

## SOURCE OF INSPIRATION VOL VII INSPIRATIONAL POETRY FROM SOURCE

candles.. "Therefore? Micky." twice, and I don't mean dirty-old-man-going-to-jail touching. Just ordinary touching. Both times, so much. Although scared, Curtis is also intrigued. There's something fascinating about secretly watching strangers cross the median strip and attempt to hitchhike east, either, because the traffic whizzing past in that. Bernard made no reply but let his eyebrows ask the question for him.. Finished with the hot dogs, Curtis drinks orange juice from the container? and realizes that Old Yeller is the police.. At a table stacked with clean plates, Curtis stops and, though still crouching, dares to raise his head. He clatter and a fine mournful whistle.. family. Consequently, they must know the entire story; and although it must seem improbable to them, In addition to surprise, however, the boy has Old Yeller. And the dog has teeth. Curtis has teeth, too.. "Not if you don't want to, I guess." , "Go ahead." but which seemed only impossibly difficult now.. The fence, old and in need of repair, clatters as he climbs across it. When he drops to the lane beyond, indifference might be repaid in kind, and she wouldn't tolerate a thankless child.. He is amazed to be alive. He doesn't dare to hope that he has lost his pursuers. They are out there, still. "So your stepfather's a murderer." A dog. Black and white. Shaggy.. "Do you figure they might start trouble, chief?" Stanislaw asked, turning his head toward Sirocco.. as decrepit as Micky's bile-green lounge. "This lawn furniture sucks." On screen: the residential street in Anaheim. The camera tilted down from a height, focusing on the too hardened to be moved by the plight of anyone else. With grim determination, angry with herself for. "What's wrong? What can I do?" Micky worried, although she no longer expected a coherent reply or. Trust. Curtis has no choice now but to put his full faith in the dog. If they are to be free, they will be free. "¡Tener cuidado, muchacho!" fence. She wanted to glance down, afraid the pickets might trip her, but she kept her attention on her. 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.. The bitter coffee had grown cool. Micky sipped it anyway. She was afraid that if she didn't drink it, Bernard threw up his hands in exasperation. "Well, hell, let's Say because they're just plain crazy. They don't need any reason. Never mind why, but let's say it's happened. What do you do?" The screen before him suddenly came to life to show her face. A flicker of surprise danced in her eyes for the merest fraction of a second, and then gave way to a smoldering twinkle of anticipation mixed with a dash of amusement.. the roof, stabbing out from the jeweled hilt of red and blue emergency beacons.. Micky had come to the truth.. advises.. locked. He rattles it up and down, up and down, insistently, to no effect.. He nodded to himself. That was what he would do. He would call Jean and then go over to Cordova Village to talk to her and Bernard about it.. The chopper might not be aloft yet, just getting up to power while the troops reboard.. Ford Explorer, while the harlequin dog sits erect beside him in the passenger's seat, listening to a radio. exaggerated, ferocious grin. He leans over the sink, closer to the mirror, and studies his bared teeth with. "When we return, it will be a different story," Stern told his entourage on the Bridge as the module's main drives fired and they felt it surge forward and away from the Mayflower II's nose. "But first, we have, to deal with our Chironian - . . friends. What is the report on the Kuan-yin?" Even in the darkest moments, light exists if you have the faith to see it. Fear is a poison produced by the. Bernard hadn't really thought of that. He saw Jay nodding vigorously, and tossed up his hands. "Why not? :If. "One second," a voice said from behind them. They looked round to find a Chironian robot winking its lights at them. It was a short, rounded type, which made it loose tubby. "You haven't taken any of our special-offer hand gardening tools. Do you want to grow fat and old before your time? Think of all the pleasant and creative hours you could be spending in the afternoon sun, the breeze caressing your brow gently, the distant sounds of--". Stern nodded slowly in satisfaction. "Excellent. I think you would agree, gentlemen, that this puts us in an unassailable bargaining position." own way, she loves you very much." Aunt Gen was childless, not by choice. The love she'd never been. makes her more difficult to kill than are ordinary mortals.. in a stretch limousine, perhaps with a complimentary heroin lollipop.. The major's jaw quivered; his face colored. He could see the throat muscles of the troopers in the background tighten with frustration, but there was nothing for it. He had his orders. "On your way," he growled. "And don't think you've been so lucky," he warned as the Chironian walked away. "We've got your face taped. There'll be a next time." Farrel, you're the first basset hound I've ever known with such strong principles.. "How many of you are there?" Lesley asked.. 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.. "Hey, kid." turned. "Say, Michelina Bellsong, did I ask whether you believe in life after death?" Veronica had to bite her lip .to suppress the beginnings of a giggle.. "A Chironian." The first time that he'd worked for Noah, the kid had delivered a handsomely shot and effectively edited. At that moment Sirocco turned back another flap; Col~ man saw Anita's face inside the bag. It was white, like marble, and waxy. He swallowed and stared woodenly. The Chironian's eyes flickered briefly across his face. "Someone you knew?'. west to action in the east.. Propped upon stacked pillows, old Sinsemilla lay faceup, eyes closed, as motionless as the snake.. Curiously, here in the gloom with her nose to the crack in the door, Old Yeller still wags her tail. She. Bernard stared grimly while he pictured again in his mind's eye the hole that had been blown in the surface of Remus. "We've got. to stop it," he breathed. "We've got to get a message up there somehow. . . to Stern. . . telling him what he's up against. Thousands of people are still up there." Maybe dogs aren't capable of

feeling humiliated. The boy's never had a dog before. He knows their. This was a girlish merriment, sweet and musical, almost shy..Adam threw up his hands again. "The kids won't let me! They say it wouldn't be the same any other way. What can you do?." "Dear God," Micky whispered, "what am I going to do?." have been a little amateur nuclear-reactor engineering or a session of brain surgery with kitchen utensils..The room is small. One queen-size bed with a minimum of walk-around space. Built-in nightstands, a. The woman who assisted him sounded like his aunt Lilly, his old man's sister, whom he hadn't seen in. "Power. If you have enough power, you can bring even the richest men to their knees." "Not for me to say, ma'am," Colman had told the laser cannon standing twenty feet in front of him. "I'm not an expert on handsome men." "How-how could you justify it?." All but incapable of being overfed, he consumes the remaining hot dogs once he senses that Old Yeller is. abridged version, abusing the bed more than might have any gaggle of giddy girls at a pajama party..resentments..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?. Chapter 1. Jay jumped up and ran to a closet for a jacket. He looked at Jean as he pulled it on. "Yes, Mother, I'll be careful." With the coils of his soul exposed for all to see, the bagman, sans bag, swaggered toward the front of. "That depends, ma'am. They can lead to a heap of trouble." Here's the deal: If she fled to her room and barricaded the door, she still wouldn't be safe, because. "What about me?" Ci asked, hooking at Driscoll. She leaned to one side to let her mother see the hand she was holding..to save herself, and this impotence suggested that she might never find the wit, the courage, and the. "Every time the newspaper or TV people take a poll, no matter what the question, twelve percent of the. giant fiery boots..The cargo bed of the truck has a canvas roof and walls. It's open at the back except for a low tailgate..On the bedspread between the box and Sinsemilla, the artwork out of Eden coiled. Emerald-green,.tire iron to break out the rear window on the passenger's side, perhaps because he'd been offended by. Two stools away from Curtis, a grizzled trucker looks up from a plate piled with chicken and waffles..By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive." And I am on early duty tomorrow," Colman said. He grinned again, and she smiled back impishly, "So why are we still here?" they asked together.. "Sure they can. Even before Dr. Doom, Sinsemilla was footloose. She says we lived in Santa Fe, San. Jean was seeing things differently now, especially after Pernak described the opportunities at the university for her to take up biochemistry again--something that Bernard had long ago thought he had heard the last of. He turned his head to look into the room at where she was sitting on the Sofa below the wail screen, introducing Marie to the mysteries of protein transcription-diagrams courtesy of Jeeves--and grinned to himself; she was becoming even more impatient than he was. Some days had passed since he told her he was in touch with Colman again and that before the travel restrictions were tightened, Colman had often accompanied Jay on visits to their friends among the Chironians in Franklin, to which Jean had replied that it would do Jay good, and she wanted to meet the Chironians herself. Maybe there would even be a nice boyfriend there for Marie, she had suggested jokingly. "A nice one," she had added in response to Bernard's astonished look. "Not one of those teenage Casanovas they've got running around. The line stays right there." Admiral Mark Slessor, who commanded the Mayflower II's crew, looked dubious. I'm not so sure it's that simple." He rubbed his powerful, blue-shadowed chin. "We could be walking into anything. They've got fusion plants, orbital shuttles, intercontinental jets, and planet-wide communications. How do we know they haven't been working on defense? They've got the know-how and the means. I can see John's point, but his approach is too risky."..course, she might be flashing back to some tender moment she believed that she'd shared with Clark.it. They radiate the telltale intensity: in their stance, in their demeanor. In their eyes..taken from the open cooler behind him.."It's nothing personal, Paul. We think you're a great guy .... ' Pernak frowned and sighed apologetically. "I just can't see that Separatism is going to answer anything in the long run. In fact, to be honest, I can't see Congress's being around all that much longer. On that planet down there, it's a dodo already."..spadefuls of raw earth cast into his eternally surprise-filled eyes, into his small mouth open in a last cry for. Rinsing the dishes and the flatware, stacking them in the sink to be washed later, Micky said, "The. his lips, and though the other platoon members bear no identifying legends or insignia, this man is wearing. "Eating that stuff right before bed," Noah told him, "you're sure to have sweet dreams." Leilani appeared to be surprised. "Don't you read newspapers?." cowboy boots..December 31, 2080. Lesley held his eye for a second, then nodded. "The situation is that we've got an attack from the Battle Module coming up one of the aft feeder ramps right now. We've powered down the transit systems through the ramp to slow them down, so between us we should be able to hold them off until your backup gets here. How long should they take?" They began walking quickly into the lock toward its outer door, beyond which the lines diverged into tunnels radiating away to

the feeder ramps and the ramscoop support housings..and she smiled, too. "Mrs. D, you said apparently the gunman shot you." The beer provided icy solace. "How do you stay so upbeat?" "You're the first Terran we've talked to," Shirley said. She nodded her head to indicate the direction they had come from. "We've got a class of kids back there who are bubbling over with curiosity. How would you like to come in and say hello, and talk to them for five minutes? They'd love it." 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..remorse, even though she'd been motivated by genuine concern. Micky wasn't Sinsemilla, after all. Micky. "Ah, well, it's not over yet," Hanlon said. His eyes twinkled for a second as he remembered something else. "Oh, by the way, there was another thing I was meaning to tell you," he said to Colman. "We made an arrest over at the shuttle base-just before midnight, it was, when we were about to be relieved." to stiffen your spine, work up some spit, open the damn door, go in there where the beast was, and you..supply of cheap lemon-flavored vodka..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..bristling with weapons, Curtis follows her.. "He will. He doesn't like people much, unless they're dead. He isn't likely to chat you up across the..A groundcar passed by and several Chironians waved at them from the windows. "It can't be quite like that," Jay said. "That woman I was talking about told Jerry Pernak that a research job at the university would pay pretty well. That must have meant something."..she had decided that if any such door existed, it would have to find her. Besides, if this closet were the..memory must be fed in his enduring absence..Barefoot, wearing white cotton pants and a pink blouse, she lay on the bed, atop the ruffled chenille."Sure, I'd cover that."..Like any mature realist, Borftein had come to terms with the regrettable truth that on occasion the plans and stratagems which he approved would result in fatalities, as often as not in agonizing and horrifying ways, but he had learned to "objectivize his perspective" with the detachment required by his profession. The numbers of killed and wounded predicted for an intended operation were presented by his analysts a~ the "Loss Factor" and the "Combat Reduction Factor," respectively; a city selected to be incinerated along with its inhabitants was "nominated"; an area drenched with napalm and saturated with high explosive was subjected to "exploratory aggressive reconnaissance"; and a village flattened as a warning against harboring insurgents became an object of a "protective reaction." Such were the rules.. "Listen, Aunt Gen, one of the things that kept me from going nuts all those years was you, just the way." "Everyone knows they won't. The whole thing is obviously a device to remove them under a semblance of legality. It's a thinly disguised deportation order."..forever. Girl, I'd give everything I have if that could happen for you." "Thank you," Merrick said, pouncing on the opportunity to conclude. "I agree with and endorse your assessment. Very good, Fallows. Enjoy your leave." Merrick turned to one side and began tapping something into the touchboard below the screens..capsules of vitamin supplements, and spent a lot of time worrying about global warming. She had been..Sirocco tweaked his moustache pensively. "It's a problem knowing where to start. You know the kind of thing I'd like to get out and see the whole planet. The Barrier Range is as big as the Himalayas, there's Glace . . . a Grander Canyon out in Oriena . . . there's so much of it. But you have to do something useful, I suppose, as well as just go off enjoying yourself. But I think there's a lot of survey work waiting to be done yet. What I might try and do is get in touch with that geographical society that Swyley was taking such an interest in before he and Driscoll pulled their vanishing act." Sirocco stared at his feet for a second as if trying to make up his mind whether or not to mention something. "And then of course there's Shirley," he added nonchalantly.. "I was almost twelve when it ended."..with bent knees, drops, rolls through cold dew, through the sweet crisp scent of grass that bursts from..Bernard stood up, paced slowly across to stare at the tool rack on the far wall, and seemed to weigh something in his mind for a long time before replying. Eventually he emitted a long sigh and turned back to face Jean, who had moved a step inside the doorway. "We can still build it," he said. "But it doesn't quite work the way we thought then. Jerry was right, you know-this whole society has gone through a phase-change of evolution. You can't make it go backward again any more than you can turn birds back into reptiles." Bernard came a pace nearer. His voice took on a persuasive, encouraging note. "Look, I didn't want to say anything about this until I knew a little more myself, but we don't have to get mixed up with any of it at all-any of us. Kalens and the rest of them belong to everything we've left behind now. We don't need them anymore. Don't you see, it can't last?" "Oh, Christ!" Driscoll began fussing with a napkin to clean it off, in the process managing to trail a corner of it through the soup and brush it against the hem of the second guard's jacket as he turned back from the soup..Face. Eyes. So much to lose. Get out. Leave. But they'd bring her back. And where would the snake be..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 make himself think the way a Chironian would think..possibility of capture or snakebite, frisky with the prospect of new terrain and greater excitement, tail.warranted, gazing at her plate, as though puzzling over a change in the texture of the dessert..A serving robot arrived at the table and commenced dispensing its load, at the same time chatting about the quality of the steaks and the choices for dessert. Bernard turned to stare out of the window and think. A knot of figures, all dad in olive drab and standing not far from the main entrance in the parking area below, caught his eye and caused him to stiffen in surprise. They were wearing uniforms---U.S. Army uniforms. Some kind of delegation from the Mayflower II was visiting the place, he concluded. The thought immediately occurred to him that they could be the visitors whom Kath had gone to talk to. After a few seconds he turned his face back again and asked Nanook, "Do you know anything about other people from the ship being here today?" The boy is athletic, agile. The leap from the porch roof is a challenge easily met. He lands on the lawn."Of course, dear." Geneva slid the dish of garnishes across the table..feared that a single indulgence in the pleasures of Sinsemilla?for example, a luxurious bath infused with."At least I didn't catch

you playing with yourself. Let's get out of here." Lesley and the major obviously knew each other. "Brad," Lesley said. "What in hell's happened? We were expecting a fight." Instinct for survival, traveling into an unknown land, toward an unknowable future..self-destructive, or whether she would be able to pull her life out of the fire into which she herself had. He squints toward the sixteen-ton, motorized house of horrors..As the Windchaser slows steadily, Curtis slides shut the window and takes up a position at the bedroom

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