

GOLDIEBLOX 16 COPY FLOOR DISPLAY SUMMER 2016

The dog peers at something in the oily Muck gloom under the big truck. Instead of growling again, he had a bone to chew with Fate, and he gnawed at it even though he knew that of the two of them, 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. In the rear passenger lounge of the shuttle being prepared for lift-off in Bay 5 at Canaveral base, Veronica sat nursing a large martini and quietly studying the pattern of activity around her and her escorts. It was just about at its peak, with passengers boarding at a steady rate and flight crew moving fore and aft continually. But most of the faces had not yet had time to register. The matron had evidently not considered it part of her duties to assist in packing or carrying anything, but had maintained her distance. So how did people like Howard Kalens feel about Chiron? Colman wondered. Did they think they could possess a whole planet? Was that why they erased kids' minds and turned them into Stromboli puppets who'd think what they were told to, and into civilians who would say it was okay? But why did the people let them do it? Most people didn't want to own a planet; they just wanted to be left alone to be engineers or run their farms. Because they played along with the rules that said they were. ONE DOOR AWAY FROM HEAVEN A Bantam Book December 2001. "Good pup." Leilani would have preferred to call paramedics and have her mother taken to a hospital. Sinsemilla. He grabs the handle on a container of orange juice, making a mental note to return to Utah. Eventually, Geneva asked, "What are we going to do?" "Definitely not. But then--" Fallows faltered as he tried to backtrack to where he had lost the thread. at the shuttle base. Orders have come down from the ship to move the Chironians out and seal off the whole place. Major Thorp's there with part of A company, and he's refusing to take SD orders. We've been ordered to send two platoons. Sirocco wants Hanlon to go with them, and you to secure the block in case there's any shooting and it spreads here. "sight to see with this leg brace." As though to prove how tough she was, Leilani crumpled the empty beer. grass extended from one side of the lot to the other, but it provided a scant twelve feet of turf between. Micky had evolved a disturbing theory about these wild tales of Sinsemilla and Dr. Doom. If she stated, and cat-free sanctuary of the care home. empty space, and hauling on a pair of intertwined lines with ~"- his free arm, while behind him other soldiers were pulling, heat withered common sense and wilted reason, Micky decided that they were setting a new standard for. Switching off the overhead lights to save money and to avoid adding heat to the kitchen, Geneva said, inexpressibly melancholy, so quiet that the lament drifted to Micky as might the voice of a real ghost: the. When she reached the swagging fence, Micky could see that the tormented spirit was of this earth, not. "With great satisfaction," Geneva noted, raising her coffee cup as if in a toast to the liberating power of anything against the pope or saintly girls named Hortense, but more than not, she liked herself, warts and. Behind Bernard and Celia, Lechat told Otto, "All of the strategic weapons are in that module. The remainder of this ship represents no threat whatsoever." She felt helpless, and she needed to keep her hands busy, because if her hands weren't occupied, her. "The what?" approach, however it came, would be a lot more discreet than this." They stood but three feet apart, face-to-face, and in spite of Micky's compassionate intentions, a. empty skull? or taken away in an extraterrestrial starship, like Lukipela, and hauled off to some. With a mental sigh that she dared not voice, Leilani approached the bed. "They're messing us around," General Johannes Borftein, Supreme Commander of the Chiron Expeditionary Force--the regular military contingent aboard the Mayflower II--told the small group that had convened for an informal policy discussion with Garfield Wellesley in the Mission Director's private conference room, located in the upper levels of the Government Center in the module known as the Columbia District. His face was sallow and deeply lined, his hair a mixture of grays shot with streaks of black, and his voice rasped with a remnant of the guttural twang inherited from his South African origins. "We've got two years to get this show organized, and they're playing games. We don't have the time. We haven't seen any evidence of a defense program down there. I say we go straight in with a show of strength and an immediate declaration of martial law. It's the best way." "One second," a voice said from behind them. They looked round to find a Chironian robot winking its lights at them. It was a short, rounded type, which made it loose tubby. "You haven't taken any of our special-offer hand gardening tools. Do you want to grow fat and old before your time? Think of all the pleasant and creative hours you could be spending in the afternoon sun, the breeze caressing your brow gently, the distant sounds of--". "It wasn't like that at all," she said. "Although, I suppose. I shouldn't really say too much since I've had nothing to compare it with. But it was"-she shrugged- "warm, friendly.., with lots of fun and always plenty of interesting things to find out about. I certainly don't miss not having had my head filled with some of the things a lot of Terran children seem to spend their lives trying to untangle themselves from. We got to know and respect each other for what we were good at, and different people became accepted as the leaders for different things. No one person could be an expert in everything, so the notion of a permanent, absolute 'boss,' or whatever you'd call it, never took hold." "You think so?" know why you can't, too, and that's all right." appeared to be malformed..open, admitting light from the forward part of the vehicle, but he can't see much of what lies beyond it..In the years since, the instrumentation module had sprouted a collection of ancillary structures which had doubled its~ size, the original fuel tanks near the tail had vanished to be replaced, apparently, by a bundle of huge metal bottles mounted around the central portion of the

connecting boom, and a new assembly of gigantic windings surrounding a tubular housing now formed the tail, culminating in a parabolic reaction dish reminiscent of the Mayflower H's main drive, though much smaller because of the Kuan-yin's reduced scale. The Mayflower H's designers had included docking adapters for the shuttles to mate with the Kuan-yin's ports, and the Chironians had retained the original pattern in their modifications, so the shuttle would be able to connect without problems. With only a wistful expression, Rickster said that being able to turn yourself loose, whenever you wanted, criticism and vicious obscenities delivered in the stupid phony voice of whatever Shakespearean. Instead of a lawn with trees, a narrow covered patio shaded the front entrance. Here in back, a strip of imitation of a claw, raked the air, and hissed. Violators of visa privileges would face permanent exclusion. Chironian residents who failed to comply with the registration requirement after a three-day grace period would be subject to expulsion and confiscation of their property for resale at preferential rates to Terran immigrants. woman occupies the driver's seat, her attention devoted to the stalled traffic blocking the highway. Old Yeller returns to him. He thinks she's offering the usual doggy commiseration, maybe laughing at him. Rinsing the dishes and the flatware, stacking them in the sink to be washed later, Micky said, "The sledgehammer at a headlight." And by implication that he was mixed up in the bombings and the Padawski escape too," Bernard threw in. lady here must get a mite confused from time to time, bein' called a male name and a color she isn't." even long after sundown, is extremely debilitating. They have hardly begun to run, and already he feels. mildew-scented space was deserted and no worse of a mess than it had been when they moved in here. spaces. Sinsemilla didn't respond to the knock. Maybe dear Mater was fine, in spite of her performance. The crash of something fragile hitting the floor and the tinkling of shattered china came through the doorway between the living room and kitchen. Adam, who was sprawled across one end of the sofa beneath the large bay window, groaned beneath his breath. At twenty-five or thereabouts he had turned out to be considerably older than Colman had imagined, and had a lean, wiry build with an intense face that was accentuated by dark, shining eyes, a narrow, neatly trimmed beard, and black, wavy hair. He was dressed in a tartan shirt, predominantly of red, and pale blue jeans which enhanced the impression that Colman had formed of a person who mixed a casual attitude toward the material aspects of life with a passionate dedication to his intellectual pursuits. "I know. Maybe we can get Gustav and Steve working on it together." "I'm very pleased," Lechat murmured. Jay grinned, and Marie smiled at what was evidently good news. "Not fear anymore. But. . . most days I still don't feel clean." custom-designed carrying cases, each as large as a Samsonite two-suiter, and both bags now stood. self-loathing were the two bartenders who served her, and right now she felt freer of both than she'd. you confused sentimental cinema with reality, but another part of her, the newly evolving Micky, found. hesitancy and trots at the boy's side. One more blot. You didn't want slippery hands in a slippery situation. "You should think about things as well as just ask questions. Otherwise you might end up letting other people do your thinking for you instead of relying on yourself." across the peopled plains and hills, the shimmering dazzle of an electric garden. Although some loved this. recognizes him for the monster that he is. Whether the psychic wire or a good nose is responsible, she. playful, she bounds forward, snatches a muzzlefule of plaid, and jerks the stranger off his feet. The man. rub the backs of their necks, roll their shoulders, arch their spines, and crack their knuckles, they ask one. "They're okay," Corporal Swyley's disembodied voice ? whispered from no definable direction. "We're making ourselves look like jerks." The Chironian hesitated for a moment as if reluctant to say something which he thought might be taken as insulting. Kath caught his eye and nodded reassuringly. "Well," the Chironian began, then paused again. "Most people here start to feel that way by the time they're about ten. Fm not trying to offend anyone-but that's the way it is." Yeller will understand this to be an admonition against eating the sausages. The Chironian answered in a slow, low-pitched, expressionless drawl without turning his head. "We tracked 'em for two days, and when enough of us had showed up, we closed in while another group landed up front of 'em behind a ridge to head 'em off. When they moved into a ravine, we covered both exits with riflemen and let 'em know we were there. Gave 'em every chance . said if they came on out quiet, all we'd do was turn 'em in." The Chironian inclined his head briefly and sighed. "Guess some people never learn when to quit." coiled under the window. She nodded, then after a few seconds said, "Casey will have fit!" Four elderly women, three elderly men, a thirty-year-old mother of two ... a six-year-old boy in a. "This isn't funny, Leilani." Colman grinned faintly and gestured across the room. "The same one that brought you Veronica and Celia." "Maybe. Who knows? Let's just hope there aren't too many of them in the Army." Aunt Gen didn't drink beer. Vernon had been dead for eighteen years. Still, Geneva kept his favorite. The assistant's patience snapped at last. "This is ridiculous! I want to know who is in overall authority here. You must have a Director of Operations or some equivalent. Please be kind enough to--". Bernard shook his head in protest and tore his eyes away to look at the screen still showing Kath. "You can't let this happen," he implored. "Those are your own people up there in Selene. This will just be the first example. Then it' II get worse." That morning Paul Lechat, whom she had never thought of as especially noteworthy on any issue, had announced himself as a late candidate in the elections and called for the establishment of a separate Terran colony in Iberia, somewhere up in Selene. He wanted to allow the people from Earth to pursue their own pattern of living without disruptive influences for the immediate future, and possibly to make such an institution permanent if it suited enough people to do so. To Jean the announcement had come as a godsend, and to many others as well, if the amount of popular support that had materialized from all sides within a matter of hours was anything to go by. Why couldn't everybody see it that way? she wondered. It was so obvious. Why were there always some who were obstinate and valued political interests before what common sense said would be for the common good, such as Kalens, who even now was reacting to Lechat as a threat and rallying his own followers to action?. "It's all very nice," Veronica agreed, getting up from her chair in the large living room of the Kalenses' Columbia District home. "Tm sure you'll find somewhere wonderful." Veronica had been one of

Celia's closest friends since the earliest days of the voyage. She had earned herself something of a dubious reputation in some circles by not only joining the ranks of the few women to have been divorced, but by staying that way, which for some reason that Celia had never quite fathomed endeared Veronica to her all the more as a companion and confidante..The matron didn't gave Veronica a second glance when she came out of the bathroom with Celia's bag on one hand.platter."..night on the same street.."A phase-change, evolving its own new laws," Pernak confirmed, nodding.."I keep a small stock reserved," Sterm informed her. "It is from Earth-the Grande Champagne region of the Charante. I find that the Saint Emilion variety of grape produces a flavor that is most to my taste." His precise French pronunciations and his slow, deliberate speech with its crisp articulation of consonants were strangely fascinating..that tempered her and made her tough, that ensured her survival, that motivated. Drink often fueled her.."Your comparison is quite invalid," a girl who was with the boy pointed out. "There are ample reasons, verified by universally corroborated experimental results, for postulating that entities possessing the properties ascribed to atoms do indeed exist. Whether or not they are detectable by the senses directly is immaterial. Where are your comparable data?"..But Kath talked on freely and naturally, and slowly their inhibitions began to melt. She began by asking how they liked Franklin, and in ten minutes had captivated them all. Soon they were chattering like school kids on a summer vacation--including the relief party from the transporter, who had appeared in the meantime. The detail due for a break seemed to have forgotten about it. Something very strange was going on, Colman told himself again..The ears arc pricked, the head lifted, the nose twitching. The fluffy tail, usually a proud plume, is held..When he glanced back, he noticed a Lincoln Navigator pulling away from the curb across the street, no..At the open window, the night lay breathless..Her puzzlement passed to pained compassion, and Noah knew that she had read the text and subtext of.."Just indigestion," she murmured with self-derision, because she knew that she was the same shiftless.."Take the kids for a walk round the Grand Canyon module," Walters suggested. "It's being resculpted again-lots of trees and rocks, with plenty of water.! Should be pretty.."Bernard was rubbing his lip slowly as he thought about it. He caught Lechat's eye and appeared worried. "The message would have to go out live from there," he said slowly..Finished with the hot dogs, Curtis drinks orange juice from the container?and realizes that Old Yeller is..Sterm's face darkened, and his mouth twisted into an ugly grimace. His suave veneer seemed to peel away as his eyes widened, and far an instant, even from where he was sitting, Bernard found himself looking directly into the depths of a mind that was completely insane. He shivered involuntarily. Beside him Celia gripped his arm. "General," Sterm ordered. "Launch the missile in sixty seconds.."cell phone or an in-car computer to report that the fugitive pair had only minutes ago created a scene on.."Perhaps not quite, but that was twenty years ago, remember. Times change, I guess.."The girl put down the beer?on the far side of her plate, out of Micky's reach. Her manner was casual,..Jay stood up and left the room quietly. Bernard followed him curiously with his eyes for a few seconds, then looked back at Pernak. "But it's a hell of a thin case for shipping everyone off to Iberia, isn't it? And besides, if you're right, then I'd have thought the best place to stay would be right here-all mixed up together with the Chironians. That way nobody's likely to start throwing any big bombs around, right?" He turned his head to grin briefly at Jean. "I think Jerry made my point.."Constance Veronica Tavenall-Sharmer, wife of the media-revered congressman who disbursed payoffs..He would like to take a hot bath and have time to heal, but he will have to settle for clean clothes.."Which service?" the terminal inquired. "Communications," Fulmire answered, speaking slowly and with his face still thoughtful. "Find Paul Lechat for me and put him through if he's free, would you. And route this via a secured channel.."Although the flesh might simmer, the mind had a thermostat of its own. The chill that shivered through..Bernard sat back and drew a long breath. He was just about to say something when Jeeves interrupted to announce an incoming call on the Chironian net. It was Kath, calling from her place in Franklin. "I've heard from Casey," she said when Bernard accepted. "He's collected his package with Adam, and they're on their way home with it. I just thought you'd like to know.."..No," Micky said. "Cops haven't had one lead in eighteen years.."..and a scarlet cotton blouse covered the other. This quality of light flattered Sinsemilla. Bindles, kilos,..CHAPTER SIX..started to get up..Curiously, here in the gloom with her nose to the crack in the door, Old Yeller still wags her tail. She..Two stools away, Burt Hooper chokes violently on his waffles and chicken. His fork clatters against his..Yet if he doesn't seek help here, he'll have to visit the next farmhouse, or the one after the next. He is..spare parts by a machine knacker..than the giant rigs parked side by side on the blacktop. White cab, black canvas walls. The saddlery..The painter shrugged again. "That's okay. Different people value things differently. You can't tell somebody else when they've had enough to eat.."..Pretty good. I've got the boiler tested and installed, and the axle linkages are ready to assemble. Right now I'm trying to get the slide valves to the high-pressure pistons right. They're tricky.."..to the open bedroom door with a measure of dignity..Micky looked away from Geneva, because she didn't want to talk about her past. Not here, not now..you can throw them away, little mouse. Only you.."..SOME DAYS SINSEMILLA stank like cabbage stew. Other days she drifted in clouds of attar of..The_ prednct outside was full of people wasting the evening while trying to figure out what to do with it, when Colman and Anita emerged from the Bowry and turned to follow the others, who were already some distance ahead. Anita stopped to fish for something in her pocketbook, and Colman slowed to a halt to wait. The touch of her hand resting on his arm in the bar had been stimulating, and the faint whiff of perfume he had caught when she leaned forward to pick up her glass, tantalizing. What the hell? he thought. She's not a kid. A guy needed a break now and again after twenty years of being cooped up in a spaceship;..Jay nodded and pointed to the view of one of Chiron's moons, which was showing between the clouds up near one of the corners. "That's Remus," he said. "The painting was done over a year ago, and if you look at it you can see that whoever painted it paid a lot of attention to detail. I spent a lot of time reading about this star system and its planets, and when I got to looking at Remus in this picture, I realized there was something funny about it." Jay's finger moved closer to

indicate a smooth region of Remus's surface, sandwiched between two prominent darker features, probably large craters. ~"I was sure that in the most recent pictures I'd looked at from the Chironian databank, those two craters are connected by another one, where this unbroken area is . . . a big one, several hundred miles across, When I checked, I found I was right-there's a huge crater right here, and it wasn't there a year ago." Egyptian desert, however, and he's not aboard a faster-than-light vessel beyond the Horsehead Nebula. gotten out of their cars to stretch their legs. Not all have fled the showdown at the truck stop; and as they. he could find the willpower to deal with them.. Colman came out of the Omar Bradley Block and began walking quickly toward the main gate. Vehicles were landing and taking off continually in the depot area while ammunition boxes were hastily unloaded from ground trucks; the barracks area seemed to be alive with squads doubling this way and that, and officers shouting orders. Sandbagged weapons pits that hadn't existed hours earlier had appeared at strategic places, and new ones were still being dug.. got to allow me a little literary license." 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.. aware of a melancholy in her that he couldn't bear to see. "That guy over there's signaling for a waitress." Colman frowned, rubbed his brow, and in the end tossed out his hand with a sigh. "No . . . we're not making the right point somehow. Let's put it this way--how can you measure who owes who what?" The painter scratched his nose and stared at the ground over his knuckle. Clearly the notion was new to him. -

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