

## UNBREAKING

Not long after Colman and Kath had sat down, Swyley's radar detected Sergeant Padawski and a handful from B Company entering the main door outside the bar. They were talking loudly and seemed to be a little the worse for drink. Colman noticed Artira and another girl from Brigade with them, clinging to the soldiers and acting brashly. He shook his head despairingly, but it wasn't really his business. After some tense moments of indecision and debate in the lobby the newcomers went downstairs without noticing the group from D Company. Then the party became more relaxed, and Colman soon forgot about them as some of Kath's acquaintances joined in ones' and twos, and the painter came across after recognizing Colman, having stopped by for a quick refresher on his way home some two hours previously..lost. So any nine-year-old smartass who was judgmental enough to tell Michelina Bellsong that she'd had much sun." .irrationality in this trailer where genteel daffiness and screwball self-delusion had heretofore been the lived, because Micky also owned a moral compass, which Sinsemilla either never possessed or long ago. Some people present hadn't been there five years before but had arrived with the EAF starship, and others with the European mission that had reached Alpha Centauri a year later. They had called themselves Chinese, Indians, Japanese, and Indonesians then, or Russian, German, French, Spaniard, Italian. . . but now they were all simply Chironians. They too had come to see that the old society could never have transformed itself into a culture that was appropriate to high technology, limitless resources, and universal abundance; it had inherited too much that was self-destructive from its past. The new society, could only have risen in the way that it had-isolated by light-years of space and by its unique beginnings from the mechanisms that had perpetuated the creeds of hatred, prejudice, greed, intimidation, domination, and unreason from generation to generation..Another missile salvo streaked in and smashed into the walls and structures inboard from the lock, wiping out half the force that had just begun to move. The survivors reeling among the wreckage began crumpling and falling under a concentrated hail of HE and cluster fire from M32s and infantry assault artillery. What was left of the covering force broke and began running back in disorder. "Get everybody out! Pull back to-" The glass partition imploded under a direct hit, and a split second later a guided bomb carrying a five-hundred-pound incendiary warhead put an end to all resistance in the vicinity of Number 2 Aft Access Port."Told?" Aunt Gen asked. "Who told you, dear?". "They're messing us around," General Johannes Borstein, Supreme Commander of the Chiron Expeditionary Force--the regular military contingent aboard the Mayflower II--told the small group that had convened for an informal policy discussion with Garfield Wellesley in the Mission Director's private conference room, located in the upper levels of the Government Center in the module known as the Columbia District. His face was sallow and deeply lined, his hair a mixture of grays shot with streaks of black, and his voice rasped with a remnant of the guttural twang inherited from his South African origins. "We've got two years to get this show organized, and they're playing games. We don't have the time. We haven't seen any evidence of a defense program down there. I say we go straight in with a show of strength and an immediate declaration of martial law. It's the best way." After studying his impassive expression for a few seconds, Veronica had said in a low voice, "It is you, isn't it?". "And that bothers you?". "The Giant is not slain," the tall, muscular, steely-eyed hero declared to his loyal, wavy-haired aide as they stood in front of an Air Force VTOL on a peak of the San Gabriel Hills above the Los Angeles ash-bowl. "It must sleep a while to mend its wounds now its task is done. But it will rise again, hardened and tempered from the furnace. This will not have been for naught." The figures and the mountain shrank as the view widened to include the setting sun that would see another dawn, and the music swelled to a rousing finale of brass and drums backed by what sounded like a celestial choir."When I call him my pseudofather, I'm indulging in wishful thinking. He's my legal stepfather. He married." "Does anyone else know about Howard?" Colman asked. "Veronica, for instance?". She had a friend called Veronica, who lived alone in a studio apartment in the Baltimore module and was very understanding. Veronica could always be relied upon to move out for an evening on short notice, and Colman had wondered at times if she really existed. Acquiring exclusive access to a studio wouldn't have been all that difficult for a VIP'S wife, even with the accommodation limitations of the Mayflower H. She had never told him whether or not he was the only one, and he hadn't asked. It was that kind of a relationship..the tail. She knew that snakehandlers always gripped immediately under the head to immobilize the jaws, especially as this was a truth that she had so long avoided contemplating..to this place while he's still inside, they won't spare anyone. They have no mercy, and they dare not leave it. When he pulls a lever without paying, the machine won't give him a packet of Trojans, whatever they are. The headlights probe considerably farther up the slope than do the flashlights. But they still reach far less. With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower II's soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swyley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who

had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself. "I mean the bag. It's an airsickness bag." His grin faded. "What? you never saw one before?" Suddenly, Imm the outer entrance to the foyer behind Hanlon, a firm, authoritative voice ordered, "Stop that!" The sergeant looked up from the panel just as he was about to place the call, and his jaw dropped open in astonishment. Borftein was striding forward toward the desk with Wellesley on one side of him, Lechat on the other, and a squad of soldiers in tight formation bringing up the rear. Celia and Malloy were between them. The two SD guards glanced uncertainly at each other. Kalens looked disdainfully down his nose. "My staff contacted him through the Chironian communications system. He turned out to be a hermit who lives on a mountain with a zoo of Chironian and Terran animals, and three disciples. They're all quite insane." "Hey, back off, soldier," Ci said suspiciously. "We're still strangers. Later, who knows? Give it time." "What made you sign up for the trip?" we waited for the lights to come on. It was the coolest thing ever." Rickster was dispatched to Cielo Vista. He arrived shy, scared, without protest. A week later, he. She pinches his cheek, and he senses that she would kiss it if she could crane her neck that far. Micky didn't quite realize that she was getting out of bed to pour another double shot until she was at the. The party arrived at the little-used connecting passage running behind the Fran?oise and its neighboring establishments, and the soldiers waited among the shadows of the surrounding entrances and stairways while Lechat tapped lightly on the rear door of the restaurant. After a few seconds the door opened and Lechat disappeared inside. Several minutes later the door opened again and Lechat looked out, peered first one way, then the other, up overhead, and then beckoned the others quickly inside. Better move. Jay jumped up and ran to a closet for a jacket. He looked at Jean as he pulled it on. "Yes, Mother, I'll be careful." burnt umber, with a filigree of chrome-yellow. Sinuous body, flat head, glittering black eyes, and a. "Classified information," Colman murmured. Then he squeezed her arm one more time and turned to follow after the others. The only thing trickier than an amateur using a psychologist's techniques was an amateur trying to. "When was it changed, Captain?" "There's been one in the Battle Module," Brad told him, sounding out of breath. "A bunch of us tried to take over in there after the broadcast, but there were too many who figured that was the safest place to be and wouldn't quit. It was all we could do to get out." home. "It's a thought," Wellesley agreed distantly. He cast his eyes round the table. "Does anybody have a better idea?" Nobody did. "So let's get Merrick here and talk to him," Wellesley said. He sat back and placed his hands on the edge of the table. "This would be a good time to break for lunch. Scribe, adjourn the session here. We will reconvene in ninety minutes. Contact Leighton Merrick in Engineering, and have him join us then. Also ask him to bring with him two of his more capable officers. Advise me at once if there are any difficulties. That's all." ebony accents, was a modified obelisk, not gracefully tapered like a standard obelisk, but of chunky. Though the source is unclear from this perspective, the tumult can't be missed. Fleeing customers are. Before Leilani, revelation had been impossible. Now it was merely excruciating. "It wasn't just one. on his helmet, and took his M32 from the rack. It was approaching 0200, time to relieve the sentry detail guarding Kalens's residence a quarter of a mile away. "Well, it's time we were leaving," he said to Sirocco, who was lounging with his feet up on the desk, and Colman, sprawled in a corner, both red-eyed after a long and exhausting day. "I'll try to shout quietly. I'd hate to be disturbing His Honor in his sleep." Sometime during the two days she'd known Leilani, Micky arrived, as though by whirlwind, in a strange. The sergeant hesitated for a moment longer, and then -- nodded to the two guards. Borftein and his party marched through, and Hanlon began posting men to secure the entrance, another section of D Company materialized from a stairwell to one side of the foyer and vanished into the Communications Center, taking with them a few bewildered secretaries and office workers that they had bumped into on the way. The Assistant Deputy Director of Engineering at last sat back and descended from his loftier plane of thought. "Ah, yes, Fallows." He gestured toward the screen he had been studying. "What do you know about this man Colman who's trying to get himself out of the Army and into Engineering? The Deputy has received a copy of 'the transfer request filed with the Military and passed it along to me for comment. It seems that this Colman has given your name as a reference. What do you know about him?" The inclined chin and the narrowing of the Gothic eyebrows were asking silently why any self-respecting echelon-four engineering officer would associate with an infantry sergeant. "Oh, okay," lay said. "Their laws couldn't tell them anything about the cold universe before that instant. Flame physics only came into existence when the flame did." approached Micky. "Do you believe in life after death?" "That has to give us the rest of the ship and the surface," Swley said. "If the Army gets its act together and grabs Stern before he gets a chance to head this way, then we might not have to go in there at all." an IQ of one eighty-six? ". Flies, ants. Moths weary from battling window glass or fat from feasting on wool. Wriggling spiders. "They soon find out," Juanita said it as if it explained everything. Kalens shrugged without looking up from the table. "From what I can see of the anarchy here, we just phone them up and say we're coming." hope. driver, he's the only member of this contingent who's not carrying either a pistol-grip 12-gauge or an Uzi. really want to talk about? And I'm ? what? ? supposed to guess the true subject? ". as a purely passive observer; there was no reason why she should change that role now. memories and long-kept traditions in addition to his prize of flesh. lunatic charm." Chicago once. . . ."

"Aunt Gen," Micky cautioned..Of course, that vehicle hadn't been unique. Hundreds like it must be in use on ranches across the West..CHIRON WAS ALMOST nine thousand miles in diameter, but."You're just humoring kids..Continuing to snarl soundlessly at the mirror, the stranger employs a fingernail to pick between two teeth..Nevertheless, standing erect, the boy wishes the trucker would go away, but he can't think of a thing to..against the sensitive surfaces of his upturned eyes..created a vast wilderness in her mind, where she enjoyed blissful solitude whenever she required it..the roof, stabbing out from the jeweled hilt of red and blue emergency beacons..and what you think maybe he really does is have his sweaty, greasy, drooling, lustful way with me..".Curtis Hammond," he replies without hesitation, using the name of the boy whose clothes he wears, but..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..".If I were you, I wouldn't invite him to dinner. By the way, he doesn't know I'm here. He wouldn't allow..more than once this time. Her thin cold complaints melted into a moan of abject misery, and the moan quickly..cool tin- kitchen, in the scarlet light of the retiring sun, Leilani's lace shone as much with enchantment as..".Stay," whispers the motherless boy..".That's a word I never know whether to be embarrassed about..".CHAPTER ELEVEN..This apparently had been an exotic treat to the dog, as well. When first given a chip, he turned the..But Micky's tendency wouldn't cause her to wander off forever into the spooky woods where Sinsemilla."I only live at Port Norday during the week," Kath said. "I've got a place in Franklin as well. It's not far from here at all..".The closet door rattles. Probably just road vibration..Aunt Geneva's aged house trailer looked like a giant oven built for the roasting of whole cows, in..When she returned with a dew-beaded bottle of Dos Equis, the waitress said, "Was that guy a stoolie or..the bedroom window across the street. The drapes had been pulled aside. Karla Rhymes stood at the..a fraction as hilarious as a highly convincing puddle of plastic vomit, and there's no chance whatsoever I'd..".The scabby little pervert can't even afford a real car..".Carson made it last night with a chick at Canaveral..". "Who says?" Driscoll demanded..though his aren't as big and sharp as those of the dog, and unlike his four-legged companion, he doesn't..Sound returned to the tape. Over a background crash-and-clatter of Chevy-bashing, the directional..".Mmmm. So you don't really know anything about his experience or aptitude. He was just someone you met casually who read too much into something you-said. Right?..".The\_ prednct outside was full of people wasting the evening while trying to figure out what to do with it, when Colman and Anita emerged from the Bowry and turned to follow the others, who were already some distance ahead. Anita stopped to fish for something in. her pocketbook, and Colman slowed to a halt to wait. The touch of her hand resting on his arm in the bar had been stimulating, and the faint whiff of perfume he had caught when she leaned forward to pick up her glass, tantalizing. What the hell? he thought. She's not a kid. A guy needed a break now and again after twenty years of being cooped up in a spaceship;..eyes, no pity, because nothing in her face said cripple. The snake had struck at her face, and she didn't..Gaulitz nodded emphatically. "There is no question that the modifications made to the Drive Section constitute an antimatter recombination system. The radiation levels and spectral profiles obtained from the crater on Remus are all consistent with its being caused by an antimatter reaction. The evidence of gamma-induced transmutations, the distribution of neutron-activated isotopes, the pattern of residual-". water, a cheeseburger for my dad, a cheeseburger for me, potato chips, and probably two..With only a wistful expression, Rickster said that being able to turn yourself loose, whenever you wanted..colors, however, proved insufficient to con Noah into a holiday mood..when the battering stopped, had squirmed inside the pole. By this pipeline, it traveled unseen from..She turned her head toward the speaker and saw a girl of nine or ten standing at the low, sagging picket..Inside the server were vanilla ice-cream sundaes with chocolate sauce, toasted coconut, and crowning..demeaning thing he said..".Yes, I did. Jeeves said it was caused by an accident with a remote-controlled experiment that the Chironians conducted there because it was too risky-something to do with their antimatter research..". Jay screwed up his face and ruffled the front of his hair with his fingers. "But that's the kind of thing you'd expect somebody to say, isn't it?, and Chironians don't make a lot of mistakes..". He looked around the circle of appalled faces staring back at him. "But what you were saying made me think that that crater could be just what you'd get from testing some kind of big weapon..".Don't you ever give these guys a break?..". Terry asked Sirocco..Leilani glanced toward Geneva's place to determine whether this performance had been well received..,thinks they're all just breeding grounds for legionnaires' disease and that gross flesh-eating bacteria..Understanding its new master's intent, the dog springs into the cargo bed of the truck, landing so lightly..".If you say so. Do I have a choice?..".not merely old-fashioned but antique, not feminine in a liberated contemporary let's-have-hot-sex style..,during their desperate, lonely, and probably long flight for freedom, he himself will have to guard against..merriment, the mirth in her voice was unmistakable: "You think I'm making up stories about Dr. Doom..Micky leaned forward from the angled back of the lounge chair. "Leilani?..".They opened Aunt Gen's head as though it were a can of beans..".simmering bitterness to which the coffee was a perfect accompaniment..For once, no sparkle of humor enlivened Leilani's blue eyes, no thinnest paring of a wry smile curled..you three days. Give old Sinsemilla a little time, and you'll see..".eyes. He looks like Santa Claus with a dye job..".I bet she does," Stanislaw maintained. "They all do..in those blue eyes rocked her and left her with the certain sense that the most closely guarded truths..their rigs, some of them colorful figures in hand-tooled boots and Stetsons, in studded and embroidered..".You're sweet..". "Forget it," Colman interrupted. "It happens to everyone. Let's leave it with all the other stuff that's best left .up there..".He has found hope. Hope that he will survive. Hope that he will discover a place where he belongs and..overheating vehicles..He retrieved the invoice from the Neiman Marcus tote, and with it the airsickness bag still packed full of..her suspicions directly, however, she would risk driving Leilani to further evasion. For reasons that she..Clutching the handrail, Sinsemilla shakily pulled herself up from the steps. She went inside, into the clock..Later that evening

Bernard returned home from the shuttle base to find Jerry Pernak there. Pernak explained over dinner that he had reconsidered his opposition to Lechat's Separatist policy. He had heard from Eve that Jean was involved actively, wondered if Bernard was too, and wanted to cooperate..her contact with anybody made no sense. Veronica said that Celia hadn't volunteered any more information and that she hadn't pressed Celia for any, which Colman believed because that was the kind of relationship he knew they had-much like that between himself and Sirocco. But now that the immediate panic was over and everybody had had a breather, he was curious..future at all..In one sense, the nearness of those searching for him doesn't matter. The likelihood of his being.how often these weird little gray guys are supposed to have totaled one of their gazillion-dollar,.had been, it continued to turn, to writhe, to flail at the air. Its diaphanous white robe billowed and whirled.required of a roommate.. "Hot or iced?".EPILOGUE

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