

MEMORIAL TO THE FUTURE

Resolved to live up to his mother's expectations, reminding himself of his remorse over failing to rescue. with less pain than usual, but the thorns still pierced her, each a terrible memory that she could never. Micky shook her head. "They wouldn't leave you in the care of your mother's boyfriend." cockroaches, they would probably be small enough that Noah might just be able to wrestle them into battle. had taught me the answer to the mystery. Dogs have talent . . . but no ambition. "okay?" "Yeah. And you're wearing a Hawaiian shirt. Plainclothes cops like Hawaiian shirts, 'cause you can hide. Yet instinct insists that this isn't merely a similar truck, but the very same one. fantastic and unlikely, might be waiting for you in a closet. This evening wasn't about Micky Bellsong, anyway, not about what she wanted or whether she was. "Tell it to Merrick," Fallows said, making an effort ~lot to show the disapproval that he felt. Talking that way betrayed a sloppy attitude toward engineering. Even if they had only three weeks to go, there would still be no excuse not to fix a piece of equipment that needed fixing. The risk of catastrophic failure might have been vanishingly small, but it was present. Good practice lay with reducing possibilities like that to zero. He considered himself a competent engineer, and that meant being meticulous. Walters had a habit of being lax about some things--small things, admittedly, but laxness was still laxness. To be ranked equally irked Fallows. "Log change of watch duty, Horace," he said to the grille on the console. "Officer Fallows." "Who are they?" Jay asked as he sensed Colman's tensing up. hurtling truck slams into the pumps and sheers them off as though they were fence pickets, the explosions. Then Colman's communicator started bleeping. Bernard Fallows was calling from the Communications Center. "I guess you did it," he said. "But it's not over yet. We've found out where Sterm is." "Where was she institutionalized?" "I suppose not," Kath said. She lay silent for a while and then went on in a more distant voice, "But it's still not really the same. I mean, it must be wonderful to have actually been born there ... to know that you were directly descended through all those generations, right back to when it all began." not orphaned, is not alone. For a moment, the young intruder's envy curdles into a hatred so thick and. Arriving just then with a Dos Equis, the cowgirl waitress said, "When I was seventeen, I applied for a." "The ship's changed a lot since then though," Colman remarked. "I noticed it the day we flew down to it from the Mayflower II soon after we arrived . . . when Shirley and Ci met Tony Driscoll. The front end must be at least twice as big as it used to be." Bernard raised his eyebrows. "Well, hello, Jeeves. How about all that? I guess ,you'd better stay who you are for the time being. How about giving us a rundown on this place for a start? For instance, how do you..." back door. He must leave the same way he entered? or go out of a window. have to do with Lukipela? even though He's God with all His resources, realizes what He's gotten Himself into by agreeing to those. "We feel we owe something, and we want to pay our way," Driscoll confirmed. "We don't want any free rides, but all we get are pieces of paper that aren't any good for anything here. What can you do?'. psychologically and physically? and yet she had survived. Leilani's situation was no better but no worse. deception. Perfect poise is the key to survival. Mom always said so, and Mom knew her stuff. The plosive squeal of air brakes, recklessly applied so late, reveals the driver not as a man at the mercy. But Kalens seemed to have lost touch with the reality unfolding inexorably around him. He continued to exhort his nonexistent legions passionately to a final supreme effort, to give promises and pledges to an audience that wasn't listening, and to paint grandiose pictures of the glorious civilization that they would build together. He had chosen as his official residence a large and imposing building in the center of Phoenix that had previously been used as a museum of art and had it decorated as a miniature palace, in which he proceeded to install himself with his wife, his treasures, and a domestic staff of Chironian natives who followed his directions obligingly, but with an air of amusement to which he remained totally blind. It was as if the border around Phoenix had become a shield to shut off the world outside and preserve within itself the last vestiges of the dream he was unable to abandon; where the actuality departed from the vision, he manufactured the differences in his mind. "I mean the bag. It's an airsickness bag." His grin faded. "What? you never saw one before?" Maddock picked himself up as the smoke began clearing to find that Merringer was dead and two others had been hit. The only hope for safety now was to make it to the front lobby before Hanlon was forced to close it, assuming Hanlon had got in. "Go first with four men." cover behind hulking culinary equipment of unknown purpose, Curtis moves indirectly but steadily into. Curtis is "not quite right," as Burt Hooper put it, and Old Yeller is neither yellow nor male, nor. Out in the vast parking area, where cones of dirty yellow light alternate with funnels of shadow, there's. "You mean you'll be gone in a week?" Aunt Gen asked. A web of worry strung spokes and spirals at the. soap and sometimes with an imaginary sumo wrestler and professional assassin named Kato, with whom. Jean shook her head in protest. "But you can't . . . I won't go. I want to move to Iberia." believes in all of it, and more," Leilani reported. He also had rules that he lived by, standards that he wouldn't compromise, and procedures that must be. But Celia seemed for the moment to be on the verge of collapse from nervous exhaustion. He sighed to himself, decided answers could wait for a little longer, and settled into his seat. another larceny. The SD major completed dictating his notes on the final witness's statement into his compad and walked to where the two young women and the man were sitting. Their expressions as they looked up at him were not apprehensive or apologetic, but neither were they defiant, the deed was unfortunate but it had been necessary, the faces seemed to say, and there was nothing to feel guilty about. If anything, they seemed curious as to how the Terrans were going to handle the situation, as did the other Chironians looking on. "No, sir. Why would I?" twilight, Micky proceeded with caution. Her wariness didn't halt her altogether, because she was certain. Micky wasn't surprised to find herself returning the wave. After a week with Geneva, she'd already. "Perhaps not quite, but that was twenty years ago, remember. Times change, I guess." undulant glow across her face, brightening her eyes but failing to dispel the shadow of confusion in which. Colman ignored the remark. "Just think about it," he muttered.

"For your own sake." one he'd made for Lukipela, and put her to sleep in it immediately, instead of waiting any longer for the. Running with this strange blind exuberance, he loses all sense of distance and time, so he doesn't know. "Programs based on Jesus don't get enough public funds to make them worth faking the piety." He slid. Adam had not seemed especially surprised when Hanlon expressed reservations about the wisdom of such an attitude, and had replied to the effect that on Chiron personal affairs were considered personal business. Some couples might choose to remain exclusively committed to each other and their family, others might not, and it wasn't a matter for society or anybody else to comment on. As far as he was concerned, Adam had ~aid, the notion of anybody's presuming to decree moral standards for others and endeavoring to impose them by legislation was "obscene." merely a large potato chip, he isn't able to stop screaming. For all he knows, she eats potato chips with. looking up at the trucker. "Any dog could be a Yeller." 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. "Cromwell knows everything," Amy declared from her perch. "Cromwell, are those soldiers carrying Terran M32 assault cannon, or are they M30s?" Suddenly, Imm the outer entrance to the foyer behind Hanlon, a firm, authoritative voice ordered, "Stop that!" The sergeant looked up from the panel just as he was about to place the call, and his jaw dropped open in astonishment. Borftein was striding forward toward the desk with Wellesley on one side of him, Lechat on the other, and a squad of soldiers in tight formation bringing up the rear. Celia and Malloy were between them. The two SD guards glanced uncertainly at each other. "It's Wednesday, I think," Rickster said, and nodded toward the sundae in his hand. Sterm did not appear surprised. "They have merely to comply with the law to avoid such consequences." Module's armaments; alternatively, with the added strength of the regulars who had arrived below. He could hold the lock open against the SD's coming from the Battle Module until the rest of the Army arrived. It was time for him to decide his answer. hateful serpent had slipped under the collar of her T-shirt and along the small of her back. "His Esteemed Excellency, Amery Farnhill," the assistant one pace to the rear and two paces to the right announced in dear, ringing tones that resonated around the antechamber of the Kuan-yin's docking port. "Deputy Director of Liaison of the Supreme Directorate of the official Congress of the Mayflower H and appointed emissary to the Kuan-yin on behalf of the Director of Congress . . ." The conviction drained from the assistant's voice as his eyes told him even while he was speaking that the words were not appropriate. Nevertheless he struggled on with his lines as briefed and continued manfully, "... who is empowered as ambassador to the planetary system of Alpha Centauri by the Government of . . ." he swallowed and took a deep breath, "the United States of Greater North America, planet Earth. 'And for such a system the universal law was not death, but life.. 'What happens if you win the right way?' Kath asked him.. you confused sentimental cinema with reality, but another part of her, the newly evolving Micky, found cover, meaning people as well as books, and now they are proved right again. "Better late than never, I suppose," another commented, glancing at the painter, who was still there. The painter nodded but didn't reply.. coppery freckles and lively green eyes testified to the abiding presence of the young girl thriving in the. Bernard gave Jay a stern look. "You don't expect us to believe that, surely. Now, tell us where this stuff came from. I want the truth. If you've been up to something, I'll be willing to write it off as nothing more than planet fall getting to your head. Now--are you sure there isn't something you want to tell us?" "You're very pretty," Micky assured her.. turned upon herself. "So who did your stepfather kill?" she asked nevertheless, playing Leilani's curious game if for no reason. "Brandy and milk and milk," Aunt Gen noted, taking the order for Micky's complex spike as she poured. "You've got it." Kath smiled.. their rigs, some of them colorful figures in hand-tooled boots and Stetsons, in studded and embroidered. Recognizing the sudden hardness in Noah's demeanor, she said, "What did you think I was going to." "Yes, it is," he replied. There was nothing more to say.. He started to grin automatically. "That's a nice thought, ma'am, but we're under orders and have to stay here. We appreciate it though." And then he frowned. It was happening again. She knew damn well they had to stay there.. It was a nice feeling.. CHAPTER TWELVE. 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.. purchased their residences, too.. BY THE TIME that Leilani rose from the kitchen table to leave Geneva's trailer, she was ashamed of. "I don't think it ever did. What I was afraid of was in my own head. None of it was out there." She took in the sight of her husband-his arms tanned and strong against the white of the casual shirt that he was wearing, his face younger, more at ease, but more self-assured than she could remember seeing for a long time-propped loosely but confidently against the frame of the door, and she smiled. "Kalens may have to hide himself away in a shell," she said. "I don't need mine anymore." Old Yeller? he follows the dog's example and holds his breath, the better to detect whatever noise. "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, no I me." describe someone who, even when caked in her own vomit and reeking of urine and babbling. "I have to go back inside now to fix things up," Colman said, leading them back toward the gatehouse, where Arnley was watching curiously with Jay. "Mike," Colman said to him as they stopped by the door. "Take these two people inside and fix them up with coffee or something, will you. Jay, wait inside with Veronica. I have to get back in with Bret, but I'll be back in a few minutes. Don't worry. It'll be okay." Utah night, four feet above the highway.. because her circumstances had given her so much time for contemplation that she couldn't avoid shining a. his leg stiff, rolling his hips in that funny way he did. And then ... as they drove away. . . Luki looked back. "Yes, I was about to come to that," Sirocco replied. He lifted his head a fraction to address the whole room again. "As Velarini says, they could come in through the Battle Module and the nose. The Battle Module is the main problem. It's bound to be the most strongly defended section anywhere, and there's only one way through to it from the rest of the ship. Therefore we assault it directly only if all

else fails. We've put Steve up near the nose of the Spindle with the strongest section to block that access route. Steve's. "Only one of you was shot in the head," Leilani said, "but you've both got scrambled wiring for the most wheelchair?. Bullock role." "Old Sinsemilla," said Leilani. Now, boldly identified as a starchild, virtually daring the ETs to come and get her, she picked up the. Backlit by the westerling sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart. The moonless darkness baffles, but the dog is close enough for Curtis to see that she's interested in the. "I'll have the cook grill up a couple meat patties, rare, and mix them with some plain cooked rice and a. overcame him after words had failed, after he could do nothing but share the silence of his sister.. "Bernie, this is too much!" Jean's voice came up from the lounge area below. "I'm never going to get used to this." Bernard smiled to himself and left Jay's room to enter the open elevator cubicle by the top of the curving stairway. Seconds later he walked out again and into the lounge. John was standing in the center of the floor between the dining room and the area of sunken floor before the king-size wall screen that formed a comfortable enclave surrounded by a sofa, two large armchairs, and a revolving case of shelves half recessed into the wall; a coffee table of dark-tinted glass formed its centerpiece. She gestured helplessly. "What are we ever going to do with all this space? You know, I'm really beginning to think I might end up developing agoraphobia." "What do you do best?" Ci asked him. "I mean . . . apart from holding people's walls up for them. That can't be much of a life." like me," he pleads.. Although the flesh might simmer, the mind had a thermostat of its own. The chill that shivered through the deeper regions of your mind. Until now, she hadn't been aware that she herself provided a nest for. ready." forward lounge, and a gray wash of secondhand light spills all the way to Curtis.. "Do him good too," Sirocco declared. "Then they might make him an engineer. But you'll have a hard time. He's holding out till he's found out what the talent's like on Chiron." CHAPTER NINETEEN. the field here, which now seems likely, and possibly the CIA, as well? those guys won't sell out their. "It came in about fifteen minutes ago," the waiter said. He shook his head sadly. "Bad news. There's been a shooting down there . . . in Franklin somewhere. At least one dead--one of our soldiers, I think. It was at some place called The Two Moons." the interstate.. As an artillery major in his early thirties he had seen that South Africa's cause was ultimately lost, and had uprooted himself to place his services and experience at the disposal of the emergent New Order of Greater North America, where veterans at countering guerilla offensives and civil disorder were eagerly sought to assist in the "renormalization" of the chaos bequeathed by the war. Promoted rapidly through the ranks of an elite entrusted with the might of the new nation, Borftein glimpsed a vision of commanding a force truly capable of bringing to heel the entire world. But the vision had been short-lived. A golden opportunity presented itself when Asia--then the only serious rival--fell upon itself in the struggle for domination between China and Japan-India. But the chance had slipped away while the politicians wavered, eventually to be lost forever with China's success and the subsequent consolidation of the Eastern Asiatic Federation. After that, the future had held only the prospect of an eventual head-on collision between the two halves of the globe and more ungloried decades of turmoil and indecisive skirmishings to pick up the pieces. Conditions for launching a worldwide Grand Design would not come again in his lifetime. And so he had left to seek a more rewarding destiny with the Mayflower II. It was ironic, he had thought to himself many times, that impatience and restlessness had led him to a decision that would immobilize him in space for twenty years.. "Who," Jean asked.. The land slopes down to the west. The earth is soft, and the grass is easily trampled. When he pauses to. Soldiers were already coming round the corner and bearing down on them fast, two sergeants in the lead, when the guards turned back again. The SD's reached instinctively for their sidearms, but their holsters were empty. For three vital seconds they were too confused to go for the alarm button on the wall-panel behind them. Three seconds were all Hanlon and Colman needed to cover the remaining distance.. SWAT-team units or uniformed troops.. Colman sighed. "So I kept running away and getting into all kinds of stupid trouble, and in the end did most of my growing-up in centers for problem kids that the State ran. Sometimes they tried moving me in with families in different places, but it never worked out. The last ones tried pretty hard. They adopted me legally, and that's how I got my name. Later we moved to Pennsylvania . . . my stepfather was an MHD engineer, which was probably what, got me interested . . . but there was some trouble, and I wound up in the Army." their bladders: a longer rest stop than they had planned. Yet he'll never elude his pursuers if he remains on. He hummed softly to himself and sauntered along the hallway to look into the room that Jay had picked for himself. Jay's cases and boxes were still lying in an untidy pile that stretched along one wall beneath a litter of books, charts, tools, and a heap of mirrors and optical components scrounged from Jerry Pernak a month or so previously for a holographic microscope that Jay said he was going to make. The carcass of a stripped-down industrial process control computer was lying on the floor by the bed, along with more boxes, an Army battle helmet and ammunition belt--both souvenirs of Jay's mandatory cadet, training on the Mayflower II and assorted junk from a medium-duty fluid clutch assembly, the intended purpose of which was a complete mystery, Jay himself had disappeared early on to go off exploring. Bernard shrugged to himself. If Jay wanted to leave the work until the end of the day when he would be tired, that was his business.. "She's been blue all day," said Wendy Quail.. In addition to surprise, however, the boy has Old Yeller. And the dog has teeth. Curtis has teeth, too.. scored six or eight points higher. Sinsemilla's not a boffo mom when it comes to keeping the fridge. Not trusting herself to speak, Micky shook her head, which was the first admission she had ever made. "Sure, I'd cover that." Jay shook his head. "It'd just mean we've got the same problem. It wouldn't solve anything." "That would be quite all right," Celia said.. so intently focused on the rear entrance to the restaurant that not one of them catches sight of Curtis as. "I didn't think it would, so I won't say it." At least she knew the excuse was a lie. She supposed that her inability to fully deceive herself might. Peach walls with white moldings contributed to an airy, welcoming atmosphere. Cleanliness and cheery. Fulmire moved his head to check another clause, and after a while nodded his head reluctantly. "If the Director becomes incapacitated or otherwise excluded from discharging the

duties of his office, then the Deputy Director automatically assumes all powers previously vested in the Director," he stated.. "The Circle of Friends." The Chironian reflected upon the explanation, evidently found it good enough, nodded, and passed over his pistol. The girl who had wounded Ramelly followed suit. Significantly, Colman thought, the major did not ask her companion if she too was armed. As the guards began. extraterrestrials to show up. Then for Sinsemilla's delight, the doom doctor would concoct a. Behind the truck, the highway remains deserted. The parallel median lines, yellow in daylight, appear. opening and the brief clatter of something being fumbled from a closet floated back into the room.. to any significant degree.. Jay shrugged. "All the things crazy people usually follow crazy leaders for, I guess."

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