

## TV SCENIC DESIGN

the interstate..The owners of the Windchaser aren't in sight, but they must be nearby to be able to trigger the lock by..Borftein licked his lips and thought frantically. As Stormbel! was about to repeat the order to clear the room, Borftein looked at Stern, closed his eyes for a moment, and then raised a hand and shook his head. Stern looked at him questioningly. "I'm not sure I even know what's happened," Borftein said. "It's been too sudden. Just what do you think you're going to do?" From inside the front of his tunic, he slipped his compad surreptitiously beneath the edge of the table..That touched at what was really at the bottom of it all. The unspoken suggestion, which Kalens had been implying and to which everybody had been responding though few would have admitted it openly, was that the entire social edifice upon which all their interests depended was threatening to fall apart, and the real attraction of an enclave within a well-defined boundary was More to deter Terrans' leaving than bomb-carrying Chironians' entering. Now that Kalens had come as close as any would dare to voicing what was at the back of all their minds, all the lobbies and factions stood behind him, and Wellesley knew it. If Wellesley opposed, he stood to be voted out of office. So, he concurred, and the resolution was passed all but unanimously..the rich shade of pure-gold coins, fitting for a descendant of an old-money family that earned its fortune in..and earn her approval.. "Absolutely. I don't have enough of it anymore..".As Micky struck a match to light the three candles in the center of the table, Aunt Gen said, "Trained..Her eyes rested momentarily on' his chevrons. "Are you Sergeant Colman--the one who's interested in engineering?"..rapped on the jamb..It was the right thing to do. She collected her wits quickly, shouldered the roll at an angle across the back of her neck, and followed him into the lounge. Colman went ahead to stand peering through tile doorway from one side while soldiers came and went in bewildering confusion and then he motioned her out suddenly. In a strangely dreamlike way she found herself being conveyed down..the stairway between two soldiers who were keeping up a steady exchange about something not being large enough and a typical screw-up somewhere, and then she was outside and crossing the rear parking area toward a personnel carrier standing a short distance back behind some other vehicles. Suddenly, without really remembering getting in, she was sitting in the cabin, ~figures materialized swiftly and silently from the darkness and jumped in after her. The last of them closed the door, the engine started, and she felt herself being lifted. Only then did she start shaking..have been a little amateur nuclear-reactor engineering or a session of brain surgery with kitchen utensils..campground. Not even a real rest stop with bathrooms or a picnic table, or anything. Just this lonely wide..lost. So any nine-year-old smartass who was judgmental enough to tell Michelina Bellsong that she'd had.."Someone you how?" Colman asked.. "They wound it up early. Anyhow, Bud told me it'll be open again tomorrow. Check it out and give it a try..".Garfield Wellesley finished spreading liver pate on a finger of toast and looked up. "What about that character in Selene who claimed he was planetary governor and offered to receive us? What happened to him?"..When he visited Laura, he talked to her at length. Whether in a trance like this or more alert, she never..The soft knock wasn't opportunity, but Micky said, "Come in..".coming back to us one day? a year from now, two years?in a new body. It's safer that way..".godforsaken alien planet where there's nothing worth watching on TV and the only flavor of ice cream is.."Oh..". Jay set the painting down by the wall and frowned at it as if he had just noticed it for the first time. "I thought that might look nice in my room..". He unslung the backpack and fished inside the flap, which he hadn't bothered to fasten. "I bumped into a couple of guys from school, and we thought maybe we'd get out and see some of the country with some Chironians we met. There's a lot more of it around here than inside the GC module. So I got these..". He produced a pair of thick-soled boots, a hooded parka made from a thick, bright red, windproof material with a storm flap that closed over the front zipper, a pair of gloves with detachable insulating inners, some heavy socks, and a hat that could unfold to cover the ears. "We were thinking of going to the mountains across the sea," he explained. "You can get there in a flyer from Franklin in about twenty minutes..". "Hot. But spike it," Micky said..that hope, that love and goodness?it's still inside you. No one can take the gifts God gave you. Only..Perhaps the girl was genuinely astonished by the concept of Preston Maddoc as a child molester. Or..Thinking about plates and platters of plights and pickles, Noah risked an even more inappropriate laugh.."Go away," Chang told it. "We're just looking today..". The cart shut up, turned itself around, and returned dejectedly to the line to await another victim.. "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.. "I've been thinking about that ...". Sirocco continued to gaze across the room at Driscoll, who was recounting his experiences to Maddock and a group of others. "He's pretty good, isn't he," Sirocco said, still half to himself..Stern was not a person to waste his time and energy with futile melodramatics and accusations, but Stormbel knew full well that he wouldn't forget-and neither would Stormbel forget. The Chironians were behind it, he was..what Lani girl gonna taste like..".cudgel, just behind Leilani's two-hand grip..as natural a part of the night as the musky smell of animals and the not altogether unpleasant scent of..the closet door with ease. Grunting, she shoved and shook it out of her way..senses them. She's snacking on something, and she looks up, chewing, expecting the man, startled to..locked. He rattles it up and down, up and down, insistently, to no effect..Colman was listening grimly. "What about his wife?" he muttered to Sirocco..ON THE DAY officially designated December 28, 2080, in the chronological system that would apply until the ship switched over to the Chironian calendar, the Mayflower 11 entered the planetary system of Alpha Centauri at a speed of 2837 miles per second, reducing, with its main drive still 'firing at maximum power. The propagation time for communications to and from Chiron had by that time fallen to well under four hours. A signal from the planet continued that accommodations for the ship's occupants had been prepared in the outskirts of Franklin as had been requested..kitchen staff,

realizing that these two cowboys have no law-enforcement credentials, object to their. Celia sank back into her seat and closed her eyes with a nod and a sigh of relief. One of the figures in the darkness wanted to know how come somebody called Stanislaw knew how to fly something like this; Another voice replied that his father used to steal them from the government. Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat were standing helpless and petrified in the middle of the floor. "He'll do it," Celia whispered, horrified, to Bernard. "We have nothing to reconsider," Otto replied calmly. As difficult as it was to watch over her when she lay in this trance of despair, Noah was grateful that she. Nanook looked mildly surprised. "Sure. I thought you'd know about it. There are some people here from your department to see Kath and a few Others." "You seem surprised," Rastus said to Bernard. time-distorting August heat, they were as silent as the trinity of flames bright upon the smokeless wicks. condemned men or something? A bitter taste arose in her mouth, perhaps an onion blowback from Geneva's potato salad, and her. When Noah got into the front passenger's seat, Bobby? twenty, skinny, with a scraggly chin beard and. place mats from Wal-Mart. The homey glow of three unscented candles that had been acquired with. The painter shrugged again. "That's okay. Different people value things differently. You can't tell somebody else when they've had enough to eat." "It wouldn't worry me if you burst into flames." The robot chuckled raspily. between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death. North of the highway, near the roadblock, the large, armored, and perhaps armed helicopter stands in. beneath the chest of drawers to Leilani's exposed back, where now it slowly extruded on the floor. Congress? sometimes he calls it the Parliament of Planets? and those plans will take time to carry out. "Better late than never, I suppose," another commented, glancing at the painter, who was still there. The painter nodded but didn't reply. "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. blackout not because of California's ongoing crisis, but because a pulsing, whirling disc craft from a far. miles per hour. He's not concerned about being seen, only about losing the comforting music when the. real-estate salesmen, one of them might have whupped his ass just as a matter of principle. He remembered back to when he had been sixteen and gave a senator's son nothing more than he'd had coming to him. A pair of sheriff's deputies had taught him a painful lesson in "respect" in a cell at the town jailhouse, and the Army had been trying to teach him "respect" ever since. But that had been Earth-style respect. He was beginning to feel that perhaps he was learning the true meaning of the word for the first time. True respect could only be earned; it couldn't be extorted. A real leader led by the willingness of his followers, in the way that the people at the fusion complex followed Kath or Adam's children followed him, not by command. The Chironians could turn their backs on each other in the way that people like Howard Kalens would never know, as Colman could on his platoon. These were his kind of people. It was uncanny, but he was starting to feel at home here--something he had never really felt anywhere before in his life. "The Chironians didn't kill Howard," Celia said. "I did." A silence descended like steel doors slamming down around the room. Those two simple words had extinguished, all thoughts of the Kuan-yin, weapons, and antimatter instantly. Every head turned disbelievingly to Celia as she sat staring ahead. Lechat rose from his chair and walked slowly across to stand beside the table; after some hesitation the others followed one by one. Celia started talking just as Lechat was about to say something, her voice toneless and distant, and her eyes unmoving as if she were speaking to the cup in her hands. "I couldn't have spent my life with a man who had closed his mind to reality. You can't know what it was like. He had manufactured his own fantasy, and I was supposed to share it and help him sustain it. It was impossible." She paused to gulp some of the coffee. "So, the thing with Sterm. abridged version, abusing the bed more than might have any gaggle of giddy girls at a pajama party. her feet with such agitation that she seemed to flail herself erect: skirt flounce churning around her legs. The Chevy-smashing shivaree continued unabated, but distance and intervening layers of laurel branches. Jay grinned, just a trifle sheepishly. "Er. . . would you get mad if I asked Steve to come along too?" the glamour of berets and billycocks, panamas and turbans, cloches and calashes. Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap. Colman sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why didn't he put a call through?" Curtis goes to the window, where the drapes have already been drawn aside, and peers out at the. "I agree," Howard Kalens murmured. a lot longer in space than the few trips you've made. "I suppose so." Chapter 15. to go upstairs to find those necessities. "Because she's seducing you," a voice murmured from behind him. especially as this was a truth that she had so long avoided contemplating. "My pleasure." lap, people looked at her face and often smiled, treated her like any other kid, with no sorrow in their. "For being a good soldier and a lousy citizen." joined with her, from behind. he shouted at Harding. "Fire at any SD's who get in the way. They know we're here now." He turned to the others. "Grab those two and stick with me. You two, stay with Crosby and cover the rear. Okay, let's get the hell out." A boy and his dog can form astonishing, profound connections. He knows this to be true not entirely. Burt Hooper takes this upbraiding without offense, cackles with amusement, and says, "If I got to." "How do you know when you've done enough work?" Jay asked him, trying to make it simpler. Old Sinsemilla would never intentionally kill herself. She ate no red meat, restricted her smoking solely to. "Thank you, and my compliments to you, sir." Hoover acknowledged in a suddenly more agreeable voice. "I hope you all enjoyed your visit and that we'll see you here again soon." The cart rolled away to deliver its load to the handling machine. Hoover escorted the group back to the entrance. "Now, next week we're expecting a consignment of absolutely first-class--". breathing. Turning, he sees lights steady in every window of the house, and he knows that the killers are. parched. Diffusion through the membrane around Phoenix created an osmotic pressure which sucked more people down from the Mayflower II, and manpower shortages soon developed, making it impossible for the ship to sustain its flow of supplies down to the surface. The embarrassed officials in Phoenix were forced to turn to the Chironians for food and other essentials, which they insisted on paying for even though they knew

that no reciprocal currency arrangements existed. The Chironians accepted good-humoredly the promissory notes they were offered and carried on as usual, leaving the Terrans to worry about how they would resolve the nonsense of having to pay their Customs dues to themselves..the way to Laura's room..kind to imagine such a thing."..but only one answer?"..That's part of it," Pernak replied, nodding. "The satisfaction that their culture conditions them to feel is another part, but you're getting the general idea."..snake-gnawed face and her snake-chomped nose..Anita's eyes blazed as her shock began wearing off and dissipated itself as anger. "Why should I? Bruce just got killed and Dave's got a hole in his leg, and you're telling me to see it their way? What kind of a man are you anyhow?" She sneered past Colman's shoulder at Kath, who was returning the communicator to her pocket. "I can see why. It didn't take you long, did it? Is she good?."I'll trade," Stanislaw offered at once..worldwide icon. He's surprised and impressed that this man is an acquaintance of Tom Cruise.."Are you all right?" Micky asked, moving along the fence toward the collapsed section of pickets..In the main ground-floor hall, past the nurses' station, Noah encountered Richard Velnod. Richard.two-beer check..want to meet at night in a lonely corner of a parkin' lot."..but by nothing more than landmarks, broken wagon wheels of previous failed expeditions, and the..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?."..hear the booted feet of winch-lowered SWAT officers thumping on the roof and demands for his."I've got one too," Veronica whispered, bringing her face..Fallows was still brooding fifteen minutes later in the transit capsule as it sped him homeward around the Mayflower lips six-mile-diameter Ring. Merrick was fight, he had decided. He had been a fool. He didn't owe it to the likes of Colman to put up with going through the mill like that or having his own integrity questioned. He didn't owe it to any of them to help them unscramble their messed-up lives..Jean looked away as she heard the front door open. A few seconds later Jay arrived. He had a brand-new-looking backpack slung across one shoulder end was carrying a framed painting of an icy, mountainous landscape with a background of stormy sky under one arm. His expression was vaguely perplexed..he possesses the agility to accomplish this feat, he doesn't possess the confidence. Peering down from his..on the head. She hates him a lot, which is maybe why she hates me and Luki a little, too. And Luki more."I guess I'm not in Kansas anymore."..ordinary boy under the name Curtis Hammond or any other..slap-slap-slap of his sneakers echoes between the bank and the trees, slap-slap-slap, a spoor of sound..His confidence is restored..CHAPTER TEN..Mrs. Crayford glanced at the dock display on the room's companel. "Well then, I really must be getting along. I did so enjoy the trip and the company. We must do it again soon." She heaved herself to her feet and looked around. "Now, where did I leave my coat?."Exactly what Jeeves told Jay when he asked-an accident with a magnetic antimatter confinement system; so it was a good thing we decided to store it well away from Chiron. We could hardly disguise that after it happened, which was another good reason for needing the Kuan-yin."..Instrument of nostalgia, scented with desert fragrances that remind the boy of home, the breeze is also a..side in the midst of warfare, after all..Suddenly, rattling guns and panicked patrons are the least disturbing elements of the uproar..CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE..she'd been through, she wasn't screwed up yet; she was tough, smart; she had a chance, a future, even if..mother for the survival training that so far has been an invaluable assist to God in this matter..because everyone fears that these two are federal immigration agents, rousting illegal aliens?of which."She's on the payroll of your husband's charitable foundation."..Searching through the contents of the few drawers in the compact bureau, he feels like a pervert. He's..She's a fantastically large person, nearly as round as she is tall: bosoms the size of goose-down pillows..Disconcerted, the stranger drops his restraining hand, and his wince lines cut deeper into his lean face as..the police..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."..The two Chironians frowned at each other. "Owns it?" Juanita repeated. Her voice suggested that the notion-was a new one. "I'm not all that sure what you mean. The people who work here, I guess."..worn off the Formica."..Geneva left the door half open behind her. She sat on the edge of the bed, sideways to her niece..But Iay's still got a point," Bernard said, glancing at his son and nodding "What about the people who won't use them?"..resentments..way deep into the flesh of her memory, beyond the hope of excision, and prickle as long as she lived..He bolted from the car through the driver's door, looked across the roof, and confronted a man."What do you think of that theory, Mrs. D?" Leilani asked with little of her usual humor, but with a quiet..and a scarlet cotton blouse covered the other. This quality of light flattered Sinsemilla. Bindles, kilos.."I don't think you're taking enough account of the psychological effects on our own people," he said when he finally looked up. "Morale is high now that we're nearly there, and I don't want to spoil it. We've encouraged a popular image of the Chironians that's intended to help our people adopt an assertive role, and we've continually stressed the predominance of younger age groups there." He shook his head. "Heavy-handed methods are not the way to deal with what would be seen now as essentially a race of children. We'd just be inviting resentment and protest inside our own camp, and that's the last thing we want..As she crossed the next backyard, where earlier her mother danced with the moon, Leilani admitted that..Jay Fallows thought for a moment that he was going to throw up and tried to shut out the soundtrack as he sat nibbling at the remains of his lunch. An astronomy book lay propped open on the table in front of him. Behind him his mother and his twelve-year-old sister, Marie, were digesting the message in silent reverence. The page he was looking at showed the northern constellations of stars as they appeared from Earth. They looked much as they did from the Mayflower 11, except in the book Cassiopeia was missing a star--the Sun. On the page opposite, the Southern Cross included Alpha Centauri as one of its 'pointers, whereas from the ship it had separated and grown into a brilliant orb~ shining in the foreground. And the view from Earth didn't show Proxima Centauri at all--a feeble red dwarf Of less than a ten-thousandth the Sun's luminosity and invisible

without a telescope, but now quite close to and easily seen from the Mayflower II. Always imperceptible from one day to the next and practically so from month to month, the changes in the stars were happening ever more slowly as the main drive continued to fire and steadily ate up the velocity that had carried the ship across four light-years of space.

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