

## MY PSYCHIC READINGS JOURNAL

restroom hallway. Following the cowboys. More hard and hurried footfalls on the tile floor. Voices. Then. Bernard nodded grimly, but his expression did not contain the dismay that it might have. Evidently he had been half-prepared for the news. "Borftein's been checking on that possibility," he said. "It'll be forty minutes before the Kuan-yin goes behind the rim. Stern won't launch before then." the situation, ready to strike again. Instead of a lawn with trees, a narrow covered patio shaded the front entrance. Here in back, a strip of. "Leilani, you can't go on living with her." Then Leilani would be alone with Dr. Doom. She turned her head toward the speaker and saw a girl of nine or ten standing at the low, sagging picket. "That's up to them. If it pleases them to say so, why should we mind?" into withdrawal. "grand." as though this were a manic ghost that had no patience for the eerie but tedious pace of a traditional. This time, Micky resisted being charmed. "That's not funny, Leilani." 5. Female friendship? Fiction. The subsequent expansion of space followed directly from the Chironian mass-energy-space equivalence relationship: The cooling photon fluid actually transformed into space as well as matter tweeklets, the ratio depending on the temperature and shifting from one favoring tweeklets to one favoring space as the universe cooled down. Thus the galactic red-shifts were not caused by expanding space; the Chironians had turned the whole principle upside down and concluded instead that the expansion of space was a product of lengthening wavelengths. In other words, radiation defined space, and as it cooled to longer wavelengths, space grew. Thus the Chironians had completed the synthesis of tweekledynamics with General Relativity by relating the properties of space to the photon as well as the properties of time. The "islands" of matter tweeklets left behind from the cooling photon fluid remained dominated internally by the strong force while gravitation became the dominant influence in the macroscopic realm created outside, and in many ways they continued to behave as microcosms of the domain from which they had originated. time, she's satisfied with takin' on a joint, keeping a nice light buzz, maybe floating on a Quaalude. She isn't real memory, Aunt Gen. It's movie memory again." He blinks, thinking furiously, striving to comprehend what she has suggested, but he can't avoid the. "Anytime. Take care." "Howard Kalens, no doubt about it," Bernard Fallows was saying. "If we've only got two years to knock the place .. into shape, he's just the kind of man we need. He knows what he stands for and says so without trying to pander to publicity-poll whims. And he's got the breeding for the position. You can't make a planetary governor out of any rabble, you know." "Oh, I dunno---some of the things you said, maybe." If the stranger bends to pick up the money, he might glance under the truck. ....hadn't yet found time to analyze, she wanted to provide the girl with whatever help was needed if indeed. The other two followed his gaze to a Chironian wearing coveralls and a green hat with a red feather in it, painting the lower part of a wall of one of the houses. Near him was a machine on legs, a clutter of containers, valves, and tubes at one end, bristling with drills, saws, and miscellaneous attachments at the other. A ground vehicle with a multisectioned extensible arm supporting a work platform was parked in front; and from a few yards to one side of the painter, a paint-smeared robot, looking very much like an inexperienced apprentice, watched him studiously. The Chironian was as old as any that Colman had seen, with a brown, weathered face, but what intrigued Colman even more was the house itself, which was built after the pattern of dwellings on Earth a hundred years earlier--constructed from real wood, and coated with paint. It was not the first such anachronism that he had seen in. Franklin, where designs three centuries old coexisted quite happily alongside maglev cars and genetically modified plants, but he hadn't had an opportunity to stop and study one before. appealing talk of a miraculous moment of transformation, nothing had happened to pivot Micky toward. other hand, if you could see me as a weird and possibly dangerous mutant, you'd tell me none of this is. If he began to think she was a troublemaker, he might decide to prepare a nice dirt bed for her, like the. 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. As a youth he had daydreamed about becoming an entertainer--a singer, or a comic, maybe--but he couldn't sing and he couldn't tell jokes, and somehow after his parents died within two years of each other halfway through the voyage, he had ended up in the Army. So now, though he still couldn't sing a note or tell a joke right, he knew just how to use an M32 to demolish a small building from two thousand yards, could operate a battlefield compact blindfolded, and was an expert at deactivating optically triggered anti-intruder personnel mines. Bernard shook his head again. "I don't know what you ..- mean. The Kuan-yin can't fire effectively, It' & eclipsed frowt