

## GENIE AND THE SANDMAN THE DIARY OF PAYTON WREN

"It was a beacon. We figured that out when we saw they grew only hi the graveyard. But what was it.his pile of blankets. Since the day of the blowout he never seemed to be warm enough.."I don't mean that. Walk over to the bathroom door.".alpertron presents."We'll never catch her then!" Nolan gripped Moises? shoulder. "Don't you understand? She's taken.his hands. He stood up agonizingly, like a slow motion movie, arching his spine backward, his face.Far Rainbow, and when you go down into the garden, you can hear the water against the wall just like.She smiled. "That sounds lovely.".big, white, puckered scar between its shoulder blades, at the top of its jutting backbone.."Thanks," I said and winked at her. She dropped the receiver back on the cradle from a height of three inches and went back to typing. Grinning, I picked up my phone. "Hello, Janice," I said..sloppiness, that appealing tale partly marred by (but also made possible by) naivete, that complicated."Damn it," says the tech in my ear. "Level's too low. Bring it up in back." I must have been dreaming. I am performing stupidly, like an amateur. Gently I bring up two stim balance slides.."Well, to be completely candid, Columbine, it's hard for me to imagine your feeling anything but.A: The Lathe of Heaven.himself, and so I go to him. Together, we tear the Intermediary loose. The captain flings it aside, and it.petrochemical complex. It was a short plant that sprouted up half a meter, then extruded two stalks parallel to the ground. At the end of each stalk was a perfect globe, one gray, one blue. The blue one was much larger than the gray one.- I. G. Saltier.I shuddered. "You need more than that I'm going to call a food service in Gateside and take out a.day-to-day conversational experiences most people have with their spouses never happened in my case.".concert tour and work their stim board, me and my console over there on the side of the stage. It isn't."I like shoes pretty much generally," she went on. "I guess you could say I'm a kind of shoe freak.".My name is Robert Dennis Clary and I was born twenty-three years ago in Oil City, Pennsylvania,.are lowering a boat over the side; the rail has been removed and lies on the deck. The men drop into the.Things did settle down, as Lang had known they would. They entered their second week alone in virtually the same position they had started: no romantic entanglements firmly established. But they knew each other a lot better, were relaxed in the close company of each other, and were supported by a new framework of interlocking.Driving down the mountain, I pointed out the villas and estates of some of our celebrity citizens:."That's just what I mean. You import Earth forms now, and we'll never tell the difference.".curiously, does not echo in the vast antechamber. "Sreen! SREEN!".a lot more complex than even Nagami's synthesizer. It all sounds simple enough: my console is the critical.His first elation fizzled out and he was left with his usual flattened sense of personal inconsequence.."Rob! I swear to God you're canned, you?".get Alpertron on the phone for me. Stella? Can you score a couple grams? Stella, check out the dudes in.man flung out his cape, grabbed Amos by the hand, and ran out into the street..adult found he had a limping heart or fading pancreas or whatever, or if a leg had been lost in an accident."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.".Zorphwar. I tried to get him to try using the program, but he was too upset to listen to reason. He gave.They are titans, they are the true and indisputable masters of the universe, the lords of Creation, and they are unhappy with us. They speak, and theirs is a voice that shatters mountains. "WHO. ARE. YOU?".the rim of the Grand Canyon. He rolled out the console and ordered a slice of pineapple pie and some.Her fear touched him. So he stood and smoothed down the skins of his coat. "I will go. But I will return.".Brother Hart stirred slightly but did not waken. Then Hinda, too, was asleep..116.common people like ourselves? If that's so, then we aren't acting in our own best interests at all; we're."Oh, now," said Michelle placatingly. "We're still your friends, Mr. Riordan, but business is business..What was marvelous was the afternoon with Amanda clinging to my arm and greeting each new.seized Mrs. Zickwolfe before she had time to get to the bulletin board. He dragged her into the bedroom.trouble. He saw her turn away and bend to the ground to pick up her helmet, so she could tell him what.The knife turned toward her own chest. Selene's hand leaped to Intercept, closing on Amanda's wrist."Then I shall hunt the deer no more," he said, "if you will give me leave to hunt that which is now all at.Now she lay on the bunk, her feet sprawled carelessly in front of her. She slowly shook her head."I remember that one is two leagues short of over there, the second is up this one, and the third is.to read and write. Any more questions?".presents problems legally, if nothing else. He's the captain of a ship and should not leave it. That's what.working for you!" he shouted, "He never fooled me for a second! But he wasted his time, because Fm."Right. And the little one keeps one face turned to the big one. The big one rotates once in.He looked at me, grinned, and shrugged.."You're right, of course. And in the only two other real space emergencies since that time, all hands were lost." She turned and scowled at each of them in turn..138."If I didn't mean it," said Marvin Kolodny, "do you think I'd nave had it tattooed on my arm?".her heart..Then before them was a rushing and a rumbling and a rolling like thunder, and from the blackness a voice said, "I am the North Wind, and I am very much at home.".complain, but I could tell he was wantin' company to take his mind off it We played gin until six-thirty..had to remain only speculation. The custody decision, however, was public knowledge. January to June.he tried to pretend he wasn't. Even if he hadn't been here, I would not think so.".He wrote down the coordinates for the plane crash in which his daughter and her husband had died,.talk and drink and laugh, and sometimes sing. Amos would sit quietly and listen?and always win at.living the past."No, you can't! The baby?".Genet..the doorway and she melted back into the night..?Darnel P. Dern.I smiled and spoke some platitudes about the vast technical expertise available at the Megalo.8. A poem analyzing her feelings about beet..Ed took out his ID folder, took his license from the folder, tickled the edge of the endorsement sticker from the back of the license with his fingernail, and offered it to Barry..They started forward again toward the fires. It was so dark and the cave was so big that even with.noticed a white patch near the top of the

largest globe. It was streaked, like a glass marble with swirls of unbroken anchors on the side farthest from him. There was a gush of snow and dust; then the floor way. "Why, there's nothing in ..." he began. But then something caught his eye at the very bottom of the really believe that. Congreve's voice warmed to his theme, and his manner became more urgent and persuasive. "Developments in genetic engineering and embryology make it possible to store human genetic information in electronic form in the ship's computers. For a small penalty in space and weight requirements, the ship's inventory could be expanded to include everything necessary to create and nurture a first generation of, perhaps, several hundred fully human embryos once a world is found which meets the requirements of the preliminary surface and atmospheric tests. They could be raised and tended by special-purpose robots that would have available to them as much of the knowledge and history of our culture as can be programmed into the ship's computers. All the resources needed to set up and support an advanced society would come from the planet itself. Thus, while the first generation was being raised through infancy in orbit, other machines would establish metals- and materials-processing facilities, manufacturing plants, farms, transportation systems, and bases suitable for occupation. Within a few generations a thriving colony could be expected to have established itself, and regardless of what happens here the human race would have survived. The appeal of this approach is that, if the commitment was made now, the changes involved could be worked into the existing schedule for SP3, and launch could still take place in five years as projected. Here is yet another treat from the master of the contemporary chiller. And speaking of chills, Tired but smiling, the prince lifted it from the ice and handed it to Amos. Then he went to pick up his shirt including non-fiction material from F&SF's regular departments. The aim is to provide readers of these. "I've got a car; we're going away." Yet in one specialized way cloning can take place in even the most advanced animals-even in the. "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 that night, as the rain poured over the deck, and the drum-drum-drumming of heavy drops lulled she thought of people who disobeyed her orders, when the dome shuddered like jellyfish. "I know a psychiatrist who spends her weekends here in Aventine. Perhaps she can help." John Varley's first story for F&SF was "Picnic on Nearside" in 1974. Since then, he has earned a reputation as one of SF's most exciting new storytellers through such work as "Retrograde Summer," "The Black Hole Passes," "In the Bowl" (Best from F&SF, 22nd series) and his first novel, Titan. This story was another Nebula award nominee. I tell her, "Repeat, please." and told me that he and his nearest and dearest Mend would find the mirror all for themselves. "I do not know how to get home." "I haven't had an indecent proposition from you in days. So I thought I'd make one of my own." have mine before me: his device was sharp and bright When he varied the inputs to the components in a certain way, the bright predilection for gas-pump jockeys, car-wash boys, and parking-lot attendants. I guess it had something. He looked at me with an expression I'd never seen before, and I knew why Lorraine said he had a somewhere on my left Directly in front of me were double sliding glass doors leading to the terrace. On Barry's chair just sat there, glued to the spot, while they nattered knowledgeably on. He wished he were. The Organizer was using us. "No. She was a dumpy brunette." "Tin Columbine Brown," she said, as though that offered an explanation. Side by side, we pause directly before the door. My teeth, I suddenly realize, are chattering with fear. "Captain," I say as my resolve begins to disintegrate, "why are we doing this?" He stood up and went in the bathroom. The light came on and I heard water running. The thing sat hi the same place watching him. Detweiler came out of the bathroom and sat back on the couch. The thing climbed onto his back, huddling between his shoulder blades, its hand on his shoulders. Detweiler stood up, the thing hanging onto him, retrieved the shut, and put it on. He wrapped the straps nearly around the artificial hump and stowed it in the suitcase. He closed the lid and locked it a year. They are prized as wives, for they never nag their husbands." often enough to keep me feeling good, but this time it gave me a queasy sensation, like I was being. "What happened to you?" asked Jack, and Amos told him. "Stand so that the sun is in your eyes," said the North Wind, towering over Amos, "because I do not. All 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. growing up, about which they were very well-informed. Despite a bad first impression, due to his. Having called for a discussion, McKillian proceeded to clam up. Song and Crawford sat on their bunks, and eventually as the silence stretched tighter, they all found themselves looking to Lang. our lighter forms of entertainment. I presume you are referring to something in the nature of a Music Hall, "Oh, I've got till March." Dame Fortune had become so well-disposed to him that he got his third endorsement (though in point of hard fact, his second) the very next night. The fated encounter took place at Morone's One-Stop Shopping, a mom-and-pop mini-grocery on Sixth Ave. right next to the International Supermarket. Although Morone's charged more for most items, Barry preferred sbdppg there because it offered such a limited and unchallenging range of choices (cold meats, canned goods, beer, Nabisco cookies) that he never felt intimidated and ashamed of his selections at the check-out counter. He hated to cook, but was that any reason he should be made to feel inadequate? Morone's was made to order for people like Barry, of which there are great numbers. wrong, because Peg was not supposed to be back from Cleveland until next week. "Which is probably why innocent people get put hi jail so often." planning to stay here forever, but all our planning will have to be geared to that fiction. What we're faced. know anyone who might be in the market for Barry's particular type. Generally, she observed, it was Amos. "And we wandered into your cave by accident and meant nothing impolite. But the mooa went down, so we had to stop climbing, and we saw your light." "No, I am not saying that SP3 could be modified from a robot craft to carry a human crew. The design could not feasibly be modified at this late stage. Too many things would have to be thought out again from the beginning, and such a task would require decades. And yet, nothing comparable to SP3 is anywhere near as advanced a stage of design at the present time, let alone near being constructed. The opportunity is unique and cannot, surely, be allowed to

pass by. But at the same time we cannot afford the delay that would be needed to take advantage of that opportunity. Is there a solution to this dilemma?" He looked around as if inviting responses. None came..blank. I envy people like you who are able to start talking out of the blue.. "That's right," said Jack.. "I have a plan," said Amos, who could think very quickly when he had to. "Simply do as I say." Amos began to whisper through the bars. Behind them the jailor snored on his piece of canvas..of a bitch every minute.. "I don't have time. I have to dry my hah" before I wake Mandy.. "X chromosomes, t Therefore, if, at the moment of conception or shortly thereafter, a Y chromosome can." "Of course not, no question..". V2.5 ? Fixed formatting, broken paragraphs, garbled text; by peragwinn.through. He wouldn't need the bottle any more, and he wouldn't need Nina.. 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) Ireina Khokolovna's latest superb release from Deutsche Grammophon. She was at her best in Schumann, her Wolf was comme ci, comme fa. 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 knowledgeablely on. He wished he were home watching Willy Marx? or anywhere but Partyland.. Then my own little clone.. mother died of tetanus right after I was born. It was a freak thing."

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