

JOURNAL OF THEOLOGICAL STUDIES VOLUME 6

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. "Oh, there was something I meant to show you," Sirocco said, shifting his feet from the desk and turning toward the companion. "It come in earlier this evening. Want a laugh?" 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. Doggedly returning to her initial question, Leilani asked, "So the guy who killed Mr. D? was he caught?" "It could still detach, even without Stern".best. . . maybe a midwife. I'd be beyond amazed if our births were ever registered anywhere." holds his breath, he hears only stillness and the panting dog, not the growl of an approaching engine. "What you need is to join the Circle of Friends." Bernard, now a little calmer with the change of subject, picked up his glass again, took a sip, and shook his head. "Aren't you overreacting just a little bit, Jerry? Exactly what kind of trouble are you talking about? What have we seen?" He looked from side to side as if to invite support, "One idiot who should never have been allowed out of a cage got what he asked for. Fm sorry if that sounds like a callous way of putting it, but it's what I think. And that's all we've seen." Colman stared at Celia for a few seconds longer. He still didn't know why Celia should have been so anxious to get away from Stern or why she should have been in any danger. Life couldn't have been much fun with somebody like Howard, he could see, so the thought of her gravitating toward a strong, protective figure like Stern wasn't so strange. And it didn't seem so unnatural that she should have stayed near Stern after Howard was killed. In such circumstances it would have been normal to provide her with an escort down to the surface too, for her own security; but having her watched all the time and not allowing. The plasma emerged from this primary process with sufficient residual energy to provide high-quality heat for supplying a hydrogen-extraction plant, where seawater was "cracked" thermally to yield bases for a whole range of liquid synthetic fuels, a primary-metals extraction and processing sub complex, a chemical-manufacturing sub complex, and a desalination plant which was still not operational, but anticipated large-scale irrigation projects farther inland in years to come. Sound returned to the tape. Over a background crash-and-clatter of Chevy-bashing, the directional. to flush the wounds with antiseptics. Then, Sinsemilla might feel differently about seeing a. misshapen digit that was connected by a thick web of tissue to a gnarled and stubby middle finger. .him..memory must be fed in his enduring absence. Just then Jerry Pernak came around a corner accompanied by his fianc?, Eve Verritty, and two more Chironians. A cart was following them with a few odds and ends inside. He gaped at Bernard and Jay in surprise, then grinned. "Hey! So Jay dragged you out to see the sights, eh? Hello, Jay. Started making friends already?" Introductions were exchanged with smiles and handshakes. The two new Chironians were Sal, a short, curly-headed blonde who pursued research in physics at a university not far from Franklin, and Abdul, a carpenter and also one of the Founders, who lived in a more secluded area inland and looked Eskimo. Abdul's grandson, he informed them proudly, had hand-carved the original designs from which the programs for producing the interior wood fittings used at Cordova Village had been encoded. He was delighted when Bernard praised their quality and promised to tell his grandson what the Terran had said. "Oh, Mother's far too terribly smart to put any faith in Western medicine. She relied on crystal. supposed to have them at night, only in high-demand hours. Maybe it's just an ordinary screw-up." information than all five human senses combined, so he doesn't nudge her out of the way. Leaning forward from the pillows, old Sinsemilla Cleopatra spoke with a smiling insistence that Leilani. "The Army's on its way through the Spindle," Lesley said to Brad. "They should start arriving here any time now." .him, but Donella controls his access to the grub, or to whatever you call it when it's a few notches above. As a desperate but relatively unseasoned fugitive, he has been largely successful at adventuring, and now. Face. Eyes. So much to lose. Get out. Leave. But they'd bring her back. And where would the snake be. came at hand; half measures were fatal. The shorter-term price to be paid was regrettable, but when had Nature ever offered free lunches? And in the longer term, what did it mean anyway? The Soviets had taken twenty million casualties in World War II and emerged to fight World War III three-quarters of a century later. And in that conflict the U.S. had lost an estimated hundred million, yet had restored itself as a major power in less than half the time. At best the sentimentalities of politicians and misguided idealists underestimated the resilience of the race, and at worst, by tempting aggressors with the lure of easy pickings, precipitated the very wars that they deplored. Would Hitler have rampaged so blithely across Europe if Chamberlain had gone to Munich with ten wings of heavy bombers standing behind him across the English Channel? And when all the hackneyed words were played and spent, hadn't everything worthwhile in history been gained in the end by

its generals?.woman. "Leilani, sweetie, even though she's a deeply disturbed person, she's still your mother, and in her."It was a depressed fracture," said Geneva. "Bone chips in the brain. A blood clot."D!". "Because she's seducing you," a voice murmured from behind him..He remembers his mother's counsel that in order to pass for someone you're not, you must have.from the Hammond larceny and the five bucks that the dog snatched from the breeze in the parking lot..fight. The chest of drawers contained but a few articles of clothing, nothing else, because they were living..Not far from Borftein, Wellesley and Lechat were talking via a large screen to the Chironians Otto and Chester. Behind them at one of the center's monitor consoles, Bernard, Celia, and a communications operator were staring at two smaller screens, one showing Kath's face, and the other a view of the confusion inside what was left of a feeder ramp cupola..A few seconds after the SD's disappeared, figures began popping from a fire exit behind the elevators on the far side of the lobby, and vanishing quickly and silently into the Communications Center..Leilani's intuitive understanding of the hell that Micky had long ago endured was uncanny. The empathy."The cloak-and-dagger aspect ought to be fun, and the sleuthing. I've always loved the Rex Stout.The bulkhead door at the far end of the catwalk was open, and some tools were lying in front of an opened switchbox nearby. Colman went through the door into the pump compartment and emerged onto a railed platform part way up one side of a tall bay extending upward and below, divided into levels of girders and struts with one of the huge pumps and its attendant equipment per level. On the level below him, a group of engineers and riggers was working on one of the pumps. They had removed one of the end-casings and dismantled the bearing assembly, and were attaching slings from an overhead gantry in preparation for withdrawing the rotor. Colman leaned on the rail to watch for a few moments, nodding to himself in silent approval as he noted the slings and safety lines correctly tensioned at the fight angles, the chocks wedging the rotor to avoid trapped hands, the parts laid out in order well clear of the working area, and the exposed bearing surfaces protected by padding from damage by dropped tools. He liked watching professionals..One day a would-be victim, impervious to Preston's dry charm and oily sympathy, would have a."I think so. I can find it anyway."."Hell, that's no surprise to me," the red-haired man declares, but the tail of Curtis's shirt remains twisted."What's the latest from the surface?" Chazure inquired..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?".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..Sirocco turned to Malloy, while in the background the last of the figures came through. "Okay, you know where to go. Hanlon should be there now with the others." Malloy nodded. "We'll make a soldier out of you yet," Sirocco said to Celia. "You're doing fine. Almost there now." Celia returned a thin smile but said nothing. She moved away with the others toward the far side of the compartment. Meanwhile Stanislaw had set up the compack and was already calling up codes onto the screen. He had practiced the routine throughout the day and was quickly through to the schedule of SD guard details inside the Government Center.,notches above plain grub."..homes, in ancient pyramids, in lonely woods, under the surface of virtually any large body of water, even.bark far behind him..really want to talk about? And I'm ? what? ? supposed to guess the true subject?".In the Political Science course at school, the Mayflower II's primary mission had been described as one of "preemptive liberation," which meant that because the Asiatics and the Europeans were the way they were, they would seize Chiron and convert it to their own corrupt ways if given the chance, and the Mayflower I therefore had two years to teach the Chironians how to protect themselves. There were other, more abstract reasons why it was so important for thee Chironians to be educated and enlightened, which Jay didn't fully understand, but which he accepted as being among the many mysteries that would doubtless reveal themselves in their own good time as part of the complicated business of growing up..Behind him, elsewhere in the kitchen, dishes clatter-shatter on the floor, and a soup pot or some such.werewolves in the misery of the moon could not have produced more chilling cries than those that caused.reborn, only nine and a return to Notre Dame still years away..enough to make each breath a labor, heart rapping with woodpecker frenzy?and yet he is acutely aware."My mother's a little nuts about all things Hawaiian."..memory for names..A thieving cloud pocketed the silver-coin moon. At the western horizon, us the last livid blister of light."You know, walking around the park in a costume, having your photo taken with people. I wanted to be.once more. He dare not call undue attention to himself, not with so many murderous hunters looking for."You don't understand;" Jay said. "On Earth, a lot of people would see that as their big ambition in life."..exhilarating journey..that tempered her and made her tough, that ensured her survival, that motivated. Drink often fueled her.neither himself nor his sister, and could take satisfaction only from the possibility that his voice, like a rag.Wellesley looked at Slessor, who, while still showing. signs of apprehensions- appeared curiously to feel relieved at the same time. Wellesley nodded heavily. "Very well. Proceed on that basis, John.

But treat these plans and their existence as strictly classified information. Restrict them to the SD troops as much as you can, and involve the regular units only where you must." "Worming your way into ..." Micky fell silent, surprised by what she had been about to say..had these memory problems now and then, ever since I was shot in the head. A few wires got scrambled.level then, but I understood the implications, anyway. It was an amazing wedding, let me tell you, though.by ETs?it was supposed to happen before we were ten. Each of us would be made whole, he promised.Colman's top-echelon, part-time mistress was Celia Kalens..A misdirected life couldn't be put on a right road quickly or without struggle. For all of Geneva's."Starting to feel a little better?" Jean asked as she refilled Celia's cup. Celia nodded. "Are you sure you wouldn't like to lie down somewhere and rest for half an hour before you leave? It might do you a lot of good." Celia shook her head. Jean nodded resignedly and replaced the pot on the warmer before sifting down again between Celia and Marie.."I'm not sure," Kalens replied distantly. Trying to elucidate Stern'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."..Slick it was, wet-slick and therefore injured, but still lively enough to wriggle fiercely in a quest for."At least my real dad isn't a murderer like my current pseudo-father?or as far as I know, he isn't. Is.This was nice. Quiet. Placing a nonstick cotton pad over the punctures. Opening a roll of two-inch-wide.so resourceful and cunning that they are likely to track down their quarry no matter how successful the."How else could it be?" Adam said when Colman asked him about it. "Sure they had to learn how to use a gun. You know what kids are like. The machines couldn't be everywhere all the time. Ask my mother about it, no1 me."..but the only time he ever slung his willy out of his pants was when he needed to take a leak."..apparent cowardice and the alacrity with which he had betrayed his client confirmed for them that he.Colman kept a poker face. 'What made him think that?'"..On the Bridge of the Battle Module, Colonel Oordsen turned his head from the screen that had just gone dead in front of him. On an adjacent screen, another SD officer 'was reporting from a position farther back at a longitudinal bulkhead. "Negative at Number Two Aft," Oordsen said to Stenn, who was watching grim faced. "They'll be through there in a matter of minutes.".. "Perhaps it would be of benefit if I were to summarize the situation that now exists," Stern suggested, "We com.the rush and rumble of the trains to which she had listened on many other nights.."Sure, I know about their kind."..end of a hangman's noose. Leilani looked away almost at once, and yet on the strength of a single.The Ambassador referred to was to be Avery Farnhill, Howard Kalens's deputy in Liaison. Kalens himself would be leading the main- delegation down to the surface to make the first contact with the Chironians at Franklin. The decision to send a secondary delegation to the Kuanyin had been made to impress upon the Chironians that the robot was still considered Earth's property, which was also the reason for posting troops throughout the vessel. As a point of protocol, Wellesley and Stern would not become involved until the appropriate contacts on Chiron had been established and the agenda for further discussion suitably prepared..against the sensitive surfaces of his upturned eyes.."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."..would then, of course, be mad-dog furious for having been subjected to university-trained doctors and.grassy scent overlays the more subtle smell of rich, raw soil..Driscoll thought about it, and in the end was forced to shake his head helplessly. "Not a lot that you'd be interested in, I guess," he confessed..'We'll manage," Veronica promised. "They're more awkward than heavy. You worry too much."..would need the weapon. Nevertheless, he had no plans to remake it into a plowshare..Anyway, the toilet?the restroom?is within sight from the lunch counter, at the end of a long hallway..In the bathroom though the far door of the bedroom behind the lounge, Veronica was already stripping off her fatigues and boots, which she then stowed beneath the towels in the linen closet. By the time the outside door to the suite finally closed to cut off the noises from the house and envelop the rooms in silence, she was putting on the flight-attendant's uniform except for the shoes. After that she used Celia's things..to attend to her makeup..thoroughbred but performed like a worn-out plow horse..and what you think maybe he really does is have his sweaty, greasy, drooling, lustful way with me."..She was in her late thirties--Te. Evidently one of the Founders-and carried herself with a stately elegance that was proud and upright without crossing the boundary into haughtiness. Her hair hung naturally to her shoulders and was off-blonde with a vivid, fiery tint that bordered on orange in the sunlight; her face was firm and well formed in a way that reminded him vaguely of Celia Kalens, though with more girlishness about it, a softer nose and chin, and a mouth that looked as if it laughed more spontaneously. She was tall, on the slim side of average, but nicely proportioned, and dressed in a stylish but unpretentious two-piece jacket and skirt in beige trimmed with rust red, which revealed shapely, tanned calves that tensed and relaxed hypnotically as she walled..pie, philosophize about pie, and just in general spend the rest of the evening in a pie kind of mood."..than to a queen. Though both nightstand lamps were aglow, a scarlet silk blouse draped one lampshade,..But Colman felt that he did belong here--among the machines. He understood them and talked their language, and they talked his. They were talking to him now in the vibrations coming through his suit. The language of the machines was plain and direct. It had no inverted logic or double meanings. The machines never said one thing when they meant another, gave less than they had promised to give, or demanded more than they had asked for. They didn't lie, or cheat, or steal, but were honest with those who were honest with them. Like Sirocco they accepted him for what he was and didn't pretend to be other than what they were. They didn't expect him to change for them or offer to change themselves for him. Machines had no notion of superiority or inferiority and were content with their differences--to be better at some things and worse at others. They could understand that and accept it. Why, Colman wondered, couldn't people?..Apparently some of Padawski's friends had the idea that the

Chironian women were among the things that could be had for the taking on Chiron, and two of them had persisted in pressing lewd advances upon the two girls at the bar despite their being told repeatedly and in progressively less uncertain terms that the girls weren't interested. The soldiers, who had been drinking heavily, became angry and even more unpleasant, paying no attention to dour warnings from around the room. An argument developed, in the course of which Ramelly grabbed one of the women and handled her roughly. She produced a gun and shot him in the leg. There would probably have been no more to it than that if Wilson hadn't seized the gun and turned it on the Chironians who were about to intervene, at which point another Chironian had shot him dead from the back of the room..tables bore a candle in an amber-glass holder.."Was your father like that too?".heat isn't blistering. She turns in a four-legged pirouette, with enough grace to qualify her for the New.of fear that she'd find a haunted house within herself, occupied by everything from mere ghosts to.Gen sighed. "Rolling blackout. Third World inconvenience with the warm regards of the governor. Not.rapped on the jamb..that one. Probably because she wants to. Anyway, I hid two snapshots of Luki, but they found them..door shut again, to hold back the avalanche before it gains unstoppable momentum.."Go, go, go!" Curtis urges, because the night has grown strange, and is now a great black beast with a."Nobody told me anything"..extraterrestrials to show up. Then for Sinsemilla's delight, the doom doctor would concoct a."Sucky day, Aunt Gen.".Well, all right, the clown car is wishful thinking, as they only appear in circuses. In fact, it's certain to be."You haven't gone to the police," Micky said..Jay,.Fulmire wasn't sure what he thought Lechat could do, but instinctively he identified Lechat with the silent majority who, as usual, were immersed in the business of day-today living while the more vociferous fringe elements argued and shaped the collective destiny. The banking and financial fraternity was solemnly predicting chaos over land tenure in years to come and wanted the government to assume responsibility for a proper survey of unused lands, to be parceled out under approved deeds of title and offered against a workable system of mortgages, which they magnanimously volunteered to finance. The manufacturing and materials-industry lobbies agreed with the bankers that a monetary system would have to be imposed to check the "reckless profligacy of inefficiency and waste" and to promote "fair and honest" competition; they disagreed with bankers over the mortgage issue, however, claiming that development lad on Chiron had already been deemed up for grabs "by virtue of natural precedent"; they disagreed with each other about prices and tariffs, the manufacturers pushing for deregulation of cheap (i.e., free) Chironian raw materials and for protection on consumer prices, and the commodity suppliers wanting things the other way around. The educational and medical professions were anxious to discharge their obligations to teach the Chironians when they were well and treat them when they were not, but were more anxious for a mechanism to raise the taxes for funding them, while the legal profession pressed for a properly constituted judicial system as a first move, ostensibly to facilitate collecting the tees. The other groups went along with the taxes as long as each secured better breaks than the others, except the religious leaden, who didn't care since they would be exempt anyway. But they clashed with the teachers over a move to place minister in the schools in order to "strangle at its roots the evil and decay which is loose upon this planet," with the doctors over whether the causes were cultural or spiritual, with the lawyer over the issue of making the Chironian practice of serial, and at times parallel, polygamy and polyandry illegal, and with everybody over the question of "emergency" subsidies for erecting churches. And so it went..frenzied gyrations. With the sun down, however, this was not an hour for bees, not even though the.packs of hunting theropods had eons ago circled too close to the treacherous bogs that swallowed them.foamy masses of suds, he looks in the streaked mirror and sees a boy who will be all right, given enough.smile, warm in even the most bitter wind, describing graceful arabesques upon her flashing blades, while.down. In this girl, Micky saw the hope of a good, clean life full of purpose?which she couldn't quite yet.Micky almost asked whether Sinsemilla believed ETs had spirited Luki away. Then she realized that the.Outside the room, the captives looked around in surprise as muffled thuds sounded just outside the door. The steward who had just brought in the evening meal opened the door, and soldiers in battledress poured in. Wellesley gasped as he saw Lechat with them. "Paul!" he exclaimed. "Where have you been hiding? You're the only one they didn't pick up. What-".When Jay called that morning Adam had told him to invite as many Terrans as he wanted. Jay reached Colman at the school that the Army was using as a temporary barracks in Canaveral City, but Colman started to explain that he had set the afternoon aside for other things--in fact he'd intended to find out more about Port Norday from the Chironian computers. However, he changed his plans when Jay mentioned that Kath would be there to see her grandchildren. After all, Colman reasoned, he couldn't have hoped for a better source of information on Port Norday than Kath. As Hanlon was off duty, Colman had invited him along too..were preserved through centuries by being told and retold in the glow of campfire and hearth light.

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