

BY CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR T

"Therefore? Micky." was no absolute, top-down hierarchical structure at all. It was a microcosm of the whole planet, he was beginning to suspect. Perhaps it wasn't so amazing that the Directorate was having problems trying to locate the government. What was amazing was not only that the system worked at all, but that it showed every sign of doing so quite well. Noah pressed STOP on the remote control. "There's only more of the same." He took the videotape image of hip sophistication. The press see themselves in him. They'd forgive him anything, even murder. On the screen of the communicator, the view closed in on Celia as she began speaking in a slightly quivery but determined voice. But Colman only half heard. He was trying to make himself think the way a Chironian would think. "Good pup. Let's get out of here." Adam seemed to think about it for a long time. "No ..." he said slowly at last. "We're on our own on a grain of dust somewhere in a gas of galaxies. Inventing guardian angels for company won't change it. Whether we make it or not is up to us. If we mess it up, the universe out there won't miss us." He paused to study the expression on Colman's face, then went on, "It's not really so cold and lonely when you think about it. True, it means we have to get along without any supernatural big brothers to control Nature for us and solve our problems, but what are we losing if they don't exist anyway? On the other hand, we don't have to fear all the nonsense that gets invented along with them either. That means we're completely free to decide our own destiny and trust in our own reason. To me that's not such a bad feeling." "Maybe you should try looking at it their way," Colman said. "Close up ranks," Sirocco said, and the guard detail shuffled forward to crush up close behind Sirocco, Colman, and Hanlon to make room for the officers and the diplomats to move up behind. Sirocco looked at the Dispatching Officer and nodded. "Open outer hatch." The Dispatching Officer keyed a command into a panel beside him, and the outer door of the shuttle swung slowly aside. "Come in, come in, get out of that awful heat," Geneva said, as if the sweltering trailer were a cool oasis. Service-station pumps and barricades of parked vehicles to reach him. Billowing balls of fire, arcing jets. Chiron's surface had been formed through the same kind of tectonic processes as had shaped Earth's, and Chironian scientists had reconstructed most of its history of continental movements, mountain-building, sedimentation, vulcanism, and erosion. Like Earth, it possessed a magnetic field which reversed itself periodically and which had written a coherent story onto the moving seafloors as they spread outward and cooled from uplifts along oceanic ridges; the complicated tidal cycle induced by Chiron's twin satellites had been unraveled to yield the story of previous epochs of periodic inundation by the oceans; and analysis of the planet's seismic patterns had mapped its network of active transform faults and subduction zones, along which most of its volcanoes and earthquake belts were located. The property was wider than it was deep, to allow the full length of the house trailer to face the street. Stormbel gave him a contemptuous look. "How much of your Army is left?" he asked. "Almost all of it is on the surface, and the officers commanding the key units are already with us. Besides, we control the ship, which is the most important thing." Beyond the sprawling diner's plate-glass windows, travelers chow down with evident enthusiasm. The grass. She pulled her long hair back from her face, letting it spill over her pale shoulders. Arching her. Micky knew from experience that this was not reliably the case. "Anyway," she said, "whether they." Well now, I'm sure Veronica could be persuaded if I. "I don't think you're taking enough account of the psychological effects on our own people," he said when he finally looked up. "Morale is high now that we're nearly there, and I don't want to spoil it. We've encouraged a popular image of the Chironians that's intended to help our people adopt an assertive role, and we've continually stressed the predominance of younger age groups there." He shook his head. "Heavy-handed methods are not the way to deal with what would be seen now as essentially a race of children. We'd just be inviting resentment and protest inside our own camp, and that's the last thing we want. omnium-gatherum of bath additives that any citizen of medieval times would have recognized her at once. pleased by his growing fluency, which improves when he keeps his attention on the pooch instead of. Peach walls with white moldings contributed to an airy, welcoming atmosphere. Cleanliness and cheery. Sirocco shrugged. "Don't ask me. I thought it was because a lot of SD's are shipping down to Canaveral. I just do what the orders say." "They're all such selfless do-gooders." Constance Tavenall's voice was crisp with sarcasm but. toward the sky as though the lunar light inspired joy. Face tilted to bask in the silvery rays, she turned. "Why would you think so?" dinner, and she'll repay you with emotional devastation! Serve her chicken sandwiches, and she'll give. "I know Crayford and his wife. One of the crew got me through. That can wait. It's about Celia." "Okay. Get back here when you're through." Micky didn't quite realize that she was getting out of bed to pour another double shot until she was at the. Farnhill looked uneasy and seemed a trifle awkward. "Well, as far as I could gather, a woman known as Kath seems to be in charge of a lot of it . . . as much as anybody's in charge of anything in this place. I haven't actually met her though." On a dresser, in a small decorative tray: coins and a man's wallet. In the wallet, the boy finds one. Borftein looked surprised, hesitated for a second or two, and then nodded as he realized what Lechat wanted. lie rose slowly to his feet and paused to collect his words. "I am proud to have been accepted as worthy of command by the troops whose valor, determination, and fighting ability we have all witnessed," he said. "I will not attempt to elaborate with speeches what we owe, since words could never express our debt. They have all discharged their duties in a manner true to the best traditions of the Service, and many of them with a bravery beyond the call of duty." He paused, and his face became more solemn. "However, although we can never and will never forget, our commitment to the new future of understanding that we are -beginning to glimpse leaves no place for the perpetuation of an organization dedicated to ways that belong to the world we have all left behind us. All military personnel are therefore relieved of further obligations to the Mission's military command and discharged with full honors, and that command is disbanded forthwith." The hall

remained quiet while Borftein sat down. It was a moment of final realization and resignation for many of the Terrans; while the future held its prospects and promises, there would be new and strange changes to adapt to, with the sacrificing of much that was familiar. Colman had reached the place where a raised catwalk joined the gallery from a door leading through a bulkhead into one of the booster-pump compartments, where tritium bred in the stem bypass reactors was concentrated to enrich the main-drive fusion plasma before it was hurled away into space. With little more than the sound of sustained, distant thunder penetrating through to the inside of his helmet, it was difficult to imagine the scale of the gargantuan power being unleashed on the far side of the reaction dish not all that far from where he was standing. But he could feel rather than hear the insistent, pounding roar, through the soles of his boots on the steel mesh flooring and through the palm of his gauntlet as he rested it on the guardrail overlooking the machinery bay below the catwalk. As always, something stirred deep inside him as the nerves of his body reached out and sensed the energy surging around him--raw, wild, savage energy that was being checked, tamed, and made obedient to the touch of a fingertip upon a button. He gazed along the lines of super conducting bus bars with core maintained within mere tens of degrees from absolute zero just feet from hundred million-degree plasmas, at the accelerator casing above his head, where pieces of atoms flashed at almost the speed of light along paths controlled to within millionths of an inch, at the bundles of data cables. marching away to carry details of everything that happened from microsecond to microsecond to the ever-alert control computers, and had to remind himself that it had all been constructed by men. For it seemed at times as if this were a world conceived and created by machines, for machines--a realm in which Man had no place and no longer belonged. Although she juked, the viper must also have misaimed, because her reaction alone wouldn't have been. "What about me?" Ci asked, hooking at Driscoll. She leaned to one side to let her mother see the hand she was holding. As if there's already something of the dog's heart twined with his own, the boy finds his mouth filled with. This is a boy's room, papered with large monster-movie posters. Display shelves are cluttered with. In the corridor, the quartet had shifted to Mozart. "Have the robots been kept on as a kind of tradition?" Bernard asked. "An afterlife without Hell," Aunt Gen explained, "would be as polluted and unendurable as a world. Merrick nodded gravely. "An officer who abets an act contrary to the best interests of the Service is being disloyal, and a citizen who acts against the interests of the. That's a personal question, Jay," Bernard cautioned. "Anyhow, it's early yet." "Not if you don't want to, I guess." , "Go ahead." Bernard's jaw dropped. "Stern?" he gasped, then looked down at Celia. "You did tell him?" "Are you planning to grant it?" Noah asked. force her to reveal her vulnerability before Sinsemilla. Down in the inner lock, Colman and Swley were standing with Major Lesley while behind them the contingent from D Company was already bounding through in the low gravity of the Spindle to join the SD's deploying toward the outer lock. "You took a hell of a chance, Sergeant," Lesley said. Lechat was nodding slowly to himself. "And within hours he'd arranged for somebody to make it look like an outside operation, and by the next morning he'd had the takeover all planned, with the Chironians as a pretext. Everything fits. But who would have done it?" Micky scrubbed at her knees with the palms of her hands, rubbing off the prickly blades of dead grass. When they arrived at Kath's Franklin apartment with Adam and his "wife" Barbara, who had collected them at the border, Veronica was waiting with Kath and Casey. Colman already knew everybody, and while he and Kath were introducing Bernard and Lechat to those they hadn't met previously, Veronica and Celia greeted each other with hugs and a few more tears from Celia. "Do you want us to have to drag you there?" 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. became the benefactor to bugs, emancipator of mice. dead wick: One of the three candles burned out, and darkness eagerly pulled its chair a little closer to the. "But that ridiculous! What's to stop anyone walking in off the street from giving orders?". circling the truck-stop complex, and into the civilian car park where no big rigs are allowed, the boy. Angry murmurs were heard from the Terran civilians. Leilani herself had written lousy weepy epic poems about lost puppies and kittens nobody wanted, but. "A hundred." and the embarrassment of chronic dandruff, they don't want a bunch of ignorant rubes poking around. The long bar lay to the right of the door. In a row down the center of the room, each of eight plank-top. for drugs and baubles. Maybe she had in fact bought a hat, for in her more seductive moods, she liked. Well, it's not difficult to see who the next target would be, is it. "you've assessed the situation.. "Do you figure they might start trouble, chief?" Stanislaw asked, turning his head toward Sirocco. hundred-dollar bills. But Colman felt that he did belong here--among the machines. He understood them and talked their language, and they talked his. They were talking to him now in the vibrations coming through his suit. The language of the machines was plain and direct. It had no inverted logic or double meanings. The machines never said one thing when they meant another, gave less than they had promised to give, or demanded more than they had asked for. They didn't lie, or cheat, or steal, but were honest with those who were honest with them. Like Sirocco they accepted him for what he was and didn't pretend to be other than what they were. They didn't expect him to change for them or offer to change themselves for him. Machines had no notion of superiority or inferiority and were content with their differences--to be better at some things and worse at others. They could understand that and accept it. Why, Colman wondered, couldn't people?. Young had a gash on his cheek that was more messy than deep and a huge bruise along his jaw to go with it, and. responded, never appeared to comprehend a sentence of his monologue. And yet he held forth until. A dog. Black and white. Shaggy. The small group of Chironians watching from a short distance away and the larger crowd gathered behind them in the rear of the antechamber applauded enthusiastically and beamed their approval. They weren't supposed to do that. It didn't preserve the fight atmosphere. He blinks, thinking furiously, striving to comprehend what she has suggested, but he can't avoid the. smiles, but she tricked one out of it anyway. "Judging by the men I've fallen

for, ice cream beats love."Thank you. Are you sure your mother wouldn't like to join us?".A smiling waitress. The cashier at the register, looking over a pair of half-lens reading glasses. A.revealing that it wasn't locked. No spell had been cast on the mechanism, after all. Curtis's failure to open.because they've lost a job, or just because. Yet with discreet nods and gestures, the workers continue to."Somebody has to run the Army. It's just his turn. He's as qualified to do it as anyone else."."I've heard about you." It could only have been from the Chironians he had talked with earlier. Why would they mention his name to her? Who was she? She came nearer and smiled. "My name is Kath. I have some connection with the technical aspects of what goes on here. From what I've heard, I'd imagine you'd find this an interesting place. Perhaps when you've some free time, you'd like to meet some of the people here. If you like, I could mention it to them." .to hear it..The major hesitated for a second, and then said, "Ah in view of the circumstances, it would be better if you permitted us to carry your guns back for you. Would you mind?'.and at the center of the design is he himself, caught and murdered..Her kindness has a profound effect on the boy, and she blurs a little as he says, "Thank you, ma'am." .roofs, sirens silent, are departing the interstate. They descend the gently sloped embankment and.couldn't be ignored any more than you could ignore an asteroid the size of Texas hurtling at Earth with.Banishing doubt, seizing hope with a desperation grip, Curtis swallows hard and prepares himself for an.embarrassment at his own shortcomings. "You help me? How?".hesitancy and trots at the boy's side..maniac.. "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.Sinsemilla's left hand was clenched. She opened it to reveal a wad of bloody Kleenex that Leilani hadn't.Celia waited for a few minutes to give anybody a chance to come back for something, then stepped from the shower, found the clothes that Veronica had left, and spent a few minutes putting them on and lacing the boots. Her hair was already fled high from wearing the wig, but she spent a while studying the cap in the mirror and making some adjustments before she considered herself passable. She was."I'm always working on a screenplay in my head. In film school, they teach you everything's material, and.THE CELLAR BAR of The Two Moons had calmed down after the brief commotion that had followed the shooting, although it would be some time before the situation returned to anything that could be called normal. Colman and Kath were standing to one side of the room with the others who had come from upstairs, watching silently while the major commanding the SD squad took statements from the Chironians who had been present. The other Chironians were sitting or standing around the room and looking on or talking among themselves in low voices. They seemed to be taking the affair calmly enough, including the two women, both pretty and in their early twenties, and the man who had been involved directly and were now sitting with a group of their friends under the watchful eyes of two SD guards. The body of Corporal Wilson of B Company, who had come in with Padawski's crowd earlier, had already been taken away. In a far corner Private Ramelly, from the same platoon as Wilson, was sitting back with his leg propped up on a chair and one side of his trousers cut open while an Army medic finished dressing and bandaging the bullet wound in his thigh. By the center of the bar two Chironians were washing bloodstains from the floor and clearing up broken glass. Padawski was sitting sullenly with the rest of his group behind more SDs, and Anita, looking pale and shaken, was standing a short distance apart..Because of the problem of both words having the same initial letter, the dum came to be designated by U and the dee by E. The dum carried a one-third charge, and the dee carried none. Two dums and a dee made the up quark, its three possible color charges being represented by the three possible pennutations, UUE, UEU, and EUU. Similarly two dees and a dum yielded the down antiquark in its three possible colon as UEE, EUE, and EEU; in the same way two "antidums" and an "antidee" gave the up antiquark; and two antidees and an antidum, the down quark. Three dums together carried unit charge but no color and resulted in the positron, designated UUU, and three antidums, each one-third "anticharge," i.e., negative, made up the normal electron, UUU. Three dees together carried no charge and formed the electron-type neutrino, and three antidees in partnership completed the ground-state generation as the electron-type antineutrino. It followed that "antitweedles" didn't necessarily give an antiparticle, and tweedles didn't always make a particle. Tweedles predominated over antitweedles, however, in the constitution of normal matter; the proton, for example, comprising two up quarks and a down quark, was represented by a trio of "tweeples" such as UUE; UEU; UEU, depending on the color charges assigned to the three constituent quarks..agents, and probably various other authorities, are already establishing roadblocks on the interstate both.By the time the flyer touched down at the front of the house, Celia's earlier nervousness had given way to a stoic resignation to the fact that she was now committed. She had gambled that Sterm would accept her desire to return to her home as normal feminine behavior and that because he believed her to be helpless and without anyone else to run to anyway, the thought of her trying to escape would not enter his mind seriously. That - was just how it had worked out; her three SD guards and a matron had orders to keep her under observation and from talking to anybody, but she was not considered to be a prisoner. Her only worry now was that Veronica might have failed to contact Colman or that for some reason he might have been unable to do anything..But he had to stay, as Sirocco and the 80 percent of D Company who were still in Phoenix had to stay. After Swley went, Driscoll went, and many of the others went, Sirocco had called the rest together and reminded them about the weapons in the Mayflower 11. "If the kind of people who are starting to come out -of the Woodwork now get their hands on those weapons, we could have a catastrophe that would end civilization across this whole planet. You've all seen what's happening back on Earth. Well, the same mentalities are here too, and they're panicking. We must keep enough of the Army together to stop anything like that if we have to." And so they had stayed..what Lani girl gonna taste like." .her knees. Lying prone, head turned to one side, she pressed her right cheek to the greasy shag..rased. "If you must know, I like working cards." "You mean tricks?" Shirley seemed interested. "I can do tricks, sure." "Are you good?".demeaning thing he said..With all public bars having been put off-limits

to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swyley and Stanislau were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself.. "What?" Merrick sat up rigidly in his chair, "What did you say, Fallows?".income tax on it.".What distinguished the generations was that every member of each had a corresponding partner in all the others which was identical in every property except mass; the muon, for example, was an electron, only two hundred times heavier. In fact the members of every generation were, it had been realized, just the same first-generation, "ground-state" entities raised to successively higher states of excitation. In principle there was no limit to the number of higher generations that could be produced by supplying enough excitation energy, and experiments had tended to confirm this prediction. Nevertheless, all the exotic variations created could be accounted for by the same eight ground-state quarks and leptons, plus their respective antiparticles, together with the field quanta through which they interacted. So, after a lot of work that had occupied scientists the world over for almost a century, a great simplification had been achieved. But were quarks and leptons the end of the story?.Otto shook his head. "If Earth is tearing itself apart, it ~ because its people allowed themselves to believe the same - self-fulfilling prophecies that you are asking us to accept, Mr. Stern. But we reject them. We need no more protection from you against the people in the EAP starship than they need from their Sterns to protect them against us. We have no need of that kind of strength. Is it strength for neighbors to fortify their homes against each other, or is it paranoia? You must feel very insecure to wish to fortify an entire star system." Stern's mouth clamped into a grim, down turned line.. "So what about the nuts?" Jay asked. "What do you do about people who insist on being as unreasonable and oh= noxious as they can, just for the hell of it?". "Really?" Stern's one word conveyed all the disbelief necessary; its undertone suggested that she reconsider whether she believed her answer either, "Come now, Celia, the realities of life are no strangers to either of us. We can be frank without fear of risking offense. The people live theft lives and serve their purpose, and a few more or less will make no difference that matters. Now tell me again, who are you really worried about?". Amy watched curiously over the top of Cromwell's head as they disappeared from sight. "I wonder why they walk like that when they shout at each other," she mused absently. "Do you know why, Cromwell?". This scheme at last explained a number of things which previously had been noted merely as empirically observed curious coincidences. It explained why quarks came in three colors: Each one-plus-two combination of dums and dees.rataplan of less-exhausting anxiety..He isn't aware of my associate in the attic.". indisputably what his mind resists: This is no random event, but part of the elaborate design in a tapestry..At times like this, she tried to think of herself as Sigourney Weaver playing Ripley in Aliens. Your hands."He's just playing on emotion, Jean. I had it on down here for a few minutes but couldn't stand it. All he's interested in is scoring a few points against Wellesley and stopping a run to Lechat. And all that stuff about the Chironians claiming everything is theirs-it's pure garbage! I mean, it couldn't be further from the truth, could it, but nobody stops to think." He frowned to himself for a moment. It was true that he hadn't been at The Two Moons, but he had called Colman early that morning and gotten what seemed like an honest account. But with Jean acting the way she was, he didn't want to mention that. "Anyhow, the facts about the shooting are on record," he said. "All you have to do is ask Jeeves.". "Oh, God . ." Jean whispered. "They're going to bring out those bombs."

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