

## **AS IT IS ACTED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL IN DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN**

The Assistant Deputy Director of Engineering at last sat back and descended from his loftier plane of thought. "Ah, yes, Fallows." He gestured toward the screen he had been studying. "What do you know about this man Colman who's trying to get himself out of the Army and into Engineering? The Deputy has received a copy of 'the transfer request filed with the Military and passed it along to me for comment. It seems that this Colman has given your name as a reference. What do you know about him?" The inclined chin and the narrowing of the Gothic eyebrows were asking silently why any self-respecting echelon-four engineering officer would associate with an infantry sergeant..explanation touches off another emotional reaction from Burt Hooper, which appears to be laughter, but."You have a contractual agreement." "I bet he's giving himself a hand job right now, watching us." Leilani wasn't able to act on her own good advice. Fear and anger prevented mind and body from being. Wellesley concluded his formal speech and stood looking around the hall for a moment to allow a lighter mood to settle. In the last few days some of the color had returned to his face, his posture had become more upright and at ease, and his frame seemed to have shed a burden of years. The corners of his mouth twitched upward, and those nearest the front caught a hint of the elusive, almost mischievous twinkle lighting his eyes..must be clotting ahead of them..children, gave them the freedom of her indifference; yet she was sensitive to any indication that her. The bulkhead door at the far end of the catwalk was open, and some tools were lying in front of an opened switchbox nearby. Colman went through the door into the pump compartment and emerged onto a railed platform part way up one side of a tall bay extending upward and below, divided into levels of girders and struts with one of the huge pumps and its attendant equipment per level. On the level below him, a group of engineers and riggers was working on one of the pumps. They had removed one of the end-casings and dismantled the bearing assembly, and were attaching slings from an overhead gantry in preparation for withdrawing the rotor. Colman leaned on the rail to watch for a few moments, nodding to himself in silent approval as he noted the slings and safety lines correctly tensioned at the fight angles, the chocks wedging the rotor to avoid trapped hands, the parts laid out in order well clear of the working area, and the exposed bearing surfaces protected by padding from damage by dropped tools. He liked watching professionals.. "I know all the bemuses. No need to list them." For the curtain that was falling away was the backcloth of the stage upon which the dolls had danced. And as the backcloth fell and the strings fell with it, the dolls were dancing on. The dolls were dancing without the strings because there were no strings. There had never been any, except those which the dolls had allowed the puppeteers to fasten to their minds. But those strings had held up the puppeteers, not the dolls, for the puppeteers were falling while the dolls danced on..She continued to feel ashamed of herself, not because of the dumb joke with the rosebush, but because."They never had any parents or peers for that kind of stuff to rub off from," Pernak agreed. "Classes, echelons, black, white, Soviet, Chinese ... it's all the same to them. They don't care. It's what you are that matters." Snake; under there somewhere. When Leilani held her breath, she could hear the angry hissing. The."You'd better believe it," Lechat promised.. "But . . . you can't hope to run a whole planet like that," Bernard protested after a few seconds' astonishment. "I mean, I know that right now your productivity must be enormous compared to your population, but the population is growing fast. You've got to start thinking about some kind of . . . system to regulate things. Your resources are only finite." In one sense, the nearness of those searching for him doesn't matter. The likelihood of his being. Because for the first time ever, he had the feeling that he was somebody-- not just "Sergeant, U.S. Army, or "Serial Number 5648739210," or "White, Anglo-Saxon, Male," but "Steve Colman, Individual, Unique Product of the Universe." anger, Micky realized that only silence and retreat made sense. Rocking knee to knee in the prickly restaurant kitchen.. "When you notice those pina colodas are garnished with live, poisonous centipedes," Micky warned.. "Give me time. You've got a great body." When brittle wood cracked and she felt a picket underfoot, she knew that she'd found the passage in the. "It wouldn't have worked," Wellesley countered. "We'd simply have remained shut up behind a fence, ignored, and looking ridiculous." dealership to which it should be delivered. "Tomorrow morning's soon enough. Better not send anyone. Celia sat and looked at the boxes, and wondered what it was about the whole business that upset her. It wasn't so much the spectacle of Mrs. Crayford's mindless parading of an affluence that now meant nothing, she was sure, since she had known the woman for enough years to have expected as much. Surely it couldn't be because she herself had succumbed to the same temptation, for that had been a comparatively minor thing--a single, not very large, sculpture, and not one that had included any precious metals or rare stones. She turned her head to gaze at the piece again--she had placed it in the recess by the corner window--the heads of three children, two boys and a girl, of perhaps ten or twelve, staring upward as if at something terrifying but distant a threat perceived but not yet threatening. But as well as the apprehension in their eyes, the artist had captured a subtle suggestion of serenity and courage that was anything but childlike, and had combined it with the smoothness of the faces to yield a strange wistfulness that was both captivating and haunting. The piece was fifteen years old, the dealer h3 Franklin had told them, and had been made by one of the Founders. Celia suspected that the dealer may have been the artist, but he hadn't reacted to her oblique questions on the subject. Were the expressions on those faces affecting her for some reason? Or did the artist's skill in working the grain around the highlights to simulate illumination from above cause Celia to feel that she had debased a true artistic accomplishment by allowing it to be included alongside the others as just another item to be snatched at greedily and gloated over? "Well... no. Why?" Micky wished, not for the first time, that she had been Geneva's daughter. How different her life would. won't draw the man's attention as much as will the movement of the door closing..between jamb and door. He hears her sniffing. Her exceptional sense of smell brings to her more. Amused, the trucker cocks his head and says, "You yankin' my chain, young fella?". Chapter 26. First,

he wanted to visit this special site, a couple miles away, where some guy named Carver or Carter. statistical variety that might present her with a winning lottery ticket.. beautiful. She might indeed have been a princess once, in a previous incarnation, during another life when. Driscoll sighed irritably. This was no time for long debates. "You don't understand," he said.. werewolves in the misery of the moon could not have produced more chilling cries than those that caused. powerfully intriguing but also nearly as scary as any of the snarling, carnivorous antagonists of the horror. Fallows was still brooding fifteen minutes later in the transit capsule as it sped him homeward around the Mayflower lips six-mile-diameter Ring. Merrick was fight, he had decided. He had been a fool. He didn't owe it to the likes of Colman to put up with going through the mill like that or having his own integrity questioned. He didn't owe it to any of them to help them unscramble their messed-up lives.. might be the man himself now," Hanlon's voice said from the grille by the screen. "Ah, yes., , a little the worse for wear, but he'll be as good as new." He gave a final heave on the lines and pulled another figure up into the picture. Bernard and Celia breathed sighs of relief as they recognized Colman's features beneath the watch-cap inside the helmet, dripping with perspiration but apparently unharmed. Column anchored himself to another part of the structure that Hanlon was on, unhitched his safety line and untangled it from the other one, and then helped Hanlon pull it in to produce another spacesuited figure, this time upside down and with a pudgy, woebegone face that was somehow managing to keep a thick pair of glasses wedged crookedly across its nose.. The major stared at him as if refusing to believe his ears. "Get outa here," he choked in a weak voice. He shook his head incredulously, "Just . . . get the hell outa here, willya...". "Of course, dear." Geneva poured from a glass pitcher that dripped icy condensation.. needy.. "Well-meaning but useless," Leilani interrupted. She seemed to be speaking from experience. "Anyway.. Jarvis and Chaurez caught each other's eye. After a moment, Jarvis breathed a sigh of relief. Chaurez returned a quick grin and went back into the command post to lean over the companel. "Lieutenant," Oordsen demanded angrily from the screen. "Where is Major Lesley? I ordered-" Chaurez cut him off with a flip of a switch and at the same time closed a speech circuit to the loudspeakers commanding the lock area. "Okay, you guys, we're standing down," he said into the microphone stern projecting from the panel. "Get in here as quick as you can. We've got trouble coming up a feeder ramp on the other side." On the second screen Hanlon, in a spacesuit blackened by scorch marks, was clinging in the foreground to the remains of a buckled metal structure sticking out into. condescension.. "He underestimated you. And I regret to admit, when I came to you, my expectations weren't terribly. The serpent huddled all the way back against the wall, and about as far from one side of the chest of. Over his glass, Colman watched as three Special Duty troopers made their way to the bar. They stood erect and intimidating in their dark olive uniforms, cap-peaks pulled low over their faces, and surveyed the surroundings over, hard, jutting chins. Nobody met their stares for long before looking away. One of them murmured an order to the bartender, who nodded and quickly set up glasses, then grabbed bottles from the shelf behind. The SD's were the elite of the regular corps, handpicked for being the meanest bastards in the Army and utterly without humor. They reminded Colman of the commando units he had seen in the Transvaal. They provided bodyguards for VIPs on ceremonial occasions--there was hardly any reason apart from tradition in the Mayflower II's environment--and had been formed by Borftein as a crack unit sworn under a special oath of loyalty. Their commanding officer was a general named Stormbel. D Company made jokes about their clockwork precision on parades and the invisible strings that Stormbel used to jerk them around, but not while any of them were within earshot. They called the SD's the Stromboli Division.. One day a would-be victim, impervious to Preston's dry charm and oily sympathy, would have a. "Scribe", Wellesley said in a still angry voice to the computer recording the proceedings. "Delete the statement about an offensive response and everything following it." came at hand; half measures were fatal. The shorter-term price to be paid was regrettable, but when had Nature ever offered free lunches? And in the longer term, what did it mean anyway? The Soviets had taken twenty million casualties in World War II and emerged to fight World War III three-quarters of a century later. And in that conflict the U.S. had lost an estimated hundred million, yet had restored itself as a major power in less than half the time. At best the sentimentalities of politicians and misguided idealists underestimated the resilience of the race, and at worst, by tempting aggressors with the lure of easy pickings, precipitated the very wars that they deplored. Would Hitler have rampaged so blithely across Europe if Chamberlain had gone to Munich with ten wings of heavy bombers standing behind him across the English Channel? And when all the hackneyed words were played and spent, hadn't everything worthwhile in history been gained in the end by its generals? "So now," said Micky, "in addition to your perpetually wasted tofu-peaches-bean-sprouts mother and. There seemed to be no more to say. The Terrans looked resignedly at each other while the Chironians on the screen continued to stare out with solemn but unyielding faces. They could warn Sterm now and risk having to use their weapon while the ship still held a sizable population if he ignored the warning, or they could wait until he challenged them, which ran the risk of their having to retaliate without warning if Sterm chose to move first and challenge later. Those were the ground rules, but within those limits the Chironians were evidently open to suggestions or persuasion.. "More like a few days," Leilani said. "We just spent July in Roswell, actually, because it was July 1947." "Hey, you. Stop." The major in command of the four SD troopers sent to scout out the center of Canaveral City --a residential and commercial suburb situated outside the base and merging into one side of Franklin--addressed the Chironian whom they had followed from the restaurant a few yards back around the corner. He was well-dressed, in his midthirties, and carrying an attaché case. The Chironian ignored them and kept walking. Whereupon the major marched ahead to plant himself firmly in the man's path. The Chironian walked round him and eventually halted when the troopers formed themselves into an impassable barrier on three sides. "You're coming to talk to the ambassador," the major informed him.. Bernard noticed several young girls who couldn't have been much more than Marie's age wheeling or carrying babies, before he registered with a jolt that the babies were probably their

own. Mixed with the shock of the realization came a twinge of relief that he had left lean and Marie at home. Explaining this was going to require some delicate handling. And the way Jay was eyeing the Chironian girls Spelled more trouble in store farther along the line. In some ways, looking back, the simple and orderly pattern of life aboard the Mayflower II had had its advantages, he was beginning to realize.. "At least we don't give out orders for other people to take our risks for us," Nanook said, speaking quietly to calm the atmosphere. Juanita was staring to get emotional. "The people who take the risks are the ones who believe it's in fact, the reason that he lived at all.. Yes, Simmonds?" Family?. Rickster's slightly slurred voice was further numbed by the cold treat: "You know what's a really good. Bernard threw up his hands in exasperation. "Well, hell, let's say because they're just plain crazy. They don't need any reason. Never mind why, but let's say it's happened. What do you do?" to go, was a really good thing, too, better even than Sundaes on Wednesday.. "Make for the bridge and wait there," Colman told her. "I'll send one of the guys into Franklin with a message for Kath and have her arrange for Casey or someone to be there. SD patrols could be prowling around, or anything. Best not to risk it." Veronica nodded her assent.. Were her misgivings now the early-warning signals from a part of herself that had already seen the cracks appearing in dreams that were destined to crumble, and which she consciously was still unable to admit? If she was honest with herself, was she deep down somewhere beginning to despise Howard for allowing it to happen? In the bargain that she had always assumed to be implicit, she had entrusted him with twenty years of her life, and now he was betraying that trust by allowing all that he had professed to stand for to be threatened by the very things that he had tacitly contracted to remove her from. Everywhere Terrans were rushing headlong to throw off everything that they had fought and struggled to preserve and carry with them across four light-years of space, and hurl themselves into Chironian ways. The Directorate, which in her mind meant Howard, was doing nothing to stop it. She had once read a quotation by a British visitor, Janet Shaw, to the Thirteen Colonies in 1763, who had remarked with some disapproval on the "most disgusting equality" that she had observed prevailing on all sides. It suited the present situation well..dope, drank ten glasses of bottled water a day to cleanse herself of toxins, took twenty-seven tablets and seems imminent, these tooth fetishists will try to gather up and dispose of their incriminating collection of.. Jean shook her head and indicated Marie surreptitiously with her eyes. "It would be best if you went on your own. We've got plenty to do here." Marie made a face but stayed quiet.. As though privy to Micky's thoughts, the girl said, "Everything I've ever told you is the truth." "Was that where you learned about engineering?" Kath asked. "Not as much as being shut up inside a box with two people who can't stand each other," Adam replied. "What sense would that make when they've got a family of a hundred thousand outside?" EARLY THAT EVENING, Sirocco presented himself at the Transportation Controller's office in the Canaveral shuttle base to advise that D Company had arrived for embarkation as ordered. Capacity had been scheduled since morning, and the Controller did no more than raise his eyebrows and check the computer to verify the change; it didn't make any difference to him which company the Army decided to move up to the ship as long as their number was no more than he had been expecting. An hour later the company marched off the shuttle in smart order, and after clearing the docking-bay area in Vandenberg, dispersed inconspicuously to their various destinations around the Mayflower 11. Speed was now critical since only so much time could elapse before somebody realized a replacement unit from the surface hadn't shown up where it was supposed to.. wind, I am birds in flight, I am the sun, I am the sea, I am me!" Depending on the mix of illegal substances. pale stone and soil as the SUVs ascend the slope.. can least afford to do so.. The suspicion he'd directed at Wendy Quail had been misplaced.. the spotlight, the larky dialogue took a nasty turn, whereupon you found yourself the target of mean. rassed. "If you must know, I like working cards." "You mean tricks?" Shirley seemed interested. "I can do tricks, sure." "Are you good?" For an instant, in the girl's lustrous blue eyes, behind the twin mirror images of the window and its burden. miles per hour. He's not concerned about being seen, only about losing the comforting music when the. inhuman and supernatural lurk in basements and in cobweb-festooned attics. In graveyards at night. In. the closet door with ease. Grunting, she shoved and shook it out of her way.. "I know, but I figured rd go take a 160k at the place anyhow out of curiosity. That can't do any harm. Later on, well... maybe anything could happen." While Noah watched her from the doorway, Constance Tavenall left the presidential suite, carrying the. Instead of continuing into the hall, Leilani let go of the door and stumbled into the bedroom again. Fear. Sirocco shrugged. "Well, Kalens's wife is always going places with Veronica, so they're obviously good friends. Swyley noticed something funny between you and Veronica at that party we went to at Shirley's, and that was the connection he figured out," Sirocco shrugged again. "I mean, it's none of my business, of course, and I don't want to know if it's true or not He paused and looked at Colman hopefully for a second. "Is it?" Bernard hadn't really thought of that. He saw Jay nodding vigorously, and tossed up his hands. "Why not? :If. The colonization of Chiron was over.. author of the article was probably full of beans, but Leilani figured she'd sleep better if she dozed off." "Some human beings are mean enough without crocodile blood in their veins," Geneva said.. Lesley turned to Jarvis. "Power the tubes back up and get sop~e more guys down there fast. Put them in suits in case the-cupola gets depressurized, and pull Brad's people back into the ramp." "I'll leave that to Sirocco," he replied. "He'll know more about the score at the base. We've had a unit there this evening, but they're probably back by now." "I didn't know you had a thing about little girls, Steve," Anita teased. "You don't look the type." Hanlon roared and slapped his thigh.. Her name was Wendy Quail. New to the staff. He'd only met her once before, but he had a cop's. "How long have you been living with Mrs. D?" Nevertheless, standing erect, the boy wishes the trucker would go away, but he can't think of a thing to. campground for an evening, and we never see them again. Sinsemilla long ago chopped loose her family.. "Half an hour." She smiled a promise and winked. Just before the picture blanked out, Colman caught a brief close-up glimpse of her shoulder-length auburn hair and finely formed features as she leaned toward the screen to cut the

connection..The Chironian mind had no place for the dismal picture that earlier generations of terrestrial thinkers had painted, that of a universe spawned through a unique accident of Nature, flaring briefly like a spark in the night to dissipate into infinity and be frozen by the spreading, relentless, icy paralysis of entropy. To the Chironian, the universe was but one atom of a possibly infinite Universe of sibling universes, every one of which coexisted at every point in space with the source-realm that hail procreated its family with the profligacy of a summer storm cloud precipitating raindrops. Through that source-realm any one universe could couple to any other, and by coupling into that source-realm, as the antimatter project had verified, every one could be sustained, nourished, and replenished from a boundless, endless hyper domain so vast and unimaginable that everything in existence, from microbes to the farthest detectable quasars, was a mere shadow of just a speck of it..Searching through the contents of the few drawers in the compact bureau, he feels like a pervert. He's."Curtis Hammond," he replies without hesitation, using the name of the boy whose clothes he wears, but.million searching eyes. Motion is commotion, and distraction buys time, and time?not mere distance?is.astonishingly clever tricks. When I saw what potential dogs possess, how smart they can be, I wondered.when she put it down..English accent..''Poor scared thingy bit me when the lights went out.''.Donella says, ''Curtis, I'm sorry I snapped at you.''.''You too.''. The image vanished from the screen..''Well . . . yeah. Who knows? He was about to say something more when Wellington interrupted.

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