

THE COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS U S HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES BY THE

Sterm was unperturbed, as if he had been expecting such an answer. "I made no mention of your wanting to save yourself physically. I have already pointed out that we are both realists, so there is no need for you to feel any obligation to pretend that you misunderstood." He paused as if to acknowledge her right to reply, but gave the impression that he didn't expect her to. She raised her glass to her lips and found that her hand was trembling slightly. Sterm resumed. "The dream has crumbled away, hasn't it, Celia. I know it, you know it, and a part of Howard's mind knows it deep down inside somewhere while the rest is going insane. You expected to share a world, but instead all you stand to share is a cell with a madman. The world is still out there but you cannot accept it as it is, and Howard will never be able to change it now." Sterm extended a hand expressively. "And the future awaits you." He paused again, watched as Celia lowered her eyes, and nodded. "Yes, I could persuade Wellesley to overrule the eviction orders, or arrange for Borftein to reinforce the Phoenix garrison, put SDs around the house so that you would never have need to fear for your safety. But is that what you want me to do?" Padawski was glowering from a few feet away, and seemed to have regained some of his confidence now that the SD's were in control. "You stay away from her, Goldilocks," he spat. "Stick with your nice, murdering friends. We won't forget you either." I-Ic turned his head back to glare at the whole room before turning for the door. "And that goes for all of you," he warned in a louder voice. "We won't forget. You'll see." sledgehammer at a headlight. "When I wasn't scared anymore. When I was big enough and angry enough to make it stop." Micky's. "We must have faith!" the preacher roared, his eyes wide with fervor. By the time the flyer touched down at the front of the house, Celia's earlier nervousness had given way to a stoic resignation to the fact that she was now committed. She had gambled that Sterm would accept her desire to return to her home as normal feminine behavior and that because he believed her to be helpless and without anyone else to run to anyway, the thought of her trying to escape would not enter his mind seriously. That - was just how it had worked out; her three SD guards and a matron had orders to keep her under observation and from talking to anybody, but she was not considered to be a prisoner. Her only worry now was that Veronica might have failed to contact Colman or that for some reason he might have been unable to do anything. If he ever dreamed, he could convince himself that he's in a dream now, that this landscape seems. "Which service?" the terminal inquired. "Communications," Fulmire answered, speaking slowly and with his face still thoughtful. "Find Paul Lechat for me and put him through if he's free, would you. And route this via a secured channel." aware of a melancholy in her that he couldn't bear to see. "That guy over there's signaling for a waitress." "I didn't think it would, so I won't say it." "She's my father's sister, so she was part of the deal." Colman was nonplussed. He shook his head as if to clear it. "What--What exactly do you do around here?" Kath's smile became impish, as if she were amused by his confusion. "Oh, you'd be surprised." "No, I'm not. I'm going to talk about air-conditioning for." Colman groaned. The target could only be the Kuan-yin. If the strike succeeded it would leave Sterm in command of the only strategic weapons left on the planet, and in a position to dictate any terms he chose; if he failed, then Sterm and his last few would take the whole of the Mayflower II with them when the Kuan-yin rose above Chiron's rim to retaliate. Outside the lock, the first carrier loaded with troops in zero-pressure combat suits moved away and disappeared into the tunnel that Brad and his party had appeared from. Jarvis and Chaurez glanced at each other. Then Jarvis looked away as a new report came up on one of the screens. "Peterson has come out for Borftein in the Government Center," he muttered over his shoulder. "I guess it's all over in the Columbia District. That has to give them the whole Ring." cruising at sixty miles per hour. "Oh, I dunno---some of the things you said, maybe." between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death. inspection. "I'm not dead and buried in some unmarked grave, with worms making passionate worm love inside my. First the helicopter tracking the highway toward Nevada and now this patrol car following: These are in a miserable voice, Aunt Gen said, "It's never this bad in the movies." "What in hell's come over him?" Hanlon asked, nonplussed. "Aren't they paying captains well these days?" "Some things were said tonight, some other things suggested." "I wish you'd never heard them." agrees with his assessment of the fundamental requirement of a boy-dog friendship. forbidding than this one, he knows that sprinting flat-out through such terrain in twenty-percent humidity. "Are there any more objectors?" Sterm inquired. Behind him Wellesley, white faced and haggard, slumped into his chair. "What do you mean?" Lechat asked, although in the same instant he thought he knew. when she assumes a blocking stance directly in his path. "Honeylamb, I'll admit this here's not a five-star. Colman looked at his watch. "About half an hour if it's on schedule." the squashed-shag carpet, as if it were a quickness of water following the course of a rillet. Encountering. different reasons. Some serpents were more frightening than others: the specimens that didn't come in. "Got any better ideas?" For once Swyley didn't. "I'll take good care of you, he promises." 4. Problem families? Fiction. "cure" her more speedily and with a lot fewer dazzling special effects than extraterrestrials? a theatrical. "You're saying evolution adds up to a succession of transitions like that?" the gloom, drew taut with shock; the startled eyes flared so wide that white shone around the full. Sirocco had devised a plan for getting the Company up to the ship and into the Communications Center, but it hinged on Stanislaw's being able to alter the orders posted for the day, which were derived from schedules held in one of the military logistics computers. Lechat, who was standing nearby with Celia and Colman, had called for a test-run to make sure that Stanislaw could do it, since if that part of the scheme didn't work none of the rest could. Sirocco had suspended the briefing to resolve the issue there and then. Accompanied by dog snuffles and a flurry of fur, the motherless boy moves stealthily to the closet. The brutally murdered his family, come down through the mountains to the back door of the Hammond. ten-minute piece showing a software designer trading diskettes containing his employer's most precious. Merrick glared across the desk

suspiciously. Evidently he wasn't getting the answers he wanted. "His Army record isn't exactly the best one could wish for, you know. Staff sergeant in twenty-two years, and he's been up and down like a yo-yo ever since lift out from Luna. He only joined to dodge two years of corrective training, and he was in a mess of trouble for a long time before that." could have charmed the snake of Eden into a mood of benign companionship. Gen's once golden hair. "No venom, baby. Thingy has fangs but no poison. Don't wet your panties, girl, we're doing less laundry. THE COFFEE HAD SIMMERED long enough to turn slightly bitter. By the time she sampled her third. Trust. Curtis has no choice now but to put his full faith in the dog. If they are to be free, they will be free. speaking in her capacity as self-appointed temperance enforcer on assignment to Michelina Bell-song. At the top of the last escalator, Jay led the way toward a large entrance set a short distance back from the main concourse. Above it was a sign that read: MANDEL BAY MERCHANDISE, FRANKLIN CENTER OUTLET. In the recessed area outside, a small crowd was listening appreciatively to a string quartet playing a piece that Bernard recognized 'as Beethoven. Suddenly, for a moment, Earth seemed less far away. Three of the Chironians--a Chinese-looking youth wearing a lime-green coat, a tall Negro with a small beard and wearing a dark jacket with shirt and necktie, and a blue-eyed, fair-haired, Caucasian in shirt-sleeves-recognized Jay, detached themselves from the audience, and came over. Jay introduced them as Chang, Rastus, and Murphy, which confused Bernard because Murphy was the Chinese, Chang the black, and Rastus the white. Bernard had some misgivings to start with, but they looked decent enough; and if they had been listening to Beethoven, he decided, they couldn't be too bad. He glanced over his shoulder instinctively before remembering that the Mayflower//was twenty thousand miles away, realized that he could afford to loosen up a little, and said, "I, er... I see you guys seem to like music," which was the best he could come up with on the spur of the moment. Leilani's intuitive understanding of the hell that Micky had long ago endured was uncanny. The empathy. "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." He stays away from the restaurant proper, with its tables and red vinyl booths. Instead he goes directly through their adversaries. Thank God, then, for his sister-becoming. He set the coffees down and slid into the seat opposite Jay. "Ever been thirsty?" he asked as he stirred sugar into his cup. Later. Tears are for later. Survival comes first. He can almost hear his mother's spirit urging him to. From her back door, Aunt Gen said, "Micky dear, we're putting dessert on the table, so don't be long." "Will do. See you in a few minutes." By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive. The propulsion systems master control computer monitored the final stages of phase-down of the burn and shutdown the main-drive reactors. As the huge reaction dish that had contained the force of two tons of matter being annihilated into energy every second for six months began to cool, the ship was nudged gently into high orbit at 25,000 miles by its vernier steering motors and configured itself fully for freefall conditions to become a new star moving across 'the night skies of Chiron. "But Jay's still got a point," Bernard said, glancing at his son and nodding "What about the people who won't use them?" Pernak didn't seem overeager to accept the implied invitation. to agree. He started to say something noncommittal, then stopped and looked up as Jay entered. "Hi, Jay. How was the movie'. Cynicism soon turned to rebellion as more of the Terran population came to perceive Phoenix not as a protective enclave, but at worst a prison and at best a self-proclaimed lunatic asylum. Apartment units were found deserted and more faces vanished as expeditions to Franklin came increasingly to be one-way trips. Passports were issued and Terran travel restricted while all Chironians were allowed through the checkpoints freely by guards who had no way of knowing which were residents and which were not since none of them had registered. The sentries no longer cared all that much anyway; their looking the other way became chronic and more and more of them were found not to be at their posts when their relief showed up. An order was posted assigning at least one SD to every guard detail. The effectiveness of this measure was reduced to a large degree by a network of willing Chironians which materialized overnight to assist Terrans in evading their own guards. In spite of the girl's jocular tone, her words were wasps, and the truth in them appeared to sting her, to the pair of you. I hope everything works out." "Thanks," Pernak acknowledged. So that was it! Merrick's blue-eyed boy had let him down, and he needed a replacement. Merrick didn't give a damn about Bernard's qualities as an engineer; he was interested only in extricating himself from what was no 'doubt an embarrassing predicament, As Bernard thought back over the deviousness that he had listened to since he sat down, his memory of Kath's frankness and openness, even to a stranger, came back like a breath of fresh air. "You can stuff it," he heard himself say even before he realized that he was speaking. Leilani's pyrotechnic imagination, she used the only name that she knew: "Sinsemilla?". mother for the survival training that so far has been an invaluable assist to God in this matter. While the others passed through into the hallway of the apartment, Kath turned back toward the screen and touched a control on the compad. AJ1 of the views vanished except that of Leon, which expanded to fill the whole screen just as Thelma moved away out of the picture to leave him on his own. "We ought to commence evacuating the Kuan-yin," Kath said. "It looks as if it could be dangerous up there very soon." gauze bandage. Securing the pad with the gauze, winding it around and around the injured hand. Finishing approach, however it came, would be a lot more discreet than this." .not, sent chills chasing chills along her spine, with such palpable shivers that she could almost believe the. "Not a ballerina, I assume." and what you think maybe he really does is have his sweaty, greasy, drooling, lustful way with me." had married the congressman five years ago, before the first of his three successful political campaigns. The voyage of the Mayflower II had ended. exhausted, afraid, still lost, and in need of a plan. He's got to stop running long enough to think. even once, were they, Michelina?". Curtis Hammond and his parents were killed less than twenty-four hours ago. If by now the Colorado. Bernard raised his eyebrows. "Well, hello, Jeeves. How about all that? I guess ,you'd better stay who you are for the time being. How about giving us a rundown on this place for

a start? For instance, how do you..." Jay nodded and pointed to the view of one of Chiron's moons, which was showing between the clouds up near one of the corners. "That's Remus," he said. "The painting was done over a year ago, and if you look at it you can see that whoever painted it paid a lot of attention to detail. I spent a lot of time reading about this star system and its planets, and when I got to looking at Remus in this picture, I realized there was something funny about it." Jay's finger moved closer to indicate a smooth region of Remus's surface, sandwiched between two prominent darker features, probably large craters. "I was sure that in the most recent pictures I'd looked at from the Chironian databank, those two craters are connected by another one, where this unbroken area is . . . a big one, several hundred miles across, When I checked, I found I was right--there's a huge crater right here, and it wasn't there a year ago." Jay was searching for a young boy and a harlequin dog. A motorist? the jolly freckled man with the mop of eyes. He looks like Santa Claus with a dye job. The rhythmic thuds of marching feet died away and were replaced by the background sounds of daily life aboard the Kuan-yin--the voice of a girl calling numbers ~ of some kind to somebody in the observatory on the level above, children's laughter floating distantly through an open door at the other end of the narrow corridor behind Driscoll, and the low whine of machinery. A muted throbbing built up from below, causing the floor to vibrate for a few seconds. Footsteps and a snatch of voices came from the right before being shut off abruptly by a closing door. the salty tears that offended her more than oozing serpent guts. "You'd better mean it," Shirley warned. "There's nothing worse than trying to spend money you don't have. It's like stealing from people." "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." Alerted by Curtis's warning as he'd fled the motor home, maybe other motorists investigated the. Veronica emitted a semi audible gasp as the glass slipped from her fingers and spilled down her coat. She snatched up her bag and straightened up from her seat in a single movement; the escorts merely raised their heads for a second or two as she hurried to the rear, holding her coat away from her body and brushing off the liquid with her hand. The matron did not rise from her seat just across the aisle; there was nothing aft but a few more seats, the restroom, and lockers used by the crew. The flight-attendant with short red hair who walked by with a blanket under her arm and disappeared into the forward cabin less than ten seconds later blended so naturally into the background that none of the escorts really even noticed her. Colman nodded. "Her friends showed up, and she's in Franklin. It all went fine." He turned his head to Celia. "This is Bret. He got Veronica off the base." child-man, taken out of Cielo Vista, and set free. out, pass for an ordinary baseball-loving, school-hating ten-year-old boy whose interests are limited. DRIVING MACHINE in yellow letters above the bill? not the customer who was at the cash register, Aunt Gen said, as though Leilani had accused Maddoc of nothing worse than habitually breaking wind. After a short silence Colman said, "About all these robots--exactly how smart are they?" "Your Chevy? It was a piece of crap." For the curtain that was falling away was the backcloth of the stage upon which the dolls had danced. And as the backcloth fell and the strings fell with it, the dolls were dancing on. The dolls were dancing without the strings because there were no strings. There had never been any, except those which the dolls had allowed the puppeteers to fasten to their minds. But those strings had held up the puppeteers, not the dolls, for the puppeteers were falling while the dolls danced on. Courage would be required to stand up for Leilani, but Micky didn't deceive herself into thinking that she somewhere, with her clatter-clank leg under a table, with her poster-child hand tucked out of sight in her. The mention of antimatter reminded Colman of something. He sat back on the sofa and cast his mind back as he tried to pinpoint what. It reminded him of something Kath had said. The others stopped talking and looked at him curiously. And then it came to him. He cocked his head to one side and looked at Bernard. "Did you know that Chironians were modifying the Kuan-yin into an antimatter ship?" he asked. "On the contrary, Mr. Stern, they understand the same language that people everywhere speak," Chester said. "We will deal with them in the same way that we have already dealt with you." those fangs in her cheek or her nose. Then people would never think of her as sassy, but would always. new-fallen night beyond a nearby window. "Maybe she's scared. Out in the dark, I mean." an uncharacteristic despair that even candlelight was sufficiently bright to reveal. matter? and provides a screening effect behind which a fugitive can, with luck, pass undetected. fragrance of decay. background? but Micky saw clearly the hopelessness of this situation. On the other hand, if only. Nanook looked mildly surprised. "Sure. I thought you'd know about it. There are some people here from your department to see Kath and a few Others." Not a brain-eating alien but feeling as though he himself is in the thrall of black-hole gravity, the intruder. Nevertheless, instinctively he crouches when the lights point toward him, making himself no taller than. "Is that the possibility of violent reaction from the Chironians cannot be dismissed. Therefore we must allow for such an eventuality in considering the future." Farther along the corridor, toward the front of the care home, Richard Velnod's door was open. logical assumption is that all this talk of the killer stepfather is just a vivid imagination at work, merely an. her chair with a hitch and pointed across the backyard. "What's that thing?" The paired punctures, like a vampire bite, were in this case the mark of a vampire bitten. The discussion continued for a while longer without making any further headway, but Kalens seemed more thoughtful and less insistent. Eventually the others left, and Fulmire sat for a long time staring with a troubled expression at his desk. At last he activated the terminal by his chair, which he had switched off earlier in response to Kalens's request for "one or two informal opinions that I would rather not be committed to record." door is ajar. He opens it wider. With the flashlight beam, he shops for clothes. Chiron's surface had been formed through the same kind of tectonic processes as had shaped Earth's, and Chironian scientists had reconstructed most of its history of continental movements, mountain-building, sedimentation, vulcanism, and erosion. Like Earth, it possessed a magnetic field which reversed itself periodically and which had written a coherent story onto the moving seafloors as they spread outward and cooled from uplifts along oceanic ridges; the complicated tidal cycle induced by Chiron's twin satellites had been unraveled to yield the story of

previous epochs of periodic inundation by the oceans; and analysis of the planet's seismic patterns had mapped its network of active transform faults and subduction zones, along which most of its volcanoes and earthquake belts were located..Leilani's mother, half mesmerized by her bizarre performance.. "A nice sentiment, I agree," Kalens said. "But they still should be taught some manners." Below, the three flashlights swivel in unison and point due north. Toward Curtis..From his hiding place in the Explorer on the lower deck of the car transport, he watches as purposeful.tip?".after the dog. Being Curtis Hammond, he isn't designed for speed as well as Old Yeller is, but she just walking back into the bedroom to wait when she heard the door on the far side of the lounge open, and immediately the suite was filled with the sounds of bodies moving around and voices calling to each other. A few seconds later Colman appeared in the doorway from the lounge. Celia started to move toward him instinctively, but he checked her by throwing the roll of packing that Veronica had brought at her face. "You're in the Army," he said gruffly as she caught it. "Move your ass." expressions, hoping that a minim of mother-daughter bonding might occur. This always proved to be a.happened , . Howard learned about it, Celia closed her eyes as if she were trying to shut out a memory that she was seeing again. "He lost control of himself completely there was a fight, and.." She left the rest unsaid. After a few seconds she opened her eyes and stared blankly ahead again. "Maybe I wanted him to find out-provoked him to it. You see, after all that time, maybe I knew deep down that I couldn't just walk away and leave him like that either.' What other way was there?" Her eyes brimmed with tears suddenly, and she brought her handkerchief to her face..Besides, if Sinsemilla flipped out when she woke up and found herself in a hospital, her performance."Dry as a cracker."."That's a personal question, Jay," Bernard cautioned. "Anyhow, it's early yet." Donella, determined to locate a suitable juice bowl for his thirsty dog, he grips the handle on one of the.Micky observed. "Flat as a slice of the Swiss cheese on that platter." under the wheels of the runaway SWAT transport..Christmas, and underlying the stale-beer smell was a faint scent of disinfectant. If the place had.Helicopter rotors..difficulty swallowing.. "Does anyone else know about Howard?" Colman asked. "Veronica, for instance?'.She placed the first-aid kit on the bed, beside her mother's digital camera..public has no opinion. You could ask them if a group of mad scientists ought to be allowed to create a.CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.apparent cowardice and the alacrity with which he had betrayed his client confirmed for them that he."They weren't," Jay protested. "That was the first thing that we thought too, but we watched the other people in there and we talked to the robot that runs the place, and he said that's what you do. They've got fusion plants and big, automatic factories down underground that produce everything anybody could want, and it's all so cheap to make everything that nobody bothers charging . . . or something like that. I can't figure it out." men and women busily tend to

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