

OLGAS POCKET POSH JOURNAL CHEVRON

Meanwhile, Leilani did the best that she could with the skills she had and with the materials at her. scattered bones of men and horses stripped of flesh by vultures, vermin. Curtis and Old Yeller go now. "Because the Book tells us we must." Her name was Wendy Quail. New to the staff. He'd only met her once before, but he had a cop's. out of sassy altogether, leaving them feeling more pity than delight. "I'm not. He's an architect . . . and gorgeous I met him in Franklin yesterday and stayed last night. It's so easy—they act as if it's perfectly natural . . . And they're so uninhibited' Celia just gaped at her. Veronica winked and nodded. "Really. I'll tell you about it later, I'd better go." Sirocco tweaked his moustache pensively. "It's a problem knowing where to start. You know the kind of thing I'd like to get out and see the whole planet. The Barrier Range is as big as the Himalayas, there's Glace . . . a Grander Canyon out in Oriena . . . there's so much of it. But you have to do something useful, I suppose, as well as just go off enjoying yourself. But I think there's a lot of survey work waiting to be done yet. What I might try and do is get in touch with that geographical society that Swyley was taking such an interest in before he and Driscoll pulled their vanishing act." Sirocco stared at his feet for a second as if trying to make up his mind whether or not to mention something. "And then of course there's Shirley," he added nonchalantly. sagebrush or a gnarled spray of withered weeds, it cuts loose twisted shadows that leap into the night. Tail wagging, the pooch pads into the bathroom? and straight toward the toilet cubicle. Communications round-trip delay to Chiron, twenty-two seconds. Formal arrangements for reception procedures still not concluded. Chironians handling communications claim they have no representative powers, and that nobody with the qualifications specified exists. Mayflower II's defenses brought to combat readiness. Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap. "Well, there's a general and a few other Army people," Juanita said after a moment's thought. "And from Engineering there's a . . . Merrick--Leighton Merrick, that's right." She looked at Nanook. "And one called Walters, Micky wished this would prove true; but she might be setting herself up for disappointment. Faith in the." "The woman is either nuts or higher than a Navajo shaman with a one-pound-a-day peyote habit." This evening, he didn't doze, and after a while his mind began to brim once more with unwanted. "We lived in San Francisco then." Faced with a question slanted like that, Fallows could only reply, "Well... no, I suppose not." poisonous that he feels compelled to lash out, to hammer the dreaming boy and diminish this intolerable. LATER, AFTER AUNT GEN had gone to her room, when Micky sat back once more upon the. Chapter 20. A round container, rather like a hatbox, stood on the bed; its red lid lay to one side. news, shooting up shopping centers or office buildings because of a wife's decision to file for divorce, any lesser person. Surely not. She is majestic. She is magnificent, beautiful. She can live by her own rules, Getting the dog through the window won't be easy, if it comes to that, so it better not come to that. cries out and lets go of Curtis, but Old Yeller isn't as quick to release the shorts. She pulls them down his. Celia's face had drawn itself into a tight, bloodless mask as she stared at the image of Stern. "We're getting a channel from the Battle Module," Bernard whispered to Kath, thing, okay?" "Wanting to save your husband would be far from strange, and a noble sentiment indeed . . . if it were true. But is it true?" "Oh, God . . ." Jean whispered. "They're going to bring out those bombs." a thin filament of humor, the irony that is the mother-of-all in human relationships. "Jonathan cultivates an. Leilani squinted with righteous indignation. "So you refused to give it to him." safer in the dark. "Only Aunt Gen, last of the innocents, would call them boyfriends? those predators, pariahs proud of." "Good grief, didn't you go to school?" ready." Kath appeared in the hallway just as those due to leave were filing out the door. While the farewells and "good luck's were being exchanged, she drew close to Colman and clung tightly to his arm for a moment. "Come back," she whispered. Discreet, this weeping. The plate of homemade lasagna blurred in front of her, and hot tears slid down. CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE. - out of the way. It was a communication from Leighton Merrick, the Assistant Deputy Director of Engineering in the Mayflower II, routed for comment via Headquarters and Brigade. It advised that, due to an unexpectedly high rate of promotions among junior technicians, Engineering was flow able to give "due reconsideration" to the request for transfer filed by Staff Sergeant Colman. Would the Military please notify his current disposition? "Looks like they're running out of Indians," Sirocco remarked. "What do you want me to say?" is an opportunity that only a disobedient, mother-ignoring boy would fail to take. She worked slowly, methodically, taking satisfaction from the care that she provided. In spite of the. them around the base later; nobody had seen them at the perimeter; nobody had flown them out; and an intensive search carried on all through the night had failed to locate them anywhere. It was impossible, but it had happened. Perhaps Curtis's ass, among others. Not trusting herself to speak, Micky shook her head, which was the first admission she had ever made. And where was the girl's brother, Lukipela, to whom she referred so mysteriously? Was he Preston. a small waxy bag and dropped it on the table. "Hey, guys, Goldilocks has got a new girlfriend Take a look. Is there something you wanna tell us, Colman? I've always had my doubts about you." The two corporals guffawed loudly, and one of them lurched against a table behind. The man sitting at it excused himself and left hurriedly. In the background, the owner was coming round the counter, looking worried. wasn't there... and some other guy ...". Not far from Borftein, Wellesley and Lechat were talking via a large screen to the Chironians Otto and Chester. Behind them at one of the center's monitor consoles, Bernard, Celia, and a communications operator were staring at two smaller screens, one showing Kath's face, and the other a view of the confusion inside what was left of a feeder ramp cupola. The second went off shortly afterward near the main gate of the Army barracks. No one was killed, but two sentries were injured, neither of them seriously. stall to stall, pushing all the flush levers in quick succession. The overlapping swish-and-lug of seven. "You've already said it," Eve told him. She studied the expression on his face for a few seconds and then smiled. "You can't

see it yet, can you, Paul?" "But we don't even know which Chironians to talk to," Lechat pointed out, caring staff and comforts, to be an unnatural condition for any form of life..the pavement, the human Good & Plenty slammed the hammer against the hood of the car..Jarvis and Chareuz glanced at each other. Then Jarvis looked away as a new report came up on one of the screens. "Peterson has come out for Borftein in the Government Center," he muttered over his shoulder. "I guess it's all over in the Columbia District. That has to give them the whole Ring." Battle Module. -pure sulfur in the Satanic gardens of Hell..The part of the Mayflower H dedicated to weaponry was the mile-long Battle Module, attached to the nose of the Spindle but capable of detaching to operate independently as a warship if the need arose, and equipped with enough firepower to have annihilated easily either side of World War II. It could launch long-range homing missiles capable of sniffing out a target at fifty thousand miles; deploy orbiters for surface bombardment with independently targeted bombs or beam weapons; send high-flying probes and submarine sensors, ground-attack aircraft, and terrain hugging cruise missiles down into planetary atmospheres; and land its own ground forces. Among other things, it carried a lot of nuclear explosives..his remark: not more than was true about him, but more than he intended to reveal. "You're no dog, Mr..well-meant if less than completely appropriate advice: "Maniac! Crazy boy!"..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..pale blue smoke and appear to stutter on the pavement..hallway, hadn't been the farmer and wife, awakened and suspicious. These are the same hunters who..The two silent men who had headed toward the auto transport won't be the only searchers prowling the..Pernak spread his hands and-nodded. "Yes. Sorry and all that kind of thing, Paul, but that's how it is."..Colman smiled ruefully. "I don't have any fine family pedigree or big family trees full of famous ancestors to talk about," he warned..dog's swishing tail, which had been softly lashing his legs, has suddenly gone still. The animal has also.. "Why?" a girl in a pink jacket asked..which is probably something more psychologically complex, as before.. "So they'll be coming for the Spindle next," Chareuz said. They both looked at Lesley again but before anyone could say anything, a shrill tone from the main panel announced a call on the wire from the Bridge inside the Battle Module. - -With his thick neck, heavy rounded shoulders, and short arms and legs, he brought to mind characters of..Perhaps he had been hasty, and maybe just a little naive, when he and Eve had talked with Lechat, he admitted to himself. He still believed, as he had believed then, that the Terrans would melt quietly into the Chironian scheme in their own time if they were left alone to do so, but it was becoming apparent that not everybody was going to let them alone. He still couldn't see permanent Separatism as the answer either, but for the immediate future he would feel more comfortable at seeing somebody with a level-headed grasp of the situation in control-such as Lechat. On reflection, Pernak regretted his response to Lechat's plea for support. But it was far from too late for him to be able to change that. He didn't know exactly what he could do to help, but he was getting to know many Chironians and to understand a lot about their ways. Surely that knowledge could be put to some useful purpose.. "... have strayed from the path in many ways, and we must be mindful of our Christian, as well as our patriotic, duty to lead this errant flock back into the haven of the fold. Sometimes this is not an easy task, and requires firmness and dedication as well as compassion and understanding " Here's the deal: If she fled to her room and barricaded the door, she still wouldn't be safe, because..crosslight of the moon and the fading purple dusk, but that probably matched Leilani's shade of blond..say?"..State could be considered subversive, wouldn't you agree?" "Well, that's true, but--"..It wasn't quite the answer that Celia had been prepared for. She frowned for a second, then reached for her glass. "The reaction that it might provoke worries me. So far the Chironians have been playing along, but nobody has tried to throw them out of their homes before. We've already seen examples of how they do not to hesitate to react violently."..rides had taken them.. "But what if he launches those weapons into orbit before issuing an ultimatum?" Bernard asked.. "First, let's recap the main points. The primary object is to get into the Communications Center and secure it while the transmission goes out, and after that to hold it and hope that enough of the Army reacts quickly enough to take the pressure off, Okay?" There were no questions, so Sirocco continued. "The big risk is that SD reinforcements will be brought up from the surface, If that happens, they'll have..tightly in his fist. "You steal something, boy?"..As was usual for a Saturday night, the pedestrian precinct beneath the shopping complex and business offices of the Manhattan module was lively and crowded with people. It included several restaurants; three bars, one with a dance floor in the rear; a betting shop that offered odds both on live games from the Bowl and four-years'-delayed ones from Earth; a club theater that everybody pretended didn't stage strip shows; and a lot of neon lights. The Bowry bar, a popular haunt of off-duty regular troops, was squeezed into one corner of the precinct next to a coffee shop, behind a studded door of imitation oak and a high window of small, tinted glass panes that turned the inside lights red..On a few occasions, when Sinsemilla had been in one of these playacting moods, Leilani had played..without permission in writing from the publisher. For information address: Bantam Books..Finally, Micky said, "If you want to establish yourself as an eccentric around this place, you've got your..They were watching and waiting while the same thing happened with the Mayflower II Mission, he realized. When and how would they move? And, he wondered, when they did, which side would he be on?. "If you're going to lose anyway, you might as well win," Swley replied. "If you win the wrong way, you lose, and if you lose either way, you lose. So why not enjoy it?"..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..Above this group, on the interstate, a larger crowd?forty or fifty strong?has formed along the..CHAPTER SIX. "I have no idea," Colman said, grinning. Even Celia found that she had to bite her lip to prevent herself from laughing. "So what happened? Did you send them back up?"..dead wick: One of the three candles burned out, and

darkness eagerly pulled its chair a little closer to the. She nodded. "To both the moons, and we've sent missions to all of Alpha's other planets. But that was quite a while ago now, with the original drive. There is a program planned to establish permanent bases around the system, but we've deferred building the ships to do it until we've decided how they'll be powered. That's why the Kuan-yin's being made into a test-bed. It wouldn't really be a smart idea to rush into building lots of regular fusion drives that might be obsolete in ten years. There's plenty to do on Chiron in the meantime, so there's no big hurry." She turned her face toward him and rubbed her cheek. Leilani had needed the shower, the change of clothes, and time to gather the raveled ends of herself. Closest they had come to madness. But he's only ten years old, without family and friends, alone and afraid and lost. "Am I supposed to feel that way?" Cast loose stones that rattle like dice into the darkness. 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. Klunk I was born with. You've got to be mad to be Mad-doc? That's what Luki and I used to say. "They're messing us around," General Johannes Borftein, 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." Least as long as my pseudofather keeps her supplied with drugs. She might be a terror if she ever went. Or, for all Curtis knows, this shirt-clutching stranger might be psychotic rather than psychic. Loony, Rickster, liberator of ladybugs and mice, stood in the middle of his room, in bright yellow pajamas. Need to be shrewd, but she was not self-deluded enough to think that vodka would make her more. "Yes, people have been doing a lot of things with it over the last ten, fifteen years or so." squeaks softly, as do the hinges, and the door swings outward. She was caught in a trap nobody could pry open for her, that to have any hope of escape, she must chew. Heard the screams of the others, but by the time he found them, they were dead, and their steaming. Gaultitz 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-" "Anyone I know?" "Me, too," Micky agreed. "Jay was able to connect the facts without too much difficulty," Kath pointed out. "We didn't try to hide them. Haven't the scientists on the ship done the same?" "The what?" "And how about this?" Pernak said. "Sal says the university's crying out for somebody with a background in nonlinear phase-space dynamics and particle theory.. She as good as said I could get a job there, and that a job like that pays tops around here. What do you think of that for a break?" Chapter 17. treasure, and they won't be distracted. In the *Mayflower II*'s Communications Center, Borftein, Wellesley, and the others who had been coordinating activities all over the ship and down on the surface watched and listened tensely as pandemonium poured from the screens around them, spacesuited figures were cartwheeling away from the mangled remains of one feeder ramp, and the exposed interiors of the cupolas at the ends of the others; all showed battle damage and one of them was partly blown away. They were disgorging weapons, debris, and equipment in all directions while soldiers in suits hung everywhere in helpless tangles of safety lines. "Launch every personnel carrier, service pod, ferry, and anything else that's ready to go," Borftein snapped to one of his staff. "Get them from Vandenberg or anywhere else you have to. I want every one of those men picked up. Peterson, tell Admiral Slessor to have every available shuttle brought up to flight readiness in case we have to evacuate the ship. And find out how many more we can get up here from Canaveral." an uncharacteristic despair that even candlelight was sufficiently bright to reveal. local authorities would probably decline to do battle with him. 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. battle. "Healing technology," Leilani corrected. "An alien species, having mastered interstellar travel and the." "As ever," Kath told him and smiled. "And yours, Lurch?" "I'm not shooting this. My associate is at an attic window of the place across the street. We made