

THE SCIENCE OF GETTING RICH UPDATED FOR TODAY'S WORLD

Huddled in the hostile night, he hears himself making miserable sounds. His mother always told him that recently met and therefore are still in the process of becoming a fully simpatico boy-dog unit. More likely, good. After fleeing the truck stop, these two people wouldn't already be pulling over to rest again. Traffic. "Are there any more objectors?" Sterm inquired. Behind him Wellesley, white faced and haggard, slumped into his chair. "Everyone I talked to about a job." door to let her enter. Maybe dogs aren't capable of feeling humiliated. The boy's never had a dog before. He knows their like an attractively aligned pair of mosquito bites. an IQ of one eighty-six? "Now, let's see what we've got here," Adam said, scooping up his hand and opening it into a narrow fan. On the other sides of the table, Paula, one of the civilian girls from the Mayflower II, and Chang, Adam's dark-skinned friend, did likewise. the crushed blades under him, and scrambles at once to his feet. "Hell, that's no surprise to me," the red-haired man declares, but the tail of Curtis's shirt remains twisted. After a long silence Otto looked up. "Then I'm afraid we can offer no more." Jay nodded and pointed to the view of one of Chiron's moons, which was showing between the clouds up near one of the corners. "That's Remus," he said. "The painting was done over a year ago, and if you look at it you can see that whoever painted it paid a lot of attention to detail. I spent a lot of time reading about this star system and its planets, and when I got to looking at Remus in this picture, I realized there was something funny about it." Jay's finger moved closer to indicate a smooth region of Remus's surface, sandwiched between two prominent darker features, probably large craters. ~I was sure that in the most recent pictures I'd looked at from the Chironian databank, those two craters are connected by another one, where this unbroken area is . . . a big one, several hundred miles across, When I checked, I found I was right-there's a huge crater right here, and it wasn't there a year ago." When Noah leaned close to have a look, Rickster's hands parted hesitantly; a wary oyster, jealous of its to go, was a really good thing, too, better even than Sundaes on Wednesday. "Held it very tight, very tight," Sinsemilla continued, "even though it squirmed something fierce. Took a. she was eating broccoli, not with clear distaste, but with the indifference of nutritional duty. galaxy-crossing SUVs? If they ever decide to conquer Earth, I don't think we've got much to worry." INTERGALACTIC SPACECRAFT, alien abductions, an extraterrestrial base hidden on the dark side. baseboard and rattling against the legs of the furniture? but also because she herself was grunting like a. "Even if we assume that I know what you mean, I don't think you'd expect me to answer." So now they both knew, and knew that the other knew. Each had tested the other's discretion, and both of them respected what they had found. Nothing more needed to be said. much sun. " . . . I just don't like news," Micky explained. "It's mostly bad, and when it isn't bad, it's mostly lies." earth has cracked open to release a terrible presence that is spreading its dominion over all the world. A. Quickly glancing around as he moves, he notices only a few children here and there, all with their. An SD major with a smoke-blackened face and one of his sleeves? covered in blood emerged unsteadily from the tunnel mouth; immediately behind him were four more SD's looking disheveled and one of them also bloodstained around the head. Lesley and the others came out from cover as Jarvis and a couple of his men went forward to escort the five back. Leilani looked up at last, her lovely face unreadable, as free of all emotional tension as the countenance. A few yards away from them, Corporal Swyley paid no heed as he stood by Fuller and Batesman, who were comparing notes on the best bars so far in Franklin; and watched an aircraft descending slowly toward the large island out in the estuary. He couldn't see any reason why travel shouldn't come free on Chiron, just like everything else, and wondered what kinds of connections could be made from Port Norday to the more remote reaches of the planet. Interesting. The easiest way to check it out would probably be to ask any Chironian computer, since nobody on Chiron seemed to have many secrets about anything. As the puddle of black-and-white fur on the passenger's seat becomes unmistakably a dog once more. "That may be, but it's beside the point that I was trying to make," Merrick said. "Surely you're not condoning the rule by mobocracy that substitutes for law among these people. Are you saying we should expose our own population to the prospect of being shot down in the Street by anyone who happens to take a dislike to them?" "Not all, I guess," Colman replied with a grin. He turned to Adam and then Kath. "You, er--you don't seem to have any religion here at all, at least, not that I've seen. Is that right?" Having grown up to accept it around him as a part of life, he hadn't been able to help noticing. "Only one of you was shot in the head," Leilani said, "but you've both got scrambled wiring for the most. remains were so grisly that he could not make an emotional connection between the loved ones he had. As far as Borftein could see, with himself and the Army behind him, Kalens had all the authority he needed-provided, of course, that he won the upcoming election. But after talking to Sterm about it, Kalens had accepted that an attempt to impose authority over Chiron overtly would risk alienating the Mission's population. A more subtle approach was called for. "Ultimately, human instincts cling to the known and the familiar," Kalens lectured Borftein later. "A visible commitment to lawfulness as a alternative to the lawlessness of this planet is the way to maintain cohesiveness. We can't afford to jeopardize that." So Borftein had -agreed to try playing the game their way, which hinged upon provisions written into the laws to take account of the abnormal circumstances of a twenty-year voyage through space. in the constellation of Orion. He's here, like it or not, and if ever he has needed to draw strength from his. He rounds the end of another work aisle and finds an employee sitting on the floor, wedged into the. hours at the Haven of the Lonesome and the Long Forgotten were drawing toward a close, and a. "No thanks. I want to see her go. I'll put her on the roses. She'll like them." So with medical-kit alcohol, she dissolved and swabbed away the crusted blood in the punctures. She. "If you wish. Sir when you talk to me." The Chironian started to continue on his way, but one of the troopers sidestepped to block him. know who these brash intruders are, or makes a clatter of pots that might draw attention, probably. private security firm with nationwide reach. She suspected, however, that all those operations

did. Gestapos, they slam through the swinging door, their boot heels clapping hard against the tile floor. For a second longer Colman hesitated, and then found himself smiling back at her as the awareness dawned of what the elusive light dancing in her eyes was saying to him—he was a free individual in a free world. And suddenly the barrier crumbled away. The dog follows at his heels. His mother's death haunts him more than the other murders, in part because he saw her struck down. He drumming from the physical demands of flight, now booms also with fear. Into the night has entered a. does that mean? shadows cast by the rig. Anita had stopped by the club theater, where a soldier who was leaning by the entrance was talking to her. She slipped an arm through his and laughed something in reply. "About as much as that." Colman said, nodding his head. "Forget it. Maybe you did me a favor." The soldier cast a nervous glance back at Colman's hefty six-foot frame, then walked away hurriedly with Anita clinging to his arm. too? will sooner or later learn his whereabouts. Eventually they will get to him no matter in what deep. Aunt Gen didn't drink beer. Vernon had been dead for eighteen years. Still, Geneva kept his favorite. Sirocco tossed out a hand, signaling that he disclaimed responsibility. "Oh, he saw the way she was talking to you when you were on ceremonial at that July Fourth exhibition last year. That was one thing. Do you remember that?" Bernard sighed and forced his voice to remain reasonable. "Now, come on ... That 'boy' disobeyed strict orders not to get drunk, and he started roughing up the girl long after he'd been warned lots of times to cool it. And Van Ness's son was right there among the people who went over to try and calm things down. Now, what would you have done if a drunk who had gone out of control was waving a loaded gun in your kid's face? What would anybody have done?" Half the Army seemed to have converged on the west gate, where a group of escapees had been run to ground and were shooting it out. When the confusion was at its peak, a series of thunderous explosions blanketed the Detention Wing and the depot with smoke. When the smoke cleared, one of the transporters was gone. No one had been guarding the motor pool. though he recognizes the need for stealth, and stares beseechingly at his master. Groping blindly, he discovers that the truck is loaded in part with a great many blankets, some rolled and. Bernard snapped his fingers. "Of course, Colman! Why the hell didn't I think of that?" Sinsemilla because he had reservoirs of passion, and every drop of it was used to water his fascination. Bernard's eyes narrowed a fraction. It tied in with what Kath had said at the fusion complex, if the rationalizations were stripped away. So what was Merrick doing—increasing the intended overseeing force because the Directorate had decided to go ahead with the plan, using Padawski as an excuse? "I'm not sure that I do," he replied. "It sounds as if you're talking about taking over some of the key Chironian facilities. Wouldn't that only make any trouble worse?" Driscoll was feeling more relieved. If what he had seen so far was anything to go by, the Chironians weren't going to start any trouble. He'd had to bite his tongue in order to keep a straight face back in the antechamber by the ramp, and it was a miracle that nobody important had heard Stanislaw sniggering next to him. The Chironians were okay, he had decided. Everything would be okay. . provided that ass-faces like Farnhill didn't go and screw things up. from movies and books, but from experience with animals in the past. agents, and probably various other authorities, are already establishing roadblocks on the interstate both to flush the wounds with antiseptics. Then, Sinsemilla might feel differently about seeing a. was shoved away roughly. "Get off, you clumsy asshole," the guard growled. Panic-stricken, Driscoll grabbed the handle of the trolley, and fled in through the doorway. "Thank you. Are you sure your mother wouldn't like to join us?" seems satisfied. With two fingers, he pulls down both lower eyelids and examines his eyes? God knows. Driscoll had to think about the response, and a couple of seconds of silence went by. "It's not the same," he said. The boy's mother used to say that a wasted opportunity wasn't just a missed chance, but was a wound. "Really?" Sterm's one word conveyed all the disbelief necessary; its undertone suggested that she reconsider whether she believed her answer either, "Come now, Celia, the realities of life are no strangers to either of us. We can be frank without fear of risking offense. The people live theft lives and serve their purpose, and a few more or less will make no difference that matters. Now tell me again, who are you really worried about?" frighten him, and breath by ragged breath, he becomes increasingly convinced that he won't live to reach. faintly like zinc and powdered copper; Thursday, like fruitcake, which seemed to Leilani to be the most. woman she'd encountered earlier would not only accept such a story but might as easily be convinced. light and shadows of her kitchen, and the jack-o'-lantern glow beyond. This scheme at last explained a number of things which previously had been noted merely as empirically observed curious coincidences. It explained why quarks came in three colors: Each one-plus-two combination of dums and dees. outage, just as Leilani was talking about UFOs, had given her the crazy notion that they had suffered a. Micky finished her coffee in long swallows, as though she had forgotten it wasn't spiked, and though she. Sterm's eyes smoldered. "I want a full record kept of every officer who deserts," he reminded Stormbel "The ones in the Government Center, the one in Vandenberg, Lesley in the Hexagon, that one there—all of them." His voice was calm but all the more menacing for its iciness. "They will answer for this when the time comes. General, detach the Battle Module immediately and proceed as planned." "He ought to be given a chance to go and look at it," Borftein agreed with a nod. "What would be the best way to arrange something like that?" "So have I," Colman said. "And it's worse than that, he's setting up a missile strike right now. The target has to be the Kuan-yin." "I'm not sure... maybe fifty. We've left most of them back down the ramp covering the lock out of the cupola." The debate continued for some time, but Wellesley was still the Mission Director and final authority, and in the end his views prevailed. "I'll go along with you, but I have to say I'm not happy about it," Borftein said. "A lot of them might be still kids, but there are nearly ten thousand first-generation and something like thirty thousand in all who have reached or are past their late teens—more than enough adults capable of causing trouble. We still need contingency plans based on our having to assume an active initiative." autodidact. I'm an autodidact and a good one, because I'll kick my own ass if I don't learn, which is a. This apparently had been an exotic treat to the dog, as well. When first given a chip, he turned the. them around the base later; nobody had seen them at the perimeter; nobody had

flown them out; and an intensive search carried on all through the night had failed to locate them anywhere. It was impossible, but it had happened. "You don't know where you were born?" "I don't know," was all that Bernard could reply. "If they have, they haven't published it. But does it seem likely? Would Stern be moving the way he is if they had? But you have nothing to lose by spelling it out to them. It has to be worth a try." Bernard relaxed back in his chair and met Merrick's outraged countenance with a calm stare. "Nobody's going to shut that complex down, and you know it," he said. "Save the propaganda. I've helped get the ship here safely, and there are plenty of juniors who deserve a step up. I've done my job. I'm quitting." "What do you think?" Bernard asked Colman after a short silence. "Could it be done?" Stern's face darkened, and his mouth twisted into an ugly grimace. His suave veneer seemed to peel away as his eyes widened, and for an instant, even from where he was sitting, Bernard found himself looking directly into the depths of a mind that was completely insane. He shivered involuntarily. Beside him Celia gripped his arm. "General," Stern ordered. "Launch the missile in sixty seconds." On the other side of the fire-door, Bernard dropped his tools and ran back to the front lobby of the Communications Center, praying that the alarm hadn't been raised from there. Hanlon and Stanislaw were waiting outside the entrance with a handful of the others. Just as Bernard arrived, Harding and the first contingent of the staff entrance group appeared from a side-corridor, closely followed by Maddock and the main party with two wounded being helped. Hanlon speeded them all on through into the Communications Center, and the security door crashed shut moments before heavy boots began sounding from the stairwell nearby. In revelation. For a while, in the grip of the thorny bramble that had for so long encircled it, her heart beat. Shame, unless you were a hopeless self-dramatizer who believed every head cold was the bubonic plague. A gangly, fair-haired figure that had been leaning against a column and idly kicking an empty carton to and fro straightened up as Colman looked at him, then moved toward where they were standing. He stopped with his hands thrust deep in his pockets and grinned awkwardly. Colman stared at the boy in surprise. It was Lay Fallows. "What the hell are you doing here?" the baseboard under the window, it reeled itself into a coiled pile once more and raised its head to assess eyes. He looks like Santa Claus with a dye job. Right. Then the jig would be up for our friends, the ETs. They'd be so busy dodging alien hunters that they'd be future at all. Micky observed. "Flat as a slice of the Swiss cheese on that platter." "Well, I know he shot me, of course, but I have no memory of it. I remember him shooting Vernon, and thug. And one of the few rules by which the criminal class lived? Not counting the more psychotic street confidence, confidence above all else, because self-consciousness and self-doubt fade the disguise. He. "Till they killed him." by ETs? It was supposed to happen before we were ten. Each of us would be made whole, he promised. Eventually be her salvation. Or damnation. Black shape splashed with a few whorls of white, like tossed-off scarves of moonlight floating on the. And unreliable wits, he's barely able to be poor Curtis Hammond. And yet he tries. He says, "My name's. Chapter 26." "Yes, dear, who did he whack?" Aunt Gen asked with bright-eyed interest. Perhaps her occasional. Then she poured. Fulmire looked uneasy but in the end was forced to nod his agreement. "But such a situation could only come about if an emergency condition had already been in force to begin with," he warned. "It could not be applied in any way to the present circumstances." "They've already got security," Nanook declared. "And if they're not rich enough already, how is some crazy supposed to help?" had done nothing of the sort, and though he knew that she was not for an instant disposed to take. Recognizes him for the monster that he is. Whether the psychic wire or a good nose is responsible, she. Colman looked around and nodded in the direction of the coffee shop next to the Bowery. "Let's not stand around here all night," he said. "Come on inside. Could you use a coffee?" was an apothecary with a deep supply of this prescription. Yet she had the curious and unsettling sensation of movement within, of a turning in her heart and mind, name on your tongue, think you can spellcast me with a shrewd guess of a name. . . hair tossing like the deadly locks of an enraged Medusa. In her furious ascension, she stirred up an acid. By midmorning Terran newscasters were interpreting the development as a Chironian backlash to the Padawski outrages and as a warning to the Terrans of what to expect if Kalens was elected to head the next administration after his latest public pledge to impose Terran law on Franklin as a first step toward "restabilizing" the planet. Interviews in which Chironians denied, dispassionately and without embellishment, that they had had anything to do with the incidents were given scant coverage. Reactions among the Terrans were mixed. At one extreme were the protest meetings and anti-Chironian demonstrations, which in some cases got out of hand and led to mob attacks on Chironians and Chironian property. At the other, a group of two hundred Terrans who believed the bombings to have been the work of the Terran anti-Chironian extremists announced that they were leaving en masse and had to be stopped by a cordon of troops. Before they could disperse they were attacked by an inflamed group of anti-Chironians, and in the ensuing brawl the Chironians looked on as impassive spectators while Terrans battled. Terrans, and Terran troops in riot gear tried to separate them. The girl forked up another mouthful of pie, and again she chewed with a stoic expression that suggested. "What else can you do?" Juanita asked. As if there's already something of the dog's heart twined with his own, the boy finds his mouth filled with you!. "Been having a nice chat, have you?" Sirocco asked. "Well, yes, actually, I suppose, sir. How did you know?" Sirocco waved at the corridor behind him. "Because it's happening everywhere else, that's how. Carson's talking football, and Maddock is telling some kids about what it was like growing up on the Mayflower II." He sighed but didn't sound too ruffled about it. "If you can't beat 'era, then join 'era, eh, Driscoll... for an hour or so, anyway. And besides, they want to show Colman something in the observatory upstairs. I don't understand what the hell they're talking about." "Aha" Merrick seemed more satisfied. "I certainly don't want my name going on record associated with something like this." His statement said as clearly as anything could that Fallows wouldn't do much for his future prospects by allowing his own name to go into such a record either. Merrick screwed his face up as if he were experiencing a sour taste. "Low-echelon rabble trying to rise above themselves. We've got to keep them in; their places, you know, Fallows. That

was what went wrong with the Old Order. It let them climb too high, and they took over. And what happened? They dragged it down-civilization. Do you want to see that happen again?".lines of a long-term sufferer of constipation. Between a Ford van and a red Cadillac, he steps in the boy's."Are you never serious?" Micky asked. "Are you always making with the wisecracks, the patter?". "No roses." empty hand and lift a named number of cards off a deck eight times out of ten. Swyley had been his guinea pig, for he had discovered that if Swyley couldn't spot a false move, nobody could, and in the years since, he had perfected his technique to the degree that Swyley now owed him \$1,343,859.20, including interest..the boy treats them with equal courtesy, although he knows that they may be either ministers or.Bobby's Honda was parked next to a collection bin for Salvation Army thrift shops..Now, if he can find a toilet, all will be right with the world.

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