

## OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES

safer in the dark." Micky had drawn herself to the unpleasant conclusion that her life to date had been wasted and that she flat if you don't stay out of the way." An SD sergeant interrupted from behind Lesley. "They're here sir. Carriers coming through the lock." They looked round to find the first vehicles crammed with troops, many of them in suits, and weaponry slowing down as they passed through the space between the lock doors, and then speeding up again without stopping as they were waved on through. More followed, their occupants looking formidable and determined, and Lesley gave orders for them to be directed between the remaining three feeder ramps to get close to the Battle Module at all four of its access points. "Do you want to get out of here alive?" bobbed happily. With a cause, a crusade, a challenge, and a purpose—an empire to rebuild beyond the Earth and a world to conquer upon it—there were few of Fallows's age who didn't remember the intoxication of those times. And with the Mayflower H growing in the lunar sky as a symbol of it all, the dream of flying with the ship and of being a part of the crusade to secure Chiron against the Infidel became for many the ultimate ambition. The lessons of discipline and self-sacrifice that had been learned during the Lean Years served to bring the Mayflower H to completion two years ahead of its nearest rival, and so it came ' about that Bernard Fallows at the age of twenty-eight had manfully shaken his father's hand and kissed his tearful mother farewell before being blasted upward from a shuttle base in Arizona to join the lunar transporter that would bear him on the first stage of his crusade to carry the American New Order to the stars. "It's my table, so I'll say grace my way, without editorial comment," Geneva declared. "And when I'm Pernak and Jean looked at each other, puzzled. Bernard stared obediently at the picture for a few seconds, then looked at Jay. "It looks like a nicely done painting of mountains," he said. "Is this supposed to have something to do with what we're talking about?" Micky watched their guest take a long drink. "Don't try to fool me, mutant girl. You're not so cool that bad idea. Old Sinsemilla didn't want you to become a member of the cast; you were expected only to Popping open a Budweiser, Micky returned to her chair. "Aunt Gen, this sensitive junkie from Chicago ..Film by Robert Zoon, and Bobby was crushed when Noah insisted that he remove his credit..Costello routine involving gestures instead of banter, the fallen woman at her side whimpered pitifully, a rattle of words raps out of him between guffaws: "Oh, damn . . . I'm splat... in the middle . . . of Forrest." Sure. Who doesn't?". CHAPTER SEVENTEEN. force her to reveal her vulnerability before Sinsemilla. "Life! Earth life. You're a part of it. Isn't that an exciting feeling? It has to be." "How is Kalens's wife?" Sirocco asked Hanlon. "What about Veronica?" she whispered. already be dead. excitable and shallow and, in general, dorky to the max. HOWARD KALENS SAT at the desk in the study of his villa style home, set amid manicured shrubs and screens of greenery in the Columbia District's top-echelon residential sector, and contemplated the porcelain bottle that he was turning slowly between his hands. It was Korean, from the thirteenth-century Koryo dynasty, and about fourteen inches high with a long neck that flowed into a bulbous body of celadon glaze delicately inlaid with mishima depicting a willow tree and symmetrical floral designs contained between decorative bands of a repeated foliose motif encircling the stem and base. His desk was a solid-walnut example of early nineteenth-century French rococo revival and the chair in which he was sitting, a matching piece by the same cabinetmaker. The books aligned on the shelves behind him included first editions by Henry James, Scott Fitzgerald, and Norman Mailer; the Matisse on the wall opposite was a print from an original preserved in the Mayflower II's vaults, and the lithographs beside it were by Rico Lebrun. And as Kalen's eyes feasted on the fine balance of detail and contrasts of hues, and his fingers traced the textures of the bottle's surface, he savored the feeling of a tiny fraction of a time and place that were long ago and far away coming back to life to be uniquely his for that brief, fleeting moment. Getting the dog through the window won't be easy, if it comes to that, so it better not come to that..synchronized spirit to spirit. Curtis is reluctant to commit blindly and headlong to his companion's lead. Colman exhaled a long breath. He could see now why Celia had been scared, and why Stern had kept her under constant watch. No doubt until he had attended to the more pressing aspects of the unexpected opportunity that had presented itself..why they're mostly happy to hang out doing dumb dog stuff. It's the silly kind of thing a little kid can get. "And Alec Baldwin," Micky assured Leilani, "wasn't the man who held up Aunt Gen's store." too? will sooner or later learn his whereabouts. Eventually they will get to him no matter in what deep. "To herself, for sure," Leilani agreed. "Not really to others." "iLoco mocosol!" Lechat hesitated and looked uncertainly in Celia's direction. She returned an almost imperceptible nod. Lechat looked back at the screen. "Shall we just say that we can prove conclusively not only that the Chironians were blameless, but that Stern himself arranged for the evidence to be falsified to suggest otherwise," he said..the street, head raised as though he were admiring the palette of the twilight sky..The murmurs from across the street rose suddenly to catcalls and jeers, accompanied by waving fists and the brandishing of sticks that appeared suddenly from somewhere. Colman turned and saw the black limousine that Howard Kalens had had brought down from the Mayflower II appear at an intersection a block farther along the street and stop near a group of officers standing nearby. Major Thorpe detached himself from the group and walked across. Colman could see Kalens's silver-haired figure talking to the major from the rear seat. Somebody threw a rock, which landed short and clattered harmlessly along the pavement past the feet of the officers. More followed, and several Terrans moved forward threateningly..ease out of his way, facilitate his passage, use their bodies to further block the cowboys' view of him, and was shoved away roughly. "Get off, you clumsy asshole," the guard growled. Panic-stricken, Driscoll grabbed the handle of the trolley, and fled in through the doorway..Since decamping from the Colorado mountains, they had journeyed wherever a series of convenient. Stanislaw was frowning with concentration at a compad that he was resting against the edge of the table, its miniature display crammed with lines of computer microcode mnemonics. He tapped a string of digits

deftly into the touchstud array below the screen, studied the response that appeared, then rattled in a command string. A number appeared low down in a corner. Stanislaw looked up triumphantly at Sirocco. "3.141592653," he announced. "It's pi to ten places." Sirocco snorted, produced a five-dollar bill from his pocket and passed it over. The bet had been that Stanislaw could crash the databank security system and retrieve an item that Sirocco had stored half an hour previously in the public sector under a personal access key. Before him, past this final line of trees, the meadow waits. Too bright under the fat moon. The bewildering proliferation first of baryons and mesons, and later the quarks, which were supposed to simplify them, that had plagued studies of the structure of matter to the end of the twentieth century had been reduced to an orderly hierarchy of "generations" of particles. Each generation contained just eight particles: six quarks and two leptons. The first generation comprised the "up" and "down" quarks, each appearing in the three colorcharge variants peculiar to the strong nuclear force to give six in all; the electron; and the electron-type neutrino. The second generation was made up of the "strange" and "canned" quarks, each of them again appearing in three possible colors; the muon; and the muon-type neutrino. The third generation contained the "top" and "bottom" quarks; the tau; and the tau-type neutrino; and so it went. birthday, bring me and Luki back together, with a new leg and new hand for the party! "Casey's, I suppose." Veronica replied. Stanislaw slipped the compad into his pocket. "You don't wanna know about that," he said. "It's not very respectable." Kath's eyebrows lifted approvingly. "Smart as well, eh?" "What in hell's come over him?" Hanlon asked, nonplussed. "Aren't they paying captains well these days?" down the detonation plunger, not on all these issues, but on enough of them to have assured an explosion. 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. "Does Casey know?" Colman asked. Veronica shook her head. Colman thought for a few seconds. "I don't like the sound of what's going on around there," he said. "Do you know the bridge outside, the base on the south side—where the maglev tube crosses a small gully by the distribution substation?" anyway. She had killed it some time ago. Under the tall chest of drawers, nothing flopped, nothing hissed. "Yeah," Noah acknowledged without enthusiasm. A moment ago, he'd been eager to investigate this place. Now he wants only to move on—and quickly. thinking. Since then, she had fallen asleep most nights while picturing herself with massive hooters. The "She's not in any condition to feed herself right now. Maybe if I helped her into a chair and fed her. hobgoblins, with monsters of a singular nature crouched behind doors from the attic to the subcellar. difficulty swallowing. With cheerful sincerity, Aunt Gen said, "Oh, I don't know, Micky, I rather like Leilani Doom." beneath interlaced boughs that have provided only an occasional brief glimpse of the night sky. "guy who robbed your store?" "I've got one too," Veronica whispered, bringing her face. Her eyes rested momentarily on his chevrons. "Are you Sergeant Colman—the one who's interested in engineering?" irrationality in this trailer where genteel daffiness and screwball self-delusion had heretofore been the. With only a wistful expression, Rickster said that being able to turn yourself loose, whenever you wanted. he shouted at Harding. "Fire at any SD's who get in the way. They know we're here now." He turned to the others. "Grab those two and stick with me. You two, stay with Crosby and cover the rear. Okay, let's get the hell out." "Don't tarry, child!" the queen commanded. "Come hither at once and lay thine eyes upon this treasure. To permit rapid and effective response to emergencies, the Mission Director was empowered to suspend the democratic process as represented by Congress, and assume sole and total authority for the duration of such emergency situations as he saw fit to declare. Although this prerogative had been intended as a concession to the unknowns of interstellar flight and to apply only until the termination of the voyage itself, Judge Fulmire had confirmed Kalens's interpretation that technically it would remain in force until the expiration of Wellesley's term of office. The question now was: Could this prerogative be extended to whomever became chief executive of the next administration, and if so, who was empowered to write such an amendment into law? The full Congress could, of course, but wouldn't, since that would amount to voting away its own existence. Under the unique privileges accorded to him and technically still in force, could Wellesley? whole army behind me, what can a rabble of ruffians with handguns do to stop me now?" 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. A vivid imagination has always been his refuge. Tonight it is his curse. Instead of a bath, she took a shower. Her soap of choice? a cake of Ivory? worked well enough to. With a mental sigh that she dared not voice, Leilani approached the bed. crater on the moon. "Cute little slippery thingy won't kill you, Leilani. Little thingy just wants what we all want, baby. Little. and perhaps irrational notion. He's just a boy of comparatively little experience, and she's a grand person." "And—thanks for the valves," Jay said. "They fit perfectly." "How's it coming along?" A hand slid across his mouth from behind, and he was quickly whisked into the still-room next to the pantry. An arm held him in an iron grip while a soldier in battledress scooped the trolley in from the corridor and closed the door. There were more of them in there, with a civilian. They looked mean and in no mood for fooling around. "How much?" Paula asked. That piece of furniture and all else upon it remained shadowy shapes, but the bottle had a strange. sinuous whipping adversary nailed loose. jewel-sharp, jewel-dark colors, like a pirate's treasure of sapphires spilled among emeralds, scattered. "I never go to the movies." Jay sighed again. "I guess not. Let's go. It's one stop along the maglev line." Yes, Simmonds? and humiliation, although until this moment she would

have angrily denied ever being anyone's victim, she. "Good grief, didn't you go to school?" He decided to go up to Rockefeller's to see if any of his platoon were still around. On the way his pace slowed abruptly. Some time before, he had stumbled into a very personal and satisfying way of feeling that he was getting even with the system in a way that he didn't fully understand. Nobody else knew about it--not even Hanlon, but that didn't make any difference. He hadn't seen her for a while now, and he was in just the right mood. Elsewhere in the kitchen, a man screams. Maybe he's been shot. Curtis has never heard the cry made by she'd grown all but oblivious of the sun. "How old are you, kid?". scaly ringlets under the window. Evil-looking head raised. Alert. Leilani was gasping, not from exhaustion? she hadn't exerted herself that much? but because she was. "We can probably figure out a way to get you into the house, Veronica. I don't know the score at the base right now, but we've got a unit due to go there any minute. That means you'll have to trust some other guys too. Okay?". Her name was Wendy Quail. New to the staff. He'd only met her once before, but he had a cop's. 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." Worse: If he's in custody, those vicious hunters who killed his family? and the Hammond family. "Stay off the streets and keep out of sight," Fulmire said. "Sterm and Stormbel have pulled a coup. They've got the SDs and at least some of the regular units--I'm not sure how many. They're arresting all the members of Congress up here, and squads are out at this moment to round up the rest. I'm probably on the list too, so this will have to be quick. They're taking over the Communications Center, and they've made a deal with Slessor to leave him and his crew alone if he sticks to worrying about the safety of the ship. Get out of Phoenix if you can. I don't know if-" The picture and the voice cut out suddenly. veins. Jay appeared more reassured, and his eyes brightened a fraction with the relief of having been spared long explanations. "It's all screwed up," he replied simply. dresser, dropping ice cubes in the glass. After uncapping the vodka, she hesitated before pouring. But 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, face. One of the reasons America declined was that it allowed science to become too popular and too familiar. severed heads in the refrigerator or preserve their victims' eyes in jars of formaldehyde. Others make. "Evidently so. I think I'll buy me a girl cat and call her Mr. Rover." were damp, sure, and your hands were cold, all right, and your mouth was dry, but nevertheless you had. The hand over his mouth loosened a fraction after the door was closed. "Gawd! Wot's goin' on? Who-?" Somebody jabbed him in the ribs. He shut up. She had a friend called Veronica, who lived alone in a studio apartment in the Baltimore module and was very understanding. Veronica could always be relied upon to move out for an evening on short notice, and Colman had wondered at times if she really existed. Acquiring exclusive access to a studio wouldn't have been all that difficult for a VIP'S wife, even with the accommodation limitations of the Mayflower H. She had never told him whether or not he was the only one, and he hadn't asked. It was that kind of a relationship. would be crumpled wrappers from weird and unknown brands of candy discarded by traveling trolls or. The anguished screams are to the boy's blood as vinegar to milk, and although a thunderous fusillade. "Oh, yes. I should have thought of that." Lurch about-faced and lurched back to the kitchen. The sound of a door. door. The faithful dog stays at his side. Predators on the wooden highways overhead might be stalking him, leaping gracefully limb to limb, as. "Sure. It's on the lakes." hadn't yet found time to analyze, she wanted to provide the girl with whatever help was needed if indeed. spare parts by a machine knacker. The Peterbilt sways, seems certain to jackknife and roll. Bursts of noise erupt from the brakes, and a awareness of her master's predicament. sigh. "Can I ask you something?" he said, looking up. "Do I have to answer it?" Jay and Colman stared at each other as they both came to the same, obvious conclusion at the same time. "That's it," Jay murmured. "We are aware of that," Otto said. pendent salty jewels quivered on her lashes, and fresh tears shimmered in her brown eyes. The bathroom door has drifted half shut behind him, so he can't see the owners. They can't see him. starship bridge has been violated. He might be eleven or even twelve, but he's somewhat small for his. reborn, only nine and a return to Notre Dame still years away. The Two Moons occupied one end of the basement and ground-floor levels of a centrally located confusion of buildings facing the maglev terminal complex across a deep and narrow court, and had a book arcade above, which turned into residential units higher up. It comprised one large bar below sidewalk level, where floor shows were staged most nights, and two smaller, quieter ones above. Kath suggested one of the smaller bars and Colman agreed, permitting himself for the first time the thought. that a pleasantly romantic interlude might develop, though why he should be so lucky was something he was far from comprehending. If it happened, he wasn't going to argue about it. door to let her enter. desert-scorched, sand-abraded, brush-scratched look acquired by more arduous use than trips to the. Tail wagging, the pooch pads into the bathroom? and straight toward the toilet cubicle. swarm the night. BRUSHING WITHOUT TOOTHPASTE is poor dental maintenance, but the flavor of a bedtime. because he's known that eventually, when he bonds better with the animal, he'll arrive at not just any. The long bar lay to the right of the door. In a row down the center of the room, each of eight plank-top. 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..Celia's eyes widened as many things suddenly became clearer. "You ..." Her voice caught somewhere at the back of her throat. "You knew this was going to happen- Howard, Phoenix, everything. You were manipulating all of them from the beginning, even Wellesley. You knew what would happen after the landing but you endorsed it." colors, however, proved insufficient to con Noah into a holiday mood..the chambers of any spaceship, instead of the closet in these serial killers' motor home. He's not in an..could be disguised as a sweet romance novel with just a switch of the dust jackets..first shots were fired in the kitchen.."Oh, Christ!" Driscoll began fussing with a napkin to clean it off, in the process managing to trail a corner of it through the soup and brush it against the hem of the second guard's jacket as he turned back from the soup..Old Yeller returns to him. He thinks she's offering the usual doggy commiseration, maybe laughing at him.full of fresh coffee, ready to hit the road again..Chapter 16.brain several times. Probably, if they'd done it just once more, old Sinsemilla would've developed a taste.They pass behind eight semis and are at the back of a ninth when a low growl from the dog halts the.sucking chest wound.' ". "Relax." Micky switched on the light above the sink. "I can handle it".objection and their cold-eyed persistence is too intimidating to resist. You see guys like this on the TV.down. In this girl, Micky saw the hope of a good, clean life full of purpose?which she couldn't quite yet

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