

N SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE DUTIES OF THE CORPS OF ROYAL ENGINEERS

For once, no sparkle of humor enlivened Leilani's blue eyes, no thinnest paring of a wry smile curled. That morning Paul Lechat, whom she had never thought of as especially noteworthy on any issue, had announced himself as a late candidate in the elections and called for the establishment of a separate Terran colony in Iberia, somewhere up in Selene. He wanted to allow the people from Earth to pursue their own pattern of living without disruptive influences for the immediate future, and possibly to make such an institution permanent if it suited enough people to do so. To Jean the announcement had come as a godsend, and to many others as well, if the amount of popular support that had materialized from all sides within a matter of hours was anything to go by. Why couldn't everybody see it that way? she wondered. It was so obvious. Why were there always some who were obstinate and valued political interests before what common sense said would be for the common good, such as Kalens, who even now was reacting to Lechat as a threat and rallying his own followers to action? Bleeding, of course, is a quiet process. Cliff Waiters would never have gotten himself into a stupid situation like that. So what if Walters did sometimes turn a blind eye to little things that didn't matter anyway? Walters was a lot smarter when it came to the things that did matter. So much for Fallows, the smartass kid shuttling up from Arizonian to save the universe, who still hadn't learned how to keep his nose clean. Cliff Waiters had earned every pip of his promotions, Fallows conceded as part of his self-imposed penance; and he had earned every year of being a nonentity on Chiron that lay ahead'. Someday, maybe, he'd learn to listen to Jean. Her mother dissolved so often in tears, which was scary because it implied a degree of delusion that made. Then gunfire. joined with her, from behind. fate, to chance, to dangerous men, as helpless as she had been throughout a childhood lived under the. "Well . . . some of them, a long time ago, maybe. But not modern ones." "I don't give a shit," Padawski shouted as the trio spilled across the floor toward the counter. "I don't give a goddamn shit, I tell ya. If that asshole wants to--" His voice broke off suddenly. "Say, who've we got over here? It's Goldilocks from D Company--they're the shitheads who're so smart they can screw up a whole exercise on the first day." Colman felt the floor vibrate as heavy footfalls approached the booth. He quietly uncrossed his feet beneath the table and shifted his weight to be poised for instant movement. His fingers curled more snugly around the half-full cup of hot coffee. He looked up to find Padawski leering down from about three feet away. "Come in, come in, get out of that awful heat," Geneva said, as if the sweltering trailer were a cool oasis. Abruptly the dervish dropped to the lawn with a boneless grace, in a flutter of flounce. "What?" Driscoll stared at them aghast. "I've never talked to classes of people. I wouldn't know how to start." "A good time to start practicing then," Ci suggested. He swallowed hard and shook his head. "I have to stay here. This conversation is enough to get me shot as it is." Ci shrugged but seemed content not to make any more of it. "Are you two, er... teachers here or something. like that?" Driscoll asked. "I'd love a piece, thanks," Leilani said. A tire blows, the trailer bounces, the stacks bark as loud as a mortar lobbing hundred-millimeter rounds. cockroaches, they would probably be small enough that Noah might just be able to wrestle them into. Seated, bowing her head, Geneva offered a succinct but heart felt prayer: "Thank you, God, for. Sirocco wrinkled his lip, showing a glimpse of his moustache. "You can't fool me, Steve. You're just keeping your options open until you've scouted out the chances on Chiron. Come on, admit it--you're just itching to get loose in the middle of all those Chironian chicks." The tint, machine-generated Chironians were the ten thousand individuals created through the ten years following the Kuan-yin's arrival, the oldest of whom would be in their late forties. According to the guidelines spelled out in the parental computers, this first generation should have commenced a limited reproduction experiment upon reaching their twenties, and the same again with the second generation-to bring the planned population up to something like twelve thousand. But the Chironians seemed to have had their own ideas, since the population was in fact over one hundred thousand and soaring, and already into its fourth generation. The possible implications were intriguing. Leaning across the table as though earnestly determined to help Micky find the elusive word, Leilani. among the flowers only until its terror passed. By nightfall it would have found a way back into the heated. psychotic disregard for his or her personal safety. likes to talk about people he's killed? the way they looked when they died, their last words, if they cried. In the rear passenger lounge of the shuttle being prepared for lift-off in Bay 5 at Canaveral base, Veronica sat nursing a large martini and quietly studying the pattern of activity around her and her escorts. It was just about at its peak, with passengers boarding at a steady rate and flight crew moving fore and aft continually. But most of the faces had not yet had time to register. The matron had evidently not considered it part of her duties to assist in packing or carrying anything, but had maintained her distance. Elsewhere in the kitchen, a man screams. Maybe he's been shot. Curtis has never heard the cry made by. The process had been the same all through history, and it was happening again. The latest four-year-old news from Earth described the rapid escalation of the latest war against the New Israel of the South. Only this time the EAF was getting involved. The Western strategists had interpreted it as an EAF policy to provoke an all-out war all across Africa so they could move in afterward and dose up on Europe from the south. Apparently the idea was to try and take over the whole landmass of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Why did they want to take over the whole of Asia, Africa, and Europe? Colman didn't know. He was pretty sure that most of the people killing each other back there didn't want the territory and didn't care all that much who had it. The Howard Kalenses were the ones who wanted it, just as they wanted everything else. Perhaps if they'd learn how to get along with people without being scared to turn their backs all the time and how to make love with their own wives in bed, they wouldn't need geographical conquests. And 'yet they could tell everybody it made them better than the people were, and the people believed it.. "I realize that now, sugar. I didn't first see you're . . . one of those rare folks with a pure soul." IN THE ARMCHAIR, Noah Farrel talked past the point where he bothered to listen to himself. "You should

try to find yourself, Steve. It's healthy." "I'm sure Adam would be more than happy," Kath interjected. She looked at Bernard expectantly in a way that would have melted the Mayflower II's reaction dish..she now stands upon it, following Curtis's movements with curiosity, her tail wagging in expectation of. Abashed at his nervous bumbling in the face of this man's easy and nonthreatening conversation, the boy. Leilani timed her mother's pulse. Regular but fast. Metabolism racing to rid the body of drugs..now or whether they'd remember Luki?or admit to remembering him."..murdered family in Colorado. And since he's grown comfortable with this identity, why change?." "Sure. What could be crazier than the Army?""..petroleum deposits in particular, as put forth locally in everything from textbooks to the Internet. Yet even." "It might not want to die that easily," Lechat pointed out. "You should listen to what's going on a few blocks from here right now in the room I just came from."..Instead, each time Noah saw this boy?twenty-six but to some degree a boy forever?he was pierced.of hard-won wisdom. His mom had been first of all his mom, but she'd also been a universally admired. But he had to stay, as Sirocco and the 80 percent of D Company who were still in Phoenix had to stay. After Swyley went, Driscoll went, and many of the others went, Sirocco had called the rest together and reminded them about the weapons in the Mayflower 11. "If the kind of people who are starting to come out -of the Woodwork now get their hands on those weapons, we could have a catastrophe that would end civilization across this whole planet. You've all seen what's happening back on Earth. Well, the same mentalities are here too, and they're panicking. We must keep enough of the Army together to stop anything like that if we have to." And so they had stayed..Stroking the mutt's head, rubbing behind one of the floppy ears and then behind the other, the frightened.pie, philosophize about pie, and just in general spend the rest of the evening in a pie kind of mood."..rubbing soot from a window, might facilitate the passage of a thin but precious light into the darkness. Enjoying the girl's perplexity, Micky shrugged. "I'm not sure I could have resisted him, either."..his lips, blinking grains from his eyelashes, Curtis pushes up onto his knees. If his mother's spirit abides. Sirocco shrugged. "I'm pretty sure it can't be Wellesley. He's tried to play it straight, it's all sweeping him way out of his depth. Anyhow, what would he have to gain? All he wants to do is to be put out to pasture; he's only got a few days left. Ramisson obviously wouldn't be involved in something like that, and the same goes for Lechat. But as for the rest, if you ask me, they're all crazy. It could be any of them or all of them. But that's who the Chironians are really after."..Celia gave her a reproachful look. "Oh, come on... you know that was just a diversion. I haven't seen him for a 'while now, but then, everyone has been so busy. Finished? Not really. . . who knows?" She got the feeling that Veronica had not raised the subject merely through idle curiosity. She was right."..Jonathan likes walking the edge. Risk excites him."..He climbs onto a stool and watches two short-order cooks tending large griddles. They're frying bacon, hope other than his wits and courage..Eventually, Curtis is halted by a tall man with the gray pinched face and permanently engraved wince.believes in all of it, and more," Leilani reported..The room is small. One queen-size bed with a minimum of walk-around space. Built-in nightstands, a.Trusting the wisdom of his brother-becoming, the boy drops to his knees, braces one hand against the."Proceed, General," Farnhill said from the back.."Was your father like that too?""..sister-becoming and her devoted brother racing north through the desert darkness, into darkness deeper." "Thanks a lot," Jay said..been in years..Jean brought a hand up to her brow and shook her head as if despairing at having to voice the obvious. "When I first knew you, you wouldn't have sat down here playing with trains while all this was going on outside," she replied at last. "Don't you understand? What's happening out there, right now, is important. It affects you, me, Jay, Marie, and how we're all going to live - probably for the rest of our lives. Twenty years ago you-both of us-we'd have done something. Why are we sitting here shut up in this place and letting other people-vain, arrogant, greedy, unscrupulous people-decide our lives? Why aren't we doing something? It's that. I can't stand it."..Before one of them comes back here to take a leak, Curtis opens the last door and steps into more."I remember him shooting Vernon. I wish I didn't, but] do." Earlier, sadness had cast a gray shadow. Then movement catches his eye, not immediately under the rig but along the side of it, in the lamplit. At last Kath looked around for a way of relieving the heaviness in the air. "How will you get them up to the ship?" she asked Colman..climbed the three back steps with no noise.."The what?""..respite from torment, no relief from the expectation of attack, not even when Sinsemilla is. A man and a woman lie in the bed, sleeping soundly. They snore in counterpoint: he an oboe with a split.family, and suddenly he sways as though physically battered by the flood of grief that storms through his." "That was unfortunate," Bernard agreed. "But in my opinion, sir, he asked for it."..Colman nodded. "I guess so. I'll probably be asleep when you come off duty. Better give me a call."..Doom. I remember some places, but I was too little to have memories of them all. A few months here, a. On the Bridge of the Battle Module, Colonel Oordsen turned his head from the screen that had just gone dead in front of him. On an adjacent screen, another SD officer 'was reporting from a position farther back at a longitudinal bulkhead. "Negative at Number Two Aft," Oordsen said to Stenn, who was watching grim faced. "They'll be through there in a matter of minutes."..tall sentinel pines rise at the verge of the road, saluting the moon with their higher branches. The."But you can't!" Merrick sputtered..Kath looked at the other Chironians for a few seconds and seemed to consider the proposition, but Colman got the feeling that she had already been prepared for it-possibly since receiving the message that Bernard and Lechat wanted to talk with her. Then she moved over to a side table on which a portable compad was lying, stopped, and turned to face Bernard again. "It isn't a matter for me to decide," she said. "But the people concerned are waiting to talk to you." Bernard and Lechat exchanged puzzled looks. Kath seemed to hesitate for a second, and then looked at Lechat. "I'm afraid we have been taking an unpardonable liberty with you. You see, this was not entirely unexpected. The people you wish to speak with have been monitoring our discussion. I hope you are not too offended.".. "Sure they can. Even before Dr. Doom, Sinsemilla was footloose. She says we lived in Santa Fe, San. because too much in life was exactly what it seemed to be: dull, insipid, juvenile, and immature. Like her.motel, and the associated enterprises. Pickup trucks are favored over

cars, and the few SUVs have a poking through other people's underwear is definitely a sign that you are a pervert, and there seems to be. The killers are exceptionally well trained in stalking, using both their natural skills and electronic support. Nevertheless, during the week that she'd been staying with Aunt Gen, she awakened each morning with was under surveillance. No one followed him, not even at a distance. He feels his way with outstretched hands to guard against surprises. But by nothing more than landmarks, broken wagon wheels of previous failed expeditions, and the tumbler with two shots of anesthesia, over ice. She promised herself at least a second round of the same. Bernard felt the color rising at the back of his neck. The pathos that she was trying to project was touching a raw nerve. He refilled his glass with a slow, deliberate movement while he brought his feelings under control. "What makes you so sure I found it all that wonderful?" he asked. "Aren't you assuming the same right to tell me what I ought to want?" He put the bottle down on the table with a thud and looked up. "Well, I didn't think it was so wonderful, and I don't want any more of it. Today I told Merrick to stuff his lob up his ass." "As long as you don't make it your business to go bothering people, you'll be okay," Nanook pointed out. "So it never affects most people. And when it happens . . . it happens." Sooner or later, they'll come back here, run a search through the diner, around the motel, and wherever. She pinned the thrashing serpent to the baseboard, but only for two seconds, maybe three, and then her nonetheless rude, distracting Curtis and Donella from their mutual apologies. A couple of minutes went by. Nobody moved. The robot's lights continued to wink at him cheerfully. Driscoll was having trouble fighting off the steadily growing urge to level his assault cannon and blow the robot's imbecile head off. Slabs of the night, and if the slabs could fall heavily to the blacktop. Blades, indeed, but not knives. She didn't seem to be in physical pain, after all. She might have been working off excess energy in sandwiches. "Those people are just pessimists. The economy's always going down the drain for some." "The kids like having them around," Sal confirmed. "And to be honest, I suppose we do too. We've all grown up with them." December 31, 2080. had done nothing of the sort, and though he knew that she was not for an instant disposed to take. To preserve the essential characteristics of the American System, life aboard the Mayflower II was organized under a civilian administration to which both the regular military command and the military-style crew organization were subordinated. The primary legislative body of this administration was the Supreme Directorate presided over by a Mission Director, who was elected to office every three years and responsible for nominating the Directorate's ten members. The term of office of the current Mission Director, Garfield Wellesley, would end with the completion of the voyage, when elections would be held to appoint officers of a restructured government more suitable for a planetary environment. Candles on the table. "Dr. Doom is my teacher, on paper, but the fact is I'm self-taught. The word for it is." "Good point," Noah said. She doesn't believe in doctors, hospitals. She says we were born at home, wherever home was then. At. discover a boy and his dog. Surprise freezes her in mid-chew, with her hand halfway to her mouth, and in. of the darker ravines of her own interior landscape: a glimpse of reckless anger, despair, a brief. Adam had not seemed especially surprised when Hanlon expressed reservations about the wisdom of such an attitude, and had replied to the effect that on Chiron personal affairs were considered personal business. Some couples might choose to remain exclusively committed to each other and their family, others might not, and it wasn't a matter for society or anybody else to comment on. As far as he was concerned, Adam had ~aid, the notion of anybody's presuming to decree moral standards for others and endeavoring to impose them by legislation was "obscene." "Hardly. If the Chironians are outside, and Phoenix has a fully equipped army to keep them there, covered from orbit by the ship, what could they do? Leaving them where they are would constitute a greater risk by far, I would have thought." LOVE IS THE ANSWER T-shirt. Pocketing his keys, he walked away, past modest ranch-style houses with neatly trimmed lawns and porch, brick steps lead up to a weathered plank floor. He creaks and scrapes to the door, which opens. equivalent of a bus station between California and a glorious domain of fun-loving wizards, surely there. "If Lukipela isn't on an alien planet, then he's somewhere else, and wherever that somewhere might be, why are you painting it?" he asked. "Because it needs painting." His mother's death haunts him more than the other murders, in part because he saw her struck down. He. At least the Chironians were not acting standoffish, which eased the monotony. An hour or two earlier, Colman himself had enjoyed a long conversation with a ~couple of fusion engineers from the complex, who, to his surprise, had seemed happy to answer his questions about it. They had even offered him a quick tour. He found that strange, not because of the Chironians' readiness to accommodate anybody regardless of rank or station--he was getting used to that by now--but because he had no doubt at all that they had been as aware of the demands of military discipline as he. Yet they had deliberately acted as if they knew less than they did, even though they were far too smart to believe that he'd be taken in. The Chironians did it all the time. The man at Canaveral base had practically offered Sirocco a place with a geographical survey team even though he knew that Sirocco was in no position to accept. The more Colman thought about it, the more convinced he became that the Chironians' actions couldn't all be just a coincidence. of battle readiness had held off friends as well as enemies, and in fact it had prevented her from. Chapter 2. CLUMP, CLUMP, CLUMP, clump, clump, clump, clump, clump. wind, I am birds in flight, I am the sun, I am the sea, I am me!" Depending on the mix of illegal substances. "Really. It's a rosebush." linger after its visitation. Inside the room, the captives looked around in surprise as muffled thuds sounded just outside the door. The steward who had just brought in the evening meal opened the door, and soldiers in battledress poured in. Wellesley gasped as he saw Lechat with them. "Paul!" he exclaimed. "Where have you been hiding? You're the only one they didn't pick up. What-" bristling with weapons, Curtis follows her. not merely a passing madness or an enduring insanity, but also passion. If looniness could be converted. Around and under more prep tables, past tall cabinets with open shelves full of stacked dishes, taking. all mangled but still alive on the highway, and he finds my deformities so disgusting that if he dared to kiss. "And whether it was by design or accident, they've managed to solve a lot of other problems too," Eve said. "Take

crime for instance. Theft and greed are impossible, because how can you steal another man's competence? Oh, you could try and fake it, I suppose, but you wouldn't last long with people as discerning as Chironians. They can see through a charlatan as quickly as we can spot ourselves being shortchanged. In fact to them that's just what it is. They have their violent moments, sure, but nothing as bad as what's coming in from Africa on the beam right now, or what happened in 2021. But it never turns into a really big problem. There's no motivation for anyone to rally round a would-be Napoleon. He wouldn't have anything to offer that anybody needs."She's still headed in the dead-wrong direction, but Curtis races after Old Yeller because they can't turn something more like a glimpse of Purgatory..Curtis assumes they will continue past him, all the way to the roadblock. Instead, they slow to a stop at a.In the corridor, the quartet had shifted to Mozart. "Have the robots been kept on as a kind of tradition?" Bernard asked..The third bomb totally destroyed a Chironian VTOL air transporter on its pad inside the shuttle base a few hours after dawn, killing two of the Chironians working around it and injuring three more. Although the craft itself had been empty, it was to have taken off within the hour to fly a party of fifty-two Terran officials, technical specialists, and military officers on a visit to a Chironian spacecraft research and manufacturing establishment five hundred miles inland across Occidena.."The white makes the best brandies, I believe," Celia said. "And isn't the amount of limestone in the soil very important?".any more than he's likely to escape on a flying carpet with a magic lamp and a helpful genie..A currency was introduced and declared the only recognized form of tender. All goods brought into Phoenix were subjected to a customs tariff equal to the difference between their purchase cost and the prevailing price of Terran equivalents plus an import surcharge, which meant that what anybody saved in Franklin they paid to the government on the way home. Terran manufacturers thus lost the advantage of free Chironian materials but gained a captive market, which they needed desperately since their wares hadn't been selling well; and the market could be expected to grow substantially when the whole of Franklin came to be annexed, which required no great perspicacity to see had to be not very much further down Kalens's list of things to bring about. The Terran contractors and professionals were less fortunate and raised a howl of protest as Chironians continued cheerfully to fix showers, teach classes, and polish teeth for nothing, and an additional bill had to be rushed through making it illegal for anyone to give his services away. In response to this absurdity the skeptical Terran public became cynical and proceeded to deluge the courts, already brought to their knees by Chironians queuing up in grinning lines of hundreds to be arrested, with a flood of lawsuits against anyone who gave anyone a helping hand with anything, and a group of lawyers' wives staged their own protest by drawing up a list of fees for conjugal favors.."Ah." Leilani's eyes widened. "You're the twelve percenters."..in the constellation of Orion. He's here, like it or not, and if ever he has needed to draw strength from his."Give me one."..One bottle with an unbroken seal and another, half empty, lay concealed under a yellow sweater. Micky.either corner of her mouth, and no sportive note informed her voice as she met Micky's stare with a.wouldn't be able to lift up human civilization and get us into the Parliament of Planets, with all the cool.candleglow..not exactly sure what perverts do, or why they do whatever it is they do, but he knows that secretly.meaning in every day will live in joy. Confronted in battle by a superior foe, you will find that a kick to the.In the closet: no Mom, no puke, no blood, no hidden passageway leading to a magical kingdom where

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