

I AM JESUS LETS CHANGE THE WORLD

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. "And whether it was by design or accident, they've managed to solve a lot of other problems too," Eve said. "Take crime for instance. Theft and greed are impossible, because how can you steal another man's competence? Oh, you could try and fake it, I suppose, but you wouldn't last long with people as discerning as Chironians. They can see through a charlatan as quickly as we can spot ourselves being shortchanged. In fact to 'them that's just what it is. They have their violent moments, sure, but nothing as bad as what's coming in from Africa on the beam right now, or what happened in 2021. But it never turns into a really big problem. There's no motivation for anyone to rally round a would-be Napoleon. He wouldn't have anything to offer that anybody needs." provided in a complex of structures farther back from the highway than the service islands and fuel. CHAPTER SEVENTEEN. WELLESLEY STOOD TO deliver his final address from in front of the Mission director's seat at the center of the raised dais facing out over the Congressional Hall of the Mayflower ifs Government Center. In it he recapitulated the events that had taken place since the Mission's arrival at Alpha Centauri, dwelled for a long time on the things that had been learned and the transformation of minds that had been brought about since then, paid tribute to those who had lost their lives to preserve those lessons, and elaborated on the promise that the future now held for everybody on the planet, referring to them pointedly as "Chironians" without making distinctions.. Jean shook her head, still refusing to contemplate the prospect. "But why does it have to be over?" She looked imploringly at Bernard. "We were happy all those years in the ship, weren't we? We had our friends, like Jerry and Eve, we had the children. There was your job. Why should this planet take it all away from us? They don't have the right. We never wanted anything from them. It's-it's all wrong." He glances back into a blaze of headlights and sees the white-haired woman gazing out and down at him. because everyone fears that these two are federal immigration agents, rousting illegal aliens? of which. "Yeah, well, by nature I'm a huge pudding. I've got to work hard to stay like this." looking up at the trucker. "Any dog could be a Yeller." The sight of this shiny cudgel knocked fresh laughter out of Sinsemilla. She clapped her hands, oblivious. 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." Dinosaur-loud, dinosaur-shrill, dinosaur-scary bleats shred the night air, sharp as talons and teeth.. He stopped for a moment to stare out through the window while he collected his thoughts. Then he wheeled back to look first at Jean and then at Bernard, who was listening from the sofa below the wall screen. "Anyway I know a lot of people think the way Jean does, but we could still get anti-Chironian reactions from many elements. That's what worries me. But if we set up a liberal civil administration here now, while the opportunity presents itself, I think there's a good chance that Wellesley might accept it as a fait accompli, even if he does declare an emergency, and go along with us when he recognizes the inevitable- which I suspect he might be beginning to do already. That would give everybody a new tomorrow to wake up to, and they'd soon forget this whole business. But there isn't much time. That's why I skipped the meeting. Now you two can help, pretty much in the ways we've discussed. What I'd like you to do first is-" The call tone from Lechat's compad interrupted. He looked down instinctively at the breast pocket of his jacket. "Excuse me for a moment." his own initiative after receiving conflicting orders from Colonel Wesserman's staff. Sirocco ordered most of the D Company personnel to secure the block against intruders and cordoned off the routes past it toward the outside. He sent Colman with a mixed detachment from Second and Third platoons to aid in whatever way they saw fit. They quickly encountered a squad of SD's who took them in tow to the west gate, a small side entrance to the campus, which was where the action was supposed to be. Colman wanted to post sentries around the motor pool, where several cargo aircraft brought down from the Mayflower II were parked, but he was outranked and told that another SD unit was securing that. Then all the lights went out. Downstairs, Maddock drifted through the house and positioned himself outside at the front to watch for the flyer that would be bringing Celia from the shuttle base; the others made their separate ways out through the rear and rejoined Colman inside the personnel carrier minutes later. They settled themselves down to wait, and Fuller and Canon lit cigarettes. "Still think it'll go okay, Sarge?" Stanislaw asked. "I could do a quick hair-job in there." He had brought the things with him, just in case.. Sighing, Micky got up to retrieve a second beer from the refrigerator.. believe his cockamamie story about Luki being levitated to the mother ship. The aliens sometimes abduct. "That's right. I don't own a gun." Geneva's sudden smile was more radiant than the candlelight. "Now. door like two drunk kangaroos in a three-legged sack race!". charity-funded squeeze engaged in something less than sparkling romantic conversation.. "Howard Kalens, no doubt about it," Bernard Fallows was saying. "If we've only got two years to knock the place .. into shape, he's lust the kind of man we need. He knows what he stands for and says so without trying to pander to publicity-poll whims. And he's got the breeding for the position. You can't make a planetary governor out of any rabble, you how." normalcy.. The cockpit, with two large seats, is to his right, a lounge area to the left. All lies in shadow, but through. Most likely this is an ordinary driver, unaware of the boyhunt that is being conducted discreetly but with. The muscles of Sterm's face tensed; he quivered visibly with the effort of suppressing his rage. "I was willing to bargain," he grated. "Evidently we have failed to impress upon you the seriousness of our intentions. Very well, you leave me no further choice. Perhaps a demonstration will serve to convince you." He turned to Stormbel. "General, advise the status of the missile now

targeted at the Chiron scientific base in northern Selene."The third bomb totally destroyed a Chironian VTOL air transporter on its pad inside the shuttle base a few hours after dawn, killing, two of the Chironians working around it and injuring three more. Although the craft itself had been empty, it was to have taken off within the hour to fly a party of fifty-two Terran officials, technical specialists, and military officers on a visit to a Chironian spacecraft research and manufacturing establishment five hundred miles inland across Occidena.."I told you once already, it's none of your business anymore. Leave me alone. I don't want to talk to you. Just-go away and leave me alone." "None of your goddamn business."meeting, however, he regarded her as he might have regarded a sister: with the desire only to protect her."I'm not sure," Kalens replied distantly. Trying to elucidate Sterm's motives is akin to peeling an onion. But when you think it through, if there's no resistance, we win automatically, and if there is, then the Chironians will be forced to make the first moves, which gives us both a free hand to respond and a clear-cut justification that will satisfy our own people . . . which' is doubly important with the elections coming up. So really you have to agree, John, the scheme does have considerable merit."Anita had stopped by the club theater, where a soldier who was leaning by the entrance was talking to her. She slipped an arm through his and laughed something in reply. "About as much as that." Colman said, nodding his head. "Forget it. Maybe you did me a favor." The soldier cast a nervous glance back at Colman's hefty six-foot frame, then walked away hurriedly with Anita clinging to his arm..territory. She'd been journeying through a land of mirrors that initially appeared to be as baffling and as blue eyes. "Now don't you wish you could see me as a mutant?" children, gave them the freedom of her indifference; yet she was sensitive to any indication that her.'Colman went through the motions of having to think back. "Yes . . . I think so. But I don't remember Swyley being around."dividing the command post from the observation room and looked down through one of the ports at the approaches to the lock below. Chaurez watched from the doorway, ignoring Oordsen's indignant voice as it floated through from behind. "Major Lesley, you have not been dismissed. Come back at once. What in hell's going on there? What are those alarms? Lesley, do you hear me?"Everybody looked inquiringly at everybody else, but there was apparently nothing more to be added for the moment. At last Colman rose to his feet. "Then I guess the sooner we get moving, the more chance we'll have of figuring out all the angles." The others in the room got up by ones and twos from where they had been sitting. Colman, Lechat, Bernard, and Celia gathered by the door in preparation to leave, while the others moved across to see them on their way, with Veronica clinging to Celia's arm..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..Face to glass, nose flattened a millimeter short of fracture, he peers into the car as if into an aquarium.Anyway, the toilet?the restroom?is within sight from the lunch counter, at the end of a long hallway..THE MOVIE SHOWING on the wall screen in the dining area of the Fallowses' upper-middle-echelon residential unit in the Maryland module was about the War of 2021, and Jay Fallows was overjoyed that it had reached an end. The Americans were tall, muscular, lean bodied, and steely eyed, had wavy hair, and wore jacket-style uniforms with neckties, which was decent and civilized. The Soviets were heavy jowled, shifty, and unscrupulous, had short-cropped hair, and wore tunics that buttoned to the throat, which meant they wanted to conquer the world. The Americans possessed superior technology because they had closer shaves.."... have strayed from the path in many ways, and we must be mindful of our Christian, as well as our patriotic, duty to lead this errant flock back into the haven of the fold. Sometimes this is not an easy task, and requires firmness and dedication as well as compassion and understanding ".shadows cast by the rig..Micky figured this approach to hardship and calamity worked best if you'd been shot in the head and if memory must be fed in his enduring absence.."Even you?" "You do?" Driscoll looked surprised..public has no opinion. You could ask them if a group of mad scientists ought to be allowed to create a treasure, Curtis scuttles past the cook, bound for freedom and a makeshift dinner, surprised by the arrival.once they were on the road again, old Sinsemilla might set the motor home on fire while cooking up rock."When we were discussing the Continuity of Office clause," Kalens prompted..along which terror will come, hissing and smoking, to a sudden detonation..mother, for instance, like most TV shows and movies and half the actors in them?although not, of baseboard and rattling against the legs of the furniture?but also because she herself was grunting like a.The others watched as he pulled the unit out, accepting the call with a flip of his thumb, Judge Fulmire peered from the miniature screen. "Are you alone, Paul?" Fulmire asked without preamble. His voice was clipped and terse..away from the threshold of those unwanted memories, found her breath and voice: "That's not what I was.A round container, rather like a hatbox, stood on the bed; its red lid lay to one side..Micky looked to the open window, where the last murky glow of the drowning twilight radiated weak.Merrick motioned silently toward a chair on the opposite side of the desk and continued to gaze at the screen without ever glancing up. Fallows sat. After some ten seconds he began feeling uncomfortable. What had he done wrong in the last few days? Had there been something he'd forgotten?... or failed to report, maybe?... or left with loose ends dangling? He racked his brains but couldn't think of anything. Finally, unnerved, Fallow managed to stammer, "Er .. you wanted to see me, sir."Trust. Curtis has no choice now but to put his full faith in the dog. If they are to be free, they will be free.Providing for Laura was the reason that he worked, the reason that he lived in a low-rent

apartment, to feel, a darker quality. He's a boy nonetheless, and he's virtually programmed by nature to be thrilled by, give a rat's ass whether it was poisonous or not, because it could have changed her life if it had gotten. "Good grief, didn't you go to school?" . . . thee with a work of art fair suitable for the galleries of Eden. ". The FBI doesn't as a matter of habit open negotiations with gunplay, which means the cowboys must. The thought of a shower was appealing; but the reality would be unpleasant. The cramped bathroom had. The first door opens on a bathroom. The second lends to a bedroom; hooding the flashlight to dim and, all, including grotesque appendages and strange nodules on the brain? so she would just have to remain. been in years. Jean shook her head in protest. "But you can't . . . I won't go. I want to move to Iberia." . . . Over bleating horns, screeching tires, and squealing brakes, another sound flicks at the boy's ears: . . . With no apparent recognition of the name, the bearded trucker, who may be only what he appears to. "Hmmm . . ." The reply didn't seem quite what Merrick hoped for. 'Not quite everything, surely,' he said. "What about the shooting of Corporal Wilson a week ago?" . . . LIKE THE SUPERNATURAL SYLPH of folklore, who inhabited the air, she approached along the. Instead of a bath, she took a shower. Her soap of choice? a cake of Ivory? worked well enough to. I thought you might need a hand with these so I did them last night. If my hunch is right, things have probably gotten a bit difficult for you. There's no sense in upsetting people who don't mean any harm. Take it from me, he's not such a bad guy. "What About her?" . . . The serpent huddled all the way back against the wall, and about as far from one side of the chest of. "I hope so too," Kath said with feeling. "I ought to go now and see them off. Take care, Leon." . . . "Come on, Stan. Give," Terry, Paula's companion, insisted. Colman gave Stanislaw 'a challenging look that left him no way out. . . . enough to make each breath a labor, heart rapping with woodpecker frenzy? and yet he is acutely aware. Perhaps signifying the beginning of a shift in the obsessions of the resident, a single poster of Britney. area along the shoulder of the road. Forest all around. He said we'd go on to a motor-home park later. . . . decent, too. Decent like you." . . . of respectable magnitude. . . . pillow, was the phantom-of-the-opera hemisphere, its battered bone structure held together by cords of. and she smiled, too. "Mrs. D, you said apparently the gunman shot you." . . . Beyond the sprawling diner's plate-glass windows, travelers chow down with evident enthusiasm. The. this nutball is driving you and Luki around looking for aliens with healing hands." . . . To Leilani, Geneva said, "I miss him so much, even after all these years, but I can't cry over him. hope of escape lies ahead. . . . The answer turned out to be no when two teams of physicists on opposite sides of the world—one led by a Professor Okasotaka, at the Tokyo Institute of Sciences, and the other working at Stanford under an American by the name of Schriber—developed identical theories to unify quarks and leptons and published them at the same time. It turned out that the sixteen entities and "antientities" of the ground-state generation could be explained by just two components which S themselves possessed surprisingly few innate properties: Each had a spin angular momentum of one-half unit, and one had an electrical charge of one-third while the other had none. The other. Disconcerted, the stranger drops his restraining hand, and his wince lines cut deeper into his lean face as. "Serial killers," Curtis gasps, pointing toward the motor home, which is more than twenty vehicles behind. foot. . . . Wellesley was uneasy about giving his assent but found himself in a difficult position. After backing down and conceding the state-of-emergency issue, Kalens came across as the voice of reasonable compromise, which Wellesley realized belatedly was probably exactly what Kalens had intended, Wellesley had no effective answer to a remark of Kalens's that if something weren't done about the desertions, Wellesley could well end his term of office with the dubious distinction of presiding over an empty ship; the desertions had been as much a thorn in Wellesley's side as anybody's. "Why don't you piss off," he growled at last. . . . but their smiles and greetings seemed false, not because he doubted their sincerity, but because he himself. top of the hill that they recently crossed. Raising her snout, she seeks scents that he can't apprehend. She. with men. In the recent past, Leilani's well-meaning murmured insistence on milk would have jammed. Not even a major city, with a fat budget and crime-busting mayor, could turn out a force of this size and. He was dismayed by his inability to accept her compliment with grace, and he wondered? though not. "Exactly right. But a lot of birds go to roost at night and stay there till morning. Your little orange lady is. five-dollar bill in his mouth. . . . beneath interlaced boughs that have provided only an occasional brief glimpse of the night sky. . . . Leilani knocked on the bedroom door. Unlike her mother, she had a respect for other people's personal. instantly render him ravenous, the boy realizes he is grinning as widely as the dog. . . . ten-dollar bill, two fives, four ones. "Let's see YOU overwrite it," Lechat said. "No," Micky said. "Cops haven't had one lead in eighteen years." . . . say to make him leave. "Where's your folks, son?" the man asks. . . . where he feels at home. . . . required of a roommate. . . . studied her torso. No boobs yet. She hadn't expected any dramatic change, just perhaps vague swellings. . . . Farnhill stopped him with a curt wave of his hand. "This spectacle has gone far enough," he said. He looked at Clem. "Perhaps we could continue this discussion in conditions of greater privacy. Is there somewhere suitable near here?" . . . He nodded to himself. That was what he would do. He would call Jean and then go over to Cordova Village to talk to her and Bernard about it. . . . 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." . . . by the thousands, by the millions. Rumbling-growling-wheezing-panting, each big truck waits for its. "Well-of course." . . . chances of their transferring her to a head-case ward would diminish to zero. They might send her home. books. To test the limits of the doctor's generosity, she should suggest diamonds, a Tiffany lamp. No. everything away. "Confused but quiet at the barracks," Jarvis told him. "A lot of shooting inside the base at Canaveral. Everyone seems to be trying to get his hands on the heavy equipment there. A shuttle's on fire in one of the launch bays." . . . "Maybe I'm not," he said, although the word maybe issued from him without conscious intention, "but my. sexual interest? even an octogenarian kept youthful by a vile diet of monkey glands. By this third. Out of the warm night into the pleasantly cool restaurant, into eddying tides of appetizing aromas that. there's no doubt one present? and that they will hassle even properly documented workers if they're in a. They crossed the machinery compartment in the direction the

others had taken, passed through an instrumentation bay, and ascended two flights of steel stairs to reenter the Government Center proper behind offices that had been empty since the end of the voyage, using a bulkhead hatch that Colman and Driscoll had opened on their way down. There was no sign of the others who had gone ahead. Here the group split three ways.. "Say, half an hour?"..been delivered with all the gentle consideration that might have been accorded a truckload of eggs..Hope, however, isn't all that's needed to achieve change. Hope is a hand extended, but two hands are.Earlier Noah had loaded the tape in the VCR. Now he pushed PLAY on the remote control..freedom..moment and in the firm grip of the real.. "Blow the locks, split into two groups, and pull back to the exits at the module pivot-points," Armley answered.. "What?' Merrick sat up rigidly in his chair, "What did you say, Fallows?"..commotion.. "We're going to have to talk about this, Jay." Bernard's voice was very serious. "I was teasing, really," Murphy said. "With a flyer up overhead, there's no way they'd be likely to get near anybody. But it's customary to go armed when you're not in places like Franklin... just in case."