. Doughan..A For Whatever, DAMON KNIGHT..from the street pouring into the cafe in loud and animated conversation with each other. One of them, a..original site of the dome by three hundred meters of blowing sand. So McKillian assumed this second..;I suppose we just guessed lucky, sir."..Holders of a Temporary License are advised to study Chapter Nine ("The Temporary License") in a good enough reason."..That knocking came again..McDonald's Modern Library collection thereof)..Sitting on the floor huddled in a blanket was Martin Ralston, the chemist His shirt was bloody, and there was dried blood all over his..someday, but I never seem to get around to it. (You might think I'd see a few movie stars living where I..From Competition 14: SF "What's the question" jokes 69..I turn to leave and meet Stella in the hall. The top of her head comes only to my shoulders, and so she has to tilt her face up to..Amanda sat wrapped in a shawl and staring into the empty fireplace. The polychair had turned pale..And they were struck by a blast of air that sent the fires reeling in the basins, and the sailor's cap that Jack wore flew off his head back into the darkness..few dollars more, hire a sofa or armchair that you could drive at liberty among the other chairs, choosing..have found men and women like us, hunting and living hi caves. Building fires, using clubs, chipping..fear cascading into her and pouring back out. But I see the antenna mesh around her naked body glowing..new picture hadn't opened in downtown L.A. in a long, long time. The action ten years ago was on the.."What sort of deal?"..grey gloved hand on Amos' shoulder and pointed to the mountain with his other. "There, among the.."That**! exactly what I said," Amos told her, and they were both very happy, for they were both clever enough to know that when a husband and wife agree, it means a long and happy marriage is ahead..Singh stood up. He was moved, but did not trust himself to show ft adequately. So he sounded rather abrupt, though polite..bottom percentiles..He was genuinely surprised. "You didn't take that crack seriously, did you? I might as well admit it. It..After he left, none of us said a word for a long time. Then Ike whispered, "It was like I said all along. The Organizer was using us.".."The question is: would you be willing to give it?" said the grey man..walking past the pink marble fountains where the black butterflies glisten on their rims?" asked Jack..must have had. A vulnerability that makes you want to shield and protect him. I don't know for sure what..tangles, pasted them onto letter envelopes, some of which he stacked loose; others he bundled together and secured with rubber bands. He opened the stacks and bundles and examined them at regular intervals. Some of the labels curled up and detached themselves after twenty-six hours without leaving any conspicuous trace. He made up another batch of these, typed his home address on six of them. On each of six envelopes he typed his office address, then covered it with one of the labels. He stamped the envelopes and dropped them into a mailbox. All six, minus their labels, were delivered to the office three days later.."Jesus," said Barry. "Yeah, sure."..suddenly had a hurting in my gut I felt the same unfairness and sadness the others had, the way you would..role undermined the '70s trip to the Island; Richard Basehart didn't help matters by looking tike a..I stood up. "I'll do that. Thank you very much." I looked at the plate-glass doors. I guess it would be..state of apathy. She had not moved for the last hour..She came to him then, almost as though the stirring had been a silent summons, came like a brown..Outside, the clouds hung so low the top of the ship's tallest mast threatened to prick one open. The..They'll keep working on it, but when it's done, Winey won't step into the damn dung. He wants to be a hero, but he wants to Uve to enjoy it, too."..long loud laugh that nearly blew them from the peak. Then he leapt a mile into the air, turned over three..Lang stood up and shook Song's shoulder. Song came slowly back to them and sat down, still..It was a sad Amos who wandered through those bright piles of precious gems that glittered and..to their unwitting acceptance of the popular interpretation of the Project's purpose..his way with his heavy-booted feet. The Intermediaries break easily, and it occurs to me then that they..Miss Tremaine glanced up. "If I were you, I'd listen to you," she said poker-faced.."Yeah, I was working on a story, but I'd rather play gin." He grinned, open and artless. "If I could."..And well use it. You just speak up, I'll be listening." She started to say something, then thought of..Amanda GafI and Selene Randall came to Aventine during the autumn hiatus, when the last of the summer residents had gone back to jobs in the city or followed the sun south, and the winter influx of

skiers and skaters was still some weeks away. Aventine scarcely noticed them, and if my current cohab had not gone off through the Diana Mountain Stargate on some interstellar artists' junket, they might never have been more than clients to me, either. There are nights I cannot sleep for wishing she had chosen another realty agent or come some other season. I was alone, though, in the boredom of autumn when Amanda walked into my office with her seeds of tragedy and elected me gardener. It would have been inconsiderate to break in upon such testimony by mentioning that his name was. He began to protest. She stopped him with just one omniscient and devastating glance. He nodded. "An aubade is a traditional verse-form that a lover addresses to his (or her) beloved at dawn, when. But she got no further. A loud sound in the woods stayed her. It was too heavy for a deer. And when the hunter stepped out of the woods on the very path that Brother Hart usually took, Hinda gave a gasp, part delight, part fear. ground. We didn't look back? not once. You might think you'd enjoy seeing a king cry, but you. directed the conversation first to the possible dangers of excessive sunbathing, which was surely an. I got back to my office at six. Miss Tremaine sat primly at her desk, cleared of everything but her purse and a notepad. She reminded me quite a lot of Desmond. "What are you still doing here, Miss Tremaine? You should've left an hour ago." I sat at my desk, leaned back until the swivel chair groaned twice, and propped my feet up. He had phoned me about ten after five. I had found the body at seven. "Awhile," I said. "The blood was mostly dry." was content to follow her lead. wooden leg and a mouth full of stories that he chewed around and spit out all evening. Billy Belay would. I'll see to it that the members of Local 209 have access to these minutes; and if, after. "David and Murray?" to blows with Lang, aided by McKillian. McKillian renounced men forever and had a brief, tempestuous. (or I) like intensely isn't, just because of that, great anything, and the literary canon, although incomplete. twice, and propped my feet up. he, as our representative, had informed them they could shove it and that despite the Mediator's pleas. head, although without memory, experience, and the constant checking of novel objects against. asked Lida Mullens whether she would consider giving him an endorsement. He promised to pay her. help you?" *Tm pregnant," she announced to them that night, causing Song to delay her examination of the white fruit. "But why this thing?" Crawford asked, pointing to the impossible artifact-plant. "Why a model of the. On December 12, 1968, I gave a talk to a meeting of doctors and lawyers in San Jose, California. * Naturally, I was asked to speak on some subject that would interest both groups. Some instinct told me that medical malpractice suits might interest both but would nevertheless not be a useful topic. I spoke on genetic engineering instead, therefore, and, toward the end, discussed the matter of cloning. darker and the yellows bled away. Amanda stabbed several times with a hairpin without being able to. began pacing up and down. He didn't say anything? just kept looking up at that half-finished seventh. him what this contract would mean to the Megalo Corporation and how I expected him to assume a. Here comes the second reason, then. There's an evolutionary advantage to sexual reproduction that. meters and looms threateningly over the four or five Intermediaries, who are, after all, small and not. The topmost platform of the scaffolding was on a level with the serrated apex of the unfinished wall. Getting a grip on the edge of the platform, the King chinned himself and swung his body onto the narrow planking. He stood up, and the wind set his ringleted hair to dancing about his golden crown. It may be because I was always rotten in math, but it wasn't until right then that I figured out Detweiler's timetable. MiHan died the 1st, Harry Spinner the 28th, the miscarriage was on the 25th, the little kid on the 22nd, Silver Lake on the 19th and 16th, etc., etc., etc. talked to Earth and thinks there'll be a speedup in the preliminary paperwork and the thing'll start building. ward, got up in time to see the fiberglass ropes on the side nearest him snap free from the steel spikes anchoring the dome to the rock. The dome now looked like some fantastic Christmas ornament, filled with snowflakes and the Sashing red and blue lights of the emergency alarms. The top of the dome heaved over away from him, and the floor raised itself high in the air, held down by the unbroken anchors on the side farthest from him. There was a gush of snow and dust; then the floor settled slowly back to the ground. There was no motion now but the leisurely folding of the depressurized dome roof as it settled over the structures inside. commission agent in Boston with whom he had never had any previous dealings. He mailed the letter. The Best from F & SF, #23 Copyright ? 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980 by Mercury Press, Inc. Fm done with the circuit chips. Now the easy staff. I wryly note the male and female plugs Fm connecting. Jain. . . That afternoon I played gin with the Detweiler boy. He was genuinely glad to see me, like a friendly. "That's what I want to do in the morning," Song said. "Unless Mary will let us take a look tonight?" high peaks, where the great serpents dwell. Your workers here, even Moses, know only the jungle, but I flung herself into a succession of cartwheels and forward flips. She went around a curve of the beach and branches, the orange melons on the vines. The most annoying thing of all, however, were the swarms of golden gnats that bused about him. He would beat at them with the umbrella, but they came right back again. about Mars that might still kill us. Let's do that first. Ralston, can you walk?" sooner seen them off than I was flinging myself back into the runabout and driving up to Amanda's cabin. I had put away the report I was writing on Lucas McGowan's hyperactive wife. (She had a definite. With the mirror safe? nor did they forget the grey man's umbrella and sunglasses? they carried him. triggered them to start growing. We're going to have to watch it when we use anything containing plastic. We sped through the city in what I judged to be a locomotive, although there were no tracks. "What new wonder shall I see?" I mused, for many were the sights shown me already. My guide, an illustrious professor, halted the machine. "Fever." Nolan gestured to Mama Dolores, and the old woman held Darlene still while he forced the thermometer between her lips. 'I don't communicate with the public directly. Only with simulations, and their responses tend to be pretty stereotyped.' "We're in special circumstances, Lucy," Crawford explained. "Sure, I'd be all for it if we were better off. But we can't be sure we can even provide for ourselves, much less a child. I say we can't afford children until we're established." "Not me," she said. "I mean being in a star's bed." I told her she was a bitch and she laughed. Not. You are thirteen, chasing a fox with the big kids for the first time. They have put you in the

north field, the worst place, but you know better than to leave it. "My God!" I could see her feet and, by rolling onto my back, look up at her rising above me toward the beams of the room, but I could not move. My head seemed nailed to the floor. The knife gleamed in her hand. "Selene," I called. "I can't reach her. Help me." "We know that," McKillian said. She was tired and sick from the sight of the faces of her dead friends. "What's the use of all this talk?" asserting there's no such thing as great art; some, that whatever moves one intensely is great art. Both are just about the way Lorraine Nesbitt had described it. If you called central casting and asked for a male. Park, Old Friend: I just want to bring you up to date on the Zorphwar contract. The team of. "Of course we don't know if we would have made it without the assist from the Martians," Mary. Zorphwar. Good hunting!. The grey man looked back the other way and nearly took off his sunglasses. Then he decided it was appear to care that they have interfered with Humankind's grandest endeavor. Our vessel is Terra's first. 241. Subject: Problems with Communications Network I am sending this message by mail as there seems to be something wrong with the Megalo telephone system and the message network is all fouled up. Enclosed are copies of the last two messages received from your installation. I shall assume that your screwball friend Ha-zeldorf has gotten into the guts of the message-switching system and reprogrammed it to produce these messages as a practical joke. If this is the case, correct the situation immediately and dismiss Hazel-dorf. Please contact me at once to apprise me of the status of corrective action. I assume that you are still in charge down there and that all of this is merely some kind of poor-taste humor. "We sure did, and we were lucky to have Marty Ralston along. He kept telling us the fruits in the. The grey man took the last piece of the mirror, went to the wall, and fitted it in place, saying, "The. "Because if you do I'll kill you. If you want a divorce, OK, get a divorce. But don't lay a hand on her or I'll find you the farthest place you can go." "Teddy? ah? that is? Gerald Theodore. Selene and I were dancing partners and cohabs in London. Programming Services Department". I stood up. "I'll do that. Thank you very much." I looked at the plate-glass doors. I guess it would be pretty easy to walk through one of them if you thought it was open. "Are all the apartments alike? Those terrace doors?" "Nina? it wasn't her name, but he felt a need to somehow identify this wide-mouthed, pink-tongued. He thought a moment. "Thursday, I think. Yes, Thursday." egocentric, and totally amoral. She nearly drove my father mad before he realized there was no helping. We looked. It was that long black palanquin again. Out of it stepped the King. drive back to the office and sign. You can move in today." Subject: Admission to Commonwealth of Zorph. THE ORGANIZER: To me, it was never obvious. It still isn't. In the first place, only minimal flooding has occurred since the Inundation; in the second, it's highly unlikely that Yahweh will again choose that particular form of chastisement should future foul-ups on the part of the human race necessitate additional punishment; and in the third, if he does decide on a second Inundation, you can rest assured that it will be of such dimensions that the only thing the Project will be a haven for will be fish. But I'll play the game fair: I'll see to it that the members of Local 209 have access to these minutes; and if, after reading them, they wish to take another strike vote, I won't stand in their way. Meanwhile, the package stays as is. "Best indecent proposition I've had all week." "But I can never express it. Everything I say seems to make more sense than what I can feel inside of me." "I think this discussion has served its purpose, which was to convince everyone here that survival is possible." He glanced uneasily at Lang, still nodding, her eyes glassy as she saw her teammates die before her eyes. The package comes later, along with a stiff legal letter from a firm of attorneys. The substance of the message is this: "Jain Snow wished you to have possession of this. She informed you prior to her demise of her desires; please carry them out accordingly." The packet contains a chrome cylinder with a screw cap. The cylinder contains ashes; ashes and a few bone fragments. I check. Jain's ashes, unclaimed by father, friends, or employer. and didn't know when she'd be home) at this time tomorrow? Thoughtfully, she introduced him to the kneeling in the shrubbery. He photographs them. He turns off the power, sits for a moment, then goes to. I drew picket duty again this morning. Ike picketed with me, having arranged it with the Organizer to change places with Ben. With my old buddy to talk to, time went by fast. Moines I saw her crying alone in a darkened phone booth? Jain had awakened her and told her to take

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