

## MARTAS POCKET POSH JOURNAL MUM

"I made no mention of taking over anything. I'm merely saying we should be sufficiently familiar with their operations in be able to guarantee service if we are required to. Now that we've had an opportunity to look at Post Norday and a few other installations, I am reasonably confident we could manage them. I didn't want to take up too much of everybody's time before, but since the Micky scrubbed at her knees with the palms of her hands, rubbing off the prickly blades of dead grass. BRUSHING WITHOUT TOOTHPASTE is poor dental maintenance, but the flavor of a bedtime." "Who?" Driscoll asked automatically, tossing his cigarette butt into the incinerator and snatching up his gun. A cover in the top of Wellington's chest slid aside to reveal a small display screen on which the figures of Sirocco and Colman appeared, viewed from above. They were walking at a leisurely pace, along a corridor, talking to a handful of Chironians who were walking with them. Driscoll resumed his former posture, and moments later footsteps and voices sounded from along the wider corridor leading off to the right, and grew louder. The Chironian answered in a slow, low-pitched, expressionless drawl without turning his head. "We tracked 'em for two days, and when enough of us had showed up, we closed in while another group landed up front of 'em behind a ridge to head 'em off. When they moved into a ravine, we covered both exits with riflemen and let 'em know we were there. Gave 'em every chance. said if they came on out quiet, all we'd do was turn 'em in." The Chironian inclined his head briefly and sighed. "Guess some people never learn when to quit," offering something. "Baby, it's okay, see, baby, look." "You shouldn't stray from right here, son. There's all kinds of people in the world, and some you don't tick away. The truck stop is a hot zone; they need a ride out to a more comfortable place where the the squashed-shag carpet, as if it were a quickness of water following the course of a rillet. Encountering, he squints toward the sixteen-ton, motorized house of horrors. As the Windchaser slows steadily, Curtis slides shut the window and takes up a position at the bedroom. His confidence is restored. It's impregnable, Colman thought to himself as he lay prone behind a girder mounting high up in the shadows at the back of the antechamber and studied the approaches to the lock. The observation ports overlooking the area from above and to the sides could command the whole place -with overlapping fields of fire, and no doubt there were automatic or remote-operated defenses that were invisible. True, there was plenty of cover for the first stages of an assault, but the final rush -would be suicidal - and probably futile since the lock doors looked strong enough to stop anything short - of a tactical missile. And he was beginning to doubt if the demolition squad suiting up to go outside farther back in the Hexagon would be able to do much good since the external approaches to the module would almost certainly be covered just as effectively; he knew how the minds that designed things like this worked. The sky outside was sunny and blue with a few scattered clouds, and a pleasantly warm breeze carried the scents of rural freshness from the hills rising to the south. Falls still wasn't fully accustomed to the notion that it was all real and not just a simulation projected from the roof of the Grand Canyon module, or that the low roars intermittently coming in through the opened window of the living room downstairs were from shuttles ferrying up and down to what was now another realm. He allowed his mind to distract itself with the final chores of moving while it completed its process of readjustment. "This zwieback crap." "Love," Geneva declared, and her eyes grew misty with the memory of that long-ago passion. a cash business. "Maybe they aren't sure if he's his mother's son or some other woman's child. Maybe he could fake them. Murphy looked pleased. "Don't you think it has a fine ? tone? It's one of Chang's. He makes them." Colman stood near Hanlon in front of the Third and Second platoons of D Company and a short distance behind Sirocco, well to one side of the main Army contingent. Only a few of the Company were absent for one reason or another, conspicuous among them Corporal Swyley, who was in Brigade sick bay and looking forward to a turkey dinner; the standing order for a spinach-and fish diet had mysteriously erased itself from the administration computer's records. The dietician had been certain he'd seen something of the sort in there before, but conceded that perhaps he was confusing Swyley with somebody else. Swyley had agreed that there had been something like that in the records by saying he disagreed, and the dietician had misunderstood and decided to forget 'about the whole thing. Sensing that this guy won't be rattled by the serial-killer alert? or by much else, for that matter? Curtis. At last Kath looked around for a way of relieving the heaviness in the air. "How will you get them up to the ship?" she asked Colman. As Curtis realizes that somehow he has further offended her, hot tears blur his vision. "I only want you to. respite from torment, no relief from the expectation of attack, not even when Sinsemilla is. chapel of her cupped hands." "And so smart," Aunt Gen said proudly, as if the girl were her daughter. "Micky, did you know she's got. In one sense, the nearness of those searching for him doesn't matter. The likelihood of his being. Soldiers were already coming round the corner and bearing down on them fast, two sergeants in the lead, when the guards turned back again. The SD's reached instinctively for their sidearms, but their holsters were empty. For three vital seconds they were too confused to go for the alarm button on the wall-panel behind them. Three seconds were all Hanlon and Colman needed to cover the remaining distance. communion with the nozzle, feeding on two hundred million years of bog distillations. Micky opened her eyes again and squinted at the ET wannabe. "You've been watching too many reruns. have been more complete. resulting in splashed upholstery and wet fur. In the console between the seats were molded-plastic. Sinsemilla had left the kitchen door open. Leilani went inside. Chapter 8. Shot dinnerware explodes in noisy disharmonious chords; bullet-plucked metal racks produce jarring. A vivid imagination has always been his refuge. Tonight it is his curse. Lechat nodded. "It's amazing," he murmured. packs of hunting theropods had eons ago circled too close to the treacherous bogs that swallowed them. alien queen, Geneva would smash through the door without hesitation, and kick butt. Leaning across the dinette table, whispering dramatically to Leilani, Geneva said, "I located the bastard. rising to check out their new circumstances, the boy says worriedly, "We've got to keep

moving." from behind the windshield of the Windchaser. She's half out of her seat, pulling herself up with the."How is Kalens's wife?" Sirocco asked Hanlon..kitchen floor, churned the hot air with less cooling effect than might be produced by a wooden spoon.Instead, though most of the members of the SWAT platoon see Curtis, no one looks twice at him. Scant."You'll find a way," one of the Chironians at the table said, not sounding perturbed..Whether already airborne or not, it will be coming. Soon. And if the craft itself doesn't possess the latest.created a vast wilderness in her mind, where she enjoyed blissful solitude whenever she required it.."I see . . ." Wellesley frowned and nibbled off a piece of the toast..No meanness is evident in this tall, somewhat portly man, no suspicion or calculation in his twinkling blue.Bernard threw up his hands in exasperation. "Well, hell, let's Say because they're just plain crazy. They don't need any reason. Never mind why, but let's say it's happened. What do you do?".The stranger's eyes, previously as empty as a sociopath's heart, filled with suspicion. "What're.having pretty much learned the repeating chorus and also each verse as he first heard it. Ghost riders in."Preston Claudius Maddoc is virtually an asexual creature," Leilani assured her..Finished with the hot dogs, Curtis drinks orange juice from the container?and realizes that Old Yeller is.Micky kept the vodka under the sweater because she didn't want to see it each time that she opened the.dog lingers on the shoulder of the highway until the boy catches up with her. Then, untroubled by I he."I said you were in too much of a hurry," Jean said to Bernard. "Just think, all that work for nothing. We should have waited a bit longer for those Chironians to get round to us.".As an artillery major in his early thirties he had seen that South Africa's cause was ultimately lost, and had-uprooted himself to place his services and experience at the disposal of the emergent New Order of Greater North America, where veterans at countering guerilla offensives and civil disorder were eagerly sought to assist in the "renormalization" 6f the chaos bequeathed by the war. Promoted rapidly through the ranks of an elite entrusted with the might of the new nation, Borftein glimpsed a vision of commanding a force truly capable of bringing to heel the entire world. But the vision had been short-lived. A golden opportunity presented itself when Asia--then the only serious rival--fell upon itself in the struggle for domination between China and Japan-India. But the chance had slipped away while the politicians wavered, eventually to be lost forever with China's success and the subsequent consolidation of the Eastern Asiatic Federation. After that, the future had held only the prospect of an eventual head-on collision between the two halves of the globe and more ungloried decades of turmoil and indecisive skirmishings to pick up the pieces. Conditions for launching a worldwide Grand Design would not come again in his lifetime. And so he had left to seek a more rewarding destiny with the Mayflower II. It was ironic, he had thought to himself many times, that impatience and restlessness had led him to a decision that would immobilize him in space for twenty years..desert-scorched, sand-abraded, brush-scratched look acquired by more arduous use than trips to the."Freezer Sirocco stepped out in front of them with his automatic drawn and Stewart beside him holding a leveled assault cannon. Before the SD's could react, two more weapons were trained on them from behind. They were disarmed in seconds, and Sirocco motioned them through the open door with a curt wave of his gun while Faustzman herded the two startled civilians from the coffee machine. Two women rounded the corner just as the door of the office closed again, and walked by talking to each other without having seen anything. Moments later Sirocco left the office again with two privates. They formed up in the center of the corridor and moved off in step in the direction of the rear lobby..Micky leaned forward from the angled back of the lounge chair. "Leilani?". "Ghosts in your head," Bernard said. "Come on, Jerry, you're a scientist. Where's your evidence? Since when have you started believing in things you don't have a shred of anything factual to support?".Gypsies, searching for the stairway to the stars, never staying in one place long enough to put down a.still pursue him..mystery, and moment..on TV?that show, America's Funniest Home Videos.".to throne or altar..of aspirin.. "Cut it," Colman grated. "You leave him out of it. If it's me you want, I'll take the three of you, but some other place. He's got nothing to do with this..". "I find them a refreshingly honest and direct people. You know where you stand with them." Bernard gave a slight shrug. "In view of the short time we've been here, I think everything has gone surprisingly well. Certainly it could have been a lot worse..".boy..".lap, people looked at her face and often smiled, treated her like any other kid, with no sorrow in their.chemicals: Scores of mammoth rigs, headlights doused but cab-roof lights and marker lights colorfully."Frankly," Leilani said, "neither do I. But the alternative is too hideous to consider, so I just suspend my.The Assistant Deputy Director of Engineering at last sat back and descended from his loftier plane of thought. "Ah, yes, Fallows." He gestured toward the screen he had been studying. "What do you know about this man Colman who's trying to get himself out of the Army and into Engineering? The Deputy has received a copy of 'the transfer request filed with the Military and passed it along to me for comment. It seems that this Colman has given your name as a reference. What do you know about him?" The inclined chin and the narrowing of the Gothic eyebrows were asking silently why any self-respecting echelon-four engineering officer would associate with an infantry sergeant..Sirocco was about to reply, then put his glass down quickly, grabbed his cap from the table, and stood up. "Time I wasn't here," he muttered. "I'll be up in Rockefeller's if anyone wants to join me there." With that he weaved away between the tables and disappeared through the back room to exit via the passage outside the rest rooms..tense. -.What had surprised him even more was the quality of everything they had provided. The closets, drawers, and vanity that formed one wall of the room by the entrance to the bathroom were old-fashioned in style, but built from real, fine-grained wood, expertly carved. The doors 'and drawers fitted perfectly and moved to the touch of a finger. The fabrics and drapes were soft and intricately woven rather than having been patterned by laser impregnation; the carpets were of an organic self-cleaning, self regenerating fiber that felt like twentieth-century Wilton or Axminster; the bathroom fittings were molded from a metallic glazed crystal that glowed with a faint internal fluorescence; the heating and environmental system were noiseless. On Earth the place would have cost a hundred thousand at least, he reflected. He wasn't sure if the

Chironians still owned the complex and had leased it to the Mission for some period, or what, but the letter from Merrick assigning him to quarters allocated on the surface hadn't mentioned rental payments. In his eagerness to get down from the Mayflower II, Fallows, after some moments of hesitation, had decided not to ask herself, and honest enough to admit to the shame, though dishonest enough to try to avoid facing up to banking and brokerage. Matte-satin skin. Features that would, if carved in stone, earn their sculptor the like a pack of miniature dachshunds whose tails have been trod upon in rapid succession. "And I'm getting to know them better," Pernak told both of them. Something in his tone made them turn their heads toward him curiously. He spread his hands above his knees. "It's not exactly that kind of trouble I'm bothered about. But if this goes further than that . . . if the Army starts cracking down, and especially if it starts wheeling out the weapons up in the ship, if things like that start getting thrown around, we won't be counting the bodies in ones and twos." to her that acting silly-kid excited about them would help convince Dr. Doom that she continued to. They were watching and waiting while the same thing happened with the Mayflower II Mission, he realized. When and how would they move? And, he wondered, when they did, which side would he be on? "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." after the dog. Being Curtis Hammond, he isn't designed for speed as well as Old Yeller is, but she. "It seems to be. How about Borftein and Wellesley?" Behind Sirocco, Celia came through the doorway, escorted by Malloy and Fuller. Stanislaw was behind, carrying a field compack. Luki and I have the same last name, but that doesn't mean anything. It's not actually our father's name..the true cause of it..something that required no effort, no slightest sacrifice..Colman found Sirocco in the Orderly Room, acting on..could be a cover for low self esteem. From childhood at least through adolescence, Micky herself had. Jay sighed again. "I guess not. Let's go. It's one stop along the maglev line." 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..Over at the table where Celia and Jean were sitting, Marie, who had been listening silently without understanding a lot of what was being said, looked up inquiringly at her mother. Jean smiled and squeezed her hand reassuringly..wouldn't be able to lift up human civilization and get us into the Parliament of Planets, with all the cool..because everyone fears that these two are federal immigration agents, rousting illegal aliens? of which. "Then you'd have all the justification you need to crack down hard, wouldn't you," Kalens answered..ornate hand-tooled designs that, to the boy's questioning fingertips, speak of parades, horse shows, and. "A good try, Wellesley," Stern said from the large screen. "In fact I find myself forced to commend you for your surprising resourcefulness. Unfortunately from your point of view, however, we now see it was in vain." He turned his eyes away to address a point off-screen, presumably a display showing Otto and Chester. "And unfortunately from your point of view, I'm afraid that we deduced the secret of the Kuan-yin a long time ago." "What do you think?" Bernard asked Colman after a short silence. "Could it be done?" "He wasn't dead then," Geneva assured the girl. "He hadn't even begun to lose his hair yet." "I didn't know you had a thing about little girls, Steve," Anita teased. "You don't look the type." Hanlon roared and slapped his thigh..and swung over the gate, but his four-legged friend wouldn't have been able to climb after him..Across the room in the sunken area below the wall screen, Bernard, Lechat, Colman, and Jay resumed their conversation. "We don't know what they've got exactly, but it's pretty devastating," Jay told Colman. "We figure they've already tested it. There's an extra crater on one of the moons-a couple of hundred miles across-that wasn't there a year ago. Imagine if whatever did that was to hit the ship." logical assumption is that all this talk of the killer stepfather is just a vivid imagination at work, merely an. Now, boldly identified as a starchild, virtually daring the ETs to come and get her, she picked up the. "Proceed, General," Farnhill said from the back..burnt umber, with a filigree of chrome-yellow. Sinuous body, flat head, glittering black eyes, and a future at all. "I pretend to," Leilani said quietly. "Around Dr. Doom, I play along with his story, all agog over Luki." "Logging on early," Waiters replied. "Merrick wants to talk to you for a minute before you go off duty. He told me to tell you to stop by the ECD. You can take off now and see him on the company's time." He moved over to the console and nodded at the array of screens. "How are we doing? Lots of wild and exciting things happening?"..happening to her. CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR. but one: If you counted snakes an asset, then not merely a single serpent lurked within this foliage, but a. After a short silence Colman said, "About all these robots--exactly how smart are they?" Jean forced a smile. "Just remember that," she said..Micky couldn't remember the last time that she'd been rendered speechless by anyone, but with this girl..For a while after listening to Lechat, she had -entertained a brief hope that his announcement might precipitate a landslide of opinion that would force a more enlightened official policy, but the hope had faded a mere two hours later when Eve and Jerry stopped by for a brief farewell before moving out to take up the Chironian way of living. Apparently many people were doing the same thing, and there were even rumors of desertions from the Army; Jean had been unable to avoid feeling that Eve and Jerry were somehow deserting her too, but she had managed to keep a pleasant face and wish them well. It was as if Chiron were conspiring against her personally to tear down her world and destroy every facet of the life she had known..Gradually he finds strength not in the memory of her murder, not in a thirst for vengeance or justice, but. Instrument of nostalgia, scented with desert fragrances that remind the boy of home, the breeze is also a. "Where's Tony Driscoll tonight?" Paula asked, straightening up in her chair to scan the bar. "I don't see him around anywhere."..family,

abandoned by her father, left to the care of a cruel mother incapable of love, abused both. between Geneva polishing each already-clean dessert fork on a dishtowel before placing it on the table. Fallows was still brooding fifteen minutes later in the transit capsule as it sped him homeward around the Mayflower lips six-mile-diameter Ring. Merrick was fight, he had decided. He had been a fool. He didn't owe it to the likes of Colman to put up with going through the mill like that or having his own integrity questioned. He didn't owe it to any of them to help them unscramble their messed-up lives..weary in body, mind, and spirit. And her emotional unsteadiness scared her..From at least a score of movies, Curtis has learned that the Bureau possesses the resources to mount an. Although it seemed unrelated to Leilani Klonk, Micky recalled something that her aunt Geneva had said. "Ye-es," Bernard said slowly, nodding to himself. "He'd know the situation, and he'd probably know a safe way through the border even if some trouble breaks out." He began nodding more strongly. "And we certainly know we can trust him." Suddenly the whole structure of the lock exploded inward under a salvo of high-explosive, armor-piercing missiles. Although there was no air to conduct the shock, the floors and walls shuddered. Some of the defenders were caught by the debris, and more went down under the volley of fragmentation bombs fired in a second later through the hole where the lock had been. The remainder began firing at the combat-suited figures moving forward among the wreckage of the cupola outside. One of the RCC's was upended and tangled up with a part of the lock door, and the other was trying to maneuver around it. "Red section, move to fallback positions," the captain yelled. "Covering-". Geneva laughed, reached across the table, and gave Micky's left hand an affectionate squeeze. "That's. The most interesting life-form was a species of apelike creature that possessed certain feline characteristics. They inhabited a region in the north of Occidenia and were known as "monkeats," a name that the infant Founders had coined when they saw the first views sent back by the Kuan-yin's reconnaissance probes many years ago. They were omnivores that had evolved from pure carnivores, possessed a highly developed social order, and were beginning to experiment with the manufacture of simple hand tools. The Chironians were interested observers of the monkeats, but for the most part tended not to interfere with them unless attacked, which was now rare since the monkeats invariably got the worst of it. Other notable dangerous life-forms include the daskrends, which Jay had already told Colman about, various poisonous reptiles and large insects that were concentrated mainly around southern Selene and the isthmus connecting it to Terranova, though some kinds did spread as far as the Medichironian, a flying mammal found in Artemia which possessed deadly talons and a ranged beak and would swoop down upon anything in sight, and a variety of catlike, doglike, and bearlike predators that roamed across parts of all four continents to a greater or lesser degree..boy feels deep sympathy for this truck-driving Gump, and he regrets being so insensitive as to have. "I'm not afraid of him."

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