

MY HIMALAYA 40 YEARS AMONG BUDDHISTS

While the others passed through into the hallway of the apartment, Kath turned back toward the screen and touched a control on the compad. AJ1 of the views vanished except that of Leon, which expanded to fill the whole screen just as Thelma moved away out of the picture to leave him on his own. "We ought to commence evacuating the Kuan-yin," Kath said. "It looks as if it could be dangerous up there very soon." So they don't know everything, after all. Even the Bureau can make mistakes. The ghost of J. Edgar. A synchronizing computer issued commands, and the accelerator rings discharged tangentially into the shaft in sequence to send a concentrated beam of instant annihilation streaking out into space through giant deflection coils controlled by data from the Chironian tracking satellites. "Ahem . . ." General Portney cleared his throat. "We will be posting guards around the Kuan-yin for the duration of the negotiations. I trust there will be no objections." The military officers stiffened as they waited for the response to the first implied challenge to the legitimacy of the Chironian administration of the Kuan-yin. "Good point," Noah said. Breath wheezed in her throat, and each hard exhalation caused her cowl of hair to stir and plume. "That's exactly what they are," Pernak said. "In the material sense, anyway. That's why possessions don't have any status value to them--they don't say anything. That's why you won't find any absolute leaders down there either." "How come?" Lechat asked, puzzled. Veronica emitted a semi audible gasp as the glass slipped from her fingers and spilled down her coat. She snatched up her bag and straightened up from her seat in a single movement; the escorts merely raised their heads for a second or two as she hurried to the rear, holding her coat away from her body and brushing off the liquid with her hand. The matron did not rise from her seat just across the aisle; there was nothing aft but a few more seats, the restroom, and lockers used by the crew. The flight-attendant with short red hair who walked by with a blanket under her arm and disappeared into the forward cabin less than ten seconds later blended so naturally into the background that none of the escorts really even noticed her. you can bet it's not warm, clean, with good potato salad and great chicken sandwiches. "Worming your way into our hearts," Micky continued, because saying our instead of my seemed to. "We have to allow for the possibility and prepare accordingly," Borftein replied. "Yes, it is." Leilani, but he better stay on his side of the fence. his hair. a hot bath. Do you believe in life after death? undulant glow across her face, brightening her eyes but failing to dispel the shadow of confusion in which. STEVE. microphone captured the laughter and most of the running commentary between Karla and the. "The best thing would be to blow that door with a salvo of AP missiles before we move, and hope they jam it open," he murmured to Swyley, who was lying next to him, examining the far bulkhead through an intensifier. "Then maybe drench the lock with incendiary and go in under smoke." in New Orleans. men, then two others. Or four. Or ten. Or legions. foot and tattoo a pattern of pain on his ankle? all because he doesn't always proceed exactly in the dog's. "It is. A research team is modifying the Kuan-yin to test out an antimatter drive. In fact the project is at quite an advanced stage. They're doing the same kind of thing back on Earth, aren't they?" So does Curtis. and bristling blind-dark forest. Sheltering against a weathered outcropping of rock, he wishes desperately that his mother were with. her second piece. Acceptance, however, seemed too much like resignation. Even on those evenings when he napped in the. Borftein thought about the remark for a few seconds. "Do you think that could be what Stern's hoping for?" His tone betrayed that the thought hadn't registered fully until then. "I'm with my dad. He's inside getting takeout, so we can eat on the road. They won't let our dog in, you. Barefoot, wearing white cotton pants and a pink blouse, she lay on the bed, atop the rumpled chenille. "It was a depressed fracture," said Geneva. "Bone chips in the brain. A blood clot." university-trained doctor. Angry murmurs were heard from the Terran civilians. He's heard people say that it's a small world, and this Cruise connection sure does support that. "Deploy the advance guard, Colonel," General Portney instructed from the middle of the cabin. "I'm not sure Lukipela's dad and mine are the same. Sinsemilla's never said. She might not know herself. "We have to do something," Marcia Quatretey insisted. "Even if it means putting the whole town under martial law, some form of official recognition is imperative. This has gone on far too long as it is." lunatic, but so many things in this world aren't what they appear to be, including Curtis himself. None of these people appears to be suspicious of him, and none seems likely to be one of the relentless. frenetic freestyle dance, but she might just as likely have been suffering some type of spasmodic fit. the sky. Can there be such things? country, to the sites of famous close encounters, from Roswell, New Mexico, to Phlegm Falls, Iowa, lattice-shaded sidewalks draped with yellow and purple bougainvillea. In spite of those inviting arbors, no. Geneva beamed. "That's so sweet, Leilani. Would you like some fresh lemonade?" The dog watches, head cocked, looking every bit as puzzled as it ought to be. "No sense paying big bucks for cheeseburgers when your dog will like something else better," Donella. Bullock role. at least a pile of elf droppings, but the closet held nothing more exotic than one dead cockroach. wasn't hiding the booze from Geneva; her aunt knew that she enjoyed a drink before bed? and that she. back in time by an evil machine intelligence to track down and destroy the mother of its most effective. 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. 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. to dart beneath the surface of their conversation, though it eluded her net. Leilani said, "She just calls him Klunk because she claims that was the noise he made if you rapped him. -an unfamiliar face by the side of

Swley, who was still standing. He had short-cropped hair, a hard-eyed, inscrutable, clean-shaven face, and was standing impassively with his arms folded across his chest. "Who's this?" Sirocco said "He's not from D Company,".The boy smoothes the currency between his hands, folds it, and stuffs it in a pocket of his jeans..Chapter 8.Witch with a broomstick up your ass, witch bitch, diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my."You can't go anywhere with the laws of physics we've got, which is just another way of stating conclusions that are well known. But I think it's a mistake to believe that there just wasn't anything, in the causal sense, before that --if 'before' means anything like what we usually think it means." Pernak sat forward and moistened his lips. "TII give you a loose analogy. Imagine a flame. Let's' invent a race of flame-people who live inside it and can describe the processes going on around them in terms of laws of flame physics that they've figured out. Okay?" lay frowned but nodded. "Suppose they could backtrack with their laws all the way through their history to the instant where the flame first ignited as a pinpoint on the tip of a match or wherever. To them that would be the origin of their universe, wouldn't it.".With the hum of the fan and the noise of the running water as cover, she did what she had never done in..Borftein licked his ups and thought frantically. As Stormbel! was about to repeat the order to clear the room, Borftein looked at Stern, closed his eyes for a moment, and then raised a hand and shook his head. Stern looked at him questioningly. "I m not sure I even know what's happened," Borftein said. "It's been too sudden. Just what do you think you're going to do?" From inside the front of his tunic, he slipped his compad surreptitiously beneath the edge of the table..JEAN FALLOWS WAS beginning to hate Chiron, the Chironians, and everything to do with the lawless, godless, alien, hostile place. After twenty years of the familiar day-today and month-to-month routine of life aboard the Mayflower Ii, she missed the warmth and protectiveness that she had grown to know and yearned to be back amid the sane, civilized surroundings that she understood. She understood a way of life in which budget and necessity decided priorities of need, in which clear rules set limits of behavior, and where tried and trusted protocols defined role and function-her own as well as everybody else's; she did not understand, or even want to understand, the swirling ocean of anarchy in which she now found herself, in which individuals were expected to flounder helplessly like paper boats tossed in a tempest, with no charted shores, no havens of anchor, and no guiding stars. She had no place in it, and she desired no place in it. Secretly she dreamed of a miracle that would turn the Mayflower Ii around and embark her on another twenty-year voyage, back to Earth..Sinsemilla said, "Oh, Lani, baby, you should see yourself! You look so completely St. Patrick, in a total.collections of victims' teeth at bedside for nostalgic examination will evidently pull over without hesitation.turn her back on this neighbor from the wrong side of Hell..sharp as venom..Although the flesh might simmer, the mind had a thermostat of its own. The chill that shivered through..Leilani winced. "Unfair. You know that's one of my sore points." "No sore points. No points at all,." "It could be worse, I guess," the girl said with a calculated jauntiness. "He could be a bad dresser. A.The blood was worse. There were never oceans of it; but a little blood can appear to be a lot before..direction will be halted by another roadblock somewhere beyond the truck stop..hauling ice cream or meat, cheese or frozen dinners, flatbeds laden with concrete pipe and construction.Dr. Doom thinks ETs are more likely to visit a site at the same time of year they visited it before, I guess..Leilani in the house of Sinsemilla. Leilani limping ever closer to a bomb-clock birthday, ticking toward."Don't I?" the robot replied..grass extended from one side of the lot to the other, but it provided a scant twelve feet of turf between..that had kept her from drowning in self-pity since she'd moved in here.. "Type of marijuana. Maybe she was Cindy Sue or Barbara way back in the Jurassic period, but she's..their rejection of all values and obligations, motivated by the pure self-interest of parasites to whom the..what was happening. I tried to go along with them, but he ... Preston wouldn't let me. And Sinsemilla . . .But no Borftein was present to save the situation at the side entrance. "I don't know anything about it," the SD Officer of the Day said from the screen in reply to the call the guard there had put through. "Those orders are incorrect. Detain those men." The guard on duty at the desk produced a pistol and trained it on Maddock, who was standing where he had been stopped ten feet back with Harding and Merringer. In the same instant the two SD's standing farther back covered them with automatic rifles.. "Sure. Why else?"..But he did have strong principles and a disposition to discretion and not being impetuous, which was why Judge Fulmire had felt safe in confiding his misgivings about the situation that he suspected was shaping up behind the scenes, politically..come looking..out of Eden and became polluted with the tributaries of a fallen world. Her hair wasn't merely blond but. "I put loose a lady like this once before, twice maybe, but those were daylight."..about herself had been exposed, ugly secrets around which she had constructed impregnable vaults of..While Noah watched her from the doorway, Constance Tavenall left the presidential suite, carrying the."It is from my perspective,? said Leilani.. "Oh, I've heard much worse at our house," Leilani assured them. "Old Sinsemilla fancies herself an artist." "You do?" Driscoll looked surprised.. "Where do you get this stuff?".Smiling at his reflection, the stranger says, "Tom Cruise, eat your heart out. Vern Tuttle rules."..he can see those pages as clearly as the pages of any real book that he's ever read, chapter after chapter."Thanks for your approval." "Your boobs are real, aren't they?" "Girl, you are an amazing piece of..Noah raised his eyebrows. "What? You mean . . . you want me to give this bag of money to the cops..suppose that she had originally gotten into heavy drugs not merely because "they taste so good," as she..waiting under Leilani's bed, in her bed. She'll have no sanctuary, no peace. Every place will belong to the..anyway. She had killed it some time ago. Under the tall chest of drawers, nothing flopped, nothing hissed..ventilated pet-shop boxes, that never slithered through any field or forest, serpents invisible that inhabited."It's up to you. Just let us how," Murphy said and dismissed the subject with a slight shrug. "So, have you come back for something else?".LATER, AFTER AUNT GEN had gone to her room, when Micky sat back once more upon the."You look as if you might know something about it," Lesley said to Colman. "Is there something down on the surface that hasn't been made public knowledge?". "Our own people have a right to expect the protection of a properly constituted legal system, and this

planet falls even to possess one," Kalens argued. "I would have thought that the ethics of your profession would require you to cooperate with any measures calculated to establish one. The purpose of this provision is precisely that." Talking to Jay had brought to the surface a lot of things that Colman usually preferred not to think about. Life was like the Army: It took people and broke them into little pieces, and then put the pieces back together again the way it wanted. Except it did it with their minds. It took kids' minds while they were plastic and paralyzed them by telling them they were stupid, confused them with people who were supposed to know everything better than they did but wouldn't tell them anything, and terrified them with a God who loved everybody. Then it drilled them and trained them until the only things that made sense were those it told them to think. The system had turned Anita into a doll, and it was trying to turn Jay into a puppet just as it had turned Bernard into a puppet. It turned people into recording machines that words went into and came out of again . and made them think they knew everything about a planet full of people they'd never seen, just as it blew black guys' brains out because they wanted to run their farms and didn't want their kids nailed to walls, and then told the civilians in Cape Town it was okay. And what had it done to Colman? He didn't know because he didn't know how else it might have been..bounces bong-bong-bong across the tiles. Spoons or forks, or butter knives, spill in quantity, ringing off. Jay shook his head. "It'd just mean we've got the same problem. It wouldn't solve anything." out of the booth and rose to his feet. "You wouldn't do something stupid like take the money and then not." "Yes." "Being naive is no damn excuse." Geneva trembled. She lowered her hands from her face, wringing them. "On your way." One of the troopers nudged him in the ribs with a rifle butt and guided him toward the stairs behind Anita and Ramelly, who was being helped by the medic and another of the SD's. Colman watched until they had all left, then returned to the others..Sirocco raised his eyebrows in what was obviously feigned surprise. "Oh, didn't I tell you? She wants me to move in. It's surprising how a lot of these Chironian women have a thing about Terrans. to he frowned and scratched his nose while he searched for the right words ". . . assist with their future contribution to procreation." He looked up. "She wants my kids. How about that, Steve? Come on, I bet it's the same with Kath." Although by his manner he was trying to be seen to make light of it, Sirocco couldn't hide his exhilaration. Nothing like that had ever happened to him before, and he had to tell somebody, Colman saw; but Colman played along..used the restroom only a short while ago..the day." .name for a dog." Mrs. Crayford glanced at the dock display on the room's companel. "Well then, I really must be getting along. I did so enjoy the trip and the company. We must do it again soon." She heaved herself to her feet and looked around. "Now, where did I leave my coat?" 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?" "I guess so. So what was the rest of it?" A thumb-turn lock frees the window. Gingerly, the intruder raises the lower sash. He slips out of the..probable or fair, and as good as she looked in daylight, she was even prettier here. Although her bare..from the galley, lounge, and cockpit. The door at the opposite end of the bath stands less than halfway." Then is there any difference? ". One door remained.. "Guard detail, file left and right by sections," Sirocco said at the front. "Section leaders forward." He moved out into the aisle, where the floor had folded itself into a steep staircase to facilitate fore-and-aft movement, and climbed through into the side-exiting lock chamber with Colman and Hanlon behind him while Red and Blue sections formed up in the aisles immediately to the rear. In the lock chamber the inner hatch was already open, and the Dispatching Officer from the shuttle's crew was carrying out a final instrumentation check prior to opening the outer hatch. As they waited for him to finish and for the rest of the delegation to move forward in the cabin behind, Colman stared at the hatch ahead of him and thought about the ship lying just on the other side of it that had left Earth before he was born and was now here, waiting for them after crossing the same four light-years of space that had accounted for a full half of his life. After the years of speculations, all the questions about the Chironians were now within minutes of being answered. The descent from the Mayflower II had raised Colman's curiosity to a high pitch because of what he had seen on the screen. For despite all the jokes and the popular wisdom, one thing he was certain of was that the engineering and structural modifications that he had observed on the outside of the Kuan-yin had not been made by irresponsible, overgrown adolescents..Here came that unsettling shift in the girl's eyes, like a sudden muddy tide washing through clean water..From the corner of her eye, Micky was aware that the girl had stopped working and had turned to face. The night heat couldn't bake the chill from Micky's bones. In memory she saw the fury-tightened face of. Later, when she poured a third portion of vodka more generous than either of the previous rounds, she..time, she's satisfied with takin' on a joint, keeping a nice light buzz, maybe floating on a Quaalude. She. "Healing technology," Leilani corrected. "An alien species, having mastered interstellar travel and the..check..lamps provides sufficient sour yellow light to reveal the animal's raised hackles.. "When you notice those pina coladas are garnished with live, poisonous centipedes," Micky warned,. Driscoll didn't have a ready answer to that. Besides, he was too conscious of the desire for a cigarette to be philosophical. He turned his head to look first one way and then the other along the corridor, and then looked back at the robot. "Can you tell if any of our people are near here?". Their meager financial resources won't carry them far, and they can't expect to find money in the wind. Leilani wrinkled her nose, "too precious." .the glamour of berets and billycocks, panamas and turbans, cloches and calashes.. "Fine." Bernard nodded but caught Jay's eye for a fraction of a second longer than he needed to, and with a trace more seriousness than his tone warranted..treasure, and they won't be distracted.

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