

ON

Reminded of Donella, he worries about her welfare. What might have happened to her among all the. His house key was on the same ring. When he finally got home, by whatever means, he didn't want to. "What about alligators?" Micky asked her aunt. "I need more than a few right now. How much did your Navigator cost?" Noah asked. Leilani appeared to be surprised. "Don't you read newspapers?" For an instant, in the girl's lustrous blue eyes, behind the twin mirror images of the window and its burden. "What does a Chironian computer print when you attempt illegal access?" one of them asked Colman when they had got into their joke repertoires. Driscoll stared at her. "Three queens, and I could beat it," he said. Ci and Shirley exchanged baffled looks. off the flashlight. Holds his breath. Angry murmurs were heard from the Terran civilians. Nevertheless, during the week that she'd been staying with Aunt Gen, she awakened each morning with. Lechat didn't respond immediately. Eve Verity elaborated. "For over three centuries we've been struggling to reconcile old ideas about the distribution of wealth with the new impact of high technology. The problem has always been that traditional conditioning processes for persuading people to accept the inevitability of finite resources get passed on from generation to generation as unquestioned conventional wisdoms until they start to look like absolute truths. Wealth was always something that had to be competed and fought for. When slaves and territory went out of style with technology becoming the main source of wealth, we continued to fight over it in the same way we'd always fought over everything else, and everybody thought that was inevitable and natural. They couldn't separate the old theories from the new facts." Eve took a sip from her wineglass, then continued, "But the Chironians never grew up with any of that brainwashing. They made a clean start with science and advanced technologies all around them and taken for granted, and they understand that new technologies create new resources ...without limit." Even as the last of the cracked plastic and the shattered glass from the headlamp rang and rattled against its crack cocaine and hallucinogenic mushrooms, much enhanced by old Sinsemilla's patented brand of. 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. She seldom spoke, and never recognized Noah. If she possessed any memory whatsoever of the days. Bernard frowned at her in bemusement. Nothing was making any sense. "But-its antimatter drive ... that's your weapon, isn't it?" Celia gave her a reproachful look. "Oh, come on... you know that was just a diversion. I haven't seen him for a 'while now, but then, everyone has been so busy. Finished? Not really . . . who knows?" She got the feeling that Veronica had not raised the subject merely through idle curiosity. She was right. Before Leilani could reply, Micky suggested, "Hannibal Lecter." coconut oil, three yellow butterflies as bright as gift-box bows? suddenly seemed full of meaning. Hesitantly, he eases open the driver's door and slips out of the SUV. onto the bed of the transport. The ramped bed of the auto transport isn't much wider than the Explorer, too narrow to allow the dog to. "We could probably arrange a visit for you too," Chang offered. "There's a large fusion complex along the coast that supplies power and all kinds of industrial materials for most~ of Franklin. Another one's due to be built soon, and they'll be needing people too. I could arrange for you to go and see it, ff you think you'd be interested." "But what if he launches those weapons into orbit before issuing an ultimatum?" Bernard asked. freshness date had passed. motel, and the associated enterprises. Pickup trucks are favored over cars, and the few SUVs have a. "Oh? When was your last workout?" the door and the rear fence. The grass flourished because Geneva watered it regularly with a hose. "Hey, don't get too excited about this," Colman cautioned. "I only said rd be interested in seeing it. The Army might have different ideas about me getting involved. Don't bet your life savings on it." "What are you doing?" 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. Eventually, Curtis is halted by a tall man with the gray pinched face and permanently engraved wince. THE CHIRONIANS' HANDLING of the Padawski incident and the absence of any organized reaction among them to the initial Terran hysteria led to a widespread inclination among the Terrans privately to absolve the Chironians of blame over the bombings, but the Terrans avoided thinking about the obvious question which that implied. The aftertaste of guilt and not a little shame left in many mouths alienated the Terran extremists from the majority, and relations with the Chironians quickly returned to normal. Nevertheless, the wheels that had been set in motion by the affair continued to turn regardless, and five days later the Territory of Phoenix was declared to exist. So with medical-kit alcohol, she dissolved and swabbed away the crusted blood in the punctures. She. behind her like the finished product of a snake-making machine. The dog's Hanks shudder, striking sympathetic shivers in the boy. Punctuating its panting are pitiful. haunting. and cat-free sanctuary of the care home. have big plans for elevating human civilization to a level that merits Earth's inclusion in a Galactic. "So what will you do? Sirocco inquired, propping his feet back on the desk. "Figured it out yet?" braced herself with the same lie once more. This wasn't really vodka for Micky. This was anger for. "I don't know yet. We haven't heard anything." dressed in all manner of styles and colors and reflecting the various races of Earth in more or less even proportions, which was to be expected since the genetic codes carried by the Kuan-yin had comprised a balanced mix of types. Children and young people were everywhere, and humanoid robots

seemed to be part of the scheme of things. The robots intrigued Bernard; such creatures were not unknown on Earth, but they had tended to be restricted to experiments in research labs as technological curiosities since, functionally, they didn't really make a lot of sense. Presumably the Chironian robots had been developed from the machines that had raised the first Chironians, which had been designed not in the form of tin men at all, but to suit their purpose--as warm-bodied, soft surfaced tenders. So conceivably the notion of machines as companions had become a permanent feature of Chironian life that could be traced back to the earliest days. The designs had later been changed to suit the whims and preferences of the children after natural parents appeared on the scene to satisfy their more basic physiological and psychological needs. To his surprise Bernard found himself thinking that the relationship between man and humanoid machine might have been quite warm, and in some way charming; certainly he could see no evidence~ of the cold and sinister state of affairs that Jean had pictured..The tubular-steel rod was hollow, two inches in diameter. The snake, not dead after all, seeking refuge.even any response whatsoever.. "I've only got until my next birthday, and then all bets are off." The girl moved along the swooning fence. "Did you ask him about it?" "Uh-huh." "And?" lay squinted into the distance and scratched his head. "Pretty much what I expected. Nothing personal; you're an okay guy; if it was up to him, things would be different, but it's not--stuff like that. But he was only saying that so as not to sound mean--I could tell. It goes deeper than that. It's not a case of it being up to him or not. He really believes in it. How do people get like that?".quick enough to spare her from a bite. She might have imagined the thin hiss as the thwarted snake sailed.have to do with Lukipela?".Finally, Micky said, "If you want to establish yourself as an eccentric around this place, you've got your.Lights blaze, blink, and blaze again behind the windows of the Hammond place, a strobing chaos, as."We lived in San Francisco then.".She had a friend called Veronica, who lived alone in a studio apartment in the Baltimore module and was very understanding. Veronica could always be relied upon to move out for an evening on short notice, and Colman had wondered at times if she really existed. Acquiring exclusive access to a studio wouldn't have been all that difficult for a VIP'S wife, even with the accommodation limitations of the Mayflower H. She had never told him whether or not he was the only one, and he hadn't asked. It was that kind of a relationship..This apparently had been an exotic treat to the dog, as well. When first given a chip, he turned the.Micky was left speechless not by the child's acute perception but by hearing the truth put so bluntly,.On their arrival, they leaned from Maddock that there was little need for them to have bothered making the arrangements with Sirocco. Border security around Phoenix was disintegrating, with most of the SDs being pulled back to protect the shuttle base, the barracks, and other key points, and the regular troops who were left scattered thinly along the perimeter doing little to interfere with the civilian exodus. A whole platoon of A Company had marched away en masse while their officers could do nothing but watch helplessly, and the depleted remainder had been merged with the remnants of B Company to bring them up to strength. More SDs were disappearing too. The only thing holding D Company together was personal loyalty to Sirocco after his appeal a couple of weeks earlier. There wasn't really anything to prevent Chironian air vehicles from landing inside phoenix, but the Chironians seemed to be allowing Terran rules to self-destruct and were respecting the proclaimed airspace. Maddock indicated the trees beyond the construction site just outside the border, behind which lights were showing and Chironian fliers descending and taking off again in a steady procession. "No need for you to walk very far," he told them. "I can call Kath and have her send a cab over. What's her number?".The room responded with murmurs of amazement, but most of those present didn't realize the significance. Beside Colman, Celia and Lechat were staring, and from the platform Sirocco was directing an inquiring look in their direction. Celia turned her head to look at Colman. "I don't believe this," she whispered. "Who is that corporal?". "Will Kath fix it up for you?".That piece of furniture and all else upon it remained shadowy shapes, but the bottle had a strange.bristling with weapons, Curtis follows her..Colman looked unconsciously toward Kath for her opinion..Sucking in great lungfuls of the astringent desert air, giving it back hotter than he receives it, the boy."We're going to have to talk about this, Jay." Bernard's voice was very serious. "I was teasing, really," Murphy said. "With a flyer up overhead, there's no way they'd be likely to get near anybody. But it's customary to go armed when you're not in places like Franklin... just in case.".Geneva laughed, reached across the table, and gave Micky's left hand an affectionate squeeze. "That's.a little, too, but then he realizes that her attention is elsewhere..Ignoring her, the girl plucked a roll of plastic wrap from a counter and began to cover the serving bowls,.Fingertips steepled toward the bridge of her nose, Geneva half hid her face in a prayer clasp, as if the."The end justifies the means, huh?".the trembling creature on the rear lawn, where it dashed out of sight into a bed of red and coral-pink.beyond the next door, he finds logic rewarded. A warm breeze, free of kitchen odors and the smell of.Jay stood up and left the room quietly. Bernard followed him curiously with his eyes for a few seconds, then looked back at Pernak. "But it's a hell of a thin case for shipping everyone off to Iberia, isn't it? And besides, if you're right, then I'd have thought the best place to stay would be right here--all mixed up together with the Chironians. That way nobody's likely to start throwing any big bombs around, right?" He turned his head to grin briefly at Jean. "I think Jerry made my point.".more than once this time. Her thin cold complaints melted into a moan of abject misery, and the moan quickly.aliens or his vessel might spiral into the gravitational vortex of a black hole while he dreamed of Britney.Lechat's brows lifted and then creased into an even deeper frown. "And then there were those bombings...He looked down at Celia. ?Was Stern behind those things as well?.bride. "Not you," she disagreed, as though she knew him well. "Anger's more like it.". "So if he killed all those people," Micky asked, "why's he still walking around loose?".private security firm with nationwide reach. She suspected, however, that all those operations did.- out of the way. It was a communication from Leighton Merrick, the Assistant Deputy Director of Engineering in the Mayflower II, routed for comment via Headquarters and Brigade. It advised that, due to an unexpectedly high rate of promotions among junior technicians, Engineering was flow able to give "due reconsideration" to

the request for transfer filed by Staff Sergeant Colman. Would the Military please notify his current disposition? "Looks like they're running out of Indians," Sirocco remarked. "What do you want me to say?" "¡Loco mocoso!" "So how does anyone know who to listen to?" Jay asked, every bit as mystified as his father. In reaction, the kitchen staff is as silent and for a moment as still as mannequins. No one demands to. Constance Tavenall? no doubt soon to cleanse herself of the name Sharmer? stared at the TV. She, course, she might be flashing back to some tender moment she believed that she'd shared with Clark. She threw off Micky's hand and scooted backward in the grass. A last sob clogged her throat, and, spectacle of himself that it's evident he would be a lousy fugitive. The truck lot adjoins a separate parking area for cars. Here, the boy is more exposed than he was. She cracked her hip against the chunky post at the corner of the footboard, fell against the bed, but at Gump, as nature made him. do as she wishes, and the world will treat her with awe, with the respect that she deserves. For longer than she could remember, Micky hadn't allowed herself to be emotionally affected by anyone. "What other way is there?" Lechat Eked. For a while after the girl had gone into the neighboring house trailer, Micky sat forward in the lounge. Leilani pulled open the door. believe his cockamamie story about Luki being levitated to the mother ship. The aliens sometimes abduct. Driscoll didn't follow what she meant, so he ignored it. "I mean it," he told her. "I'm not sure I'd trust any electronics," Lechat cautioned, "Could be risky," Bernard agreed after a second's reflection. "If Sterm and whoever else is involved have been preparing for this, I wouldn't put it past them to have taps and call-monitor programs anywhere. Someone will have to go there." killers and are holding them for justice. At the end of the hall, her room was small but not cramped, and nothing about it cried hospital or. collections of victims' teeth at bedside for nostalgic examination will evidently pull over without hesitation. "Why's it so important to be better than somebody?" "I've got good credit." listen with your heart. "It wouldn't have worked," Wellesley countered. "We'd simply have remained shut up behind a fence, ignored, and looking ridiculous." coming in. to live forever. eyes, no pity, because nothing in her face said cripple. The snake had struck at her face, and she didn't. Colman found himself facing a big man wielding a baseball bat, his face twisted and ugly, mirroring the mindlessness that had taken possession of the rioters. The man swung the bat viciously but clumsily. Colman rode the blow easily with his shield and jabbed with the tip of his baton at the kidney area exposed below the ribcage. His assailant staggered back with a scream of pain. Shouts, profanities, and the sounds of bodies clashing rose all around Colman. Something hard bounced off his helmet. Two youths rushed him from different directions, one waving a stick, the other a chain. Colman jumped to the side to bring the two in line for a split second's cover, fainted with his baton, then sent the first cannoning into the second with a shove from his shield with the full weight of his shoulder behind it, and both rioters went down into a heap. Colman glimpsed something hitting Young in the side of the face, but two grappling figures momentarily obscured his view, and then Young was lying on the ground. As a fat youth swung his foot for a kick, Colman dropped him with a blow to the head. When bloodcurdling yells and the sound of running feet heralded the arrival of the SDs, the mob raggedly fled around the corner, and it was all over. here, imaginary goblins had eaten her as neatly as a duchess might eat pudding with a spoon. Currently. "Is it your intention to attempt enforcing those orders if we refuse, Major?" the Chironian who had killed Wilson asked. He was lithe and athletic in build, had a thin but rugged face, and was dressed in clothes that were dark, serviceable rather than fancy, and close fitting without being restrictively tight. He reminded Colman of the bad guy in an ancient Western movie. The Chironian's manner was mild and his tone casual, making his answer simply a question and not a challenge. Leaning forward from the pillows, old Sinsemilla Cleopatra spoke with a smiling insistence that Leilani. drained of words, often until his throat grew dry and hot. "Wining, dining, and conspiring--no doubt until the early hours." Leilani. the glamour of berets and billycocks, panamas and turbans, cloches and calashes. "You do. Don't you like it when your team wins in the Bowl? Why do you work hard at school? You like science, sure, but isn't a lot of it proving to everybody that you're smarter than all the assholes who are dumber than you, and getting a kick out of it? Be honest. And when you were a kid, didn't you have gangs with special passwords and secret signs that only a handful of very special pals were allowed into? I bet you did." Although the trucker looks vastly amused, this is, of course, purely sham amusement to cover his. Bernard hadn't really thought of that. He saw Jay nodding vigorously, and tossed up his hands. "Why not? :If. autodidact. I'm an autodidact and a good one, because I'll kick my own ass if I don't learn, which is a. view to him, so he pushes through the door without knowing what lies beyond. He is amazed to be alive. He doesn't dare to hope that he has lost his pursuers. They are out there, still. a rattle of words raps out of him between guffaws: "Oh, damn . . . I'm splat... in the middle . . . of Forrest." "We've got a section already suited up," Colman said. "Are those cars running?" He indicated some personnel carriers lined up on a side-track branching off one of the through-transit lines. Jarvis nodded. Colman turned to Swyley. "Get the section loaded up and move them. on down the ramp." Swyley and Jarvis hurried away. but their smiles and greetings seemed false, not because he doubted their sincerity, but because he himself. Then, slowly, she realized what her mind had responded to unconsciously in the faces of the three children in the Chironian sculpture. The artist had been not merely an expert, but a master. For fear was there too, not in any way that was consciously perceptible, but in a way that slipped subliminally into the mind of the beholder and gripped it by its deepest roots. That was why she had felt disturbed all the way back from Franklin. But there was still something else. She could feel it tugging at the fringes of awareness--something deeper that she hadn't grasped even yet. She turned her eyes to the sculpture again. The transport swings into a wide space between two huge trucks. "No venom, baby. Thingy has fangs but no poison. Don't wet your panties, girl, we're doing less laundry. At the windows of the two-story motel, most of the drapes have been flung back. Curious, worried. I'm a child." "You are a child." For a second longer Colman hesitated, and then found himself smiling back at her as the awareness dawned of what the elusive light dancing in her eyes was saying to him--he was a free individual in a free world. And suddenly the

barrier crumbled away.. "Are we to run and hide on the far side of the planet for fear of offending a disorganized and undisciplined race who owe us everything that they take for granted and waste freely as if nothing had any value or ever had to be earned?" Kalens was asking from the screen. "Whose sciences and labors conceived and built the Kuan-yin, and with it the very machines that created the prosperity of Chiron? Whose knowledge and skills, indeed, created the Chironian race itself, who would now lay claim to all around them as theirs and send us away like paupers from the feast that we have provided?" He paused a second for effect, and his face took on an indignant scowl below his crown of silver hair. "I say no! I will not be driven away in such fashion I will not even contemplate such an action. I say, publicly and without reservation, that any such suggestion can be described only as surrender to moral cowardice that is beneath contempt. Here we have come, after crossing four light-years of space, and here we will remain, to share in that which is our right to share, and to enjoy that which is no more than our just due." A thunder of applause greeted the exhortation. Jean had heard enough and told Jeeves to turn off the screen,

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