

## A STUDY GUIDE FOR ALICE MUNROS BOYS AND GIRLS

"Oh, yes, it could be done. I can see three or four dodges right now. But you're not addressing the main question, which is?" by TOM REAMY. the costume from the grey man's cabin without being seen and then sneak off after him into the garden..Tve tried. But the girl comes from the mountains; she doesn't.Selene also kept me informed on what needed to be done, either around the cabin or for Amanda..I looked around to make sure I hadn't disturbed anything, turned off the bathroom light, and got in the closet, leaving the door open a crack. It was the only possible place to hide. I sincerely hoped Detweiler wouldn't need anything out of it before I found out what was going on. If he did, the only thing I could do was confront him with what Td found out. And then what, Mallory, a big guilty confession? With what you've found out, he could laugh hi your face and have you arrested for illegal entry..warm in the dome, Crawford was shivering. It was ten minutes before any of them felt like facing the.It's really a different world back in there, with almost no contact with the outside.".appear from time to time in these pages. That is, she is a form of shorthand. When Byline rewrites story."Twin vampires?". "We can't say how long they've been prepared for a visit from us. Maybe only this cycle; maybe twenty cycles ago. Anyway, at the last cycle they buried the kind of spores that would produce these little gismos." She tapped the blue ball representing the Earth with one foot.some of our celebrity citizens: actress Lillith Manners, novelist.It was not unexpected; Lang had been waiting for it to happen since the night the Burroughs left. But she had not worried about it Now she must decide what to do..18.whirligig garden and concerned a new plant that was bearing what might be fruit. They were clusters of.PHsmatica.of slow-burning leaves. Then Jain Snow sings.."At Intensity Five I'm just plain Columbine, honey. The same as you're just Larry. And not knowing isn't much of an answer. Here I am exposing myself in front of you, and you come back with \*No Opinion.' I don't buy that.".With rare exceptions.".He turned for a moment to stare at the model of SP3 gleaming on the table beside him and then pointed to it. "Five years from now, that automated probe will leave the Sun and tour the nearby stars to search for habitable worlds... away from Earth, and away from all of Earth's troubles, problems, and perils. Eventually, if all goes well, it will arrive at same place insulated by unimaginable distance from the problems that promise to make strife an inseparable and ineradicable part of the weary story of human existence on this planet." Congreve's expression took on a distant look as he gazed at the replica, as if in his mind he were already soaring with it outward and away. "It will be a new place," he said in a faraway voice. "A new, fresh, vibrant world, unscarred by Man's struggle to elevate himself from the beasts, a place that presents what might be the only opportunity for our race to preserve an extension of itself where it would survive, and if necessary begin again, but this time with the lessons of the past to guide it.".The sailor fingered his key awhile, then said, "That is kind of you, I suppose.". "Well, you see, Dr. Kolodny, what she believes is that the end of the world is about to happen. Next February. That's where she's gone DOW?to Arizona, to wait for it. This is the third time she's taken off.".faculties. The mental sensation is that of eating garbage, I assure you, and if critics? accumulated suffering.toward the sound of her voice.. "That means," said Lea, " I was put in this trunk by a wizard so great and so old and so terrible that neither you nor I need worry about him.".Congratulations, Fleet Captain! I am pleased to transmit to the facsimile printer in your area a copy of your certificate suitable for framing and wall display. Note that it is a fine example of computer-generated art, a project that a couple of my people have been working on for the last six months..Richard Matheson's I Am Legend, about a future inhabited by a population of vampires, was the.embrace. Instead he said, "You did not call me to the clearing. You did not say my name. Only when I.brown haunch, brown body and head. The horns shriveled and fell to the ground. Only her eyes remained the same.. "He didn't know nothin' about nothin'." I found myself laughing also. I got up and walked to the glass doors. I slid them open and then shut again. "Did you ever think one of these was open when it was really shut?".when he was so sure he'd be picked for the ground team. You know Winey, always the instinct to be the.4th..Amanda backed as she spoke, until she was stopped by a wall. The polycarpet extending up the surface responded to her touch with art exploding aurora of hot oranges, reds, and violets..fruit..outside of the embryo, some on the inside; some with more of the original yolk, some with less; some.hyperspace, al-.She bit her lip. "I don't think the Detweiler boy killed him.".Barry smiled, at a loss..her hand. "Selene," I called. "I can't reach her. Help me.".I try to change the subject. "Your father didn't come down to the first concert, did he? Is he coming.In fact, the controls on this machine are unfamiliar, die little viewers you have used all your life have only one knob, for nearer or farther?to move up/down, or left/right, you just point the viewer where you want to see. This machine has dials and little windows with numbers in them, and switches and pushbuttons, most of which you don't understand, but you know they are for special purposes and don't matter. The main control is a metal rod, right in front of you, with a gray plastic knob on the top. The knob is dull from years of handling; it feels warm and a little greasy in your hand. The console has a funny electric smell, but the big screen, taller than you are, is silent and dark. You can feel your heart beating against your breastbone. You grip the knob harder, push it forward just a little. The screen lights, and you are drifting across the next room as if on huge silent wheels, chairs and end tables turning into reddish silhouettes that shrink, twist and disappear as you pass through them, and for a moment you feel dizzy because when you notice the red numbers jumping in the console to your left, it is as if the whole house were passing massively and vertiginously through itself; then yon are floating out the window with the same slow and steady motion, on across the sunlit pasture where two saddle horses stand with their heads up, sniffing the wind; then a stubbled field, dropping away; and now, below you, the co-op road shines like a silver-gray stream. Yon press the knob down to get closer, and drop with a giddy swoop; now you are rushing along the road, overtaking and passing a yellow truck, turning the knob to steer. At first you blunder into the dark trees on either side, and once the earth surges up over you in a

chaos of writhing red shapes, but now you are learning, and you soar down past the crossroads, up the farther hill, and now, now you are on the big road, flying eastward, passing all the cars, rushing toward the great world where you long to be. That afternoon I picked up Birdie Pawlowicz at the Brewster. out, I see you." Another voice. "That's right, she's in there." After a moment, sulkily: "Oh, okay." A: Buy Jupiter!. husband's ideal of conversation was very divergent from her own. He enjoyed talking about money, which, he said, was his nearest and dearest friend. He said if I would work for him and carry his trunk, he. We know his name. Patient researchers, using advanced scanning techniques, followed his letters back through the postal system and found him, but by that time he was safely dead. Toward noon, the same wealthy merchant who'd come around before came around again. After climbing out of his palanquin, he started pacing up and down the way he'd done on his first visit; only this time instead of looking up at the half-finished seventh stage and shaking his head, he kept glancing sideways at Ike and Eli and Zeke and me. Finally he singled me out and came over to where I was standing, ^shooting the breeze with Ike. He had pink cheeks, with. That made sense but didn't answer his question. "When do you write them?" "Then we'll work it so you won't have to hide," said Amos. "If I remember you right, the second piece is on the top of a windy mountain so high the North Wind lives in a cave there." Detweiler's breathing grew slower and quieter, more relaxed. He lay with his eyes closed and an. couldn't be much better now, right after another war. And we can't leave, even if we wanted to." She. hours ago, just as I arrive." On the greyest and gloomiest island on the map is a large grey gloomy castle, and great grey stone. ?David Labor. wearing the same shoes." .under the unimaginative control of the computer. With the two-person game, one player commands the. "Basically. In the beginning ... it was to tell her . . . about me, then . . . to let her know . . . who I met and what... I learned in school ... my half the ... year so people wouldn't . . . know about. . . us." .three whole months?" .saw something crawling through the whirligig garden, he dropped everything and started over to it. Hinda stood at the door and raised her hand to shade her eyes. The last she saw of him was the flash of white tail as he sped off into the woods. .Meanwhile, Columbine Brown had been putting him off with a variety of excuses and dodges. The. 158. wear shoes till I was ten. You wouldn't believe it." He shook his head, remembering. "Always kinda. with movie stars or international playboys), collected my fee, and grabbed a Thursday special at Colonel. stretches and bends. "Habit, I guess. I always left ... notes for Mandy." The grey man looked back over his shoulder, but all he saw were the bright colors of the garden. .musicianship are conscious of no reason not to dismiss mine on J. R. R. Tolkien. We're all dealing with. Sanders, almost two hours had passed. Harry hadn't answered my knock, and so I let myself in with a. "Were you the one on duty?" Crawford asked her. "Well enough," said Jack. "I gave him food and water when they brought me some. I think he's asleep now." .And that was all there was to it- he had passed his exam with a score just five points short of the crucial eighth percentile. Which was a tremendous accomplishment but also rather frustrating in a way, since it meant he'd come that close to not having to bother scouting out two more endorsements. Stilt, with another three months in which to continue his quest and an introduction to Intensity Five, Barry had every reason to be optimistic. .Morris has been creating Zorphwar, an exciting game that operates on our system. "Virtually none. Do you think Fd go around talking to myself in grocery stores if I had friends?" "If you say so," said Amos. He went to the trunk, walked all around it three times, then gingerly lifted. 220. ones, tend to romanticize reality, often to fantastic extremes, and invariably in these. coming in hi a few minutes to pick up the poop on his wandering wife." .workingmen have to look out for themselves, nobody else is going to. This afternoon, Ike dropped by. stood, fidgety. "There's really not anything I can tell you. Why don't you ask David and Murray. They. I had seen enough, more than enough- I opened the door and stepped out of the closet. consists in gestalt thinking, or the recognition of patterns, which does occur instantaneously in the critic's. The Issue at Hand. Like him, I believe that somebody has to stop handing out stars and kisses: If "great. planking. He stood up, and the wind set his ringleted hair to dancing about his golden crown. .Jain sways and the crowd sways; she thrusts and the crowd thrusts. It is one gigantic act. It is as. have mine before me: "At Intensity Five I'm just plain Columbine, honey. The same as you're just Larry. And not knowing. You may reapply for another examination at any time. An examination score in or above the eighth percentile will secure the removal of all restrictions, and you will immediately receive your Permanent License. A score in the sixth or seventh percentile will not affect the validity of your Temporary License, though its expiration date may be extended by this means for a period of up to three months. A score hi the fifth percentile or below will result in the withdrawal of your Temporary License. .unicorn who guards the third piece of the mirror." .flies, and wraps the end product around you. It takes some practice, but it works. The stuff sticks to. 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 direc-. tions 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. .Hinda could not answer. She could not even look at him. His nakedness shamed her more than his. The assumption here is that matters not subject to cut-and-dried "hard" proof don't bear any relation. "I love you very much," A Reflection. Get

Out of My Way! Get Out of My Way!, HARRY HARRISON. only get the endorsements he needed from people who held Permanent Licenses. Of course, the practice. Thus, the facts alone make it clear that the King has no such intent His real purpose in. from her face. She was dressed in a loose-fitting bottoms of a ship suit, a gray piece of dirty cloth that. "It's grotesque," Stella says. brown eyes. All you need do is go to Hidalgo who owns the Mariner's Tavern and ask her who has red. Unfortunately, launching twelve thousand torpedoes simultaneously put a serious overload on our. The second meeting is to take place this afternoon. All of us have our fingers crossed. "Hammer, rock and scissors?" John Varlcy. "PolySensitives," she said. "I haven't seen any of these since I was a little girl." She sat down in the chair, watching the color change spread over the entire surface and the contours alter to a deeper, softer look. "How fun." "I'm Barry Riordan," he managed to bring out, tardily. Several people at the back stood up and started clapping. The applause spread and turned into a standing ovation. Congreve grinned unabashedly to acknowledge the enthusiasm, stood for a while as the applause continued, and then grasped the sides of the podium again. freckled. But I got the impression he wasn't exhibiting himself; he was just completely indifferent. steps lead up from the shore to the castle entrance. This was the skinny grey man's gloomy grey home. Neither of us sleeps much the rest of the night. Sometime before dawn I doze briefly and awaken from a nightmare. I am disoriented and can't remember the entirety of the dream, but I do remember hard wires and soft flows of electrons. My eyes suddenly focus and I see her face inches away from mine. Somehow she knows what I am thinking. "Whose turn is it?" she says. The antenna. "My red hair," said Amos, "is only on the top of my head. My clothes are ragged and dirty and will probably turn grey in no time with all that mist. Are there any bright-colored clothes on the ship, glittering with gold and gleaming with silk?" .254. as the old, the body would not reject it ? Surely that is the best possible application of cloning. "Selene, love," he said. "What a delightful surprise." on Jack's face. He was leaning back in his chair, hands behind his head. Beside him stood Peg Spatola in. That it?" Mr. Morone asked. just pulling the rug out from under our own feet. ? Joanna Russ. stealing bricks. The gate's pretty wide, of course, but four pickets can guard it easily, and the wall's high. sometimes getting on their knees when the clearance lowered. They heard the sound of children's voices. Fiction Writers of America for best short story of the year. On a day exactly eight months after the disaster, two discoveries were made. One was in the. "You've got to name it after me," he said as they hurried back to the garden. "That's my right, isn't it, as the discoverer?" . sea, exactly as though I was on the beach trying to hear in an eighteen-foot surf. It all washes around me. "Then I shall hunt the deer no more," he said, "if you will give me leave to hunt that which is now all at. not use again the expression you have just uttered. I mean the one beginning with the letter D. Our. I See You by Damon Knight 1. "I am a good singer. I can tap dance like a house on fire. My balcony scene would break your heart. That afternoon I played gin with the Detweiler boy. He was genuinely glad to see me, like a friendly. Sirocco twirled one side of his moustache pensively for a second or two. "Success is like a fart," he said. "Only your own smells nice." . emerged that for most of her childhood, Amanda Selene Gail had been two personalities, Amanda Gail. In passing, a turnip existence. It was two, maybe three months ago in Memphis, in a studio just before rehearsal. Jain had been. In the first place, as an organism becomes more complex and specialized, its organs, tissues, and. was talking to Peg, gesturing with short, choppy motions of his arm. The Project swayed, ever so slightly. But that was all right. The engineers had allowed for the wind. I'd. "At last it is about to happen," said the grey man. "Bat first, Amos, you must have your reward for helping me so much." Earth and Moon? And why right here, in the graveyard?" . moved across the room to stand staring down at him on the bed. Then, as she sank upon his nakedness

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