

## MAKERIFIC WOWS! 54 SURPRISING BIBLE CRAFTS (FOR AGES 3-7)

parched eyes and saw where they were focused. Not on her daughter. On the nearest end of the makeshift bristling with weapons, Curtis follows her. Twenty-four had escaped in all; nine had already given themselves up or been killed in encounters with Chironians. Anita had not been among them. Colman counted fifteen body-bags, which meant that she had to be in one of them. She weaves westward, using the employees' vehicles for cover. He's not sure where he should go, but he's. Curtis goes to the window, where the drapes have already been drawn aside, and peers out at the. 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 Stern 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 II 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. As scary as Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff and Big Bird all rolled into one, but she's not dangerous. At "No," the boy answered after a moment's reflection. "I could say fairies make the flowers up there grow, but the fact that the flowers are growing wouldn't prove that the fairies exist, would it?" Before I was born. I haven't met any of them, don't know where they are. She never speaks about them. Donella says, "Curtis, I'm sorry I snapped at you." Wellesley frowned over the suggestion for several seconds but eventually nodded. "I suppose you should, yes." "What's the target for the missile strike?" Colman asked hoarsely. "And from what we've heard, theft command structure is all a shambles anyway," Adam commented. "Could a penetration operation like that be organized now?" "We'll use candles later." psychotic teeth collectors. "Partly as compensation for my car, but partly in return for betraying you. Along with the videotapes, person again. Never. The real Leilani was back? rested, refreshed, ready to take care of business. On the other side of the fire-door, Bernard dropped his tools and ran back to the front lobby of the Communications Center, praying that the alarm hadn't been raised from there. Hanlon and Stanislaw were waiting outside the entrance with a handful of the others. Just as Bernard arrived, Harding and the first contingent of the staff entrance group appeared from a side-corridor, closely followed by Maddock and the main party with two wounded being helped. Hanlon speeded them all on through into the Communications Center, and the security door crashed shut moments before heavy boots began sounding from the stairwell nearby. Kath suggested a place in town called The Two Moons, which was where she and her friends usually went for entertainment and company, and was just the right distance for a refreshing walk on an evening like this. On the way they passed the house that Colman and his companions had stopped by earlier in the day, which prompted him to mention the painter's robot. "It looked as if it was learning the trade," Colman said. "How do you know it's right?" Eve looked at the car, which was waiting patiently, and then back at Pernak. "We're through, really," she said. "Shall we carry on and see the town?" At once the mutt skids to a stop, and so does Curtis. They look at each other, at the door, at each other. her knees. Lying prone, head turned to one side, she pressed her right cheek to the greasy shag. even though He's God with all His resources, realizes what He's gotten Himself into by agreeing to those. "Who can say?" Sirocco answered, picking up the more serious tone. "After what we saw today, I wouldn't be surprised if either side ends up going for him." "Something." The colonization of Chiron was over. to save herself, and this impotence suggested that she might never find the wit, the courage, and the. instead of drinking from it, rolled it back and forth across her brow, cooling her forehead. "The mediocre shall inherit the Earth," Kalens had told his wife, Celia, after returning to their Delaware mansion from a series of talks with European foreign ministers one day in 2055. "Or else, eventually, there will be another war." And so the Kalenses had departed to see the building of a new society far away that would be inspired by the lessons of the past without being hampered by any of its disruptive legacies. There would be no tradition of unrealistic expectations to contend with, no foreign rivalries to make concessions to, and no clamoring masses accumulated in their useless billions to be kept occupied. Chiron would be a clean canvas, unspoiled and 'unsullied, awaiting, the fresh imprint of Kalens's design. "Okay, then the lowly paramecium," Leilani said, shouldering past Micky to the sink. Leilani squinted with righteous indignation. "So you refused to give it to him." Bernard was rubbing his lip slowly as he thought about it. He caught Lechat's eye and appeared worried. "The message would have to go out live from there," he said slowly. With the coils of his soul exposed for all to see, the bagman, sans bag, swaggered toward the front of. At about the same moment, inside the memory unit of a lower-security logistics computer located on the same floor, the references to C Company contained in a routine order-of-the-day suddenly and mysteriously changed themselves into references to D Company. At the same time, D Company's orders to remain standing by at the barracks until further notice transformed themselves into orders for C Company. Ten minutes later a harassed clerk in Phoenix brought the change to the attention of Captain Blakeney, who commanded C Company. Blakeney, far from being disposed to query it, told the clerk to send off an acknowledgment, and then gratefully went back to bed. Inside the logistics computer in the Mayflower II, an instruction that shouldn't have been in memory was activated by the incoming transmission, scanned the message and identified it as carrying one of the originator codes assigned to C Company, then quietly erased it. CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE. points toward the hallway that leads to the restrooms. with the thingy. "You don't own a gun, Aunt Gen." Even if he could have identified them, they might no longer be innocent horsemen

transporting ornate. Maybe the power of Curtis's panic is transmitted to Old Yeller, and the sheer weight of human population caused Earth's axis to shift violently and wipe out ninety-nine skids and nearly falls on a cascade of loose shale, thrashes through an unseen cluster of knee-high sage, wasn't any longer able to make sense of her mother's words, she figured the woman's sympathies were. "It never occurred to me that a congressman would keep a bunch of thugs on the payroll." Sirocco entered some commands on the touchboard, and a second later a document appeared on the screen. Colman got up and came across to study it while Sirocco sat back, way deep into the flesh of her memory, beyond the hope of excision, and prickle as long as she lived. "I mean the bag. It's an airsickness bag." His grin faded. "What? you never saw one before?" Geneva set a platter of sliced chicken on the table. "Didn't you notice? we have three place settings this." "Come over for a second. I want to ask him something." Sirocco led Colman, and Hanlon followed. The conversation stopped as they approached, and heads turned toward them curiously. "Do you just do tricks with cards," Sirocco asked Driscoll without any preliminaries, "or are you into other things too?" someone his size, and he absolutely must obtain food for himself and for Old Yeller, who is depending on. "I sure hope not, ma'am. That was one mean lizard." His confidence is restored. A short silence fell while the meeting digested the observation. Kalens thought about the fusion complex that Farnhill had learned about in his largely unproductive talks with an assortment of Chironians in Franklin. Kalens had sent Farnhill off to learn what he could through more casual contact and conversation, after Borftein's sarcastic remark to the effect that the Army's company of misfits seemed to be making better progress with the natives than the diplomats were managing. "Yes. . . I know what you mean," Kalens said, acknowledging Stern with a motion of his head. "As a matter of fact, we have already begun inquiries along those lines." He turned toward Farnhill. "Amery, tell us again about that place along the coast." the field here, which now seems likely, and possibly the CIA, as well? those guys won't sell out their. "Scribe", Wellesley said in a still angry voice to the computer recording the proceedings. "Delete the statement about an offensive response and everything following it." She couldn't trade those in for standard-issue parts. She hoped only to keep the strong right leg, the. He nodded. "It's all in the Neiman Marcus bag." He hesitated, but then decided that this woman's. Perplexed by this odd question, Leilani looked to Micky for clarification. . . outbuildings. With haste, he passes among them. . . need to be shrewd, but she was not self-deluded enough to think that vodka would make her more. the boy treats them with equal courtesy, although he knows that they may be either ministers or. either corner of her mouth, and no sportive note informed her voice as she met Micky's stare with a. After a hesitation, Leilani said, "Dr. Doom says he's had this vision that we'll both be healed by." Just . . . what are you getting at?" Bernard asked, sounding disbelieving of his own ears and suspicious at the same time. . . the next. Sirocco gave a short laugh. "You should find out more about this ship before you start worrying about things like that. We'll probably put out a screen of interceptors and make the final approach behind them. They'll stop anything before it gets within ten thousand miles. You have to give the company some credit." . . and bitter, him havin' a hissy fit, him broodin' up bad snaky revenge." For a second longer Colman hesitated, and then found himself smiling back at her as the awareness dawned of what the elusive light dancing in her eyes was saying to him- he was a free individual in a free world. And suddenly the barrier crumbled away. . . sometimes she sidled up to when she didn't have the nerve to approach it directly? the truth was that her. among many courses of action was the right one and the wisest, she ultimately made her decision based. "Why?" a girl in a pink jacket asked. . . the scales. In a reek of scorched rubber, with one last attenuated grunt of protesting gears, it shudders to. telltale sounds that only born hunters can perceive and properly interpret. CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX. Then Colman's communicator started bleeping. Bernard Fallows was calling from the Communications Center. "I guess you did it," he said. "But it's not over yet. We've found out where Stern is." heard about the courtesy of the road. Everyone's hellbent on getting to the interstate, racing around and. minute, deeper than mere night. "As long as you think of me as a handicapped waif, your pity doesn't allow you to be impolite. On the." "Anytime. Take care." He lingered in the suite until he was certain that he'd given Constance Tavenall time to leave the hotel. In. "But all the troubles in the world," said Wendy, "have the same one answer." On the screen of the communicator, the view closed in on Celia as she began speaking in a slightly quivery but determined voice. But Colman only half heard. He was trying to make himself think the way a Chironian would think. Bernard, now a little calmer with the change of subject, picked up his glass again, took a sip, and shook his head. "Aren't you overreacting just a little bit, Jerry? Exactly what kind of trouble are you talking about? What have we seen?" He looked from side to side as if to invite support, "One idiot who should never have been allowed out of a cage got what he asked for. Fm sorry if that sounds like a callous way of putting it, but it's what I think. And that's all we've seen." "I'm sure glad to hear that. Frankly, I've been worried about you. In the movies, private eyes are always. Snake; under there somewhere. When Leilani held her breath, she could hear the angry hissing. The. into bricks of gold, old Sinsemilla would provide paving for a six-lane highway from here to Oz, but she. "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." Tweaked by puzzlement, her classic features had a pixie charm. "Excuse me?" "HE'S AMAZING, ISN'T he," Shirley said in an awed voice as she leaned forward to get a better view of the table over the shoulder of her daughter, Ci, who was sitting on the floor. "It must be a genetic mutation that makes sticky fingers or something." "You shouldn't make up stuff like that about your own mother." Bernard shook his head in a way that said he rejected the suggestion totally. "They wont they're not like that. They just don't think that way." His house key was on the same ring. When he finally got home, by whatever means, he didn't want to. "I never said there was," Nanook answered. . . broom to the blacktop, sweeping along puffs of dust, spidery twists of dry desert grass, and scraps of. might instead he more of the ferocious killers who struck in Colorado and who have pursued Curtis ever. "A hundred." Laughter shakes the universe, places it outside itself, reveals its entrails. . . spread, head upon a pillow, her

back to the door and to the lamp, her face in shadow. She didn't stir. One day a would-be victim, impervious to Preston's dry charm and oily sympathy, would have a. The answer turned out to be no when two teams of physicists on opposite sides of the world—one led by a Professor Okasotaka, at the Tokyo Institute of Sciences, and the other working at Stanford under an American by the name of Schriber—developed identical theories to unify quarks and leptons and published them at the same time. It turned out that the sixteen entities and "antientities" of the ground-state generation could be explained by just two components which S themselves possessed surprisingly few innate properties: Each had a spin angular momentum of one-half unit, and one had an electrical charge of one-third while the other had none. The other. Colman watched for a moment, then turned slowly back and began moving toward the bulkhead door. He didn't feel resentful, nor particularly surprised. He'd seen it all too many times before. Fallows wasn't a bad guy; somebody somewhere had jumped on him, that was all. "He might know all about how machines work," Colman murmured half-aloud to himself as he returned to the gallery outside the Bomb Factory. "But he doesn't understand how they think." Celia smiled over her glass. "Thank you. It's rare to find such appreciation." piercing directness, and said almost in a whisper, "When you were such a pretty little girl and bad people. now a flush of happiness pinked her features, and she smiled. "Vernon was a wonderful man, as sweet as. swarm the night. After the Windchaser has been stopped for a couple minutes, it eases forward a few car lengths before. "I meant as a regular job," Driscoll said. "What do you do basically?" the motor home. Grinning, wagging her tail, aware that she's the hero of the hour, she turns left and trots. The boy promises himself that public toileting is a behavior he will never adopt, regardless of how wild. she'd grown all but oblivious of the sun. "How old are you, kid?" "Better go, thingy, better squiggle," Sinsemilla advised gleefully. "Here come bad-ass Lani, and dis here. Although Jean felt sympathy for the soldier, the course that Kalens seemed to be advocating, with its prospect of more trouble and, inevitably, more killing, worried her even more. Why did it always have to be like this? she asked herself. All she wanted was to feel comfortable and secure, and to watch her children grow up to become decent, respectable, responsible adults who would weave themselves into the reassuring cocoon of familiarity around her—as much for their own future well-being as for hers. That much was hers to expect as her due because she had made sacrifices to earn it. It threatened nobody. So why should other people's squabbles which were not of her making now threaten her with sweeping it all away? in New Orleans." He's not convinced that his mother would be proud of him if he bit his way to freedom. Fighting men and. 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 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. "It is from my perspective,?" said Leilani. a modified high-five. "We never said it was," Kath replied. "You assumed it. So did Stern." Bernard gaped at her as the enormity of what she was saying suddenly dawned on him. Kath's expression 'was grave, but nevertheless there was a hint of mirth dancing at the back of her eyes. "We could hardly disguise our scientific work," she said. "It had to be seen to serve some legitimate purpose, and an antimatter drive seemed suitable. But the Kuan-yin project has been low down on our list of priorities." are being held. They're in the Columbia District—not far from the Communications Center. If there was some way of getting Borftein out and taking him in on our plan, it would stand a much better chance of having the effect you want on the Army." Then as an afterthought she added, "And if Wellesley could be included as well as Borftein, it might help to make up for some of the things we can't prove." She shifted her gaze around the room and eventually allowed it to settle on Colman. "But I don't know if something like that would be possible." corner TV cabinet. A pair of sliding mirrored doors probably conceal a wardrobe jammed full of too. The Windchaser begins to slow as the driver checks his side-view mirrors. Even serial killers who keep. "The country's Founding Fathers would be so proud." The Mayflower II had the general form of a Wheel mounted near the thin end of a roughly cone-shaped axle, which was known as the Spindle and extended for over six miles from the base of the magnetic ram scoop funnel at its nose to the enormous parabolic reaction dish forming its tail. "Yeah, but it never quite makes up for always being the bearer of bad news." He stepped back from the. During the past year, however, Micky had spent a great many hours in late-night self-analysis, if only. he could find the willpower to deal with them. Donella wrinkles her nose. This is virtually the only part of her face that she can wrinkle, because. drumming from the physical demands of flight, now booms also with fear. Into the night has entered a. Celia took a quick breath, held it for a moment, and then lifted her face toward him. "Very well. I've seen what happened to the corporal and to Padawski. The Chironians retaliate against whomever they perceive as the cause of hostility directed against them. If the evictions are enforced. Bernard's concern changed to a deep, uneasy, suspicion as he listened. Waiters and Hoskins were his equals in rank and duties; this could only mean that he had been left out of something deliberately. He fell quiet and said little more throughout the meal while he brooded and wondered what the hell could be going on. "What alternative?" "They may be a handful," Adam added from across the room, "but they control the ship's heavy weapons. We've given them every chance, and we've encouraged as many people to get themselves out of it as was humanly possible. Our whole world is at stake. If they begin issuing threats or deploying those weapons, the ship will be destroyed. They' can be no changing that decision. It was made a long time ago."

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