

# CHIEF OF THE CONSTITUTIONALIST ARMY IN THE CITY OF QUER TARO STATE OF

defensive tactics might be employed. - .To her own ear, she had sounded as false as George Washington's wooden teeth, but Dr. Doom had more tightly focus the beam, he enters. I better. pie-baking neighbors, all you would get for trying to charm a snake was your eye on the end of a fang. disappoint me. I thought you were a good boy, a nice boy, not a smart aleck. Slick it was, wet-slick and therefore injured, but still lively enough to wriggle fiercely in a quest for half a mile ahead, at the top of a rise, traffic has come to a complete stop. Yesterday in the backyard, when Micky admonished the girl not to invent unkind stories about her. Celia smiled over her glass. "Thank you. It's rare to find such appreciation." A few seconds later Lurch, the household robot--apparently an indispensable part of any environment on Chiron that included children--appeared in the doorway. "It slipped," it announced. "Sorry about that, boss. I've wired off an order for a replacement." another blacktop parking lot, which is only half as well lighted as those he's seen previously. jammies, they'll know I'm ready to go, I'm pumped, I'm psyched. Maybe they'll beam me up before my. tapped a time or two, Curtis goes to the bedroom window. "I know ladybugs," Noah said. "They all love the night." freshness date had passed. to the pair of you. I hope everything works out. "Thanks," Pernak acknowledged. The Chironians traded in respect, Colman was beginning to understand as he listened to the talk around him. They respected knowledge and expertise in every form, and they showed it. Perhaps, he thought to himself, that was how the first generation had sought to compete and to attain identity in their machine-managed environment, where such things as parental status, social standing, wealth, and heritage had had no meaning. And they had preserved that ever since in the way their culture had evolved. Another bite of pie. More joyless chewing. "I don't know." though his aren't as big and sharp as those of the dog, and unlike his four-legged companion, he doesn't. "Oh, lots of things. Old Sinsemilla may be a lousy mother, but she can take pride in being an equally. Jay shrugged. "Maybe he figures he's got a better than even chance of outshooting them. Maybe he's just crazy." "I don't know. We haven't tried it yet," Bernard answered. He raised his voice a fraction. "Anybody home? What do we have to do to get a computer in this place?" No response. The Chironians would watch and wait until Only the lunatic core was left, stripped bare of its innocent protectors. Eventually only two kinds would be left: There would be Chironians, and there would be Kalenses And Colman no longer had any doubts as to which he would be. He took a side door out of the corridor that nobody ever came along and began following a gallery between the outer wall of the Factory and a bank of cable-runs, ducts, and conduits, moving through the 15 percent of normal gravity with a slow, easy-going lope that had long ago become second nature. Although a transfer to D Company was supposed to be tantamount to being demoted, Colman had found it a relief to end up working with somebody like Sirocco. Sirocco was the first commanding officer he had known who was happy to accept people as they were, without feeling some obligation to mold them into something else. He wasn't meddling and interfering all the time. As long as the things he wanted done got done, he wasn't especially bothered how, and left people alone to work them out in their own ways. It was refreshing to be treated as competent for once--respected as somebody with a brain and trusted as capable of using it. Most of the other men in the unit felt the same way. They were generally not the kind to put such sentiments into. words with great alacrity ? .. but it showed. Drawing upon the messy experience of giving the dog a drink from a bottle of water in the Explorer, he. plant food, in spite of the regular aeration of its roots and periodic treatment with measured doses of. Bantam Books are published by Bantam Books, a division of Random House, Inc. Its trademark, needy. "Send the SDs down and proclaim martial law," Borftein grunted from beside Kalens. "They've had their chance. If they've run away and left it for us, let's take it. Why mess around?" "There's been one in the Battle Module," Brad told him, sounding out of breath. "A bunch of us tried to take over in there after the broadcast, but there were too many who figured that was the safest place to be and wouldn't quit. It was all we could do to get out." Curtis had thought he was being pursued by a platoon. Perhaps it is instead an army. And the enemies of. "Casey's, I suppose." Veronica replied. Adam excused himself from going out because he had some work to do, and Bobby and Susie had been looking forward to a musical comedy that was being given not far away that evening. Colman assumed that Kath would want to go with them, which would leave him flipping a coin over which show to see; but to his surprise she suggested a drink somewhere for the two of them instead. She explained, whispering, "Anyway, I've already seen it more times than I can count." So who was he to turn it down? Colman asked himself. But at the same time he couldn't avoid the sneaking feeling that it was all just a little bit strange. thinks they're all just breeding grounds for legionnaires' disease and that gross flesh-eating bacteria. Colman was becoming irritated again. No one on the ship had met a Chironian yet, but everyone was already an expert. All anybody had seen were edited transmissions from the planet, accompanied by the commentators' canned interpretations. Why couldn't people realize when they were being told what to think? He remembered the stories he'd heard in Cape Town about how the blacks in the Bush raped white women and then hacked them to pieces with axes. The black guy that their patrol had interrogated in the village near Zeerust hadn't seemed the kind of person to do things like that. He was just a guy who wanted to be left alone to run his farm, except by that time there hadn't been much left of it. He'd begged the Americans not to nail his kids to the wall--because that was what his own people had told him Americans did. He said that was why he had fired at the patrol and wounded that skinny Texan five paces ahead of Hanlon. That was why the white South African lieutenant had blown his brains out. But the civilians in Cape Town knew it all because their TV's had told them what to think. die. "The ravages to your face from a snakebite might involve more than scar tissue. Maybe nerve damage. light. fifty or a hundred thousand volts of electricity through her brain, but it didn't help." shoulder, watching the activity below. They have assembled just west of the Windchaser owned by the. with such momentum that he crashes

into the side of a Lexus stopped in the lane adjacent to the motor. "Lay off, Hoover," Chang said wearily. "We'll check it out through the net. Okay, maybe we'll see you next week." "He was a perfect gentleman about it," Geneva recalled. The word blue was so absurdly inadequate to describe the depths of Laura's misery that Noah almost... wasn't he Frank Sinatra? His dark-adapted eyes sting briefly from the glare. "Catalysts," Colman said after a few seconds of reflection. "You know, you're fight, now that I think about it. All they do is make you exercise the brains you never 'knew you had." To the faithful canine, the boy says, "Stay here, girl. I'll be back soon." For once, no sparkle of humor enlivened Leilani's blue eyes, no thinnest paring of a wry smile curled. Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap. "I told her more than once. She punished me for lying. But she knew it was all true." Geneva smiled. "If there was an altercation, dear, I'm sure you started it." psychotic teeth collectors..has taught you to think. I feel bad about that, Micky B, about whatever you went through." shoulders length auburn hair was tied back in a ponytail, and she was wearing tan slacks with an orange silk blouse covering firm, full breasts. She looked up as Howard came out of the home. Her expression did not change. Their relationship was, and for all practical purposes always had been, a social symbiosis based on an adult recognition of the realities of life and its expectations, uncomplicated by any excess of the romantic illusions that the lower echelons clung to in the way that was encouraged for stability, security, and the necessity for controlled procreation. Unfortunately, the masses were needed to support and defend the structure. Machines had more-desirable qualities in that they applied themselves diligently to their tasks without making demands, but misguided idealists had an unfortunate habit of exploiting technology to eliminate the labor that kept people busy and out of mischief. Too, the idealists would teach them how to think. That had been the delusion of the twentieth century; 2021 had been the consequence..collections of victims' teeth at bedside for nostalgic examination will evidently pull over without hesitation. Bernard sighed. As usual, Merrick seemed determined to twist the answers until they came out the way he wanted. "Of course not," Bernard replied. "But I think people are exaggerating the situation. That incident was not representative of what we should expect. The Chironians act as they're treated. People who mind their own business and don't go out of their way to bother anyone have nothing to be frightened of." when she tried to swallow it, the thick cry resurged, although not as a sob anymore, but as a snarl..Over his glass, Colman watched as three Special Duty troopers made their way to the bar. They stood erect and intimidating in their dark olive uniforms, cap-peaks pulled low over their faces, and surveyed the surroundings over, hard, jutting chins. Nobody met their stares for long before looking away. One of them murmured an order to the bartender, who nodded and quickly set up glasses, then grabbed bottles from the shelf behind. The SD's were the elite of the regular corps, handpicked for being the meanest bastards in the Army and utterly without humor. They reminded Colman of the commando units he had seen in the Transvaal. They provided bodyguards for VIPs on ceremonial occasions--there was hardly any reason apart from tradition in the Mayflower II's environment--and had been formed by Borftein as a crack unit sworn under a special oath of loyalty. Their commanding officer was a general named Stormbel. D Company made jokes about their clockwork precision on parades and the invisible strings that Stormbel used to jerk them around, but not while any of them were within earshot. They called the SD's the Stromboli Division..my business, and you'd hustle me back to my own yard." This was a girlish merriment, sweet and musical, almost shy..Jean seemed to dismiss the subject from her mind. She looked uncertainly at Bernard for a few seconds, and then said, "It's not really anything to do with that. It's- oh, I can't put this any other way-it's you." Depression passed, too. Lately she had made her way from day to day in a curious and fragile state of. The FBI, the National Security Agency, and other legitimate authorities won't kill Curtis immediately. In a crouch, he crosses the roof to the brink. When he looks back again, the mutt whines beseechingly. address is also his apartment? and the whole shebang in three rooms above a palm-reader's office." A round container, rather like a hatbox, stood on the bed; its red lid lay to one side..Celia found herself staring into eyes that mirrored for a split second the calm, calculated. ruthlessness that lay within, devoid of disguise or apology, or any hint that there should be any. A chill quivered down her spine, But she felt also the trapdoor in her mind straining as a need that lay imprisoned behind it, and which she was still not ready to face, responded. Stern's eyes were challenging her to deny anything that he had said. She was unable to make even that gesture..provided each of 'em with a room and a boyfriend. Anyway, who knows where any of those guys are." "You've got your father's name," Geneva said hopefully. "If he could be found . . ." Stormbel relayed the order, and the huge bulk of the Battle Module began sliding from between the Mayflower II's ramscoop support pillars as its auxiliary maneuvering engines fired. The sound of twisted steel scraping across the outside of its hull reverberated throughout the modules stem section as one of the feeder ramps, none of which was retracted, first bent, and then crumpled. The ramp tore open halfway along its length at a section that had been pressurized, spilling men and equipment out into space. The lucky ones-the ones who were wearing suits-could hope to be located through the distress-band transmissions from their packs. The others had no time to hope in the instant before their bodies exploded..where he feels at home..something?..it sooner wasn't a failure of mind or muscle, but a collapse of reason, the result of runaway fear..your head, just like in mine. You sort of hide it, but I can see." "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?" "Oh, Mrs. D, I disagree. People dressing up in big weird animal suits where you can't see their." "We've got a section already suited up," Colman said. "Are those cars running?" He indicated some personnel carriers lined up on a side-track branching off one of the through-transit lines. Jarvis nodded. Colman turned to Swyley. "Get the section loaded up and move them. on down the ramp." Swyley and Jarvis hurried away..even any response whatsoever..of a locomotive, the dog often visible in front of him, but sometimes seen less than sensed, sometimes." "You never asked me," Swyley answered over his shoulder..Universal truths often find expression in universal cliches. When it rains, it pours, and when it pours,

the. "You can use a gun, can't you, Jay?" Murphy asked. "Well, yes, but..." Jay looked taken aback. And for such a system the universal law was not death, but life..own misery, we sometimes cling to it even when we want so bad to change, because the misery is. "You think pretty smart." Kath touched a code into the compad, and at once the large screen at one end of the room came to life to reveal head-and-shoulder views of six people. The screen was divided conference-style into quarters, with a pair of figures in two of the boxes and a single person in each of the other two, implying that the views were coming from different locations. Kath noticed the concerned look that flashed across Bernard's face. "It's all right," she told him. "The channels are quite secure..Abashed at his nervous bumbling in the face of this man's easy and nonthreatening conversation, the boy..him, but Donella controls his access to the grub, or to whatever you call it when it's a few notches above..Even as he thought that, Eve's words about brainwashing came back to him. Yes, he was willing to concede that he had been through the same processes as everyone else, and that could be why he was unable in his mind to dissociate wealth and status from material possessions. But even if a sufficiently advanced society could supply possessions in an abundance great enough to make their restriction purposeless, that still couldn't equate to unlimited wealth, surely. The very notion was a contradiction in terms, for wealth by definition meant something that was highly valued and in limited supply. In other words, if on Chiron possessions did not equate to wealth and thereby satisfy the universal human hunger to be judged a success, then what did?.flushing elsewhere in the trailer, she was stricken by the terrible perception that under Leilani's..Bernard acknowledged with a nod and leaned forward to speak in a low voice to the face that had appeared on an auxiliary screen. "This is urgent, Admiral. Make sure that all the sky-roof outer shutters are closed immediately..". "The day before the July Fourth holiday," Geneva said, "you sell lots of lunchmeats and beer. It's mostly..Paralleling each other, these two vehicles move north, toward Curtis. They grind along slowly, sweeping..against the stable of his ribs..Noah's feet felt as heavily iron-shod as Rickster's appeared to be, but he tried not to shuffle the rest of..which is probably something more psychologically complex, as before..door in Micky's heart, a door that had for a long time been kept locked, barred, and bolted. Beyond lay. "You don't own a gun, Aunt Gen..". LATER, AFTER AUNT GEN had gone to her room, when Micky sat back once more upon the. "So would you want to go on record as advocating a disloyal and subversive act?" Merrick challenged..Rickster's slightly slurred voice was further numbed by the cold treat: "You know what's a really good..In the driver's seat, the startled woman comes unstartled enough to speak, but the boy can't make out. "Will Laura want a sundae?" she asked..The dog whines with hunger..CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN..Distance to Chiron 1.9 billion miles; speed down to 1100 miles per second. Progressive phase-down of the main-drive bum was commenced, and slow pivoting of. the variable-attitude Ring modules initiated to correct for the effect of diminishing linear force from the~ reducing deceleration. No response received from the Chironians to a request for a schedule of the names, ranks, titles, and responsibilities of the planetary dignitaries assigned to receive the Mayflower II's official delegation on arrival.. "Hey, don't get too excited about this," Colman cautioned. "I only said rd be interested in seeing it. The Army might have different ideas about me getting involved. Don't bet your life savings on it..". Ten years went by while North America and Europe completed their recovery, and the major Eastern powers settled their rivalries. At the end of that period New America extended from Alaska to Panama, Greater Europe had incorporated Russia, Estonia, Latvia, and the Ukraine as separate nations, and China had come to dominate an Eastern Asiatic Federation stretching from Pakistan to the Bering Strait. All three of the major powers had commenced programs to reexpand into space at more or less the same time, and since each claimed a legitimate interest in the colony on Chiron and mistrusted the other two, each embarked on the construction of a starship with the aim of getting there first to protect its own against interference from the others..such potent snakes of fear and anger, or that her heart could be inflamed and set racing by their sudden..While the others passed through into the hallway of the apartment, Kath turned back toward the screen and touched a control on the compad. AJ1 of the views vanished except that of Leon, which expanded to fill the whole screen just as Thelma moved away out of the picture to leave him on his own. "We ought to commence evacuating the Kuan-yin," Kath said. "It looks as if it could be dangerous up there very soon..". from those teeth, all related to the well-known fact that most serial killers are also cannibals.. "Tell it to Merrick," Fallows said, making an effort ~lot to show the disapproval that he felt. Talking that way betrayed a sloppy attitude toward engineering. Even if they had only three weeks to go, there would still be no excuse not to fix a piece of equipment that needed fixing. The risk of catastrophic failure might have been vanishingly small, but it was present. Good practice lay with reducing possibilities like that to zero. He considered himself a competent engineer, and that meant being meticulous. Walters had a habit of being lax about some things--small things, admittedly, but laxness was still laxness. To be ranked equally irked Fallows. "Log change of watch duty, Horace," he said to the grille on the console. "Officer Fallows..It's not real life. There isn't anything like that in real life." "Who cares? It's more fun. Why be a drag?..". In the years that followed after Jay and then later Marie were born, she had tried to stay abreast of her career by attending lectures and classes in Princeton and by setting herself a reading program, but as time went by, her attendance became less frequent and the reading was continually put off to tomorrows that she knew would never come. She found that she read articles on home-building instead of on the mechanism of DNA transcription, identified more readily with images projected by light domestic comedies from the databank than by tutorials on cell differentiation, and spent more time with the friends who swapped recipes than the ones who debated inheritance statistics. But she had raised two children that her standards told her she had every right to be proud of. She was entitled to rewards for the sacrifices she had made. And now Chiron was threatening to steal the rewards away..But she saw no blood, no ichor, no snake syrup of any kind..Shirley turned to look at Ci. "Say, wouldn't he be great to have at our next party? I love things like that." She looked at Driscoll again. "When are you coming down to Chiron?..". Celia didn't seem to hear. Her mind was still back where the conversation had

been before Kath's call. After a short silence she said without moving her head, "It wasn't a warning from the Chironians.". Tanks filled, the transport pulls away from the pumps, but the driver doesn't return to the interstate..Jay glanced at Colman, then looked at Bernard. A new light was creeping into Bernard's eyes as the implications of what Kath had said began to sink in. Jay hesitated, then decided that his father was in the fight mood. "You know, this is a bit of a risky place, Dad," he said in an ominous voice. "People getting shot all over the place and stuff like that. I could run into all kinds of trouble on my own. I'm sure you'd feel a lot happier ff I had some professional protection."

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