

Chapter 1 : Mercedes Lackey. Storm Warning

Storm Warning. by Donald A. Wollheim. The story of "Storm Warning" grew directly out of the great impression that G. R. Stewart's remarkable book "Storm" made upon the writer.

Inexperienced publishers are one of the pitfalls of the small press world. Due to "different events," and "sales numbers not being where they need to be," the company was re-structuring: If authors wanted to leave, they were free to do so. Good morning, I wanted to take a moment and send an update on many things happening here at Fiery Seas and hopefully put some of you at ease. Due to the many different events that have taken place and sales numbers not being where they need to be, Fiery Seas will be restructuring our business. We have had major issues with our distributor and they are issues that are out of my hands. While I have had to explain this many times in the past little while. I want to make sure that everyone is aware. I have been going around and around with them for not replacing damaged books, messing up orders, not getting orders out on time, and more. We have had some issues with retailers not uploading and making our paperbacks available when all of that information is available to them. We could have all of them up on all other sites, but one and they have the same information sent from Ingram. So, for this reason we will make some changes to the way we do things. First, we will no longer do paperbacks until a threshold is met, at that time we will look at print runs. However, we will be changing our distribution channels starting now and slowly move all of our titles to the new channels. We will be working on more promotions to get our books in front of readers. We have new outlets we are working on for this to spread our reach. We will work on doing more genre-related promos, as well. We are working on these things already, but will hit them full force come Our royalty statements structure will change to make it more updated and correct the current issues we have run into this year. Yes, we have seen the problems and only want to fix them and KEEP them from happening. This will be completed by the end of this year and everything will be ready for the New Year. We understand that many will be unhappy with our decisions and may decide to leave the company. We completely understand this and will do what we can to help the process or help with whatever you may decide to do. We will ask for 90 days to finalize everything and all proper accounting to be done, if you decide to leave us. We are starting this process now and plan to have it completed by the end of the year. I started this company because I love working with authors and love the publishing industry. This is not an easy business and it takes dictation [sic]. I know I have a ton of emails to go through and that I will have more after this email. I think some of them get lost at times because I have so many. Working on issues along the way. There will be more updates over the course of this restructuring to keep you all informed. Questions will be addressed as quickly as possible. When challenged on the payment delays and lack of sales numbers, for instance, Williams blamed Ingram; at other times she claimed to be ill, overwhelmed with email, or "working on it. I also heard from an FSP editor who told me that they had received payment for only six of the over 20 projects on which they worked. I emailed Williams with a list of author-reported problems and a request for comment. FSP authors say they are still waiting for payment, and struggle to get a response from Williams. In another sign of turmoil at the company, FSP will soon be losing its marketing director: FSP is currently closed to submissions , which seems sensible given the circumstances.

Chapter 2 : Donald A. Wollheim papers

Summary Bibliography: Donald A. Wollheim You are not logged in. If you create a free account and sign in, you will be able to customize what is displayed.

Nomenclature[edit] Naming of individual storms[edit] Up to the second half of the 19th century, European windstorms were named after the person who spotted them. However, a storm may still be named differently in different countries. For instance, the Norwegian weather service also names independently notable storms that affect Norway , [6] which can result in multiple names being used in different countries they affect, such as: Such usage of the term Hurricane is not without precedent, as the Scotland storm was referred to as "Hurricane Low Q". The money raised by this is used by the meteorology department to maintain weather observations at the Free University. In English, use of term hurricane to refer to European windstorms is mostly discouraged, as these storms do not display the structure of tropical storms. Likewise the use of the French term ouragan is similarly discouraged as hurricane is in English, as it is typically reserved for tropical storms only. The name European windstorm reflects that these storms in Europe are primarily notable for their strong winds and associated damage, which can span several nations on the continent. The strongest cyclones are called windstorms within academia and the insurance industry. In contrast to some other European nations there is a lack of a widely accepted name for these storms in English. The Met Office and UK media generally refer to these storms as severe gales. The blue and red arrows between isobars indicate the direction of the wind and its relative temperature, while the "L" symbol denotes the center of the "low". Note the occluded cold and warm frontal boundaries. Cyclogenesis, extratropical cyclones and Extratropical cyclone, formation North Atlantic Oscillation[edit] The state of the North Atlantic Oscillation relates strongly to the frequency, intensity, and tracks of European windstorms. Lothar and Martin in were separated only by 36 hours. Kyrill in following only four days after Hanno, and with Johanna , Kirsten and Emma. Insurance losses[edit] Insurance losses from windstorms are the second greatest source of loss for any natural peril after Atlantic hurricanes in the United States. For instance one windstorm, Kyrill in , exceeded the losses of the United Kingdom floods. Transmission capabilities can also be severely limited if power lines are brought down by snow, ice or high winds. It was one of the greatest energy disruptions ever experienced by a modern developed country. The electricity produced was too much for consumers to use, and prices on the European Energy Exchange in Leipzig plummeted, which resulted in the grid operators having to pay over 18 euros per megawatt-hour to offload it, costing around half a million euros in total. However, the disruption came at a time of low demand.

Chapter 3 : Storm Warning () - Rotten Tomatoes

In , Wollheim founded the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. The first mailing was d Donald Allen Wollheim was a science fiction writer, editor, publisher and fan. He published his own works under pseudonyms, including David Grinnell.

Severe Thunderstorm, Tornado Watches vs. By Chrissy Warrilow June 16 But do you know what they mean, and which ones require immediate action? Large hail hailstones that are one inch diameter or greater, so hail the size of a quarter or larger fits this criterion. Wind gusts of 58 mph or greater. A severe thunderstorm watch means that atmospheric conditions are favorable for severe thunderstorm development. The severe thunderstorm watch outlines an area where an organized threat of severe thunderstorms is expected generally during a three- to six-hour period. During a severe thunderstorm watch, it is important to think about where you will be during the lifetime of the watch. If you are outdoors, develop a Weather Ready plan that includes directions to the nearest lightning and hail-proof shelter. Keep in mind that severe hail has the ability to smash car windshields, cause injuries and, in the extreme, punch holes in roofs. It is occurring or is about to occur. Severe thunderstorm warnings are issued by the local National Weather Service office when it deems a particular thunderstorm has met, or will soon meet, the severe criteria listed above. Severe thunderstorm warnings are usually highly localized " covering parts of one to several counties " and generally last for 30 to 60 minutes. During a severe thunderstorm warning, it is important to get to safety immediately. Severe winds " gusts of 58 mph or greater " can down trees and power lines, causing injury and potentially death to those hit by large falling objects and other debris. In addition, if a severe thunderstorm is producing large hail, injury and significant property damage can result. Indoors, stay away from windows and avoid using a landline phone or other device attached to the electrical circuits or plumbing in your home. High wind shear " changes in wind speed and direction with height " and unstable air warm, humid air near the surface topped by colder, drier air aloft particularly in the lowest levels of the atmosphere, are necessary for developing tornadoes. The tornado watch outlines an area where an organized threat of severe thunderstorms capable of producing tornadoes are expected generally during a three- to six-hour period. During a tornado watch, it is important to think about where you will be during the lifetime of the watch. If you are outdoors, develop a Weather Ready plan that includes directions to the nearest tornado shelter. If you are indoors, think about where you should go in the event of a tornado, and also gather your Weather Ready items in the event a tornado does strikes. A tornado is occurring or is expected to develop. Tornado warnings are issued by the local National Weather Service office when any of the following occurs: Doppler radar indicates strong rotation within a thunderstorm. Dual-polarization Doppler radar detects a tornado debris signature, indicative of lofted debris from a tornado. Trained storm spotters have reported a funnel cloud a circulation aloft not yet in contact with the ground. Trained storm spotters have reported a fully-formed tornado the circulation has made contact with the ground. Tornado warnings are usually highly localized " span parts of one to several counties " and generally last for 30 to 60 minutes. During a tornado warning, it is important to get to safety immediately. Strong to violent tornadoes can level buildings and loft vehicles into the air. Even weak tornadoes can cause damage to roofs and other structural damage, causing injury and potentially death to those hit by large falling objects and other debris. This story does not necessarily represent the position of our parent company, IBM.

Chapter 4 : Two dozen dragon eggs by Donald A. Wollheim

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From "Future Fantasy and Science Fiction" for October, , by consent of the author and publishers. It is, we think, this careful groundwork which makes these tales so colorfully realistic, so vivid, so varied in background. We sense that he has woven into his literary tapestry not merely varicolored threads but clothes of different textures, so that his prehistoric kingdoms are national not merely because he calls them by different names but because he has thought of them as different in culture, approach, tradition. The Blood-Red Crescent Taramis, Queen of Khauran, awakened from a dream-haunted slumber to a silence that seemed more like the stillness of nighted catacombs than the normal quiet of a sleeping palace. She lay staring into the darkness, wondering why the candles in their golden candelabra had gone out. A flecking of stars marked a gold-barrèd casement that lent no illumination to the interior of the chamber. But as Taramis lay there, she became aware of a spot of radiance glowing in the darkness before her. It grew and its intensity deepened as it expanded, a widening disk of lurid light hovering against the dark velvet hangings of the opposite wall. Taramis caught her breath, starting up to a sitting position. A dark object was visible in that circle of light—a human head. In a sudden panic the queen opened her lips to cry out for her maids; then she checked herself. The glow was more lurid, the head more vividly limned. The features were her own! Commander Crayne interrupted the tale by a gesture of his hand. He was with me on the polar flight. Please make a note of places he mentions and data. Commander Crayne, whose name still occupied newspaper headlines recounting columns of his achievement in circling the North Pole and remaining in its vicinity long enough to make valuable discoveries which no other polar explorer had done, sat near the window. His face was in shadow and did not reveal the incredulity of his mind at the tale Captain Ek had been telling. He had first been impatient. Lovecraft Telling ghost stories in dark and lonely places is an honored tradition. As a rule such tales, recited from memory, are not the type that make for literature—they are terse, grim, and usually described as true occurrences. The works of the "greats" of modern fantasy—save perhaps for Ambrose Biercè—are not easily adapted to such recitation; they are too complex or too esoteric. But here is an H. Lovecraft tale that lends itself to recitation. Not word for word, but the plot idea is one to be worked into a midnight tale. Your editor has related it several times—usually on deserted rural roads—with marked effect. I repeat to you gentlemen, that your inquisition is fruitless. Detain me here for ever if you will; confine or execute me if you must have a victim to propitiate the illusion you call justice; but I can say no more than I have said already. Everything that I can remember, I have told with perfect candor. Nothing has been distorted or concealed, and if anything remains vague, it is only because of the dark cloud which has come over my mind—that cloud and the nebulous nature of the horrors which brought it upon me. Again I say, I do not know what has become of Harley Warren, though I think—almost hope—that he is in peaceful oblivion, if there be anywhere so blessed a thing. It is true that I have for five years been his closest friend, and a partial sharer of his terrible researches into the unknown. I will not deny, though my memory is uncertain and indistinct, that this witness of yours may have seen us together as he says, on the Gainsville pike, walking toward Big Cypress Swamp, at half past eleven on that awful night. That we bore electric lanterns, spades, and a curious coil of wire with attached instruments, I will even affirm; for these things all played a part in the single hideous scene which remains burned into my shaken recollection. But of what followed, and of the reason I was found alone and dazed on the edge of the swamp next morning, I must insist that I know nothing save what I have told you over and over again. The public interest shows the trend of the times; people have a way of suspicioning for themselves important angles of future development when they become ripe. But with the acute imagination of the science-fictionist and social scientist that he was, Francis Flagg spotted the trend fifteen years before. In this thought-provoking novelette, we are treated to a startling vision of the possible result of this present work in cybernetics. THIS IS A strange story, and if you are the kind of person who believes nothing without

overwhelming proof, read no further, for the story is an incredible one and centers around characters widely divergent as to background and walks of life—Bronson, Smith and Stringer. Yet he was by no means uneducated, though the knowledge he possessed on a wide range of subjects seldom met with in the repertoire of that type of tramp captains, had been gleaned from books and not from colleges. Olson Smith had picked him up—I never rightly understood when or how—in the Indian Ocean and made him captain of his sleek ocean liner masquerading as a yacht. Olson Smith could afford the luxury of thousand-ton yachts, because his father had been canny enough to get into a packing-house combine at the right moment and so turn an already sizable fortune into millions. Olson himself, however, had nothing to do with the packing business aside from helping to spend its profits. He was a dilettante of sorts, a patron of the arts, a stout, distinguished looking gentleman under sixty, who endowed colleges and founded chairs and laboratories for research work. Through these benevolences he Vengeance in Her Bones by Malcolm Jameson The late Malcolm Jameson was a naval officer who turned to writing after he had retired from service. Your editor has always preferred those stories of his that dealt with deep water over those that dealt with deep space. There is a verisimilitude about sea stories that all the phony parallels about space-going navies can never attain. The feeling all seafarers get about their ships—the animism with which they regard them—is a real thing. And a strange tale of the sea is fact more likely to arouse genuine reader emotion than the most slickly handled but irrevocably synthetic story of a moon-flying navy. The messenger from the Navy recruiting office found old Captain Tolliver in his backyard. The crabby, sour-visaged housekeeper took him as far as the hedge back of the house and pointed the retired mariner out to him. Captain Tolliver was reclining in a ragged canvas deckchair taking the sun. He had on faded dungarees, soft and pliant as linen from hundreds of scrubblings, and the stump of his handleless left arm rested carelessly on his lap. The peg-leg that matched it lay in alignment with the one good leg. He has a ship for you. His eyes were not overstrong these days—the doctors had said something about incipient cataracts. He already has a ship, working out of West Coast ports. My sea-going days are over. He was very clear about that. He has a ship that only you can command. Of late the pages of science-fiction periodicals have been filled with a lot of words about words. We refer to the stories based upon the neo-science of semantics, the talk about "non-Aristotelianism," and the multiple social, political, moral, and psychological concepts that the more fanatical followers of these word-schemes derive from them. At risk of calling down the wrath of devotees, your editor must confess that most of these stories do not seem to make too much sense. And it is just possible that some of the readers of "The Gostak and the Doshes" may also express, for a while, similar bewilderment. It was written many years before its time, back in , and we still feel that it is the best of the lot. We also suspect that it points a moral that could well be heeded in these hectic days of slogans, advertising, and mass hysterias. Let the reader suppose that somebody states: But if we assume that it is English, we know that the doshes are distimmed by the gostak. We know that one distimmer of the doshes is a gostak. If, moreover, doshes are galloons, we know that some galloons are distimmed by the gostak. And so we may go on, and so we often do go on. That is lifting yourself by your own bootstraps! He towered in his chair as though in the infinite kindness of his vast mind there were room to understand and overlook all the foolish little foibles of all the weak little beings that called themselves men. A mathematical physicist lives in vast spaces where a lightyear is a footstep, where universes are being born and blotted out, where space unrolls along a fourth dimension on a surface distended from a fifth. To him, human beings and their affairs do not loom very important. In his voice there was a patient forbearance Omega by Amelia Reynolds Long Insofar as all men are mortal and foredoomed to death, and as far back as history and myth can pierce we are impressed with the similar mortality of cities and peoples and kingdoms, it is quite natural that the death of the world is a subject that would engage the thoughts of the imaginative. Without stirring from their own time, without a "time machine," the characters of "Omega" manage to get a vision of things to come—to share those experiences as well. I, doctor michael claybridge, living in the year , have listened to a description of the end of the world from the lips of the man who witnessed it; the last man of the human race. That this is possible, or that I am not insane, I cannot ask you to believe: I can only offer you the facts. For a long time my friend, Prof. Mortimer, had been experimenting with what he termed his theory of mental time; but I had known nothing of the nature of this theory until one day, in response to his request, I visited him at his

laboratory. I found him bending over a young medical student, whom he had put into a state of hypnotic trance. For him, it accordingly became so; for he described for me—and in French, mind you—a part of the battle at which he was present! By hypnotic suggestion, I moved his materiality line until it became tangent with the Waterloo segment of the circle. Whether in physical time the two have ever touched before, is of little matter. Storm Warning by Donald A. Wollheim The story of "Storm Warning" grew directly out of the great impression that G. Constantly your editor has been impressed with the sparsity of our actual knowledge of the world—the things we think we know best so often turn out to be scarcely more than isolated fragments of a great knowledge, our sciences mere segments of other sciences. Biology, chemistry, physics, astronomy, all seem to interlock, and the more we know the more we realize how tenuous our grip on universal understanding is. And "Storm Warning" was the result. We had no indication of the odd business that was going to happen. The boys at the Weather Bureau still think they had all the fun. We were in the middle of it all. We were riding out of Rock Springs at sunrise on a three day leave but the Chief Meteorologist had asked us to take the night shift until then. It was just as well, for the Bureau was on the edge of the desert and we had our duffle and horses tethered outside. The meteor fall of two days before came as a marvelous excuse to go out into the badlands of the Great Divide Basin. Free also from the routine and monotony of the Weather Bureau as well. Of course I like the work, but still the open air and the open spaces must be bred in the blood of all of us born and raised out there in the West.

Chapter 5 : Storm Warning () - IMDb

Wollheim, Donald [Allen] (1953) Storm Warning, IMDb

The story of "Storm Warning" grew directly out of the great impression that G. Constantly your editor has been impressed with the sparsity of our actual knowledge of the world—the things we think we know best so often turn out to be scarcely more than isolated fragments of a great knowledge, our sciences mere segments of other sciences. Biology, chemistry, physics, astronomy, all seem to interlock, and the more we know the more we realize how tenuous our grip on universal understanding is. And "Storm Warning" was the result. We had no indication of the odd business that was going to happen. The boys at the Weather Bureau still think they had all the fun. We were in the middle of it all. We were riding out of Rock Springs at sunrise on a three day leave but the Chief Meteorologist had asked us to take the night shift until then. It was just as well, for the Bureau was on the edge of the desert and we had our duffle and horses tethered outside. The meteor fall of two days before came as a marvelous excuse to go out into the badlands of the Great Divide Basin. Free also from the routine and monotony of the Weather Bureau as well. Of course I like the work, but still the open air and the open spaces must be bred in the blood of all of us born and raised out there in the West. Aim was of course to try and locate fragments of the big meteor that landed out there two nights before. Lots of people had seen it, myself for one, because I happened to be out on the roof taking readings. There had been a brilliant streak of blue-white across the northern sky and a sharp flash way off like an explosion. I understand that folks in Superior claim to have felt a jolt as if something big had smashed up out there in the trackless dust and dunes between Mud Lake, Morrow Creek, and the town. But it was a swell excuse. We were getting ready to leave. We had the mountains between us and any cold wave from that direction. The Chief was bending low over the map tracing out the various lows and highs. He frowned a bit when he came to a new little low I had traced in from the first reports of that day. Since when are storms originating so close? The Chief sat down and stared at the map. Then he stood up and held out his hand to me. If you find that meteor, bring me back a chunk too. The first rays of the sun were just coming up as we left. Outwards we jogged easily, the town and civilization fell behind rapidly and we went on into the golden glow of the Sweetwater basin. We kept up a nice steady trot, resting now and then. An occasional desert toad or the flash of a disturbed snake were the only signs of life we saw and the multiform shapes of the cactus and sage our only garden. Towards evening at the bureau, the Chief first noted the slight growth of the Southern Warm Front. A report from Utah set him buzzing. The Cold Front had now reached the borders of Wyoming and was still moving on. The baby storm that was born where it had no right to be born was still growing and now occupied a large area over Oregon and Idaho. The Chief was heard to remark that the conjunction of things seemed to place south west Wyoming as a possible center of lots of wild weather. He started worrying a bit about the two of us. We felt a sort of odd expectancy in the air as we camped. Nothing definite, a sort of extra stillness in the air as if forces were pressing from all sides, forces that were still far away and still vague. We talked a bit around the fire about the storm that the Chief had noted when we left. Ed thought it would fizzle out. I think I had an idea we might see something of it. Next morning there was just the faintest trace of extra chill in the air. This morning it was just the slightest bit chillier. It must be a very powerful front. Probably snowfall in the northern part of the state. If I had known what the Chief knew that morning, I might have started back in a hurry. For at the bureau, the Chief knew at morning that we were in for some extraordinary weather. He predicted for the Rock Springs paper the wildest storm ever. You see the Southern Warm Front had definitely gotten a salient through by at time. It was already giving Salt Lake City one of the hottest days on record and what was more the warm wave was coming our way steadily. The next thing was that storm from the west. It was growing smaller and tighter again and had passed over Idaho Falls two hours ago raging and squawling. It was heading in our direction like an arrow from a bow. And finally the Cold Front had done the impossible. It was beginning to sweep over the heights and to swoop down into the Divide basin, heading

straight for the Warm Front coming north. And there was Ed and I with a premonition and nothing more. We were riding along right into the conflux of the whole mess and we were looking for meteors. We were looking for what we expected to be some big craters or pockmarks in the ground and a bunch of pitted iron scattered around a vicinity of several miles. Towards ten that morning we came over a slight rise and dipped down into a bowl-shaped region. I stopped and stared around. Ed wheeled and came back. Ed drew in some sharp breaths and stared around. I waved my hands through the air a bit. Now it feels a bit colder. I stared slowly after him. He was puzzled and so was I. There was something wrong here. Something that got on our nerves. Far ahead I saw something sparkle. I stared as we rode and then mentioned it to Ed. There was something, no, several things that glistened far off at the edge of the bowl near the next rise. They looked like bits of glass. We rode steadily on in that direction. I came up next to him. The sense of strangeness in the air had increased the nearer we got to the glistening things. It was still the same—warm-cold. There was something else again. Something like vegetation in the air. It smelled differently from any other growing things and yet it smelled like vegetation. It was unearthly, that air. It was just peculiar. We could see the sparkling things now. They were like bubbles of glass. We knew then that, if they were the meteors, they were like none that had ever been recorded before. We were ill at ease. It was the funny weather that did it. I noticed then for the first time that there were black clouds beginning to show far in the west. It was the first wave of the storm. We rode nearer the strange bubbles. We could see them clearly now. They seemed cracked a bit as if they had broken. One had a gaping hole in its side. It must have been hollow, just a glassy shell. Ed and I stopped short at the same time. Or rather our horses did. We were willing, too, but our mounts got the idea just as quickly. It was the smell. There was a new odor in the air. It had just that instant wafted itself across our nostrils. It was at first repelling.

Chapter 6 : Donald A. Wollheim | LibraryThing

Storm Warning. Mage Storms Book 1. by Mercedes Lackey. Dedicated to Elsie Wollheim. with love and respect. One Emperor Charliss sat upon the Iron Throne, bowed down neither by the visible weight of his years nor the invisible weight of his power.

He bore neither the heavy Wolf Crown on his head, nor the equally burdensome robes of state across his shoulders, though both lay nearby, on an ornately trimmed marble bench beside the Iron Throne. The Wolf Crown lay atop the robes, preventing them from slipping off the bench altogether. Let mere kings flaunt their golden crowns; the Emperor boasted a circlet of electrum, inset with thirteen yellow diamonds. Only when one drew near enough to the Emperor to see his eyes clearly did one see that the circlet was not as it seemed, that what had passed at a distance for an abstract design or a floral pattern was, in fact, a design of twelve wolves, and that the winking yellow diamonds were their eyes. Let lesser beings assume thrones of gold or marble; the Emperor held court from his Iron Throne, made from the personal weapons of all those monarchs the Emperors of the past had conquered and deposed, each glazed and guarded against rust. The throne itself was over six feet tall and four feet in width; a monolithic piece of furniture, it was so heavy that it had not been moved so much as a finger-length in centuries. Anyone looking at it could only be struck by its sheer mass—and must begin calculating just how many sword blades, axes, and lance points must have gone into the making of it. None of this was by chance, of course. The Emperors were not interested in inducing a groveling fear, nor did they intend to excite ambition. The former was a dangerous state; people made too fearful would plot ways to remove the cause of that fear. He had not become the successor to Emperor Lioth at the age of thirty without learning the value of both abilities—and he had not spent the intervening century-and-a-half in letting either ability lapse. Charliss was the nineteenth Emperor to sit the Iron Throne; none of his predecessors had been less than brilliant, and none had reigned for less than half a century. None had been eliminated by assassins, and only one had been unable to choose his own successor. Some called Charliss "the Immortal"; that was a fallacy, since he was well aware how few years he had left to him. Eventually the body itself became too tired to sustain life any longer; even banked fires dwindled to ash in the end. Useful rumors were difficult to come by. Even the walls and the ceiling of the dais-alcove, a somber setting for a rich gem, were of that same marble. The effect was to concentrate the attention of the onlookers on the Emperor and only the Emperor. Charliss himself wore slate-gray velvets, half-robe with dagged sleeves, trows, and Court-boots, made on the same looms as the crimson robes, in his long-ago youth, his hair had been whitened by the wielding of magic and his once-dark eyes were now the same pale gray, as an overcast dawn sky. If the young man waiting patiently at the foot of the throne was aware of how few years the Emperor had left to him, he had wisely never indicated he possessed this dangerous knowledge to anyone. In no other way were the two of them similar, however. Charliss had been, and still was, an Adept, and in his full powers before he ascended the Throne. Tremane was a mere Master, and never would have the kind of mage-power at his personal command that Charliss had. But if mage-power or blood-ties were all that was required to take the Throne and the Crown, there were a hundred candidates to be considered before Tremane. Intelligence and cunning were not enough by themselves, either; in a land founded by stranded mercenaries, both were as common as snowflakes in midwinter. Tremane had luck; that was important, but more than the luck itself, Tremane had the ability to recognize when his good fortune had struck, and the capability to revise whatever his current plan was in order to take advantage of that luck. And conversely, when ill-luck struck him which was seldom, he had the courage to revise plans to meet that as well, now and again snatching a new kind of victory from the brink of disaster. Tremane was not the only one of the current candidates for the succession to have those qualities, but he was the one personally favored by the Emperor. Tremane was not entirely ruthless; too many of the others were. Being ruthless was not a bad thing, but being entirely ruthless was dangerous. Those who dared to stop at nothing often ended up with enemies who had nothing to lose. Putting an enemy in such a position was an error, for a man who has nothing to lose is, by definition, risking nothing to obtain what he desires. Otherwise, the man on the throne had little else in common with his chosen

successor. Charliss had been considered handsome in his day, and the longing glances of the women in his Court even yet were not entirely due to the power and prestige that were granted to an Imperial mistress. Tremane was, to put it bluntly, so far from comely that it was likely only his power, rank, and personal prestige that won women to his bed. His thinning hair was much shorter than was fashionable, his receding hairline gave him a look of perpetual befuddlement. His eyes were too small, set just a hair too far apart; his beard was sparse, and looked like an afterthought. His thin face ended in a lantern jaw; his wiry body gave no hint of his quality as a warrior. Tremane was only one of several candidates for the Iron Throne, and he knew it. He looked harmless, common, and of average intelligence, but no more than that. It was entirely possible that all of this was a deeply laid plan to appear ineffectual. Of all of the candidates for the Iron Throne, he was the one with the fewest enemies among his rivals. They were as occupied with eliminating each other as in improving their own positions, and in proving their ability to the Emperor. He was free to concentrate on competence. This was not a bad position to be in. Perhaps he was even more clever than Charliss had given him credit for. If so, he would need every bit of that cleverness in the task Charliss was about to assign him to. The Emperor had not donned robes and regalia for this interview, as this was not precisely official; he was alone with Tremane—“if one discounted the ever-present bodyguards”—and the trappings of Empire did not impress the Grand Duke. Real power did, and real power was what Charliss held in abundance. He was power, and with the discerning, he did not need to weary himself with his regalia to prove that. He cleared his throat, and Tremane bowed slightly in acknowledgment. Charliss noted with approval that Tremane did not respond with toadying phrases like “how could you even think of retiring, my Emperor,” or “surely it is too early to be thinking of such things. You have obviously been aware for a long time that you are one of the primary candidates to be my successor. But I am also aware that I am just one of a number of possible candidates. Even if the man did not possess humility, he could feign it convincingly. It is also true that of the nineteen Emperors, only eleven have been full Adepts, and it is equally true that I have outlived my own offspring. Had any of them inherited my mage-powers, that would not have been the case, of course. Of all the children of his many marriages of state, not a one had achieved more than Journeyman status. That was simply not enough power to prolong life—“not without resorting to blood-magic, at any rate, and while there had been an Emperor or two who had followed the darker paths, those were dangerous paths to follow for long. As witness the idiot Ancar, for instance—“those who practiced the blood-paths all too often found that the magic had become the master, and the mage, the slave. Well, it hardly mattered. What did matter was that a worthy candidate stood before him now, a man who had all the character and strength the Iron Throne demanded. And what was more, there was an opportunity before them both for Tremane to prove, beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt, that he was the only man with that kind of character and strength. If Tremane was surprised at the apparent change of subject, he did not show it. He simply nodded again. With that situation you may prove conclusively that you are worthy of the Wolf Crown. The Emperor smiled thinly. He did not have a great deal of information to offer, however, since he arrived with a knife buried in his heart, a rather lovely throwing dagger, which I happen to have here now. Charliss nodded, pleased that Tremane had actually recognized it. And one wonders how such a blade could possibly have been where it was. This agent is now rather conspicuously missing. He did not particularly mourn her loss—“she had been very ambitious, and he had foreseen a time when he might expect her value as an agent to be exceeded by her liabilities. That she was missing could mean any one of several things, but it did not much matter whether she had fled or died; the result would be the same. We have no reason for an open quarrel with Valdemar just yet; this could precipitate one before we are ready. What was “obvious” to Tremane was far from obvious to those who looked no deeper than the surface of things. The woman was quite troublesomely ambitious, yes; however, if she uses her magics but once, we will know where she is, and eliminate her if we choose. What truly concerns me is Valdemar itself. The situation within Hardorn is unstable. We have acquired half of the country with very little effort, but the ungrateful barbarians seem to have made up their mind to refuse the benefits of inclusion within the Empire. A warning, those little aches. The sign that his spells of bodily renewal were fading. They were less and less effective with every year, and within two decades or so they would fail him altogether. They both knew what the Emperor meant by that; the citizens of what had been Hardorn wanted their country back, and

they had organized enough to resist further conquest. Valdemar could decide to aid the Hardornens in some material way, and that would cause us further trouble. We know that they have somehow allied themselves with those fanatics in Karse, and that presents us with one long front if we choose to fight them. Valdemar itself is a damned peculiar place From beyond the closed doors of the Throne Room came the soft murmur of the courtiers who were waiting for the doors to open for them and Court to begin. Let them wait—and let them see just whose business had kept them waiting. The little maneuverings and shifts in power would begin from that very moment, like the shifts in current when a new boulder rolls into a stream. I was rather dubious about using her again, despite her abilities, until I realized just how cursed difficult it is to work in Valdemar. As it was, her progress there was minimal. Charliss knew why—Tremane never knowingly worked with someone who served more masters than he. I merely made sure that this time she had no other employers, and that her personal agenda was not incompatible with mine. And to eliminate her if she elected to ignore the warning he represented. That was why I sent a mage, an Adept her equal, with none of her vices. There was a barrier there, according to my agents, a barrier that made it impossible for a practicing mage to remain within the borders for very long. While she was there, she must have refrained from using her powers. A difficult thing for a mage—use of magic often becomes a habit too ingrained to break. Tremane was no fool; he saw immediately the solution and the difficulty of implementing it.

Chapter 7 : Writer Beware®: The Blog: Small Press Storm Warnings: High Hill Press

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Chapter 8 : Summary Bibliography: Donald A. Wollheim

By the time of this tenth installment in Wollheim's well-regarded five-year, eighteen issue genre pulp series, which focused primarily on science fiction, fantasy and horror, Avon Books had learned what sold the genre at newstands - to wit, the now classic luridness and feminine pulchritude on its covers.

Chapter 9 : Writer Beware®: The Blog: Small Press Storm Warnings: Fiery Seas Publishing

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