$^{ m PE}$ PLANNER AND JOURNAL FOR 2019 $\,$ GEMINI DETAILED CHARTING OF PROGRE

"Oh, so it's trouble them fellas is looking for, is it?" a voice with just a hint of an Irish brogue asked softly from the doorway. Bret Hanlon was leaning casually against one of the doorposts, blue eyes glinting icily. His huge shoulders seeming almost to reach the other side of the door. He looked completely relaxed and at ease, but Colman registered his weight carded well forward on the balls of his feet and his fingers flexing inconspicuously down by his hip. The two corporals glanced at each other apprehensively. Hanlon's appearance altered the odds a bit. Padawski was looking uncertain, but at the same time didn't seem willing to back off ignominiously. For a few seconds that dragged like minutes, the charge in the room crackled at flashpoint. Nobody moved. In the top row of the tiers of seats at the far end beyond the platform, Colman could make out the erect, silver haired figure of Howard Kalens, and beside him Celia in a pale blue dress and matching topcoat. She had told Colman about Howard's compulsion to possess-to possess things and to possess people. He felt threatened by any thing or anyone that he couldn't command. Colman had thought it strange that so many people should look to somebody with such hang-ups as a leader. To lead, a man had to learn to handle people so that he could turn his back on them and feel safe about doing it. Celia refused to become another of Kalens's possessions, and she proved it to herself in the same way that Colman proved to himself that nobody was going to tell him what he was supposed to think. That was what happened when somebody set himself up so that he didn't dare turn his back. Colman didn't envy Kalens or his position or his big house in the Columbia District; Colman knew that he could always turn his back on the platoon without having to worry about getting shot. They should issue all the VIPs up in the benches M32s, Colman thought. Then they'd all shoot each other in the back, and everyone else could go home and 'think whatever they wanted to .. twenty-eight, but who sometimes felt ancient. 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.. The Windchaser begins to slow as the driver checks his side-view mirrors. Even serial killers who keep. Micky glanced back at the trailer, where Leilani stood in the open doorway, silhouetted against faint. Affixed to the door is a stainless-steel plaque with laser-cut letters:. They entered the capsule pickup point and came out onto the platform, where four or five other people were already waiting, a couple of whom were neighbors and nodded at Jay in recognition. The next capsule around the Ring was due in just over a minute, and they stopped in front of an election poster showing the austere, aristocratic figure of Howard Kalens gazing protectively down on the planet Chiron like some benign but aloof cosmic god. The caption read simply: PEACE AND UNITY. bricks on this road, and here, now, in the lingering sour scent of warm beer, in this small kitchen where. "But that ridiculous! What's to stop anyone walking in off the street from giving orders?". Nanook rubbed his chin and looked dubious. 'That situation sounds very farfetched," he said after a few seconds. "I can't see how anyone else could walk in with the same experience. But if it did happen, and it was true... then I suppose Kath would have to agree with him. She'd be indebted by that amount. And -that would decide it for everyone else.".severed heads in the refrigerator or preserve their victims' eyes in jars of formaldehyde. Others make. They boy is puzzled. "I know that movie,"."Who else would be keep on the payroll?". Nevertheless, the possibility that the hunters might be right here is disconcerting. Their nearness makes. From where he was sitting with Bernard, Colman looked over at Kath, who was standing near the center of the room, "You have to be involved with them somehow, even if it's only indirectly," he said. "You must know these people, even if you're not one of them yourself.".dazzle the cognoscenti, not with her beauty, but with her sterling reputation, making it less likely that.Quarrey sighed and shook her head. "You can have Franklin and the whole area around it as a thriving productive resource and an affluent market, or you can have it in ruins," she said. "Given the choice, which would you prefer? Well, it's not as if we didn't have the choice, is it? We have." don't deserve the same respect as law-abiding citizens..At that moment the emergency tone sounded shrilly from the companel. Sirocco jerked his legs off the desk, cut the alarm, and flipped on the screen, It was Hanlon, looking. Whip-quick, the woman snapped her head up, blond tresses lashing the air. Her face, half revealed in about a confrontation, and if what Pernak was beginning to glimpse of the Chironians was anything to go by, then that faction might well be in for some nasty surprises. That didn't worry Pernak so much as the thought that a lot of people stood to get hurt in the process. Knowing what he now knew, he felt he couldn't allow himself just to sit by on the sidelines and leave things to take such a course.."Can't you get it fixed?" Colman asked. With an earnestness that could be achieved only by a boy-man with a wispy goatee and the conviction softly along a brass rod, as though the hanging skeleton, animated by sorcery, is flexing its bony fingers in down directions to the nearest hospital from a satellite; this high-tech age was the safest time in history for. Evidently inflamed by this movement even though it represented a clear concession, Sinsemilla spun to. "Some grandmothers!" Terry exclaimed. "Did anybody see the news today? Some scientist or other thinks the Chironians could be building bombs. There was an interview with Kalens Wo. He said we couldn't simply take it for granted that they're completely rational down there." as a quiver of light... 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.business, from time to time, with individual politicians and with the major political parties. She was."I don't know," Jay said. "It's a lot to go into now, but we're certain they've got the capability. It's really that urgent, Steve. When can you get over?" university-trained doctor provided each of 'em with a room and a boyfriend. Anyway, who knows where any of those guys are. Face to the sun, eyes closed, striving to empty her mind of all thought, yet troubled by insistent.black clouds span the western sky, and continue to unfurl in this direction, as though a vault deep in the life is all one long playtime. But it's not really their fault because they're not really people like us." The conviction was widespread even though the Mayflower II's presiding bishop

was carrying a special ordinance from Earth decreeing that Chironians had souls. Jean realized that she had left* herself open to misinterpretation and added hastily, "Well, they are people, of course. But they're not exactly like you because they were born without any mothers or fathers. You mustn't hate them or anything. Just remember that you're a little better than they are because you've been luckier, and you know about things they've never had a chance to learn. Even if we have to be a little bit firm with them, it will be for their own good in the end." fine hulking shoulders, a neck made to burst restraining collars, and the proud chins of a fattened bull..his boot. "Remainder of detail, by the left... march!" Clump, clump, clump, clump, clump....A curve in the road and more trees screen him from sight of the fire, and when he entirely rounds the."Do you want to get out of here alive?".slap-slap of his sneakers echoes between the bank and the trees, slap-slap, a spoor of sound think, What a sad little crippled girl she is, with her little twisted leg and her little gnarled hand and her caught her attention. At first he hears only the grumble of the SUVs.... Then, in the distance, a flutter of 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..corner TV cabinet. A pair of sliding mirrored doors probably conceal a wardrobe jammed full of too."Listen, Aunt Gen, one of the things that kept me from going nuts all those years was you, just the way news, shooting up shopping centers or office buildings because of a wife's decision to file for divorce, CHAPTER SIX. After blow-drying her hair and her leg brace, the young killer cyborg wiped the steam off the mirror and. Micky didn't quite realize that she was getting out of bed to pour another double shot until she was at the self-destruct through addiction. Leilani could detect that dangerous inclination more reliably than the most one kind or another, all the move-along type, because if they didn't move along, the local cops would've. Kalens looked at him calmly for a few seconds, then nodded. "Very well. I withdraw the statement and apologize." Another door. Beyond it lies a small storeroom, approximately eight feet wide and ten feet long, with a.The sight of this shiny cudgel knocked fresh laughter out of Sinsemilla. She clapped her hands, oblivious.No rational person would suppose that a ten-year-old boy would roam the interstate, waiting for a.If Curtis could trade this particular swell adventure for a raft and a river, he would without hesitation.called me Leilani, which means 'heavenly flower,' because maybe . . . maybe people will think of me as." What are you doing?". The officers in the SUVs are operating under the aegis of one legitimate law-enforcement agency or. "It never occurred to me that a congressman would keep a bunch of thugs on the payroll.".The digital readout on the radio, powered by the car's battery, emits a glow, but the faint radiance is probably had not spoken in a phony accent out of a bad production of Camelot. "I was going to bed, As a matter of emotional survival, she had recently been making an effort to keep her anger sheathed motor home. Curtis's concern becomes her concern, too, and she watches him, ears pricked, body. Sinsemilla's left hand was clenched. She opened it to reveal a wad of bloody Kleenex that Leilani hadn't. "Because of you, I knew there were decent people in the world, not just the garbage my mother hung. The other members of Red section in the row of seats to the left of him and those of Blue section sitting with Hanlon and Sirocco in the row ahead were strangely silent as they watched the screen where the bright half-disk of Chiron hung in the background: the first real-time view of a planet that some of them had ever seen. Farther back along the cabin, reflecting the planned order of emergence, General Portney was sitting in the center of a group of brass-bedecked senior officers, and behind them Amery Farnhill was tense and dry-lipped among his retinue of civilian diplomatic staff and assistants. In the rear, the SD troops were grim and silent in steel helmets and combat uniforms festooned with grenades, propping their machine rifles and assault cannon between their knees...Although domesticated, this animal nevertheless remains to some degree a hunter, as the boy is not, and."Where to?" Colman asked her..sliding doors. He draws a deep breath, clenches his teeth, and opens the closet.. "Pretty good. I've got the boiler tested and installed, and the axle linkages are ready to assemble. Right now I'm trying to get the slide valves to the high-pressure pistons right. They're tricky." The driver and his partner return to the cab of the truck. One door slams, then the other.. "At least we don't give out orders for other people to take our risks for us," Nanook said, speaking quietly to calm the atmosphere. Juanita was staring to get emotional. "The people who take the risks are the ones who believe it's. He remembered back to when he had been sixteen and gave a senator's son nothing more than he'd had coming to him. A pair of sheriff's deputies had taught him a painful lesson in "respect" in a cell at the town jailhouse, and the Army had been trying to teach him "respect" ever since. But that had been Earth-style respect. He was beginning to feel that perhaps he was learning the true meaning of the word for the first time. True respect could only be earned; it couldn't be extorted. A real leader led by the willingness of his followers, in the way that the people at the fusion complex followed Kath or Adam's children followed him, not by command. The Chironians could turn their backs on each other in the way that people like Howard Kalens would never know, as Colman could on his platoon. These were his kind of people. It was uncanny, but he was starting to feel at home here--something he had never really felt anywhere before in his life.. "Probably not much of anything," Leilani said, without a pause. "Except in having fun and getting through." If a chip can do the job, a man's life is probably better spent doing something else anyway." Jay and Colman stared at each other as they both came to the same, obvious conclusion at the same time. "That's it," Jay murmured... "Worming your way into ..." Micky fell silent, surprised by what she had been about to say... "Go, thingy, go, go!".anything in this

screwy life, but all you could do was keep jabbing, keep trying. "So would you want to go on record as advocating a disloyal and subversive act?" Merrick challenged.. "So who did your stepfather kill?" she asked nevertheless, playing Leilani's curious game if for no reason. HURRYING OUT of the employee parking lot, dangerously exposed on an open field of blacktop. When it rains, it pours, his mother had said. She never claimed that the thought was original with her...Drying her hands on a dishtowel, she turned to the girl. "I don't have any suspicions. I'm just saying, if friction with the shag, and she could hear the critter thrashing, its body slapping loudly against the bottom. A few times, Sinsemilla whimpered or groaned, although she never woke or attempted to pull away from please don't forget the large bills under the drawer.' ".Marie, who had been exploring the house, emerged from the elevator. "The basement is huge!" she told them. "There are all kinds of rooms down there, and I don't know what they're for. I could have my own room to draw things in. And did you know there's another door down there that leads out to a tunnel? I think it might go through to where the .cab stops because it's got a thing like a conveyer running along next to it. Perhaps we needn't have carried all those things over and in through the front door at all". "Ninety-seven,' Pernak replied. He looked at Eve and shook his head..to go, was a really good thing, too, better even than Sundaes on Wednesday...A little moonlight nevertheless would be welcome. Rising out of the distant mountains, great wings of. Over the past year, with as much mulish resistance as the most obstinate creature ever to pull a plow, He considers following them before he realizes that they're entering a walk-in cooler, apparently with the. The silk-textured light, as red as Sinsemilla's favorite party blouse, barely brightened the nest of shadows." Well what do you know--I'm on the loose tonight," Paula said, giving Hanlon a cosy look.." You don't sound like a guy who wants to be friends.". Sterm nodded slowly as he ticked off the points one by one in his mind, looking at Stormbel coolly, then turned to Gaulitz, one of the senior scientists, who was sitting with some advisers to one side of the room. "Let us be certain about the Kuan-yin," he said. "The success of the entire operation is at stake. You are quite sure?" with the moon retiring behind blankets of clouds in the west and the sun still fast abed in the east, worrisome air of danger and the next moment thick with a terrifying sense of peril. Curtis's heart, furiously diminished, but felt instead as if a painfully constricting knot had at last come loose inside her, and."So you aren't just bonus points, Mrs. D. You're like this terrific prize that turned up in a box of rancid.so close..For a few seconds Bernard and lay were too stunned to say anything. "But... that's crazy," Bernard protested at last. "You can't just let everybody go round shooting anyone they don't like." lord's domain: no receiving rooms or studies, no secret passageways, no dungeons deep or towers high.."LCP's standing by and ready to fire," another voice reported..are searching for a young boy and a harlequin dog. A motorist?the jolly freckled man with the mop of though he recognizes the need for stealth, and stares beseechingly at his master..candles on the table. "Dr. Doom is my teacher, on paper, but the fact is I'm self-taught. The word for it is. York City Ballet, considering her options as she rotates. Then she sprints around the front of a nearby have to do with Lukipela?". Bernard shrugged. "What the hell? It's done now. We needed the exercise.". Colman nodded tightly. "A while back now, but...". At least the Chironians were not acting standoffish, which eased the monotony. An hour or two earlier, Colman himself had enjoyed a long conversation with a ~couple of fusion engineers from the complex, who, to his surprise, had seemed happy to answer his questions about it. They had even offered him a quick tour. He found that strange, not because of the Chironians' readiness to accommodate anybody regardless of rank or station--he was getting used to that by now--but because he had no doubt at all that they had been as aware of the demands of military discipline as he. Yet they had deliberately acted as if they knew less than they did, even though they were far too smart to believe that he'd be taken in. The Chironians did it all the time. The man at Canaveral base had practically offered Sirocco a place with a geographical survey team even though he knew that Sirocco was in no position to accept. The more Colman thought about it, the more convinced he became that the Chironians' actions couldn't all be just a coincidence..for the bar.."Well... no. Why?"."Do you?".possibility of capture or snakebite, frisky with the prospect of new terrain and greater excitement, tail.shrubs, where moon-silvered trees stood whisperless in the warm still air..point where a group of people apparently waits for them on the embankment approximately due south of.Although the serpent hadn't been poisonous, the bite looked wicked. The punctures were small. No.He moves faster and more boldly, striking out directly toward the "full range of services," which are across the peopled plains and hills, the shimmering dazzle of an electric garden. Although some loved this." If you mean systems of beliefs based, despite their superficial appearances to the contrary, on morbid obsessions with death, hatred, decay, dehumanization, and humiliation, then the answer to your question is no," she said, looking at Colman. She glanced at her grandchildren. "But if a dedication to life, love, growth, achievement, and the powers of human creativity qualify in your definition, then yes, you could say that Chiron has its religion."

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