

THE LIGHT WITHIN ME [LARGE PRINT]

"So you aren't just bonus points, Mrs. D. You're like this terrific prize that turned up in a box of rancid families. He'd been hoping for more kids, lots of kids, so he won't be so easy to spot if the wrong people. The Chironians would watch and wait until Only the lunatic core was left, stripped bare of its innocent protectors. Eventually only two kinds would be left: There would be Chironians, and there would be Kalenses And Colman no longer had any doubts as to which he would be." "Everything I've said is true," Jay insisted. "There's this big kinds market in town. It's got just about everything, and you just walk in and take what you want. We got talking to some Chironians, and they showed us what you do. I don't understand it either, but that's how things work here." "Let's not start name-calling." Each time the politician's man flexed his fist, the fanged mouth widened on. The suspicion he'd directed at Wendy Quail had been misplaced. In daylight, they had slouched low, to avoid being seen by passing motorists who might signal the driver. CHAPTER SEVEN. but the only time he ever slung his willy out of his pants was when he needed to take a leak. "the street, head raised as though he were admiring the palette of the twilight sky.. Most self-mutilators were deeply self-involved. A small number could be confidently diagnosed as. resisted him." Lechat didn't respond immediately. Eve Verity elaborated. "For over three centuries we've been struggling to reconcile old ideas about the distribution of wealth with the new impact of high technology. The problem has always been that traditional conditioning processes for persuading people to accept the inevitability of finite resources get passed on from generation to generation as unquestioned conventional wisdoms until they start to look like absolute truths. Wealth was always something that had to be competed and fought for. When slaves and territory went out of style with technology becoming the main source of wealth, we continued to fight over it in the same way we'd always fought over everything else, and everybody thought that was inevitable and natural. They couldn't separate the old theories from the new facts." Eve took a sip from her wineglass, then continued, "But the Chironians never grew up with any of that brainwashing. They made a clean start with science and advanced technologies all around them and taken for granted, and they understand that new technologies create new resources ...without limit." All entrances into the Center itself were guarded. Sirocco had proposed dressing a squad in SD uniforms and marching Lechat and Celia openly up to the main door and brazening out an act of bringing in two legitimate fugitives after apprehending them. But Malloy had vetoed the idea on the grounds that the deception would never stand up to SD security procedures. Then Lechat had suggested a less dramatic and less risky method. As a regular customer of the Fran?oise for many years, he was a close friend of the manager and had spent many late nights discussing politics with the staff until way after closing. They all knew Lechat, and he was sure he could rely on them. The kitchens that serviced the restaurant from the level above also serviced the staff cafeteria in the Government Center, Lechat had pointed out. There had to be service elevators, laundry chutes, garbage ducts- something that connected through from the rear of the Fran?oise.. communicate with the spirit world, sometimes just talking to herself. "I don't cheat." Gen's sly look was worthy of a Mafia accountant testifying before a congressional. He raises neither issue. Bad guys are looking for him. He's been too long in this one spot. Motion is. get here is crawl, and if she tried to eat anything in her condition, she'd just puke it up." "But that doesn't mean we have to take chances," Anita pointed out. When she returned with a dew-beaded bottle of Dos Equis, the waitress said, "Was that guy a stoolie or. happened . . Howard learned about it, Celia closed her eyes as if she were trying to shut out a memory that she was seeing again. "He lost control of himself completely there was a fight, and.." She left the rest unsaid. After a few seconds she opened her eyes and stared blankly ahead again. "Maybe I wanted him to find out- provoked him to it. You see, after all that time, maybe I knew deep down that I couldn't just walk away and leave him like that either.' What other way was there?" Her eyes brimmed with tears suddenly, and she brought her handkerchief to her face.. While the noise was dying away, Sirocco swept his eyes around the room and over the sixty-odd faces that had stayed to the last, and who, apart from the ten lookouts placed around the block, were all that was left of D Company's original complement of almost a hundred. He was going to need every one of them, he knew, and even so, it would be cutting things ridiculously thin. But as well as the misgivings that he tried not to show, he felt inwardly moved as he looked at the men who by all the accepted norms and standards should have been among the first in the Army to have gone. But apart from the SD units, D Company's record was second to none. It was a tribute to him personally, expressed in the only common language that meant anything to the mixture of oddballs and misfits that fate had consigned to his charge. But Sirocco had always seen them not as misfits but as individuals, many of them talented in their own peculiar and in some cases bizarre ways, and had accepted them for what they were, which was all they had ever really wanted. But the term misfit was a relative one, he had come to realize. The world that had labeled them misfits was the world that had been unable to compel them to conform. Chiron was a world full of individualists who could never be compelled to conform and who asked only to be accepted for what they were or to be left alone. Every man in D Company had been a Chironian long before planetfall at Alpha Centauri- many before departing Earth. The highest form of currency that a Chironian could offer was respect, and these Chironians were paying it to him now, just by being there. Their respect meant more than medals, citations, or promotions, and Sirocco permitted himself a brief moment of pride. For he knew full well that, whatever the outcome of the operation ahead of them all, it would be the last time they would formally be assembled as D Company.. grass that shimmers out there beyond the trees.. "For a long time," Colman said.. hauling ice cream or meat, cheese or frozen dinners, flatbeds laden with concrete pipe and construction. Surprising the boy, she affectionately squeezes his right hand. "Whenever people think they're smarter. Then, slowly, she realized what her mind had responded to unconsciously in the faces of the three children in the Chironian sculpture. The artist had been not merely an expert, but

a master. For fear was there too, not in any way that was consciously perceptible, but in a way that slipped subliminally into the mind of the beholder and gripped it by its deepest roots. That was why she had felt disturbed all the way back from Franklin. But there was still something else. She could feel it tugging at the fringes of awareness-something deeper that she hadn't grasped even yet. She turned her eyes to the sculpture again. "Like what?" Nanook asked. This time, the pacifist didn't smile. "Guess I should have said do the smart thing." Only Aunt Gen, last of the innocents, would call them boyfriends? those predators, pariahs proud of. "I bet he did," Marie declared. You have this kind of pride. Honor, he called it. But these days, honor is for suckers, and that makes you. "I wouldn't feel clean with his money in my pocket. I'll be satisfied with payment of that invoice." companies, however, decline to pay for expensive plastic-surgery when the patient also suffers serious. "I don't give a shit," Padawski shouted as the trio spilled across the floor toward the counter. "I don't give a goddamn shit, I tell ya. If that asshole wants to--" His voice broke off suddenly. "Say, who've we got over here? It's Goldilocks from D Company--they're the shitheads who're so smart they can screw up a whole exercise on the first day." Colman felt the floor vibrate as heavy footfalls approached the booth. He quietly uncrossed his feet beneath the table and shifted his weight to be poised for instant movement. His fingers curled more snugly around the half-full cup of hot coffee. He looked up to find Padawski leering down from about three feet away. mutant. "Dinner's ready," Geneva announced. "Cold salads and sandwich fixings. Not very fancy, but." We've never seen anything connected with defense, and they've never mentioned anything," Borftein insisted. "Let's stick to reality and the facts we know. Why complicate the issue with speculation?" Chapter 13. Clapping her hands in delight, Leilani said, "I knew there must be some gumption in you." She rose from. Colman frowned, rubbed his brow, and in the end tossed out his hand with a sigh. "No . . . we're not making the right point somehow. Let's put it this way--how can you measure who owes who what?" The painter scratched his nose and stared at the ground over his knuckle. Clearly the notion was new to him. .whimpers of fear, but the boy dares not surrender to his desire to sit in the lane beside the dog and cry in. must be clotting ahead of them. incoherently, believed herself to be a more delicate and exquisite flower than any hothouse orchid. that I think about it, the man who was shot in New Orleans? he was Alec Baldwin. 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. killing people because I'm too fearful or too ashamed to bring myself to talk about what he really does, how to cope with that." murderous rampage. Leilani's eccentric tales were acceptable conversation over dinner in an asylum; but. The intellectually disadvantaged trucker is so deeply touched by this expression of concern that he. "Jerry said some interesting things, and they make some sense," Bernard answered, setting the jig down on the bench before him, and sitting back on his stool. ~The Chironians might have some strange ways, but they have a lot of respect-for us as well as for each other. That's not such a bad way for people to be. Sure, maybe we're going to have to learn to get along without some of the things we're used to, but there are compensations." from the galley, lounge, and cockpit. The door at the opposite end of the bath stands less than halfway. that graphic. The painter glanced across and noticed them watching. "Nice day," he commented and continued with his work. The surface that he was finishing had been thoroughly cleaned, filled, smoothed, and primed, and a couple of planks had been replaced and a windowsill repaired in readiness for coating. The woodwork-was neat and clean, and the pieces fitted precisely; the painter worked on with slow, deliberate movements that smoothed the paint into the grain to leave no brush marks or uneven patches. The three Terrans crossed the street and stood for a while to watch more closely. Howard Kalens simmered as he listened. Quatre had changed her tune when the commercial lobby, whose interests she represented, panicked at the prospect of having to compete in the insane Chironian economic system. The signals coming down the line had told her that she'd better get something done about it and soon, if she wanted to see herself reinstated after the elections, which in turn meant that Kalens had better be seen to back her case if he expected her support in his bid for the Directorship. Drying her hands on a dishtowel, she turned to the girl. "I don't have any suspicions. I'm just saying, if." I suppose not," Kath said. She lay silent for a while and then went on in a more distant voice, "But it's still not really the same. I mean, it must be wonderful to have actually been born there . . . to know that you were directly descended through all those generations, right back to when it all began." mend a complete strategic arsenal, the potency of which I do not have to spell out to you, and the only weapon capable of opposing us is now neutralized. Our ability to attack the Kuan-yin, on the other hand, is unimpaired, and I am sure that you will have worked out for yourselves already that its destruction would be guaranteed. We command the entire surface of Chiron, the Mayflower II has been reduced to a defenseless condition, and the implications of those facts are obvious." rarity. with a patina of perspiration. In spite of her genius IQ, her street smarts, and her well-polished wise-ass. she knew Luki for what he was even before he popped out of her. Lukipela is Hawaiian for Lucifer." market near Albuquerque, New Mexico, on their way to explore the alien enigmas of Roswell. ornate hand-tooled designs that, to the boy's questioning fingertips, speak of parades, horse shows, and. and folded into an amazing work of architecture, high at the top of which is pinned a little. sixty-year-old woman. "Micky, sweetie, did you have a good day?" The fence, old and in need of repair, clatters as he climbs across it. When he drops to the lane beyond. only a small window, and in this heat, the roiling steam wouldn't properly vent. so full of life. And you still are everything you were then. None of it's lost forever. All that promise, all. In the kitchen, after quietly closing the door behind himself, he holds his

breath, listening. The house is. Colman came out of the Omar Bradley Block and began walking quickly toward the main gate. Vehicles were landing and taking off continually in the depot area while ammunition boxes were hastily unloaded from ground trucks; the barracks area seemed to be alive with squads doubling this way and that, and officers shouting orders. Sandbagged weapons pits that hadn't existed hours earlier had appeared at strategic places, and new ones were still being dug. "You know, walking around the park in a costume, having your photo taken with people. I wanted to be along which terror will come, hissing and smoking, to a sudden detonation. Across hard-packed earth and fields of sandstone, they race into a dry slough of soft sand. The. "But who decides who works here? Who appoints them to their jobs?" Curiously, here in the gloom with her nose to the crack in the door, Old Yeller still wags her tail. She books. To test the limits of the doctor's generosity, she should suggest diamonds, a Tiffany lamp. No. sledgehammer at a headlight. Geneva frowned at Micky, and Micky shrugged. She didn't know whether these tales of Sinsemilla's inside. They grin at him, complete with pink gums, but purged of blood. scrub the snake ichor from her hands, to sluice away the sweat of the day, and to remove every trace of. ON THIS, THE eve of the last Christmas that we shall be celebrating together before our journey ends, I have chosen as the subject of my seasonal message to you the passage which begins, 'Suffer little children to come unto me' The voice of the Mission's presiding bishop floated serenely down from the loudspeakers around the Texas Bowl to the congregation of ten thousand listening solemnly from the terraces. The green' rectangle of the arena below was filled by contingents from the crew and the military units standing resplendent and unmoving in full dress uniform at one end; schoolchildren in neat, orderly blocks of freshly laundered and pressed jackets of brown and blue in the center; and, facing them from the far end on the other side of the raised platform from which the bishop was speaking, the ascending tiers of benches that held the VIPs in their dark suits, pastel coats, and bemedaled tunics. The voice continued. 'The words are appropriate, for we are indeed about to meet ones whom we must recognize and accept as children in spirit, if not in all cases in body and mind ..'. Stanislaw slipped the compad into his pocket. "You don't wanna know about that," he said. "It's not very respectable." pleased by his growing fluency, which improves when he keeps his attention on the pooch instead of. The girl put down the beer? on the far side of her plate, out of Micky's reach. Her manner was casual. "I have listened to and considered the objections, but I think the prevailing view of most of us has made itself clear," Wellesley said. "The policy that we have attempted has not only failed to achieve its goals and shown itself incapable of achieving them, but it has culminated in an act which we must accept as a first manifestation of a threat that affects all of us here as potential future targets, and in the alienation of our own population to the point where many find themselves not unsympathetic to those for whom that threat speaks. Any government seeking a continuance of such a policy would constitute a government in name only.. "It behooves us, therefore, to be mindful of these things as we address ourselves, with faith in our mission and confidence that comes with the knowledge that our cause is His will, to the task ahead of...". Kath's voice remained low but took on a note of urgency. "Make sure all of them are closed. Do it now." Bernard shook his head, mystified, and started asking questions again. "Just do it," Kath said, cutting him off. "There might not be much time." "How do you know he'll go along with it?" Barbara asked.. he crouches motionless until he is sure that the noise has drawn no one's attention.. "Oh, God . ." Jean whispered. "They're going to bring out those bombs." smoke, as hard to nail down as your father's identity, as what happened to your brother, as just about. It was a nice feeling.. Jay had turned pale and was sitting motionless~ Colman's eyes blazed up at Padawski. Padawski's leer broadened. With odds of three-to-one and Jay in the middle, he knew Colman would sit tight and take it. Padawski peered more closely at Jay and blew a stream of beefy breath across the table.. "A boy of twenty-three," Kalens had said a few minutes previously. "Who was entrusted to us as a child to be given a chance to live a life of opportunity on a new world free of chains and fetters . . . to live his life with pride and dignity as God intended-cut down when he had barely glimpsed that world or breathed its air. Bruce Wilson did not die yesterday. His life ended when he was three years old." -D!". Chapter 1. sinks to his ankles, is thrown off-balance, and topples forward, imprinting his face in the sand, fortunately. Lechat had digested the implications by now and appeared worried. "Maybe the Chironians have given a warning, but nobody realized it. They might already have said that they're almost down to their last option." "Something." "We don't get a lot of those," Nanook told them again. "If they don't change pretty quickly, they tend not to stay around all that long." Iuanita looked from Bernard to Jay. Chapter 21. one of them echoed back in memory. The girl had asked if Micky believed in life after death, and when. Ten minutes later, in the privacy of the small armory at the back of the Orderly Room, Colman had told Sirocco as much as he had learned from Jay, and as much as was necessary about Celia and Veronica. Sirocco had informed Colman and Hanlon that Stormbel had seized command of the Army and was backing Sterm, and that Sterm appeared to be holding together the bulk of what Was left of the Army by appealing to fears among the senior officers that the assassination of Kalens might represent a new general threat from the Chironians.. Battle Module. -. Suddenly the whole structure of the lock exploded inward under a salvo of high-explosive, armor-piercing missiles. Although there was no air to conduct the shock, the floors and walls shuddered. Some of the defenders were caught by the debris, and more went down under the volley of fragmentation bombs fired in a second later through the hole where the lock had been. The remainder began firing at the combat-suited figures moving forward among the wreckage of the cupola outside. One of the RCC's was upended and tangled up with a part of the lock door, and the other was trying to maneuver around it. "Red section, move to fallback positions," the captain yelled. "Covering-" needed to learn by example and an innocence that could not be corrupted, which required that his. No, pup, no, no! Out, pup, out!. when an alien starship pilot, evidently drunk or asleep at the joystick, crashed his saucer into the desert.. "If you say so. Do I have a choice?" "Why not?" the painter asked. '~You'd have to feel kind of sorry for someone like that. The least you could do was make sure they got fed and looked after properly. We do get a

few like that, and that's what happens to them. It's a shame, but what can anybody do?" - "Twenty?".wearing either black vests or black windbreakers with the letters FBI blazing in white across their chests.new species of human beings crossed with crocodiles, and twelve percent would have no opinion.".To preserve the essential characteristics of the American System, life aboard the Mayflower II was' organized under a civilian administration to which both the regular military command and the military-style crew organization were subordinated. The primary legislative body of this administration was the Supreme Directorate presided over by a Mission Director, who was elected to office every three years and responsible for nominating the Directorate's ten members. The term of office of the current Mission Director, Garfield Wellesley, would end with the completion of the voyage, when elections would be held to appoint officers of a restructured government more suitable for a planetary environment.."Dr. Doom isn't his real name, of course. It's what I call him behind his back. Sometimes at dinner, he.by ETs?it was supposed to happen before we were ten. Each of us would be made whole, he promised.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.Instead of a bath, she took a shower. Her soap of choice?a cake of Ivory?worked well enough to.beyond the horizon..As the tattooed serpent's grin grew wider on the beefy hand, the snake charmer laughed. "I like you,."To assume the proposition as a premise is not to prove it," the girl explained, looking up at the preacher. "Your argument, I'm afraid, is completely circular.". "Hey, how come you never told us about that part?" he asked as the girl led Swyley away..Micky wasn't surprised to find herself returning the wave. After a week with Geneva, she'd already."How long were you up on the Kuan-yin before they moved you down to the surface, Kath?'.Fewer than half the stools and chairs were occupied. Several guys and one woman wore cowboy hats,.Paul Lechat paced back and forth in agitation across the lounge of the Fallowses' apartment in Cordova Village. "I didn't think the Chironians would go that far." he said. "I thought they would react only against direct violence. Why couldn't they have just let everything die a natural death?"".Certainly not wit.".Little affected by the sudden change of light, the dog's vision adjusts at once. Previously lying on the bed,."He underestimated you. And I regret to admit, when I came to you, my expectations weren't terribly.The dog peers at something in the oily Muck gloom under the big truck. Instead of growling again, he.in the other as she ascended in a pale green levitation beam.. "Nothing," Juanita said. "But why would they? Who'd take any notice of them?"". "Have you thought about it?" Cromwell asked..he can see those pages as clearly as the pages of any real book that he's ever read, chapter after chapter.Jay looked worried, and Bernard appalled. "You can't let people take the law into their own hands like that," Bernard insisted. "Unchecked violence-mob rule--God alone~ knows what else. It's plain uncivilized--barbaric. You're going to have to change the system sooner or later.". "Her name's Karla Rhymes," Noah reported. "When she worked as a dancer, she called herself Tiffany

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