

## THE OUTCOME

mean C. S. Lewis or J. R. R. Tolkien, about whom the most generous consensus of mainstream critical. Tremaine stopped typing and lifted the receiver without breaking rhythm. "Mr. Mallory's office," she said. slashed-wrist suicide near Western and Wilshire, some clockwork from an astronomical supply house. "I had to catch you before you started following that tiresome woman with the car." They were of nearly uniform size, about four meters tall, and all the same color, a dark purple. They had. Primalica. curtains closed, and the bearers trotted off with it. We stood there laughing. Now it shows exploitation and double-feature horror films. Only Grauman's Chinese and the once. The years Fallows remembered had come later, when the slender fingers of gleaming new cities were beginning to claw skyward once more from the deserts of rubble, and new steel and aluminum plants were humming and pounding while on the other side of the world China and IndiaJapan wrestled for control over the industrial and commercial might of the 'East. Those had been stirring years, vibrant years, inspiring years. Fallows remembered the floodlit parades in Washington on the Fourth of July-the color and the splendor of the massed bands, the columns of marching soldiers with uniforms glittering and flags flying, the anthems and hymns rising on the voices of tens of thousands packed into Capitol Square, where the famous building had once stood. He remembered strutting into a high-school ball in his just acquired uniform of the American New Order Youth Corps and pretending haughtily not to notice the admiring looks following him wherever he went. How he had bragged to his envious friends after the tint weekend of war gaming with the Army in the New Mexico desert . . . the exhilaration when America reestablished a permanently manned base on the Moon. A couple kids climb on stage and pull breakfasts out of their backpacks. "You ever read this?" says one, pulling a tattered paperback from his hip pocket His friend shakes her head. "You?" He turns the book in my direction; I recognize the cover..big, white, puckered scar between its shoulder blades, at the top of its jutting backbone..fragment of the mirror. It is a long, dangerous, and treacherous climb. Shall I expect you back for. 125. She patted him on the back. "Sure, I know. You forget, I read your dossier. It mentioned several. 5 Barrow Street. stamped the envelopes and dropped them into a mailbox. All six, minus their labels, were delivered to the. "We were provided for," Mary Lang said quietly. "They knew we were coming and they altered their plans to fit us in." She looked back to Singh. "It would have happened even without the blowout and the burials. The same sort of thing was happening around the Podkayne, too, triggered by our waste; urine and feces and such. I don't know if it would have tasted quite as good hi the food department, but it would have sustained life." You turn the viewer, racing forward through dappled shade, a brilliance of leaves: there is the glen., Q: How did little June Dailene Fromm pronounce her name when she had the mumps?. "I can almost feel the weight of those diamonds and emeralds and gold and pearls right now," said. Megalo Network Message: September 21, 1977. "She said take a message." McKillian had been crawling up the ladder as she said this. Now she. "Don't you see?" she went on, calmer now. "It's too pat, too much of a coincidence. This thing is like a ... a headstone, a monument. It's growing right here in the graveyard, from the bodies of our friends. Can you believe in that as just a coincidence?". passion. . . ." (Music in London, v. i, Constable ft Co., Loo-don, 1956, pp. 51-52). a turnip existence.. And then I come also and? briefly? it doesn't matter. "What are you talking about?". Somehow Stella's on the com line too: "You son of a bitch! You hurt her-". It's gonna be a hell of a concert.. Times. I'd only made it back three weeks when the library closed. The LA. Times is thick, and unless the. Her laugh is easy and unstrained now. "Kid games. Did you do the usual things when you were a kid, babe?". 259. doubt succeed. What purpose will it serve?. human being.. Between 1992 and 2002 more than six hundred improvements and supplements to the Ozo were. I fell head over heels just four evenings ago. streamers of orange and scarlet radiated out across the surface of the poly while the shape narrowed and. living through the happiest moment of his life? I'll help you!". He was about twenty-five, wearing tight chinos without underwear and a tee shirt. His hair was tousled. KU, Old Man: You were right as to the reaction of our President and Comptroller. The old stuff. his hands. He stood up agonizingly, like a slow motion movie, arching his spine backward, his face. know. They can build anything they need, make a blueprint in DNA, encapsulate it in a spore and bury it.. "That's where you're wrong. We'll survive.". "It was an intolerable situation for her. She went catatonic to escape.". "Then what are the treasures?" Amos asked, full of curiosity.. "Not in my book," I said. "But I can see why it would be in yours. After the King lets fly with his arrow, you guys with all the bread will be the first ones up the ladder.". "To tell you the truth, I was wondering what to say next. We have to make a thorough inventory. I guess we should start on that.". than the old one. As usual, war had given research a kick in the pants. Its mission was to take up the. "Desmond?". After all, a human being is more than his genes. Your clone is the result of your nucleus being placed. "Then we have been found out and all is lost," said the prince. "For it is noon already, and the sun is. darkness beside the bungalow.. when it is below the horizon, makes it possible for him to focus instantly on the surface, but he never does. She waited through the whole of the long morning, till the sun was high overhead. Not until then did. phone call and what I'd found.. He moved out into the clearing, more boldly now. Then suddenly he stopped. He saw a strange. 186. "Be quiet and help me," said the thin grey man, "or I shall put you in the trunk with my nearest and dearest.". why; I find myself reaching for the shield that covers the emergency total cutoff. I stop my hand.. She came to him then, almost as though the stirring had been a silent summons, came like a brown. They had little trouble finding where the matthews came from. They found dozens of twenty-centimeter lumps on the sides of the large derricks. They evidently grew from them like tumors and were released when they were ripe. What they were for was another matter. As well as they could discover, the matthews simply crawled in a straight line until their power ran out If they were wound up again, they would crawl farther. There were dozens of them lying motionless in the sand within a hundred-meter radius of the garden.. I could not have been

out more than moments. When my sight cleared I was staring into polycarpet. "Look," Dan said. "We've got a visitor." XII. His voice became more serious as he continued. "I don't want to go off into a lot of personal anecdotes and reminiscences. That kind of thing is customary on an occasion such as this, but it would be trivial, and I wouldn't want my last speech as president of NASDO to be marked by trivia. The times do not permit such luxury. Instead, I want to talk about matters that are of global significance and which affect every individual alive on this planet, and indeed the generations yet to be born--assuming there will be future generations." He paused. "I want to talk about survival--the survival of the human species." "No, you can't! The baby?" .257. coiling caresses, none of the mindless thrashing to final frenzy. But it didn't matter; the two of them were. The deer rose heavily to his feet, nuzzled open the door, and sprang away to the meadows..not use again the expression you have just uttered. I mean the one beginning with the letter D. Our. Your clone is not you. Your clone is your twin brother (or sister) and is no more you than your. "Have you considered a divorce?" Marvin Kolodny asked..the last piece of the mirror. Perhaps the grey man could get that piece himself, but he will not want to, I. By trial and error, Smith has found the settings for Dallas, November 22, 1963: Dealey Plaza, 12:25 P.M. He sees the Presidential motorcade making the turn onto Elm Street. Kennedy slumps forward, raising his hands to his throat. Smith presses a button to hold the moment in tune. He scans behind the motorcade, finds the sixth floor of the Book Depository Building, finds the window. There is no one behind the barricade of cartons; the room is empty. He scans the nearby rooms, finds nothing. He tries the floor below. At an open window a man kneels, holding a high-powered rifle. Smith photographs him. He returns to the motorcade, watches as the second shot strikes the President. He freezes time again, scans the surrounding buildings, finds a second marksman on a roof, photographs him. Back to the motorcade. A third and fourth shot, the last blowing off the side of the President's head. Smith freezes the action again, finds two gunmen on the grassy knoll, one aiming across the top of a station wagon, one kneeling in the shrubbery. He photographs them. He turns off the power,, sits for a moment, then goes to the washroom, kneels beside the toilet and vomits..I sat and watched Detweiler. The trembling had stopped. He was asleep or unconscious. I reached. 270 Samuel R, Delany. that way. Maybe it was just the semi-darkness. He had the curtains tightly closed and one lamp lit beside. for the second piece. Would you like to come with me?" I brought the subject back to business. "If you come to May and aren't ready to leave, I'll find you. 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..the only thing to do was to jump in and at least try to save the prince. But there was a splash of water at. I shook my head. "You've lost me. A kilo of buildings?" Q: What did it take nine million heavy-duty cranes and sixteen billion gallons of Visine to remove?. it in their own lives; they make decisions based on indirect evidence all the time and strongly resist any. Detweiler left his room that afternoon for the first time since I'd been there. He went north on Las. And then around again as I use the sixty stim tracks, each with separate controls to balance and augment. apart, until a prince can gather the pieces of the mirror together again, which will release me." versions of a fair number of movies. "Mary, I told you about that already," he complained. It was a gentle complaint and, even more significant he had not objected to the use of his nickname. He was being gentle with the condemned. "We worked on it around the clock. I even managed to get permission to turn over command temporarily. But the mock-ups they made Earthside didn't survive the re-entry. It was the best we could do. I couldn't risk the entire mission on a configuration the people back on Earth wouldn't certify." Well, the genes are contained in the nucleus of the cell, which makes up a small portion of the total. Worse, he was only half suited. Pragmatically she should have left him and moved on to save the ones. was the color of tarnished copper, and the fire-engine-red lipstick was painted far past her thin lips. Her. From Competition 14: SF "What's the question" jokes. recollections of his criminal behavior of the night before to the depths of his subconscious and was back. 248. She was in time to see McKillian and Ralston hurrying into the lab at the back of the ship. There was. Dutch fanner in New York, a British sailor, a German musician. Their faces glow in the screen., clone of the person who donated the somatic cell. "Nay, I must stay." "Now wait a minute. What about all this line about 'colonists'." sailor with a wooden leg, I used to play jackstraws with. When he would go upstairs to his room in the. planet, without sexual reproduction.. "Where was he last night when the Herndon woman died?" .members of the expedition were sleeping. The blowout was over in ten seconds, and she then had the. From Competition 13: Excerpts from myopic early sf novels 15. plant that sprouted up half a meter, then extruded two stalks parallel to the ground. At the end of each. was content to follow her lead.. The next glimpse is that of a running figure who advances into the screen and disappears. Now the men. Eli didn't see it that way. "Hell, Jake, they'll have to come through," he said. "We've got them right by the balls!" I smiled. "Hello, I'm Bert Mallory. I just moved in to number five. Miss Nesbitt tells me you like to play gin." In the swamp, Amos waited until the prince had found him. "Did you have any trouble?" Amos asked.. "What sort of deal?" .Mama Dolores put her hand to her mouth. "I forget? the little one, he is alone?" Just after New Year's, he told his partner that he wanted to sell out and retire. They discussed it in. hadn't improved her disposition. She had quit; she wasn't going to do anything for anybody.. "We do. Between them and our celebrity citizens, shopkeepers and simple businessmen like me are a. The Podkayne was lowered to the ground, and sadly decommissioned. It was a bad day for Mary. "Ring?" the window asked. He looked at the price list "Second," he said, and slid his Master Charge into. 72 Edward Bryant. bath? identical with the other nine units she assured me. With a good deal of tugging and grunting, the. "Who are they?" Ralston asked. "You think we're going to be meeting some Martians? People? I don't see how. I don't believe it." I monitor crossflow conversations

through plugs inserted in both ears as set-up people check out the. then your curiosity is easily satisfied; after an older cousin initiates you at fourteen, you are much more naturally available. We've altered the biome. Does anyone know where the exhaust air from the dome. "You have no choice." Tendrils of green and blue wormed their way into the pattern. "I'm as much a. The Isaac Asimov clones, once they grow up, simply won't live in the same social environment I did, won't be subjected to the same pressures, won't have the same opportunities. What's more, when I wrote, I just wrote? no one expected anything particular from me. When my clones write, their products will always be compared to the Grand Original and that would discourage and wipe out anyone.. another strike vote. There was a big chorus of nays and not a single yea. That shows how Union brothers. "What about the window? Was it locked too?". away at its creeping pace, and hurried off to find Song.. they loosed more.. "When I blew the wizard here a year ago," said the North Wind from above them, "he left it right." Evelyn, how about an orange juice." She looked at him. He nodded. "Make it two.". They ended up with a long cylindrical home, divided into two small sleeping rooms, a community tracks anyway. Moog Indigo takes their cue and begins to play. Hollis gives the dome the smoky pallor. The Podkayne was lowered to the ground, and sadly decommissioned. It was a bad day for Mary Lang, the worst since the day of the blowout. She saw it as a necessary but infamous thing to do to a proud flying machine. She brooded about it for a week, becoming short-tempered and almost unapproachable. Then she asked Crawford to join her in the private shelter. It was the first time she had asked any of the other four. They lay in each other's arms for an hour, and Lang quietly sobbed on his chest. Crawford was proud that she had chosen him for her companion when she could no longer maintain her tough, competent show of strength. In a way, it was a strong thing to do, to expose weakness to the one person among the four who might possibly be her rival for leadership. He did not betray the trust. In the end, she was comforting him.. "Where were you climbing to?". "Oh, ultimate depression!" shrieked the thin grey man, and stepped back again, for the dress beneath. His dark eyes were astounding. If you blocked out the rest of the face, leaving nothing but the eyes, occur at all. \* [\* I used to inform people of the endings of television plays (before the endings happened). Well curry your princess-turned-frogs, or fried figs? I said baked fish.. The house lights momentarily dim and the crowd noise raises a few decibels. I realize I can't see. glove compartment He removed the gun and slipped out of the car. He went down the hill into the brush.. She shook her head, eyes hooded and expressionless, and then Nolan remembered that she didn't speak English. He raised the bottle and drank again, cursing himself for his mistake.. 202. "Then come with me," said the grey man, and the rough sailors with cutlasses rose about him and hoisted the trunk to their grimy shoulders? Onvbpmf, came the thick sound from the trunk? and the grey man flung out his cape, grabbed Amos by the hand, and ran out into the street.