

USE OF CHURCH AND CHURCH SCHOOL CONGREGATIONS OF THE REORGANIZED

curtain fell on him. His back was scarred, little white lines like scratches grouped around a hole. "You want a cigarette?" It took about ten minutes. The thing raised its mouth and crawled over beside the boy's face. It sat on the arm of the couch like a little gnome and smiled. It ran its fingers down the side of Detweiler's cheek and pushed his damp hair back out of his eyes. Detweiler's expression was euphoric. He sighed softly and opened his eyes sleepily. After a while he sat up. The grey man went over and picked up a tangerine-colored alley cat that had been searching for fish. seen since I was a kid. Though it wore a mellow patina of age, it had been preserved with neat's-foot oil. rectangles, pasted them onto letter envelopes, some of which he stacked loose; others he bundled. The next morning, Tuesday, the 3rd, I called Miss Tremaine and told her I'd be late getting in but would check in every couple of hours to find out if the slinky blonde looking for her kid sister had shown up. She humphed. folding skillet, one small folding sauce pan, one metal spoon, one metal fork, and a medium-sized kitchen. dismal actuality of Intensity Five went beyond anything he could have imagined. A cavernous one-room. to Prague to have a dozen artificial vaginas implanted all over his body. Nerve grafts, neural rerouting, the. will just about cover the rent, and I'm smoking Bugler instead of Winstons. And any day now, as Debbie. to give the place the benefit of his doubt and loiter awhile. Lang sat back down and patted the ground around her, ground that was covered in a multiple layer. The room had been cleaned with pine-sol disinfectant and smelled like a public toilet. Harry Spinner. "Sir," I say, "there's nothing we can do here. We're just going to have to return home and let Earth figure a way out of this thing. Let them handle it." Absurd, absurd, I know how absurd the suggestion is even as I voice it, no one on Earth is going to be able to defy the edict. "We haven't any choice, sir, they want us to go now, and I think we'd better do it". species. "What do you think that feels like, here?" She grabbed a handful of white nylon in the general area of. In thirteen minutes the firefight was all over. Colman stood on the gravel bank of the stream and watched as a bewildered major was led from the enemy bunker, followed by his numb staff, who joined the gaggle of disarmed defenders being herded together under the watchful eyes of smirking Third Platoon guards. The primary objective had been to take prisoners and obtain intelligence, and the crop had yielded two captains in addition to the major, a first and a second lieutenant, a chief warrant officer, a sergeant major, two sergeants, and over a dozen enlisted men. Moreover, the call-sign lists and maps had been seized intact, along with invaluable communications and weapons-control equipment. Not a bad haul at all, Colman reflected with satisfaction. space firms. But I've got one marketable talent? what the interviewer called a peculiarly coordinative. printing it although writing book reviews (except for places like the New York Times) is underpaid. wrapping its appendages around his calf, bleating all the while, "No, no, you must abide by the edict. Crawford looked at it briefly, then squatted down beside the rest, wondering what all the fuss was about. Everyone looked very solemn, almost scared. Upstart by Steven Utley 157. somebody. If he'd scored in the first percentile, he'd have been issued this license the same as if he'd. "Sure, when I was really young." I repeat by long-remembered rote: "Rock breaks scissors, scissors cut paper, paper covers rock." At intervals while dressing or looking into the bathroom mirror, he stared as if into an invisible camera. ANDERSON'S Me Call Joe. I rolled and lit a cigarette to see how bad my hands were shaking. Pretty bad, I saw. I blew out a lungful of smoke. "I wonder what he wanted," I said. married. the hunter stepped out of the woods on the very path that Brother Hart usually took, Hinda gave a gasp. "You mean identify the solvent these things use? Probably, if we can get some sort of work space and I can get to my equipment". matter of practical fact, however, a mother's womb can only hold so much, and if there are multiple. we have not, since their essential meaning only dawns on us the second tune round. "Where can I reach you?" she asked as I hung up the phone. Something in Barry's manner finally conveyed the nature of his distress. The light dawned: "You have retreated, distributing them all through the soil. That way, if the upper ones blew away or were sterilized. have destroyed me. However, when you made your attack, I was safely docked at a base star and thus. He grinned his beguiling grin and picked up my discard. "It's very . . . unusual. Have you lived here. clever man, Amos knew there were some situations in which it was a waste of wit to try and figure a way. lift in the other, all the emeralds I can haul up from a well in a brass kettle, and a chance to see a man. around through a random maze, going through more gates that opened when they neared them. The owner-manager of the court was one of those creatures peculiar to Hollywood. She must have been a starlet in the Twenties or Thirties, but success had eluded her. So she had tried to freeze herself in time. She still expected, at any moment, a call from The Studio. But her flesh hadn't cooperated. Her hair was the color of tarnished copper, and the fire-engine-red lipstick was painted far past her thin lips. Her watery eyes peered at me through a Lone Ranger mask of Maybelline on a plaster-white face. Her dress had obviously been copied from the wardrobe of Norma Shearer. "You take it easy. What's this about another one?". McKHlian looked horrified, as any good ecologist would. Just then, behind the bars, Amos saw the pile of grubby grey blankets move. A corner fell away and he saw just the edge of something as red as his own bright hair. Then he found his voice and cried out; cried out again as he saw the open window and the gray vacancy of the clearing beyond. "The verdict will probably end up accidental death. Everybody's bonded. Jain was insured for. even as I voice it, no one on Earth is going to be able to defy the edict. "We haven't any choice, sir, they." All right, but including the two you've already written. "Now don't be sad," said Amos. "We need all our wits about us." then the cabin, then the forecastle. She was nothing if not honest. In the succeeding mornings, if I ran too slowly, she simply left me behind. She was blunt about what she thought and not at all hesitant about disagreeing with me. Still, there was no verbal swordplay and no pretense about her, which was as attractive in its way as Amanda's charming acquiescence. And I never ceased to be fascinated by the difference between Amanda's serenity and Selene's coUed-spring energy. Mary Lang sighed, slapped her thighs, and stood up.

Like all the others, she was nude and seemed totally at home with it. None of them had worn anything but a Martian pressure suit for eight years. She ran her hand lovingly over the gossamer wall, the wall that had provided her and her fellow colonists and their children protection from the cold and the thin air for so long. He was struck by her easy familiarity with what seemed to him outlandish surroundings. She looked at home. He couldn't imagine her anywhere else. beckoned them over to her. They linked arms and stood staring up at the sky. The commission agents who had handled the orders for the first Ozo were found out and had to. 216. "Can't they wait? I've been sleuthing all day and I'm bushed." She did not move or answer. It's rare but pleasant when both productions of a single story come out well. One Million B.C. gave. The sun was poking over the mountains when he woke up. He roused and was momentarily unaware of where he was; then memory flooded back. He turned to me. The pain and hysteria were gone from his eyes. They were oddly peaceful. She threw up her hands. "How can I make you understand? This is nothing like anything I've ever." "I've never eaten human flesh," Lang went on, "but I think I know what it must taste like. Those vines over and touched his arm. He stirred and clutched at my hand. I looked at his sleeping face and didn't. 38. Books: In Defense of Criticism by Joanna Russ. 5. A very short poem to be carved on the tombstone of her least favorite president, living or dead. Rainbow. which disguises itself as cliché, that first novel whose beginning, alas, was never revised, that gem of a 861's. Everyone here in Headquarters is too excited about the prospect of selling that kind of hardware. "Listen, Jain?" "What brings you to the Megalo Corporation?" I asked him, trying to affect the nonchalance of a happy executive. The production model was ready for shipping in September. It was a simplified version of the. The room had been cleaned with pine-oH disinfectant and smelled like a public toilet. Harry Spinner was on the floor behind the bed, scrunched down between it and the wall. The almost colorless chenille bedspread had been pulled askew exposing part of the clean, but dingy, sheet. All I could see of Harry was one leg poking over the edge of the bed. He wasn't wearing a shoe, only a faded brown-and-tan argyle sock with a hole in it. The sock, long bereft of any elasticity, was crumpled around his thin rusty ankle. than cloning. trembled. A marbled pool of the same colors spread from her feet into the carpet. She stood with her alien artifact mixed in with caveman bones, or a spaceship entering the system. I guess I was thinking in. By this time life was flowing slowly back into his listeners. Although many of them were still too astonished by his proposal to react visibly, heads were nodding, and the murmurs running around the room seemed positive. Congreve nodded and smiled faintly as if savoring the thought of having kept the best part until last. sticker dangling from his fingertip. you thinking I'm a monster. They grabbed the ring and pulled the door back. Through the opening there was only the green. that Barry conveyed without trying. "Getting round behind B Company, and up over spur Four-nine-three," Colman suggested as he studied the image. from Competition 13" Excerpts from myopic early sf or Utopian novels. "So we'll put that one in the Fairy Godmother file and forget about it. If it happens, fine. But we'd. Forever. piece is on the top of a windy mountain so high the North Wind lives in a cave there. again, he sees the sails flapping, then bellying out full. The sea is rising. He looks for the boat, but now. "You'll stay right here," Lang barked, "We know there's not enough power in them to hurt the ship, but it could kill you if it hit you right. We stay right here until it goes off. The hell with the damage. And shut that door, quick!" predator. identical with those of the original organisms, except for occasional mutations. If the organism is very. there was dried blood all over his face and hands from the nosebleed he'd only recently gotten under. She hooted a single derisory hoot. "I thought you said you liked music!" "Those who lead, lead," he said, simply. "I'll follow you as long as you keep leading." We were high now. Looking down over my left shoulder, I could see the diminutive dwellings of the city. "I suppose it is," Barry said noncommittally. He couldn't figure out why the usher wanted to tell him about a department store in Japan. "That means," said Lea, "I was put in this trunk by a wizard so great and so old and so terrible that. half to pick up my final check, some subordinate I've never seen before gives me the envelope. Then my own little clone. the clearing's edge, looking at Hinda, measuring her with his eyes. Then he laughed and crossed to her. He pushed the door all the way open and stepped back. It was a good-sized living room come to life from the pages of a decorator magazine. A kitchen behind a half wall was on my right. A hallway led somewhere on my left. Directly in front of me were double sliding glass doors leading to the terrace. On the terrace was a bronzed hunk of beef stretched out nude trying to get bronzer. The hunk opened his eyes and looked at me. He apparently decided I wasn't. 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. 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. scooping it up and stuffing it into the maw of their own craft, establishing communication with us through their Intermediaries, then issuing their incredible edict. They do not appear to care that they have interfered with Humankind's grandest endeavor. Our vessel is Terra's first bona fide starship, in which the captain and I were to have accelerated through normal space to light-velocity, activated the tardyon-tachyon conversion system and popped back into normal space in the neighborhood of Alpha Centauri. I can understand how the captain feels. You should have insisted on dinner last night. Playing hostess for the Senator. "Well, I'm awfully grateful. I mean you scarcely know me." "Since a pump is not an organic system, I presume the expression is an expletive," Horace observed chattily. In answer to all the requests for more positive, upbeat sf with some good old-fashioned Heros, we offer with some hesitation this tale of first contact between lowly Human and mighty Sreen. these parts, if kept in their usual environment, will each grow into a complete organism. The new. did the slogging, and the brickmaker said that that was just the kind of a place a labor-faker like him

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