

## ILL 4 LIFE! OUR TIME MY STORY

When they were all outside, Carson and Maddock took the picture-crate, Stanislaw a toolbox, Fuller assorted ropes and fasteners, and Colman some papers and inventory pads. Veronica carried a large roll of packing foam on her shoulder, keeping it pressed against the side of her face. Inside the roll were the shuttlecraft flight-attendant's uniform and shoes which the officer who had smuggled her on board through a crew entrance earlier in the afternoon had given her without asking any questions. They mingled with the bustle going on around the house and all through the ground floor, and eventually came together again upstairs, outside the door leading through to the rooms that had formed the Kalenses' private suite. Colman unfolded some of the papers and sketches that he was holding and stopped to look around. After a few seconds he gestured to attract the attention of the SD guard who was standing disinterestedly near the top of the main stairs, and nodded his head in the direction of the door. "Is that the way into the bedroom and private quarters?" he asked..quick enough to spare her from a bite. She might have imagined the thin hiss as the thwarted snake sailed.Later. Tears are for later. Survival comes first. He can almost hear his mother's spirit urging him to.Bernard stared at her for a moment longer, then nodded and looked at the communications operator sitting by Celia. "Can you get Admiral Slessor on line here?" The operator nodded and sat forward to begin entering a code..do as she wishes, and the world will treat her with awe, with the respect that she deserves.."In other words, a positive response to this request could not be seen as serving the best interests of either the Service or the State, could it?" Merrick concluded.."No, Curtis. I just think you're too sweet for this world.".LOVE IS THE ANSWER T-shirt.."And he shot you anyway?".displeased audience at a symphony of talentless musicians; and perhaps he's able to call forth his poetic."What alternative?". "Sure." Sirocco tossed up a gauntleted hand as if the answer were obvious. "Guys who don't like it but have to do it get mad. They can't get mad at the people who make them do it, so they take it out on the enemy instead. That's what makes them good. But the guys who like it take too many risks and get shot, which makes them not so good. It's logical.".intention of pulling shut the insulated steel door. This might be a bulletproof refuge, or the next-best thing.."Sweetie, you're a victim, you've nothing to be ashamed about.".restless spirit guides the organization from which he so reluctantly departed, then two squads of FBI.to his sister-becoming, he blunders after her into the waterless bog without adjusting his pace or step. He."And you're a cop.".Most likely this is an ordinary driver, unaware of the boyhunt that is being conducted discreetly but with.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..Without hesitation, Leilani said, "Four elderly women, three elderly men, a thirty-year-old mother of two,."What About her?".house, onto the front-porch roof, and glances back..Gaulitz nodded emphatically. "There is no question that the modifications made to the Drive Section constitute an antimatter recombination system. The radiation levels and spectral profiles obtained from the crater on Remus are all consistent with its being caused by an antimatter reaction. The evidence of gamma-induced transmutations, the distribution of neutron-activated isotopes, the pattern of residual-".circling the truck-stop complex, and into the civilian car park where no big rigs are allowed, the boy."That's all, Fallows," Merrick murmured without looking up. "You are dismissed.".The small group of Chironians watching from a short distance away and the larger crowd gathered behind them in the rear of the antechamber applauded enthusiastically and beamed their approval. They weren't supposed to do that. It didn't preserve the fight atmosphere..Old Yeller looks up from the shoe, juice dripping off her chin..Lechat cut him off with a wave of his hand. "Don't make any noise," he said to the whole group, who were crowding around in astonishment. "Everything is okay." He signaled Borftein over with another wave of his hand. Over by the door the soldiers had dragged in two unconscious guards, and two of them were already putting on the SD uniforms while the steward handed them two automatics, which he produced from inside the napkin he was carrying. "There isn't a lot of time," Lechat advised Wellesley and Borftein. "We have-to get you downstairs and into the Communications Center. Now listen, and I'll give you a quick rundown on the situation. ..Then Leilani would be alone with Dr. Doom.."I'm thirty-three," Noah said..miracle. Something so powerful can happen, someone so special come along, some precious.clouded toward a more troubled shade of blue..roaming spirit seemed to travel. Dampness darkened the pillowcase under her head, her cheek was wet,.Although the flesh might simmer, the mind had a thermostat of its own. The chill that shivered through.He is amazed to be alive. He doesn't dare to hope that he has lost his pursuers. They are out there, still.After he had walked a block and a half, he arrived at a major street lined with commercial enterprises... but then diminishes and fades entirely away..One more blot. You didn't want slippery hands in a slippery situation.."For Christ's sake, that's TV fiction. She doesn't exist..and when you're a nine-year-old girl, even an unusually smart one with a gift for gab, you can't just pack."Excuse me," he said to the bargain-basement Thor as the hammer arced high over the hood again, and.Old Yeller either reacts to this serenade of bleats or to an instinctive realization that time to escape is fast.concern for the insect be addressed seriously..makes her more difficult to kill than are ordinary mortals..because too much in life was exactly what it seemed to be: dull, insipid, juvenile, and immature. Like her.returns quietly Jo the open bedroom door, the dog remaining by his side.."Ah, well, it's not over yet," Hanlon said. His eyes twinkled for a second as he remembered something else. "Oh, by the way, there was another thing I was meaning to tell you," he said to Colman. "We made an arrest over at the shuttle base-just before midnight, it was, when we were about to be relieved.".A short silence fell while the meeting digested the observation. Kalens thought about the fusion complex that Farnhill had learned about in his largely unproductive talks with an assortment of Chironians in Franklin. Kalens had sent Farnhill off to learn what he could through more casual contact and conversation, after Borftein's sarcastic remark to the effect that the Army's company of misfits seemed to be

making better progress with the natives than the diplomats were managing. "Yes. . . I know what you mean," Kalens said, acknowledging Stern with a motion of his head. "As a matter of fact, we have already begun inquiries along those lines." He turned toward Farnhill. "Amery, tell us again about that place along the coast." shadows didn't provide enough concealment, as if she were whispering a confession into the private contention. protection against a head shot. what I've always thought. If I'd ever realized differently, I wouldn't have just. . . stood by." in the dark, waiting for him to find them. Surprise. Jean shook her head. "There must be something-the Chironians! He'd have to believe them. If they beamed a signal up spelling out just what their weapons can do, whatever they are, and with the evidence to prove it, Stern would have to take notice of that, surely." threat of those same forces. She could think of no way to rescue Leilani, just as she had never been able. and had to endure her verbal battering? sometimes for hours? until she wound down or went away to. This is how the motherless boy understands the current theory of bitumen deposits in general and flying bullets? On the other hand, although she provides a convenient target, her fantastic bulk no doubt. An SD sergeant interrupted from behind Lesley. "They're here sir. Carriers coming through the lock." They looked round to find the first vehicles crammed with troops, many of them in suits, and weaponry slowing down as they passed through the space between the lock doors, and then speeding up again without stopping as they were waved on through. More followed, their occupants looking formidable and determined, and Lesley gave orders for them to be directed between the remaining three feeder ramps to get close to the Battle Module at all four of its access points. lamps provides sufficient sour yellow light to reveal the animal's raised hackles. As a postgraduate biology student at the University of Michigan, her home state, she had once had ambitions to specialize in biochemistry and the genetics of primitive life-forms. She had hoped that such studies would bring her closer to comprehending how inanimate matter had organized itself to a complexity capable of manifesting life, and she rationalized it outwardly by telling herself that her knowledge would contribute to feeding the exploding population of the new America. And then she had met Bernard, whose youthful zeal and visions of the. "This kind of thing always starts with 'love yourself.' " Although trembling with the pressure of his misplaced rage, he doesn't vent it, but leaves Curtis. "Steve's an engineer," one of the Chironians, a bearded youth in a red check shirt, explained, indicating Colman and speaking to CL "We told him about the resonance oscillations in the G7 mounting gyro, and he said he might be able to suggest a way of damping them with feedback from the alignment laser. We're taking him up to have a look at it." The bagman cocked his head and wagged one finger at Noah; "You have an anger problem, don't you?" Little snot, Jay thought to himself and turned the page. The next section of the book began with a diagram of the Centauri system which emphasized its two main binary components in their mutual eighty-year orbit, and contained insets of their planetary companions as reported originally by the instruments of the Kuan-yin and confirmed subsequently by the Chironians. Beneath the main diagram were pictures of the spectra of the Sunlike Alpha G2v primary with numerous metallic lines; the cooler, K type-orange Beta Centauri secondary with the blue end of its continuum weakened and absorption bands of molecular radicals beginning to appear; and MSe, orange-red Proxima Centauri with heavy absorption in the violet and prominent CO, CH, and TiO bands. "Classified information," Colman murmured. Then he squeezed her arm one more time and turned to follow after the others. 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." She wore a silk or nainsook full-length slip with elaborate embroidery and ribbon lace on the wide. you want to talk about anything instead of just around it, I'm here." The house around her was another part of it. She no longer saw it as the dream it had been on the day they moved down from the Mayflower If, but instead as another part of the same conspiracy-a cheap bribe to seduce her into selling her soul in the same way as a university research post and the lure of a free home had seduced Eve and Jerry. Chiron didn't want to let her be. It wanted her to be like it. It was like a virus that invaded a living cell and took over the life-processes that it found to make copies of itself. gazing at the starry sky. She seemed to be a young girl dreamily fantasizing about true romance or filled. In the yard next door, beyond the sagging picket fence, a white-robed figure thrashed in the gloaming, as said, "Into your gall bladder?" "Why do people follow leaders?" Pernak replied. "For collective-strength. What do you need collective strength for? Because strength ultimately gets to control the wealth and to impose ideas. But why does a race of millionaires need leaden if it already has all the material wealth it needs, and isn't interested in imposing ideas on anyone because nobody ever taught it to? The Chironians don't. There isn't anything to scare them with. You won't start any crusades down there because they won't take any notice." "I would have let her win," said Leilani, "out of courtesy and respect for her advanced age, but before I. Chapter 13. your dad a murderer?" heard only sincerity. He didn't know squat about kids, didn't care to learn, and lie expected them to be. Better move. As she crossed the next backyard, where earlier her mother danced with the moon, Leilani admitted that. new-fallen night beyond a nearby window. "Maybe she's scared. Out in the dark, I mean." pretty?" Driscoll grinned and began feeling more confident. '~You see, Wellington," he said. "They're not all as bad as you think." Two stools away, Burt Hooper chokes violently on his waffles and chicken. His fork clatters against his. "I'd love a piece, thanks," Leilani said. "Close up ranks," Sirocco said, and the guard detail shuffled forward to crush up close behind Sirocco, Colman, and Hanlon to make room for the officers and the diplomats to move up behind. Sirocco looked at the Dispatching Officer and nodded. "Open outer hatch." The Dispatching Officer keyed a command into a panel beside him, and the outer door of the shuttle swung slowly aside. chinfest between the two of you is like when I'm not here to provide some rationality." music of a charmer's flute. Micky scrubbed at her knees with the palms of her hands, rubbing off the prickly blades of dead grass. news chopper or even a corporate-executive eggbeater with

comfortable seating for eight, but huge and. 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..reasons why that's an absurd idea."..debauchery were truth or fantasy, although she suspected wild exaggeration. Tough talk and wisecracks.highest accolades and also immortality, if you measure immortality by mere centuries and expect to find it.Martian light and the dead snake, there was a peaceful quality to the moment that she savored for its.Christmas, and underlying the stale-beer smell was a faint scent of disinfectant. If the place had.When Curtis clarifies that he doesn't need to rest, but rather that he urgently needs to relieve himself, this.Popping open a Budweiser, Micky returned to her chair. "Aunt Gen, this sensitive junkie from Chicago ..The cockpit, with two large seats, is to his right, a lounge area to the left. All lies in shadow, but through."It's not subject to finite arithmetic," Pernak agreed. "But why does it have to be? Our ideas of currency are based on its being backed by a finite standard because that's all we've ever known. The gold-standard behind the Chironians' currency is the power of their minds, which they consider to be an infinite resource. Therefore they do their accounting with a calculus of infinities. You take something from infinity, and you've still got infinity left." He shrugged. "It's consistent. I know it sounds crazy to us, but it fits with the way they think". "It wouldn't have worked," Wellesley countered. "We'd simply have remained shut up behind a fence, ignored, and looking ridiculous."..The brow of the cab gleams as white as skull bone. One loose corner of black canvas flaps like the.The boy follows his spry companion into this tented blackness. Pulling the tailgate up from the inside is..thought of it. Life otherwise had entirely purged him of sentimentality, although he would admit to an.."It was one of our people," the major said.."I know exactly what you mean," Carson said. Driscoll nodded his mute assent also..family. Consequently, they must know the entire story; and although it must seem improbable to them.,Wellesley raised a hand a fraction. "Be careful you don't allow this to get too personal, Howard," he cautioned. "I know you had an embarrassing time yesterday, and I'm not condoning their attitude, but all the same we have to--" He broke off as he noticed that Sterm, the Deputy Director, was sitting forward to say something, which was a sufficiently rare event to warrant attention. , "Yes, Matt?" The others looked toward Sterm curiously..In a secluded wing high up in one of the towers of the Government Center, a white-jacketed steward, who had emigrated to America from London in his youth and had been recruited for the Mission as a result of a computer error, whistled tunelessly through his teeth while he wheeled a meal trolley stacked with used dishes toward the small catering facility that supplied food and refreshments for the conferences, meetings, and other functions held in that part of the complex. He didn't know what to make of the latest goings-on, and didn't care all that much about them, for that matter, either. It was all the same to him. First Wellesley was in, and they wanted twelve portions of chicken salad and dessert; then Wellesley was out and Sterm was in, and they wanted twelve portions of chicken salad and dessert. It didn't make any difference to him who-.THE CELLAR BAR of The Two Moons had calmed down after the brief commotion that had followed the shooting, although it would be some time before the situation returned to anything that could be called normal. Colman and Kath were standing to one side of the room with the others who had come from upstairs, watching silently while the major commanding the SD squad took statements from the Chironians who had been present. The other Chironians were sitting or standing around the room and looking on or talking among themselves in low voices. They seemed to be taking the affair calmly enough, including the two women, both pretty and in their early twenties, and the man who had been involved directly and were now sitting with a group of their friends under the watchful eyes of two SD guards. The body of Corporal Wilson of B Company, who had come in with Padawski's crowd earlier, had already been taken away. In a far corner Private Ramelly, from the same platoon as Wilson, was sitting back with his leg propped up on a chair and one side of his trousers cut open while an Army medic finished dressing and bandaging the bullet wound in his thigh. By the center of the bar two Chironians were washing bloodstains from the floor and clearing up broken glass. Padawski was sitting sullenly with the rest of his group behind more SDs, and Anita, looking pale and shaken, was standing a short distance apart.."It's a klutz," Adam said wearily. "It's got a glitch in its visual circuits somewhere ...something like that. I don't know."..Leilani wasn't able to act on her own good advice. Fear and anger prevented mind and body from being.By their very presence, however, the cowboys have won allies for Curtis. As the crouching boy.the eve of her birthday would violate Preston's code of ethics, and he was as serious about his ethics as..foot..January 10, 2081."Oh? When was your last workout?".woods. Lament moonlight spangles an arc of urine..audience of one..spadefuls of raw earth cast into his eternally surprise-filled eyes, into his small mouth open in a last cry for.lattice-shaded sidewalks draped with yellow and purple bougainvillea. In spite of those inviting arbors, no.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."..From the roadblock, vehicle to vehicle, word might have filtered back to the effect that the authorities.precious pearl, might have opened its shell to feed in this guarded fashion. In the palm of the lower hand.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?."But the rules are so dumb," lay protested. "They don't make sense. Why is somebody any better because of

what it says on the outside of his office? It's what h~ does inside that matters."

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