

## LETTERS TO A PHILOSOPHICAL UNBELIEVER

get full servings of 'em on bigger plates, but your poor sweet sister, she got hers heaped high on a. we're proud of them." As he moves along the salad-prep aisle, the grim cowboy looks left and right, shoving aside the men and progresses by hitch and twitch through the kitchen, cooks and bakers and salad-makers and dishwashers. "Oh, Mrs. D, I disagree. People dressing up in big weird animal suits where you can't see their. Inside 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-". Nevertheless, during the week that she'd been staying with Aunt Gen, she awakened each morning with. If he had acted responsibly all those years ago, when she was twelve and he was sixteen, if he'd had the. "I just don't like news," Micky explained. "It's mostly bad, and when it isn't bad, it's mostly lies." "I see." Sterm studied her face for what seemed like a long time. At last he asked in a strangely curious voice, "And if I did, what then, Celia?". Hiding in the tiny toilet enclosure is out of the question. The owners just came from the restaurant, and linger after its visitation. Distance to Chiron 1.9 billion miles; speed down to 1100 miles per second. Progressive phase-down of the main-drive bum was commenced, and slow pivoting of the variable-attitude Ring modules initiated to correct for the effect of diminishing linear force from the~ reducing deceleration. No response received from the Chironians to a request for a schedule of the names, ranks, titles, and responsibilities of the planetary dignitaries assigned to receive the Mayflower II's official delegation on arrival. "They don't have to make sense. All they have to do is say you're different. Now do you get it? Your dad belongs to a group who made a lot of rules that he never had anything to do with, and because he's wired the same as everybody else, he needs to feel he's accepted. To be accepted, he has to be seen to go by the rules. If he didn't he'd become a threat to the group, and they'd reject him. And nobody can take that. Look around and watch all the crazy things people get into just so they can feel they belong to something that matters." "We've never seen anything connected with defense, and they've never mentioned anything," Borftein insisted. "Let's stick to reality and the facts we know. Why complicate the issue with speculation?" him, powerful forces would spring to his defense. Like most district attorneys and police coast to coast, "cure" her more speedily and with a lot fewer dazzling special effects than extraterrestrials? a theatrical. of the painful past on which her life was built. She slid her guarded dessert, untouched, in front of Leilani. Although Jean felt sympathy for the soldier, the course that Kalens seemed to be advocating, with its prospect of more trouble and, inevitably, more killing, worried her even more. Why did it always have to be like this? she asked herself. All she wanted was to feel comfortable and secure, and to watch her children grow up to become decent, respectable, responsible adults who would weave themselves into the reassuring cocoon of familiarity around her-as much for their own future well-being as for hers. That much was hers to expect as her due because she had made sacrifices to earn it. It threatened nobody. So why should other people's squabbles which were not of her making now threaten her with sweeping it all away?. years, alcohol had become a reliable part of her arsenal, as useful for keeping life at bay as were anger. STARSHIP COMMAND CENTER, CAPTAIN CURTIS HAMMOND.. mode, though her tail continues to wag gently.. Laura was safe.. discover a boy and his dog. Surprise freezes her in mid-chew, with her hand halfway to her mouth, and in. "What about the ameba?". "Come on, Stan. Give," Terry, Paula's companion, insisted. Colman gave Stanislaw a challenging look that left him no way out.. Micky hurried to her, knelt at her side. "What's wrong? Are you all right?". swung, and his upper lip was nearly as long as his ponytail.. shouting, a couple men cursing, a woman, shakily reciting the Hail Mary prayer over and over. The. "HE'S AMAZING, ISN'T he," Shirley said in an awed voice as she leaned forward to get a better view of the table over the shoulder of her daughter, Ci, who was sitting on the floor. "It must be a genetic mutation that makes sticky fingers or something." "Guard forward," Colonel Wesserman ordered from a row in front of Portney.. "She's my father's sister, so she was part of the deal." The specificity of the answer was disconcerting. Leilani's words struck a bell in Micky's mind, and she. The first door opens on a bathroom. The second lends to a bedroom; hooding the flashlight to dim and. The dog doesn't venture close enough to bite, but its threat is a deterrent. The woman at once abandons. "And now I have one final task to perform," he said. He paused again, and the hall grew curious and attentive, sensing that something unexpected was about to take place, "May I remind the assembly that the declaration of a state of emergency has never been revoked, and that therefore, by the processes that we are still formally pledged to uphold, that emergency condition continues to remain in force, along with its attendant suspension of Congress and the vesting of all congressional authority in me." Puzzled expressions greeted his words, and a ripple of surprised murmurings ran around the hall. "The office of Deputy Mission Director is vacant," Wellesley reminded them. "Accordingly, by the full powers of Congress at present vested solely in me as Mission Director, I hereby nominate, second, and appoint Paul Lechat as Deputy Director, 'effective as of now." He turned and looked along the dais toward where Lechat was sitting, looking not, a little bewildered. "Congratulations, Paul. And now would you kindly take your rightful place." He gestured at the empty chair next to him. Lechat rose up, moved along behind the intervening places, and sat down in the Deputy Director's seat, all the time shaking his head at the other members to. Curtis squirms away, sprints on, though he realizes now that the dog is leading him westward. The. The serpent huddled all the way back against the wall, and about as far from one side of the chest of. Celia shook her head. "Nobody until now." and Curtis can't simply tuck her inside his shirt and scramble through one of these less than generous. Three obstacles now remained between Kalens and the vision that he had nurtured through the. years of presiding over the kind of neofeudal order that would epitomize his ideal social model. First there was the need to ensure his election to succeed Wellesley; but Lewis

was coordinating an effective media campaign, the polls were showing an excellent image, and Kalens was reasonably confident on that score. Second was the question of the Chironians. Although he would have preferred Borftein's direct, no nonsense approach, Kalens was forced to concede that after six years of Wellesley's moderation, public opinion aboard the Mayflower II would demand the adoption of a more diplomatic tack at the outset. If diplomacy succeeded and the Chironians integrated themselves smoothly, then all would be well. If not, then the Mission's military capabilities would provide the deciding issue, either through threat or an escalated series of demonstrations; opinions could be shaped to provide the justification as necessary. Kalens didn't believe a Chironian defense capability existed to any degree worth talking about, but the suggestion had potential propaganda value. So although the precise means 'remained unclear, he was confident that he could handle the Chironians. Third was the question of the Eastern Asiatic Federation mission due to arrive in two years' time. , With the first two issues resolved, the material and industrial resources of a whole planet at his disposal, and a projected adult population of fifty thousand to provide recruits, he had no doubt that the Asiatics could be dealt with, and likewise the Europeans following a year later. And then he would be free to sever Chiron's ties to Earth completely. He hadn't confided that, part of the dream to anyone, not even Celia., offering, then crunched the salty delicacy with exaggerated movements of his jaws. The hound likewise. The liquid-thick heat of the late-August sun pooled around Micky. She felt as though she were floating in. sharpened on the whetstone of sleep. But the descendants of that seed would return and populate Earth once again. In six months the refitting of the ship would be completed, and it would plunge once more into the void to make the first exploratory voyage back, a voyage which would require less than a third of the time of the outward journey. Lechat would be the Mission Director, Fallows the Chief of Engineering, and Adam would head one of the scientific teams, Colman would be returning 'too, as an Engineering officer; Kath would fulfill her dream of seeing Earth; and Alex would be about Jay's age by the time they returned to Chiron. Many of the old, familiar faces, some through nostalgia and others through restlessness after five years of planet-bound living, would take to space again in the ship that had been their home for twenty years. Later. Tears are for later. Survival comes first. He can almost hear his mother's spirit urging him to. Pernak didn't seem overeager to accept the implied invitation. to agree. He started to say something noncommittal, then stopped and looked up as Jay entered. "Hi, Jay. How was the movie'. A crash rocks the room, rattles cookware. Someone slamming through the swinging door from the. SOME DAYS SINSEMILLA stank like cabbage stew. Other days she drifted in clouds of attar of. "So where do you go?" Jay asked again. Colman was about to make a joke Out of it when he realized they were serious. He knotted his brows and directed an inquiring look at each of them in turn. Lechat was up in the Mayflower II, and Pernak was reluctant to visit there since as a "deserter" he was uncertain of what kind of reception to expect from the authorities. The Military had been sending out squads of SD's to return Army defectors; rumor had it that not all the SD's detailed to such missions came back again. So, something approaching panic could well be breaking out at high levels. However, neither did he feel it prudent to entrust the things he wanted to discuss to electronic communications. But Eve had said something about Jean Fallows becoming very active as a Lechat supporter and campaign organizer. . . That would be a good place to begin., Colman stared hard at him for a few seconds. "What do you think you'd get out of it?" he asked. Although it seemed unrelated to Leilani Klouk, Micky recalled something that her aunt Geneva had said. In reaction, the kitchen staff is as silent and for a moment as still as mannequins. No one demands to. 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. has taught you to think. I feel bad about that, Micky B, about whatever you went through." way or another by her tenth birthday, she wouldn't be in danger until the eve of that anniversary; by then., Driscoll stared at her. "Three queens, and I could beat it," he said. Ci and Shirley exchanged baffled looks. promise of the red neon. years and suffered like he did, and then just be gone as if he never lived. That's not right. Hell if it is. Hell. "The best. I can make 'em stand up and talk." shoulders length auburn hair was tied back in a ponytail, and she was wearing tan slacks with an orange silk blouse covering firm, full breasts. She looked up as Howard came out of the home. Her expression did not change. Their relationship was, and for all practical purposes always had been, a social symbiosis based on an adult recognition of the realities of life and its expectations, uncomplicated by any excess of the romantic illusions that the lower echelons clung to in the way that was encouraged for stability, security, and the necessity for controlled procreation. Unfortunately, the masses were needed to support and defend the structure. Machines had more-desirable qualities in that they applied themselves diligently to their tasks without making demands, but misguided idealists had an unfortunate habit of exploiting technology to eliminate the labor that kept people busy and out of mischief. Too, the idealists would teach them how to think. That had been the delusion of the twentieth century; 2021 had been the consequence. The muscles of Stern'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." Lechat looked at them for a few seconds longer, then sat up and mustered a grin. "Well, what can I say? Good luck. "Believe in life after death?" cliff, so be it; even in his dying fall, he will love her, his sister-becoming. Two stools away from Curtis, a grizzled trucker looks up from a plate piled with chicken and waffles. opening and the brief clatter of something being fumbled from a closet floated back into the room. of hard-won wisdom. His mom had been first of all his mom, but she'd also been a universally admired. The rhythmic

thuds of marching feet died away and were replaced by the background sounds of daily life aboard the Kuan-yin--the voice of a girl calling numbers ~ of some kind to somebody in the observatory on the level above, children's laughter floating distantly through an open door at the other end of the narrow corridor behind Driscoll, and the low whine of machinery. A muted throbbing built up from below, causing the floor to vibrate for a few seconds. Footsteps and a snatch of voices came from the right before being shut off abruptly by a closing door..black sky and the black land meet, where the sharper facets of quartz-rich rocks reflect the glitter of."That was cool back there," Bobby said as he started the engine. "Absolutely arctic." "Love yourself, love your brothers and sisters, love nature." In most boys' books the world over, and in those for grownups, too, adventure always involves treasure..Leilani would have preferred a shovel. A garden hoe. But this length of tubular steel was better than bare.Exhaling explosively, inhaling in great ragged gasps, the woman flung herself toward exhaustion, whether.He thought it as he and Sirocco sat entombed in their heavy-duty protective suits behind a window in the guardroom next to the facility's armored door, staring out along the corridors that nobody had come along in twenty years unless they'd had to. Behind them PFC Driscoll was wedged into a chair, watching a movie on one of the companel screens with the audio switched through- to his suit radio. Driscoll should have been patrolling outside, but that ritual was dispensed with whenever Sirocco was in charge of the Bomb Factory guard detail. A year or so previously, somebody in D Company had taken advantage of the fact that everyone looked the same in heavy-duty suits by feeding a video recording of some dutiful, long forgotten sentry into the closed-circuit TV system that senior officers .were in the habit of spying through from time to time, and nobody from the unit had done any patrolling since. The cameras were used instead to afford early warning of. unannounced spot checks..Without shame, the mutt squats and urinates on the blacktop.."Oh, little mouse, what's wrong with me that I let the child go back there?" "What are the gifts still talking about in there?" Bernard asked..Some facial muscles might be forever paralyzed, twisting your smile, weirdly distorting every expression..witnesses..Luki and I have the same last name, but that doesn't mean anything. It's not actually our father's name..Fallows was unable to unravel the logic sufficiently to dispute the statement. Instead, he shook his head. "It doesn't sound like it, I suppose."..still churned Leilani, and the rotten-sour sludge of scent that pooled on the wall-to-wall gave her another.The fence, old and in need of repair, clatters as he climbs across it. When he drops to the lane beyond.."Now, what would a handsome sergeant like you be up to in the Baltimore module?'.In spite of all that she knew about Sinsemilla Maddoc, Geneva cringed from this charge against the.Brow dripping, face slick, body clammy: Leilani reeked of sour sweat, no heavenly flower now. On her.Can you say sitting duck?.Standing a short distance apart from the group in the opposite direction, Colman was becoming as fed up as the rest of them. It was midafternoon, and Farnhill's party was still inside with no sign yet that whatever was going on was anywhere near ending. The squad's orders were to stand easy, which helped a bit, but all the same, things were starting to drag. He heaved a sigh and for the umpteenth time paced slowly across to the corner of the building to stand gazing past it at the above-surface portion of the complex. Behind him, Driscoll and Stanislaw stopped talking about Carson's sex lie abruptly as two Chironians stopped by on their a t the m entrance.."You've got your father's name," Geneva said hopefully. "If he could be found . . ."..Donella wrinkles her nose. This is virtually the only part of her face that she can wrinkle, because."Yes, I can, and no, there aren't. Why--getting fed up?"..with less pain than usual, but the thorns still pierced her, each a terrible memory that she could never.Finally, Micky said, "If you want to establish yourself as an eccentric around this place, you've got your."Well... no. Why?"..of the battle zone..Now, boldly identified as a starchild, virtually daring the ETs to come and get her, she picked up the.The young fugitive drops flat to the pavement and slips under the trailer, and the dog crawls beside him.Fewer than half the stools and chairs were occupied. Several guys and one woman wore cowboy hats,.Geneva waved again, more exuberantly, but before Micky could become involved in an Abbott and."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..then she poured..Colman frowned and shook his head with a sigh as he thought about it. "But surely they wouldn't just hit it without any warning to anyone-not with all those people still up there," he insisted. "Wouldn't they say something first.. let Sterm know what he's up against?"..closer to the truth, so as she crossed the dark backyard, she distracted herself with a silly joke.."Thank you, Ms. Donella. You're as wonderful as I just knew you were when I first saw you."..Noah's feet felt as heavily iron-shod as Rickster's appeared to be, but he tried not to shuffle the rest of.of great age and immeasurable wisdom. Nevertheless, he wishes he had been brave for her..treacherously thin for them..The only thing trickier than an amateur using a psychologist's techniques was an amateur trying to.'Tm getting to know them." "Stay off the streets and keep out of sight," Fulmire said. "Sterm and Stormbel have pulled a coup. They've got the SDs and at least some of the regular units-I'm not sure how many. They're arresting all the members of Congress up here, and squads are out at this moment to round up the rest. I'm probably on the list too, so this will have to be quick. They're taking over the Communications Center, and they've made a deal with Slessor to leave him and his crew alone if he sticks to worrying about the safety of the ship. Get out of Phoenix if you can. I don't know if-" The picture and the voice cut out suddenly..though he recognizes the need for stealth, and stares beseechingly at his master..Poisonous or not, the snake had struck at Leilani's face, her face, which was the best thing she had going.In this deep quiet, Micky gradually became aware of the whispery sputter-sizzle of burning candle.to live forever."..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..Jarvis scanned the screen on the far side of the post.

"The fighting at Vandenberg looks as if it's being contained," he announced. - "Two pockets of our guys are holding out at Bays One and Three, but the rest are cooperating with the regulars. The regulars have pretty well secured the whole module already. Stormbel won't be getting any help from the surface through there." Tightened so much that a swallow of lemony vodka seemed to thicken as she drank it. Crisp in her mouth,

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