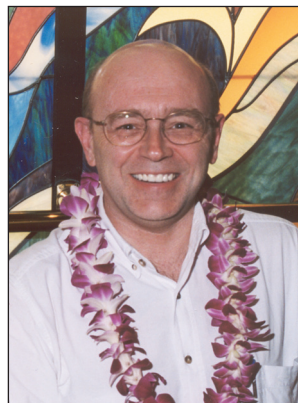


## JEFF DUNTEMANN



Jeff Duntemann's father was an engineer who wanted to know how things worked, his mother read SF to him from an early age, and his tinkerer uncle was happy to give him bits and pieces of stuff and show him how they could be assembled to make radios and tele-

scopes. When he was ten, his grandmother gave him her ancient Underwood typewriter, enabling him to put his fascination with words and gadgets to good use.

Jeff wrote two Hugo-nominated short stories in the 1970s, then took a quarter-century detour into editing, writing, and publishing computer books and magazines. He has recently resumed writing science fiction with his story "Drumlin Boiler" in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. *The Cunning Blood* is his first published novel.

Jeff lives in Colorado Springs with his wife, Carol, and a variable number of dogs.

You can find more info about Jeff on his website at [www.duntemann.com](http://www.duntemann.com).

## TODD CAMERON HAMILTON

Todd Cameron Hamilton was born in 1962 in Chicago, Illinois. His first professional cover was for John Varley's collection *Blue Champagne* in 1986. In 1988, he collaborated with P.J. Beese on the novel *The Guardsman*. He has since created covers for numerous "Star Trek" novels. Todd's illustrations have graced the interior pages of many magazines, including *Analog*. He was the artist for *Piers Anthony's Visual Guide to Xanth*, *Roger Zelazny's Visual Guide to Castle Amber* and *The Dragonlover's Guide to Pern*. He has an interest in restoring old houses and lives in Ann Arbor.



Cover Art by Todd Cameron Hamilton  
Cover Design by Robert T. Garcia, [www.gpsdesign.net](http://www.gpsdesign.net)  
ISFiC Press logo: Todd Cameron Hamilton

ISFiC Press  
707 Sapling Lane  
Deerfield, IL 60015  
[www.isficpress.com](http://www.isficpress.com)



ILLINOIS  
SCIENCE  
FICTION  
IN  
CHICAGO  
PRESS

"You ready, Joop?" J. J. Rafferty asked from the Pig's controls.

"Sure," the Dutchman answered from the pod in the cargo bay. "Open the door and let's do it!"

Rafferty tapped an icon on his command stone. The panels covering the Pig's cargo bay crept backwards into the hull. The thin air tore into the empty space, blowing scraps of paper and lunch bags in dervish dances before tossing them into the deep blue nothingness. The pod's skeletal magnesium frame glinted in the afternoon sun. Joop Verdaam checked everything one last time. Some food, enough oxygen to get him down to the surface, some deadly presents for the natives (including Magic Mikey's crazy chemical laser teletype), six inflation canisters and balloons to carry more reliable messages back to the upper atmosphere, and one bigger canister and balloon to get his own carcass back to power-dive altitude if the plan were to fail.

*The Greased Pig* couldn't land. Earth had infected Hell with a nasty nanobug that ate electrical conductors carrying current. That was why it was Hell—abandon hope and all that. Nothing electrical lasted longer than a few hours—which meant, pretty much, that nothing technological lasted longer than a few hours. Drop prisoners down in one-way lifting-body landers, and they can't get out.

Not yet, at least. Joop grinned. This was going to be fun, if it didn't kill him first—and things like that were generally the most fun of all.

"So to Hell with you, man!" Rafferty called with a grin, and hit the eject switch.

"Everything you want in a hard SF novel."

—Bruce Schneier

The Cunning Blood

JEFF DUNTEMANN

# The Cunning Blood

JEFF DUNTEMANN



\$28.00

## The Cunning Blood

JEFF DUNTEMANN

Peter Novilio was going to Hell.

CAUGHT VIOLATING THE ZERO TOLERANCE for Violence laws, he was sentenced to a one-way trip to Earth's prison planet in the Zeta Tucanae system. Hell was forever: Its ecosystem had been infected with microscopic nanomachines that destroyed electrical conductors, condemning its inmates to a neo-Victorian gaslight society without computers, spaceflight, or hope of escape.

Hell was not what it seemed. Clues suggesting impossible technologies and imminent revolt forced Peter Novilio to become Earth's unwilling agent, descending to Hell's surface in pursuit of information that he could exchange for his freedom.

But Peter had a secret as well: He was a member of the outlawed Sangruse Society, and in his blood flowed the Sangruse Device, Version 9, the most powerful nanocomputer ever created. Although supposedly Peter's protector and advisor, the Device had reasons of its own for visiting Hell. Peter soon discovered that he was little more than a disguise, caught in a covert war among Earth, Hell's ingenious inmates, and the deadly mechanism in his veins. For as fearsome as it was, the Device itself was afraid—and the fates of whole worlds would depend on the threat that the Cunning Blood had discovered outside of space and time.