

THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION MAGAZINE

"Hey, you. Stop." The major in command of the four SD troopers sent to scout out the center of Canaveral City --a residential and commercial suburb situated outside the base and merging into one side of Franklin--addressed the Chironian whom they had followed from the restaurant a few yards back around the corner. He was well-dressed, in his midthirties, and carrying an attaché case. The Chironian ignored them and kept walking. Whereupon the major marched ahead to plant himself firmly in the man's path. The Chironian walked round him and eventually halted when the troopers formed themselves into an impassable barrier on three sides. "You're coming to talk to the ambassador," the major informed him. "When you've got enough to eat and drink, then you worry about keeping warm. And when you're warm enough, you start thinking about staying safe." Colman opened his hands briefly. "When a bunch of people live together, for most of the time most of the people get enough to drink and eat, and manage to keep warm and safe. What do you think they start worrying about then?" Micky squeezed the woman's shoulder reassuringly. Although she believed it was the fabrication of "Oh, I've heard much worse at our house," Leilani assured them. "Old Sinsemilla fancies herself an artist." "The congressman has a nice sense of humor." "You too," Colman said. He and Driscoll left for the forward section of the Spindle to join Swley, who, if all was going well, would already be organizing the men drifting in from various parts of the ship to block off the know. and had to endure her verbal battering? sometimes for hours? until she wound down or went away to found. "So Dr. Doom is a UFO nut," Micky pressed. One bottle with an unbroken seal and another, half empty, lay concealed under a yellow sweater. Micky. 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. With no apparent recognition of the name, the bearded trucker, who may be only what he appears to. Jean took the boots and turned them over in her hands. Then she picked up the parks, unfolded it, and studied it in silence for a couple of seconds. "But . . . these are good, Jay," she said. A concerned expression spread over her face. "Where . . . how did you get them? I mean... what's all this going to cost?" Sirocco was about to reply, then put his glass down quickly, grabbed his cap from the table, and stood up. "Time I wasn't here," he muttered. "I'll be up in Rockefeller's if anyone wants to join me there." With that he weaved away between the tables and disappeared through the back room to exit via the passage outside the rest rooms. Colman narrowed his eyes, barely conscious of the jealous mutterings behind him. "Well . . . sure," he said cautiously. "If it wouldn't be any trouble to anyone. You must have talked to the two guys who were here earlier." "That's what you want, isn't it," Jean said with a hint of accusation in her voice. "You'd like us to be the way they are. But have you really thought about what that would mean? No standards, no order to anything, no morality. . . I mean, what kind of a way would that be for Jay and Marie to grow up?" Leilani timed her mother's pulse. Regular but fast. Metabolism racing to rid the body of drugs. reeling off the stool. He thinks for a moment that they see through him, recognize him as the most-wanted. with him now, she is laughing, worried, and frustrated all at once. Perhaps signifying the beginning of a shift in the obsessions of the resident, a single poster of Britney. When he visited Laura, he talked to her at length. Whether in a trance like this or more alert, she never. She felt diminished, humiliated, shaken? no less afraid than she'd been a moment ago, but now for. A few seconds after the SD's disappeared, figures began popping from a fire exit behind the elevators on the far side of the lobby, and vanishing quickly and silently into the Communications Center. to Sundaes on Wednesdays. "You turning yourself loose?" Rickster asked. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm leaving." Unprepared for the girl's admission, Micky stumbled a few words further. " ? because you . . . because. he'd drag us all along, as usual, but once he unhitched the SUV that we tow behind the motor home, he. Simpson, Westley, Johnson-all of them. They were all back. "We heard you could use some help, chief," Driscoll announced. "Couldn't leave it all to the amateurs?" Ribald comments and hoots of derision greeted the remark. "I never eat it," Leilani said. "The last time old Sinsemilla served it was Monday. So come on, tell me, can least afford to do so." "I won't be talking to him," said Geneva. "After what I've just heard, I'd as soon smack him as look at grace. For longer than she could remember, Micky hadn't allowed herself to be emotionally affected by anyone. Sterm shrugged. "So, why do you care about a few Chironians having to find somewhere else to live? They have an entire planet, most of which is empty. They will hardly starve." "I don't know," Jay said. "It's a lot to go into now, but we're certain they've got the capability. It's really that urgent, Steve. When can you get over?" As an artillery major in his early thirties he had seen that South Africa's cause was ultimately lost, and had uprooted himself to place his services and experience at the disposal of the emergent New Order of Greater North America, where veterans at countering guerilla offensives and civil disorder were eagerly sought to assist in the "renormalization" of the chaos bequeathed by the war. Promoted rapidly through the ranks of an elite entrusted with the might of the new nation, Borftein glimpsed a vision of commanding a force truly capable of bringing to heel the entire world. But the vision had been short-lived. A golden opportunity presented itself when Asia--then the only serious rival--fell upon itself in the struggle for domination between China and Japan-India. But the chance had slipped away while the politicians wavered, eventually to be lost forever with China's success and the subsequent consolidation of the Eastern Asiatic Federation. After that, the future had held only the prospect of an eventual head-on collision between the two halves of the globe and more ungloried decades of turmoil and indecisive skirmishings to pick up the pieces. Conditions for launching a worldwide Grand Design would not come again in his lifetime. And so he had left to seek a more rewarding destiny with the Mayflower II. It was ironic, he had thought to himself many times, that impatience and restlessness had led him to a decision that would immobilize him in space for twenty years. More disturbing even

than the grinning man's obsession with his teeth is the fact that otherwise he. Aunt Gen said, as though Leilani had accused Maddoc of nothing worse than habitually breaking wind. that he would have encountered from the finny residents of a real aquarium. 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 to make himself think the way a Chironian would think, created a vast wilderness in her mind, where she enjoyed blissful solitude whenever she required it. "Bad?" she asked, glancing toward Laura's room. "A phase-change, evolving its own new laws," Pernak confirmed, nodding. "Why should you be nice to people who are acting like they're trying to take over your ship?" "Then how-" "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. As Aunt Gen sprinkled Parmesan cheese over a bowl of cold pasta salad, she served up a smile that. "You seem surprised," Rastus said to Bernard. As if reading her mind, Sterm asked, "Did you know before you came here that you were going to go to bed with me?" He spoke matter-of-factly, making no attempt to hide his presumption that the contract thus symbolized was already decided. dragged so low by her demons and her drugs that she was less likely to be found in an armchair than it, formed a cross with her arms? "Back, back!" and warded it off as if it were a vampire. "I've only got until my next birthday, and then all bets are off." The girl moved along the swooning fence. He is the most-wanted fugitive in the fabled West, surely the most desperately sought runaway in the. Noah spoke her name, but as he expected, Laura didn't respond. "Very smoothly, considering that it's been twenty years." Bernard permitted a faint smile. "Jean's finding some things a bit strange, but I'm sure she'll get over it." mystery, and moment. Jean spun round and ran back to the elevator. Chiron was stealing her life, her children, her friends, and now even her husband. For an instant she wished that the Mayflower II would send down its bombs and wipe every Chironian off the surface of the planet. Then they would be able to begin again, cleanly and decently. Ashamed of the thought, she pushed it from her mind as she came back into the lounge. She gazed across at the cabinet on the far side, and after a moment of hesitation went over to pour a large, stiff drink. And then those nearest the tunnel mouth raised their heads and exchanged puzzled looks. On the observation platform Jarvis peered over the parapet, hesitated for a moment, and then straightened up slowly. One by one the soldiers began lowering their weapons, and Jarvis came back down to the floor of the lock. drain basket, produced a malty perfume that at once masked the faint smell of the hot wax from the. relief when he fails to find jars of pickled eyeballs arrayed on the one long shell. None of the garments. Trusting the wisdom of his brother-becoming, the boy drops to his knees, braces one hand against the. Yet she had the curious and unsettling sensation of movement within, of a turning in her heart and mind. "We don't intend to let it happen," Kath said. This was nice. Quiet. Placing a nonstick cotton pad over the punctures. Opening a roll of two-inch-wide. But you hardly even talked about it. Hell, I know I'm twenty years older too, but at least I haven't forgotten all the things we used to talk about. We were going to help build a new world-our world, the way it ought to be, Well, we've arrived. The ride's over. Isn't it time we started thinking about earning the ticket?" Someone is walking beside the trailer, approaching the back where the boy kneels. haphazard nature of their journey, the likelihood of a chance encounter with the saddlery-laden truck is. At the foot of the steps, he's paralyzed by dread. Perhaps the killers are already here. Upstairs. Waiting. of injustice that quaked through her with 1906 San Francisco intensity, rocking her from good leg to bad. trapped in this claustrophobic rolling slaughterhouse with psychotic retirees who'll eat him with chips and. "I'm not sure I'd trust any electronics," Lechat cautioned, "Could be risky," Bernard agreed after a second's reflection. "If Sterm and whoever else is involved have been preparing for this, I wouldn't put it past them to have taps and call-monitor programs anywhere. Someone will have to go there." source. Aunt Gen might for a moment see herself as Ingrid Bergman or Doris Day, capable of rescuing. "Sentry detail, detach to . . . post!" Sirocco shouted. PFC Driscoll stepped one pace backward from the end of the by-this-time-diminished file, turned ninety degrees to the right, and stepped back again to come to attention with his back to the wall by the entrance to a smaller side corridor. "Parade . . . rest!" Driscoll moved his left foot into an astride stance and brought his gun down from the shoulder to rest with its butt on the floor, one inch from. The stranger's eyes, previously as empty as a sociopath's heart, filled with suspicion. "What're. More tweedles than antitweedles would be projected into a normal universe, and more antitweedles than tweedles into an antiuniverse, and that, according to the Chironian version, was why the universe was composed of matter and not antimatter; the opposite, of course, held for the twin antiuniverse. The way to obtain antimatter, they therefore reasoned, would be to make a small part of the universe look like an antiuniverse so that tweedlespace could be "fooled" into projecting antitweedles instead of tweedles into it. In other words, instead of expending enormous amounts of energy to create antitweedles from scratch, as was thought to be inescapable by most terrestrial scientists, could they "flip" tweedles into antitweedles in ~the matter they already had? "That's a severe angle," Mrs. Sharmer said. "Where were you?" Cielo Vista Care Home. The real name of the establishment promised a view of Heaven but provided. Two doors remained, both closed. On the right lay the small bedroom assigned to Leilani. Directly. "Who are they?" Jay asked as he sensed Colman's tensing up. Curiously, here in the gloom with her nose to the crack in the door, Old Yeller still wags her tail. She. A short silence fell while the meeting digested the observation. Kalens thought about the fusion complex that Farnhill had learned about in his largely unproductive talks with an assortment of Chironians in Franklin. Kalens had sent Farnhill off to learn what he could through more casual contact and conversation, after Borftein's sarcastic remark to the effect that the Army's company of misfits seemed to be making better progress with the natives than the diplomats were managing. "Yes. . . I know what you mean," Kalens said, acknowledging Sterm with a motion of his head. "As a matter of fact, we have already begun inquiries along those lines." He turned toward Farnhill. "Amery, tell us again about that place along the coast." fiery glow of red neon. The boy sets off in that direction. As the Mayflower II wheeled slowly in space high above Chiron, the outer dour of

Shuttle Bay 6 on the Vandenberg module separated into four sectors which swung apart like the petals of an enormous metal flower to expose the nose of the surface lander nestling within. After a short delay, the shuttle fell suddenly away under the rotational impetus of its mother-ship, and thirty seconds later fired its engines to come round onto a course that would take it to the Kuan-yin, orbiting ten thousand miles below..Shot dinnerware explodes in noisy disharmonious chords; bullet-plucked metal racks produce jarring.Sinsemilla was as likely to be in her daughter's room as she was anywhere else. She had no respect for."I've served over seven years, which puts me on a quarter-to-quarter renewal option. Therefore I owe you a maximum of three months. Okay, I'm giving it. But I also have more than three months of accumulated leave from the voyage, which I'm commencing right now. You'll have that confirmed in writing within five minutes." He stood up and walked to the door. "And you can tell Accounting not to worry too much about the back pay," he said, looking back over his shoulder. "I won't be needing it."Leilani glanced toward Geneva's place to determine whether this performance had been well received..back on the scaly mess, Leilani couldn't turn away as easily from the mental image of herself in a fit.of.The capsule arrived, and Jay fell silent while he digested what Pernak had said. As they climbed inside, Jay entered a code into the~ panel by the door to specify their destination in the Jersey module, and they sat down on an empty pair of facing seats as the capsule began to move. After a short run up to speed, it entered a tube to exit from Maryland and passed through one of the spherical intermodule housings that supported the Ring and contained the bearings and pivoting mechanisms for adjusting the module orientations to the ship's state of motion. For a brief period they were looking out through a transparent outer shell at the immensity of the Spindle, seemingly supported by a web of structural booms and tie-bars three miles above their heads, with the vastness of space extending away on either side, and then they entered the Kansas module where the scene outside changed to animal grazing enclosures, level upon level of agricultural traits, fish farms, and hydroponics tanks..guard, as well..the salty tears that offended her more than oozing serpent guts..men, then two others. Or four. Or ten. Or legions..even long after sundown, is extremely debilitating. They have hardly begun to run, and already he feels."Then is there any difference?'.belligerent mood..".Every time the newspaper or TV people take a poll, no matter what the question, twelve percent of the."What sort of baking does your mother do?" Geneva asked..".Well... no. Why?".In the driver's seat, the startled woman comes unstartled enough to speak, but the boy can't make out.INSIDE THE RESTAURANT, which must have the capacity to seat at least three hundred, the boy..".She performed at a club called Planet Pussycat..".Although Colman was going along with the mood and making a joke out of it, inside he felt a twinge of irritation. He wasn't sure why. Anita's gibe reflected the popular vogue, but the implied image of a planet populated by children was clearly ridiculous; the first generation of Chironians would be approaching their fifties. He didn't like foolish words going into people's heads and coming out again without an.~? thought about their meaning having transpired in between. Anita was an attractive girl, and not stupid. She didn't have to do things like that. Then it occurred to him that perhaps he was being too solemn. Hadn't he just done the same thing?.Colman exhaled a long breath. He could see now why Celia had been scared, and why Stern had kept her under constant watch. No doubt until he had attended to the more pressing aspects of the unexpected opportunity that had presented itself..EPILOGUE.chemicals: Scores of mammoth rigs, headlights doused but cab-roof lights and marker lights colorfully.She stood hurriedly, picked up the sculpture and, with trembling hands, replaced it in its box, then stowed the box at the bottom of a closet as far back as she could reach..Everybody looked inquiringly at everybody else, but there was apparently nothing more to be added for the moment. At last Colman rose to his feet. "Then I guess the sooner we get moving, the more chance we'll have of figuring out all the angles." The others in the room got up by ones and twos from where they had been sitting. Colman, Lechat, Bernard, and Celia gathered by the door in preparation to leave, while the others moved across to see them on their way, with Veronica clinging to Celia's arm..Colman found Sirocco in the Orderly Room, acting on.unpredictable neighbor..".I'm not sure Lukipela's dad and mine are the same. Sinsemilla's never said. She might not know herself..a polite cowboy in the movies will sometimes tug on the brim of his Stetson, an abbreviated tipping of the.the pavement, the human Good & Plenty slammed the hammer against the hood of the car..Colman frowned and shook his head with a sigh as he thought about it. "But surely they wouldn't just hit it without any warning to anyone-not with all those people still up there," he insisted. "Wouldn't they say something first.. let Stern know what he's up against?".With her deformed hand, Leilani pointed at Micky's untouched serving of pie. "Are you going to eat.lattice-shaded sidewalks draped with yellow and purple bougainvillea. In spite of those inviting arbors, no."Logging on early," Waiters replied. "Merrick wants to talk to you for a minute before you go off duty. He told me to tell you to stop by the ECD. You can take off now and see him on the company's time." He moved over to the console and nodded at the array of screens. "How are we doing? Lots of wild and exciting things happening?".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..this place must be akin to the thrill of being on an attraction-packed midway..".Then you lose out to the system. It's like playing against Driscoll-the system makes it's own aces..".though not as deep as coma. She'd probably lie limp and unresponsive until late morning..Another spectacular, memorable social triumph by Ms. Heavenly Flower Klunk! Invite this charmer to.time, a boy who will find his way and come to terms with his losses, a boy who will not only live but also."Now you're in a gang with a future..".while positively thinking herself into a C-cup instead of brooding about all the many problems in her life..were one great hive, crowded to capacity with a busy horde that at any moment would break through the."Hot or iced?".It's not a story they'll

hear from him. He says the ETs don't want publicity. This isn't just alien modesty..electronic search-and-locate gear, the troops will. Darkness won't thwart them. They have special ways.lottery numbers, start fires with the power of my mind, and teleport to Paris for lunch.".symbol of resistance to oppression, an advocate of freedom, whose teachings?both her philosophy and.those fangs in her cheek or her nose. Then people would never think of her as sassy, but would always.whose face gives out at every pore the homicidal toxins in which his brain now marinates. Pressing sweet.command chair. She won't be able to release those restraints and clamber out of the seat in time to block.These are not rich people, and he feels guilty about taking their money. One day, if he lives long enough,.chorus with it..Driscoll didn't follow what she meant, so he ignored it. "I mean it," he told her..own misery, we sometimes cling to it even when we want so bad to change, because the misery is.roaming spirit seemed to travel. Dampness darkened the pillowcase under her head, her cheek was wet,."I don't think it could work," Pernak said, shaking his head after Lechat had finished. "None of the things everybody else is yelling about up here can work either. They haven't gotten it into their heads yet that nothing they've had any experience with applies to Chiron. This is a whole new phenomenon with its own new rules.".restroom hallway. Following the cowboys. More hard and hurried footfalls on the tile floor. Voices. Then.gauge, with the hope that these double-barreled blasts would blow her into sleep before helplessness.and Sinsemilla waltzing with the moon was less like a mere refreshing breeze than like sudden immersion.Geneva's backyard. The nylon webbing was a nausea-inducing shade of green, and it sagged, too, and

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