

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation

By James White

Download now

Read Online

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White

Sector General: A massive deep-space hospital station on the Galactic Rim, where human and alien medicine meet. Its 384 levels and thousands of staff members are supposedly able to meet the needs of any conceivable alien patient--though that capacity is always being strained as more (and stranger) alien races turn up to join the galactic community. Sentient viruses, interspecies romances, undreamed-of institutional catering problems--it all lands on Sector General's doorstep. And the only thing weirder than a hitherto unknown alien species is having a member of that species turn up in your Emergency Room.

The first of two omnibus volumes reprints the works that began the Sector General series, which were previously published as *Hospital Station* (1962), *Star Surgeon* (1963), and *Major Operation* (1971).

At the Publisher's request, this title is being sold without Digital Rights Management Software (DRM) applied.

Download Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Ho ...pdf

Read Online Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: ...pdf

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation

By James White

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation
By James White

Sector General: A massive deep-space hospital station on the Galactic Rim, where human and alien medicine meet. Its 384 levels and thousands of staff members are supposedly able to meet the needs of any conceivable alien patient--though that capacity is always being strained as more (and stranger) alien races turn up to join the galactic community. Sentient viruses, interspecies romances, undreamed-of institutional catering problems--it all lands on Sector General's doorstep. And the only thing weirder than a hitherto unknown alien species is having a member of that species turn up in your Emergency Room.

The first of two omnibus volumes reprints the works that began the Sector General series, which were previously published as *Hospital Station* (1962), *Star Surgeon* (1963), and *Major Operation* (1971).

At the Publisher's request, this title is being sold without Digital Rights Management Software (DRM) applied.

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #123773 in eBooks
- Published on: 2001-06-02
- Released on: 2001-06-02
- Format: Kindle eBook

Download Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Ho ...pdf

Read Online Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: ...pdf

Download and Read Free Online Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White

Editorial Review

Review

"Sector General is one of the few places in SF that one would really, really like to exist." --David Langford

"Over the years White has built a large and enthusiastic audience for his Sector General series, which concerns a fully realized interspecies hospital on the rim of the Galaxy. His fascinating cast of characters and his belief in the basic decency of all intelligent life-forms have seen him through six Sector General books over the past quarter century." --James Gunn, *The New Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*

"Neat, humorous, and humane." --*The Ultimate Guide to SF*

About the Author

James White lived in Northern Ireland. He was a popular writer of science fiction for over forty years. He died in 1999.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER 1

MEDIC

The alien occupying O'Mara's sleeping compartment weighed roughly half a ton, possessed six short, thick appendages which served both as arms or legs and had a hide like a flexible armor plate. Coming as it did from Hudlar, a four-G world with an atmospheric pressure nearly seven times Earth normal, such ruggedness of physique was to be expected. But despite its enormous strength the being was helpless, O'Mara knew, because it was barely six months old, it had just seen its parents die in a construction accident, and its brain was sufficiently well developed for the sight to have frightened it badly.

"I've b-b-brought the kid," said Waring, one of the section's tractor-beam operators. He hated O'Mara, and with good reason, but he was trying not to gloat. "C-C-Caxton sent me. He says your leg makes you unfit for normal duty, so you can look after the young one until somebody arrives from its home planet. He's on his way over n-now…"

Waring trailed off. He began checking the seals of his spacesuit, obviously in a hurry to get out before O'Mara could mention the accident. "I brought some of its food with me," he ended quickly. "It's in the airlock."

O'Mara nodded without speaking. He was a young man cursed with the kind of physique which ensured him winning every fight he had ever been in, and there had been a great many of them recently, and a face which was as square, heavy and roughly formed as was his over-muscled body. He knew that if he allowed himself to show how much that accident had affected him, Waring would think that he was simply putting on an act. Men who were put together as he was, O'Mara had long ago discovered, were not supposed to have any of the softer emotions.

* * *

Immediately Waring departed he went to the airlock for the glorified paint-sprayer with which Hudlarians away from their home planet were fed. While checking the gadget and its spare food tanks he tried to go over the story he would have to tell Caxton when the section chief arrived. Staring moodily through the airlock port at the bits and pieces of the gigantic jigsaw puzzle spread across fifty cubic miles of space outside, he tried to think. But his mind kept ducking away from the accident and slipping instead into generalities and events which were in the far past or future.

The vast structure which was slowly taking shape in Galactic Sector Twelve, midway between the rim of the parent galaxy and the densely populated systems of the Greater Magellanic Cloud, was to be a hospital--a hospital to end all hospitals. Hundreds of different environments would be accurately reproduced here, any extreme of heat, cold, pressure, gravity, radiation or atmosphere necessary for the patients and staff it would contain. Such a tremendous and complex structure was far beyond the resources of any one planet, so that hundreds of worlds had each fabricated sections of it and transported them to the assembly point.

But fitting the jigsaw together was no easy job.

Each of the worlds concerned had their copies of the master plan. But errors occurred despite this--probably through the plan having to be translated into so many different languages and systems of measurement. Sections which should have fitted snugly together very often had to be modified to make them join properly, and this necessitated moving the sections together and apart several times with massed tractor and pressor beams. This was very tricky work for the beam operators, because while the weight of the sections out in space was nil, their mass and inertia was tremendous.

And anyone unlucky enough to be caught between the joining faces of two sections in the process of being fitted became, no matter how tough a life-form they happened to be, an almost perfect representation of a two-dimensional body.

* * *

The beings who had died belonged to a tough species, physiological classification FROB to be exact. Adult Hudlarians weighed in the region of two Earth tons, possessed an incredibly hard but flexible tegument which, as well as protecting them from their own native and external pressures, allowed them to live and work comfortably in any atmosphere of lesser pressure down to and including the vacuum of space. In addition they had the highest radiation tolerance level known, which made them particularly invaluable during power pile assembly.

The loss of two such valuable beings from his section would, in any case, have made Caxton mad, quite apart from other considerations. O'Mara sighed heavily, decided that his nervous system demanded a more positive release than that, and swore. Then he picked up the feeder and returned to the bedroom.

Normally the Hudlarians absorbed food directly through their skin from the thick, soupy atmosphere of their planet, but on any other world or in space a concentrated food compound had to be sprayed onto the absorbent hides at certain intervals. The young e-t was showing large bare patches and in other places the previous food coating had worn very thin. Definitely, thought O'Mara, the infant was due for another feed. He moved as close as seemed safe and began to spray carefully.

The process of being painted with food seemed to be a pleasant one for the young FROB. It ceased to cower in the corner and began blundering excitedly about the small bedroom. For O'Mara it became a matter of trying to hit a rapidly moving object while practicing violent evasive maneuvers himself, which set his injured leg throbbing more painfully than ever. His furniture suffered, too.

Practically the whole interior surface of his sleeping compartment was covered with the sticky, sharp-smelling food compound, and also the exterior of the now-quiescent young alien, when Caxton arrived.

"What's going on?" said the Section Chief.

Space construction men as a class were simple, uncomplicated personalities whose reactions were easily predictable. Caxton was the type who always asked what was going on even when, as now, he knew--and especially when such unnecessary questions were meant simply to needle somebody. In the proper circumstances the section chief was probably a quite likeable individual, O'Mara thought, but between Caxton and himself those circumstances had yet to come about.

O'Mara answered the question without showing the anger he felt, and ended, "…After this I think I'll keep the kid in space, and feed it there…"
"You will not!" Caxton snapped. "You'll keep it here with you, all the time. But more about that later. At the moment I want to know about the accident. Your side of it, that is."
His expression said that he was prepared to listen, but that he already doubted every word that O'Mara would say in advance.
* * *
"Before you go any further," Caxton broke in after O'Mara had completed two sentences, "you know that this project is under Monitor Corps jurisdiction. Usually the Monitors let us settle any trouble that crops up in our own way, but this case involves extra-terrestrials and they'll have to be brought in on it. There'll be an investigation." He tapped the small, flat box hanging from his chest. "It's only fair to warn you that I'm taping everything you say."
O'Mara nodded and began giving his account of the accident in a low monotone. It was a very weak story, he knew, and stressing any particular incident so as to point it up in his favor would make it sound even more artificial. Several times Caxton opened his mouth to speak, but thought better of it. Finally he said:
"But did anyone *see* you doing these things? Or even see the two e-ts moving about in the danger area while the warning lights were burning? You have a neat little story to explain this madness on their part--which, incidentally, makes you quite a hero--but it could be that you switched on the lights *after* the accident, that it was your negligence regarding the lights which caused it, and that all this about the straying youngster is a pack of lies designed to get you out of a very serious charge--"
"Waring saw me," O'Mara cut in.
Caxton stared at him intently, his expression changing from suppressed anger to one of utter disgust and scorn. Despite himself O'Mara felt his face heating up.
"Waring eh?" said the section chief tonelessly. "A nice touch, that. You know, and we all know, that you have been riding Waring constantly, needling him and playing on his disability to such an extent that he must hate you like poison. Even if he did see you, the court would expect him to keep quiet about it. And if he did not see you, they would think that he had and was keeping quiet about it anyway. O'Mara, you make me sick."
Caxton wheeled and stamped toward the airlock. With one foot through the inner seal he turned again.
"You're nothing but a troublemaker, O'Mara," he said angrily, "a surly, quarrelsome lump of bone and muscle with just enough skill to make you worth keeping. You may think that it was technical ability which got you these quarters on your own. It wasn't, you're good but not that good! The truth is that nobody else in my section would share accommodation with you…"
The section chief's hand moved to the cut-off switch on his recorder. His voice, as he ended, became a quiet, deadly thing.
"…And O'Mara if you let any harm come to that youngster, if anything happens to it at all, the Monitors won't even get the chance to try you."
The implications behind those final words were clear, O'Mara thought angrily as the section chief left; he was sentenced to live with this organic half-ton tank for a period that would feel like eternity no matter how short it was. Everybody knew that exposing Hudlarians to space was like putting a dog out for the night--there were no harmful effects at all. But what some people knew and what they felt were two vastly different things and O'Mara was dealing here with the personalities of simple, uncomplicated, over-sentimental and very angry construction men.
* * *
When he had joined the project six months before, O'Mara found that he was doomed again to the performance of a job which, while important in i...

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Joseph Owens:

Now a day those who Living in the era where everything reachable by connect with the internet and the resources inside it can be true or not demand people to be aware of each details they get. How a lot more to be smart in getting any information nowadays? Of course the answer then is reading a book. Reading through a book can help folks out of this uncertainty Information specifically this Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation book because this book offers you rich facts and knowledge. Of course the knowledge in this book hundred per-cent guarantees there is no doubt in it you probably know this.

Lisa McCann:

Nowadays reading books are more than want or need but also turn into a life style. This reading practice give you lot of advantages. Advantages you got of course the knowledge the particular information inside the book this improve your knowledge and information. The knowledge you get based on what kind of guide you read, if you want drive more knowledge just go with training books but if you want sense happy read one together with theme for entertaining for instance comic or novel. Often the Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation is kind of publication which is giving the reader unforeseen experience.

Jill Vaughn:

This Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation are reliable for you who want to become a successful person, why. The main reason of this Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation can be among the great books you must have is usually giving you more than just simple examining food but feed an individual with information that probably will shock your earlier knowledge. This book will be handy, you can bring it everywhere you go and whenever your conditions throughout the e-book and printed ones. Beside that this Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation giving you an enormous of experience including rich vocabulary, giving you trial run of critical thinking that we all know it useful in your day activity. So , let's have it and luxuriate in reading.

Peggy Young:

Reading a publication tends to be new life style with this era globalization. With looking at you can get a lot of information which will give you benefit in your life. Having book everyone in this world can share their idea. Publications can also inspire a lot of people. A lot of author can inspire their own reader with their story or perhaps their experience. Not only the storyplot that share in the textbooks. But also they write about the data about something that you need example. How to get the good score toefl, or how to teach your young ones, there are many kinds of book that exist now. The authors on earth always try to improve their expertise in writing, they also doing some exploration before they write for their book. One of them is this Beginning

Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation.

Download and Read Online Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White #7GP6TBWOXJZ

Read Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White for online ebook

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White books to read online.

Online Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White ebook PDF download

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White Doc

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White Mobipocket

Beginning Operations: A Sector General Omnibus: Hospital Station, Star Surgeon, Major Operation By James White EPub