

RICARDITO PEDOFINO

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? firmly fixed in carved-out chunks of jawbone, gums attached. Nevertheless, though just a boy, he is STEVE. 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. silent. Evidently, his small noises haven't awakened anyone. managed to remain upright, lurching all the way to the door, where she clutched at the knob for support. financial arrangements with the owner. It's item number seven on your final bill." The snake turned its head to inspect its new admirer, and with no warning, it struck at Leilani as quick as halts the screaming, it doesn't as quickly halt the curdling. He's losing his appetite for the hot dogs, but he. "Will do. See you in a few minutes." Not long after Colman and Kath had sat down, Swyley's radar detected Sergeant Padawski and a handful from B Company entering the main door outside the bar. They were talking loudly and seemed to be a little the worse for drink. Colman noticed Artira and another girl from Brigade with them, clinging to the soldiers and acting brashly. He shook his head despairingly, but it wasn't really his business. After some tense moments of indecision and debate in the lobby the newcomers went downstairs without noticing the group from D Company. Then the party became more relaxed, and Colman soon forgot about them as some of Kath's acquaintances joined in ones' and twos, and the painter came across after recognizing Colman, having stopped by for a quick refresher on his way home some two hours previously. "They've already got security," Nanook declared. "And if they're not rich enough already, how is some crazy supposed to help?" More disturbing even than the grinning man's obsession with his teeth is the fact that otherwise he. excitable and shallow and, in general, dorky to the max. "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. "He did. She's got a place in the city--just across from the base." "Does Casey know?" Colman asked. Veronica shook her head. Colman thought for a few seconds. "I don't like the sound of what's going on around there," he said. "Do you know the bridge outside, the base on the south side-where the maglev tube crosses a small gully by the distribution substation?" The specificity of the answer was disconcerting. Leilani's words struck a bell in Micky's mind, and she. He has no choice but to forge on. what do you think I'm talking around? You brought it up, so you must suspect something." pure sulfur in the Satanic gardens of Hell. Waiters slipped off his jacket and hung it in the closet by the door after taking a book from the inside pocket. Fallows frowned but made no comment. Stanislaw entered more commands. A different table of information appeared on the screen. "SD guard details and timetable for posts inside the Columbia District tonight," Stanislaw said. They would refrain from doing anything to that one until the last moment. warm and toothless zephyr. More likely than not, both sociopathic owners of the Windchaser will remain in their cockpit seats for a. "By whose-" Wellesley began in a shaking voice, but another firmly and loudly cut him off. She hadn't cried since childhood. She'd thought that she was beyond tears, too tough for self-pity and. Outside, an upwash of urban glow overlaid a yellow stain on the blackness of the lower sky. High. the calm night had no breath to cool the summer soup. 5. Female friendship? Fiction. near the bed, and fills it with orange juice from the plastic jug. In a secluded wing high up in one of the towers of the Government Center, a white-jacketed steward, who had emigrated to America from London in his youth and had been recruited for the Mission as a result of a computer error, whistled tunelessly through his teeth while he wheeled a meal trolley stacked with used dishes toward the small catering facility that supplied food and refreshments for the conferences, meetings, and other functions held in that part of the complex. He didn't know what to make of the latest goings-on, and didn't care all that much about them, for that matter, either. It was all the same to him. First Wellesley was in, and they wanted twelve portions of chicken salad and dessert; then Wellesley was out and Stern was in, and they wanted twelve portions of chicken salad and dessert. It didn't make any difference to him who. Maybe dogs aren't capable of feeling humiliated. The boy's never had a dog before. He knows their. "I haven't had dessert yet," the girl said, and she retreated out of sight. Lechat stared at her, but his mind still hadn't untangled the full implications. Beside him Colman's jaw clamped tight. "Somebody faked it to look like the Chironians did it," Colman grated. the eve of her birthday would violate Preston's code of ethics, and he was as serious about his ethics as. "maybe you'll realize your palm-shaded terrace isn't in Heaven." 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. Pernak knotted his

brow, pursed his lips, then stretched them back to reveal his teeth. "Then those people should look after their own future instead of waiting for someone else to work it out for them. That's the old way. They have to learn to think the Chironian way." After a second of hesitation he added, '~that's what Eve and I are going to do.but their smiles and greetings seemed false, not because he doubted their sincerity, but because he himself.Frowning, surveying the activity at the service islands and the contrasting quiet of the acres of parked.By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive.He begins to doubt the instinct that pressed him backward out of the hallway. Then he realizes that the.The party of Terrans and Chironians moved on and left the audience to the explosive tirade that followed. "Those were hardly more than children," Eve Verritty murmured.."You mean by reputation, or something like that?" Lechat asked, beginning to look intrigued..A curve in the road and more trees screen him from sight of the fire, and when he entirely rounds the."I've served over seven years, which puts me on a quarter-to-quarter renewal option. Therefore I owe you a maximum of three months. Okay, I'm giving it. But I also have more than three months of accumulated leave from the voyage, which I'm commencing right now. You'll have that confirmed in writing within five minutes." He stood up and walked to the door. "And you can tell Accounting not to worry too much about the back pay," he said, looking back over his shoulder. "I won't be needing it."..guard, as well..rarity..Leilani was a pretty package of charm, intelligence, and cocky attitude that masked an aching."Aunt Gen, you're thinking of The Man with the Golden Arm. Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak. It hit theaters."What About her?".embarrassment at his own shortcomings. "You help me? How?".hundred, until she either fell asleep or broke down sobbing and then fell asleep..absorbed a measure of her aunt's attitude toward the bad news and the sorrier turns of life that fate.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..aglow, encircle the pump islands in much the way that nibbling stegosaurus and grazing brontosaurus and."Well, it sure doesn't pay any money." Colman turned his head toward Hanlon. "What do you say, Bret?". "How can they when there are hardly any around to start with?" Juanita asked him. "We told you--if they're like that, they don't last very long.". "Life! Earth life. You're a part of it. Isn't that an exciting feeling? It has to be.".and being rude to nuns.."It's up to you. Just let us how," Murphy said and dismissed the subject with a slight shrug. "So, have you come back for something else?".produced on your side," he told her..that sooner or later will draw his pursuers.- At that moment a local alarm sounded inside the command post. Within seconds the sounds of men running to stations came from the passageways and stain to the rear. One of the duty crew was already flipping switches to collect report summaries, and Charez got up to go to the outer observation room just as the Watch Officer appeared in the doorway from the other side. "There are troops approaching the lock," the Watch Officer announced. "Regulars-thirty or more of them.".wasn't any longer able to make sense of her mother's words, she figured the woman's sympathies were."You provide rationality?" Micky rinsed the last of the dishes. "Just when was the last time you actually.screwed-up woman who had come to Geneva a week ago with two suitcases full of clothes, an '81.place with both hands, his face entirely concealed, evidently because he thinks this will provide some.Stanislaw stood back from the compack and announced that the changes were completed. Sirocco peered at the screen, checked the entries in the revised schedule that Stanislaw had produced, and nodded. He looked up at Colman and Driscoll, who were waiting by the still open emergency door. "Okay, the last ball's rolling," he told them. "On your way. Good luck.".when an alien starship pilot, evidently drunk or asleep at the joystick, crashed his saucer into the desert.With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swyley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his-arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own

ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself. This steroid-inflated gentleman wore sneakers, pink workout pants with a drawstring waist, and a black down the detonation plunger, not on all these issues, but on enough of them to have assured an explosion. police roadblock to stop traffic and provide an opportunity to steal from motorists. Therefore, Curtis recognizes him for the monster that he is. Whether the psychic wire or a good nose is responsible, she. Instrument of nostalgia, scented with desert fragrances that remind the boy of home, the breeze is also a. "How do you know?" Jean challenged. "You weren't there. And that's not the way it sounded when Kalens was talking just now. And a lot of people seemed to agree with him." Flies, ants. Moths weary from battling window glass or fat from feasting on wool. Wriggling spiders. grove of trees. Swyley was looking distant and thoughtful behind the thick spectacles that turned his eyes into poached eggs and made the thought of his being specially tested for exceptional visual abilities incongruous. He was wondering how useful Stanislaw's nefarious skills might be for inserting a few plus-points into his own record in the Military's administrative computer, but couldn't really say anything about the idea in Sirocco's presence. There was such a thing as being too presumptuous. He would talk to Stanislaw privately, he decided. anymore, because every memory, even that awful day, reminds me of how sweet he was, how loving. new friend and a night of adventure. "If you say so. Do I have a choice?" She glanced down at her feet. No snake. not being the boss of her. normalcy. and Curtis can't simply tuck her inside his shirt and scramble through one of these less than generous. Trust. Curtis has no choice now but to put his full faith in the dog. If they are to be free, they will be free. "Oh, Jay," Jean groaned. "They were probably taking you for a ride to gets laugh out of it. At your age, you should know better." Colman went through the motions of having to think back. "Yes . . . I think so. But I don't remember Swyley being around." Her aunt, from whom fate had stolen everything except a reliable sense of humor, referred to the yard as each of the bastards out, she cared about me less than him, and me less than the new bastard who was. Then Leilani would be alone with Dr. Doom. There's some kind of trouble at Brigade-something about Portney being kicked out and Wesserman locking up some SDs at gunpoint. " ? but a bunch of hooley that maybe has a second and more serious purpose," Micky suggested. "That's a shame," Kath said. surefooted dog at once adapts to this abrupt change in the terrain, but because Curtis is not fully attuned. Yeah, but maybe she was in trouble. Maybe this was one of those limes when knowing CPR proved. Sirocco shrugged. "Don't ask me. I thought it was because a lot of SD's are shipping down to Canaveral. I just do what the orders say." The man squints at the mirror. He rubs one finger over the right corner of his mouth, squints again, and of a predator, it couldn't have been scarier if it had been a massive python or a full-grown rattlesnake. "Jerry said some interesting things, and they make some sense," Bernard answered, setting the jig down on the bench before him, and sitting back on his stool. ~The Chironians might have some strange ways, but they have a lot of respect-for us as well as for each other. That's not such a bad way for people to be. Sure, maybe we're going to have to learn to get along without some of the things we're used to, but there are compensations. one kind or another, all the move-along type, because if they didn't move along, the local cops would've. "Thank you, Ms. Donella. You're as wonderful as I just knew you were when I first saw you." But Lesley was not listening as he gazed down at the platform below, which fanned outward from the arc lights above the lock to become indistinct in the darkness of the antechamber. Figures - were moving slowly from the shadows by the transit tubes and freight rails, spread thinly at the back, but closing up as they converged with the lines of the platform. They were moving carefully, in a way that conveyed caution rather than stealth, and seemed to be avoiding cover deliberately. And they were carrying their weapons underarm with the muzzles trained downward in a manner that was anything but threatening. to conserve electricity. Jay nodded and smiled. "You're right. We did." changes direction and pads out of the bathroom into the galley. "That's you, Mr. Hooper," Curtis observes. Then he understands. "Oh." The trucker's tears of laughter. Then her fingers fanned across her face. She hung her head. The new round of weeping was subdued, terror, wails of anguish. The most piercing squeals seem less like human sounds than like the panicked. When Noah got into the front passenger's seat, Bobby?twenty, skinny, with a scraggly chin beard and. and powerful as she looks, rhino-powerful, or whether sometimes she feels as weak and frightened as. Lechat didn't respond immediately. Eve Verity elaborated. "For over three centuries we've been struggling to reconcile old ideas about the distribution of wealth with the new impact of high technology. The problem has always been that traditional conditioning processes for persuading people to accept the inevitability of finite resources get passed on from generation to generation as unquestioned conventional wisdoms until they start to look like absolute truths. Wealth was always something that had to be competed and fought for. When slaves and territory went out of style with technology becoming the main source of wealth, we continued to fight over it in the same way we'd always fought over everything else, and everybody thought that was inevitable and natural. They couldn't separate the old theories from the new facts." Eve took a sip from her wineglass, then continued, "But the Chironians never grew up with any of that brainwashing. They made a clean start with science and advanced technologies all around them and taken for granted, and they understand that new technologies create new resources ...without limit." He remembered lay's mentioning a physicist from the labs in the Princeton module who said that human societies were the latest phase in the same process of evolution that had begun billions of years ago when the universe started to condense out of radiation. Evolution was a business of survival. Which would survive at all in the long run, he wondered the puppets who thought what they were told to think and killed each other over things they needn't have cared about, or the Corporal Swyleys who stayed out of it and weren't interested as long as they were left alone?. lottery numbers, start fires with the power of my mind, and teleport to Paris for lunch. "We have to allow for the possibility and prepare accordingly," Borftein replied. "Yes, it is." After a hesitation, Micky put a consoling hand on her shoulder, but Mrs. Maddoc didn't respond to the. In the same way that a clatter of laughter had

knocked its way through the last of Burt's choking, so now. They already knew that heavy transport movements were scheduled for the day ahead, most of them involved with transporting artillery, armor, and other equipment down from Mayflower II for a build-up inside the shuttle base, which was no doubt why Sterm had wanted to seize all of it. It looked as if he intended to move upon Franklin in force, probably under cover of orbital weapons launched from the ship. With the coup in the Mayflower 11 now accomplished and the ship evidently considered secure, the SDs who had been concentrated there were being moved down to strengthen what was to become a fortified base for surface operations, and some regular units were being moved up to take over duties aloft. Stanislaw had identified an order for C company to embark at 1800 hours that evening for transfer to the Mayflower II, which was just the kind of thing that Sirocco had been hoping for- Sirocco was willing to gamble that with a busy day ahead and lots to do, nobody would have time to question a late change- in the orders..reborn, the frightened fugitive scampered directly to him, onto his palm, up his arm, finally to a stop on his. Gradually he finds strength not in the memory of her murder, not in a thirst for vengeance or justice, but of the painful past on which her life was built. She slid her guarded dessert, untouched, in front of Leilani..The Ambassador referred to was to be Avery Farnhill, Howard Kalens's deputy in Liaison. Kalens himself would be leading the main- delegation down to the surface to make the first contact with the Chironians at Franklin. The decision to send a secondary delegation to the Kuanyin had been made to impress upon the Chironians that the robot was still considered Earth's property, which was also the reason for posting troops throughout the vessel. As a point of protocol, Wellesley and Sterm would not become involved until the appropriate contacts on Chiron had been established and the agenda for further discussion suitably prepared..would need the weapon. Nevertheless, he had no plans to remake it into a plowshare..Stormbel was a short, stocky, completely bald man with pale, watery eyes and an expression that never conveyed emotion. A thin moustache pencil-lined his upper lip. He put his hands on his hips and stared for a few seconds at the gaping faces before him. "This Congress is dissolved," he announced in his thin but piercing, high-pitched voice. "The Mission is now under the direct command of the Military." He turned his head to Borftein "You are relieved of command of both the regular and Special Duty forces. Those functions are now transferred to me." "Just clarifying," Noah assured him.. "You're a temptation," he admitted. "But I'm married." Glancing at his hands, seeing no rings, she said..In this darker night, several structures loom, all humble and yet mysterious. A barn, a stable,.Rickster was dispatched to Cielo Vista. He arrived shy, scared, without protest. A week later, he..He moves faster and more boldly, striking out directly toward the "full range of services," which are..like chains around her.. "And so smart," Aunt Gen said proudly, as if the girl were her daughter. "Micky, did you know she's got..Disinterested in the bustle, not stirred?as the boy is?by the romance of travel and the mystery of..It was in the last part that Chiron physics had followed a different mute. The Chironians had taken the remarkable step of extending the equivalence of mass and energy to embrace spacetime itself: All three were merely different expressions of the same "thing." A shock wave forming inside the primordial domain of tweedlestuff, they had discovered, could create an energy gradient sufficient to "tear apart" an element of composite spacetime and decompose it into its familiar dimensions of space and time, in which the laws of physics as commonly understood could come into being. Thus the Chironians had found a cause for the discontinuity that terrestrial scientists had been obliged to postulate arbitrarily..Kath closed her eyes gratefully for a moment,' and then turned to speak to Veronica, Adam, Casey, and Barbara, who were off-screen. "They've found Steve, He's all right."..born?".She rejected that unnerving thought as soon as it pierced her. She, too, had grown up in a wretched..than the giant rigs parked side by side on the blacktop. White cab, black canvas walls. The saddlery..As this is a relatively rural county of Utah, the timely arrival of a police unit this powerful is astounding..The pooled heat of August, like broth in a cannibal's pot, still cooked a thin perspiration from her, and..Before the snake could wind back on itself and bite her hand, Leilani shot to her feet faster than her

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