

## WISHING FOR A DRAGON

He shrugged. "No idea." Margery Goldstein came. It's nice to know we weren't forgotten." She said it with total assurance, and the others were touch the console and push the stim to seventy-five. Fifty tracks are in. Jain, will you love me if I don't? "Oh, awful things," said Amos, "like onvbpmpf, and elmbmpf, and orghmflbfe." Smith hears the woman shriek. In a moment she too is over the rail and falling into the sea. Shaw, Pauline Kael, Eric Bentley, and James Blish have all done it. That I'm doing it too, doesn't. tall lithe man with hair, eye shadow, and fingernails striped fuchsia and lavender, broke off from the group. "To a cafe called The Gallery." She found the pins. Sitting down in the same chair Selene had occupied, she swept her hair up with her arms, then used one hand to hold it while she began pinning it in place. The poly turned a bright mottle of yellow and orange. The two of them had managed to salvage most of the dome. Working with patching kits and lasers to cut the tough material, they had constructed a much smaller dome. They erected it on an outcropping of bare rock, rearranged the exhaust to prevent more condensation on the underside, and added more safety features. They now slept in a pressurized building inside the dome, and one of them stayed awake on watch at all times. In drills, they had come from a deep sleep to full pressure-integrity in thirty seconds. They were not going to get caught again. 22. of pastel greens and yellows. series of animals with identical genetic equipment, except that in each case, one gene is removed or stature as they watched, seeming to grow until she dominated the group with the intangible power that. Now do not get the idea that everyone here is simply sitting around playing Zorphwar. That is far. I let myself into number seven with the master key. The drapes were closed, and so I took a chance. The computers had pronounced two men of Third Platoon killed and five wounded seriously enough to have been incapacitated. Colman was thinking to himself how nice it would be if real wars could be fought like that, when brilliant lights far overhead transformed the scene instantly into artificial day. He squinted against the sudden brightness for a few seconds, pushed his helmet to the back of his head, and looked around. The dead men and the seriously wounded who had been hit higher up on the slopes were walking down the trail in a small knot, while above them and to the sides, the other three platoons of D Company were emerging from cover. More activity was evident farther away along the gorge in both directions as other defending and attacking units came out into the open. Staff transporters, personnel carriers, and other types of flying vehicles were buzzing up from behind the more distant ridges where the sky ended. Colman hadn't realized fully how many troops had been involved in the exercise. An uncomfortable feeling began creeping into his mind - he had just brought to a premature end an elaborate game that staff people had been looking forward to for some time; these people probably wouldn't be too happy about it. They might even decide they didn't want him in the Army, he reflected philosophically. A good theory, but meanwhile he had the immediate problem of what in particular to talk about. "Have you heard about the giant department store in Japan?" he asked her. "It covers sixteen acres." "Miss Tremaine, you'd make somebody a wonderful mother." She didn't even humph; she just picked up her purse and stalked out. I sniveled the chair around and looked at the calendar. Tomorrow was the 4th. or Vaudeville. I assure you that, since the advent of Universal Education, even the popular taste has. "Howdoldothatr. In the sky the clouds swirled and bumped each other, trying to upset the rain. She scooted up beside me, keeping the sheet over her breasts, and tamed on the light. She rummaged around on the nightstand for a cigarette. "Who wants to divorce him?" but odder yet that, despite them, she looked like herself and not Amanda. Energy ran like a restless, self-willed thing under her skin. She could not even sit without that coiled-spring tension. late to get up. 192. "When I couldn't get her to answer my knock last night, I went around to the window and looked in. She was lying there with blood all over." She began to sniffle. Johnny got up and put his arms around her. He looked at me, grinned, and shrugged. He looked at her questioningly. let her stare wide-eyed at constructions like the Tree House, whose rooms unfolded like flowers along. "On your G-47 form you say you spend a lot of time at Partyland and similar speakeasies. I realize. "How?" made any attempts to communicate; she kept to herself, sleeping in the catamaran moored beside the bank across the river and not even venturing into the company store by day to purchase food. "The wetsuit comes off about four; then we'll have Saturday night and all of Sunday." "Why?" I walked back up the beach wondering in bemusement if I could be falling in love with two such different women at the same time. If so, how fortunate they were the same woman. can also take place), and it is also very common in the plant world. it had been decided that only in knowing their environment would they stand a chance. "It's elementary, my dear Sherlock," she said. "Andrew Detweiler is a vampire." I frowned at her. "Of course, he's a clever vampire. Vampires are usually stupid. They always give themselves away by leaving those two little teeth marks on people's jugulars." got around to inventing the wheel. I've sometimes wondered why not There are limitations, of course, but anything at all after spending every night wailing to those damned drums. Over their orange juices Columbine told Barry a long and very unhappy story about her estranged but nonetheless jealous and possessive husband, who was a patent attorney employed by Dupont in Wilmington, Delaware. Their marital difficulties were complex, but the chief one was a simple shortage of togetherness, since his job kept him in Wilmington and hers kept her in New York. Additionally, her husband's ideal of conversation was very divergent from her own. He enjoyed talking about money, sports, and politics with other men and bottled up all his deeper feelings. She was introspective, outgoing, and warmhearted. "This is what you were thinking just now?" he asked skeptically. "Are you disappointed?" Lee Killough has written a series of superior stories for F&SF that share a common theme (the future of the arts) and background (an artist's colony called Aventine). The tales are completely separate entities and may be enjoyed on their own. This one concerns the visit to Aventine of Selene and Amanda, two different personalities that snare the body of one beautiful young woman. In fact, the controls on this machine are unfamiliar, the

little viewers you have used all your life have two mighty fingers. There was a distant snap!, barely audible above the wind. Then the hand withdrew..A sponge, or a freshwater hydra, or a flatworm, or a starfish can, any of them, be torn into parts and these parts, if kept in then\* usual environment, will each grow into a complete organism. The new organisms are clones.."Ideas . . ." he said, in a slow, deliberate manner, as though each word had to be weighed on a scale.can be done, given the experience of three decades of public speaking) and saw two things at once..had to be out there, watch it with his own eyes. It didn't matter if he never lived to tell about it, he must.shines like a silver-gray stream. You press the knob down to get closer, and drop with a giddy swoop;.including non-fiction material from F&SF's regular departments. The aim is to provide readers of these.Tonight at the Hall, the Organizer told us to tighten our belts, that at the bargaining table this.red strips, leaving all the civilians stunned and quivering..sister. "I wish this enchantment were at an end."Can you believe in that as just a coincidence?".His dark eyes were astounding. If you blocked out the rest of the face, leaving nothing but the eyes,.time Crawford had taken a look. There were thick vines mat Song assured him were running with."Friendship is a rare thing these days," said Amos. "What sort of help do you and your friend need?". "So;if you'd like an endorsement from me ... ?" She reached into her back pocket, took out her.Nolan stared at her. "They worship snakes up there?".After the funeral I went to the Los Angeles Public Library and started checking back issues of the.Genet..everything, and so all I do is just write.".Just after New Year's, he told his partner that he wanted to sell out and retire. They discussed it in.You are forty, a respected scholar, taking a few days out to review your life, as many people do at your age. You have watched your mother and father coupling on the night they conceived you, watched yourself growing in her womb, first a red tadpole, then a thing like an embryo chicken, then a big-headed baby kicking and squirming. You have seen yourself delivered, seen the first moment when your.bricks the brickmakers made and said he'd like to see him slog around in mud and straw eight hours a.inflated and insulated,". "Ah, yes. The India." Moises nodded. "She is gone, in her catamaran, up the river. Two, maybe three.The room had been cleaned with pine-sol disinfectant and smelled like a public toilet. Harry Spinner.The grey man turned and raised grey eyebrows. "There is my friend, my nearest and dearest." He.course, are directly based on Mary Shelley's novel itself; of these, only one besides the great classic of.effort..material in the cytoplasm that provides the various chemicals that help serve to inhibit or stimulate e action.another twenty minutes and then follow him when he did leave. If he went anywhere but his apartment, he.When you can get it.He gave me a cheerful, if slightly strained, smile. "Oh, sure. I'm all right I'll be fine in the morning."."Ever see a claustrophobe deliberately walk into a closet and shut the door? If I don't fight it this way?" Her fingers dig into my arms. Her face is fierce. "This has got to be better than what I do on stage." She swings away from me. "Shit!" she says. "Damn it all to hell." She stands immovable, staring down the mountain for several minutes. When she turns back toward me, her eyes are softer and there's a fey tone in her voice. "If I die?" She laughs. "When I die. I want my ashes here."..does get a little involved, doesn't it?".haven, why weren't they and the rest of the people so informed in the first place?.247.from Competition 13:I smiled. "Hello, I'm Bert Mallory. I just moved in to number five. Miss Nesbitt tells me you like to.In short, a sexually reproducing species evolves much more quickly than a cloning species, and such.Scott Meredith Uterary Agency for "Nina" by Robert Bloch.them a little on the front window. It didn't let in a lot of light, but it was enough. Maybe Detweiler.Fortunately for his morale, this state of funk did not continue long. Barry didn't let it. The next night he was off to Partyland, a 23rd St. speakeasy that advertised heavily on late-night TV. As he approached the froth of electric lights cantilevered over the entrance, Barry could feel the middle of his body turning hollow with excitement, his throat and tongue getting tingly..these old wives' tales?.That particular morning she was working through a set of torturous-looking exercises that made my muscles protest to watch. She never broke the rhythm of them and her voice came in gasps between stretches and bends. "Habit, I guess. I always left ... notes for Mandy."."Perhaps somewhere nearer than you think, up this one, and two leagues short of over there, the pieces are hidden."I did not like that idea, either, but ... "What else can we do? Shall I lie to Amanda and hate you for.Meanwhile, the package stays as is.."I will try and perhaps die trying," said Jack, "but I can do no more and no less." Then Jack filled his lungs and dove headlong into the pool..Put it all together, they spell M-E..From Competition 14:..As Nolan set the empty bottle down he heard the noise he'd come to dread worst of all?the endless echo of drums from the huts huddled beside the riverbank below. Miserable wretches were at it again. No wonder he had to drive them daily to fulfil the company's quota. The wonder was that they did anything at all after spending every night wailing to those damned drums..Hart bleed..looking for endorsements?".the chairs switched round again. It seemed such a waste of time talking to another temp, since he could."That means," said Lea, " I was put here to be the nearest and dearest friend to all those grim, grey people who cheat everybody they meet and who can enjoy nothing colorful in the world."."Sounds to me like he was hurtin' for a fix."..He blew a stream of smoke from pursed lips and tapped his cigarette on an alabaster ashtray. "Yes,".Section XII, of the Revised Federal Communications Act, you are being issued a Temporary License, valid for three months from the date of issue, subject to the restrictions set forth hi Appendix n of the Federal Communications Handbook (18th edition).. "It's just a whole new area," McKillian whispered back. "Think about it Back on Earth, nature never got around to inventing the wheel. I've sometimes wondered why not There are limitations, of course, but it's such a good idea. Just look what we've done with it But all motion hi nature is confined to up and down, back and forth, in and out, or squeeze and relax. Nothing on Earth goes round and round, unless we built it. Think about it".hand down the smooth curves of a sonatrophic sculpture by Drummond Caspar. The trope leaned.out the drums..Investigations. I got up and looked out. This section of the Boulevard wasn't rotting yet, but it wouldn't."Whatever I happened to be thinking at the moment I wrote each poem,".It's true. Critics tend to be an irritable lot Here are some examples:..twenty-centimeter lumps on the sides of the large derricks. They evidently grew from them like tumors.better plan on the assumption

that it won't. As you may know, the E.R.B.-Podkayne are the only ships in."Yes, describe yourself to me.".20.the controls with a bored and superior air, has just left the room, saying, "All right, if you know so much, do it yourself.".The last tracks cut in. Okay, you're getting everything from the decaying food in her gut to her.vessel out of normal space, scooping it up and stuffing it into the maw of their own craft, establishing.to himself as he hung up the two-thirds completed mirror. The final third was on the table..through the narrow streets. It dominates the whole city. The whole Plain, for that matter. It had sort of a."Screw off," I answer. "None of your business.".decide on a second Inundation, you can rest assured that it will be of such dimensions.artists..She frowned, shook her head vehemently, and then said, "Well . . . maybe. . .".ideas (among which is the idea that art ought not to be political), then such neutrality simply doesn't exist.Baird Searles.before her eyes..He watches the men running, sees them launch the boat As they pull away, he is able to keep the focus near enough to see and hear them. One calls, "My God, who's at the helm?" Another, a bearded man with a face gone tallow-pale, replies, "Never mind?row!" They are staring down into the sea. After a moment one looks up, then another. The Mary Celeste, with three of the four sails on her foremast set, is gliding away, slowly, now faster; now she is gone.. "Yeah, it ... takes my mind off my ... ah ... headache. Don't worry about it I have these spells all the.had become his own. He dared not leave her alone. But he moved quietly as a beast in the dark. He left

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