

ES COURTS FOR THE DISTRICTS OF MICHIGAN AND ALSO RULES OF THE UNITE

dark, sharing the frankfurters. Their bonding has progressed sufficiently that even in the gloom, the dog. She assured them, as she had done before, that her mother wasn't a danger to anyone but herself. Sure. The kitchen had seemed quiet before, but the fridge had been making more noise than Micky realized. Rickster shuffled along, smiling dreamily, as if the sandman had blown the dust of sleepiness in his eyes. "So does that mean you've got it figured?" Jay Eked. "There won't be a war on Chiron, will there?" Marie asked. "I'm glad I wasn't alive then," Marie said from behind him. "I can't imagine whole cities burning. It must have been horrible." Standing at the counter in the near dark, pouring coffee with the care of a blind woman, Micky said, "So. They're okay," Corporal Swyley's disembodied voice ? whispered from no definable direction. "We're making ourselves look like jerks." Providing for Laura was the reason that he worked, the reason that he lived in a low-rent apartment. "I've always said you've got a good sense of timing, Bret." but their smiles and greetings seemed false, not because he doubted their sincerity, but because he himself. check. In one sense, the nearness of those searching for him doesn't matter. The likelihood of his being. The moonless darkness baffles, but the dog is close enough for Curtis to see that she's interested in the smile, warm in even the most bitter wind, describing graceful arabesques upon her flashing blades, while. and therefore an object of contempt. Science is too potent. Nanook shifted his eyes and shook his head again. "Fanatics are gullible fools. If fools don't learn or won't keep themselves to themselves, they die young here." Hanlon licked his lips while he tried to compress his hundred-and-one objections into a few words. "Ah, to be sure, but how could anything get done at all with an arrangement like that? Now, what's to stop some fella from deciding he's not going to do anything at all except lie around in the sun?" After that brief moment of frenzy, the viper slithered loose of its own tangles and flowed swiftly across. with the moon retiring behind blankets of clouds in the west and the sun still fast abed in the east. say to make him leave. "Where's your folks, son?" the man asks. few feet, the boy can see this is debris with value: a five-dollar bill. politics? helping troubled youth, turning their lives around. interpret a patient's responses. If this had been nuclear-reactor engineering, Micky would already have best. . . maybe a midwife. I'd be beyond amazed if our births were ever registered anywhere. "Definitely not. But then--" Fallows faltered as he tried to backtrack to where he had lost the thread. "_but he was on the needle," Geneva said. "Heroin. A loser in everyone's eyes but mine. I just knew he." You know what he's got that's better than money? ". JEAN FALLOWS WAS beginning to hate Chiron, the Chironians, and everything to do with the lawless, godless, alien, hostile place. After twenty years of the familiar day-today and month-to-month routine of life aboard the Mayflower II, she missed the warmth and protectiveness that she had grown to know and yearned to be back amid the sane, civilized surroundings that she understood. She understood a way of life in which budget and necessity decided priorities of need, in which clear rules set limits of behavior, and where tried and trusted protocols defined role and function-her own as well as everybody else's; she did not understand, or even want to understand, the swirling ocean of anarchy in which she now found herself, in which individuals were expected to flounder helplessly like paper boats tossed in a tempest, with no charted shores, no havens of anchor, and no guiding stars. She had no place in it, and she desired no place in it. Secretly she dreamed of a miracle that would turn the Mayflower II around and embark her on another twenty-year voyage, back to Earth. anger might overwhelm her. She wanted to lash out at someone on Leilani's behalf, take a hard satisfying. rarity. Leilani said, "This is great potato salad, Mrs. D." she was nearly befuddled into silence. "How would you know?" "How do you know when you've done enough work?" Jay asked him, trying to make it simpler. "I'm not sure that I agree as much as I thought," Kalens told him. "Sterm may have a point. We should try it his way to begin with at least. We don't have to stick with the plan indefinitely." MEXICO. On the front, the word STARCHILD was emblazoned in two-inch red letters. "I told him to stuff it. It's over. We can be us now. I'm going to spend three months studying plasma dynamics at Norday, and after that get involved with the new complex they're planning farther north along the coast. We can all move to Norday and live there until we find something more permanent." "I agree," Marcia Quarrey said. She looked at Borftein. "If that's the case, then sending in the SD's would only confirm their fears. It would be the worst thing we could do." to go upstairs to find those necessities. shuddered. "You seem surprised," Rastus said to Bernard. "But we don't even know which Chironians to talk to," Lechat pointed out. STEVE. Smiling, reaching down to stroke the lovely lady's head, the trucker says, "I guess you'll be all right with. Bernard grinned. "It takes some getting used to, doesn't it? I think we've been shut up in a spaceship for so long that we've forgotten what on-planet life was like." He crosses the threshold and eases the door shut behind him. Therefore, at the arrival of the disabled girl, Micky was surprised to feel the same buoying expectation. A call came through from Brigade, and Sirocco switched into the audio channel to take it. Colman sat back and looked around. The indicators and alarms on the console in front of him had nothing to report. Nobody was creeping about under the floor, worming their way between the structure's inner and outer ski. ~, tampering with any doors or hatches, cutting a hole through from the booster compartments, crawling down from the accelerator level above, or climbing furtively across the outside. Nobody, it seemed, wanted any thermonuclear warheads today. He rose and moved round behind the chair. "Need to stretch my legs," he said as Sirocco glanced up behind his faceplate. ', It's time to do a round anyhow." Sirocco nodded and carried on talking inside his helmet. Colman shouldered his M32 and left the guardroom. "Pretty good. The axle assembly's finished. You'll have. Sirocco entered some commands on the touchboard, and a second later a document appeared on the screen. Colman got up and came across to study it while Sirocco sat back. certain, just as they had been behind the subversion of the Army and even of some of Stormbel's own troopers. The Chironians would pay for it, just as everyone else who had crossed his path or tried to make a fool of him had paid eventually.

They would pay the moment someone offered resistance when his troops moved into Franklin His orders were quite explicit.. "Oh. Yeah. My dog," the boy says, feeling stupid and dimly incompetent at this. This apparently had been an exotic treat to the dog, as well. When first given a chip, he turned the. On the Bridge of the Battle Module, Colonel Oordsen turned his head from the screen that had just gone dead in front of him. On an adjacent screen, another SD officer 'was reporting from a position farther back at a longitudinal bulkhead. "Negative at Number Two Aft," Oordsen said to Stenn, who was watching grim faced. "They'll be through there in a matter of minutes." Sirocco shrugged. "I'm pretty sure it can't be Wellesley. He's tried to play it straight, it's all sweeping him way out of his depth. Anyhow, what would he have to gain? All he wants to do is to be put out to pasture; he's only got a few days left. Ramisson obviously wouldn't be involved in something like that, and the same goes for Lechat. But as for the rest, if you ask me, they're all crazy. It could be any of them or all of them. But that's who the Chironians are really after." In a hastily convened meeting of the Congress, Howard Kalens again denounced Wellesley's policy of "scandalous appeasement to what we at last see exposed as terrorist anarchy and gangsterism" and demanded that a state of emergency be declared. In a stormy debate Wellesley stood firm by his insistence that alarming though the events were, they did not constitute a general threat comparable to the in-flight hazards that the emergency proviso had been intended to cover; they did not warrant resorting to such an extreme, But Wellesley had to do something to satisfy the clamor from all sides for measures to protect the Terrans down on the surface. Kath closed her eyes gratefully for a moment, and then turned to speak to Veronica, Adam, Casey, and Barbara, who were off-screen. "They've found Steve, He's all right." 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 Micky was left speechless not by the child's acute perception but by hearing the truth put so bluntly. Fallows stood awkwardly and began moving toward the door. When he was halfway there he stopped, hesitated, then turned round again. "Sir, there's just one thing I'd like--" grass, she edged backward. "Those for?" Lechat invited. All of the members' hands went tip. "Against?" There were no hands. "The resolution is passed," Lechat announced. Phoenix had officially become a part of Chiron once again. grandfather if he were ever in a major motion picture; but he would never be cast as a chainsaw-wielding. "Hey, back off, soldier," Ci said suspiciously. "We're still strangers. Later, who knows? Give it time." change the subject. "What is?" Another missile salvo streaked in and smashed into the walls and structures inboard from the lock, wiping out half the force that had just begun to move. The survivors reeling among the wreckage began crumpling and falling under a concentrated hail of HE and cluster fire from M32s and infantry assault artillery. What was left of the covering force broke and began running back in disorder. "Get everybody out! Pull back to-" The glass partition imploded under a direct hit, and a split second later a guided bomb carrying a five-hundred-pound incendiary warhead put an end to all resistance in the vicinity of Number 2 Aft Access Port. "What are all the changes around the back end?" Colman asked curiously. "It looks like a whole new drive system." Sighing, Micky got up to retrieve a second beer from the refrigerator. "Hell, that's no surprise to me," the red-haired man declares, but the tail of Curtis's shirt remains twisted. wheelchair?. different reasons. Some serpents were more frightening than others: the specimens that didn't come in. to be entrusted to the masses. It should be controlled by those who have the intelligence to apply it competently and beneficially. Gaultitz would be a suitable figure to groom as a... high priest, don't you think, to restore some healthy awe and mystery to the subject. He nodded knowingly. "The Ancient Egyptians had the fight idea." As he spoke, it occurred to him that the Pyramids could be taken as symbolizing the hierarchical form of an ideal, stable society-a geometric iceberg. The analogy was an interesting one. It would make a good point to bring up at the dinner party. Perhaps he would adopt it as an emblem of the regime to be established on Chiron. lattice-shaded sidewalks draped with yellow and purple bougainvillea. In spite of those inviting arbors, no. Colman's eyes widened for a moment as he listened. "I'd never really thought about it," he admitted. "But I guess, yes . . . it'd have to have been like that. Your kids today don't seem to have changed all that much either. "How do you mean?" Kath asked. remaining clueless might be the wisest policy. "Something." when, as she lay sleepless in another time and place, they had rolled past in the night with a rhythmic. yards from them. Under a parking-lot arc lamp. "maybe you'll realize your palm-shaded terrace isn't in Heaven." can. I love taking care of her. Taking care of all these special people . . . that's my ice cream." inexpressibly melancholy, so quiet that the lament drifted to Micky as might the voice of a real ghost: the. "I lose again. He's just a selfish pig." something we know. The misery is comfortable." preferred when it wasn't easy." house. his friend." holds, and still the door doesn't open for him. Magic lock, bolt fused to the striker plate by a sorcerer's. "Why is it the way it is? How does what you and I do in. Jersey have anything to do with my dad's job? It doesn't make any sense." assumes that this freckled interrogator intuits his larcenies dating all the way back to the Hammond house. serpentine carcass resting on a grave cloth of orange shag. country, to the sites of famous close encounters, from Roswell, New Mexico, to Phlegm Falls, Iowa, forbidding than this one, he knows that sprinting flat-out through such terrain in twenty-percent humidity, spread, head upon a pillow, her back to the door and to the lamp, her face in shadow. She didn't stir. "Yeah," Noah acknowledged without enthusiasm. "Why do people follow leaders?" Pernak replied. "For collective-strength. What do you need collective strength for? Because strength ultimately gets to control the wealth and to impose ideas. But why does a race of millionaires need leaden if it already has all the material wealth it needs, and isn't interested in imposing ideas on anyone because nobody ever taught it to? The Chironians don't. There isn't anything to scare them with. You won't start any crusades down there because they won't take any notice." performance, she could move with a degree of gracefulness and even with surprising speed for short. "So far, you're not registering high on my terror meter." Micky swung her legs over the side of the bed, slid next to her aunt, and put an arm around her. cupholders, and when the boy filled one of these with water, his companion lapped it up efficiently. black and fully armored. Bristling, fierce in every line, turbines screaming,

this seems to be a military. of the murdered have surely been heard widely on news broadcasts..since.. "Because the Book tells us we must." Perhaps the girl mistakenly believed that every secret of her soul was written on her features, or perhaps vulnerability. But while remembered moments of their encounter now brought a smile to Micky, she was. A tense silence fell. Then Jay said, "I know at least one person in the Army who we can trust." The others looked at him in surprise..Snake; under there somewhere. When Leilani held her breath, she could hear the angry hissing. The. Perhaps signifying the beginning of a shift in the obsessions of the resident, a single poster of Britney. empty skull? or taken away in an extraterrestrial starship, like Lukipela, and hauled off to some. To the lid of one jar, someone has affixed a strip of tape on which is printed SPARE. Curtis interprets. time, she's satisfied with takin' on a joint, keeping a nice light buzz, maybe floating on a Quaalude. She. and what you think maybe he really does is have his sweaty, greasy, drooling, lustful way with me." .lasers, slim grenades, handcuffs. Automatic pistols are holstered at their hips, but they arrive with more. He wants the coins, too, but he doesn't touch them. In his nervousness, he's likely to jingle or drop them.. With the thumb on her deformed hand, Leilani gestured toward Geneva, and said to Micky, "She's an. Bernard nodded and seemed relieved, but his expression was still far from happy as he turned toward Kath, who had moved away from the others, and was watching curiously. Bernard seemed to want to say something that he didn't know how to begin.. Usually, she avoided the shower and soaked in the tub? though with nothing more fragrant than Ivory. "Peace," said Geneva. She raised her head and at last made eye contact. "Peace, and God knows you. embarrassment at his own shortcomings. "You help me? How?" .heart, and mercy would more likely be wrung from any stone.. the tavern.. "You don't understand;" Jay said. "On Earth, a lot of people would see that as their big ambition in life." .them to the silken gloom and the suety glow of the candle flames.. "I didn't know you had a thing about little girls, Steve," Anita teased. "You don't look the type." Hanlon roared and slapped his thigh.. truck stop. If they're sitting at the far end of the vehicle, facing away from the bedroom, they aren't in a. Instead, the man goes to the bathroom sink and switches on a small overhead light. Standing in profile to. "We are aware of that," Otto said.. to squat." .surefooted dog at once adapts to this abrupt change in the terrain, but because Curtis is not fully attuned. CHAPTER SEVEN. "Present . . . arms!" Sirocco barked, and twenty-two palms slapped against twenty-two breech casings at the same instant.. even goes clean and straight some days, though that's when the depression sets in." . "Who's Colman?" Lechat inquired.. Two stools away, Burt Hooper chokes violently on his waffles and chicken. His fork clatters against his. "I'm Klunk." .truck from Colorado.. forever. Girl, I'd give everything I have if that could happen for you." .In the closet: no Mom, no puke, no blood, no hidden passageway leading to a magical kingdom where. No meanness is evident in this tall, somewhat portly man, no suspicion or calculation in his twinkling blue. But Bernard suspected that the Chironians were fully capable of dealing with the problem without the Army. The Chironian population seemed to have evolved experts at everything, including some very capable marksmen and backwoodsmen who in years gone by had been called on occasionally to discourage, and if necessary dispose of, persistent troublemakers. Van Ness, for instance- the man who had dropped Wilson with a clean shot from the back of a crowded room- was obviously no amateur. It had turned out that Van Ness besides being a cartographer and timber supplier, was also an experienced hunter and explorer and taught 'armed- and unarmed- combat skills at the academy in Franklin that Jay had visited. In fact Colman had spent an afternoon in the hills farther along the Peninsula observing some of the academy's outdoor activities, and had returned convinced, Jay had said, that some of the Chironians were as good as the Army's best snipers.. place as though it were Eden re-created, everything here was inferior to the original Garden in all ways. switching off the TV and closing the doors on the entertainment center while she finished writing the

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