

DEEP BLACK A TOM LOCKE NOVEL

senses them. She's snacking on something, and she looks up, chewing, expecting the man, startled to. Leilani said, "This is great potato salad, Mrs. D." the full beautiful spectrum of her radiance. Sometimes Leilani thought this might indeed be the reason that. The bureaucrats who had mismanaged the sprawling politico military machine that had come to dominate the North American continent had been unable or unwilling to recognize his worth and dedication while they heaped honors and favors on Sons of spineless sycophants and generals' blue-eyed prot?g?s groomed to the movie image at West Point, and he felt no compassion for them now as the laser link from Earth brought news of nuclear devastation across the length and breadth of Africa, and of titanic clashes between armies in Central Asia. They were paying for it now, and the fools who had put them in office were paying for their stupidity. While Noah watched her from the doorway, Constance Tavenall left the presidential suite, carrying the. Sinsemilla had been struck mute by either the unexpected outcome or the spectacle. Yet he realizes that until he trusts the dog implicitly, their bonding cannot be completed. Until then, they. "I find them a refreshingly honest and direct people. You know where you stand with them." Bernard gave a slight shrug. "In view of the short time we've been here, I think everything has gone surprisingly well. Certainly it could have been a lot worse." The shriek again: longer this time, tortured, shot through with fear and jagged with misery. "The Kuan-yin will not be able to maneuver instantly," Stormbel answered. "By accelerating ahead of the Mayflower ii at maximum power immediately after detaching, we would be behind the planet long before the Kuan-yin could possibly be brought to bear. After that we can take up an orbit that would maintain diametric opposition." so he decides to appropriate this spare in order to cause them as little inconvenience as possible. One of the figures was a bearded, dark-haired man whom Colman recognized as Leon, sitting alongside a brown skinned woman identified by the caption at the bottom of the picture simply as Thelma. So at least some of them were located at the arctic scientific establishment in northern Selene, Colman thought to himself. The other pair of figures were Otto, of Asiatic appearance, and Chester, who was black; the ones shown alone in the remaining two sections of the screen were Gracie, another Oriental, and Smithy, a blond Caucasian with a large moustache and long sideburns. From their ages they were all evidently Founder. Kath introduced each of them in turn without mentioning titles, responsibilities, or where any of them were, and the Terrans didn't ask. also on occasion under the soap-obscured surface of a full bathtub, and of course in spaceships whether. Pressing END on his phone, Noah frowned. "Character job?" recent events in this room, the feeling was now palace-of-the-Martian-king, creepy and surreal. kitchen staff, realizing that these two cowboys have no law-enforcement credentials, object to their. Veronica came back into the room and began picking up Mrs. Crayford's boxes. "It's all right. You stay there, Celia. I can manage." She saw the expression on Celia's face and smiled. Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I know--awful, CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT. "You want people to be afraid of you?" only wanted to take Luki." hesitancy and trots at the boy's side. candles on the table. "Dr. Doom is my teacher, on paper, but the fact is I'm self-taught. The word for it is. All rights reserved. Copyright 2001 by Dean Koontz. dislike her had given way to admiration. She wore her beauty with humility, but more impressively, she. Gump, as nature made him. foul-mouthed as my mother, and in return for all my self-discipline, He'll give her as long as she needs to. When Curtis clarifies that he doesn't need to rest, but rather that he urgently needs to relieve himself, this. Bret Hanlon held up a hand protectively. It was a pinkish, meaty hand with a thin mat of golden hair on the back, the kind that looked as if it could crush coconuts, and matched the solid, stocky build, ruddy complexion, and piercing blue eyes that came with his Irish ancestry. "Don't look at me," he said. "I'm contracted now, all nice and respectable. That's the fella you should be making eyes at." He nodded toward Colman and grinned mischievously. 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. Jay Fallows thought for a moment that he was going to throw up and tried to shut out the soundtrack as he sat nibbling at the remains of his lunch. An astronomy book lay propped open on the table in front of him. Behind him his mother and his twelve-year-old sister, Marie, were digesting the message in silent reverence. The page he was looking at showed the northern constellations of stars as they appeared from Earth. They looked much as they did from the Mayflower 11, except in the book Cassiopeia was missing a star--the Sun. On the page opposite, the Southern Cross included Alpha Centauri as one of its 'pointers, whereas from the ship it had separated and grown into a brilliant orb~ shining in the foreground. And the view from Earth didn't show Proxima Centauri at all--a feeble red dwarf Of less than a ten-thousandth the Sun's luminosity and invisible without a telescope, but now quite close to and easily seen from the Mayflower II. Always imperceptible from one day to the next and practically so from month to month, the changes in the stars were happening ever more slowly as the main drive continued to fire and steadily ate up the velocity that had carried the ship across four light-years of space. Celia waited for a few minutes to give anybody a chance to come back for something, then stepped from the shower, found the clothes that Veronica had left, and spent a few minutes putting them on and lacing the boots. Her hair was already fled high from wearing the wig, but she spent a while studying the cap in the mirror and making some adjustments before she considered herself passable. She was. This was a girlish merriment, sweet and musical, almost shy. was an apothecary with a deep supply of this prescription. "A family friend, in the Army," Jean said. holes. For a moment this seemed like mere decoration, and Leilani didn't deduce the function of the holes. The Windchaser begins to slow as the driver checks his side-view mirrors. Even serial killers who keep his leg stiff, rolling his

hips in that funny way he did. And then ... as they drove away. . . Luki looked back. In spite of all that she knew about Sinsemilla Maddoc, Geneva cringed from this charge against the. among many courses of action was the right one and the wisest, she ultimately made her decision based. "That happened with a lot of people," Colman told her. "Things were so messed up after the war. Does it matter?" "Believe in life after death?" leather and saddle soap? and not least of all in the curiously comforting, secondhand scent of horses?. Leilani pulled open the door. Here came that unsettling shift in the girl's eyes, like a sudden muddy tide washing through clean water. While the others passed through into the hallway of the apartment, Kath turned back toward the screen and touched a control on the compad. AJ1 of the views vanished except that of Leon, which expanded to fill the whole screen just as Thelma moved away out of the picture to leave him on his own. "We ought to commence evacuating the Kuan-yin," Kath said. "It looks as if it could be dangerous up there very soon." hundred-dollar bills. Through a blur of tears, the boy sees the glorious smile once more, a smile as radiant as that of a. "We are aware of that," Otto said. that hope, that love and goodness? it's still inside you. No one can take the gifts God gave you. Only. The next part was going to be the trickiest. The information obtained by Stanislaw had confirmed that the outside entrances to the complex, which had already been bypassed, were the most strongly guarded, and the three inner access points to the Communications Center itself- the main foyer at the front, the rear lobby, and a side entrance used by the staff- were covered by less formidable, three-man security teams. The problem with these security teams lay not so much with the physical resistance they might offer, but with their ability to close the Communications Center's electrically operated, armored doors and raise the alarm at the first sign of anything suspicious, which would leave Sirocco's force shut with no hope of achieving their objective and facing the bleak prospect of either fighting it out or surrendering to the guard reinforcements that would show up within minutes. On the other hand, if Sirocco could get his people inside, the situation would be reversed. As Director of Liaison, Kalens headed the diplomatic team charged with initiating relationships with the Chironian leaders and was primarily responsible for planning the policies that would progressively bring the colony into a Terran-dominated, nominally joint government in the months following planetfall. Hence the question probably concerned him more than anybody else. Kalens took a moment to compose his long, meticulously groomed and attired frame, with its elegant crown of flowing, silvery hair, and then replied. "I agree with John that a rigid rule needs to be asserted early on . . . possibly it could be relaxed somewhat later after the Chironians have come round. However, Mark has a point too. We should avoid the risk of hostilities if we can, and think of it only as a last resort. We're going to need those resources working for us, not against. And they're still very thin. We can't permit them to be frittered away or destroyed. Perhaps the mere threat of force would be sufficient to attain our ends --without taking it as far as an open demonstration or resorting to clamping down martial law as a first measure." Leilani timed her mother's pulse. Regular but fast. Metabolism racing to rid the body of drugs. as she stumped toward the foot of the bed. with this approach when you were dealing with schoolteachers and ministers and sweetly daffy. Universal truths often find expression in universal cliches. When it rains, it pours, and when it pours, the. of hundred-dollar bills. was an intriguing thought, Adam suggested, that the bodies of the people being born now on Chiron and on Earth all included heavy elements that had been formed in the same first-generation star--the one that. had triggered the shock wave when it exploded a~ a supernova. "We might have been born light-years apart," he told Colman. "But the stuff we're made of came from the same place." once in a great while? your life can change for the better in one moment of grace, almost a sort of. lady here must get a mite confused from time to time, bein' called a male name and a color she isn't." As she crossed the next backyard, where earlier her mother danced with the moon, Leilani admitted that. "Are we still invited to the Fallowses tonight, Steve?" Hanlon asked, stopping at the door to look back at Colman. Old Sinsemilla was a devoted practitioner of aromatherapy and a believer in purging toxins through. Besides, if Sinsemilla flipped out when she woke up and found herself in a hospital, her performance. Leilani. Distance to Chiron 1.9 billion miles; speed down to 1100 miles per second. Progressive phase-down of the main-drive bum was commenced, and slow pivoting of. the variable-attitude Ring modules initiated to correct for the effect of diminishing linear force from the~ reducing deceleration. No response received from the Chironians to a request for a schedule of the names, ranks, titles, and responsibilities of the planetary dignitaries assigned to receive the Mayflower II's official delegation on arrival. The room responded with murmurs of amazement, but most of those present didn't realize the significance. Beside Colman, Celia and Lechat were staring, and from the platform Sirocco was directing an inquiring look in their direction. Celia turned her head to look at Colman. "I don't believe this," she whispered. "Who is that corporal?". she often generated a blinding blizzard of anger that isolated her from other people, from life, from all. "I'm with my dad. He's inside getting takeout, so we can eat on the road. They won't let our dog in, you. LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS after the close call in Colorado, with the house fire and the. "Oh, let your father go with Jay, dear," Jean said. "You can help me finish up here. We can go and see it tomorrow." State could be considered subversive, wouldn't you agree?" "Well, that's true, but--". He needs several items, and a quick but cautious tour of the lower floor convinces him that he will have. Earlier Noah had loaded the tape in the VCR. Now he pushed PLAY on the remote control. "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." Wanting to justify his mother's pride in him, he struggles to regain control of himself. Later, if he lives, "You don't mind, do you? Here . . . the way things are . . . it doesn't bother you. You're like Eve and Jerry." Although she knew he was trying to be understanding, she was unable to keep an edge out of her voice. difficult to believe that a mere bullet wound could be the cause of such horrendous, tortured shrieks. it. They radiate the telltale intensity: in their stance, in their demeanor. In their eyes. Sirocco raised his eyebrows in what was obviously feigned surprise. "Oh, didn't I tell you? She wants me to move in. It's surprising how

a lot of these Chironian women have a thing about Terrans. to he frowned and scratched his nose while he searched for the right words ". . . assist with their future contribution to procreation." He looked up. "She wants my kids. How about that, Steve? Come on, I bet it's the same with Kath." Although by his manner he was trying to be seen to make light of it, Sirocco couldn't hide his exhilaration. Nothing like that had ever happened to him before, and he had to tell somebody, Colman saw; but Colman played along..In the years that followed after Jay and then later Marie were born, she had tried to stay abreast of her career by attending lectures and classes in Princeton and by setting herself a reading program, but as time went by, her attendance became less frequent and the reading was continually put off to tomorrows that she knew would never come. She found that she read articles on home-building instead of on the mechanism of DNA transcription, identified more readily with images projected by light domestic comedies from the databank than by tutorials on cell differentiation, and spent more time with the friends who swapped recipes than the ones who debated inheritance statistics. But she had raised two children that her standards told her she had every right to be proud of. She was entitled to rewards for the sacrifices she had made. And now Chiron was threatening to steal the rewards away.. "Say, half an hour?". "Not me. I'm a pacifist." A meticulously detailed tattoo of a rattlesnake twined around the pacifist's right.Kalens chewed on a slice of orange but made a face as if the fruit was bad. "But we've been publicly insulted," he objected. "What are you saying--that we should simply forget it? That would be unthinkable. What kind of a precedent would we be setting?".attraction for light, and the vodka glimmered like quicksilver..the roof, stabbing out from the jeweled hilt of red and blue emergency beacons.. "All set, except for springing Borftein and Wellesley," Colman said. "Now that we've got Malloy, those two would make the whole thing cast-iron." He turned his head to Sirocco, who was half listening but looking away across the room with a thoughtful expression on his face. "Had any more thoughts about that?" Colman asked. Sirocco responded distantly, "Borftein and Wellesley..".she doesn't believe in doctors, hospitals. She says we were born at home, wherever home was then. At.you three days. Give old Sinsemilla a little time, and you'll see..".be making light of the subject if I were actually being molested." She opened the cabinet door under the.Mrs. D?".those places she goes..".appealing talk of a miraculous moment of transformation, nothing had happened to pivot Micky toward.--just inside the base. "What about?". "Very good," her mother said..saturated with toxins.. "I never travel..". "Of course, dear." Geneva poured from a glass pitcher that dripped icy condensation..On the other side of the fire-door, Bernard dropped his tools and ran back to the front lobby of the Cominunications Center, praying that the alarm hndn't been raised from there. Hanlon and Stanislaw were waiting outside the entrance with a handful of the others. Just as Bernard arrived, Harding and the first contingent of the staff entrance group appeared from a side-corridor, closely followed by Maddock and the main party with two wounded being helped. Hanlon speeded them all on through into the Communications Center, and the security door crashed shut moments before heavy boots began sounding from the stairwell nearby..contortion. He teeters but keeps his balance and puts his shaggy burden down on the floor of the.foot and tattoo a pattern of pain on his ankle?all because he doesn't always proceed exactly in the dog's."You can't control me with a name!". Colman stared hard at him for a few seconds. "What do you think you'd get out of it?" he asked..To carry the burden of each day and to keep breathing under the weight of every night, Noah Farrel.girl mean bidness!".GENERAL J STORMBEL did not make mistakes, and he was not accustomed to being held responsible for the mistakes of others; people under him tended to find out early on that they did not make mistakes. Their acceptance of the standards and disciplines that he imposed provided a permanent assertion of his symbolic presence for as far as his sphere of command and influence extended, and served as a constant reminder that his authority was not to be trifled with. Displays of laxness represented an acknowledgment that was less than total, and signified lapses of mindfulness of the omnipresence that his authority projected-as if people were beginning to forget that what he said mattered. Stormbel didn't like that. He didn't like people acting as if he didn't matter..even goes clean and straight some days, though that's when the depression sets in..". "I've kept copies in case anything happens to yours..".called me Leilani, which means 'heavenly flower,' because maybe . . . maybe people will think of me as."The competition is pretty stiff," Leilani acknowledged.. "When I tell you old Preston is a killer, not a diddler," said Leilani, "you can't wrap your mind around it. I.Donella's stern expression softens slightly, though she still won't give the enchanting smile with which she.excuses or complaining. I'm lucky there was ice cream and not just marijuana brownies. Heck, I'm lucky.And then Jay, who had been looking from one to the other, walked back to his father and started to talk persuasively in a low voice. Bernard hesitated, looked across at Colman again, and then took a deep breath and came haltingly across with lay beside him. "It's been a long time," he mumbled. His eyes wandered away and then came back to look Colman directly in the face. "Look, Steve, about that time up on the ship in the pump bay. I, er... I--". "I don't cheat." Gen's sly look was worthy of a Mafia accountant testifying before a congressional.he'd lost her. Until then, she'd been a radiance, the one brightness in a family that otherwise lived in.mother for the survival training that so far has been an invaluable assist to God in this matter..of herself, could wring tears from her in front of her mother. The world didn't have enough misery in it to."I think it will he all fight if Kalens gets elected," Terry told them. "He said earlier tonight that if the Chironians have started an army, it's probably a good thing because it'll save us the time and effort of having to show them how. What we need to do is show them we're on their side and get our act together for when the Pagoda shows up." The EAF starship was designed differently from the Mayflower II. To compensate for the forces of acceleration, it took the form of two clusters of slender pyramidal structures that hinged about their apexes to open out and revolve about a central stem like the spokes of a partly open, two stage umbrella, for which reason it had earned itself the nickname of the Flying Pagoda. Terry sipped her drink and looked around the table. "The guy's got it figured realistically. You see, there's no need for a fight. What we have to do is turn them around our way and straighten their thinking out..".flushing elsewhere in the trailer, she was

stricken by the terrible perception that under Leilani's Windchaser accelerates. The driver is suddenly as reckless as all the others who are making a break for you confused sentimental cinema with reality, but another part of her, the newly evolving Micky, found Noah half expected to hear ominous music building toward the assault on the Chevy. Once in a while, "I'm not sure that I agree as much as I thought," Kalens told him. "Sterm may have a point. We should try it his way to begin with at least. We don't have to stick with the plan indefinitely." "You can say that again," Bernard agreed...something we know. The misery is comfortable." He beams, for he and the waitress are clearly connecting now. "That's exactly right." "Admiral Slessor," the communications operator murmured in Bernard's ear, "Opposed," Geneva responded with firm resolve..Lechat was up in the Mayflower II, and Pernak was reluctant to visit there since as a "deserter" he was uncertain of what kind of reception to expect from the authorities. The Military had been sending out squads of SD's to return Army defectors; rumor had it that not all the SD's detailed to such missions came back again. So, something approaching panic could well be breaking out at high levels. However, neither did he feel it prudent to entrust the things he wanted to discuss to electronic communications. But Eve had said something about Jean Fallows becoming very active as a Lechat supporter and campaign organizer. . . That would be a good place to begin..Western medicine, which she despised. When she returned home, she would launch a campaign of. Micky wished, not for the first time, that she had been Geneva's daughter. How different her life would." maybe you'll realize your palm-shaded terrace isn't in Heaven." "That's one of my sisters playing the cello," Murphy informed him. (Was it? Oh, yes--the Chinese was Murphy.) Bernard looked over at the quartet. The cello."Who was that?" Jean gasped, her eyes wide with disbelief..Skulking among the trucks, staying as much as possible out of the open lanes of the parking lot, the alert.Fallows stood awkwardly and began moving toward the door. When he was halfway there he stopped, hesitated, then turned round again. "Sir, there's just one thing I'd like--". "Brandy and milk and milk," Aunt Gen noted, taking the order for Micky's complex spike as she poured.Howard had sought to possess, and she had refused to become a possession. Sterm sought. Not to possess but to dominate Chiron. No compromise was possible; he dealt only in unconditional surrender, and she knew that those were the terms he was offering for, her survival. Perhaps she had known it even before she arrived..blackout not because of California's ongoing crisis, but because a pulsing, whirling disc craft from a far."You want a glass?" she asked. "The bottle's probably cleaner." "Has to be," she agreed as she headed.object of the chase, and they will remember the boy standing in the parking lot, clutching a half-gallon.The chopper might not be aloft yet, just getting up to power while the troops reboard.."It's Wednesday, I think," Rickster said, and nodded toward the sundae in his hand..sound arises, faint but unmistakable: helicopter rotors beating the thin desert air..Sinsemilla wasn't in the living room..The sergeant hesitated for a moment longer, and then ~- nodded to the two guards. Borftein and his party marched through, and Hanlon began posting men to secure the entrance, another section of D Company materialized from a stairwell to one side of the foyer and vanished into the Communications Center, taking with them a few bewildered secretaries and office workers that they had bumped into on the way.."Maybe. Who knows? Let's just hope there aren't too many of them in the Army." Perhaps the trucker has just now remembered a particularly funny joke. His unrestrained hilarity is.Simpson, Westley, Johnson-all of them. They were all back. "We heard you could use some help, chief," Driscoll announced. "Couldn't leave it all to the amateurs?" Ribald comments and hoots of derision greeted the remark.

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