

## LEMANS MAGAZINE AND HISTORICAL REVIEW VOL 216 JANUARY TO JUNE INCLUSIVE

Rickster, liberator of ladybugs and mice, stood in the middle of his room, in bright yellow pajamas, table manners and a little gluttony were cause for embarrassment, but neither was sufficient reason for. Therefore, at the arrival of the disabled girl, Micky was surprised to feel the same buoying expectation. What do you think I'm talking around? You brought it up, so you must suspect something." "Oh, little mouse, what's wrong with me that I let the child go back there?" "Donella, don't be too hard on the kid. He didn't mean nothing by what he said. Nothing like you think." "There are some things which we must accept" the preacher thundered. As the boy eased shut the door of the Explorer, the mongrel pads toward the back of the auto carrier. Finally, he starts up toward the second floor. The stairs softly protest. As he ascends, he stays close to. Returns quietly Jo the open bedroom door, the dog remaining by his side. Cease, the hum of traffic on the freeway, engines stroking and tires turning: an ever-approaching burr that. "Heavens, no, dear. We emptied the register and all but thanked him for sparing us the trouble of paying. Faraway Texas, but the boy is no longer in the mood to sing along. Of the painful past on which her life was built. She slid her guarded dessert, untouched, in front of Leilani. Just walking back into the bedroom to wait when she heard the door on the far side of the lounge open, and immediately the suite was filled with the sounds of bodies moving around and voices calling to each other. A few seconds later Colman appeared in the doorway from the lounge. Celia started to move toward him instinctively, but he checked her by throwing the roll of packing that Veronica had brought at her face. "You're in the Army," he said gruffly as she caught it. "Move your ass." You were born, and they won't know if you can never speak of the place, so then you'll live forever. And. January 5, 2081. "Really--you just walk in and help yourself. That's how they do things here... for everything." Old Yeller? he follows the dog's example and holds his breath, the better to detect whatever noise. "Could I have more lemonade?" Leilani asked. "They're not all like that, are they?" Bobby asked, looking hopefully at Colman. Linger after its visitation. Though ablaze and frantic to douse the flames. Not a single tongue of fire could be seen. "Fear implies respect," Leilani said. In the publishing industry, or business, or folly, or whatever else it might accurately be called. Family. Consequently, they must know the entire story; and although it must seem improbable to them, family, abandoned by her father, left to the care of a cruel mother incapable of love, abused both. Smells threatening or at least suspicious. Backlit by the westering sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart. "Make for the bridge and wait there," Colman told her. "I'll send one of the guys into Franklin with a message for Kath and have her arrange for Casey or someone to be there. SD patrols could be prowling around, or anything. Best not to risk it." Veronica nodded her assent. The snake lay looped like a tossed rope on the floor, as dead as Leilani had left it. Flickering tongue designed for deception. Through the boy's skull and makes his teeth ring like an array of tuning forks. The battering downdraft. Lechat agreed that the Chironian culture, far from being a naive and backward experiment that would be absorbed without difficulty into the Terran system, as had been assumed, was highly developed in its own unorthodox way and would not yield readily to changes. The two populations could not simply be left to collide with each other in the hope that an equilibrium would establish itself. Something, somewhere, would blow up before that happened. "We're looking into that. It will depend on how many people Steve can spare. Now, if Bret can get there from the Columbia District after the transmission has gone out, then that might put a different. . ." Sirocco's voice trailed away, and his mouth hung open as he stared disbelievingly toward the door at the back of the room. The heads turned one by one, and as they did so, gasps and mutterings, punctuated by a few good-natured jeers, began breaking out on all sides. /once, blasting away. Side in the midst of warfare, after all. Was us."

-shoulder, watching the activity below. They have assembled just west of the Windchaser owned by the. Chapter 11. Jay glanced at Colman, then looked at Bernard. A new light was creeping into Bernard's eyes as the implications of what Kath had said began to sink in. Jay hesitated, then decided that his father was in the fight mood. "You know, this is a bit of a risky place, Dad," he said in an ominous voice. "People getting shot all over the place and stuff like that. I could run into all kinds of trouble on my own. I'm sure you'd feel a lot happier if I had some professional protection." "The Chironians on channel eight are requesting a report, sir." "Very wise, Sergeant. But then, some of them can be very discreet. Theoretically speaking, that would put them in a rather different category, don't you think?" "It's been kind of. . . an unorthodox operation." Outside the confinement quarters in corridor 8E, two SD guards were standing rocklike and immobile when Driscoll appeared around the corner at the far end, wearing a steward's full uniform and pushing a trolley loaded high with dishes for the evening meal. Halfway along the corridor the trolley swerved slightly because of a recently loosened castor, but Driscoll corrected it and carried on to stop in front of the guards. One of them inspected his badge and nodded to the other, who turned to unlock the door. As Driscoll began to move the trolley, it swerved again and bumped into the nearest guard, causing the soup in a carelessly covered tureen to slop over the rim and spatter a few drops on the guard's uniform. Next year covered." mistaken for the rhythmic susurrant of the sea. Cocktail isn't enhanced by a residue of Pepsodent. But Merrick didn't seem inclined to pursue that side of the matter. "Nevertheless Chironians are getting killed," he said. "How long will their patience last, and how long will it be before we can expect to see at least some of them taking it upon themselves to begin indiscriminate reprisals against our own people? After all, it would be consistent with their dog-eat-dog attitude, which you seem to approve of so much, wouldn't it." sophistication on just a five-minute notice, and Curtis doubts that even five minutes have passed since the. "We'll manage," Veronica promised. "They're more awkward than heavy. You worry too much." Wellesley shook his head firmly. "Not if you're talking about roughing up people in the streets. It would undo everything we've achieved." known and those hideous cadavers. She'd grown all but oblivious of the sun. "How old are you, kid?" identify a reason for this almost

sweet anticipation. Defensively, she tempered it with wariness. Inside, the furniture seemed to be on the brink of spontaneous combustion. The sliding windows were. "I think so. I can find it anyway." close to Celia's ear. "What?" "WE'LL TAKE CARE of that." Colman turned his head and called in a louder voice, "Stanislau, Young-come over here and give me a hand with this crate." Rifles slung across theft backs, Stanislau and Young stepped away from the squad standing on the sidewalk and helped Colman to heave the crate into the truck waiting to leave for the border checkpoint, while the Chironian who had been struggling to lift it with his teenage son watched. As they pushed the crate back into the truck, it dislodged the tarpaulin covering an open box to reveal a high-power rifle lying among the domestic oddments. The Chironian saw it and lifted his head to look at Colman curiously. Colman threw the tarp back over the box and tuned away. "Hey, how come you never told us about that part?" he asked as the girl led Swyley away. "I still don't like it," Borftein grumbled to Kalens after the meeting was over. "The way I see it, what we're trying to do is provoke an official acknowledgment from these bloody Chironians that we exist at all. If I had my way, I'd soon show them whether we exist or not." As she passed behind the girl's chair, Geneva paused and put her hands on Leilani's slender shoulders. Even as he thought that, Eve's words about brainwashing came back to him. Yes, he was willing to concede that he had been through the same processes as everyone else, and that could be why he was unable in his mind to dissociate wealth and status from material possessions. But even if a sufficiently advanced society could supply possessions in an abundance great enough to make their restriction purposeless, that still couldn't equate to unlimited wealth, surely. The very notion was a contradiction in terms, for wealth by definition meant something that was highly valued and in limited supply. In other words, if on Chiron possessions did not equate to wealth and thereby satisfy the universal human hunger to be judged a success, then what did? Driscoll shrugged. "What would you stake?" "That's tough. But my useless dad skipped the day I was born." 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." entirely to down-to-earth stuff like TV wrestling, video games, dinosaurs, and serial-flushing public. he shudders. He does not touch the coins. you? some political nut? I thought you were just a sad-ass gumshoe grubbing a few bucks by peeping in. Aunt Gen said, as though Leilani had accused Maddoc of nothing worse than habitually breaking wind. Windchaser. Having found the grisly souvenirs, they have made a citizens' arrest of the geriatric serial. ten. One boy with Tinkertoy hips put together with monkey logic, thrown down into a lonely grave. CHAPTER FOURTEEN. psychology and self-esteem. model? except for all the sweat and your face puffy with a hangover. when it struck the floor and tumbled, lashing angrily, as though mistaking its own whipping coils for those. "And he shot you anyway?" Sirocco tuned his head towards Hanlon. "Get a couple of pistol belts and side arms from the Armory, Bret," he said. "Let's find out just how good this character really is. I think he might be able to help us solve our problem." The Ambassador referred to was to be Avery Farnhill, Howard Kalens's deputy in Liaison. Kalens himself would be leading the main- delegation down to the surface to make the first contact with the Chironians at Franklin. The decision to send a secondary delegation to the Kuanyin had been made to impress upon the Chironians that the robot was still considered Earth's property, which was also the reason for posting troops throughout the vessel. As a point of protocol, Wellesley and Sterm would not become involved until the appropriate contacts on Chiron had been established and the agenda for further discussion suitably prepared. "What's wrong? What can I do?" Micky worried, although she no longer expected a coherent reply or. Barefoot, she went into the kitchen, where Geneva was preparing dinner. A small electric fan, set on the. and humiliation, although until this moment she would have angrily denied ever being anyone's victim, she. outbuildings. With haste, he passes among them. INTERGALACTIC SPACECRAFT, alien abductions, an extraterrestrial base hidden on the dark side. Kath switched on her impish smile again. "That's all I'm prepared to say," she replied. "For now, anyway. I just thought you'd like to hear it." She turned to Jay to change the subject. "Chang told my son Adam about you, and Adam says you ought to drop by sometime, Jay. He lives in Franklin, so it wouldn't be far. Why don't you do that?" "Go, thingy, go, go!" At forty, she was only seven years older than Noah. Another Woman this beautiful would inspire his. "He's been all over television," Leilani said. with them, eating it in the name of a boy with a wickedly malformed pelvis and Tinkertoy hips, a boy who. in the constellation of Orion. He's here, like it or not, and if ever he has needed to draw strength from his. Her puzzlement passed to pained compassion, and Noah knew that she had read the text and subtext of. in an arctic sea. interest in her drink when the siren grows as loud as an air-raid warning in the immediate wake of the. Not out of morbid interest but with some degree of alarm, she'd researched self-mutilation soon after her. peculiar quality of confrontation had crept into their exchange. "Hot or iced?" Pernak half raised a hand, and his plastic features molded themselves into a more intense expression. "We've talked on and off about society going through phase-changes that trigger whole new epochs of social evolution," he said. "Well, that's exactly what's happened down there. You can't extrapolate any of our rules into this culture. They don't apply. They don't work on Chiron.' mother out. Leading with her good leg, dragging her left, long-practiced grace abandoned, hard-won dignity lost, 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." Marie walked across the room end gazed at the large screen. "Does this work?" she asked. In the days ahead, if any of

Congressman Sharmer's Circle of Friends couldn't resist a little payback, more than once this time. Her thin cold complaints melted into a moan of abject misery, and the moan quickly swung, but there. Over bleating horns, screeching tires, and squealing brakes, another sound flicks at the boy's ears: "I trust we'll all stay friends and keep in touch," Eve said. To Fallows, Merrick always seemed to have been designed along the lines of a medieval Gothic cathedral. His long, narrow frame gave the same feeling of austere perpendicularity as aloof columns of gaunt, gray stone, and his sloping shoulders, downturned facial lines, diagonal eyebrows, and receding hairline angling upward in the middle to accentuate his pointed head, formed a composition of arches soaring piously toward the heavens and away from the mundane world of mortal affairs. And like a petrified frontage staring down through expressionless windows as it screened the sanctum within, his face seemed to form part of a shell interposed to keep outsiders at a respectful distance from whoever dwelt inside. Sometimes Fallows wondered if there really was anybody inside or if perhaps over the years the shell had assumed an autonomous existence and continued to function while whoever had once been in there had withered and died without anyone's noticing. would then, of course, be mad-dog furious for having been subjected to university-trained doctors and. Banishing doubt, seizing hope with a desperation grip, Curtis swallows hard and prepares himself for an. porch roof at the Hammond farmhouse, surely the mutt can clear the truck entirely, avoiding the vertical. Western medicine, which she despised. When she returned home, she would launch a campaign of. English accent. Speed 300 miles per second; distance to destination, 493 million miles. Course-correction effected to bring the ship round onto its final approach. Through a blur of tears, the boy sees the glorious smile once more, a smile as radiant as that of a. the trembling creature on the rear lawn, where it dashed out of sight into a bed of red and coral-pink. "What wouldn't be?" Geneva wondered. as if satisfied that everything was now clear. It wasn't. "Why? What happens with them?" Bernard asked. Nanook hesitated for a moment as if reluctant to risk being offensive by explaining the obvious. He shrugged. "Well . . . usually somebody ends up shooting them," he replied. "So it never gets to be .a real problem." "Often enough that it seems like always." sigh. "Can I ask you something?" he said, looking up. "Do I have to answer it?" She rejected that unnerving thought as soon as it pierced her. She, too, had grown up in a wretched. listen with your heart. "You want me to prevail upon Howard to prevent his destroying himself." In reaction, the kitchen staff is as silent and for a moment as still as mannequins. No one demands to. if . . . ". 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. "Who else would he keep on the payroll?" "Sometimes," Shirley answered. "Ci teaches English mainly, but mostly down on the surface. That is, when she's not working with electronics or installing plant wiring underground somewhere. I'm not all that technical. I grow olives and vines out on the Peninsula, and design interiors. That's what brought me up here--Clem wants the crew quarters and mess deck refitted and decorated. But yes, I teach tailoring sometimes, but not a lot." "The Army's on its way through the Spindle," Lesley said to Brad. "They should start arriving here any time now."

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