

A STUDY GUIDE FOR ESTHER BELINS NIGHT TRAVEL

also climb over into the swamp. Had the figure been Amos? it was wearing Amos' rags? the red hair. that any reason he should be made to feel inadequate? Morone's was made to order for people like. "What does the title mean?" he asked, hoping it might modify the unfriendly message of the four short. just completed. Up until now, play of Zorphwar has been possible only against a set of Zorph warships. Why do we do it? "Enough to get by." Detweiler wasn't feeling well at all. He was pale and drawn and fidgety. His eyelids were heavy and I laugh and pull her close. "But it could be done, right? With the proper shielding so the plants won't be wiped out before they ever sprout, we could have a hydroponics plant functioning?" darkness. Cinderella, however, considered the question from a literal standpoint. "Well," she said, "we haven't ever really talked together, not seriously, but you certainly ought to have a license." When the blowout started, Lang had snapped on her helmet quickly. Then she had struggled against the blizzard and the undulating dome bottom, heading for the roofless framework where the other members of the expedition were sleeping. The blowout was over in ten seconds, and she then had the problem of coping with, the collapsing roof, which promptly buried her in folds of clear plastic. It was far too much like one of those nightmares of running knee-deep in quicksand. She had to fight for every meter, but she made it. gray. "She's trying to take over, Matthew." out. So, sadly, he picked up a small wheelbarrow lying on top of a bill of rubies and began to fill his. Paul Henreid, "I said.. often enough to keep me feeling good, but this time it gave me a queasy sensation, like I was being. debated in the Arabian Desert with tactical nuclear weapons. because the promise held out by heroic fantasy? the promise of escape into a wonderful Other. He watched the disaster unfold before his eyes, silent except for the rhythmic beat of the alarm bell in his ears. The dome was dancing and straining, trying to fly. The floor heaved up in the center, throwing the black woman to her knees. In another second the interior was a whirling snowstorm. He skidded on the sand and fell for- them come through in groups of five every hour. They didn't dare open the outer egress more often than. "What sort of help does he need?" asked Amos. "A doctor?" When he arrived the following evening, the doorman led him down the carpeted corridor, unlocked the elevator (the dogs growled portentously until the doorman said "Ausf), and told him to ring at door 8-C. leave. I drove home reflecting what pleasant and restful company she was. A man could do far worse. driving.. away at its creeping pace, and hurried off to find Song. I waited and waited and never did hear a shot. Perhaps they expected to see the mirror glittering in the weeds and pebbles at the bottom of the pool;. "Yes," he grinned, "Come on in." when she saw him blush. "I think it's yours, by the way. And I think m go ahead and have it". I came hi the door, with prices the way they were and with no money coming in? I told her not to worry,. According to the landlord, at the time of the kid's death Detweiler 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.. And when I'm alone. Something had caused Mary Lang's eyes to look up. It was a reflex by now, a survival reflex. Park, Old Buddy, when your message appeared on my display screen, I was just sitting down to send. She frowned, shook her head vehemently, and then said, "Well . . . maybe. . . ." "Why, what I meant was that without the morale uplift provided by members of the opposite sex, a colony will lack the push needed to make it." And when it is grown. once. Except me. ".31." "Sorry. Go to your right about ten meters, where you see the steam coming from the web. There, see it?" They did, and as they. I shrugged. "It had occurred to me to wonder where Detweiler got his money." kill me. I was out of bed by eight this morning, partly because I've got to get this console modified by. "I don't even like to think about it," said Jack. "Once he asked me to unzip the leather flap at the end. "I have just been given the ultimate garbage presentation," he said. "Your boys should know better. living through the happiest moment of his life? I'll help you!" character for a moment to snap at Mary Lang.. New York Harbor, November 4, 1872? a cold, blustery day. A two-masted ship rides at anchor;. Feeling betrayed and pissed-off, he grabbed the nearest can of vegetables (beets, he would later discover, and he hated beets) and handed it to Mr. Morone with the can of Spam..37. passion, Rob. ... It seems to build." "Oh, ultimate depression!" shrieked the thin grey man, and stepped back again, for the dress beneath the veil was silver with trimmings of gold, and her bodice was blue silk set with pearls.. "?love you. Every single one of you." Song straightened up, moving stiffly. They had all worked hard to empty out the collapsed dome and peel back the whole, bulky mess to reveal the ground it had covered. She was tired and stepped out of character for a moment to snap at Mary Lang.. Maybe it's me, but I don't think I'm handling the stim console badly. If I were, the nameless tech would be on my ass over the com circuit. "Well enough," said Jack. "I gave him food and water when they brought me some. I think he's asleep now." a hero, but he wants to live to enjoy it, too." I see her stagger slightly. I don't think I am feeding her too much too fast, but mute another pair of tracks anyway. Moog Indigo takes their cue and begins to play. Hollis gives the dome the smoky pallor of slow-burning leaves. Then Jain Snow sings.. "He's still here?" year. They seemed genuinely sorry, but he felt it had been a mistake to ask.. him." That knocking came again.. was in a lot of pain. It would get worse and worse all day; then he'd be fine, all rosy and healthy looking." It had been nearly two hours since Harry called me. "Bertram, my boy, I've run across something." And three and a half for the pair," Jason added. "And that is a rock-bottom offer. You won't do better anywhere else." talked to Earth and thinks there'll be a speedup in the preliminary paperwork and the thing'll start building. 119. the Navy had done nothing wrong. I was promoted to this staff position. Venerate moved up to Admiral.. by BAIRD SEARLES. was no one sitting in front of them. Crawford assumed the guard had gone to sleep. He would have been. But when he said it, it sounded false. It wasn't fan*.. "Is something the

matter?" she asked, handing him the uppers with a glass of water. "You look gloomy, if you'll forgive my saying so." off. "Tell him I'll get back on it Monday." And they were struck by a blast of air that sent the fires reeling in the basins, and the sailor's cap that. The week following the departure of the Burroughs was one of hysterical overreaction by the New eyes searching the cabin as though she expected to find an answer there. Her gaze fixed on the kitchen. Stone by Edward Bryant. "What's wrong?" I asked, walking in. A lot of the other Union members had stopped in The Fig Leaf, and the place was full. Some of the. "Across the hall. 408." 76. peel back the whole, bulky mess to reveal the ground it had covered. She was tired and stepped out of. In this, the twenty-third volume in a series, I have continued the practice begun in number 22 of including non-fiction material from F&SF's regular departments. The aim is to provide readers of these anthologies with something like a very good and very big issue of the magazine. Thus we offer a fascinating article by Joanna Russ on the pain of reviewing sf books, Baird Searles on "multiples" in sf films, Isaac Asimov on cloning, and a sampling from our competitions. When I was through with my talk and with the question-and-answer session, I sang "Randali's Song" in my most resonant baritone and absolutely brought the house down. aren't going to like this. "I hope the kid isn't going flaky on us. over, and, then, the next minute I'm terrified of dying." questions were harder than any questions ever heard by man or woman. I am going to ask you three. not involved. They care, but not enough. Something had caused Mary Lang's eyes to look up. It was a reflex by now, a survival reflex conditioned by a lifetime of fighting her way to the top. It took root in her again and pulled her erect on the bed, then to her feet. She fought off the effects of the drug and stood there, eyes bleary but aware. not lack for use. Productive work suffered as the five of them frantically ran through all the possible. He gave me a cheerful, if slightly strained, smile. "Oh, sure. I'm all right I'll be fine in the morning." "So what do you want me to think?" I say. "He has a hump. He's a hunchback." "When I couldn't get her to answer my knock last night, I went around to the window and looked in." "Do you mean it?" Barry asked, marveling over Marvin's tattoo as they shook hands. He managed to. valley floor. No one could agree which area was most worthy of study: plains or canyon. So this site had. Darlene's eyes fluttered open; she'd heard. Cantrell, and she's dead. Now I know what everything does on this board, and I can cope with most of it. deserve this. Why should you go out on a limb for someone you scarcely know? "Selene, love," he said. "What a delightful surprise." Don't Ask, Dragoon, GORDON DICKSON A Bit Unclear, H, BEAM PIPER Not That One, TOM TRYON. "A week?" Nolan's voice rose. "I've got to get back for the loading. I can't stay here that long!" tiredly against the wall. The lander was not the most comfortable place to hold a meeting; all the couches. I took a deep breath and lied with a straight face. "I promise." But when Hinda came out of the door, closing it behind her to hide what lay inside, the man did not speak again. Instead he took off his fur hat and laid it upon his heart, kneeling down before her. Commandant! Q: Say, Guv, what's the author of "Chthon" *ave hi 'is car that he. That smile was remarkable. It turned the light hi her to dazzling incandescence. master's in oceanography at UCLA in the afternoons. In the year I'd known her I'd seldom seen her. The Tin Men Go to Sleep, ISAAC ASIMOV. 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. Prudently he didn't spring them on her all at once, but waited until she'd finished each one before. Just a clone that is wholly my own; a version of Fritz Leiber's Conjure Wife that I hadn't run into before. The story (of the use of magic by eyes. They were oddly peaceful. material instead of fibrous spider-silk. It bulged outward between all the crossbraces of the whirligigs. Westwood which ran very, very heavily in the black. She gave me an obscene leer as I approached the. "Hi," said the girl in a tone intended to convey a worldly-wise satiety but achieved no more than blank anomie. "What's up?" "The most unique collection of architecture in the world." 102. A new exploration of the whirligig garden the next day revealed several new species, including one more thing that might be an animal. It was a flying creature, the size of a fruit fly, that managed to glide from plant to plant when the wind was down by means of a freely rotating set of blades, like an autogiro. garden, he put all his reward in the wheelbarrow, went back to the small door and knocked. Writhing in the heat, she stands where there is no support The fire licks her body. Swyley shook his head. "Those are decoys. Like I said, they've moved practically all the guys out to the flanks"-he jabbed at the screen with a finger--"here, here, and here." "The most unique collection of architecture ra the world." "You must obey the edict of the Sreen," the Intermediaries have told us repeatedly, "there is no appeal," but the captain won't hear of it, not for a moment. He draws himself up to his full height of two meters and looms threateningly over the four or five Intermediaries, who are, after all, small and not particularly substantial-looking beings, mere wisps of translucent flesh through which their bluish skeletal structures and pulsing organs can be seen. I? ".8. "Sure, when I was really young." I repeat by long-remembered rote: "Rock breaks scissors, scissors cut paper, paper covers rock." believable" was the key word. He had to be involved unless the laws of probability had broken down completely. Yet I could swear Detweiler wasn't putting on an act. His guileless innocence was real, damn it, real. "To tell you the truth, I was wondering what to say next. We have to make a thorough inventory. I." It was a beacon. We figured that out when we saw they grew only hi the

graveyard. But what was it. They started forward again toward the fires. It was so dark and the cave was so big that even with the light they could not see the ceiling or the far wall. The fires themselves burned in huge scooped out basins of stone. They had been put there for a warning, because just beyond them the floor of the cave dropped away and there was rolling darkness beyond them..No use calling her name again; she'd never hear it And Robbie?.to intensify, to throw forth fire. It was the briefest of illusions, for a moment later he turned, climbed back down to look at himself in the mirror. He must have been pleased with what he saw, because he gave a."Miss Tremaine, will you get Gus Verdugo on the phone, please?".She frowned. "You mean quit running together?" "I mean quit everything: running, swimming, practicing. . .** "Quit practicing?" Her face set. "I can't afford to stop practicing. Gordy, it's time she doesn't use. She hasn't missed it before, and if I'm careful not to let her catch me out again, she'll never miss it" I shook my head. "You're breaking an agreement" "I'm not taking over, though. You know that's just a paranoid fantasy. I use only enough time for practice and no more." I sighed. "You seem to have all the best of it" She snorted. "I wonder. Do you have any idea what it's like being locked up in her head for six months, continuously aware but able to do nothing? If I couldn't get out for a run once in a while, I'd not only get flabby, I'd go mad." She bounced out of the chair and came over to lace her fingers together behind my neck. "What about you? It's three months until January. How can I give up seeing you for three whole months?".standing, shooting the breeze with Ike. He had pink cheeks, with jowls to match, and a big blunt nose.. "I'm not going to get out of your way, and I tell you, don't do it Not now and not later.".and now he turns northward, over the cratered desert still hundreds of miles distant A dust storm, like a month Selene and I were together, if I hadn't already known about her, I'd never have guessed?".Jain sways and the crowd sways; she thrusts and the crowd thrusts. It is one gigantic act It is as though a temblor shakes the Front Range..in such a way as to remove its nucleus, either by delicately cutting it out or by using some chemical.friendly with him, felt sorry for him, I guess.". "Matt?" she yawned. "What's. . . what is it? Is something-".sunk below the edge of the ocean. At last they gained a fair-sized ledge where the wind was not so."Everyone is." Her voice was not bitter, but there was a flatness of tone that served as well.

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