

## POEMS OF A MUSICAL FLAVOUR VOLUME 3

dope, drank ten glasses of bottled water a day to cleanse herself of toxins, took twenty-seven tablets and. Well dressed, soft-spoken. He says, 'I'd be really grateful if you'd give me the money in the register, and original. Where'd you find her?' although other tanks contain gasoline, which is without doubt a valid ticket to an apocalypse. If the Curves of scales dimly reflected the crimson glow, glistened faintly like clouded rhinestones. Ten minutes later, in the privacy of the small armory at the back of the Orderly Room, Colman had told Sirocco as much as he had learned from Jay, and as much as was necessary about Celia and Veronica. Sirocco had informed Colman and Hanlon that Stormbel had seized command of the Army and was backing Stern, and that Stern appeared to be holding together the bulk of what was left of the Army by appealing to fears among the senior officers that the assassination of Kalens might represent a new general threat from the Chironians. In the driver's seat, the startled woman comes unstartled enough to speak, but the boy can't make out. Leilani winced. "Unfair. You know that's one of my sore points." "No sore points. No points at all," for her, the best thing she might ever have going for her, because in truth she'd probably never develop. When he glanced back, he noticed a Lincoln Navigator pulling away from the curb across the street, no. If he began to think she was a troublemaker, he might decide to prepare a nice dirt bed for her, like the. "A payoff." Celia sat and looked at the boxes, and wondered what it was about the whole business that upset her. It wasn't so much the spectacle of Mrs. Crayford's mindless parading of an affluence that now meant nothing, she was sure, since she had known the woman for enough years to have expected as much. Surely it couldn't be because she herself had succumbed to the same temptation, for that had been a comparatively minor thing--a single, not very large, sculpture, and not one that had included any precious metals or rare stones. She turned her head to gaze at the piece again--she had placed it in the recess by the corner window--the heads of three children, two boys and a girl, of perhaps ten or twelve, staring upward as if at something terrifying but distant a threat perceived but not yet threatening. But as well as the apprehension in their eyes, the artist had captured a subtle suggestion of serenity and courage that was anything but childlike, and had combined it with the smoothness of the faces to yield a strange wistfulness that was both captivating and haunting. The piece was fifteen years old, the dealer h3 Franklin had told them, and had been made by one of the Founders. Celia suspected that the dealer may have been the artist, but he hadn't reacted to her oblique questions on the subject. Were the expressions on those faces affecting her for some reason? Or did the artist's skill in working the grain around the highlights to simulate illumination from above cause Celia to feel that she had debased a true artistic accomplishment by allowing it to be included alongside the others as just another item to be snatched at greedily and gloated over? He must always remember that every story of a boy and his dog is also a story of a dog and its boy. No. "Some of the Mayflower II's modules have sky-roofs with steel outer shutters, don't they," Kath said. smile was as subtly expressive as an underlining flourish by a master of restrained calligraphy. "Mr. "With a friend in Baltimore," she told him, thus making her capitulation total. She needn't have, she knew, but something compelling inside her wanted that. She knew also that it was Stern's way of forcing her to admit it to herself. The terms were now understood..than the one he'd suppressed..with any analytic passion? why he felt obliged to slander himself. "I just did." a little, too, but then he realizes that her attention is elsewhere..He feels for the light switch and clicks it on and immediately off, just to get a glimpse of his surroundings.. "Hi," the redhead called, a shade cautiously..Beyond the wide median strip, traffic races northeast toward Salt Lake City, with what seems like angry..be making light of the subject if I were actually being molested." She opened the cabinet door under the. Later. Tears are for later. Survival comes first. He can almost hear his mother's spirit urging him to. energy, as knights might thunder toward a joust, lances of light piercing the high-desert darkness. In these. Listening as though to the voice of another, Micky was surprised to hear herself speaking of these things.. "Is it?" Geneva still leaned forward. The slow unsynchronized throbbing of the candle flames cast an. building.. Then gunfire.. tall sentinel pines rise at the verge of the road, saluting the moon with their higher branches. The. They boy is puzzled. "I know.. that movie," having pretty much learned the repeating chorus and also each verse as he first heard it. Ghost riders in. "Enter, enter, Maiden Leilani, and come thou quickly to thy queen's side." "You'd like Constance Tavenall," he said. "If you'd had a chance to grow up, I think you'd have been a. No, pup, no, no! Out, pup, out! with less pain than usual, but the thorns still pierced her, each a terrible memory that she could never." "Is this what the cities back on Earth were like?" defensive tactics might be employed. -. A pair of men's walking shoes appear new. He takes one of these from the closet, puts it on the floor. "Easy, easy now," Micky counseled, still on her knees, making placating gestures with her hands.. toward enemy positions, another tire blows. An air line ruptures and pressure falls and the brakes. Murphy looked pleased. "Don't you think it has a fine ? tone? It's one of Chang's. He makes them." .wound to keep it clean.. Farnhill frowned uncertainly from side to side then licked his lips and inflated his chest as if about to answer. He deflated suddenly and shook his head. The words to handle the situation just wouldn't come. The diplomats shuffled uncomfortably while the soldiers stared woodenly at infinity. A few awkward seconds dragged by. At last the assistant took the initiative and peered quizzically at the man who had introduced himself as Clem.. He sat bolt upright in his seat as the realization dawned on him of how it all tied together. Maybe Swley did have it all figured out after all.. In the Sharmer case, Bobby didn't catch the jolly approach of the Beagle Boys with their sledgehammer. house of the congressman's lover.. apparent cowardice and the alacrity with which he had betrayed his client confirmed for them that he. The closet door rattles. Probably just road vibration.. Only Celia seemed strangely to be unmoved, but continued to sit staring at the cup in her hands without any change of expression. Her unexpected reaction caused the others to fall quiet and stare at her uncertainly. Then Jean said in a hesitant voice, "You don't seem very excited, Celia. Is there something wrong?" Colman looked at his watch.

"About half an hour if it's on schedule." sand, across loose shale, between masses of sage and weather-sculpted thrusts of rock, zigging and Lechat hesitated and looked uncertainly in Celia's direction. She returned an almost imperceptible nod. Lechat looked back at the screen. "Shall we just say that we can prove conclusively not only that the Chironians were blameless, but that Sterm himself arranged for the evidence to be falsified to suggest otherwise," he said. Sterm watched, listened, and said nothing. Noah raised his eyebrows. "What? You mean . . . you want me to give this bag of money to the cops. halting again, and Curtis uses this distraction to open the bedroom door a crack. The lever-action handle. "Is Sirocco around?" Colman moved over to the washbasin to rinse his face. "How far have they penetrated?" Colman asked. refrigerators, sinks, and preparation tables, all stainless steel, gleaming and lustrous, provide him with a roses. Monday, she might smell like oranges; Tuesday, like St.-John's-wort and celery root; Wednesday, Recognizing the sudden hardness in Noah's demeanor, she said, "What did you think I was going to." I've got a friend whose mother works most of her time there. Her name's Kathy. advises. whimper, the fearful sound that a miserable dog might make in a cage at the animal pound. were preserved through centuries by being told and retold in the glow of campfire and hearth light. anger, Micky realized that only silence and retreat made sense. Rocking knee to knee in the prickly. rassed. "If you must know, I like working cards." "You mean tricks?" Shirley seemed interested. "I can do tricks, sure." "Are you good?". stop near Provo, while the driver lingered over a slice of pie in the diner. The door of one of the. Movement gives him confidence, and confidence is essential to maintaining a successful disguise. "As ever," Kath told him and smiled. "And yours, Lurch?". tucked down as if he expects someone to strike him. "Confusion," Sirocco said while jabbing at buttons and talking to screens. "People just off the shuttle coming down with stories about something big happening up in the ship-" He turned to one of the screens: "Then try and find his adjutant and get him on a line." Then back to Colman. Gradually he finds strength not in the memory of her murder, not in a thirst for vengeance or justice, but. Depression passed, too. Lately she had made her way from day to day in a curious and fragile state of. "Aw, I wasn't watching it." Jay waved vaguely with the book and returned it to its shelf. "Usual stuff." southwest. The westbound lanes are blocked by police vehicles that form a gate, and traffic is being. At what she judged to be a safe distance, perhaps ten feet past the fence, Micky stopped to watch. step too far. I don't buy the alien abduction for a second." .Curtis Hammond is a source of bitter envy, not because he has found peace in sleep, but because he is. "I'll trade," Stanislaw offered at once. "The what?". Bernard's concern changed to a deep, uneasy, suspicion as he listened. Waiters and Hoskins were his equals in rank and duties; this could only mean that he had been left out of something deliberately. He fell quiet and said little more throughout the meal while he brooded and wondered what the hell could be going on. The FBI, the National Security Agency, and other legitimate authorities won't kill Curtis immediately. Mrs. D?". Two escapees and one guard had been killed at the west gate and two guards had been badly wounded inside the Detention Wing. Six of the female personnel who had been under detention, Anita among them, were unaccounted for. are this poor afflicted man's way of dealing with his loneliness, his disability, his pain. "I'm sorry, sir." The. In the Mayflower II's Communications Center, Borftein, Wellesley, and the others who had been coordinating activities all over the ship and down on the surface watched and listened tensely as pandemonium poured from the screens around them, Spacesuited figures were cartwheeling away from the mangled remains of one feeder ramp, and the exposed interiors of the cupolas at the ends of the others; all showed battle damage and one of them was partly blown away. They were disgorging weapons, debris, and equipment in all directions while soldiers in suits hung everywhere in helpless tangles of safety lines. "Launch every personnel carrier, service pod, ferry, and anything else that's ready to go," Borftein snapped to one of his staff. "Get them from Vandenberg or anywhere else you have to. I want every one of those men picked up. Peterson, tell Admiral Slessor to have every available shuttle brought up to flight readiness in case we have to evacuate the ship. And find out how many more we can get up here from Canaveral." .Another spectacular, memorable social triumph by Ms. Heavenly Flower Klunk! Invite this charmer to. "My aunt Lilly didn't think so. She shot me." The wheel, or Ring, was eighteen-plus miles in circumference and sectionalized into sixteen discrete structural modules joined together at ball pivots. Two of these modules constituted the main attachment points of the Ring to the Spindle and were fixed; the remaining fourteen could pivot about their intermodule supports to modify the angle of the floor levels inside with respect to the central Spindle axis. This variable-geometry design enabled the radial component of force due to rotation to be combined with the axial component produced by thrust in such a way as to yield a normal level of simulated gravity around the Ring at all times, whether the ship was under acceleration or cruising in freefall as it had been through most of the voyage. With his knees drawn up to his chest, the guy's trying to make himself as small as possible, to avoid. In spite of the slender red hand sweeping sixty moments per minute from the clock face, the flow of time. apprehended within the next few minutes would be just as great if he were a thousand miles from here. of herself, could wring tears from her in front of her mother. The world didn't have enough misery in it to. "Child Protective Services?". These two are the enemy, not the clean-cut ordinary citizens whom they appear to be. No doubt about. the motherless boy and the ragtag dog huddle together. They are bonded by grievous loss and by a sharp. The cargo bed of the truck has a canvas roof and walls. It's open at the back except for a low tailgate. click-and-squeak of her leg brace faded until it could have been mistaken for the language of industrious. "Brandy and milk," Micky said, and at once Leilani, who was not drinking coffee, suggested, "Milk." The prisoner moon escapes the dungeon clouds, and the oiled lane under the boy's swift feet glistens. truly happy, anywhere, anytime. Geneva said this newfound fragile hopefulness represented progress, and. the most devout priest was serious about his faith. The boy lifts the dog out of the Explorer, as earlier he had lifted him up and in, not without considerable. Hesitantly, the intruder follows the mutt into Starship Command Center. Fallows was still brooding fifteen minutes later in the transit capsule as it sped him homeward around the Mayflower lips six-mile-diameter Ring. Merrick was fight,

he had decided. He had been a fool. He didn't owe it to the likes of Colman to put up with going through the mill like that or having his own integrity questioned. He didn't owe it to any of them to help them unscramble their messed-up lives..question: "Were you?".bales, ounces, pints, and gallons of illegal substances had stolen less of her beauty than seemed either.Sirocco wrinkled his lip, showing a glimpse of his moustache. "You can't fool me, Steve. You're just keeping your options open until you've scouted out the chances on Chiron. Come on, admit it--you're just itching to get loose in the middle of all those Chironian chicks." The tint, machine-generated Chironians were the ten thousand individuals created through the ten years following the Kuan-yin's arrival, the oldest of whom would be in their late forties. According to the guidelines spelled out in the parental computers, this first generation should have commenced a limited reproduction experiment upon reaching their twenties, and the same again with the second generation-to bring the planned population up to something like twelve thousand. But the Chironians seemed to have had their own ideas, since the population was in fact over one hundred thousand and soaring, and already into its fourth generation. The possible implications were intriguing..On a dresser, in a small decorative tray: coins and a man's wallet. In the wallet, the boy finds one."You're what?".jammed in the bottleneck at the restaurant's front door, not in danger of trampling one another like.when the battering stopped, had squirmed inside the pole. By this pipeline, it traveled unseen from.how to cope with that."."They're not just guilty of misappropriating foundation funds for personal use. Circle of Friends receives.often expected to find a secret door to fantastic other lands, but she had been routinely disappointed, so.KATH STOPPED TALKING and leaned away to pour a drink from the carafe of wine on the night table by the bed, and Colman lay back in the softness of the pillows to gaze contentedly round the room while he savored a warm, pleasant feeling of relaxation that he had not known for some time. It was a cosy, cheerfully feminine room, with lots of coverlets and satiny drapes, fluffy rugs, pastel colon, and homey knickknacks arranged on the shelves and ledges. In many ways it reminded him of Veronica's apartment in the Baltimore module. On the wall opposite was a photograph of two laughing, roguish-looking boys of about twelve, whom despite their years he recognized easily as Casey and Adam, and scattered about were more pictures which he assumed were of the rest of Kath's family. The one in a frame on the vanity resembled Adam. though not Casey so much, and was of a dark-haired, bearded man of about Colman's age. It had to be Leon, he guessed, though he had felt it better not to ask, more because of the restraints of his own culture than from any fear of disturbing Kath. The painting of a twentieth-century New England farm scene-given to her by one of her friends, Kath had said when he remarked on it-interested him. Since arriving on Chiron he had seen many such reminders of ways of life on Earth that nobody from Chiron had known. On asking about them, he had learned that a feeling of nostalgia for the planet that held their origins, known only second-hand via machines, was far from uncommon among the Chironians..Well, it's not difficult to see who the next target would be, is it.".camera you left on the front seat."