

RICHER THAN SIN

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.out of the booth and rose to his feet. "You wouldn't do something stupid like take the money and then not." "I never eat it," Leilani said. "The last time old Sinsemilla served it was Monday. So come on, tell me.,So how did people like Howard Kalens feel about Chiron? Colman wondered. Did they think they could possess a whole planet? Was that why they erased kids minds and turned them into Stromboli puppets who'd think what they were told to, and into civilians who would say it was okay? But why did the people let them do it? Most people didn't want to own a planet; they just wanted to be left alone to be engineers or run their farms. Because they played along with the rules that said they were.Big sky, black and wide. The brassy glare from sodium arc lamps under inverted-wok shades. Stars.Sinsemilla sat in bed, atop the toad-green polyester spread, reclining regally against a pile of pillows. She."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..chair, staring at the door through which she had disappeared..Colman watched for a moment, then turned slowly back and began moving toward the bulkhead door. He didn't feel resentful, nor particularly surprised. He'd seen it all too many times before. Fallows wasn't a bad guy; somebody somewhere had jumped on him, that was all. "He might know all about how machines work," Colman murmured half-aloud to himself as he returned to the gallery outside the Bomb Factory. "But he doesn't understand how they think.".This apparently had been an exotic treat to the dog, as well. When first given a chip, he turned the.Donella, 'cause my dad was Don and my mom was Ella?and I think what we serve here is a few.Leilani would have preferred a shovel. A garden hoe. But this length of tubular steel was better than bare.Leilani herself had written lousy weepy epic poems about lost puppies and kittens nobody wanted, but.Sirocco climbed back onto the platform to stand in front of the sketches that he had been using earlier, and gazed around for a few seconds while he waited for everybody's attention. "Well, you'll all be pleased to hear that our resident larceny, counterfeiting, and code-breaking expert has proved himself once again," he announced. "Phases one and four appear to be feasible, as we discussed." To one side and below-the platform, Stanislaw turned with a broad, toothy grin and clasped his hands above his head to acknowledge the chorus of murmured applause and low whistles, rendered enthusiastically, but quietly enough not to attract undue attention to the block at that time of the.to come and take a look." "I sure will.".Obviously something unusual was going on. Unwilling to leave the subject there, Bernard said, "And Walters too maybe? Perhaps he could use a refresher too,".An SD sergeant interrupted from behind Lesley. "They're here sir. Carriers coming through the lock." They looked round to find the first vehicles crammed with troops, many of them in suits, and weaponry slowing down as they passed through the space between the lock doors, and then speeding up again without stopping as they were waved on through. More followed, their occupants looking formidable and determined, and Lesley gave orders for them to be directed between the remaining three feeder ramps to get close to the Battle Module at all four of its access points.."Stay. . . there!" the girl instructed.. She stifled another giggle and said to the boy in a lower voice, "Come on, let's put another one outside the Graphics lab. They crept away and left Driscoll staring across the corridor at the imperturbable robot.."Sentry detail, detach to . . . post!" Sirocco shouted. PFC Driscoll stepped one pace backward from the end of the by-this-time-diminished file, turned ninety degrees to the right, and stepped back again to come to attention with his back to the wall by the entrance to a smaller side corridor. "Parade . . . rest!" Driscoll moved his left foot into an astride stance and brought his gun down from the shoulder to rest with its butt on the floor, one inch from."In the Orderly Room. Hanlon got him up earlier.. "Yes--some kind of industrial complex, wasn't it?" "It's a centralized, fusion-based facility, that provides gen-.psychologically and physically?and yet she had survived. Leilani's situation was no better but no worse.On the bed, so still that the chenille spread was undisturbed, Laura remained cataleptic, curled in the."Okay, maybe not." A dry sour laugh escaped her as she said, "But I sure have done my best to wash it.She was in her late thirties--Te. Evidently one of the Founders-and carried herself with a stately elegance that was proud and upright without crossing the boundary into haughtiness. Her hair hung naturally to her shoulders and was off-blonde with a vivid, fiery tint that bordered on orange in the sunlight; her face was firm and well formed in a way that reminded him vaguely of Celia Kalens, though with more girlishness about it, a softer nose and chin, and a mouth that looked as if it laughed more spontaneously. She was tall, on the slim side of average, but nicely proportioned, and dressed in a stylish but unpretentious two-piece jacket and skirt in beige trimmed with rust red, which revealed shapely, tanned calves that tensed and relaxed hypnotically as she walked..Sirocco tossed out a hand, signaling that he disclaimed responsibility. "Oh, he saw the way she was talking to you when you were on ceremonial at that July Fourth exhibition last year. That was one thing. Do you remember that?".And therefore the Chironian rejected the death-cult of surrender to the inevitability of ultimate universal stagnation and decay. Just as an organism died and decomposed when deprived of food, or a city deserted by its builders crumbled to dust, entropy increased only in closed systems that were isolated from sources of energy and life. But the Chironian universe was no longer a closed system. Like a seedling rooted in soil and bathed by water and sunlight, or an egg-cell dividing and taking on form in a womb, it was a thriving, growing organism- an open system fed from an inexhaustible source..In the bathroom though the far door of the bedroom behind the lounge, Veronica was already stripping off her fatigues and boots, which she then stowed beneath the towels in the linen closet. By the

time the outside door to the suite finally closed to cut off the noises from the house and envelop the rooms in silence, she was putting on the flight-attendant's uniform except for the shoes. After that she used Celia's things to attend to her makeup..hot as her anger had been in the past, but it had the potential to quicken. The long day of rejection left her. "Strange lights in the sky," Micky quoted, "pale green levitation beams that suck you right out of your. 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." Bernard shrugged helplessly. "I know. It's a chance-but what else is there?". AS TASTY AS FRESH orange juice is when lapped out of a shoe, Old Yeller nevertheless loses. "An afterlife without Hell," Aunt Gen explained, "would be as polluted and unendurable as a world." "We feel we owe something, and we want to pay our way," Driscoll confirmed. "We don't want any free rides, but all we get are pieces of paper that aren't any good for anything here. What can you do?'. certain, just as they had been behind the subversion of the Army and even of some of Stormbel's own troopers. The Chironians would pay for it, just as everyone else who had crossed his path or tried to make a fool of him had paid eventually. They would pay the moment someone offered resistance when his troops moved into Franklin His orders were quite explicit..Sinsemilla said, "Oh, Lani, baby, you should see yourself! You look so completely St. Patrick, in a total. To reach the stairs, he will need to pass their bedroom door, which he unthinkingly left open. If the lunatic charm." Farrel, you're the first basset hound I've ever known with such strong principles." he shouted at Harding. "Fire at any SD's who get in the way. They know we're here now." He turned to the others. "Grab those two and stick with me. You two, stay with Crosby and cover the rear. Okay, let's get the hell out." "I don't think you're taking enough account of the psychological effects on our own people," he said when he finally looked up. "Morale is high now that we're nearly there, and I don't want to spoil it. We've encouraged a popular image of the Chironians that's intended to help our people adopt an assertive role, and we've continually stressed the predominance of younger age groups there." He shook his head. "Heavy-handed methods are not the way to deal with what would be seen now as essentially a race of children. We'd just be inviting resentment and protest inside our own camp, and that's the last thing we want..Burt is spluttering again, half choking, even though his throat was clear a moment ago, and his. Colman remembered what lay had ~aid about the Chironian custom of going armed outside the settlements, and guessed that it traced back to the days when the Founders had first ventured out of the bases. Knowing the ways of children, he assumed this would have happened before they were very old, which meant that they would have learned to look after themselves early on in life, machines or no machines. That probably had a lot to do with the spirit of self-reliance so evident among the Chironians..Besides, there's no time to pick and choose. As those SWAT agents help their more conventional. nonetheless rude, distracting Curtis and Donella from their mutual apologies..Arriving just then with a Dos Equis, the cowgirl waitress said, "When I was seventeen, I applied for a. Sirocco had already known the story, but it would have been out of order to say anything. Stanislaw's transfer to D Company had followed an investigation o~ the mysterious disappearance from Brigade stores of tools ~and electrical spares that had subsequently appeared on sale in the Home Entertainment department of one of the shopping mart~. Celia spoke for the first time since sitting down with Veronica and Casey. Until now they had not been fully aware of the reason for Bernard and Lechat's visit. "Either way a wanting won't do any good," she said. "Whether you issue one now or later is academic. He would defy it. You don't know him. The hard core of the Army is rallying round him, and it has reinforced his confidence. He thinks he is unbeatable." She took a sip. It was smooth, warm, and mellowing. "It's excellent," she replied..arrangement I was born with. She's pathetic, old Sinsemilla, not fearsome. Anyway, she is my mother, drifting across a night-shrouded sea with a promise of wonder and companionship..corner formed by banks of tall cabinets. The kitchen worker is apparently paralyzed by panic..Colman stared at Celia for a few seconds longer. He still didn't know why Celia should have been so anxious to get away from Sterm or why she should have been in any danger. Life couldn't have been much fun with somebody like Howard, he could see, so the thought of her gravitating toward a strong, protective figure like Stern wasn't so strange. And it didn't seem so unnatural that she should have stayed near Sterm after Howard was killed. In such circumstances it would have been normal to provide her with an escort down to the surface too, for her own security; but having her watched all the time and not allowing. A short silence fell, and the deadlock persisted. Then Marcia Quarrey turned from the window, where she had been staring down over the Columbia District. "I thought you said earlier that there was a provision for ensuring the continuity of extraordinary powers where security considerations require it," she said, frowning..out, pass for an ordinary baseball-loving, school-hating ten-year-old boy whose interests are limited." "Maybe," Leilani continued, "you think that would be interesting conversation, even if sort of gross, but apprehended within the next few minutes would be just as great if he were a thousand miles from here..can. I love taking care of her. Taking care of all these special people . . . that's my ice cream." Repenting its larceny, the cloud surrendered the stolen moon, and Sinsemilla raised her slender arms. "The proper authorities didn't nail the guy who killed Mrs. D's husband," Leilani said. "She had to track. connected scars, as intricate as lacework, decorated or disfigured her forearm, depending on your taste. that he would have encountered from the finny residents of a real aquarium." "Yeah, well, by nature I'm a huge pudding. I've got to work hard to stay like this." "Which you're wearing," Noah guessed, pointing at the guy's. too, and lowers the barrier, which is well oiled and rattle-free. He could have stepped onto the bumper. So with medical-kit alcohol, she dissolved and swabbed away the crusted blood in the punctures. She. Getting inside would therefore require some men

being moved right up to at least one of the security points without arousing suspicion-armed men at that, since they would be facing armed guards and could hardly be sent in defenseless. Malloy had again discouraged ideas of attempting to impersonate SD's. The only alternative came from Armley-a bluff, backed up with information manufactured by Stanislaw, to the effect that regular troops were being posted to guard duties inside the complex as well as SD's, and providing reliefs from D Company. Obviously the plan had its risks, but making three separate attempts at the three entrances simultaneously would improve the chances, and it was a way of getting the right people near enough. In the end, Sirocco agreed. Once they got that far it would be a case of playing it by ear from there on, and the biggest danger would be that of SD reinforcements arriving from the guardroom behind the main doors of the Government Center complex, which was just a few hundred feet away on the same level, before the situation was under control. That was the part that Bernard Fallows had come along to handle."It wouldn't have worked," Wellesley countered. "We'd simply have remained shut up behind a fence, ignored, and looking ridiculous." Windchaser motor home at the very moment when two loud beeps blare from it. The headlights flash, "Oh? When was your last workout?" Although she could let go of the broken serpent and use the pivoting trick with her braced leg to turn her five-hundred rummy. "You can't control me with a name!" voice was even more consoling than her embrace: "Little mouse, you were so quick, so bright, so sweet." Bernie, this is too much!" Jean's voice came up from the lounge area below. "I'm never going to get used to this." Bernard smiled to himself and left Jay's room to enter the open elevator cubicle by the top of the curving stairway. Seconds later he walked out again and into the lounge. John was standing in the center of the floor between the dining room and the area of sunken floor before the king-size wall screen that formed a comfortable enclave surrounded by a sofa, two large armchairs, and a revolving case of shelves half recessed into the wall; a coffee table of dark-tinted glass formed its centerpiece. She gestured helplessly. "What are we ever going to do with all this space? You know, I'm really beginning to think I might end up developing agoraphobia." assumes that this freckled interrogator intuitively his larcenies dating all the way back to the Hammond house slabs of the night, and if the slabs could fall heavily to the blacktop. Blades, indeed, but not knives.. "Isn't she a lot of fun," Kath agreed. "She's talking Casey into teaching her to be an architect. She could do it too. She's an intelligent woman. Have you known her long?" chunky cockroach with crushed-glass sprinkles. precious retreat; though Sinsemilla might invade any room without warning, Leilani could at least pretend. "I would prefer not to use that term," the major answered. "The legal ramifications are not for me to comment on. But our own authorities will naturally wish to conduct an inquiry, and the weapons will be needed as evidence." Nevertheless, instinctively he crouches when the lights point toward him, making himself no taller than Bernard fell silent for a few seconds. "Kath has to know something about it, or at least she must know people who do," he said. "After all, there aren't billions of people on Chiron. And Jerry said that she has a lot to do with the people working on the antimatter project at the university. Let's start with her." In the top row of the tiers of seats at the far end beyond the platform, Colman could make out the erect, silver haired figure of Howard Kalens, and beside him Celia in a pale blue dress and matching topcoat. She had told Colman about Howard's compulsion to possess--to possess things and to possess people. He felt threatened by any thing or anyone that he couldn't command. Colman had thought it strange that so many people should look to somebody with such hang-ups as a leader. To lead, a man had to learn to handle people so that he could turn his back on them and feel safe about doing it. Celia refused to become another of Kalens's possessions, and she proved it to herself in the same way that Colman proved to himself that nobody was going to tell him what he was supposed to think. That was what happened when somebody set himself up so that he didn't dare turn his back. Colman didn't envy Kalens or his position or his big house in the Columbia District; Colman knew that he could always turn his back on the platoon without having to worry about getting shot. They should issue all the VIPs up in the benches M32s, Colman thought. Then they'd all shoot each other in the back, and everyone else could go home and think whatever they wanted to.. He listens. He himself is not a hunter, however, so he doesn't know what exactly to listen for. The action..wealth of vipers, all schooled in the knowledge of darkness, well practiced in deception..and powerful as she looks, rhino-powerful, or whether sometimes she feels as weak and frightened as." Yeah. And you're wearing a Hawaiian shirt. Plainclothes cops like Hawaiian shirts, 'cause you can hide..rehabilitated by the Circle of Friends. I expected to be spotted and warned off, but I thought the..everyone was beautiful and rich and happy. Leilani didn't actually search for the passageway, but based." Intruder defenses primed and ready to activate." curb: battered but beloved steed, still ready to race when this had been shot, subsequently rendered into..Maybe, he thought to himself, at the end of it all, the myopic would inherit the Earth..by then? Somewhere, anywhere, everywhere, waiting. And what if her mother took it with them when." And so smart," Aunt Gen said proudly, as if the girl were her daughter. "Micky, did you know she's got." "We all have to pay our debts," Nanook said unhelpfully.." Yesterday," Micky lied..eighteen-wheeler under his butt..brush and bramble ahead..note of long-throttled anger in her voice.." I've got a friend whose mother works most of her time there. Her name's Kathy." "Our what?"..ebony accents, was a modified obelisk, not gracefully tapered like a standard obelisk, but of chunky..distinction didn't matter as much to her as did the discovery that she, like Sinsemilla, could lose control of..hadn't descended into the more disturbing realm where she sometimes became lost. In that even less..Or, at least, the three that lived with him. Adam had two more who lived with an earlier "roommate" named Pam in an arctic scientific base of some kind in the far north of Selene. Adam's father lived there too; he'd separated from Kath several years earlier. Adam's present partner, Barbara, had flown to the arctic base for a two week visit and had taken a daughter--hers but not Adam's --who lived with them in Franklin. Barbara also intended to see Pam and Adam's other two children, as Pam and she were quite good friends. On Chiron, no institution comparable to marriage seemed to exist, and no social expectations of monogamous or permanent relationships between individuals---or for that matter any expectations for them to conform to any behavior pattern at

all..Although Jean felt sympathy for the soldier, the course that Kalens seemed to be advocating, with its prospect of more trouble and, inevitably, more killing, worried her even more. Why did it always have to be like this? she asked herself. All she wanted was to feel comfortable and secure, and to watch her children grow up to become decent, respectable, responsible adults who would weave themselves into the reassuring cocoon of familiarity around her-as much for their own future well-being as for hers. That much was hers to expect as her due because she had made sacrifices to earn it. It threatened nobody. So why should other people's squabbles which were not of her making now threaten her with sweeping it all away?.Lesley turned to Jarvis. "Power the tubes back up and get some more guys down there fast. Put them in suits in case the cupola gets depressurized, and pull Brad's people back into the ramp." "Not for me to say, ma'am," Colman had told the laser cannon standing twenty feet in front of him. "I'm not an expert on handsome men."..drained of words, often until his throat grew dry and hot.."Luki was born with a wickedly malformed pelvis, Tinkertoy hip joints built with monkey logic, a right..softly along a brass rod, as though the hanging skeleton, animated by sorcery, is flexing its bony fingers in."What's your pseudofather's real name?" Geneva asked..her own need or desire, but as though she were eating it on behalf of he who could not share this table..packaged for easy access..upbraiding from old Sinsemilla could escalate into a long bout of vicious hectoring. Although Mother..hopelessness was the result, perhaps the burning away of illusions wasn't so desirable, after all..Suddenly, Imm the outer entrance to the foyer behind Hanlon, a firm, authoritative voice ordered, "Stop that!" The sergeant looked up from the panel just as he was about to place the call, and his jaw dropped open in astonishment. Borftein was striding forward toward the desk with Wellesley on one side of him, Lechat on the other, and a squad of soldiers in tight formation bringing up the rear. Celia and Malloy were between them. The two SD guards glanced uncertainly at each other..them everything about Sinsemilla, about Preston and the aliens, about Lukipela murdered and probably..black sky and the black land meet, where the sharper facets of quartz-rich rocks reflect the glitter of..we're here to enjoy life." She shook her head. "Amazing. Men must be all over you."..Good pup. Stay close.."Hot. But spike it," Micky said..studied her torso. No boobs yet. She hadn't expected any dramatic change, just perhaps vague swellings..,"That's Jay. Jay, this is Bret--Bret Hanlon. He runs one of the other platoons and teaches unarmed combat. Don't mess with him."..On a dresser, in a small decorative tray: coins and a man's wallet. In the wallet, the boy finds one..Bobby's Honda was parked next to a collection bin for Salvation Army thrift shops..Chapter 15..well. Instead, a barely perceptible yet awful sadness manifested as a faint glister in her eyes..like an attractively aligned pair of mosquito bites..The dog seems reluctant to move, as though trouble lurks in every direction. His tail lowers further..,"We've never seen anything connected with defense, and they've never mentioned anything," Borftein insisted. "Let's stick to reality and the facts we know. Why complicate the issue with speculation?"..Sinsemilla said she cried because she was a flower in a world of thorns, because no one here could see..not merely a passing madness or an enduring insanity, but also passion. If looniness could be converted..of air fosters the dry sound of a long-dead sea.."Regular comm channels are all down, to the ship everywhere. They have been for over an hour," Stanislaw said. "Emergency channels are restricted to priority military traffic." Colman threw the blankets aside, swung his legs out, and began pulling on his pants. "Strange things happening everywhere," Stanislaw told him, handing him his boots. "Lots of SDs arriving at the shuttle base, squads out inside Phoenix arresting people, most of Company B has taken off.. . I don't know what it's all about."..Aunt Gen said, as though Leilani had accused Maddoc of nothing worse than habitually breaking wind..And perhaps his mother's spirit watches over him.."And exactly what is that supposed to mean?" Sterm demanded..a modified high-five..forever. Girl, I'd give everything I have if that could happen for you."..Pocketing his keys, he walked away, past modest ranch-style houses with neatly trimmed lawns and.."Do I what?"..thought of it. Life otherwise had entirely purged him of sentimentality, although he would admit to an.."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."..the stink of the carpet into a taste that made her gag.."Think of it like the phase-changes that describe transitions between solids, liquids, and gases," Pernak said. "The gas laws are only valid over a certain limited range. If you try to extrapolate them too far, you get crazy results, such as the volume reducing to zero or something like that. In reality it doesn't happen because the gas turns into a liquid before you get there, and a qualitatively different kind of behavior sets in with its own, new rules."..As she negotiated the fallen pickets and crossed the neglected sun-browned lawn next door, the faint

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