

## **TO WHICH IS APPENDED AN ENGLISH HAWAIIAN VOCABULARY AND A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF REMARKABLE EVENTS**

"With who?". From where he was sitting with Bernard, Colman looked over at Kath, who was standing near the center of the room. "You have to be involved with them somehow, even if it's only indirectly," he said. "You must know these people, even if you're not one of them yourself." Cozy in the dark SUV, in the embracing scent of new leather and the comforting smell of the damp but "Hi," the redhead called, a shade cautiously. Lights, this vehicle stands with engine idling, grumbling softly like some hulking beast that has been ridden. and she smiled, too. "Mrs. D, you said apparently the gunman shot you." Micky said, "Leilani, for God's sake, is your mother always like that? the way I just saw her?". Roughly 35 percent of Chiron's surface was land, the bulk of it distributed among three major continental masses. The largest of these was Terranova, a vast, east-west sprawling conglomeration of every conceivable type of geographic region, dominating the southern hemisphere and extending from beyond the pole to cross the equator at its most northerly extremity. Selene, with its jagged coastlines and numerous islands, was connected to the western part of Terranova via an isthmus that narrowed to a neck below the equator; Artemis lay farther to the east, separated by oceans. the scales. In a reek of scorched rubber, with one last attenuated grunt of protesting gears, it shudders to. Leilani wrinkled her nose, "too precious." Geneva waved again, more exuberantly, but before Micky could become involved in an Abbott and. "Who did you live with while she was hospitalized?". "Her name's Karla Rhymes," Noah reported. "When she worked as a dancer, she called herself Tiffany." "That's true," Bernard agreed. "But the risk of Stern trying anything with those weapons has to be greater if he thinks he can blackmail a defenseless planet, if he knew what he was up against—you don't have to give him every detail—it might be enough to persuade him to give it up. That's all we're asking. For the sake of those people up there, you owe it to spell out a warning, clearly and unambiguously." "Exactly what I was thinking," Wellesley commented, nodding. "And you have to remember that our own people are starting to get restless up here now that their fears have receded. After twenty years, we can't keep them cooped up in the Mayflower II much longer without any obvious reason. They've got accommodations prepared by the space-base at Franklin. I'm inclined to say we should start moving the first batches down. For all we know, the Chironian government may have gone into hiding because they're nervous about our intentions. It might be a good way of enticing them to come out again." buried in the woods of Montana. gong of sheer fantasy. Padawski and his followers had somehow shown up on the far side of the Medichironian, which was only sparsely settled, and seemed to be settling in as bandits in the hills. What a bandit would hope to achieve on a world like Chiron was hard to see, but revenge against Chironians seemed to have a lot to do with it; two isolated homes had been invaded, ransacked, and looted, in the course of which five Chironians and one soldier had been killed, Three Chironians, including a fifteen-year-old girl, had been raped. The Army was scouring the area from the air and with search parties on foot, but so far without success—the renegades were well trained in the arts of concealment. Satellites were of limited use if they didn't know exactly where to look, especially where rough terrain was involved. "He ought to be given a chance to go and look at it," Borftein agreed with a nod. "What would be the best way to arrange something like that?" away from the threshold of those unwanted memories, found her breath and voice: "That's not what I was. Colman understood now what the Chironians had been trying to say all along." "You can say that again," Bernard agreed. Lechat hesitated and looked uncertainly in Celia's direction. She returned an almost imperceptible nod. Lechat looked back at the screen. "Shall we just say that we can prove conclusively not only that the Chironians were blameless, but that Stern himself arranged for the evidence to be falsified to suggest otherwise," he said. Stern nodded slowly in satisfaction. "Excellent. I think you would agree, gentlemen, that this puts us in an unassailable bargaining position." "That's part of it," Pernak replied, nodding. "The satisfaction that their culture conditions them to feel is another part, but you're getting the general idea." her own need or desire, but as though she were eating it on behalf of he who could not share this table. all her strength, trying to hurt it, cut it in half, but again it writhed free, no easier to kill than a serpent of. After that brief moment of frenzy, the viper slithered loose of its own tangles and flowed swiftly across. "That's a personal question, Jay," Bernard cautioned. "Anyhow, it's early yet." use. Slessor's brow furrowed more deeply, He hesitated, thought for a moment, and then nodded. "Very well, I'll see it's done." He moved away from view. unreal as a funhouse, and yet repeatedly she had encountered reflections of herself so excruciatingly. CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE. "I can remember the one that first taught me to talk," Abdul said. "It's still operating today, up there on the Kuan-yin. But the ones you see today have changed a lot." "No offense, Micky, but the story of Dr. Doom and his multiple homicides is a dreary tale, more tedious." "Guard, forward," Colonel Wesserman ordered from a row in front of Portney. cover behind hulking culinary equipment of unknown purpose, Curtis moves indirectly but steadily into. "That has to give us the rest of the ship and the surface," Swley said. "If the Army gets its act together and grabs Stern before he gets a chance to head this way, then we might not have to go in there at all." "It's a thought," Colman replied vaguely. The same idea had crossed his mind while the painter was talking. It was a sobering one. "I stopped reading them when they stopped carrying news," said Geneva. "They're all opinion now, front. character of all their voices suggests that the battle isn't over and perhaps isn't going to be brief be brief; Dean Koontz. style and sexy allure of a robot hunter who had been constructed in a laboratory in the future and sent. the calm night had no breath to cool the summer soup. The man squints at the mirror. He rubs one finger over the right corner of his mouth, squints again, and. It took a second for Colman to realize what Sirocco was talking about. "Yes ... Why? What are you—" with any analytic passion? why he felt obliged to slander himself. sleaziest tabloid. Bernard's eyes widened incredulously. "But if the Kuan-yin isn't finished, then what made the crater in Remus?" allowed to go free. Not ever. Alec Baldwin to New Orleans and blow him away herself. family. Consequently, they must

know the entire story; and although it must seem improbable to them, a gray-haired man in shirt-sleeves stepped forward from a group huddled outside one of the office doorways. "I am," he said, "McPherson-Communications and Datacenter Manager." After a short pause he added, "At your disposal." "To your approval, I trust," he said. Celia had suggested a cognac earlier on, when Stern had asked her preference for an after dinner liqueur. Amused, the trucker cocks his head and says, "You yankin' my chain, young fella?" In the late afternoon, they had boarded the auto transport in the immense parking lot of a busy truck. Banishing doubt, seizing hope with a desperation grip, Curtis swallows hard and prepares himself for an. Everybody looked at Colman again, this time with a new interest. A different mood was taking hold of the room, and it was affecting the people on the screen, who were leaning forward and listening intently. So far it was just an idea, but already it was beginning to hook all of them. anymore, and he kept talking until he was wrung dry of words. except once in a while she says what an intolerant and uptight bunch of poops they were? though, exploits vicariously, through the pages of books. Young heroes of adventure stories, from Treasure Island to the road. can. I love taking care of her. Taking care of all these special people . . . that's my ice cream." In the days ahead, if any of Congressman Sharmar's Circle of Friends couldn't resist a little payback, "And Gaulitz, presumably," Celia said, referring to one of the Mission's senior scientists. Admiral Mark Slessor, who commanded the Mayflower II's crew, looked dubious. "I'm not so sure it's that simple." He rubbed his powerful, blue-shadowed chin. "We could be walking into anything. They've got fusion plants, orbital shuttles, intercontinental jets, and planet-wide communications. How do we know they haven't been working on defense? They've got the know-how and the means. I can see John's point, but his approach is too risky." Geneva set a platter of sliced chicken on the table. "Didn't you notice? we have three place settings this." "Why do a lot of cops from back then like ZZ Top?" he wondered. "I'm with my dad. He's inside getting takeout, so we can eat on the road. They won't let our dog in, you." STEVE. Garfield Wellesley finished spreading liver pate on a finger of toast and looked up. "What about that character in Selene who claimed he was planetary governor and offered to receive us? What happened to him?" Colman sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why didn't he put a call through?" December 31, 2080. She's a fantastically large person, nearly as round as she is tall: bosoms the size of goose-down pillows, artistic scalpel work to her left arm. A six-inch-long, two-inch-wide snowflake pattern of carefully spell, it resists his muscle and his mind. "Carson doesn't know what to do with it," Driscoll. the psychotic moon dancer didn't kill her, she wouldn't improve the girl's situation, only make it worse. Beyond the hard-packed barnyard earth lies a recently mown lawn. A concrete birdbath. Beds of roses. By the time that she reached the bathroom, she heard her mother being busy in the master bedroom. She. "So what will you do? Sirocco inquired, propping his feet back on the desk. "Figured it out yet?" "What you need is to join the Circle of Friends." miles per hour. He's not concerned about being seen, only about losing the comforting music when the. "The ship's changed a lot since then though," Colman remarked. "I noticed it the day we flew down to it from the Mayflower II soon after we arrived . . . when Shirley and Ci met Tony Driscoll. The front end must be at least twice as big as it used to be." 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. concentrate on your lessons when your teacher has his hand up your skirt." Colman nodded. "Her friends showed up, and she's in Franklin. It all went fine." He turned his head to Celia. "This is Bret. He got Veronica off the base." longer, twinkles diamond-bright and ruby-red. From this elevation, he can see the interdiction point to the approach, however it came, would be a lot more discreet than this." "If you wish. Sir when you talk to me." The Chironian started to continue on his way, but one of the troopers sidestepped to block him. "Cromwell knows everything," Amy declared from her perch. "Cromwell, are those soldiers carrying Terran M32 assault cannon, or are they M30s?" we're proud of them." he leaned into the car through the open door to pluck the key from the ignition. "Ah. Then I'm not embarrassed, just slightly sickened. Why don't you get a glass of cold lemonade." Leilani rose to her knees again. She seized the pole with both hands and rammed it hard under the. "Fear. Shame. I felt dirty." "The Circle serves all age groups now. It really works. You learn there may be a million questions in life. 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. The killers are exceptionally well trained in stalking, using both their natural skills and electronic support. Under the chest of drawers, shadows appeared to throb and turn as shadows always do when you stare. of great age and immeasurable wisdom. Nevertheless, he wishes he had been brave for her. for want of a better word... for a lot of things, anyhow." Nanook nodded. "Right. I do most of the time." with a swoosh louder than its hiss. She swung it twice as she stumbled two steps toward the chest of. "Confused but quiet at the barracks," Jarvis told him. "A lot of shooting inside the base at Canaveral. Everyone seems to be trying to get his hands on the heavy equipment there. A shuttle's on fire in one of the launch bays." As his reflection slides away from him and as the interior of the wardrobe is revealed, Curtis sighs with. Throughout the theft of shirt, jeans, socks, and shoes, Curtis Hammond sleeps as soundly as though a consoling word for any situation, had known when she could smooth your hacked heart just by lovingly. level then, but I understood the implications, anyway. It

was an amazing wedding, let me tell you, though. Chapter 4. "Why would he kill a helpless child?" Geneva asked. bend, he sees a truck stopped on the shoulder of the highway. Headlights doused in favor of the parking. "Not likely." "Poor scared thingy bit me when the lights went out." "No. It'd be your solution, not mine." "Then that's the answer." lay nodded, straightened his arms into his pockets with his shoulders bunched high near his ears, held the posture for a few seconds, and then relaxed abruptly with a ten-minute piece showing a software designer trading diskettes containing his employer's most precious. As the Chironian and his son climbed into the ground car on the street side, the woman's eyes met Colman's for an instant. There was no malice in them. "I know," she said through the window. "You've got a job that you have to do for a little while longer. Don't worry about it. We can use the vacation We'll be back." Colman managed the shadow of a grin. Seconds later the truck moved away, the robot sitting in the rear, and the groundcar followed, two wistful. Colman came out of the Omar Bradley Block and began walking quickly toward the main gate. Vehicles were landing and taking off continually in the depot area while ammunition boxes were hastily unloaded from ground trucks; the barracks area seemed to be alive with squads doubling this way and that, and officers shouting orders. Sandbagged weapons pits that hadn't existed hours earlier had appeared at strategic places, and new ones were still being dug. making a connection with her. His stubborn persistence through the years had been motivated by one would come here in search of love or chivalrous adventure. final bill you mentioned? The trailer is oddly constructed, with a pair of large doors on the side, instead of at the back. An instant. Leilani squinted with righteous indignation. "So you refused to give it to him." Curtis is disturbed but not surprised by this development. He already knows that one or both of these. Leilani, but he better stay on his side of the fence. Besides, Leilani didn't want to purge herself of all her toxins. She was comfortable with her toxins. Her. no sign of the two silent men who wouldn't stoop to pick up five dollars. still churned Leilani, and the rotten-sour sludge of scent that pooled on the wall-to-wall gave her another

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