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"Then why are you so sure he had nothing to do with it?" The brother-in-law meets him in the hall. "Don't do it, Charlie." couldn't be sure in the dark. I bit my tongue but it was too late. She shrieked like a stricken animal and came at me swinging. closing time be asked if they would either consider giving him an endorsement. They said they would. "Oh, awful things," said Amos, "like onvbpmf, and elmbmpf, and orghmflbfe." room, and a laboratory-storehouse-workshop in the old fuel tank. Crawford and Lang spent the first. "You people want to take a walk around the dome with me? Maybe we could discuss ways of giving people a little privacy." "Are you indeed?" asked Lea, smiling. "A piece of the mirror I am trapped in lies at the bottom of this handle. She seemed to hear the heavy breathing of Brother Hart coming at her through the walls. "Come. Crawford nodded. He looked around at the other occupants of the room. There was the Surface Mission Commander, Mary Lang, the black woman he had seen inside the dome just before the blowout She was sitting on the edge of Lou Prager's cot, her head cradled in her hands. In a way, she was a more shocking sight than Lou. No one who knew her would have thought she could be brought to this limp state of apathy. She had not moved for the last hour. And there was much work to do. Most of the physical sort devolved on Crawford and, to some. "Well, I'm awfully grateful. I mean you scarcely know me." Conversation was tense and ragged at first until Lorraine got off on her "career" and kept us entertained. Detweiler wasn't feeling well at all. He was pale and drawn and fidgety. His eyelids were heavy and his speech was faintly blurred. I'm sure he was in pain, but he tried to act as if nothing were wrong. Congreve pushed himself back from the podium with his arms and straightened. When he resumed speaking, his tone had lightened slightly. "In the area that concerns all of us here in our day-to-day lives, the accelerating pace of the space program has brought a lot of excitement in the last two decades. Some inspiring achievements have helped offset the less encouraging news from other quarters: We have established permanent bases on the Moon and Mars; colonies are being built in space; a manned mission has reached the moons of Jupiter; and robots are out exploring the farthest reaches of the Solar System and beyond. But" --he extended his arms in an animated sigh---"these operations have been national, not international. Despite the hopes and the words of years gone by, militarization has followed everywhere close on the heels of exploration, and we are led to the inescapable conclusion that a war, if it comes, would soon spread beyond the confines of the surface and jeopardize our species everywhere. We must face up to the fact that the danger now threatening us in the years ahead is nothing less than that." "It's funny," Lang said, quietly. "I always thought it would be something flashy, or at least obvious. An alien artifact mixed in with caveman bones, or a spaceship entering the system. I guess I was thinking in terms of pottery shards and atom bombs." friendly with him, felt sorry for him, I guess." "Jake. Well, Jake, I happen to be a wealthy merchant, as you may have guessed. In Frankincense. Gordon, too, and began saying Matthew. I would have preferred Matt, but when I brought that up she had to be out there, watch it with his own eyes. It didn't matter if he never lived to tell about it, he must. These cells could serve as potential organ banks for the future. H the time were to come when an adult found he had a limping heart or fading pancreas or whatever, or if a leg had been lost in an accident or had had to be amputated, then those long-frozen cells would be defrosted and put into action. When we were fifteen she decided to separate us. I don't know why. I think she wanted him without me. Oh, yeah, another and less friendly inward voice replied. Now all you need are three endorsements. Lots of luck. "Since ... I was a kid." He grinned. "You think it was one of those brews the old witch-woman gave. sense of humor sometimes. She's dead now, though. Do you like it?" incident. judge fairly, can you resist temptation? I had no idea what he meant, and again I answered, "I am Prince. Megalo Network Message: ' July 18, 1977. But this evening as Amos came into the tavern, Billy was quiet, and so was everyone else. Even Hidalgo, the woman who owned the tavern and took no man's jabbering seriously, was leaning her elbows on the counter and listening with opened mouth. and neither of the individuals in question was particularly bright. Bright people wouldn't be so quixotic. wouldn't. It's like watching a mountain dwindle into an anthill, a city crumble into dust, a kingdom turn. some of the pipes. McKillian was kept busy refilling glasses for the visitors who wanted to sample the. order to make it possible to build up a great army of cannon fodder that despots will use for world. There is no sign of anything wrong? no explosion, no fire, no trace of violence. When he looks up. roof of the Megalo Corporation Headquarters for pickup by Zorph shuttle craft. Failure to comply with. "No reason to stay. When I was eight, my parents were killed in a fire. Our house burned down. I was taken in by a balmy old woman who lived not far away. I had some kin, but they didn't want me." He looked at me, trusting me. "They're pretty superstitious back in there, you know. Thought I was . . . marked. Anyway, the old woman took me in. She was a midwife, but she fancied herself a witch or something. Always making me drink some mess she'd brewed up. She fed me, clothed me, educated me, after a fashion, tried to teach me all her conjures, but I never could take 'em seriously." He grinned sheepishly. "I did chores for her and eventually became a sort of assistant, I guess. I helped her birth babies . . . I mean, deliver babies a couple of times, but that didn't last long. The parents were afraid me bein' around might mark the baby. She taught me to read and I couldn't stop. She had a lot of books she'd dredged up somewhere, most of 'em published before the First World War. I read a complete set of encyclopedias? published in 1911." She shook her head, eyes hooded and expressionless, and then Nolan remembered that she didn't. A twig can be placed in the ground, where it may take root and grow, producing a complete organism of the kind of which it was once only a twig. Or the twig can be grafted to the branch of another tree (of a different variety even), where it can grow and flourish. In either case, it is an organism with a single parent, and sex has had nothing to do with its making. It is because human beings first encountered this asexual form of reproduction, hi connection with fruit trees probably, that such a one-parent organism of non-sexual origin is called a "twig";

that is, "clone." "Good for you," he said when Amos had climbed onto the deck and given him the glass. "Now come. Last Tuesday, the 26th, a girl had cut her wrists with a razor blade in North Hollywood. They started forward again toward the fires. It was so dark and the cave was so big that even with "Fever." Nolan gestured to Mama Dolores, and the old woman held Darlene still while he forced the thermometer between her lips. "Brethren," he repeated. And then, "There's been considerable talk in the city and the suburbs since we walked off the job this morning about Divine Wrath, the inference being that us fellows, by bringing the Project to a halt, are in for some. Well, don't you believe it, fellow members of Local 209? don't you believe it for one minute! Nobody's going to incur Divine Wrath just for making sure he's got enough bread on the table and enough left over from his paycheck to have a couple of beers with the boys. If anybody's going to incur it, the Company is. Because I happen to have it from a pretty good source? and you can quote me on this if you like? that somebody up there doesn't want the Project completed." than to try to snow me about naval-training games." "Then marry me," said Amos, "for I always thought you had uncommonly good sense in matters of. The com circuit buzzes peremptorily and Jain's voice says, "Robbie? Can you meet me outside?" "Then what do you mean?" "What sort of help does he need?" asked Amos. "A doctor?" It was not unexpected; Lang had been waiting for it to happen since the night the Burroughs left. But. "That's what you meant, all right. And you meant women, available to the real colonists as a reason to. The camp was anything but orderly. No one would get the impression that any care had been taken. spectators? "Sure," I say. "Easy." But momentarily I'm not sure and I realize how tightly I'm gripping the. right, I was told.) "That's right," said Jack. "And nearer than you think is a great, grey, dull, tangled, boggy, and baleful swamp. The first piece is at the bottom of a luminous pool in the center. But it is so grey there that the grey man would blend completely in with the scenery and never get out again. Up this one is a mountain so high that the North Wind lives in a cave there. The second piece of the mirror is on the highest peak of that mountain. It is so windy there, and the grey man is so thin, he would be blown away before he was halfway to the top. Two leagues short of over there, where the third piece is, there stretches a garden of violent colors and rich perfume where black butterflies glisten on the rims of pink marble fountains, and bright vines weave in and about The only thing white in the garden is a silver-white unicorn who guards the last piece of the mirror. Perhaps the grey man could get that piece himself, but he will not want to, I know, for lots of bright colors give him a headache." Organizer outlined what we were striking for, and I paid strict attention so I could tell Ike. It adds up to a. fifteen-hundred energy units. He replied, "They quickly become deaf and so have no need to speak. Indeed, few work more than. 4. A poem about a rabbit (there was a porcelain rabbit on one of the shelves) suitable to be sung to a baby. .ing from \$49.95 to \$125. By the following day the word was beginning to spread, and by the close of business on the third day every store was sold out. Most people who got them, either through the mail or by purchase, used them to spy on their neighbors and on people in hotels. .chemistry professor with his nose canted to the left. His identical-twin brother had his nose canted to the. sensibilities are her problem, not mine." I hesitate, then say, "Sure, I'm almost done with the board." his ears. The dome was dancing and straining, trying to fly. The floor heaved up in the center, throwing. "Take whom you like," said the grey man, "so long as you bring back my mirror." The well-muffled. Behind the left shoulder the polycarp turned bright blue. The left hand reached for the right wrist. .rope, then, and perhaps you can spare a man to go with me. A rope is not much good if there is a person. tiny gears and the pump itself. She twirled it idly as she spoke. .Unfortunately, launching twelve thousand torpedoes simultaneously put a serious overload on our computer system. Zorphwar runs at A-I priority on our machine, which means that any other use of the machine is halted while Zorphwar computations are completed. As you may have noticed, it took approximately forty minutes for the machine to compute the paths through the galaxy of those torpedoes, to determine their impact points, and to calculate the radius of destruction of each burst. Normally such overloads are handled by adjusting the work load in the Computer Center. However, at three thirty yesterday, the Center was in the midst of printing the paychecks for the entire Computer Products Division. The little delay our game occasioned upset the very tight schedule for that operation. As a result, all checks from R through Z were not printed on time and failed to make the courier flight to the West Coast That is the reason your paycheck was not delivered to you today. Regrettably, it is also the reason that Division President Tailing and Corporation Comptroller Westland were not paid this week. While you are more familiar than I am with the personalities at Headquarters, I ?aspect that both of these gentlemen like to receive their paychecks. I trust that, if any investigations come out of this little incident, you will do your best to emphasize the fact that the Zorphwar program has already been modified to permit the launching of no more than tea doomsday torpedoes in one attack. Thus, this particular problem on never occur again. That's what got me the job with Alpertron, Ltd., the big promotion and booking agency. I'm on the. of the trunk and stick my head in to see how his nearest and dearest friend was getting along. But I would. there was dried blood all over his face and hands from the nosebleed he'd only recently gotten under. "There's one like it on mine." effort. to be triggered by the first signs of free water and to start building places for them to live while they. we do. Wouldn't you think so?" "Did he say why he was leaving or where he was going?" In the Hall of the Martian Kings 129. shopping square to cabins in the woods and along the shores of both the Lunamere and Heliomere. I. Detweiler stepped toward it, ignoring me, tears pouring down his face. The thing's struggles grew. That way they'd know our genetic structure and what lands of food we'd eat, and could prepare. "She said take a message." McKillian had been crawling up the ladder as she said this. Now she. experiments that can be conducted with the hope of more useful results if the question of genetic variation. knob is dull from years of handling; it feels warm and a little greasy in your hand. The console has a funny. It crawled halfway into the bag, then seemed to think something was wrong. It stopped, but Song nudged. "May I run with you?" I called after her. "Any man who can walk out of a tavern one night with nothing and come back in a week with that?" and she pointed to the wheelbarrow full of gold and

jewels "is a man to be taken seriously." "Me." I manage a weak smile..207." . . . criticism written without personal feeling is not worth reading. It is the capacity for making good.From Competition 19: SF limericks 183.Song straightened up, moving stiffly. They had all worked hard to empty out the collapsed dome and.The usher who led him to his seat in the second ring sat down beside him and started to tell him about a Japanese department store that covered an entire sixteen and a half acres, had thirty-two restaurants, two movie theaters, and a children's playground.."I know." Mama nodded. "She is one of the snake-people." Now Amos looked over his shoulder too and saw that the white disk was going slowly down..The couple rose in unison and greeted her with cries of "Maggie!" and "Son of a gun!" It was impossible for Barry, sitting so nearby and having no one to talk to himself, to avoid eavesdropping on their conversation, which concerned (no doubt as a rebuke to his ignorance) Irina Khokolovna's latest superb release from Deutsche Grammophon. She was at her best in Schumann, her Wolf was comme ci, comme ça. Even so, Khokolovna's Wolf was miles ahead of Adriana Motta's, or even Gwyneth Batterham's, who, for all her real intelligence, was developing a distinct wobble in her upper register. Barry's chair just sat there, glued to the spot, while they nattered knowledgeably on. He wished he were home watching Willy Marx? or anywhere but Partyland..pretty stereotyped." though void storms may toss you about a bit in space and time. In addition, you will have to handle a." At last it is about to happen," said the grey man. "But first, Amos, you must have your reward for helping me so much." "Do you mean it?" Barry asked, marveling over Marvin's tattoo as they shook hands. He managed to ask the question without in the least seeming to challenge Marvin Kolodny's authority..boy at the third one I checked. It was a block and a half from where the little kid fell on the rake..The day before, Monday, the 25th, a girl had miscarried and hemorrhaged. She had bled to death." Yeah, it ... takes my mind off my ... ah ... headache. Don't worry about it I have these spells all the time. They always go away." But when Hinda came out of the door, closing it behind her to hide what lay inside, the man did not..has been defiled." "When?" "When I blew the wizard here a year ago," said the North Wind from above them, "he left it right there, but the snow and ice have frozen over it." Why?? Two reasons..Enchanted Evening at Partyland!" novel, Titan. This story was another Nebula award nominee..The front cover said in tasteful powder-blue letters on a background of dusky cream: MADELINE is." We have come to take the mirror back," said Jack.

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