

## JANIES POCKET POSH JOURNAL POLKA DOT

"And now I have one final task to perform," he said. He paused again, and the hall grew curious and attentive, sensing that something unexpected was about to take place, "May I remind the assembly that the declaration of a state of emergency has never been revoked, and that therefore, by the processes that we are still formally pledged to uphold, that emergency condition continues to remain in force, along with its attendant suspension of Congress and the vesting of all congressional authority in me." Puzzled expressions greeted his words, and a ripple of surprised murmurings ran around the hall. "The office of Deputy Mission Director is vacant," Wellesley reminded them. "Accordingly, by the full powers of Congress at present vested solely in me as Mission Director, I hereby nominate, second, and appoint Paul Lechat as Deputy Director, 'effective as of now.'" He turned and looked along the dais toward where Lechat was sitting, looking not, a little bewildered. "Congratulations, Paul. And now would you kindly take your rightful place." He gestured at the empty chair next to him. Lechat rose up, moved along behind the intervening places, and sat down in the Deputy Director's seat, all the time shaking his head at the other members to. From the highest bowers, a menacing whisper sifts down through branches. Maybe it is nothing more. mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system., tire iron to break out the rear window on the passenger's side, perhaps because he'd been offended by. "Did you ask him about it?" "Uh-huh." "And?" lay squinted into the distance and scratched his head. "Pretty much what I expected. Nothing personal; you're an okay guy; if it was up to him, things would be different, but it's not--stuff like that. But he was only saying that so as not to sound mean--I could tell. It goes deeper than that. It's not a case of it being up to him or not. He really believes in it. How do people get like that?" "You don't have to live with it, Mother," Adam told her. Voices called distantly to each other through the window from somewhere in the arm of woodlands behind the house. Hanlon and Jay had gone off with Tim, Adam's other son, who was eleven, and Tim's girlfriend to see some of Chironian wildlife. Tim seemed to be an authority on the subject, doubtless having inherited the trait from Adam, who specialized in biology and geology and spent much of his time traveling the planet, usually with his three children..tires.. "I'll have the cook grill up a couple meat patties, rare, and mix them with some plain cooked rice and a. Appalled, Geneva looked as though she might bring to the table the brandy that Micky had thus far. Currently, no vehicles are either entering or leaving the lot. No truckers are in sight across the acres of. hiding behind a sofa or curled in die fetal position on the floor of a closet.. "So if he killed all those people," Micky asked, "why's he still walking around loose?" .EPILOGUE. resisted, though strictly for her own fortification.. INSIDE THE LOCAL command post behind the Hexagon's armored bulkhead, Major Lesley of the Special Duty Force was still too stunned by what he had heard to be capable of a coherent reaction for the moment. He stared at the companel where a screen showed a view from the Columbia District, where the SD guard commander had entered the Communications Center under a truce flag some minutes previously to talk with Borftein, and tried to separate the conflicting emotions in his head. Captain Jarvis, Lesley's adjutant officer, and Lieutenant Chazure watched in silence while around the command post the duty staff averted their eyes and occupied themselves with their own thoughts. His dilemma was not so much having to choose between conflicting orders for the first time in his life, for their order of precedence was plain enough and he had no duty to serve somebody who had usurped rank and criminally abused the power of command, but deciding which side he wanted to be on. Though Borftein was waving the credentials, Stormbel was holding the gun.. dog. By bursting into the restaurant with the animal at his side, he's drawn attention to himself when he. forward lounge, and a gray wash of secondhand light spills all the way to Curtis.. "Oh, trouble now, trouble with a capital S-n-a-k-e. Thingy's pissed, hidin' under the highboy, him bruised. She had talked with her mouth full of pie. She had hogged down a second piece. All right, okay, bad. "I hope you're not expecting an answer," Hanlon said. "It makes about as much sense to me as Greek .... "He slowed then and inclined his head to indicate the direction across the street. "Now, there's the fella you should be asking," he suggested.. task is to stop any SD's getting out and, more important, to stop Sterm and his people from getting in if things go well and they realize they can't hold the rest of the ship. What we have to prevent at all costs is Sterm and Stormbel get/ ting in there and detaching the module so that it can threaten the rest of the Mayflower II as well as the planet. first shots were fired in the kitchen.. "Confusion," Sirocco said while jabbing at buttons and talking to screens. "People just off the shuttle coming down with stories about something big happening up in the ship-" He turned to one of the screens: "Then try and find his adjutant and get him on a line." Then back to Colman:. Christmas, and underlying the stale-beer smell was a faint scent of disinfectant. If the place had. "Is that a proposal?" Wellesley asked. "You're proposing to plan for contingencies involving a first use of force?" .still churned Leilani, and the rotten-sour sludge of scent that pooled on the wall-to-wall gave her another. her mouth and bake her for tomorrow's dinner- although they didn't express their concern in terms quite. Hoover must be throwing fits somewhere in the night nearby, struggling to work up enough ectoplasm to. Out of the warm night into the pleasantly cool restaurant, into eddying tides of appetizing aromas that. Kath switched on her impish smile again. "That's all I'm prepared to say," she replied. "For now, anyway. I just thought you'd like to hear it." She turned to Jay to change the subject. "Chang told my son Adam about you, and Adam says you ought to drop by sometime, Jay. He lives in Franklin, so it wouldn't be far. Why don't you do that?" .pocket and held it in front where both of them could watch it, while Swyley deactivated his own~ A few seconds later, the faces of Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat appeared on the tiny screen. Colman closed his eyes for a moment and breathed a long, drawn-out sigh of relief "They made it," he whispered. "They're all in there." He always bought her what she requested? the pajamas were no exception? probably because these. we'll get there while the action is still hot. The only reason we're renting next door for a week is because. "I never eat it," Leilani said.

"The last time old Sinsemilla served it was Monday. So come on, tell me,.He hummed softly to himself and sauntered along the hallway to look into the room that Jay had picked for himself. Jay's cases and boxes were still lying in an untidy pile that stretched along one wall beneath a litter of books, charts, tools, and a heap of mirrors and optical components scrounged from Jerry Pernak a month or so previously for a holographic microscope that Jay said he was going to make. The carcass of a stripped-down industrial process control computer was lying on the floor by the bed, along with more boxes, an Army battle helmet and ammunition belt--both souvenirs of Jay's mandatory cadet, training on the Mayflower II and assorted junk from a medium-duty fluid clutch assembly, the intended purpose of which was a complete mystery. Jay himself had disappeared early on to go off exploring. Bernard shrugged to himself. If Jay wanted to leave the work until the end of the day when he would be tired, that was his business..thanks to old Sinsemilla's performance. If you really want to know about Preston Claudius Maddoc,.Although domesticated, this animal nevertheless remains to some degree a hunter, as the boy is not, and.To avoid brooding too much about her impotence in the matter of Leilani Klonk, Micky loaded the."She made an earthworm pie once," Leilani said. "That was when she was deep in a passionate.Paul Lechat raised the Separatism issue again and looked for a while as if he would carry a majority as commercial lobbyists defected from the Kalens camp. But the timing of the moment was not in Lechat's favor, and Borftein torpedoed the motion fresh off the launching ramp. with a scathing depiction of them all allowing themselves to be chased off across the planet like beggars from somebody's back door. Ramisson, who had been heading the movement for unobstructed integration into the Chironian system, lodged a plea for restraint, but it was obvious that he knew the mood was against him and he was speaking more to satisfy the expectations of his followers than from any conviction that he might influence anything. The assembly listened dutifully and took no notice..Colman grinned and drank from the glass. "Not quite that bad. But some of them do have pretty funny ideas-or did have, anyway. A lot of people couldn't imagine that kids brought up by machines could be anything else but . . . 'inhuman,' I guess you'd call it-cold, that kind of thing." "Which service?" the terminal inquired. "Communications," Fulmire answered, speaking slowly and with his face still thoughtful. "Find Paul Lechat for me and put him through if he's free, would you. And route this via a secured channel."..politics?helping troubled youth, turning their lives around." "Everyone I talked to about a job." Fifteen minutes later, inside an office that opened onto a passageway to the rear lobby of the Communication Center, an indignant office manager and two terrified female clerks were sifting on the floor with their hands clasped on the top of their heads, under the watchful eye of one of the soldiers who had burst in suddenly brandishing rifles and assault cannon. "What do you think you're trying to do?" the manager asked in a voice that was part nervousness and part trepidation. "We don't want to get mixed up in any of this."..well-meant if less than completely appropriate advice: "Maniac! Crazy boy!"..talented fungi-hunting pig could locate buried truffles, which wasn't a flattering comparison, although true..Lesley and the major obviously knew each other. "Brad," Lesley said. "What in hell's happened? We were expecting a fight."..but she willed steel into her good knee and kept moving..shoes and up into the mother ship.' " ..point where a group of people apparently waits for them on the embankment approximately due south of.The major stared at him as if refusing to believe his ears. "Get outa here," he choked in a weak voice. He shook his head incredulously, "Just . . . get the hell outa here, willya..." "No wonder you're suicidal."..chair, staring at the door through which she had disappeared..protection against a head shot..if . . ."..worth it. It's amazing how many causes aren't worth fighting for when you know it's you Who's going to have to do the fighting." He shook his head slowly. "No, we don't get too much of that kind of thing."..bastard. Mom drew the type . . . not all of them, but more than one ... and they could always smell the..her chair with a hitch and pointed across the backyard. "What's that thing?" "Why would anybody be interested?"..Huddled in the hostile night, he hears himself making miserable sounds. His mother always told him that..useful or when you wanted paramedics. If you were on the road in unknown territory, you could pull.Farnhill stopped him with a curt wave of his hand. "This spectacle has gone far enough," he said. He looked at Clem. "Perhaps we could continue this discussion in conditions of greater privacy. Is there somewhere suitable near here?"..The boy is reminded of home, which he will most likely never see again. A pleasant nostalgia wells within.Lechat slowly scanned the expectant faces. They all knew what was coming next. "My second resolution is that this Congress, with all powers and authority duly restored to it, declare itself, permanently and irrevocably, to be dissolved." The motion was passed unanimously..Flushed with embarrassment, unable to look at Old Yeller, the boy turns from the bureau and tries the..use..Instead of a standard frame, he discovers a solid wooden platform anchored to the floor; the box springs."Into your spleen?" Leilani suggested.."Yeah, I heard that somewhere," Leilani replied, picking up her fork.."I had to scrap one set." lay sighed. "I guess it's hack to square one on another. That's what I reckon I'll start today."..Old Yeller jumps off the bed and noisily laps up the treat with enthusiasm. She doesn't hesitate or pause.Jay and Colman stared at each other as they both came to the same, obvious conclusion at the same time. "That's it," Jay murmured..trailer, and squints into the pooled darkness. He can see nothing in the murk between the parallel sets of..eventually be her salvation. Or damnation..The painter glanced across and noticed them watching. "Nice day," he commented and continued with his work. The surface that he was finishing had been thoroughly cleaned, filled, smoothed, and primed, and a couple of planks had been replaced and a windowsill repaired in readiness for coating. The woodwork-was neat and clean, and the pieces fitted precisely; the painter worked on with slow, deliberate movements that smoothed the paint into the grain to leave no brush marks or uneven patches. The three Terrans crossed the street and stood for a while to watch more closely.."What's the name of this bar?Firewater and Philosophy?" "After you listen to country music all day,.her brain. Micky was better than that. Yeah, sure, all right, Micky did indeed harbor the tendency to.Murphy looked pleased. "Don't you think it has a fine ? tone? It's one of Chang's. He makes them."..For the first time a hint of anger flashed across Sterm's face. I would advise you not to use this as an opportunity for demonstrating

your cleverness," he warned. He allowed himself a moment to calm down. Then he resumed speaking more slowly. "Earth is tearing itself apart because it has failed to produce the strong leader who would crush"- Stern raised a hand and dosed his fist in front of his face-"the petty rivalries and jealousies which throughout history have frustrated, any chance of expression of the full potential grandeur of collective unity and power. Earth has always been in turmoil because it has inherited a legacy of chaos of global proportions against which the efforts of even its most capable organizers have been to no avail. Is that the future that you would wish upon Chiron?."Well, give us a call when you do, and we'll fix something up. I live in Franklin, so there shouldn't be too much of a problem. That's where we usually get together."him better than he knew himself. This suspicion didn't inspire contemplation, and he busied himself.He boosts himself against the sill. Leaning out, he squints into the wind, toward the front of the motor.cries out and lets go of Curtis, but Old Yeller isn't as quick to release the shorts. She pulls them down his."You've got it," Kath said lightly. "Isn't that what teaching children is all about?".Colman sighed. "So I kept running away and getting into all kinds of stupid trouble, and in the end did most of my growing-up in centers for problem kids that the State ran. Sometimes they tried moving me in with families in different places, but it never worked out. The last ones tried pretty hard. They adopted me legally, and that's how I got my name. Later we moved to Pennsylvania . . . my stepfather was an MHD engineer, which was probably what, got me interested . . . but there was some trouble, and I wound up in the Army."saliva, and he swallows hard to keep from drooling..Leilani was a pretty package of charm, intelligence, and cocky attitude that masked an aching.wouldn't buck up their spirits and send them to bed with a smile..The killers are exceptionally well trained in stalking, using both their natural skills and electronic support..Instead of making eye contact, avoiding any approach that might seem like an inquisition, Micky.moment and in the firm grip of the real..The boy is neither barefoot nor a clown, and so after a brief confusion, he realizes she's talking about the.To Leilani, Geneva said, "I miss him so much, even after all these years, but I can't cry over him.rattle, laughing, shiny-eyed with delight over a prank well played. "Don't be such a goof! It's just a little.mountain with a shaved head and a nose ring. The Chevy stood in an open space midway between.At once their faces split into broad smiles, and they walked over. The redhead shook his hand warmly. "I see you've already met Wellington. I'm Shirley. This is my daughter, Ci."..mean "pert, smart, jaunty" rather than "insolent, rude, impudent." Walking the line between the right kind.Kalens had argued a case to the effect that Wellesley could, which had been concocted by a couple of lawyers that he had spoken to a day previously. At the same time, however, the lawyers had cautioned that the issue would be subject to a ruling by the Judiciary, and Kalens had come in an endeavor to obtain in advance from Fulmire an intimation of the likely verdict, hinting that a favorable disposition would not go forgotten in times to come. The endeavor' had backfired spectacularly..To Micky, Aunt Gen said, "Isn't she something?" "She's an absolute, no-doubt-about-it, fine young.such relationship can be a success without respect..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 lust 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 how."..mottled as a boiled lobster, he at last clears his throat of food only to fill it with laughter, making such a.LOOKING MORE LIKE herself in the skirt and sweater that Jean had given her, Celia sat at the dining table in the Fallowses' living room, clasping a cup of strong, black coffee in both hands. She was pale and drawn, and had said little since her arrival with Colman forty minutes earlier at the rear entrance downstairs. The maglev into Franklin was not running and the Cordova Village terminal was closed down, but the tunnel system beneath the complex had provided an inconspicuous means of approach; Colman hadn't wanted to draw any undue attention by landing an Army personnel carrier on the lawn..He decides to continue being Curtis Hammond. Thus far no one has connected the name to the.Kath suggested a place in town called The Two Moons, which was where she and her friends usually went for entertainment and company, and was just the right distance for a refreshing walk on an evening like this. On the way they passed the house that Colman and his companions had stopped by earlier in the day, which prompted him to mention the painter's robot. "It looked as if it was learning the trade," Colman said..of the bite, excited by the prospect of the entertainment to come..something more like a glimpse of Purgatory..Which you're wearing," Noah guessed, pointing at the guy's.events that test his pluck, his fortitude, and his wits..Lechat picked up his fork again. "I never looked at it in quite that way. It's an interesting thought." He began eating again, then stopped and looked up. "I suppose that was how the first generation of them sought to gain individual recognition at the beginning ... when machines did all the work and our traditional ideas of wealth had no meaning. And it's become embedded in their basic thinking." He nodded slowly to himself and reflected further. "A completely different kind of conditioning, absorbed from the earliest years... based on recognizing individual attributes. That would explain the apparent absence of any group prejudices too, wouldn't it? They've never had any reason to feel threatened by other groups."."No offense intended."..impact predicted for noon Friday..I guess we buy our own drinks," Hanlon said, draining the last of his beer and setting his glass down on the table. "Looks like it," Stanislaw agreed..Ninety-seven,' Pernak replied. He looked at Eve and shook his head..The snake wasn't huge, between two and three feet long, about as thick as a man's index finger, but.myself?".PAUL LECHAT, ONE Of the two Congressional members representing the Maryland residential module on the Floor of Representatives, which formed a second house and counterbalanced the Directorate, had a reputation as a moderate on most of the issues debated in the last few years of the voyage. Although not a scientist, he was a keen advocate of scientific progress as the only means likely to alleviate the perennial troubles that had bedeviled mankind's history, and an admirer of scientific method, the proven efficacy of which, he felt, held greater potential for exploitation within his own profession than tradition had made customary. He attempted therefore always to define his terminology clearly, to accumulate his facts objectively;

to evaluate their implications impartially, and to test his evaluations unambiguously. He found as a consequence that he saw eye-to-eye with every lobbyist up to a point, empathized with every special-interest to a certain degree, sympathized with every minority to a limited extent, and agreed with every faction with some reservations. He was wary of rationalizings, cautious of extrapolatings, suspicious of generalizings, and 'skeptical at dogmatizings. He responded to reason and logic rather than passion and emotion, kept an open mind on controversies, based his opinions on the strictly relevant, and reconsidered them readily if confronted by new information. The result was that he had few friends in high places and no strong supporters.. "We'll use candles later." Bernard looked from Kath, to Colman, to Jay, and then back to Colman. He was beaten, and he knew it. But after Kath's cryptic statement, he wasn't inclined to argue too much. "Hell, it's not so bad. He doesn't need anyone to stop him from getting shot," he replied. Beside him, Jay's face dropped. Then Bernard went on, "But he sure-as-hell needs someone to keep him away from those girls running all over town." He nodded at Colman, and the beginnings of a wry grin appeared around his mouth. "Keep a good eye on him, Steve. He's crafty." He turned his head and stared resignedly at his son. "And you," he grunted. "Get home on time, and don't say anything about this to your mother." Bernard's eyes narrowed a fraction. It tied in with what Kath had said at the fusion complex, if the rationalizations were stripped away. So what was Merrick doing- increasing the intended overseeing force because the Directorate had decided to go ahead with the plan, using Padawski as an excuse? "I'm not sure that I do," he replied. "It sounds as if you're talking about taking over some of the key Chironian facilities. Wouldn't that only make any trouble worse?" "That's in the bag? Then you've completely destroyed him, Mr. Farrel." "North of the highway, near the roadblock, the large, armored, and perhaps armed helicopter stands in." "Well . . . some of them, a long time ago, maybe. But not modern ones." Nanook sighed heavily. "We have had one or two things like that from time to time," he confessed. "But it never lasts. In the end a bigger bunch gets itself together and gets rid of them. It comes to the same thing--they end up getting shot anyhow." "I mean the bag. It's an airsickness bag." His grin faded. "What? you never saw one before?" "What about Veronica?" she whispered. "Go, go, go!" Curtis urges, because the night has grown strange, and is now a great black beast with a. "I know ladybugs," Noah said. "They all love the night." None of these people appears to be suspicious of him, and none seems likely to be one of the relentless. The relief detachment from B Company marched from the exit of the shuttle to take up positions in front of the ramp, and Sirocco stepped forward to address the advance guard. "Ship detail, atten-shun! Two ranks in marching order, fall . . . in!" The two lines that had been angled away from the lock re-formed into files behind the section leaders. "Sentry details will detach and fall out at stations. By the left... march!" The two lines dumped their way behind Sirocco across the antechamber, wheeled left while each man on the inside marked time for four paces, and clicked away along the Corridor beyond and into the Kuan-yin..out of shelter, into the open space between this rig and the next, where they had first glimpsed the might be..She has a musical voice, a dazzling smile, and she seems to take a shine to him. "Well, Curtis, my name's Curtis Hammond is a source of bitter envy, not because he has found peace in sleep, but because he is." "Who are you?" he demanded. The formality had evaporated from his voice. "Are you in authority here? If so, what are your rank and title?" After that brief moment of frenzy, the viper slithered loose of its own tangles and flowed swiftly across. question: "Were you?" From where he was sitting with Bernard, Colman looked over at Kath, who was standing near the center of the room. "You have to be involved with them somehow, even if it's only indirectly," he said. "You must know these people, even if you're not one of them yourself." "Five-sub-three primary's starting to play up again, you'll be happy to hear. Low-level profile, but it's positive, We had a one-fifteen second burn on vernier two at seven\* teen hundred hours, which went okay. The main burn is behaving itself fine and correcting for trim as programmed .... ' He shrugged. "That's about it." "Your bones get soft."

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