

NOWT BUT A FLEEIN THING A HISTORY OF CLIMBING ON SCAPELL

At first he'd assumed that he'd failed. A reasonable assumption, since he had struck out his first time to bat, with a shameful 43. But when two weeks had gone by and there was still no word from the Board of Examiners, he wondered if maybe he'd managed to squeak through. He didn't see how he could have. The examiner, a wizened, white-haired fuddy-duddy whose name Barry instantly forgot, had been hostile and aggressive right from the word go, telling Barry that he thought his handshake was too sincere. He directed the conversation first to the possible dangers of excessive sunbathing, which was surely an oblique criticism of Barry's end-of-August tan and the leisure such a tan implied, then started in on the likelihood that dolphins were as intelligent as people. Barry, having entered the cubicle resolved to stake all his chips on a tactic of complete candor, had said, one, he was too young to worry about skin cancer and, two, he had no interest in animals except as meat. This started the examiner off on the psychic experiences of some woman he'd read about in Reader's Digest. Barry couldn't get a toehold anywhere on the smooth facade of the man's compulsive natter. He got the feeling, 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. Crawford relaxed. The awful burden of responsibility, which he had never wanted, was gone. He smiled at her, a commiserating guilty smile, and she smiled back, a mechanical next-please smile. The grey man went over and picked up a tangerine-colored alley cat that had been searching for fish heads in the garbage pail. "Open the trunk," he said. One of the sailors took a great iron key from his belt and opened the lock on the top of the trunk. The grey man took out his thin sword of grey steel and pried up the lid ever so slightly. Then he tossed the cat inside. Looming to the west of us. Tomorrow night we play Denver. "It's about as close to home as I'm gonna." A book. Jain holds up the book so she can see. at a grey spider web that spread from the limb of a tree above them to a vine creeping on the ground. Bill, Old Buddy: I hate to bring this up, but J.L. was down this morning to say that there have been. emerged that for most of her childhood, Amanda Selene Gail had been two personalities, Amanda Gail. a second phenomenal ram-fall again cause the Twin Rivers to overflow their banks to. imputation that such decisions are arbitrary. For another, if it were possible to do criticism according to. wheelhouse to the second hatchway, and went down. The lamps were low, the jailor was huddled asleep. Peacock coming toward me. My car was right there. I pushed Detweiler into it and drove away. He sat. The grey man looked back over his shoulder, but all he saw were the bright colors of the garden. We'll have to find a way to conserve it a lot more than we're doing. Offhand, I don't know how. Song, do you have any ideas? sheepishly. "I did chores for her and eventually became a sort of assistant, I guess. I helped her birth." About as far as you can get without comin* out the other side. Did you know most of the people never heard of television or movies. She gave me a faint smile. "Some. You're a wonderful man, Matthew. If I didn't feel like Selene is. need to be done." "Not lately. And even when we were together, we never talked to each other, except to say practical things like 'When is your program going to be over?' Some people just aren't that interested in talking. Debra certainly isn't. That's why?" (He couldn't resist the chance to explain his earlier failures.) "I did so poorly on my earlier exams. Assuming I did get a low score last time, which isn't certain since the results were erased. But assuming that I did, that's the reason. I never got any practice. The basic day-to-day conversational experiences most people have with their spouses never happened in my case." against the edge of my green. Tom Ream? "Darling, even vampires have to be at the scene of the crime." of the trunk and stick my head in to see how his nearest and dearest friend was getting along. But I would. my life was that she did not have Selene's conscious coordination. The poker only brushed my forearm. make sense to me. Surely if you were nice to other poets, they'd be nfce to you, on the basic principle of scratch-my-back. The house lights go all the way down; the only illumination comes from a thousand exit signs and the. "I certainly would," said Jack. "But tomorrow evening it will not be so easy, for there will be no mist to hide me if I come with you." beginning to throb a little, and leaned against the black trunk which had been carried to the deck. He hadn't mentioned North Carolina except that once the day before, and I was extremely interested in all subjects he wanted to avoid. "What's it like in the Blue Ridge? Coon huntin* and moonshine?" He snuffed his cigarette out on pure-white alabaster and sat so prim and pristine I would have bet his. "Brain damage?" The door opened and he was yanked through and bound up again. The grey man marched Amos back to the prince's side and wheeled the barrow to the middle of the room. the wind. Singh and everyone else was silent for a while. He found he really was beginning to believe in the. supposed to laugh. The graveyard, where they had buried their fifteen dead crewmates on the first day of the disaster, had sprouted with life during the week after the departure of the Burroughs. It was separated from the original site of the dome by three hundred meters of blowing sand. So McKillian assumed this second bloom was caused by the water in the bodies of the dead. What they couldn't figure out was why this patch should differ so radically from the first one. realized the truth. away, someone waved back. "Then come with me," said the grey man, and the rough sailors with cutlasses rose about him and. across the clearing, through the trees and into the open space before the riverbank. depressing. So I closed the blind. "Originality has always been my Waterloo," Barry admitted. "I just don't seem to be able to come up. spread-eagled to the compass points, the woman plunges into the flames. She is instantly and utterly consumed. The face of Atropos remains shrouded in shadows. "Not much. He's only been here since Sunday night. He's very handsome, like an angel, a dark angel. But it wasn't his handsomeness that attracted me." She smiled. "I've seen many handsome men in my day, you know. It's difficult to verbalize. He has such an incredible innocence. A lost, doomed look that Byron must have had. A vulnerability that makes you want to shield and protect him. I don't know for sure what it is, but it struck a chord in my soul. Soul," she mused. "Maybe that's it. He wears his soul on his face." She nodded, as if to herself. "A dangerous thing to do." She looked

back up at me. "If that quality, whatever it is, would photograph, he would become a star overnight, whether he could act or not. Except ?of course?for his infirmity." "What did Freddy say when you came in?" she asked in a conspiratorial if not downright friendly. There was a tiny new star, brighter than all the rest, brighter than Phobos. It hurt to look at it but. AH rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, except for the inclusion of brief quotations in a review, without permission in writing from the publisher. glove compartment He removed the gun and slipped out of the car. He went down the hill into the brush. questions were harder than any questions ever heard by man or woman. I am going to ask you three. literature or the standards of criticism outside our own small field. Add to this the defensiveness so many. time. "I turned to him. "Do you know where Detweiler was?" knowing I've become so damned superannuated." She sighed. "Well, it happens to everyone, and I. MOORE'S Eye the Girl With Rapid Movements. 211. After what seemed a long, long time, he saw a flicker of silver-white, and coming closer, he saw it. Robbie lay in his crib, a shaft of moonlight from the window bathing his tiny face. From his rosebud mouth issued a gentle snore. Cygnus, leaving the dancer staring open-mouthed after us. Baird Searles is part owner of New York City's Science Fiction Shop and has been keeping track of. Nell and Jim; then you will be in the middle of things, and your life will begin. "Um hmmm." She stretched, dug her knuckles fiercely into her eyes, and smoothed her hair back from her face. She was dressed in a loose-fitting bottoms of a ship suit, a gray piece of dirty cloth that badly needed washing, as did all their clothes. For a moment, as he watched her shadow stretch and stand up, he wasn't interested in the Burroughs. He forced his mind away from her. But she did not go into the cottage to clean. She stood waiting for the hunter to come. Her eyes and. "You're not going to meet anyone there but temps and various people who are out to fleece temps. one small folding sauce pan, one metal spoon, one metal fork, and a medium-sized kitchen knife. All of it together would barely fill a shoebox. "No!" Amanda jumped up, clutching her shawl around her with white-knuckled hands. "She'd only. 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. "Fro glad to hear it". twice, and propped my feet up. and who need not resemble each other any more than siblings usually do. ?Do you know what it's called?" he asked. "The disease you've got?" "I'll get it," McKillian said, turning toward the lab. exploring the ship and I have very little time since I'm to be up at four o'clock in the morning. I was told. The trap door had been nailed firmly shot this time, and even Amos could not think of a plan. could scrounge. It would be useful later for heating, and for recharging batteries. They managed to convert plastic packing crates into fuel containers by lining them with sheets of the double-walled material the whirligigs used to heat water. They were nervous at this vandalism, but had no other choice. They kept looking nervously at the graveyard as they ripped up meter-square sheets of it. presents problems legally, if nothing else. He's the captain of a ship and should not leave it. That's what. "But that's not important. The important thing is what you said from the first, and I'm surprised you didn't see it. If we're a colony, we expand. By definition. Historian, what happened to colonies that failed to expand?" "No threats," says the tech. "Just a suggestion." glanced his way, however, was Evelyn, the woman behind the refreshment stand. He went to other. Amos was so delighted he jumped up and down. The prince swam to shore, and Amos helped him. the lowly mission commander. He saw himself as another Michael Collins. features or faces or even separate bodies. There are simply too many people to comprehend. The crowd. Barry left the cubicle feeling so transcendent and relaxed that he was five blocks from Center St. But, at the boat, all had not gone according to Amos' plan during the night. The grey man, still puzzling. the rest of the group, and then Moog Indigo slides into the last number with scarcely a pause. Jain turns. "Done!" "ready. How about you?" asserting there's no such thing as great art; some, that whatever moves one intensely is great art. Both are. private aircraft on private landing fields, we manage to discourage most reporters and curiosity seekers." and a rape and knifing in an alley off La Brea. Only the gunshot victim had bled to death, but there had. of the bricklayers and one of the brickmakers about the free foot clinic. The bricklayer said that if they. "Nothing. Just routine." Obviously he thought I was a police detective. No point in changing his mind. "Where was he last night when the Herddn woman died?" with an ease that surprised him. Gently she took down the skin. She shook it out once and smoothed the. There's one sure gauge for judging a part of town: the movie theaters. It never fails. For instance, a new picture hadn't opened in downtown L.A. in a long, long time. The action ten years ago was on the Boulevard. Now it's hi Westwood. The grand old Pantages, east of Vine and too near the freeway, used to be the site of the most glittering premieres. They even had the Oscar ceremonies there for 8 while. Now it shows exploitation and double-feature horror films. Only Grauman's Chinese and the once Paramount once Loew*s, now. link between performer and audience. Just one glorified feedback transceiver: pick up the empathic load. yellow veil, obscures the curved neck of Thoth-Nepenthes; then he is beyond it, drifting down to the. unbroken anchors on the side farthest from him. There was a gush of snow and dust; then the floor. Sirocco sighed. "I suppose I have to put it in writing that I authorized the assault on my own initiative and without any substantiating data." He cocked his head at Colman. "Happen to know anyone around here who makes a good pair of pants?" "Who was Detweiler visiting?" I asked as I lit the cigarette. The lighter felt cool and expensive in my hand. "You two are unbelievable," Barry said. "Do you honestly think rd sell you my endorsements? Assuming?" he knocked on the varnished walnut coffee table? "I pass my exam." Singh told his people to stop, and he stood back admiring the complexity of the life in such a barren. through. They were eaten away." She waited for Lang to protest that the dome bottom was about as. faces she's seeing. Babe, no man can fill me like they do. Something in Barry's manner finally conveyed the nature of his distress. The light dawned: "You have. It's gonna be a hell of a concert. He blushed. "Is it that obvious?" difference if Mary Lang had tried to save him first. could be imagined: red and yellow and brown rock outcroppings and tumbled boulders. And in the. beckoned them over to her. They linked arms and stood staring up at the sky. gunned the jeep over the rutted roadway, peering into the shimmering haze. A: Buy Jupiter!. He shook his

head, perplexed. "I'll tell you, Madeline, it doesn't make sense to me. Surely if you. She got up without disturbing him and went to the cupboard where she found a white linen towel. She washed the wound with water. The cut was long but it was not deep. Some scratch got in the woods perhaps. She knew it would heal before morning. So she lay down beside him and fitted her body to his. Brother Hart stirred slightly but did not waken. Then Hinda, too, was asleep. You may reapply for another examination at any time. An examination score in or above the eighth. "You're right," said McKUlian. "I don't really know. But I have a theory. Since these plants waste nothing, why not conserve them" bodies when they die? They sprouted from the ground; isn't it possible they could withdraw when things start to get tough again? They'd leave spores behind them as they retreated, distributing them all through the soil. That way, if the upper ones blew away or were sterilized by the ultraviolet, the ones just below them would still thrive when the right conditions returned. When they reached the permafrost, they'd decompose into this organic slush we've postulated, and. . . well, it does get a little involved, doesn't it?". "What you can do with your stickers," Barry said resolutely, "is stick them up your ass. Your asses. Outside, the clouds hung so low the top of the ship's tallest mast threatened to prick one open. The wind tossed about in Amos* red hair and scurried in and out of his rags. Sitting on the railing of the ship was a sailor splicing a rope. closing time be asked if they would either consider giving him an endorsement. They said they would. "It would be all right for a while," she recalled. "But the pressure would build until I had to go out and find someone to talk to. It is a basic human need, after all. Perhaps the basic need. I had no choice." There was much rustling and squirming for the next few minutes as they got out of their clothes. Song brushed against Crawford in the dark and they murmured apologies. Then they all bedded down in their own bunks. It was several tense, miserable hours before anyone got to sleep.

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