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# THE CHRONOCIDE MISSION

Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

Sample file



**WILDSIDE PRESS**

In memory of  
JOHN FLORY,  
who asked for it.

## THE CHRONOCIDE MISSION

All of the characters and localities in this book are fictitious.  
Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead,  
or to actual places, is purely coincidental.

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## NOTE FOR THE READER

Much of this book's action takes place in the future, and the characters taking part in that action are, of course, future characters. In the more than three hundred years postulated between the present and the novel's setting, with a massive catastrophe in between, a great deal would have happened to our language. It may well have become unrecognizable to the reader of today.

As a reminder of this fact, fabricated words (some will look like typos or misspellings!) are used for flavoring throughout to remind the reader that a different—or greatly modified—language is being spoken by people living in, or originating in, the future. (This of course will not be true of the present-day characters who appear in the final chapters of the book!)

In the “future” language:

*Day, days* are rendered as *Dae, daez*.

*Night, nights* are *niot, niots*.

These words hold in combinations: *middae, midniot, daelight, overniot*.

*Sike* is used for year; *tenite*, meaning ten nights, is the unit of temporal measurement used instead of “week.” *Mont* is used instead of month.

*Lens* and *lenses* become *len* and *lens*.

Some changes in common punctuation practices are also employed to contribute to that future “flavoring.”

—Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

**Sample file**

# 1

## BERNAL

Bernal awakened suddenly to the drumming of horses' hoofs on a forest road. "Some idiot peerlings on a drunken frolic," he told himself indifferently. He had spent more than half of his life deep in this enemy Peerdom of Lant, and he was fond of telling young scouts he survived only because he was most alert when he was sound asleep.

He raised up briefly to determine where the horses were and what direction they were going. Then he lay back, stretched his arms and legs luxuriously, and considered the one serious problem he faced at that moment, whether his beard needed trimming. The night was only half advanced, the weather mildly warm, and his bed, fashioned of a chance accumulation of leaves in the shelter of an enormous, drooping prickly bush, the most comfortable he had experienced in more than a tenite. He loved the forest's pungent scents, loved living in the open. For the second time that night, he composed himself for sleep.

The distant horses rumbled across a bridge and left the main road for a little-used branch that led to a long-abandoned lumber camp. Bernal continued to listen with closed eyes. An experienced scout in a thick forest was in no danger from a racketsy enemy on horseback. Almost subconsciously he analyzed the sounds he heard and pondered the question of whether there were four horses or five. He decided on five.

He had begun to doze off again when his ear caught the yapping of dogs, and *that* brought him tensely to his feet. Dogs meant the riders were Lantiff, the vicious, mounted warriors of Lant, and the yapping meant they were on leash. The Lantiff used dogs for only one purpose, tracking, and they leashed them only when someone wanted a fugitive taken alive—which never happened when the ferocious beasts ran loose.