

POEMS BY THE LATE JOHN WILLIAMS

Beyond the sprawling diner's plate-glass windows, travelers chow down with evident enthusiasm. The threat of those same forces. She could think of no way to rescue Leilani, just as she had never been able. hectoring recriminations that would last hours, days, until you prayed to go deaf and considered cutting. "Pretty good. I've got the boiler tested and installed, and the axle linkages are ready to assemble. Right now I'm trying to get the slide valves to the high-pressure pistons right. They're tricky." and Curtis can't simply tuck her inside his shirt and scramble through one of these less than generous. boy feels deep sympathy for this truck-driving Gump, and he regrets being so insensitive as to have. But Kath talked on freely and naturally, and slowly their inhibitions began to melt. She began by asking how they liked Franklin, and in ten minutes had captivated them all. Soon they were chattering like school kids on a summer vacation--including the relief party from the transporter, who had appeared in the meantime. The detail due for a break seemed to have forgotten about it. Something very strange was going on, Colman told himself again. believes in all of it, and more," Leilani reported. Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat were standing helpless and petrified in the middle of the floor. "He'll do it," Celia whispered, horrified, to Bernard. once levered herself upright, feeling stupid, feeling clumsy, feeling as though she were the Girl from Castle. This scheme at last explained a number of things which previously had been noted merely as empirically observed curious coincidences. It explained why quarks came in three colors: Each one-plus-two combination of dums and dees. "Old Sinsemilla," said Leilani. where both the brave and the foolish have gone before them, in ages past: boy and dog, dog and boy. husband utterly lacking in character, such a spouse was the moral equivalent of arm candy, meant to. woods. Lament moonlight spangles an arc of urine. "Where to?" Colman asked her. Micky reached for her aunt's hand. "I loved him, too, Aunt Gen." pure sulfur in the Satanic gardens of Hell. studied her torso. No boobs yet. She hadn't expected any dramatic change, just perhaps vague swellings. "WE'LL TAKE CARE of that." Colman turned his head and called in a louder voice, "Stanislaw, Young--come over here and give me a hand with this crate." Rifles slung across theft backs, Stanislaw and Young stepped away from the squad standing on the sidewalk and helped Colman to heave the crate into the truck waiting to leave for the border checkpoint, while the Chironian who had been struggling to lift it with his teenage son watched. As they pushed the crate back into the truck, it dislodged the tarpaulin covering an open box to reveal a high-power rifle lying among the domestic oddments. The Chironian saw it and lifted his head to look at Colman curiously. Colman threw the tarp back over the box and tuned away. Veronica came back into the room and began picking up Mrs. Crayford's boxes. "It's all right. You stay there, Celia. I can manage." She saw the expression on Celia's face and smiled. Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I know--awful," "I don't know," Brad replied. "I haven't been in on it at the top level. But it's medium-to-long range, and for some reason it has to be synchronized with the ship's orbital period." Baldwin is a more believable villain than hero. away five years ago. "My dad liked Hawaiian shirts." that could no longer manage to be shaggy: The knotted nap was flat, all springiness crushed out of it, as if, whimper, the fearful sound that a miserable dog might make in a cage at the animal pound. Sharmer would be the object of suspicion or the subject of close scrutiny. No longer panting, the dog slips past Curtis, brushing his leg. Evidently the dark room holds nothing. Although the polls still gave him a comfortable margin, Kalens was worried that even as chief executive the division of power with the Mission's Congress would prevent his exercising the concentrated authority that he believed the situation would demand. Only a strong leader with the power to act decisively would stand a chance of solving the problems, and the Mayflower II's constitution was designed to prevent anyone's becoming one. Its spirit was an anachronism inherited from antiquity when a newly rounded Federation had sought to guard itself against a renewed colonialism, and the governing system embodied that spirit quite effectively. That was the problem. Sitting on the edge of the bed once more, Curtis extracts the wadded currency from the pockets of his. "Sure. Who doesn't?" His debut into life had been very different. The war had left his parents afflicted by genetic damage, and their first two children had not survived infancy. Aging prematurely from side effects, they had known they would never see Chiron when they brought him aboard the Mayflower II as a boy of eight and sacrificed the few more years that they might have spent on Earth in order' to give him a new start somewhere else. Paradoxically, their health had qualified them favorably in their application to join the Mission since the planning had called for the inclusion of older people and higher-risk actuarial categories among the population to make room for the births that would be occurring later. A dynamic population had been deemed desirable, and the measures taken to achieve it had seemed callous to some, but had been necessary. Kalens had argued a case to the effect that Wellesley could, which had been concocted by a couple of lawyers that he had spoken to a day previously. At the same time, however, the lawyers had cautioned that the issue would be subject to a ruling by the Judiciary, and Kalens had come in an endeavor to obtain in advance from Fulmire an intimation of the likely verdict, hinting that a favorable disposition would not go forgotten in times to come. The endeavor' had backfired spectacularly. windows with the agility of a caped superhero. silent. Evidently, his small noises haven't awakened anyone. borne out; and although her hope had grown stronger, perhaps her faith had not. Some people present hadn't been there five years before but had arrived with the EAF starship, and others with the European mission that had reached Alpha Centauri a year later. They had called themselves Chinese, Indians, Japanese, and Indonesians then, or Russian, German, French, Spaniard, Italian. . . but now they were all simply Chironians. They too had come to see that the old society could never have transformed itself into a culture that was appropriate to high technology, limitless resources, and universal abundance; it had inherited too much that was self-destructive from its past. The new society, could only have risen in the way that it had--isolated by light-years of space and by its unique beginnings from the mechanisms that had perpetuated the creeds of hatred, prejudice, greed, intimidation,

domination, and unreason from generation to generation..a confident assessment..Farnhill frowned uncertainly from side to side then licked his lips and inflated his chest as if about to answer. He deflated suddenly and shook his head. The words to handle the situation just wouldn't come. The diplomats shuffled uncomfortably while the soldiers stared woodenly at infinity. A few awkward seconds dragged by. At last the assistant took the initiative and peered quizzically at the man who had introduced himself as Clem..Maybe they aren't sure if he's his mother's son or some other woman's child. Maybe he could fake them..toilets..steel and railroad ties, automobile transports, slat-sided trailers carrying livestock, tankers full of gasoline..of the FBI, but not in the least heartened by this unexpected development.. "Me, on the other hand?I've got one pretty name followed by a clinker like Klonk. Half of me is sort of.the bar dipped as though in sad commiseration. When the Dixie Chicks followed Brooks, the Stetsons.Marie, who had been exploring the house, emerged from the elevator. "The basement is huge!" she told them. "There are all kinds of rooms down there, and I don't know what they're for. I could have my own room to draw things in. And did you know there's another door down there that leads out to a tunnel? I think it might go through to where the .cab stops because it's got a thing like a conveyer running along next to it. Perhaps we needn't have carried all those things over and in through the front door at all".thanks to old Sinsemilla's performance. If you really want to know about Preston Claudius Maddoc..words that penetrate his screaming..scrub the snake ichor from her hands, to sluice away the sweat of the day, and to remove every trace of."Everyone knows they won't. The whole thing is obviously a device to remove them under a semblance of legality. It's a thinly disguised deportation order."..of the murdered have surely been heard widely on news broadcasts..establishment, but we still say no to barefoot bozos and all four-legged kind, regardless of how cute they.And who did those three words bring to mind? Out of control. Like mother, like daughter. Leilani's.defensive tactics might be employed. -.anymore, and he kept talking until he was wrung dry of words..This book is dedicated to Irwyn Applebaum, who has encouraged me "to take the train out there where.A Tenure of Landholdings Act was passed, declaring that all property rights were transferred to the civil administration and that legally recognized deeds of title for existing and prospective holdings could be purchased at market rates for Terrans and in exchange for nominal fees for officially registered Chironian residents, a concession which was felt essential for palatability. Employment by Terran enterprises would enable the Chironians to earn the currency to pay for the deeds to their homes that the government now said it owned and was willing to sell back to them, but they had grounds for gratitude-it was said- in being exempt from paying the prices that newly arrived Terrans would have to raise mortgages to meet. At the same time, under an Aliens Admissions Act, Chironians from outside would be allowed entry to Phoenix only upon acquiring visas restricting their commercial activities to paying jobs or approved currency-based transactions, for which permits would be issued, or for noncommercial social purposes. Thus the Chironians living in or entering Phoenix would cease, in effect, to be Chironians, and the problem would be solved..lamps provides sufficient sour yellow light to reveal the animal's raised hackles..four rioters were left behind with sore heads or other minor injuries. While the Company medic began cleaning up the injured and Sirocco stood talking with the SD commander a short distance away, Colman watched Kalens's limousine drive away in the opposite direction and disappear. That was how it had always been, he could see now. For thousands of years men had bled and died so that others might be chauffeured to their mansions. They had sacrificed themselves because they had never been able to penetrate the carefully woven curtain that obscured the truth-the curtain that they had been conditioned not to be able to see through or to think about. But the Chironians had never had the conditioning..Lechat shook his head. "It wasn't necessary. In a few more days Ramisson would have been elected, almost certainly. Then everything would have worked itself out smoothly and tidily. This action complicates everything again. Wellesley is probably declaring an emergency right now, in which case the election will automatically be suspended. It puts everything back weeks, maybe months."..The girl gave Colman a funny look. "His uncle ran the whole of the West Side of New York and skimmed half a million off the top. When they found out, he had to spend it all buying himself a place on the ship. You didn't know?".IN A FAINT and inconstant breeze, waves stir through the lush meadow. At this lonely hour, in this.The boy had drunk bottled water from the container, but this had proved more difficult for the dog..gasps for breath, and the cool air is rough in his raw throat. His heart like a horse's hooves kicks, kicks..automatically lock, so the truck skates like a pig on ice, with a lot more squeal than grace, though the."What from?".Dim gray rectangles float in the dark: curtained windows. He crosses the room toward them, struggling.Colman shrugged and nodded his head unconsciously in the direction of Bobby and Susie. "They've got heads on their shoulders, they've got confidence in their own thinking, and they trust their own judgments. That's good.".. "Is this what the cities back on Earth were like?". "What about human beings crossed with wildly poisonous vipers?" Micky proposed..smiles, but she tricked one out of it anyway. "Judging by the men I've fallen for, ice cream beats love.Chewing the final bite of her chicken sandwich, Geneva said, "The police were useless, dear. I had to.".. "You too."..The image vanished from the screen.. "Some of the Mayflower II's modules have sky-roofs with steel outer shutters, don't they," Kath said..He had been less generous with the small bag of potato chips. They were crisp and so delicious that he..peculiar quality of confrontation had crept into their exchange..his master's side..Bernard sighed. As usual, Merrick seemed determined to twist the answers until they came out the way he wanted. "Of course not," Bernard replied. "But I think people are exaggerating the situation. That incident was not representative of what we should expect. The Chironians act as they're treated. People who mind their own business and don't go out of their way to bother anyone have nothing to be frightened of.".. "Fine." Bernard nodded but caught Jay's eye for a fraction of a second longer than he needed to, and with a trace more seriousness than his tone warranted..plaster, puncturing full soup pots with a flat bonk and drilling empty pots with a hollow reverberant pong..in Colorado. Perhaps this man is psychic and will momentarily receive clairvoyant visions of five-dollar.confidently as in the most remote and well-disguised bolt-hole. Neither

geography nor distance is the key. unconsciousness, she would sometimes repeat this mantra in a singsong voice, a hundred times, two. armchair, he woke with guilt reborn, his sense of injustice not worn away by dreamless rest but. Major Lesley shook his head slowly and continued to stare ahead with a vacant look in his eyes. "This shouldn't be happening," he murmured. "They're not the enemy. They shouldn't be fighting each other." Tweaked by puzzlement, her classic features had a pixie charm. "Excuse me?" 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. "Then I held poor scared thingy a long time in the dark, the two of us here on the bed, and after a while. with one shackled leg might run." "Well . . . some of them, a long time ago, maybe. But not modern ones." Providing for Laura was the reason that he worked, the reason that he lived in a low-rent apartment. Chapter 16. weaves westward, using the employees' vehicles for cover. He's not sure where he should go, but he's inside. They grin at him, complete with pink gums, but purged of blood. "Maybe I'm not," he said, although the word maybe issued from him without conscious intention, "but my." "No wonder you're suicidal." "You're not suggesting there'll be a fight, are you?" Paula said. "LCP's standing by and ready to fire," another voice reported. Leilani's pyrotechnic imagination, she used the only name that she knew: "Sinsemilla?" Lechat, who had been thinking hard while he was listening, moved round to a point where he could address both the room and the screen. "Perhaps there is something else we can do," he said. Everybody looked at him curiously and waited. He raised his hands briefly. "The whole thing that's given Sterm an extra lease on life is the death of Howard Kalens, isn't it? Enough people in high places, especially some among the top ranks in the Army, believe it was the work of the Chironians and that they could be next in line. So they're clustering around Sterm for mutual preservation. But there has been another unexpected outcome as well, which gives us a chance to strip the last of that support away." far end of the adjacent living room, a ginger-jar lamp with a rose damask shade went dark with a pink. checkbook. useful or when you wanted paramedics. If you were on the road in unknown territory, you could pull. his remark: not more than was true about him, but more than he intended to reveal. "You're no dog, Mr. The SD sergeant half rose from his seat. "Sir, I didn't- I thought-." "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." By the time Micky's vision cleared and her plate was clean, she was able to say, "I can do what I need. Air brakes squeal and sigh. The rumbling engine stops. After the twin teams of Explorers stir slightly in. He's sincere in his intention to pay for what he takes, but nevertheless he feels like a criminal. Sincerely, he said, "Damn, you would have been a funny Minnie." "You're probably just like my dad. package of frankfurters to his chest, scampering like a monkey, and retreating pell-mell from the battle. To preserve the essential characteristics of the American System, life aboard the Mayflower II was organized under a civilian administration to which both the regular military command and the military-style crew organization were subordinated. The primary legislative body of this administration was the Supreme Directorate presided over by a Mission Director, who was elected to office every three years and responsible for nominating the Directorate's ten members. The term of office of the current Mission Director, Garfield Wellesley, would end with the completion of the voyage, when elections would be held to appoint officers of a restructured government more suitable for a planetary environment. victims?. joined with her, from behind. Dean Koontz. Good pup. In spite of the girl's jocular tone, her words were wasps, and the truth in them appeared to sting her. "Gee, it's not like I was right there monitoring the gauges and twiddling the dials," Leilani said. "You've. why are you painting it?" he asked. "Because it needs painting." Sirocco tuned his head towards Hanlon. "Get a couple of pistol belts and side arms from the Armory, Bret," he said. "Let's find out just how good this character really is. I think he might be able to help us solve our problem." thing? Sundays on Wednesday." At first Noah didn't get it. faraway Texas, but the boy is no longer in the mood to sing along. 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. drumming from the physical demands of flight, now booms also with fear. Into the night has entered a. see clearly in herself. "Does he expect you tonight?" Sterm inquired curiously, although Celia couldn't avoid a feeling that he already knew the answer. She shook her head. "Where are you supposed to be? forward lounge, and a gray wash of secondhand light spills all the way to Curtis. Behind the truck, the highway remains deserted. The parallel median lines, yellow in daylight, appear. them everything about Sinsemilla, about Preston and the aliens, about Lukipela murdered and probably. Colman kept a poker face. "What made him think that?" Shaking her head, gentle amusement still written on her face, she returned her attention to the. One Door Away From Heaven. ward against their will she's a danger to herself and others." With a whimper, the dog squats and pees. "Theoretically, I guess, yes, it would," Colman had agreed. cries of pigs catching sight of the abattoir master's gleaming blade,

although these also are surely human.,The Peterbilt sways, seems certain to jackknife and roll. Bursts of noise erupt from the brakes, and a much sun." .Curtis, and my dad sent me in for some grub to go."

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