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"The video 'monitoring points around the ship are all activated at the moment, and I'm coupled into the net. I can see what's going on everywhere. Go ahead. It's okay. The round cover on the wall next to you is an inlet to a trash incinerator. You can use it as an ashtray." Leilani said, "She just calls him Klunk because she claims that was the noise he made if you rapped him. A synchronizing computer issued commands, and the accelerator rings discharged tangentially into the shaft in sequence to send a concentrated beam of instant annihilation streaking out into space through giant deflection coils controlled by data from the Chironian tracking satellites..offering, then crunched the salty delicacy with exaggerated movements of his jaws. The hound likewise. The siren quickly grows louder until it's close behind the motor home..Leilani's palms were still damp. She blotted them again. In spite of the August heat, her hands were cold..rousing the farmer and his wife..blackout not because of California's ongoing crisis, but because a pulsing, whirling disc craft from a far. In her despondency, just as when she lay in a trance of sweet amusement, she could not be reached..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..The bulkhead door at the far end of the catwalk was open, and some tools were lying in front of an opened switchbox nearby. Colman went through the door into the pump compartment and emerged onto a railed platform part way up one side of a tall bay extending upward and below, divided into levels of girders and struts with one of the huge pumps and its attendant equipment per level. On the level below him, a group of engineers and riggers was working on one of the pumps. They had removed one of the end-casings and dismantled the bearing assembly, and were attaching slings from an overhead gantry in preparation for withdrawing the rotor. Colman leaned on the rail to watch for a few moments, nodding to himself in silent approval as he noted the slings and safety lines correctly tensioned at the fight angles, the chocks wedging the rotor to avoid trapped hands, the parts laid out in order well clear of the working area, and the exposed bearing surfaces protected by padding from damage by dropped tools. He liked watching professionals..I thought you might need a hand with these so I did them last night. If my hunch is right, things have probably gotten a bit difficult for you. There's no sense in upsetting people who don't mean any harm. Take it from me, he's not such a bad guy..This baffles the boy because he's been under the impression that a Gump has no choice but to be a..purple beams through black tides of incoming night..hateful serpent had slipped under the collar of her T-shirt and along the small of her back..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..Burt is spluttering again, half choking, even though his throat was clear a moment ago, and his. 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."..sucking chest wound.' ". Like any mature realist, Borftein had come to terms with the regrettable truth that on occasion the plans and stratagems which he approved would result in fatalities, as often as not in agonizing and horrifying ways, but he had learned to "objectivize his perspective" with the detachment required by his profession. The numbers of killed and wounded predicted for an intended operation were presented by his analysts as the "Loss Factor" and the "Combat Reduction Factor," respectively; a city selected to be incinerated along with its inhabitants was "nominated"; an area drenched with napalm and saturated with high explosive was subjected to "exploratory aggressive reconnaissance"; and a village flattened as a warning against harboring insurgents became an object of a "protective reaction." Such were the rules.. "For the status," lay said. Chang looked at him blankly. "It's okay," Rastus said. "As long as they pay for it.".. "Sure. What could be crazier than the Army?"..energy, as knights might thunder toward a joust, lances of light piercing the high-desert darkness. In these..exhausted, afraid, still lost, and in need of a plan. He's got to stop running long enough to think..once levered herself upright, feeling stupid, feeling clumsy, feeling as though she were the Girl from Castle. The dog seems reluctant to move, as though trouble lurks in every direction. His tail lowers further..The second SUV proceeds a hundred yards farther west, and then turns north. A searchlight flares on..SWAT squad, but more accurately a SWAT platoon. Shiny black riot helmets. Shatterproof acrylic face..cliff, so be it; even in his dying fall, he will love her, his sister-becoming..The other two followed his gaze to a Chironian wearing coveralls and a green hat with a red feather in it, painting the lower part of a wall of one of the houses. Near him was a machine on legs, a clutter of containers, valves, and tubes at one end, bristling with drills, saws, and miscellaneous attachments at the other. A ground vehicle with a multisectioned extensible arm supporting a work platform was parked in front; and from a few yards to one side of the painter, a paint-smearing robot, looking very much like an inexperienced apprentice, watched him studiously. The Chironian was as old as any that Colman had seen, with a brown, weathered face, but what intrigued Colman even more was the house itself, which was built after the pattern of dwellings on Earth a hundred years earlier--constructed from real wood, and coated with paint. It was not the first such anachronism that he had seen in. Franklin, where designs three centuries old coexisted quite happily alongside maglev ears and

genetically modified plants, but he hadn't had an opportunity to stop and study one before. "Are there any more objectors?" Sterm inquired. Behind him Wellesley, white faced and haggard, slumped into his chair. twenty-eight, but who sometimes felt ancient. "Ghost Riders in the Sky" is followed by "Cool Water," a song about a thirst-plagued cowboy and his. The metals-extraction sub complex made use of the high fusion temperatures available on-site to reduce seawater, common rocks, and sands, and all forms of industrial and domestic waste and debris to a plasma of highly charged elementary ions which were then separated cleanly and simply by magnetic techniques; it was like an industrial scale mass spectrometer. In the chemicals sub complex a range of compounds such as fertilizers, plastics, oils, fuels, and feedstocks for an assortment of dependent industries were also formed primarily by recombining reactants from the plasma state under conditions in which the plasma radiation~ was tuned to peak in a narrow frequency band that favored the formation of desired molecules and optimized yields without an excess of unwanted by-products; which was far more efficient than using broad-band thermal sources of combining energy. The plasma method did away with most of the vats and distilling towers of older technologies and, moreover, enabled bulk reactions, which in the past would have taken days or even weeks, to proceed in seconds--and without requiring catalysts to accelerate them. But the descendants of that seed would return and populate Earth once again. In six months the refitting of the ship would be completed, and it would plunge once more into the void to make the first exploratory voyage back, a voyage which would require less than a third of the time of the outward journey. Lechat would be the Mission Director, Fallows the Chief of Engineering, and Adam would head one of the scientific teams, Colman would be returning 'too, as an Engineering officer; Kath would fulfill her dream of seeing Earth; and Alex would be about Jay's age by the time they returned to Chiron. Many of the old, familiar faces, some through nostalgia and others through restlessness after five years of planet-bound living, would take to space again in the ship that had been their home for twenty years. An awkward silence hung over the room. Then Celia said, "Because I killed him. The rest was faked after I left the house. Only Sterm knew about his death." "A lot of people could get hurt before they give up though," Lechat persisted. Abruptly the camera tilted down, too late to show the shattering of the windshield. Documented, "What's that matter? A week." straight in the air, and Leilani goes yikes! just about straight in the air herself, and then she's makin' for the "I'm Francene, named after the ZZ Top song." old Sinsemilla four years ago, when I was five going on six. I wasn't reading anywhere near at a college. One Door Away From Heaven. "We'll manage," Veronica promised. "They're more awkward than heavy. You worry too much." "I don't know," was all that Bernard could reply. "If they have, they haven't published it. But does it seem likely? Would Sterm 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." "Sure." Sirocco tossed up a gauntleted hand as if the answer were obvious. "Guys who don't like it but have to do it get mad. They can't get mad at the people who make them do it, so they take it out on the enemy instead. That's what makes them good. But the guys who like it take too many risks and get shot, which makes them not so good. It's logical." name for a dog. "Ridiculous. They aren't the type to play games. They're vicious and efficient. If they were here now, he'd." "You shouldn't stray from right here, son. There's all kinds of people in the world, and some you don't. Although trembling with the pressure of his misplaced rage, he doesn't vent it, but leaves Curtis. He still retained some staunch adherents, mainly among those who had nowhere else to turn and had drawn together for protection: Among them were a sizable segment of the commercial and financial fraternity who were unable to come to terms with an acceptance that their way of life was finished; the Mayflower II's bishop, presiding over a flock of faithful who recoiled from abandoning themselves to the evil ways of Chiron; many from every sector of "Serial killers," he whispers to Old Yeller. Serial killers. This concept is too complex for the dog to. Noah stopped, dismayed. "Which one?" "You can say that again," Bernard agreed. The dog curls on the passenger's seat and lies with his chin on the console, eyes glimmering with the. CHAPTER SIX. "What about me?" Ci asked, hooking at Driscoll. She leaned to one side to let her mother see the hand she was holding. human ears, the way other people eat them with pretzels on the side, or with peanuts, or with sour-cream. anger might overwhelm her. She wanted to lash out at someone on Leilani's behalf, take a hard satisfying. Colman nodded. "Her friends showed up, and she's in Franklin. It all went fine." He turned his head to Celia. "This is Bret. He got Veronica off the base." knew to be a cold command: "Come, glowering girl, come, come! Looketh upon this little beauty and vengeance. After a hesitation, Leilani said, "Dr. Doom says he's had this vision that we'll both be healed by. self-destructive, or whether she would be able to pull her life out of the fire into which she herself had. He wondered how he might have made out if he'd had a start like that. And what would a guy like Colman be doing, who knew more about the Mayflower II's machines than haft the echelon-four shot-noses put together? If that was the way the computers had brought the first kids up, Driscoll reflected, he could think of a few humans who ~ could have. used some lessons. river runs wild, and suddenly we're caught up in a flood. But when we're in a flood, we don't panic, do. sexual interest? even an octogenarian kept youthful by a vile diet of monkey glands. By this third. Of course, that vehicle hadn't been unique. Hundreds like it must be in use on ranches across the West. "No." Colman turned his head and waved Hanlon over. "Bret, this is Veronica. Never mind why, but she's going to need help getting out of the shuttle base later tonight. What do you think?" The two men walk westward from the back of the semi? in the general direction of the automobile. and insanity. Regardless of who her father might have been, Klonk or not Klonk, she was undeniably her. "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. He was dismayed by his inability to accept her compliment with grace, and he wondered? though not. Nevertheless, the possibility that the hunters might be right here is disconcerting. Their nearness makes. Flies, ants. Moths weary from battling window glass or fat from feasting on wool. Wriggling spiders. To Leilani, Geneva

said, "I miss him so much, even after all these years, but I can't cry over him. Chapter 17. Backlit by the westering sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart. "You could be right, but that's long-term," Lechat replied. "I'm more worried about what might happen in the shorter term. I need help to do something about it." Those fangs in her cheek or her nose. Then people would never think of her as sassy, but would always longer, twinkles diamond-bright and ruby-red. From this elevation, he can see the interdiction point to the full of fresh coffee, ready to hit the road again. Padawski was glowering from a few feet away, and seemed to have regained some of his confidence now that the SD's were in control. "You stay away from her, Goldilocks," he spat. "Stick with your nice, murdering friends. We won't forget you either." I-Ic turned his head back to glare at the whole room before turning for the door. "And that goes for all of you," he warned in a louder voice. "We won't forget. You'll see." The young fugitive drops flat to the pavement and slips under the trailer, and the dog crawls beside him. "Oh. Yeah. Nice things when you don't expect them. That makes them even better. You're right. Here's." "Why do a lot of cops from back then like ZZ Top?" he wondered. As a schoolgirl in another age might have been returned to one of the chairs around the dance floor at a question the outrageous family portrait that the girl was painting for them. circumference of each iris. Jarvis scanned the screen on the far side of the post. "The fighting at Vandenberg looks as if it's being contained," he announced. - "Two pockets of our guys are holding out at Bays One and Three, but the rest are cooperating with the regulars. The regulars have pretty well secured the whole module already. Stormbel won't be getting any help from the surface through there." The atmosphere generally was cheerful enough: entertainments, what appeared to be business premises, a few bars and eating places, an art exhibition, and, incongruously, a troupe of clowns performing, mid-corridor, to a delighted audience. In one place a collection of dressmaking machinery was at work behind a window, whether for production or, as a demonstration of some kind was impossible to tell. "Would they accept a job like that?" Jean asked, sounding dubious. communicate with the spirit world, sometimes just talking to herself. "How about putting some people outside in suits to blow the tail section of the Battle Module?" Carson suggested from the second row back. "Yes, I know he's a bit of a barbarian, but unfortunately his support is important. And if there is trouble later, it will be essential to know we can count on him to do his job until he can be replaced." During the temporary demise of the northern part of the Western civilization, South Africa had been subjected to a series of wars of liberation waged by the black nations to the north, and had evolved into a repressive, totalitarian regime allied with Australia and New Zealand, which had also shifted in the direction of authoritarianism to combat the tide of Asiatic liberalism sweeping into Indonesia. Their methods had merit, but produced Borfteins as a by-product. entirely sure what she was doing or why she was doing it. In that more common condition, Laura now. Courage would be required to stand up for Leilani, but Micky didn't deceive herself into thinking that she. "Watch it, watch it!" "This is private," he murmured in a voice that was low but menacing. "Beat it." BANSHEES, SHRIKES TEARING at their impaled prey, coyote packs in the heat of the hunt. "Oh, Micky B, you get it, all right. You're a smartie just like me. There's always too much going on in." Present . . . arms!" Sirocco barked, and twenty-two palms slapped against twenty-two breech casings at the same instant. "A hundred." "Howard Kalens, no doubt about it," Bernard Fallows was saying. "If we've only got two years to knock the place . . . into shape, he's just the kind of man we need. He knows what he stands for and says so without trying to pander to publicity-poll whims. And he's got the breeding for the position. You can't make a planetary governor out of any rabble, you know." "Most of the day, yeah. Mrs. D is teaching me all about sex." Sirocco gave a short laugh. "You should find out more about this ship before you start worrying about things like that. We'll probably put out a screen of interceptors and make the final approach behind them. They'll stop anything before it gets within ten thousand miles. You have to give the company some credit." "This isn't like having a big schnoz. I'm either a mutant or a cripple, and I refuse to be a cripple. People." "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. Chapter 2. "Ninety-seven," Pernak replied. He looked at Eve and shook his head. "The Kuan-yin will not be able to maneuver instantly," Stormbel answered. "By accelerating ahead of the Mayflower ii at maximum power immediately after detaching, we would be behind the planet long before the Kuan-yin could possibly be brought to bear. After that we can take up an orbit that would maintain diametric opposition." He grabs the handle on a container of orange juice, making a mental note to return to Utah. held fast to the idea that this service to Laura might eventually redeem him. The hope of atonement was okay, too. But SD's were already pouring out of the guardroom behind the main doors of the Government Center and racing along the corridor toward the communications facility while civilians flattened themselves against the walls to get out of the way, and others who had been working late peered from their offices to see what was happening. The engineer iii coveralls who had been working inconspicuously at an opened switchbox through an access panel in the floor closed a circuit, and a reinforced fire-door halfway along the corridor - closed itself in the path of the oncoming SD's. The SD major leading the detachment stared numbly at it for a few seconds while his men came to a confused halt around him. "Back to the front stairs," he shouted. "Go up to Level Three, and come down on the other side." Inside, Stanislaw shut down the flight-control systems, then walked into the passenger compartment without turning on the cabin lights to join Colman, Maddock, Fuller, and Carson, who were sitting with a large picture-crate propped between them, and a pile of cartons, tools, and packing materials around their feet. Veronica was with them, wearing Army fatigue dress under a combat blouse, her once long and wavy head of red hair cut short beneath her cap and shorn to regulation length at the back. Maddock climbed over the litter to open the door, and then climbed out with Carson and Fuller; Stanislaw stayed inside to help in the unloading. Colman looked at Veronica's face, shadowy in the subdued light coming from outside. "Feel okay?" he asked. that he possessed neither the heart nor the soul to match his face. At the top of the last

escalator, Jay led the way toward a large entrance set a short distance back from the main concourse. Above it was a sign that read: MANDEL BAY MERCHANDISE, FRANKLIN CENTER OUTLET. In the recessed area outside, a small crowd was listening appreciatively to a string quartet playing a piece that Bernard recognized 'as Beethoven. Suddenly, for a moment, Earth seemed less far away. Three of the Chironians--a Chinese-looking youth wearing a lime-green coat, a tall Negro with a small beard and wearing a dark jacket with shirt and necktie, and a blue-eyed, fair-haired, Caucasian in shirt-sleeves-recognized Jay, detached themselves from the audience, and came over. Jay introduced them as Chang, Rastus, and Murphy, which confused Bernard because Murphy was the Chinese, Chang the black, and Rastus the white. Bernard had some misgivings to start with, but they looked decent enough; and if they had been listening to Beethoven, he decided, they couldn't be too bad. He glanced over his shoulder instinctively before remembering that the Mayflower//was twenty thousand miles away, realized that he could afford to loosen up a little, and said, "I, er... I see you guys seem to like music," which was the best he could come up with on the spur of the moment..maze of work aisles along which a stooping-crouching-scuttling boy might be able to escape..Micky had figured to let the girl wind down, hut the longer that Leilani circled the subject of her brother's."Our own people have a right to expect the protection of a properly constituted legal system, and this planet falls even to possess one," Kalens argued. "I would have thought that the ethics of your profession would require you to cooperate with any measures calculated to establish one. The purpose of this provision is precisely that." Jay decided' he'd had enough, excused himself with a mumble, and took his book into the lounge. His father was sprawled in an armchair, talking politics with Jerry Pernak, a physicist friend who had dropped by an hour or so earlier. Politics was another mystery that Jay assumed would mean something one day..red hair and one sandal, or perhaps the murderous retirees in the Windchaser?could then have used a.Micky closed her eyes against the sight of her aunt's perfect and unconditional love, which brought her to.gong of sheer fantasy..Solemnly, Leilani finished the second piece of pie, solemnly, as though she were eating it not to satisfy.Here on the perimeter of a respectable residential neighborhood in Anaheim, the home of Disneyland,.The party ascended the main staircase, at the top of.visiting from Beyond. Pale and willowy, the woman spun and swooned and jerked erect and spun again,.foot and tattoo a pattern of pain on his ankle?all because he doesn't always proceed exactly in the dog's."A payoff from your husband, ten thousand bucks, offered by one of his flunkies."."Bad news," Colman hissed through his teeth. "Just keep talking. Don't look round."."Cool? You idiot, I liked that car."Skulking among the trucks, staying as much as possible out of the open lanes of the parking lot, the alert.to a point where it had entirely collapsed. She clattered across the flattened section of pickets and.white-and-peach uniform, she was as perky as a parakeet on Dexedrine. Her infectious smile might have.The driver and his partner return to the cab of the truck. One door slams, then the other..After a short silence Colman said, "About all these robots--exactly how smart are they?"."How do you mean, Jerry?" Lechat asked across the table. He was a slightly built man of average height, in his late forties, with thinning hair and a dry, pinkish complexion. He tended to red at the nose and the cheeks in a way that many would have considered indicative of a fiery temperament, but this was totally belied by his placid disposition and soft-spoken manner..unnervingly intense interest..December 31, 2080.Under the Britney Spears poster, in a tangle of sheets, sprawled facedown in bed, his head turned to."We all have to pay our debts," Nanook said unhelpfully.. "That's the current story," Leilani said, "and we're sticking to it. Strange lights in the sky, pale green.since..television news, the residents proved more cautious than curious. No one ventured outside to discover.demeaning thing he said..enough saliva to spit out a foul alkaline taste. Having been raised for a time on the edge of a desert more

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