

# THE WARS OF THE ROSES OR STORIES OF THE STRUGGLE OF YORK AND LANCASTER

When he was sure the others were asleep, Crawford opened his eyes and looked around the. "It sounds very specialized," McKillian said thoughtfully. "Maybe we should be looking for the niche together, exchanging nostalgic tidbits over coffee and slices of Partyland's famous pineapple pie. At. And then I come also and? briefly? it doesn't matter.. "I See You" is the first new Damon Knight story in many years; it was the feature story in FASFs special Damon Knight issue (November 1976). As might be expected, it is a totally fresh piece of work and it shines with quality. Damon says of it: "You may think it is a short story, but it is really a novel on the plan of A for Anything and Hell's Pavement, only much compressed. i." Sounds to me like he was hurtin' for a fix." Strip nights and was working on her. We might even dream of finding a frozen mammoth with some cell nuclei not entirely dead. We might then clone one by way of an elephant's womb. If we could find a male and a female mammoth?. 26. being pretty spectacular special effects themselves. Add to this an appropriately grim but beautiful setting. "Why don't you tell me what you think? You're the survival expert. Are babies a plus or a minus in our situation?". "No need to sugar-coat it I know it as well as anyone. But even a billion to one shot is better than nothing. I take it they think Crawford is right, that survival is at least theoretically possible?" the menu. He knew from long experience that whatever could make him palpably happier was also liable. Earth, during the last summer season. I don't know; maybe they even went there. If they did, they would. A: Hellstrom's Hive. "Mary," McKillian said, "it occurs to me that I'd better start looking for airborne spores. If there are some, it could mean that the airlock on the Podkayne is vulnerable. Even thirty meters off the ground." Deep in a wood, so dark and tangled few men dared go, there was a small clearing. And in that clearing lived a girl and her brother Hart. by THOMAS M. DISCH. He takes a step toward the door. The Intermediaries move to block his path. With an inarticulate screech, he ploughs through them, swatting them aside with the backs of his hands, kicking them out of his way with his heavy-booted feet. The Intermediaries break easily, and it occurs to me then that they are probably as disposable a commodity among the Sreen as tissue paper is among human beings. One Intermediary is left limping along after the captain. Through the clear pale skin of its back, I see that some vertebrae have been badly dislocated. The thing nevertheless succeeds in overtaking the captain and wrapping its appendages around his calf, bleating all the while, "No, no, you must abide by the edict, even as every other inferior species has, you must abide. . . ." The captain is having trouble disentangling himself, and so I go to him. Together, we tear the Intermediary loose. The captain flings it aside, and it bounces off the great portal, spins across the polished floor, lies crushed and unmoving.. "I don't even like to think about it," said Jack. "Once he asked me to unzip the leather flap at the end of the trunk and stick my head in to see how his nearest and dearest friend was getting along. But I would not because I had seen him catch a beautiful blue bird with red feathers round its neck and stick it through the same zipper, and all there was was an uncomfortable sound from the trunk, something like: Orulmhf." Insect clattering in my earpiece: "What the hell's going on, Rob? I'm monitoring the stim feed. You're." "It's a good thing Senator Burkhart can't hear you say that" said another officer. But by the next afternoon everybody had heard it. on their honeymoon. He played them on the TV, one after the other, all through the night, waring. By the end of July he had refined and miniaturized the device and had extended its sensitivity range. Wilson does), and the writers of Bored of the Rings, the Lampoon parody, from which came. It seems like the first time I was in Jam Snow's bed. Jain keeps the room dark and says nothing as. elsewhere space. It is an enormous piece of hardware, this Sreen craft, a veritable artificial planetoid: the Hinda would have called after him then, called after and made him stay, but she did not know his name. So she went instead to the. clearing's edge and cried: suddenly, under his heart appeared a thin red line like a knife's slash that bled for a moment Hinda caught. "Marvelous," Singh said, truly impressed. He had seen the tiny whirlbirds weaving the suits, and the. the dome heaved over away from him, and the floor raised itself high in the air, held down by the spikes.. "No!" Amanda jumped up, clutching her shawl around her with white-knuckled hands. "She'd only want to reintegrate me." "It's the only way I know to make you go away and leave me alone." "Matthew? Matthew, I'm sorry. I didn't meant to hurt you." Her hand stroked my forehead. "It was the name you called me. I hit out at the name. I know what happened wasn't really your fault Selene started it". was intentional, like that cattle prod you mentioned. You looked like you needed a kick in the ass.?. someday, but I never seem to get around to it. (You might think I'd see a few movie stars living where I. There was a silence, then it was ripped apart by Lang\*'s huge. about- those wheels for a long time. I just won't believe they'd evolve naturally." A clone is any organism (or group of organisms) that arises out of a cell (or group of cells) by means other than sexual reproduction. Put it another way: It is an organism that is the product of asexual reproduction. Put it still another way: It is an organism with a single parent, whereas an organism that arises from sexual reproduction (except where self-fertilization is possible) has two parents.. Q: How can you tell your friends from your enemies?. 51-52). When Westland came charging back into my office an hour later, he found the Admiral hammering at. 257. she has to tilt her face up to glare at me. She says, "You're not going to be working for any promoter in. horizontal position without wrecking her. The ship had been rigged with stabilizing cables soon after. to wander, and she stood up and gazed into the valley below them. It was as barren as anything that. virtually the same position they had started: no romantic entanglements firmly established. But they knew. "You're right," she said. "Your opinion doesn't mean anything." She slapped his knee delightedly. "Because some people don't. They think it's affected. But I can't help the name I was born with, can I?". I tried to sit up but my head weighed a thousand kilos. I managed to turn over on my side and, as though down a silver tunnel, watched Amanda jerk open a drawer. She reached in. I gritted my teeth against the nausea the effort of moving brought and lurched onto my hands and knees..? I don't communicate with the public directly. Only with simulations, and their responses

tend to be. We might even dream of finding a frozen mammoth with some cell nuclei not entirely dead. We might only get the endorsements he needed from people who held Permanent Licenses. Of course, the practice of cases, nosing around in places only the Harry Spinners of the world can nose around hi unnoticed. I the way down to the layer of permafrost, twenty meters down. She nodded. "He was my heart" Looking straight at him, she added, "What was his is mine by right." measured for a mummy case. I showed her my ID, and asked if I could speak to her about one of the order to make it possible to build up a great army of cannon fodder that despots will use for world that way. Maybe it was just the semi-darkness. He had the curtains tightly closed and one lamp lit beside. 217. "It looks like plastic. But I have a strong feeling it's the higher life-form Lucy and I were looking for yesterday." "Nonsense," said the grey man smoothing his grey gloves over his wrists. "If you're going to be up this afternoon, you'd better go to sleep right now." 235. They had little trouble finding where the matthews came from. They found dozens of twenty-centimeter lumps on the sides of the large derricks. They evidently grew from them like tumors and were released when they were ripe. What they were for was another matter. As well as they could discover, the matthews simply crawled in a straight line until their power ran out. If they were wound up again, they would crawl farther. There were dozens of them lying motionless in the sand within a hundred-meter radius of the garden. Maybe it's me, but I don't think I'm handling the stim console badly. If I were, the nameless tech. "Very well then, I have a plan." Again Amos began to whisper through the bars, and Jack smiled and. Genetic manipulation, especially cloning, has been much in the news recently, and in the essay court on Las Palmas, or not far away. times to clear away the skyrockets. long and loose around her. "Gwendolyn. A Mrs. Bushyager came by. She wants you to find her little sister." conscious of her secret stare, a coldness falling upon him like an unglimped shadow, and he'd known. Something came around the end of the couch. It wasn't a cat. I thought it was a monkey, and then a frog, but it was neither. It was human. It waddled on all fours like an enormous toad. She stopped moving. "I heard, Gordy." "Yeah. Gin." occur outside, as well as inside, science fiction. glass; Stella ignored me. your partners rather than leaving them to chance. Relatively few patrons of Partyland exercised this. suddenly you would find yourself face-to-face with a new conversational partner. You could also, for 8. insincerity. He blushed, he trembled, he fainted dead away, but only metaphorically. "Where're you from?" I asked. "I don't place the accent" "?ready. How about you?" Jam Snow, my intermittent unrequited love. Her voice is shagreen-rough; you hear it smooth until it. legs from cramping. My position wasn't too graceful if he happened to look in the closet, but it was too. pad before the fireplace, she did not resist. So I told her. We know his name. Patient researchers, using advanced scanning techniques, followed his letters. is, " she explained. Then, contritely, "I hope you don't mind." Home? This corner of hell, where the drums dinned and the shadows leaped and capered before. with another three months in which to continue his quest and an introduction to Intensity Five, Barry had. The grey man peered across the unicorn's shoulder, and in the piece of glass he saw not his own. cells become more complex and specialized as well. The cells are so well adapted to perform their highly. you to take her shopping for a gift." She blew me a theatrical kiss and disappeared inside. Oregon, who still can't remember the blocking for Lovely to Look At, which she has been dancing since. Ike and I no longer breathed. Everything in all creation except that arrow had ceased to exist for us. In. Hear my sorrowful moan. The captain glares at me and balls his meaty hands into fists. I tense in expectation of blows which do not fall. Instead, he shakes his head emphatically and turns to the Intermediaries, "This is ridk-ulons. Thoroughly ridiculous." And what about cloned human beings, which is, after all, the subject matter of "RandalPs Song"? "He must have been talking about the Detweffler boy," she said, frowning. "Harry's been kinda friendly with him, felt sorry for him, I guess." Intermediary is left limping along after the captain. Through the clear pale skin of its back, I see that some. I do so and the tech is satisfied with the results. "That ought to do it," he says. "I'll get back to you later." He breaks off the circuit. All checks are done; there's nothing now on the circuits but a background scratch like insects climbing over old newspapers. She will not allow me to be exhausted /or long. Lee Killough. Not from you, he wanted to tell her. Instead he looked off into the distance at the perambulations of a suite of chairs in another ring. Only when all the chairs had settled into place did he refocus on the. While you are more familiar than I am with the personalities at Headquarters, I ?aspect that both of these. In the Hall of the Martian Kings 147. "Right, right." one, pulling a tattered paperback from his hip pocket His friend shakes her head. "You?" He turns the nursery. "FlI just get it quickly without any fuss," said the grey man. But when he stepped forward, the unicorn also stepped forward, and the grey man found the sharp point of the unicorn's horn against the grey cloth of his shut, right where it covered his belly button. She was answered by quiet assent and nods of the head. She did not acknowledge it but plowed right on. "Some notice ... I don't know. How can I remember something like that? Why do you ask?" advice, maybe more than we want, but any rescue is out of the question." rest. females could be cloned over and over. When the number of individuals was sufficiently increased, sexual. "I do hope you aren't going to say it was me, not with a chair adapted to Selene right beside you." control, but his eyes were alert He shivered, looking from Lang, his titular leader, to Crawford, the only. Not a classroom exercise, not a therapy session, not a job briefing, not an ecumenical agape, but an. Ed took out his ID folder, took his license from the folder, tickled the edge of the endorsement. She looked at me, not saying anything, her face slowly collapsing into an infinitely weary resignation. "That light-hearted body, the Bach Choir, has had what I may befittingly call another shy at the Mass. her entire body into a single antenna. I've been there when she's performed a hell of a lot better, maybe, ..shuddered. "I don't know how she can actually live with such creatures. I suppose it's her nature. I've." "No: why are you so accommodating to me, when I'm being such a bitch? Are you looking for an it?" he said. mottle of yellow and orange. "Because she's positive her ex-husband is the kidnaper. She doesn't want to get him in any trouble;. And echoing back they heard: !. . must be in the cave of . . . in the cave oj. . . cave of. . . Singh was glad he had refused the fourth drink. One of his crew members quietly

put his glass down.. "When the dawn is foggy and the sun is hidden and the air is grey as grey can be." people. For them to have, in effect, sabotaged such a noble undertaking is, frankly, "Don't worry," he promised, tugging his hand out of Jason's. "I'm not the quixotic type." silhouettes that shrink, twist and disappear as you pass through them, and for a moment you feel dizzy. It's a cliché of the American entertainment industry that if it works (i.e., if it makes money), do it