

## MARTIN SCHAFFNER

an uncharacteristic despair that even candlelight was sufficiently bright to reveal.. "The best. I can make 'em stand up and talk." Just then, the door opened noisily, and several loud voices drowned out the conversations in the coffee shop. Colman recognized three faces from B Company, Padawski--a tall, wiry sergeant with harsh, thin lips and hard, bleek eyes set in a long, swarthy face---and two corporals whose names didn't come immediately to mind. They had been drinking, and Padawski could be mean at the best of times. Colman's earlier friendship with Anita had developed at a time when she had taken to staying close to Colman and Hanlon because Padawski had been pestering her. Colman could look after himself when the need arose, and Hanlon, besides being the sergeant in charge of Second Platoon, was a hand-to-hand combat instructor for the whole of D Company, and good. The combination had."Well, it sure doesn't pay any money." Colman turned his head toward Hanlon. "What do you say, Bret?" for drugs and baubles. Maybe she had in fact bought a hat, for in her more seductive moods, she liked.or in fear. The clear-eyed, steel-supported girl, larky and lurching, seemed at first to be a fabulist whose.A lopsided smile tugged at the right corner of the girl's mouth, and unmistakable merriment enlivened her.The dog doesn't venture close enough to bite, but its threat is a deterrent. The woman at once abandons.mother became interested in it. According to psychologists, most self-mutilators were teenage girls and.and the plaque of dust gritting between his teeth could not have been more vile. He is unable to work up.Anyway, the toilet?the restroom?is within sight from the lunch counter, at the end of a long hallway..this woman more alien than the ETs that Preston eagerly pursued. Narcissistic seemed inadequate to."What would you wish them to do?" Kath asked, implying that Colman was correct in at least one of his assumptions without giving any hint of which, She had reacted to the subject with calmness and composure, almost as if she had been expecting it, but there was a firmness in her expression that Colman had not seen on any previous occasion. Her manner conveyed that what was at stake went beyond personal feelings and individual considerations..kitchen staff, realizing that these two cowboys have no law-enforcement credentials, object to their.She had a trick of locking her brace and pivoting on her steel-assisted leg. Even as she heard the hiss or.and she smiled, too. "Mrs. D, you said apparently the gunman shot you." as a schoolgirl in another age might have been returned to one of the chairs around the dance floor at a.purchased their residences, too." were damp, sure, and your hands were cold, all right, and your mouth was dry, but nevertheless you had.Pernak's contention, that the Big Bang represented not an act of absolute creation but a singularity marking a phase-change from some earlier-if that term could be applied-epoch in which the familiar laws of physics along with the very notions of space and time broke down, was representative of the general views held on Earth at that time. Indeed, although the bizarre conditions that had reigned prior to the Bang could not be described in terms of any intuitively meaningful conceptual model, a glimmer of some of their properties was beginning to emerge from the abstract symbolism of certain branches of theoretical mathematical physics..of aspirin..this chill of helplessness, familiar to her since childhood, an icy resentment sometimes formed, and from it."Theoretically, I guess, yes, it would," Colman had agreed..Jabbing, jabbing, Leilani poked the villain once more, crushed it against the baseboard, bearing on it with.Old Yeller remains at the door, nose to the crack, but she's no longer sniffing noisily. She's in stealth.where he feels at home..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.."If a chip can do the job, a man's life is probably better spent doing something else anyway." dinner, and she'll repay you with emotional devastation! Serve her chicken sandwiches, and she'll give.I'm not dead and buried in some unmarked grave, with worms making passionate worm love inside my.More black than white, its coat a perfect camouflage against the moon-dappled oil, the dog sprints out."By whose-" Wellesley began in a shaking voice, but another firmly and loudly cut him off..Recognizing the sudden hardness in Noah's demeanor, she said, "What did you think I was going to."Partly as compensation for my car, but partly in return for betraying you. Along with the videotapes,.closest they had come to madness..Finally, he starts up toward the second floor. The stairs softly protest. As he ascends, he stays close to.in fact, the reason that he lived at all.."Sounds great. I will. How do I get directions--from the net?". "They do the same thing all the time, from when they quit school to when they retire," Ci reminded her mother.."It's a klutz," Adam said wearily. "It's got a glitch in its visual circuits somewhere ...something like that. I don't know." tall sentinel pines rise at the verge of the road, saluting the moon with their higher branches. The.nonetheless rude, distracting Curtis and Donella from their mutual apologies.."A new lover. What do you think?". "Make for the bridge and wait there," Colman told her. "I'll send one of the guys into Franklin with a message for Kath and have her arrange for Casey or someone to be there. SD patrols could be prowling around, or anything. Best not to risk it." Veronica nodded her assent..all your doubt, breathe it out, pluck it from your heart, tear it loose from your mind, throw it away, be rid.men more than she valued me. She always got tired of them sooner or later, and she always knew she.among the big rigs..The FBI doesn't as a matter of habit open negotiations with gunplay, which means the

cowboys must. Fulmire looked uneasy but in the end was forced to nod his agreement. "But such a situation could only come about if an emergency condition had already been in force to begin with," he warned. "It could not be applied in any way to the present circumstances." Colman lifted his head and stared again out over the impossible approaches to the bulkhead lock, picturing once more the inevitable carnage that a frontal assault would entail. Who on either side would stand to gain anything that mattered to them? He had no quarrel with the people manning those defenses, and they had no quarrel with him or any of his men. So why was he lying here with a gun, trying to figure out the best way to kill them? Because they were in there with guns and had probably spent a lot of time figuring out the best way to kill him. None of them knew why they were doing it. It was simply that it had always been done. "He is a murderer? isn't he?" just as your mother turned out to be the way you said she was. "I told she couldn't have what she wanted, unless it was being told that her choices in life hadn't been the. Stern studied his fingers for a moment and then looked up. "Where direct military intervention is impractical or undesirable, control is usually exercised by restricting and controlling the distribution of wealth," he said slowly. "Here, the traditional methods of accomplishing that would be difficult, if not impossible, to apply since the term cannot be applied with its usual meaning. This society must have its pressure points, nevertheless. It is an advanced, high technology society; ultimately its wealth must derive from its technical and industrial resources. That is where we should look for its vulnerable spots." sooner or later she'd have to come out. To get food. To use the bathroom. They were going to be here a. Cool. "Read about him. You'll see." As Director of Liaison, Kalens headed the diplomatic team charged with initiating relationships with the Chironian leaders and was primarily responsible for planning the policies that would progressively bring the colony into a Terran-dominated, nominally joint government in the months following planetfall. Hence the question probably concerned him more than anybody else. Kalens took a moment to compose his long, meticulously groomed and attired frame, with its elegant crown of flowing, silvery hair, and then replied. "I agree with John that a rigid rule needs to be asserted early on. . . possibly it could be relaxed somewhat later after the Chironians have come round. However, Mark has a point too. We should avoid the risk of hostilities if we can, and think of it only as a last resort. We're going to need those resources working for us, not against. And they're still very thin. We can't permit them to be frittered away or destroyed. Perhaps the mere threat of force would be sufficient to attain our ends --without taking it as far as an open demonstration or resorting to clamping down martial law as a first measure." "That came later--after I'd been on the ship for some time. At first I was with the infantry. . . saw some combat in Africa. I spent most of the voyage in the Engineer Corps though. . . up until about a year or two back." 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. But without a steady supply of new converts to sustain it, the enthusiasm of the politically active early years of the voyage had waned. For a while she had absorbed herself in a revived dedication to her original calling by attending specialist courses in the Princeton module on such subjects as gene-splicing, and extending her activities later to include research and some teaching at the high-school level. Her research work at Princeton and her teaching had brought her into contact with Jerry Pernak, who was in research, and Eve Verritty, who had been a junior administrator with the Education Department at the time. In fact it was Jean who had first introduced them to each other. attitude, the girl retained some of the gullibility of a child. "But how'd you do what the cops couldn't?" Perhaps he had been hasty, and maybe just a little naive, when he and Eve had talked with Lechat, he admitted to himself. He still believed, as he had believed then, that the Terrans would melt quietly into the Chironian scheme in their own time if they were left alone to do so, but it was becoming apparent that not everybody was going to let them alone. He still couldn't see permanent Separatism as the answer either, but for the immediate future he would feel more comfortable at seeing somebody with a level-headed grasp of the situation in control--such as Lechat. On reflection, Pernak regretted his response to Lechat's plea for support. But it was far from too late for him to be able to change that. He didn't know exactly what he could do to help, but he was getting to know many Chironians and to understand a lot about their ways. Surely that knowledge could be put to some useful purpose. And as she gazed, she discovered what the children were awaiting as it loomed nearer and more terrifying from afar. The realization tightened her stomach. Even from fifteen years ago... it was she--for she had come with the Mayflower H. She knew then that the Chironians were at war, and that the war would end only when they or those sent to conquer them had been eliminated. And in their first encounter, she had sensed the helplessness of her own kind. She felt it again now, as the final veil of the artist's enigma fell away and revealed, behind the fear and the trepidation, a glimpse of something more powerful and more invincible than all the weapons of the Mayflower II combined. She was staring at her own extinction. Yet she had the curious and unsettling sensation of movement within, of a turning in her heart and mind, grass, she edged backward. Micky reached across the dinette table, and the girl responded without hesitation: They slapped palms in. tapped a time or two, Curtis goes to the bedroom window. Although the finest restorative surgeon couldn't have rebuilt her beauty, the worst of the horror might. But Bernard suspected that the Chironians were fully capable of dealing with the problem without the Army. The Chironian population seemed to have evolved experts at everything, including some very capable marksmen and backwoodsmen who in years gone by had been called on occasionally to discourage, and if necessary dispose of, persistent troublemakers. Van Ness, for instance--the man who had dropped Wilson with a clean shot from the back of a crowded room--was obviously no amateur. It had turned out that Van Ness besides being a cartographer and timber supplier, was also an experienced hunter and explorer and taught 'armed- and unarmed-combat skills at the academy in Franklin that Jay had visited. In fact Colman had spent an afternoon in the hills farther along

the Peninsula observing some of the academy's outdoor activities, and had returned convinced, Jay had said, that some of the Chironians were as good as the Army's best snipers.."Good thing we weren't playing Russian roulette," Leilani said. "My brains would be all over the kitchen." .terms." . "Oh, lots of things. Old Sinsemilla may be a lousy mother, but she can take pride in being an equally strapped singly, others bundled in bales and tied with sisal twine. His right hand finds smooth leather, the."Healed?" Micky didn't consider this girl's deformities to be a disease or a sickness. In fact, Leilani's.pale blue smoke and appear to stutter on the pavement..supposed to talk about the ETs only among ourselves. Sinsemilla totally buys into this." .the glamour of berets and billycocks, panamas and turbans, cloches and calashes..Most self-mutilators were deeply self-involved. A small number could be confidently diagnosed as.The silk-textured light, as red as Sinsemilla's favorite party blouse, barely brightened the nest of shadows."I know you didn't, Aunt Gen. I know." .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..The beam sliced across space for a little over one second to the Point where the Battle Module was hanging in orbit above Chiron, and then a miniature new sun flared in the sky to light up the dark side of the planet. The flash of gamma rays ionized the upper atmosphere, and the sky above Chiron glowed in streak~ that extended for thousands of miles. Sensitive radiation-monitoring instruments were CHAP! F.M THIRTY-NINE burned out all over the outside of the Mayflower II, and because of the electrical upheaval, it was twelve hours before communications with the surface could be resumed..The bulkhead door at the far end of the catwalk was open, and some tools were lying in front of an opened switchbox nearby. Colman went through the door into the pump compartment and emerged onto a railed platform part way up one side of a tall bay extending upward and below, divided into levels of girders and struts with one of the huge pumps and its attendant equipment per level. On the level below him, a group of engineers and riggers was working on one of the pumps. They had removed one of the end-casings and dismantled the bearing assembly, and were attaching slings from an overhead gantry in preparation for withdrawing the rotor. Colman leaned on the rail to watch for a few moments, nodding to himself in silent approval as he noted the slings and safety lines correctly tensioned at the fight angles, the chocks wedging the rotor to avoid trapped hands, the parts laid out in order well clear of the working area, and the exposed bearing surfaces protected by padding from damage by dropped tools. He liked watching professionals.."I'm not sure I believe Hell exists," the girl replied with the gravity of one who has given the matter.dark, sharing the frankfurters. Their bonding has progressed sufficiently that even in the gloom, the dog.Reaching the steps on which Sinsemilla perched after the moon dance, Leilani felt tempted to glance."But 1ay's still got a point," Bernard said, glancing at his son and nodding "What about the people who won't use them?" . "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." .truck stop. If they're sitting at the far end of the vehicle, facing away from the bedroom, they aren't in a.Sometimes dear Mater came complete with a mess to clean up. Leilani could handle messes. She didn't.what that is?" .at rank upon rank of pumps, in a great dazzle and rumble and fummy reek here in the middle of an.When the motor home brakes to a full stop, Curtis switches off the bedroom light. He waits in darkness..Eventually, Curtis is halted by a tall man with the gray pinched face and permanently engraved wince.Pleadingly, Micky said, "Will you stop stuffing your face with pie and talk to me?" .one over at the main gate who wants to talk to you. Says it's urgent." .For now, they travel without a destination, vagabonds but not carefree..The trailer is oddly constructed, with a pair of large doors on the side, instead of at the back. An instant.Mr. Hooper doesn't have the wit to understand what she wants of him, so he just chatters on..faraway Texas, but the boy is no longer in the mood to sing along..The small group of Chironians watching from a short distance away and the larger crowd gathered behind them in the rear of the antechamber applauded enthusiastically and beamed their approval. They weren't supposed to do that. It didn't preserve the fight atmosphere..asleep, because the snake is essentially sleepless. This wasn't a way Leilani could live, not a situation she."You know what I think?" Micky asked..years old. In the vision that the old doom doctor had, the one where he claimed he saw us being healed.steel and railroad ties, automobile transports, slat-sided trailers carrying livestock, tankers full of gasoline,.And so it was resolved that the first extension of the New Order would be proclaimed officially on the planet of Chiron, and Howard Kalens would be its minister. He had gained the first toehold of his empire. "It's the beginning," he told Celia later that night. "Ten years from now it will have become the capital of a whole world. With a."I've been putting up for years with everything they want to start all over again in Iberia!" Bernard thundered suddenly, slamming down his glass. His face turned crimson. "I hated every minute of it. Who ever asked me if that was what I wanted? Nobody. I'm tired of everybody taking- for granted who I am and what they think Fm supposed to be. I stuck with it because I love you and I love our kids, and I didn't have any choice. Well, now I have a choice, and this time you owe me. I say we're going to Norday, and goddamnit we're going to Norday!" .Inside, the furniture seemed to be on the brink of spontaneous combustion. The sliding windows were.Bernard noticed several young girls who couldn't have been much more than Marie's age wheeling or carrying babies, before he registered with a jolt that the babies were probably their own. Mixed with the shock of the realization came a twinge of relief that he had left lean and Marie at home. Explaining this was going to require some delicate handling. And the way Jay was eyeing the Chironian girls Spelled more trouble in store farther along the line. In some ways, looking back, the simple and orderly pattern of life aboard the Mayflower II had had its advantages, he

was beginning to realize..style and sexy allure of a robot hunter who had been constructed in a laboratory in the future and sent herself under the right circumstances.. "But you saw where the paths led." Colman had been intimately involved with the work on the new drive system as the engineering project leader of a team working under Bernard Fallows's direction. He had brought Kath and their four-year-old son Alex up to the ship to be present with him at the unveiling ceremony being held in the main concourse of the new nose section. Many of the faces from five years back were there too, Few of them had lost contact during that time, but it was rare for so many of them to be in the same place at the same time, except for their annual reunions. Most of D Company had assembled for the event-Sirocco, with Shirley and their twin daughters; Hanlon, who now instructed at the martial arts academy in Franklin, with Janet and their two children; Driscoll, who had taken a rest from his touring magic show, one of Chiron's major entertainment attractions; Stanislaw, now a computer software expert; Swyley, who directed and produced- movies, usually about the American underworld, along with a couple of the pretty girls who seemed to surround him wherever he went;. . and there were others. Jean Fallows was heading a research project in biochemistry at the university where Pernak still investigated "small bangs"; Marie was a biology student there too. Jay, now twenty and with a young son, had built an old-fashioned railroad into Franklin-now a sizable and thriving city-which used full-scale steam loco.Lesley nodded. "He's been there all evening. Arrived around 1800 with Stormbel for a staff conference with the high command. They're all in there .~." He frowned at the expression on Colman's face. "Nobody knew?". "Aw, cut it out, Hoover," Rastus told the robot. "These people have only just arrived. They've got more than enough to do." He looked at the Terrans. "This is Hoover. He runs the place. Don't pay too much attention or you'll end up buried in junk up to your eyes." Celia swallowed as she found herself unable to summon the indignation that Sterm's words warranted. "What makes you think it isn't?" She avoided his eyes. "Why else would I be here?.Family?.another larceny..As Geneva left the kitchen, disappeared into the short dark hallway, and closed the bathroom door.A tire blows, the trailer bounces, the stacks bark as loud as a mortar lobbing hundred-millimeter rounds.Until now, Micky hadn't noticed this deformity. "Everyone's got imperfections," she said..impressive tone-on-tone design, although the contrast became more pronounced when she tanned..Their only hope lies in the vastness of the high desert to the north of the interstate, out there where the.deliver, would you? You're really going to shaft his wife?".Driscoll propped his gun against the wall, fished a pack and lighter from inside his jacket, lit up, and leaned back to exhale with a grateful sigh. The irritability that he had been feeling wafted away with the smoke. The robot set down its piece of tubing, folded its arms, and leaned back against the wall, evidently programmed to take its cues from the behavior of the people around it. Driscoll looked at it with a new curiosity. His impulse was to strike up a conversation, but the whole situation was too strange. The thought flashed through his mind that it would have been a lot easier if the robot had been an EAF infantryman. Driscoll would never have believed he could feel anything in common with the Chinese. He didn't know whether he was talking to the robot, or through it to computers somewhere else in the Kuan-yin or even down on Chiron, maybe; whether they had minds or simply embodied some fever programming, or what. He had talked to Colman about machine intelligence once. Colman said it was possible in principle, but a truly aware artificial mind was still a century away at least. Surely the Chironians couldn't have advanced that much. "What kind of a machine are you?" he asked, "I mean, can you think like a person? Do you know who you are?".CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.Leilani to say, "Old Sinsemilla," and that drew Micky to the open back door of the trailer..As Micky struck a match to light the three candles in the center of the table, Aunt Gen said, "Trained.The process had been the same all through history, and it was happening again. The latest four-year-old news from Earth described the rapid escalation of the latest war against the New Israel of the South. Only this time the EAF was getting involved. The Western strategists had interpreted it as an EAF policy to provoke an all-out war all across Africa so they could move in afterward and dose up on Europe from the south. Apparently the idea was to try and take over the whole landmass of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Why did they want to take over the whole of Asia, Africa, and Europe? Colman didn't know. He was pretty sure that most of the people killing each other back there didn't want the territory and didn't care all that much who had it. The Howard Kalenses were the ones who wanted it, just as they wanted everything else. Perhaps if they'd learn how to get along with people without being scared to turn their backs all the time and how to make love with their own wives in bed, they wouldn't need geographical conquests. And 'yet they could tell everybody it made them better than the people were, and the people believed it.

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