

## TION BOOK OF 1718 VOL 49 FROM JANUARY 2 TO DECEMBER 31 FORT ST GEOR

way and places a hand on his chest. "Whoa there, son, what's the matter, where you going?" the country. No permanent neighbors. No friends, just people we meet on the road, like at a dissolved into weeping? not the genteel tears of a melancholy maiden, but wretched racking sobs. Like any mature realist, Borftein had come to terms with the regrettable truth that on occasion the plans and stratagems which he approved would result in fatalities, as often as not in agonizing and horrifying ways, but he had learned to "objectivize his perspective" with the detachment required by his profession. The numbers of killed and wounded predicted for an intended operation were presented by his analysts as the "Loss Factor" and the "Combat Reduction Factor," respectively; a city selected to be incinerated along with its inhabitants was "nominated"; an area drenched with napalm and saturated with high explosive was subjected to "exploratory aggressive reconnaissance"; and a village flattened as a warning against harboring insurgents became an object of a "protective reaction." Such were the rules. groaned with pleasure while eating them. On the Bridge of the Battle Module, Colonel Oordsen turned his head from the screen that had just gone dead in front of him. On an adjacent screen, another SD officer was reporting from a position farther back at a longitudinal bulkhead. "Negative at Number Two Aft," Oordsen said to Stenn, who was watching grim faced. "They'll be through there in a matter of minutes." The plosive squeal of air brakes, recklessly applied so late, reveals the driver not as a man at the mercy. Astrology and cosmic forces. She wanted to know what sign I was born under. I told her MATERNITY WARD." Colman made a sour face. "Hell, why should I have to humor people all the time?" When the trucker points toward the restrooms, the cowboys look up and see Curtis a little past the. "Whatever they get, they've got it coming," the fat man on the barstool next to him said. "Kids running around wild, breeding like rabbits--It's disgusting. And making bombs Savages is what they are--no better than the Chinese. Kalens has got the right idea. He'll teach 'era some decency and respect." Colman drank up and left. future at all. place mats from Wal-Mart. The homey glow of three unscented candles that had been acquired with. While the SD commander moved his men back to form a cordon blocking off the intersection, Sirocco ordered his squad to take up clubs and riot shields. As the soldiers took up a defensive formation on one side of the Street, the crowd surged forward along the other in a rush toward the intersection. Sirocco shouted an order to head them off, and the squad rushed across the Street to clash with the mob halfway along the block. Colman tried to ignore them as he re-formed the squad while Sirocco consulted his papers to identify the next house on the list. The Chironians understood that taking it out on the soldiers wouldn't help their cause. A soldier who might have been an ally became an enemy when he saw his friends being carried bruised and bleeding away from a mob. Everything the Chironians did was designed to subtract from their enemies instead of add to them, and to whittle their opposition down to the hard core that lay at the center, which was all they had any quarrel with. He could see it; Sirocco could see it, and the men could see it. Why couldn't more of the Terrans see it too? "Well-of course." Suspecting that Rickster might be a little afraid of the night, Noah said, "Do you want me to take her unconsciousness, she would sometimes repeat this mantra in a singsong voice, a hundred times, two. Before him, past this final line of trees, the meadow waits. Waits. Too bright under the fat moon. As the Mayflower II wheeled slowly in space high above Chiron, the outer dour of Shuttle Bay 6 on the Vandenberg module separated into four sectors which swung apart like the petals of an enormous metal flower to expose the nose of the surface lander nestling within. After a short delay, the shuttle fell suddenly away under the rotational impetus of its mother-ship, and thirty seconds later fired its engines to come round onto a course that would take it to the Kuan-yin, orbiting ten thousand miles below. self-possession and faraway music. "How are you this evening, Mr. Farrel?" Chapter 19. By the time that she reached the bathroom, she heard her mother being busy in the master bedroom. She embroidered on the left breast, Leilani entered in a rattle and clatter of steely leg brace, though she had. galaxy-crossing SUVs? If they ever decide to conquer Earth, I don't think we've got much to worry. "You can't go anywhere with the laws of physics we've got, which is just another way of stating conclusions that are well known. But I think it's a mistake to believe that there just wasn't anything, in the causal sense, before that --if 'before' means anything like what we usually think it means." Pernak sat forward and moistened his lips. "I'll give you a loose analogy. Imagine a flame. Let's invent a race of flame-people who live inside it and can describe the processes going on around them in terms of laws of flame physics that they've figured out. Okay?" lay frowned but nodded. "Suppose they could backtrack with their laws all the way through their history to the instant where the flame first ignited as a pinpoint on the tip of a match or wherever. To them that would be the origin of their universe, wouldn't it." reverberant bottom of the lowest drawer amplified the sound in that confined space. The young, sophisticated wife that Howard Kalens had taken with him to Luna to join the Mayflower H was now in her early forties, but her face had acquired character and maturity along with the womanly look that had evolved from girlish prettiness, and her body had filled out to a voluptuousness that had lost none of its femininity. She was not exactly beautiful in the transient, fashion-model sense of the word; but the firm, determined lines of her chin and well-formed mouth, together with the calm, calculating eyes that studied the world from a distance, signaled a more basic sensuality which time would never erase. Her committee. "I just employ advanced and complex techniques." "How long ago?" "Can we go too?" Marie asked, evidently having forgotten her previous convictions. "I want to get lots of things." And then Jay, who had been looking from one to the other, walked back to his father and started to talk persuasively in a low voice. Bernard hesitated, looked across at Colman again, and then took a deep breath and came haltingly across with lay beside him. "It's been a long time," he mumbled. His eyes wandered away and then came back to look Colman directly in the face. "Look, Steve, about that time up on the ship in the pump bay. I, er... I--" appeared to be malformed. Nevertheless, for reasons that she could not understand, every aspect of this day? the

spangled.comparatively genteel murderer, you nevertheless didn't want to be alone with him any more than you.Colman looked away in a daze. Hanlon and Armley were waiting impatiently, and Jay was watching imploringly. He thought furiously. Why Celia should be in danger and desperate to escape, he didn't know, but he could find out later. If he said he had to get away for a few hours. Sirocco would cover for him, so that was okay. The threat of the Chironians' being able to destroy the ship was obviously the most serious problem but there was little likelihood of that becoming critical within the next few hours; on the other hand, Celia was already committed to whatever she and Veronica had cooked, up between them, and that couldn't be delayed or changed. So Celia would have to come first. Jay could go home and tell his father that Colman would be a while; at the same time Jay would be able to warn the Fallowses to be prepared for more company, since Colman would have to take Celia there with him. In fact that would probably work out pretty well since it would enable her to be smuggled out of Phoenix in one operation with Bernard and the other fugitive that Jay had mentioned. Vehicles flying out of Phoenix were programmed to operate only inside a narrow corridor unless specifically authorized to go to some other destination, so the smuggling would have to be across the border. He could fix something with Sirocco back in the Orderly Room, no doubt, but that was a relatively minor issue since Colman was already adept at getting himself in and out of Phoenix. As for Veronica's getting away from the base, he would have to leave that to Hanlon..Quickly glancing around as he moves, he notices only a few children here and there, all with their."It's all very nice," Veronica agreed, getting up from her chair in the large living room of the Kalenses' Columbia District home. "I'm sure you'll find somewhere wonderful." Veronica had been one of Celia's closest friends since the earliest days of the voyage. She had earned herself something of a dubious reputation in some circles by not only joining the ranks of the few women to have been divorced, but by staying that way, which for some reason that Celia had never quite fathomed endeared Veronica to her all the more as a companion and confidante..with the moon retiring behind blankets of clouds in the west and the sun still fast abed in the east, Jay decided' he'd had enough, excused himself with a mumble, and took his book into the lounge. His father was sprawled in an armchair, talking politics with Jerry Pernak, a physicist friend who had dropped by an hour or so earlier. Politics was another mystery that Jay assumed would mean something one day..style and sexy allure of a robot hunter who had been constructed in a laboratory in the future and sent.against the stable of his ribs.."Aunt Gen always cheats," Micky confirmed..Everybody looked at Colman again, this time with a new interest. A different mood was taking bold 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.."It might not want to die that easily," Lechat pointed out. "You should listen to what's going on a few blocks from here right now in the room I just came from."."A nice sentiment, I agree," Kalens said. "But they still should be taught some manners."..of The X-Files, kid"..disguise, possibly the juice police, and maybe frankfurter-enforcement officers all descend on him at.LEIGHTON MERRICK FORMED his fingers into a fluted column to support the Gothic arch of his brows down at the desk while he chose his words. "Ah, I've been looking over your record, Fallows," he looked up. "It shows a consistent attention to detail that is very pronounced . . . everything thorough and complete, and properly documented. It's commendable, very commendable . . . the kind of thing we could do with more of in the Service."..Gaulitz nodded hastily and touched a control to bring a view of the Kuan-yin onto the room's main display screen. It showed Chironian shuttles at all the docking ports, and more standing a few miles off and apparently waiting to move in. "this is a further corroboration from views obtained this morning," he said. "All indications are that the Chironians have evacuated the vessel, which supports the contention of its being cleared for action,".searching, cunning and indefatigable..He dries his hands thoroughly on paper towels, but then holds them under one of the hot-air blowers,..by an awareness of the bond of imperfection that all the sons and daughters of this world share without.fiends..She wasn't an alcoholic, after all. She didn't drink or feel the need to drink every day. Stress and.right"..Swley 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 he 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.."All set, except for springing Borftein and Wellesley," Colman said. "Now that we've got Malloy, those two would make the whole thing cast-iron." He turned his head to Sirocco, who was half listening but looking away across the room with a thoughtful expression on his face. "Had any more thoughts about that?" Colman asked. Sirocco responded distantly, "Borftein and Wellesley."..sat there..Celia sat and looked at the boxes, and wondered what it was about the whole business that upset her. It wasn't so much the spectacle of Mrs. Crayford's mindless parading of an affluence that now meant nothing, she was sure, since she had known the woman for enough years to have expected as much. Surely it couldn't be because she herself had succumbed to the same temptation, for that had been a comparatively minor thing--a single, not very large, sculpture, and not one that had included any precious metals or rare stones. She turned her head to gaze at the piece again--she had placed it in the recess by the corner window--the heads of three children, two boys and a girl, of perhaps ten or twelve, staring upward as if at something terrifying but distant a threat perceived but not yet threatening. But as well as the apprehension in their eyes, the artist had captured a subtle suggestion of serenity and courage that was anything but childlike, and had combined it with the smoothness of the faces to yield a strange wistfulness that was both captivating and haunting. The piece was fifteen years old, the dealer h3 Franklin had told them, and had been made by one of the Founders. Celia suspected that the dealer may have been the artist, but he hadn't reacted to her oblique questions on the subject. Were the expressions on those faces affecting her for some reason? Or did the artist's skill in working the grain around the highlights to simulate illumination

from above cause Celia to feel that she had debased a true artistic accomplishment by allowing it to be included alongside the others as just another item to be snatched at greedily and gloated over?.desperately needed mechanical respirator; the compressor motor rattled and expired.."Ex-sergeant Malloy of the SDs," Swley said. "He decided he'd had enough and quit over a month ago. He was involved in setting up the Padawski breakout and he has documents that prove Stormbel ordered the bombs to be planted. He wants to go public." Swley shrugged. "I don't know what your plans are exactly, but I had a hunch he could be useful." "Skin cancer kills," the girl explained..mutant.."low..Acceptance, however, seemed too much like resignation. Even on those evenings when he napped in the..than the giant rigs parked side by side on the blacktop. White cab, black canvas walls. The saddlery.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..The atmosphere became more serious as Bernard and Lechat informed the Chironians that they now knew what the Kuan-yin was and what it could do. "We appreciate that you had to assume that the ship from Earth would be heavily armed and that it might have adopted an overtly hostile policy from the beginning," Lechat said, pacing about the room. "But that hasn't happened, and there are still a lot of people up there who are not a threat to anyone. The handful who are in control now are not representative, and their remaining support will surely erode before much longer. I'm anxious for whoever controls that weapon of yours to be aware of the facts of the situation. There can be no justification now for a tragedy that could have been avoided."..This was nice. Quiet. Placing a nonstick cotton pad over the punctures. Opening a roll of two-inch-wide.Fury fired her rant, which grew hotter by the word: "Witch with a broomstick up your ass, witch bitch,..vengeance..Suddenly a man enters the bathroom from the front of the motor home.."Lots of thorns, though," Micky noted.."We're going to have to talk about this, Jay." Bernard's voice was very serious. "I was teasing, really," Murphy said. "With a flyer up overhead, there's no way they'd be likely to get near anybody. But it's customary to go armed when you're not in places like Franklin... just in case."..Amy watched curiously over the top of Cromwell's head as they disappeared from sight. "I wonder why they walk like that when they shout at each other," she mused absently. "Do you know why, Cromwell?"..Geneva, who knew her niece's stoic nature, nevertheless didn't seem surprised by the tears. She didn't..that have real issues to resolve.".."The Army's on ifs way through the Spindle," Lesley said to Brad. "They should start arriving here any time now."..Skulking among the trucks, staying as much as possible out of the open lanes of the parking lot, the alert.."It's what he does. Like the postman delivers the mail. Like a baker makes bread." Leilani shrugged.."I heard a woman in the market who said that dead people talk to her," Susie told him. "That's even more ridiculous."..The closet door rattles. Probably just road vibration.."That happened with a lot of people," Colman told her. "Things were so messed up after the war. Does it matter?".."Will the Chironians let him wait that long?" Colman asked. "Do they know he's in there and what it means?'.take that long incline at a run.."Maybe not so hard if you're honest with yourself." Noah had been so taken with her body and her.Meeting Micky's eyes, Geneva read the love in them, and smiled, but then seemed to read something..Bobby's Honda was parked next to a collection bin for Salvation Army thrift shops.."I hope they're not going to start shooting each other up here. It would be pretty scary in orbit. They could decompress the whole ship."..Sterm, in a maroon dinner jacket and black tie, watched her silently through impenetrable, liquid-brown eyes while the steward filled two brandy glasses, set them alongside the decanter on a low table, then departed with his trolley. Through the meal Sterm talked about Earth and the voyage, and Celia had found herself following his lead, leaving him the initiative of broaching the subject of her visit. Finally.."Who said that originally? Thomas Jefferson? Abe Lincoln?"..Lechat shook his head. "It wasn't necessary. In a few more days Ramisson would have been elected, almost certainly. Then everything would have worked itself out smoothly and tidily. This action complicates everything again. Wellesley is probably declaring an emergency right now, in which case the election will automatically be suspended. It puts everything back weeks, maybe months."..tiger..to squat.".."Why would he kill a helpless child?" Geneva asked.."To assume the proposition as a premise is not to prove it," the girl explained, looking up at the preacher. "Your argument, I'm afraid, is completely circular."..Nanook shifted his eyes and shook his head again. "Fanatics are gullible fools. If fools don't learn or won't keep themselves to themselves, they die young here."..toilets..Jay jumped up and ran to a closet for a jacket. He looked at Jean as he pulled it on. "Yes, Mother, I'll be careful."..smile was as subtly expressive as an underlining flourish by a master of restrained calligraphy. "Mr..Colman's top-echelon, part-time mistress was Celia Kalens.."The scabby little pervert can't even afford a real car.".."You want me to prevail upon Howard to prevent his destroying himself."..Another bite of pie. More joyless chewing. "I don't know."..Dinosaur-loud, dinosaur-shrill, dinosaur-scary bleats shred the night air, sharp as talons and teeth..follows, pulling the door shut behind them, staying low to avoid being seen through the windshield..starship bridge has been violated. He might be eleven or even twelve, but he's somewhat small for his.From the corner of her eye, Micky was aware that the girl had stopped working and had turned to face..In the dark bedroom, Curtis almost shuts the door in shock. He realizes just in time that the one-inch gap..when, as she lay sleepless in another time and place, they had rolled past in the night with a rhythmic..eyes, a flash of teeth in the hooded beam of light. He almost cries out in alarm..gauze bandage. Securing the pad with the gauze, winding it around and around the injured hand. Finishing.."They began arriving at the Spindle a few minutes ago," Lesley seemed surprised. "How come you didn't know?"..To reach the stairs, he will need to pass their bedroom door, which he unthinkingly left open. If the..peculiar quality of confrontation had crept into their exchange..miserable enough until the next earthquake could do a tornado's work.."How else could it be?" Adam said when Colman asked him about it. "Sure they had to learn how to use a gun. You know what kids are like. The machines couldn't be everywhere all the time. Ask my mother about it, no1 me."..don't you go on after the

others. I'll catch up later." You don't want me around?". Chang threw his cards down and leveled two black fingers across the table. "A Smith and Wesson beats five aces." He grinned and stood up. "Everybody set for another drink?" A chorus of assent rose around the table, and Chang moved away to the bar on the far side of the room..if . . .".The sawn-off circular end of the hollow tubular pole wouldn't be as effective as a sharp knife, but it.boy.". "I never said anything of the kind. The whole point is that they are no~ indiscriminate. That's precisely what a lot of people around here won't get into their heads, and why they have nothing to be afraid of. The Chironians don't draw a line around a whole group of people and think everyone inside it is the same. They haven't started hating every soldier because he happens to wear the same color coat as the bunch that's running wild down there, and they won't start hating every Terran either. They don't think that way.".hit the road.. "Thank you, sir." It was obviously a softener. Bernard kept his face expressionless and wondered what was coming next..gasps for breath, and the cool air is rough in his raw throat. His heart like a horse's hooves kicks, kicks."There must be a master panel or something somewhere," Jean said, looking around. "How about that?" She tripped down the two shallow steps into the sunken section of the floor, sat down at one end of the sofa, end lifted a portable flat screen display/touchpanel from a side-pedestal. After experimenting for perhaps ten seconds and watching the responses, she said, "That might do it. Try again.".relationship as that of the cross-species siblings they could become, brother and sister of the heart..Outside, an upwash of urban glow overlaid a yellow stain on the blackness of the lower sky. High.important to the definition of who she was than medical science yet realized. What if she purged herself of.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." At least she knew the excuse was a lie. She supposed that her inability to fully deceive herself might. "I think they know that," Cromwell said. "They've spent.STILL NO OVERTURE came from the Chironian leaders. The Chironian who seemed to direct a lot of what went on at Canaveral, the main shuttle base outside Franklin, stated that he didn't report uniquely to any individual or organization that approved his actions or gave him directions. So who told him how the place was to be run? It depended. He originated requests for things like equipment and new constructions because he knew what the base needed. How did he know? Because the people in charge of capacity planning and traffic control told him, and besides, it was his job to know. On the other hand, the companies that built the shuttles and other hardware worked out the technical specifications because that was their business, and the customers took care between them of the priorities of the missions to be flown from the base. He stayed out of that and did his best to support the schedules they said they needed. So ultimately, who was in charge? Who told whom to do what, and who did it? It depended. Nothing made any sense..American continent. "Don't you mock me, Curtis.". "Never you mind, Curtis," Donella says. "We're no more splat in the middle of Forrest Gump than we.and when you're a nine-year-old girl, even an unusually smart one with a gift for gab, you can't just pack.matter of principle. Born to wealth and blessed with great beauty, she would skate through life with a.might dam the stream forever, leaving her parched and mute and defenseless, Leilani filled the narrow.without dog, glides past the distracted hostess.

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