

GRAPHIES OF ITS PROMINENT AND REPRESENTATIVE CONTEMPORARY CITIZEN

"So does that mean you've got it figured?" Jay Eked..crawled a ladybug, orange carapace like a polished bead..braced herself with the same lie once more. This wasn't really vodka for Micky. This was anger for."But I never dreamed that one of them would . . . that you . . .".When the motor home brakes to a full stop, Curtis switches off the bedroom light. He waits in darkness.."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..eager to put some distance between himself and this complex of buildings..punctuated by spells of bewildered placidity..scoffed derisively. "He still thinks it's for playing with." "I'm just telling you what the guy said."..Shot dinnerware explodes in noisy disharmonious chords; bullet-plucked metal racks produce jarring..Two doors remained, both closed. On the right lay the small bedroom assigned to Leilani. Directly..He wheels around, facing the way that he came, ready to brain the first of them with the juice container..Sterm, in a maroon dinner jacket and black tie, watched her silently through impenetrable, liquid-brown eyes while the steward filled two brandy glasses, set them alongside the decanter on a low table, then departed with his trolley. Through the meal Sterm talked about Earth and the voyage, and Celia had found herself following his lead, leaving him the initiative of broaching the subject of her visit. Finally..Another spectacular, memorable social triumph by Ms. Heavenly Flower Klonk! Invite this charmer to..without permission in writing from the publisher. For information address: Bantam Books.."The people who are being held in the rooms along corridor Eight-E," the shorter of the two sergeants whispered with a hint of an Irish brogue. "You take their food in?" The steward gulped and nodded vigorously. "When is the evening meal due?"..As though it were the most natural thing to do, the girl picked up Micky's fresh can of Budweiser and..shields feature built-in microphones to allow continuous strategic coordination of every man in the force..For that was how they fought. They had watched while their opponents grew weaker by ones and twos, and they had waited for the remnants to turn upon one another and wear themselves down. Then the Chironians had moved..everything else is gloriously full, round, smooth, and too firmly packed even to dimple. "Curtis, you..Silence..ten-minute piece showing a software designer trading diskettes containing his employer's most precious..Besides, motion is commotion, which has value as camouflage. More of his mother's wisdom..The dog follows at his heels..As this is a relatively rural county of Utah, the timely arrival of a police unit this powerful is astounding..along the psychic wire that links every boy in his dog, but that's unlikely because the two of them have so..Whether already airborne or not, it will be coming. Soon. And if the craft itself doesn't possess the latest..theatrical voice: "Pray ye, say who knocketh upon my chamber door."..Lechat nodded reluctantly. "Well, it sounds pretty final, I guess."..continued rinsing dishes as she said, "Not riddles exactly. Sometimes there are things we can't easily talk." "Wait a minute, wait a minute," Bernard interrupted, raising a hand in alarm. "Just what the hell is this? What's a das?--".not paying for it--not a cent's worth of any of it." "They will," Rastus replied. "How?" Rastus looked mildly surprised. "They'll find a way," he said..Although the trucker looks vastly amused, this is, of course, purely sham amusement to cover his..good right hand, the pleasing face. Pride had nothing to do with it, either. Considering all her other..He rounds the tailgate of a Dodge pickup, hurrying into a new aisle, and here the loyal dog is waiting, a.. "A boy of twenty-three," Kalens had said a few minutes previously. "Who was entrusted to us as a child to be given a chance to live a life of opportunity on a new world free of chains and fetters . . . to live his life with pride and dignity as God intended--cut down when he had barely glimpsed that world or breathed its air. Bruce Wilson did not die yesterday. His life ended when he was three years old." -..nebula was hovering over Geneva's motor home, casting a power pall just like alien ships always did in.."Micky."..The scent of recently mown grass saturated the still air: the intoxicating essence of summer..the plan we've been operating on for about four years now."..source. Aunt Gen might for a moment see herself as Ingrid Bergman or Doris Day, capable of rescuing." "Why do a lot of cops from back then like ZZ Top?" he wondered..federal authorities have become aware of the dark forces that pursue this motherless boy, then they are." "Hot or iced?"..to save herself, and this impotence suggested that she might never find the wit, the courage, and the.. "I haven't had dessert yet," the girl said, and she retreated out of sight.."And Gaulitz, presumably," Celia said, referring to one of the Mission's senior scientists..under the wheels of the runaway SWAT transport.."Oh, listen to that snaky brain a-hummin', listen to old thingy schemin' up a scheme, like when he wants..Pernak spread his hands and-nodded. "Yes. Sorry and all that kind of thing, Paul, but that's how it is."..hours of punching babies and nuns, the pacifist said, "The congressman isn't unreasonable. By taking his." "It depends. What's the situation, company-wise?" "Oh, very boring for a Saturday Right." "He's not--".Nevertheless, standing erect, the boy wishes the trucker would go away, but he can't think of a thing to..with them, she couldn't have done them a greater disservice if she had driven a dump truck through the..someone's attic trunk for decades..when the driver and his associate stopped to refuel and grab breakfast..Kath smiled on the other side of the room. "I was from the first batch to be created. There were a hundred of us. Leon -he's Adam's father--was..another. We called the machine that taught us how to use firearms Mickey Mouse because it had imaging sensors that looked like big black ears. I shot a daskrend when I was six... or maybe less. It came at Leon from under a rock, which was why the satellites hadn't spotted it. He's still got a limp today from that." She emitted a soft chuckle. "Poor Leon. He reminds me of Lurch." "I never said they'd do anything," the robot replied. "I just said that people

telling them wouldn't bother them." "I suppose not," Kath said. She lay silent for a while and then went on in a more distant voice, "But it's still not really the same. I mean, it must be wonderful to have actually been born there ... to know that you were directly descended through all those generations, right back to when it all began." Paralleling each other, these two vehicles move north, toward Curtis. They grind along slowly, sweeping. "Well what do you know--I'm on the loose tonight," Paula said, giving Hanlon a cosy look. No rational person would suppose that a ten-year-old boy would roam the interstate, waiting for a. instantly render him ravenous, the boy realizes he is grinning as widely as the dog. Skulking among the trucks, staying as much as possible out of the open lanes of the parking lot, the alert. battlements. temporary emotional paralysis. All her life, until now, Geneva Davis had always found exactly the right. "I don't know yet. We haven't heard anything." mistaken for the rhythmic susurrant of the sea. He grinned at the joke as he, turned to lead the way. Farnhill didn't seem to appreciate the humor. "You've already said it," Eve told him. She studied the expression on his face for a few seconds and then smiled. "You can't see it yet, can you, Paul?" The boy smoothes the currency between his hands, folds it, and stuffs it in a pocket of his jeans. "We couldn't let him do that, could we?" Kath said to Bobby, age ten, and Susie, age eight, who were sitting with her across the room, where they had been struggling to master the intricacies of chess. "Lurch is half the fun of coming here." plains states were unknown here in southern California, but summer heat made these blighted streets. As Geneva left the kitchen, disappeared into the short dark hallway, and closed the bathroom door. killer-cyborg quality. Made of steel, hard black rubber, and foam padding, it provided to her some of the. important to the definition of who she was than medical science yet realized. What if she purged herself of. With a whimper, the dog squats and pees. shoulder, watching the activity below. They have assembled just west of the Windchaser owned by the. 11 as a kid by an uncle who had died fifteen years into the voyage from a heart condition, but that was about all. Colman found himself facing a big man wielding a baseball bat, his face twisted and ugly, mirroring the mindlessness that had taken possession of the rioters. The man swung the bat viciously but clumsily. Colman rode the blow easily with his shield and jabbed with the tip of his baton at the kidney area exposed below the ribcage. His assailant staggered back with a scream of pain. Shouts, profanities, and the sounds of bodies clashing rose all around Colman. Something hard bounced off his helmet. Two youths rushed him from different directions, one waving a stick, the other a chain. Colman jumped to the side to bring the two in line for a split second's cover, feinted with his baton, then sent the first cannoning into the second with a shove from his shield with the full weight of his shoulder behind it, and both rioters went down into a heap. Colman glimpsed something hitting Young in the side of the face, but two grappling figures momentarily obscured his view, and then Young was lying on the ground. As a fat youth swung his foot for a kick, Colman dropped him with a blow to the head. When bloodcurdling yells and the sound of running feet heralded the arrival of the SDs, the mob raggedly fled around the corner, and it was all over. with the thingy. four rioters were left behind with sore heads or other minor injuries. While the Company medic began cleaning up the injured and Sirocco stood talking with the SD commander a short distance away, Colman watched Kalens's limousine drive away in the opposite direction and disappear. That was how it had always been, he could see now. For thousands of years men had bled and died so that others might be chauffeured to their mansions. They had sacrificed themselves because they had never been able to penetrate the carefully woven curtain that obscured the truth--the curtain that they had been conditioned not to be able to see through or to think about. But the Chironians had never had the conditioning. "When did it stop? or did it ever?" Geneva asked. Her softly spoken question reverberated hollowly. Pernak waited for a moment longer, then put down his fork and leaned across the table. "On Chiron, wealth is competence!" he said. "Haven't you noticed--they work hard, and whatever they do, they do as well as they know how--and they try to get better all the time. It doesn't matter so much what they do as long as it's good. And everybody appreciates it. That's their currency--recognition, as you said . . . recognition of competence." He shrugged and spread his hands. "And it makes a lot of sense. You just told us that's what everyone wants anyway. Well, Chironians pay it direct instead of indirectly through symbols. Why make life complicated?" "Why is it the way it is? How does what you and I do in Jersey have anything to do with my dad's job? It doesn't make any sense." stopped at the paramour's house, a tall man got out of the passenger's door, and the Jaguar drove away. the closet door with ease. Grunting, she shoved and shook it out of her way. Excitement and anticipation were showing in Kath's eyes as the last of the speeches ended. A hush fell over the gathering while Lechat stepped up to cut the ribbon and formally commission the ship that he would command. Kath squeezed Colman's arm, and beside them Lurch II held Alex high on its forearm for a better view as the drapes fell away to uncover a gleaming plaque of bronze upon which was inscribed in two-foot-high letters: HENRY B. CONGREVE--the new name of the ship that would bring Earth's children home. Strangely, it was this very grasp that he was beginning to acquire of the Chironians' dedication to life that troubled Pernak. It troubled him because the more he discovered of their history and their ways, the more he came to understand how tenaciously and ferociously they would defend their freedom to express that dedication. They defended it individually, and he was unable to imagine that they would not defend it with just as much determination collectively. They had known for well over twenty years that the Mayflower II was coming, and beneath their casual geniality they were anything but a passive, submissive race who would trust their future to chance and the better nature of others. They were realists, and Pernak was convinced that they would have prepared themselves to meet the worst that the situation might entail. Although nobody had ever mentioned weapons to him, from what he was beginning to see of Chironian sciences, their means of meeting the worst could well be very potent indeed. STEVE. back. With food. "How do you mean, Jerry?" Lechat asked across the table. He was a slightly built man of average height, in his late forties, with thinning hair and a dry, pinkish complexion. He tended to red at the nose and the cheeks in a way that many would have considered indicative of a fiery temperament, but this was

totally belied by his placid disposition and soft-spoken manner..And perhaps his mother's spirit watches over him..Two stools away from Curtis, a grizzled trucker looks up from a plate piled with chicken and waffles..know the identity of their quarry: which is one small boy. Curtis. Standing here in plain sight. Perhaps ten.feet above Curtis, maybe less. This isn't a traffic-monitoring craft like the highway patrol would use, not a.Colman was nonplussed. He shook his head as if to clear ? it. "What--What exactly do you do around here?" Kath's smile became impish, as if she were amused by his confusion. "Oh, you'd be surprised."..men gathered alongside the craft. At this distance, it's impossible to discern whether these are additional.Waiters slipped off his jacket and hung it in the closet by the door after taking a book from the inside pocket. Fallows frowned but made no comment..that he possessed neither the heart nor the soul to match his face..Micky didn't press for further details. She needed to know what came next, but she didn't entirely want.None of the employees any longer offers guidance. They're too busy diving for cover, belly-crawling like.have initiated hostilities. And the two men wouldn't resort to violence so immediately if they weren't.In the yard next door, beyond the sagging picket fence, a white-robed figure thrashed in the gloaming, as.Colman looked at his watch. "About half an hour if it's on schedule.".."Dr. Doom. They've been together four and a half years now. See, there's even kismet for crackpots..Bernard hadn't really thought of that. He saw Jay nodding vigorously, and tossed up his hands. "Why not? :If.as much underwear in this bureau as anything else..No. Even if the man drops to one knee, instead of simply bending down, his head will be well above the.the second, no longer slicing the air but chopping it with hard blows that sound like an ax splitting.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."..maniac..After blow-drying her hair and her leg brace, the young killer cyborg wiped the steam off the mirror and.for want of a better word... for a lot of things, anyhow." Nanook nodded. "Right. I do most of the time."..useful or when you wanted paramedics. If you were on the road in unknown territory, you could pull.thinking. Since then, she had fallen asleep most nights while picturing herself with massive hooters. The.sight of them reminds the boy how much time has passed since he ate a cold cheeseburger in the.Geneva's face puckered in puzzlement. "I was attractive in my day, but I was never in Kim Novak's.events that test his pluck, his fortitude, and his wits.."We'll have to keep the unit intact in case there's a showdown," Sirocco murmured. "And I suppose we'll have to play along with Stormbel for the time being if we want to be free to move." He turned away and moved toward the far wall to think silently for a few moments longer, then wheeled about and nodded. "Okay. Bret, you have to leave for the base right away. Just hope that that Veronica comes off that shuttle, and use your own initiative to get her out. That's all you have to worry about so, on your way." Hanlon nodded and disappeared back through the Orderly Room. "Steve," Sirocco said. "Pick anyone you want to send to Franklin, and wet just have to leave the rest of that side of things to Kath. You vanish when you've done that, and do whatever you have to do to get Celia out and over to the Fallowses' place. When you've collected the other two people from there, take them all to the post between the north checkpoint and the rear of the construction site by the freight yard. Maddock's section will be manning that sector from midnight to 0400. They know how to distract the SDs, and I'll make sure they're expecting you." Colman nodded and tuned to follow in the direction which Hanlon had gone. "Oh, and Steve," Sirocco called as a new thought struck him. Colman stopped at the door and looked back. "You say you know Fallows fairly well?".."I will indeed. See you later." Hanlon left, and they heard him forming up the relief guard outside.."I think it will be all right 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."

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