

# COLI THE RAW VEGAN DETOXIFICATION REGENERATION WORKBOOK FOR CUR

"True, once they're separated," Celia agreed. "But how many more killings would we have to see before that was achieved?" For once, no sparkle of humor enlivened Leilani's blue eyes, no thinnest paring of a wry smile curled. "Casey's, I suppose." Veronica replied. "Congratulations, Steve," Bernard said, still smiling. "I wonder what those guards are doing right now." A whiff of the city has come to this high desert. The warm air is bitter with the stink of exhaust fumes. "Jonathan likes walking the edge. Risk excites him." remarked with a delighted leer on his face. "It is, isn't it," Colman agreed dismally. "since. ornate hand-tooled designs that, to the boy's questioning fingertips, speak of parades, horse shows, and. The assistant's patience snapped at last. "This is ridiculous! I want to know who is in overall authority here. You must have a Director of Operations or some equivalent. Please be kind enough to--". "If a chip can do the job, a man's life is probably better spent doing something else anyway." She's never told us his name. She's got this thing about names. She says they're magical. Knowing. "Isn't she a lot of fun," Kath agreed. "She's talking Casey into teaching her to be an architect. She could do it too. She's an intelligent woman. Have you known her long?" Switching off the overhead lights to save money and to avoid adding heat to the kitchen, Geneva said. She has a musical voice, a dazzling smile, and she seems to take a shine to him. "Well, Curtis, my name's. Bernard Fallows had been surprised enough when Chang had called to confirm that his friend Adam's mother, Kath, had agreed to arrange a visit. He had been even more surprised when Kath turned out to be not a junior technician or mundane worker around the place, but responsible for the operation of a large portion of the main fusion process, though exactly how she fitted in and who gave her directions were obscure. And even more surprising still had been her readiness to receive him and Jay personally and devote an hour of her time to them. The comparable prospect of Leighton Merrick showing Chang and friends round the main-drive section of the Mayflower H was unthinkable. A party of Chironians was due to go up to the ship for a guided tour of some sections, it was true, but that was following an official invitation extended to professionals; it didn't include fathers and sons who wanted to do some personal Sightseeing. Perhaps his position as an engineering officer specializing in fusion techniques had had something to do with his special treatment, Bernard conjectured. "I wish I'd heard them back when I could've helped you." "That was all a long time ago, Aunt Gen." A man looms over them? tall, with a glossy black beard, wearing a green cap with the words. 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. once in a great while? your life can change for the better in one moment of grace, almost a sort of. swung, and his upper lip was nearly as long as his ponytail. THE FIRST BOMB exploded in the center of Canaveral City in the early hours of the morning, causing serious damage to the maglev terminal where the spur line into the shuttle base joined the main through-route from Franklin out to the Peninsula. Subsequent investigations by explosives experts established that it had been carried in a car outward bound from Franklin. The only occupants at the time were eight Terrans returning from a late-night revel in town. They were killed instantly. to flush the wounds with antiseptics. Then, Sinsemilla might feel differently about seeing a. such relationship can be a success without respect. of her room to go to the toilet or to get something to eat, then it could slip in her room, too, through the. Finally, he starts up toward the second floor. The stairs softly protest. As he ascends, he stays close to. The suggestion had served its purpose. Stem was watching Kalens curiously, and Marcia Quarrey was looking across the table with new respect. Farnhill shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "You've got it," Kath said lightly. "Isn't that what teaching children is all about?" appearances, Burt Hooper is striving to quell a fit of giddiness, the boy now knows that this is like the. "Fine." Bernard nodded but caught Jay's eye for a fraction of a second longer than he needed to, and with a trace more seriousness than his tone warranted. "They never had any parents or peers for that kind of stuff to rub off from," Pernak agreed. "Classes, echelons, black, white, Soviet, Chinese ... it's all the same to them. They don't care. It's what you are that matters." what I've always thought. If I'd ever realized differently, I wouldn't have just. . . stood by." of years of cigarette smoke. Scraped, gouged, stained, patched furniture stood on an orange shag carpet. Lesley nodded. "He's been there all evening. Arrived around 1800 with Stormbel for a staff conference with the high command. They're all in there. ~." He frowned at the expression on Colman's face. "Nobody knew?" "SO you're happy you can handle it," Bernard said. had been tossed and tangled by the moon dance, she might pass for a queen. million searching eyes. Motion is commotion, and distraction buys time, and time? not mere distance? is. with the reflected glow. Perhaps the only good thing about the unextinguishable anger that had charred Micky's life was that it. After giving her good looks, fate had never again been generous. Consequently, Micky wasn't able to. Leilani wrinkled her nose, "too precious." we're here to enjoy life." She shook her head. "Amazing. Men must be all over you." "I'm not a cripple." she'd fetch the brandy and drink that instead, regardless of Leilani's objections. Alcohol never soothed. The boy promises himself that public toileting is a behavior he will never adopt, regardless of how wild. scar tissue. "You said you've only got until your next birthday, and then all bets are off." "Oh, okay," lay said. "Their laws couldn't tell them anything about the cold universe before that instant. Flame physics only came into existence when the flame did." and country-and-western bars from Omaha to Santa Fe, to Abilene, to Houston, to Reno, to Denver. "Just don't you stray from here," the driving machine warns. He tugs on the bill of his green cap, the way. to have the substance of a sword. Motorized, the lamp moves, and each time the slicing beam finds. "Wanting to save your husband would be far from strange, and a noble sentiment indeed . . . if it were true. But is

it true?" tube top stretched so extravagantly that it might kill bystanders if it snapped, she was temptation. Through clenched teeth that squeezed each sibilant into a hiss, she said, "Hag of a witch bitch, sorcerer's. INSIDE THE LOCAL command post behind the Hexagon's armored bulkhead, Major Lesley of the Special Duty Force was still too stunned by what he had heard to be capable of a coherent reaction for the moment. He stared at the command panel where a screen showed a view from the Columbia District, where the SD guard commander had entered the Communications Center under a truce flag some minutes previously to talk with Borftein, and tried to separate the conflicting emotions in his head. Captain Jarvis, Lesley's adjutant officer, and Lieutenant Chaurez watched in silence while around the command post the duty staff averted their eyes and occupied themselves with their own thoughts. His dilemma was not so much having to choose between conflicting orders for the first time in his life, for their order of precedence was plain enough and he had no duty to serve somebody who had usurped rank and criminally abused the power of command, but deciding which side he wanted to be on. Though Borftein was waving the credentials, Stormbel was holding the gun. "Dumb." from the Hammond larceny and the five bucks that the dog snatched from the breeze in the parking lot. how you think means changing what you believe about life. That's hard, sweetie. When we make our. "Where do you get this stuff?" track him down myself. "That's so completely radical!" In the gathering shadows that darkened but didn't. "Used to be. Is it that obvious?" Although he had been only eight years old in 2040, he could remember dearly the excitement caused by the news that a signal had come in from a spacecraft called the Kuan-yin, which had been launched in 2020, just before the war broke out. The signal had announced that the Kuan-yin had identified a suitable planet in orbit around Alpha Centauri and was commencing its experiment. The planet was named Chiron, after one of the centaurs; three other significant planets also discovered by the Kuan-yin in the system of Alpha Centauri were named Pholus, Nessus, and Eurytion. the day. Spears. lines of a long-term sufferer of constipation. Between a Ford van and a red Cadillac, he steps in the boy's. "I didn't realize anyone got embarrassed about anything anymore. In this case, it just means 'as bad as a. holds, and still the door doesn't open for him. Magic lock, bolt fused to the striker plate by a sorcerer's. each step before taking it, like a patient learning to walk again after spinal injury, she was able to proceed. In the rear passenger lounge of the shuttle being prepared for lift-off in Bay 5 at Canaveral base, Veronica sat nursing a large martini and quietly studying the pattern of activity around her and her escorts. It was just about at its peak, with passengers boarding at a steady rate and flight crew moving fore and aft continually. But most of the faces had not yet had time to register. The matron had evidently not considered it part of her duties to assist in packing or carrying anything, but had maintained her distance. knew to be a cold command: "Come, glowering girl, come, come! Looketh upon this little beauty and mutant." "I'm not in fourth grade," Leilani said, pouring the warm beer into the sink. "We're twenty-first-century. sister-becoming and her devoted brother racing north through the desert darkness, into darkness deeper. got to allow me a little literary license." "Yes, Jay. Evolution is a continual process of more ordered and complex systems emerging from simpler ones in a series of consecutive phases. First there was physical evolution, then atomic, then chemical, then biological, then animal, then human, and today we have the evolution of human societies." Pernak's face writhed to take on a different expression for each class as he spoke. "In each phase new relationships and properties come into being which can only be expressed in the context of that higher level. They can't be expressed in terms of the processes operating at lower levels." HOWARD KALENS SAT at the desk in the study of his villa style home, set amid manicured shrubs and screens of greenery in the Columbia District's top-echelon residential sector, and contemplated the porcelain bottle that he was turning slowly between his hands. It was Korean, from the thirteenth-century Koryo dynasty, and about fourteen inches high with a long neck that flowed into a bulbous body of celadon glaze delicately inlaid with mishima depicting a willow tree and symmetrical floral designs contained between decorative bands of a repeated foliose motif encircling the stem and base. His desk was a solid-walnut example of early nineteenth-century French rococo revival and the chair in which he was sitting, a matching piece by the same cabinetmaker. The books aligned on the shelves behind him included first editions by Henry James, Scott Fitzgerald, and Norman Mailer; the Matisse on the wall opposite was a print from an original preserved in the Mayflower II's vaults, and the lithographs beside it were by Rico Lebrun. And as Kalen's eyes feasted on the fine balance of detail and contrasts of hues, and his fingers traced the textures of the bottle's surface, he savored the feeling of a tiny fraction of a time and place that were long ago and far away coming back to life to be uniquely his for that brief, fleeting moment. The night heat couldn't bake the chill from Micky's bones. In memory she saw the fury-tightened face of. There were no more major points to discuss. The timetable was confirmed, and Stormbel entered a codeword into a terminal to advance the status of the provisional orders already being held in a high-security computer inside the Communications Center, on a lower level of the Columbia District module. Bernard frowned uncomprehendingly. "Yes, . . . Why. The major stared at him as if refusing to believe his ears. "Get outa here," he choked in a weak voice. He shook his head incredulously, "Just . . . get the hell outa here, willya. . . ." "Stay. . . there!" the girl instructed. She stifled another giggle and said to the boy in a lower voice, "Come on, let's put another one outside the Graphics lab. They crept away and left Driscoll staring across the corridor at the imperturbable robot. Bernard nodded. "Okay. We'll see you later then. Maybe you'd better leave that stuff here for now, Jay. If things turn out to be not quite the way you said, it might be a good idea not to go carrying it around." grass. She pulled her long hair back from her face, letting it spill over her pale shoulders. Arching her. "RAPE" Ha-ha, hah-hah. CHAPTER SEVEN. "No, we can't. I've got to think." "Okay. Get back here when you're through." and holding Celia's handkerchief to her face with the other. The grieving widow paused to look around the room, nodded once to the matron, and moved toward the door. They crossed the lounge and waited while the guard retrieved the luggage, and then the three of them rejoined the two guards outside the suite door. The party then reformed and began descending the stairs. 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."I've been putting up for years with everything they want to start all over again in Iberia!" Bernard thundered suddenly, slamming down his glass. His face turned crimson. "I hated every minute of it. Who ever asked me if that was what I wanted? Nobody. I'm tired of everybody taking- for granted who I am and what they think I'm supposed to be. I'm stuck with it because I love you and I love our kids, and I didn't have any choice. Well, now I have a choice, and this time you owe me. I say we're going to Norday, and goddamnit we're going to Norday!".Bernard didn't seem as surprised as he might have been. "Want to spit it out?".Chicago once. . . ."Aunt Gen," Micky cautioned..Roughly 35 percent of Chiron's surface was land, the bulk of it distributed among three major continental masses. The largest of these was Terranova, a vast, east-west sprawling conglomeration of every conceivable type of geographic region, dominating the southern hemisphere and extending from beyond the pole to cross the equator at its most northerly extremity. Selene, with its jagged coastlines and numerous islands, was connected to the western part of Terranova via an isthmus that narrowed to a neck below the equator; Artemis lay farther to the east, separated by oceans..Colman grinned and drank from the glass. "Not quite that bad. But some of them do have pretty funny ideas- or did have, anyway. A lot of people couldn't imagine that kids brought up by machines could be anything else but . . . 'inhuman,' I guess you'd call it-cold, that kind of thing.".Colman nodded to himself and wiped his mouth with a napkin from the dispenser on the table while he tried to form the right answer. He was stuck in the Army but wanted to become a professional engineer; Jay could walk into being an engineer but thought he wanted to be in the Army. There would be no point in being scornful and listing all the reasons why it might not be such a good idea-Jay knew all those and didn't want to hear about it..Therefore?Micky..Along with most of his generation he had been fired by the vision of the New Order America that they were helping to forge from the ashes and ruins of the old. Even stronger than what had gone before, morally and spiritually purer, and confident in the knowledge of its God-ordained mission, it would rise. again as an impregnable sanctuary to preserve the legacy of Western culture from the corrosive flood of heathen decadence and affluent brashness sweeping across the far side of the globe. So the credo' had run. And when the East at last fell apart from its own internal decay, when the illusion of unity that the Arabs were trying to impose on Central Asia was finally exposed, and when the African militancy eventually expired in an orgy of internecine squabbling, the American New Order would reabsorb temporarily estranged Europe, and prevail. That had been the quest..When the others had gone, Ceilia sank back in her chair and started brooding again. For the first time in twenty years she felt lonely and truly far from Earth. As a young girl growing up during the rise of the New Order in the recovery period after the Lean Years, she had escaped the harsh realities of twenty-first century politics and militarism by immersing herself in readings and fantasies about America in the late Colonial era. Perhaps as a reflection of her own high-born station in life, she had daydreamed herself into roles of newly arrived English ladies in the rich plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas, with carriages and servants, columned mansions, and wardrobes of dresses for the weekend balls held among the fashionable elite. The fantasies had never quite faded, and that was probably why, later, she had found a natural partner in Howard, who in turn had identified her with his own ideals and beliefs. In her private thoughts in the years that had passed since, she often wondered if perhaps she had seen the Mission to Chiron as a potential realization of long-forgotten girlhood dreams that could never have come true on Earth..her brain. Micky was better than that. Yeah, sure, all right, Micky did indeed harbor the tendency to.Paula slapped down four aces gleefully. "You lose! Hey, how about that? I just cleaned him out. See, I knew he had to be bluffing.".Curtis is "not quite right," as Burt Hooper put it, and Old Yeller is neither yellow nor male, nor."Apparently?".many clothes to allow a boy and a dog to shelter among the shirts and shoes..courage to turn against his contemptible family and to do the right thing, his sister would not have been.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..Leilani said, "He comes from a family of Ivy League academic snots. Nobody in that crowd has a."You look as if you might know something about it," Lesley said to Colman. "Is there something down on the surface that hasn't been made public knowledge?".Leilani would have preferred a shovel. A garden hoe. But this length of tubular steel was better than bare.Yet instinct insists that this isn't merely a similar truck, but the very same one..Kath appeared in the hallway just as those due to leave were filing out the door. While the farewells and "good luck's were being exchanged, she drew close to Colman and clung tightly to his arm for a moment. "Come back," she whispered..You're looking more like a mutant all the time..When Noah got into the front passenger's seat, Bobby?twenty, skinny, with a scraggly chin beard and..Just then, the door opened noisily, and several loud voices drowned out the conversations in the coffee shop. Colman recognized three faces from B Company, Padawski--a tall, wiry sergeant with harsh, thin lips and hard, bleek eyes set in a long, swarthy face---and two corporals whose names didn't come immediately to mind. They had been drinking, and Padawski could be mean at the best of times. Colman's earlier friendship with Anita had developed at a time when she had taken to staying close to Colman and Hanlon because Padawski had been pestering her. Colman could look after himself when the need arose, and Hanlon, besides being the sergeant in charge of Second Platoon, was a hand-to-hand combat instructor for the whole of D Company, and good. The combination had."It hasn't started to respond yet," Stormbel said, sounding relieved for the first time in hours. "Perhaps we took them by surprise after all." He glanced at the numbers appearing on a display of orbit and course projections, "In any case, it can't touch us now..been Familiar with that strategy..Stormbel made a signal to somewhere in the background and announced, "Sixty-second countdown commenced..".Come in, come in, get out of that awful heat," Geneva said, as if the sweltering trailer were a cool oasis..I can speak for them," Charez said. "You can ten the general that the news is good..".out of the booth and rose

to his feet. "You wouldn't do something stupid like take the money and then not. Sinsemilla snored softly. Having crashed from her chemical high, she was planted deeper than sleep. Jean saw him looking and got up to come over to the window, leaving Jeeves to deal with Marie's many questions. She stopped beside him and gazed out at the trees across the lawn and the hills rising distantly in the sun beyond the rooftops. "It's going to be such a beautiful world," she said. "I'm not sure I can stand much more of this waiting around. Surely it has to be as good as over." sudden halt when he spots two men standing out there at the lunch counter, talking to Burt Hooper. They. She felt diminished, humiliated, shaken? no less afraid than she'd been a moment ago, but now for. "What does a Chironian computer print when you attempt illegal access?" one of them asked Colman when they had got into their joke repertoires. he's hopeful that he'll learn to be good at socializing too, which is vitally important if he is to pass as an. Although she could let go of the broken serpent and use the pivoting trick with her braced leg to turn her. "Dr. Doom says we live in a culture of death now, and so people like him are the new heroes." "What. stared raptly into some other world of memory or fantasy, as though watching a drama unfold for an. that might encompass. He has never been to a carnival, but he imagines that the excitement he feels about. shepherd Curtis toward escape. The Korean craftsman who had fashioned the piece had probably led a simple and uncomplaining life, Kalens thought to himself, and would have died satisfied in the knowledge that he had created beauty from nothing and left the world a richer place for having passed through. Would his descendants in the Asia of eight hundred years later be able to say the same or to feel the same fulfillment as they scrambled for their share of mass-produced consumer affluence, paraded their newfound wealth and arrogance through the fashion houses and auction rooms of London, Paris, and New York, or basked on the decks of their gaudy yachts off Australian beaches? Kalens very much doubted it. So what had their so-called emancipation done for the world except prostitute its treasures, debase its cultural currency, and submerge the products of its finest minds in a flood of banal egalitarianism and tasteless uniformity? The same kind of destructive parasitism by its own masses, multiplying in its tissues and spreading like a disease, had brought the West to its knees over half a century earlier. Clutching the handrail, Sinsemilla shakily pulled herself up from the steps. She went inside, into the clock. The presidential suite was hers, not because she had booked the use of it, but because she owned the. Kalens raised his head sharply. "So if the Director had already suspended Congress at that time, would that, situation persist under the new Director?" He thought for a moment, then added, "I would assume it must, Surely. The object is obviously to ensure continuity of appropriate measures during the course of an emergency." Stanislaw entered more commands. A different table of information appeared on the screen. "SD guard details and timetable for posts inside the Columbia District tonight," Stanislaw said. They would refrain from doing anything to that one until the last moment. place mats from Wal-Mart. The homey glow of three unscented candles that had been acquired with. mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, A bitter taste arose in her mouth, perhaps an onion blowback from Geneva's potato salad, and her. used the restroom only a short while ago. to the moon as if it were an admiring prince who held her in his arms. Her statement both reassures and strangely disconcerts the boy, so he makes another effort at. "Are you planning to grant it?" Noah asked. hunger, and though the flood of saliva is bitter, it fails to diminish his appetite. She might remain in this state for five or six hours, in rare cases even as long as eight or ten. If the snake had struck her face, it might have bitten her eye. It might have left her half blind. The owners of the Windchaser aren't in sight, but they must be nearby to be able to trigger the lock by. Perhaps signifying the beginning of a shift in the obsessions of the resident, a single poster of Britney. any kind. After the juice, all he can count on is kicking their sex organs.