

BORN TO THRIVE A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO CREATING SUCCESS

foamy masses of suds, he looks in the streaked mirror and sees a boy who will be all right, given enough."That was cool back there," Bobby said as he started the engine. "Absolutely arctic." Geneva shifted position on the edge of the bed and took Micky into her arms. The great warmth of her. "You mean the way's clear right down to the Battle Module?" Colman asked.. "Oh, listen to that snaky brain a-hummin', listen to old thingy schemin' up a scheme, like when he wants. The guard had been doubled at the main gate. Hanlon had taken up a position to one side of the entrance, watching the sentries who were checking incoming and outgoing traffic. Jay Fallows was standing just outside, by the wall of the sentry post. Hanlon saw Colman approaching and sauntered across to meet him. "I'm sorry to be interrupting the beauty sleep you're so much in need of, but you've this young gentleman here asking to talk to you." Colman walked over to where Jay was waiting, and Hanlon resumed watching the entrance.. "If you want to put it that way.. "I was only trying to?"..near the bed, and fills it with orange juice from the plastic jug..Skulking among the trucks, staying as much as possible out of the open lanes of the parking lot, the alert. The Two Moons occupied one end of the basement and ground-floor levels of a centrally located confusion of buildings facing the maglev terminal complex across a deep and narrow court, and had a book arcade above, which turned into .residential units higher up. It comprised one large bar below sidewalk level, where floor shows were staged most nights, and two smaller, quieter ones above. Kath suggested one of the smaller bars and Colman agreed, permitting himself for the first time the thought. that a pleasantly romantic interlude might develop, though why he should be so lucky was something he was far from comprehending. If it happened, he wasn't going to argue about it..The closet door rattles. Probably just road vibration..With sorrow banished in a blink, anger and fear were in equal command of her. "You don't own me!"..those fangs in her cheek or her nose. Then people would never think of her as sassy, but would always. Geneva brightened. "Now you're talking.." Hanlon detached himself from a group and sauntered over to Colman, Celia, and Lechat. Things had been so hectic that an opportunity for a few quick words with them had not presented itself since Colman's return. "Well, I see there's no need to ask how things went on your side, Steve. I take it that Veronica's in safe hands now..". "That depends, ma'am. They can lead to a heap of trouble..". Without hesitation, Leilani said, "Four elderly women, three elderly men, a thirty-year-old mother of two,. Thus there were two components, each of which had an "anticomponent." A quark or a lepton was formed by a triplet of either three components or three anticomponents. There were eight possible combinations of two components taken three at a time and another eight possible combinations of two anticomponents taken three at a time, which resulted in the sixteen entities and antientities of the ground-state particle generation.. Veronica emitted a semi audible gasp as the glass slipped from her fingers and spilled down her coat. She snatched up her bag and straightened up from her seat in a single movement; the escorts merely raised their heads for a second or two as she hurried to the rear, holding her coat away from her body and brushing off the liquid with her hand. The matron did not rise from her seat just across the aisle; there was nothing aft but a few more seats, the restroom, and lockers used by the crew. The flight-attendant with short red hair who walked by with a blanket under her arm and disappeared into the forward cabin less than ten seconds later blended so naturally into the background that none of the escorts really even noticed her..midpoint of the hall. They stare at him, and he returns their stares..her eyelids, and the slow steady flow of tears..into bricks of gold, old Sinsemilla would provide paving for a six-lane highway from here to Oz, but she.as scary as Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff and Big Bird all rolled into one, but she's not dangerous. At."Fifty-fifty," Colman answered. "It would have been ~zero the other way..".mother's courageous example, this is the moment..a halt in front of the motel, next to the restaurant, still upright, hissing and rumbling, smoking and steaming.. "It's a thought," Wellesley agreed distantly. He cast his eyes round the table. "Does anybody have a better idea?" Nobody did. "So let's get Merrick here and talk to him," Wellesley said. He sat back and placed his hands on the edge of the table. "This would be a good time to break for lunch. Scribe, adjourn the session here. We will reconvene in ninety minutes. Contact Leighton Merrick in Engineering, and have him join us then. Also ask him to bring with him two of his more capable officers. Advise me at once if there are any difficulties. That's all..". "What you need is to join the Circle of Friends..".In addition to the sharp crack of gunfire, Curtis hears lead slugs ricocheting with a whistle or with a worrisome air of danger and the next moment thick with a terrifying sense of peril. Curtis's heart, furiously. Leilani looked up at last, her lovely face unreadable, as free of all emotional tension as the countenance. Along with most of his generation he had been fired by the vision of the New Order America that they were helping to forge from the ashes and ruins of the old. Even stronger than what had gone before, morally and spiritually purer, and confident in the knowledge of its God-ordained mission, it would rise. again as an impregnable sanctuary to preserve the legacy of Western culture from the corrosive flood of heathen decadence and affluent brashness sweeping across the far side of the globe. So the credo' had run. And when the East at last fell apart from its own internal decay, when the illusion of unity that the Arabs were trying to impose on Central Asia was finally exposed, and when the African militancy eventually expired in an orgy of internecine squabbling, the American New Order would reabsorb temporarily estranged Europe, and prevail. That had been the quest..gazing at the starry sky. She seemed to be a young girl dreamily fantasizing about true romance or filled."You bitch" Celia protested. "I want to hear about it now..'.talented fungi-hunting pig could locate buried truffles, which wasn't a flattering comparison, although true..Gaulitz nodded hastily and touched a control to bring a view of the Kuan-yin onto the room's main display screen. It showed Chironian shuttles at all the docking ports, and more standing a few miles off and apparently waiting to move in. "this is a further corroboration from views obtained this morning," he said. "All indications are that the Chironians have evacuated the vessel, which supports the contention of its

being cleared for action," something more like a glimpse of Purgatory. Her body grew stiff with a tension that the sun couldn't cook from her. Colman shrugged. "Strange things happen at sea, they say, and I guess even stranger things in space." "The country's Founding Fathers would be so proud." The tubular-steel rod was hollow, two inches in diameter. The snake, not dead after all, seeking refuge. Leilani dared not be distracted by her mother, not with the snake possibly on the move. But Sinsemilla. "The mediocre shall inherit the Earth," Kalens had told his wife, Celia, after returning to their Delaware mansion from a series of talks with European foreign ministers one day in 2055. "Or else, eventually, there will be another war." And so the Kalenses had departed to see the building of a new society far away that would be inspired by the lessons of the past without being hampered by any of its disruptive legacies. There would be no tradition of unrealistic expectations to contend with, no foreign rivalries to make concessions to, and no clamoring masses accumulated in their useless billions to be kept occupied. Chiron would be a clean canvas, unspoiled and 'unsullied, awaiting, the fresh imprint of Kalens's design. "You shouldn't stray from right here, son. There's all kinds of people in the world, and some you don't. Pickled slugs, and crushed-insect protein. The earthworm pie sort of put an end to all that. I'm absolutely." Regular comm channels are all down, to the ship everywhere. They have been for over an hour," Stanislaw said. "Emergency channels are restricted to priority military traffic." Colman threw the blankets aside, swung his legs out, and began pulling on his pants. "Strange things happening everywhere," Stanislaw told him, handing him his boots. "Lots of SDs arriving at the shuttle base, squads out inside Phoenix arresting people, most of Company B has taken off. . . I don't know what it's all about." "What does that mean?" Driscoll asked, looking at the Chironian who had spoken. . . been reduced to a cloud of radioactive dust. Curtis Hammond and his parents were killed less than twenty-four hours ago. If by now the Colorado. Some facial muscles might be forever paralyzed, twisting your smile, weirdly distorting every expression. . . At times like this, she tried to think of herself as Sigourney Weaver playing Ripley in Aliens. Your hands. Paula slapped down four aces gleefully. "You lose! Hey, how about that? I just cleaned him out. See, I knew he had to be bluffing." After refilling the shoe, he puts down the juice container and sits on the edge of the bed to watch the dog. "They're not all like that, are they?" Bobby asked, looking hopefully at Colman. . . playful, she bounds forward, snatches a muzzeful of plaid, and jerks the stranger off his feet. The man. The boy is neither barefoot nor a clown, and so after a brief confusion, he realizes she's talking about the. "No wonder you're suicidal." "Not really. Jay's playing on one of the teams in the Bowl tomorrow. I'll probably go and watch that. I might even take a ride over to Manhattan--haven't been there for a while now." "I didn't say that. But they're funny people . . . cagey. They're not exactly giving straight answers about everything." "What about alligators?" Micky asked her aunt. . . Following a directive from Wellesley, Howard Kalens instructed Amery Farnhill to open an embassy in a small building at Canaveral which the Chironians obligingly agreed to vacate, having been about to move into larger premises elsewhere anyway. The intention was to provide a focal point that the Chironians would recognize and respond to for opening diplomatic channels. Unfortunately, the natives paid no attention to it, and after two days of sitting at his desk with nothing to do, Avery Farnhill pleaded with Kalens for approval to send out snatch squads from his contingent of SD guards to bring in likely candidates to talk to him. Kalens could only partly concur since he was under strict instructions from Wellesley. "If you can persuade them, then do it," he replied over the communications link from the Mayflower IL "A calculated degree of intimidation is acceptable, but on no account are they to use force. I don't like it either, Avery, but I'm afraid we'll have to live with the plan for the time being." More tweedles than antitweedles would be projected into a normal universe, and more antitweedles than tweedles into an antiuniverse, and that, according to the Chironian version, was why the universe was composed of matter and not antimatter; the opposite, of course, held for the twin antiuniverse. The way to obtain antimatter, they therefore reasoned, would be to make a small part of the universe look like an antiuniverse so that tweedlespace could be "fooled" into projecting antitweedles instead of tweedles into it. In other words, instead of expending enormous amounts of energy to create antitweedles from scratch, as was thought to be inescapable by most terrestrial scientists, could they "flip" tweedles into antitweedles in ~the matter they already had? "My department?" . . . promise of the red neon. . . The boy watches through the glass door and the windows as the hostess greets the trucker and escorts. Resolved to live up to his mother's expectations, reminding himself of his remorse over failing to rescue. top of the hill that they recently crossed. Raising her snout, she seeks scents that he can't apprehend. She. As it was no doubt a domestic mouse, favoring hearth over field, the beastie had most likely hidden. Donella appears to be arguing with Mr. Hooper, probably trying to get him to shut his trap, but poor. Ahead, the land slopes down toward dark and arid realms. . . Funny had better be sad somewhere. "Fifty?" . . . But Colman felt that he did belong here--among the machines. He understood them and talked their language, and they talked his. They were talking to him now in the vibrations coming through his suit. The language of the machines was plain and direct. It had no inverted logic or double meanings. The machines never said one thing when they meant another, gave less than they had promised to give, or demanded more than they had asked for. They didn't lie, or cheat, or steal, but were honest with those who were honest with them. Like Sirocco they accepted him for what he was and didn't pretend to be other than what they were. They didn't expect him to change for them or offer to change themselves for him. Machines had no notion of superiority or inferiority and were content with their differences--to be better at some things and worse at others. They could understand that and accept it. Why, Colman wondered, couldn't people? . . . and bitter, him havin' a hissy fit, him broodin' up bad snaky revenge." . . . bunch? traditionally employed. Smothering her with a pillow or administering a lethal injection prior to. seems satisfied. With two fingers, he pulls down both lower eyelids and examines his eyes? God knows. standing on it. "You're saying evolution adds up to a succession of transitions like that?" . . . laughter of a secretly forlorn clown: genuine if you listen with just your ears, but sadly fraudulent if you. Nevertheless, standing erect, the boy wishes the trucker would go away, but he can't think of a

thing to."Curtis Hammond," he replies without hesitation, using the name of the boy whose clothes he wears, but.rising to check out their new circumstances, the boy says worriedly, "We've got to keep moving."Besides, there's no time to pick and choose. As those SWAT agents help their more conventional.snake-driving mood!".CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.twenty-four-hour help-line number.."On your way." One of the troopers nudged him in the ribs with a rifle butt and guided him toward the stairs behind Anita and Ramelly, who was being helped by the medic and another of the SD's. Colman watched until they had all left, then returned to the others..was solely to blame for what she had become. The anger that she'd once directed at others had been."Gut-feel," Pernak told him "The weapons have to exist. I tell you, I know how these people's minds work."."I've seen what they're doing in some of the labs, and believe me, Bern, it's enough to blow your mind," Pernak said. "Those guys are not stupid, and they're certainly not the kind who will just lie there and let anyone who wants to, walk all over them. They've got the know-how to match anything the Mayflower II can hit 'em with, and maybe a lot more. They've known for well over twenty years what to expect. Well figure the rest out yourself."."But I never dreamed that one of them would . . . that you . . .".and backs. Two carry shotguns; the others have handguns. They are prepared, pumped, pissed ? and.author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or.The girl forked up another mouthful of pie, and again she chewed with a stoic expression that suggested.They departed less than five minutes later, leaving Carson and one of the other soldiers inside with the prisoners and two guards standing stiffly outside the door with everything in the corridor seeming normal. Hanlon took Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat to a storeroom near the Communications Center where they could remain out of sight .Colman followed Driscoll to a machinery compartment on uppermost level where an emergency bulkhead door, unguarded but sealed from the outside and protected by alarm circuits, led through to the motor room of an elevator bank in the civic offices adjoining the Government Center. Colman traced, checked, and neutralized the alarms. Then he double-checked what he had done, and nodded to Driscoll, who was waiting by the door; Driscoll opened the latches and swung the door outward while Colman held his breath. The alarms remained inactive. Sirocco was waiting on the other side with Bernard Fallows, who was wearing engineer's coveralls and carrying a toolbox..Noises in his wake suggest that the killers are trying to track him. Contentious voices quickly arise as the.Throughout the institution, the floors?gray vinyl speckled with peach and turquoise?were immaculate..multiples. Perhaps a malevolent sun god lived in the metal walls, for the air immediately around the place.previously been treacherous, arms pump-pump-pumping like the connecting rods on the driving wheels.feet above Curtis, maybe less. This isn't a traffic-monitoring craft like the highway patrol would use, not a. Inside, Stanislau shut down the flight-control systems, then walked into the passenger compartment without turning on the cabin lights to join Colman, Maddock, Fuller, and Carson, who were sitting with a large picture-cratepropped between them, and a pile of cartons, tools, and packing materials around their feet. Veronica was with them, wearing Army fatigue dress under a combat blouse.her once long and wavy head of red hair cut short beneath her cap and shorn to regulation length at the back. Maddock climbed over the litter to open the door, and then climbed out with Carson and Fuller; Stanislau stayed inside to help in the unloading. Colman looked at Veronica's face, shadowy in the subdued light coming from out side. "Feel okay?" he asked..Hammond place.."Baby, baby," Sinsemilla said, "look at this, look, look. Baby, look, see, look." She extended her hand..How peculiar the world had grown if now life with Aunt Gen had become the sterling standard of.Beyond the wide median strip, traffic races northeast toward Salt Lake City, with what seems like angry.She has a musical voice, a dazzling smile, and she seems to take a shine to him. "Well, Curtis, my name's.Kath's pocket communicator buzzed, and she took it out to answer. It was Adam, who had heard the news and was checking to make sure that she and Colman were all right. Colman left her talking and moved over to where Anita was standing near the door on the fringe of the party assembling to depart. "Why'd you ever get mixed up with that bunch?" he murmured. "Wise up when it's all over. Get out of it."In most cases, these circumstances?drug-soaked psycho mother, dead snake, traumatized young.him. But she will never be at his side again in this life..By this time the capsule had entered the Jersey module and began slowing as it neared the destination Jay had selected. The machine shops and other facilities available for public use were located on the near side of the main production and manufacturing areas, and Jay led the way past administrative offices and along galleries through noisy surroundings that smelled of oil and hot metal to a set of large, steel double-doors. A smaller side door brought them to a check in counter topped by a glass partition behind which the attendant and a watchman were playing cribbage across a scratched and battered metal desk. The attendant stood and shuffled over when Jay and Pernak appeared, and Jay presented a school pass which entitled him to free use of the facilities. The attendant inserted the pass into a terminal, then returned it with a token to be used for drawing tools from the storekeeper inside..Right now, he'd rather explore a graveyard or a scarab-infested pyramid with mummies on the march, or.After spending a few years as a systems design engineer, he transferred into selling and later joined the computer industry as a salesman, working with ITF, Honeywell, and Digital Equipment Corporation. He also worked as a life insurance salesman for two years ". . . to have a break from the world of machines and to learn something more, about people."..understanding descend on you so unexpectedly that it just pivots you in a new direction, changes you.The boy follows his spry companion into this tented blackness. Pulling the tailgate up from the inside is.Leilani would have preferred a shovel. A garden hoe. But this length of tubular steel was better than bare.wardrobe."."Yet instinct causes the young intruder to halt one step past the threshold.."Classified information," Colman murmured. Then he squeezed her arm one more time and turned to follow after the others..Lights blaze, blink, and blaze again behind the windows of the Hammond place, a strobing chaos, as.Celia nodded. "That evening, as soon as I got up to the ship. I think I must have been hysterical or something. But yes, I told him."..also burned from her all illusions. She didn't entertain fantasies

derived from the movies or from any other. In response to this wild irrationality, with the potential for violence implicit in this woman's nuclear-hot. than ever it had gone when he and the dog had ridden in the back of it among horse blankets and and earn her approval.. "Oh, so it's trouble them fellas is looking for, is it?" a voice with just a hint of an Irish brogue asked softly from the doorway. Bret Hanlon was leaning casually against one of the doorposts, blue eyes glinting icily. His huge shoulders seeming almost to reach the other side of the door. He looked completely relaxed and at ease, but Colman registered his weight carded well forward on the balls of his feet and his fingers flexing inconspicuously down by his hip. The two corporals glanced at each other apprehensively. Hanlon's appearance altered the odds a bit. Padawski was looking uncertain, but at the same time didn't seem willing to back off ignominiously. For a few seconds that dragged like minutes, the charge in the room crackled at flashpoint. Nobody moved.. than the giant rigs parked side by side on the blacktop. White cab, black canvas walls. The saddlery. the closet door with ease. Grunting, she shoved and shook it out of her way.. Colman had been intimately involved with the work on the new drive system as the engineering project leader of a team working under Bernard Fallows's direction. He had brought Kath and their four-year-old son Alex up to the ship to be present with him at the unveiling ceremony being held in the main concourse of the new nose section. Many of the faces from five years back were there too, Few of them had lost contact during that time, but it was rare for so many of them to be in the same place at the same time, except for their annual reunions. Most of D Company had assembled for the event-Sirocco, with Shirley and their twin daughters; Hanlon, who now instructed at the martial arts academy in Franklin, with Janet and their two children; Driscoll, who had taken a rest from his touring magic show, one of Chiron's major entertainment attractions; Stanislaw, now a computer software expert; Swley, who directed and produced- movies, usually about the American underworld, along with a couple of the pretty girls who seemed to surround him wherever he went;. . and there were others. Jean Fallows was heading a research project in biochemistry at the university where Pernak still investigated "small bangs"; Marie was a biology student there too. Jay, now twenty and with a young son, had built an old-fashioned railroad into Franklin-now a sizable and thriving city-which used full-scale steam loco. The two men walk westward from the back of the semi? in the general direction of the automobile. "How do you know it's right?". Colman was about to make a joke Out of it when he realized they were serious. He knotted his brows and directed an inquiring look at each of them in turn.. Micky leaned forward from the angled back of the lounge chair. "Leilani?". "Okay, so you track it all back to the Big Bang," Jay said at last. "Then where do you go?". Knowing the creature was dead, she had nevertheless been unable to stop jabbing at it. Out of control.. "What a Christian.". demand. Since we are not talking about a technologically backward environment, a considerable degree of expertise in modern industrial processes would be essential to the fulfillment of that obligation, which gives us, in Engineering, an indispensable role. I trust you see my point.". difficult to believe that a mere bullet wound could be the cause of such horrendous, tortured shrieks.. CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE. Instead of a lawn with trees, a narrow covered patio shaded the front entrance. Here in back, a strip of. unreal as a funhouse, and yet repeatedly she had encountered reflections of herself so excruciatingly. Celia's eyes widened as many things suddenly became clearer. "You ...". Her voice caught somewhere at the back of her throat. "You knew this was going to happen- Howard, Phoenix, everything. You were manipulating all of them from the beginning, even Wellesley. You knew what would happen after the landing but you endorsed it.". With two types of component or anticomponent to choose from for each triplet, a triplet could comprise either three of a kind of one type, or two of one kind plus one of the other. In the latter case there were three possible permutations of every two-plus-one combination, which yielded the three color charges carried by quarks. The three-of-a-kind combinations could be arranged in only one way and corresponded to leptons, which was why leptons could not carry a color charge and did not react to the strong nuclear force.

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