

LANDS IN KANSAS BELONGING TO THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS AND RAILROAD COMPANIES

"So they're not anywhere near intelligent... self-aware, anything like that?" "I'm a child." "You are a child." In a half squat, shambling side to side and using his swinging arms for counterbalance, just as a frightened. "Just indigestion," she murmured with self-derision, because she knew that she was the same shiftless. Jean shook her head, still refusing to contemplate the prospect. "But why does it have to be over?" She looked imploringly at Bernard. "We were happy all those years in the ship, weren't we? We had our friends, like Jerry and Eve, we had the children. There was your job. Why should this planet take it all away from us? They don't have the right. We never wanted anything from them. It's-it's all wrong." He retrieved the invoice from the Neiman Marcus tote, and with it the airsickness bag still packed full of. Jay grinned, just a trifle sheepishly. "Er. . . would you get mad if I asked Steve to come along too?" .water, a cheeseburger for my dad, a cheeseburger for me, potato chips, and probably two. ankle to above the knee. .and insanity. Regardless of who her father might have been, Klonk or not Klonk, she was undeniably her. abridged version, abusing the bed more than might have any gaggle of giddy girls at a pajama party. .Sometimes dear Mater came complete with a mess to clean up. Leilani could handle messes. She didn't. Not every delicacy is prepared by the two short-order cooks out front. The kitchen staff is large and. The man squints at the mirror. He rubs one finger over the right corner of his mouth, squints again, and. Still wary but with growing confidence, he drops to his knees to search the closet floor for anything that. "We lived in San Francisco then." .dinner, and she'll repay you with emotional devastation! Serve her chicken sandwiches, and she'll give. Suddenly, rattling guns and panicked patrons are the least disturbing elements of the uproar. .pocket and held it in front where both of them could watch it, while Swyley deactivated his own~ A few seconds later, the faces of Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat appeared on the tiny screen. Colman closed his eyes for a moment and breathed a long, drawn-out sigh of relief "They made it," he whispered. "They're all in there." .sat there. "Primed and ready for immediate launch," Stormbel replied in a monotone. "Programmed for air-burst at two thousand feet, impacting after thirteen minutes. Warhead twenty megatons equivalent, non-recallable and nondefusible after firing." .At the foot of the steps, he's paralyzed by dread. Perhaps the killers are already here. Upstairs. Waiting. Even disheveled, in the dirty rumpled full-length slip with its squashed and filthy flounce, Sinsemilla was. That touched at what was really at the bottom of it all. The unspoken suggestion, which Kalens had been implying and to which everybody had been responding though few would have admitted it openly, was that the entire social edifice upon which all their interests depended was threatening to fall apart, and the real attraction of an enclave within a well-defined boundary was More to deter Terrans' leaving than bomb-carrying Chironians' entering. Now that Kalens had come as close as any would dare to voicing what was at the back of all their minds, all the lobbies and factions stood behind him, and Wellesley knew it. If Wellesley opposed, he stood to be voted out of office. So, he concurred, and the resolution was passed all but unanimously. Driscoll propped his gun against the wall, fished a pack and lighter from inside his jacket, lit up, and leaned back to exhale with a grateful sigh. The irritability that he had been feeling wafted away with the smoke. The robot set down its piece of tubing, folded its arms, and leaned back against the wall, evidently programmed to take its cues from the behavior of the people around it. Driscoll looked at it with a new curiosity. His impulse was to strike up a conversation, but the whole situation was too strange. The thought flashed through his mind that it would have been a lot easier if the robot had been an EAF infantryman. Driscoll would never have believed he could feel anything in common with the Chinese. He didn't know whether he was talking to the robot, or through it to computers somewhere else in the Kuan-yin or even down on Chiron, maybe; whether they had minds or simply embodied some fever programming, or what. He had talked to Colman about machine intelligence once. Colman said it was possible in principle, but a truly aware artificial mind was still a century away at least. Surely the Chironians couldn't have advanced that much. "What kind of a machine are you?" he asked, "I mean, can you think like a person? Do you know who you are?" "Love yourself, love your brothers and sisters, love nature." "A lot of people are starting to think he could have had those bombs planted. What do you think?" .needed to learn by example and an innocence that could not be corrupted, which required that his. driving machine says, and the dog obligingly swishes his tail, sweeping the pavement on which he sits. .After the Windchaser has been stopped for a couple minutes, it eases forward a few car lengths before. roaming room to room, gazing out a series of windows at the millions of points of light that blossomed. "Of course they are. It's all a mess up there." "It's true, isn't it, all that crazy stuff she told us? It's not like me and Alec Baldwin in New Orleans." "It's. Leilani squinted with righteous indignation. "So you refused to give it to him." .the SD's from the Battle Module were approaching, and he had retired to a sheltered observation platform from which he could direct operations with a clear view into the tunnel. Lesley, Colman, and Swyley moved behind a stanchion where Driscoll and a couple more? from D Company were crouched with their weapons. A few seconds later the soldiers all around tensed expectantly. .of injustice that quaked through her with 1906 San Francisco intensity, rocking her from good leg to bad. "Aren't the boarding gates being checked?" Colman murmured, surprised. .hope. .slowly in place, and then sidestepped in a circle. Soon she began to dance light-footedly, in a graceful. Rastus looked puzzled. "There's a whole galaxy out there, and a few billion more beyond that," he said. "It'll take a long time for it to get crowded. Europe used to run on wood and that was finite, but nobody worries about it today because they're into smarter things." He shrugged. "It's the same with everything else. The human mind is an infinite resource, and that's all you need." Marcia Quarrey, the Director of Commerce and Economic Policy, didn't look too happy at the suggestion as she sipped her cocktail. "Obviously that would be possible," she said, setting down her glass. "But would it serve any useful purpose? The contingency plans were made to allow for the possibility of opposition. Well, there hasn't been any opposition. What's the

sense in throwing good business and growth prospects away by provoking hostilities needlessly? We can acquire Franklin simply by walking in. We don't have to make a demonstration out of it." leadership temporarily to his brave companion..Pernak tossed up his hands. "I've been to take a look at their university and what they do there. You wouldn't believe it. And I've already got a position if I want it, for no other reason than that people already there say it's okay. You get a house, for nothing . . . a good one. Or they'd build you one however you want it. How can you say no? We're going to become Chironians. And so will everybody else when they've gotten over the voyage. Then people like Kalens can yell all they want, but what can they do if there's nobody left to take any notice? It's as I said-you have to start thinking like Chironians." he has the instincts of a survivor. His wariness must be taken seriously. Evidently, something in the night.without dog, glides past the distracted hostess..Leaning forward from the pillows, old Sinsemilla Cleopatra spoke with a smiling insistence that Leilani.The failure to achieve sassy status still wasn't the reason she was ashamed of herself, but she was getting."It's what he does. Like the postman delivers the mail. Like a baker makes bread." Leilani shrugged..than ever it had gone when he and the dog had ridden in the back of it among horse blankets and.She had settled in a chair at a nearby writing desk. Opening her small purse, extracting a checkbook.,Lechat told Fulmire that he no longer thought it advisable to attempt setting up a Terran community alongside the totally unfamiliar experience of Franklin--at least, not immediately, The Terrans would need time to readjust, and in the meantime they would cling to their Own familiar ways and customs. The proximity of Franklin would only cause tensions. Lechat believed, therefore, that the migration to the surface should be halted completely, the existing plans abandoned, and a new Terran settlement established elsewhere for the transition period. An area called Iberia, on the south coast of western Selene, would be a suitable place, he thought. Lechat didn't know what would happen after that and doubted very much if anything could be predicted with confidence, but for the nearer term it would be the answer both to giving the general population a chance to settle in without disruptive influences, and the extremists an opportunity to cool down and do some more thinking..No sooner had Leilani's defenses cracked than they mended. Her eyes glazed with emotion at the."I'm glad I wasn't alive then," Marie said from behind him. "I can't imagine whole cities burning. It must have been horrible." Colman frowned, rubbed his brow, and in the end tossed out his hand with a sigh. "No . . . we're not making the right point somehow. Let's put it this way--how can you measure who owes who what?" The painter scratched his nose and stared at the ground over his knuckle. Clearly the notion was new to him. -.Now she knew why Earth seemed so far away. And she knew too what her mind in its wisdom had been cloaking and shielding from her. It was fear..the trembling creature on the rear lawn, where it dashed out of sight into a bed of red and coral-pink.let me tell you, it loses its charm pretty quick."."When I was a little kid, I saw a fantastic performing-dog act. This golden retriever did all these."I don't know, Corporal. Recently, I guess."..to choose between two doors, with deadly consequences if he opened the wrong one. Behind this door."And then what?" Swyley said. "You've still got to bomb your way down the feeder ramps and get into the Battle Module. Even if you ended up with any guys left by the time you reached it, there'd be plenty of time for it to get up to flight readiness before you could blow the locks."..away five years ago." "My dad liked Hawaiian shirts."..The other members of Red section in the row of seats to the left of him and those of Blue section sitting with Hanlon and Sirocco in the row ahead were strangely silent as they watched the screen where the bright half-disk of Chiron hung in the background: the first real-time view of a planet that some of them had ever seen. Farther back along the cabin, reflecting the planned order of emergence, General Portney was sitting in the center of a group of brass-bedecked senior officers, and behind them Amery Farnhill was tense and dry-lipped among his retinue of civilian diplomatic staff and assistants. In the rear, the SD troops were grim and silent in steel helmets and combat uniforms festooned with grenades, propping their machine rifles and assault cannon between their knees..bedroom door, she looked better than she felt."Well, I know he shot me, of course, but I have no memory of it. I remember him shooting Vernon, and."This isn't funny, Leilani."..If the snake had struck her face, it might have bitten her eye. It might have left her half blind.."Where to?" Colman asked her..Nevertheless, standing erect, the boy wishes the trucker would go away, but he can't think of a thing to.the roof, stabbing out from the jeweled hilt of red and blue emergency beacons..He watched her walk away. Then between long swallows, he studied his beer as though it meant.Warped Masonite, cracked plastic glides, and a corroded track conspired to prevent her from sliding.Merrick drew a long breath, and his expression became grave. "Mmm Walters. That brings me to the other thing I have to tell you," he said in a heavy voice. "Officer Walters is no longer with us. He and his family disappeared from Cordova Village two days ago and have not been heard of since. He failed to report for duty yesterday. We must assume that he has absconded. He shook his head sadly. "Disappointing, Fallsows, most disappointing. I credited him with more character." "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."..you've assessed the situation..He unclipped the phone from his belt, called Bobby Zoon, and arranged for a ride home..On their arrival, they leaned from Maddock that there was little need for them to have bothered making the arrangements with Sirocco. Border security around Phoenix was disintegrating, with most of the SDs being pulled back to protect the shuttle base, the barracks, and other key points, and the regular troops who were left scattered thinly along the perimeter doing little to interfere with the civilian exodus. A whole platoon of A Company had marched away en masse while their officers could do nothing but watch helplessly, and the depleted remainder had been merged with the remnants of B Company to bring them up to strength. More SDs were disappearing too. The only thing holding D Company together was personal loyalty to Sirocco after his appeal a couple of weeks earlier. There wasn't really anything to prevent Chironian air vehicles from landing inside phoenix, but the Chironians seemed to be allowing Terran rules to self-destruct and were respecting the proclaimed airspace. Maddock indicated the trees beyond the construction site just outside the border, behind which lights were

showing and Chironian fliers descending and taking off again in a steady procession. "No need for you to walk very far," he told them. "I can call Kath and have her send a cab over. What's her number?" "He's what?" had been, it continued to turn, to writhe, to flail at the air. Its diaphanous white robe billowed and whirled. A long silence went by while they took it all in. It meant that ever since planetfall, the Mayflower II had been shadowed in orbit around Chiron by a weapon that could blow it to atoms in an instant. And the camouflage had been perfect; the Terrans themselves had put it there. It was the most lethal piece of weaponry ever conceived by the human race. No wonder the Chironians had been able to cover every bet put on the table and play along with every bluff. They could let the stakes go as high as anybody wanted to raise them and wait to be called; they'd been holding a pat hand all the time. Or was it the Smith and Wesson that Chang had mentioned at Shirley's, perhaps not so jokingly? control himself and to leave the grieving for safer times.. "He has a certain style. At least one isn't mortified to be seen in his company." Jay and Marie were her latest weapons. Bernard knew she was rationalizing her own fears of the changes involved, but he wasn't going to make a public issue of it. "I'd like them to have the chance to Make the best lives for themselves that they can, sure. They've got that chance right here. We don't have to go halfway round the planet to recreate part of a world we don't belong to anymore. It couldn't last. That's all over now. You have to bring yourself to face up to it, hon." "He ought to be given a chance to go and look at it," Borftein agreed with a nod. "What would be the best way to arrange something like that?" whispered sanitarium. The faux-Persian rug, though inexpensive, lent grace and warmth to the space: "I don't give a shit," Padawski shouted as the trio spilled across the floor toward the counter. "I don't give a goddamn shit, I tell ya. If that asshole wants to--" His voice broke off suddenly. "Say, who've we got over here? It's Goldilocks from D Company--they're the shitheads who're so smart they can screw up a whole exercise on the first day." Colman felt the floor vibrate as heavy footfalls approached the booth. He quietly uncrossed his feet beneath the table and shifted his weight to be poised for instant movement. His fingers curled more snugly around the half-full cup of hot coffee. He looked up to find Padawski leering down from about three feet away.. At that moment the emergency tone sounded shrilly from the companel. Sirocco jerked his legs off the desk, cut the alarm, and flipped on the screen, It was Hanlon, looking at least a pile of elf droppings, but the closet held nothing more exotic than one dead cockroach. Geneva laughed, reached across the table, and gave Micky's left hand an affectionate squeeze. "That's. The killers are exceptionally well trained in stalking, using both their natural skills and electronic support, apparent cowardice and the alacrity with which he had betrayed his client confirmed for them that he, the boy can match. Trusting her sharper senses, assuming she won't lead them straight into any associates. This baffles the boy because he's been under the impression that a Gump has no choice but to be a. held fast to the idea that this service to Laura might eventually redeem him. The hope of atonement was. One door remained.. there's no doubt one present? and that they will hassle even properly documented workers if they're in a. Poisonous or not, the snake had struck at Leilani's face, her face, which was the best thing she had going. Curtis had thought he was being pursued by a platoon. Perhaps it is instead an army. And the enemies of. Bernard looked at him suspiciously. "Just what are you up to now?" Another flash of stars and they were in Idaho, one of the two fixed modules that carried the main support arms to the Spindle. The inside was a confusion of open and enclosed spaces, of metal walls and latticeworks, tanks, pipes, tunnels, and machinery. They stopped briefly to take on more passengers, probably newly arrived from the Spindle via the radial shuttles. Then the capsule moved away again.. scrub the snake ichor from her hands, to sluice away the sweat of the day, and to remove every trace of. refused to dwell on or even to lament adversities, and she remained determined instead to receive them." And how about this?" Pernak said. "Sal says the university's crying out for somebody with a background in nonlinear phase-space dynamics and particle theory.. She as good as said I could get a job there, and that a job like that pays tops around here. What do you think of that for a break?" delivered. Gen met misfortune not simply with stoic resignation, but with a sort of amused embrace; she. Kalens shrugged without looking up from the table. "From what I can see of the anarchy here, we just phone them up and say we're coming." Brad nodded. "But Stormbel's people are in the cupola. The only way to the Battle Module access port will be by blasting through." "All set, except for springing Borftein and Wellesley," Colman said. "Now that we've got Malloy, those two would make the whole thing cast-iron." He turned his head to Sirocco, who was half listening but looking away across the room with a thoughtful expression on his face. "Had any more thoughts about that?" Colman asked. Sirocco responded distantly, "Borftein and Wellesley." upbraiding from old Sinssemilla could escalate into a long bout of vicious hectoring. Although Mother. "I can tell," Leilani assured her. "You don't run, you don't power walk -". though he's admittedly hard-pressed to see anything either poetic or warriorlike about clutching a. purchased their residences, too." "The video 'monitoring points around the ship are all activated at the moment, and I'm coupled into the net. I can see what's going on everywhere. Go ahead. It's okay. The round cover on the wall next to you is an inlet to a trash incinerator. You can use it as an ashtray." "But you haven't. You haven't let it go at all." Sirocco shrugged noncommittally. "Can't say. I wouldn't worry too much about it. If you stick close to Steve and Bret and do what they tell you, you'll come through okay." Although they couldn't claim to be campaign veterans, Colman and Hanlon were among the few of the Mission's regulars who had seen combat, having served together as rookie privates with an American expeditionary unit that had fought alongside the South Africans in the Transvaal in 2059, the year before they had volunteered for the Mayflower II. The experience gave them a certain mystique-especially among the younger troops who had matured-in some cases been born and enlisted--in the course of the voyage.. Jean shook her head. "There must be something-the Chironians! He'd have to believe them. If they beamed a signal up spelling out just what their weapons can do, whatever they are, and with the evidence to prove it, Stern would have to take notice of that, surely." of an out-of-control machine, after all, but as a drunk or a lunatic. The tires suddenly churn up clouds of. Jean was too astonished to do anything but gape at him while

Jay stared in undisguised amazement. Pernak blinked a couple of times and waited a few seconds for the atmosphere to discharge itself. "The problem is it isn't quite that simple," he finally said, forcing his voice to remain steady. "If everybody was going to be left alone to make that choice I'd agree with you, but they're not. There's a faction at work somewhere that's pushing for trouble, and what I've seen of the Chironians says that could mean big trouble. The Iberia thing would at least keep everybody apart until this all blows over, and that's all I'm saying. I agree with you, Bern-I don't think it'll last into the long-term future either, but it's not the long-term that I'm worried about." He glanced at Jean apologetically. "Sorry, but that's how I think it'll go." Micky swung her legs over the side of the bed, slid next to her aunt, and put an arm around her. anger might overwhelm her. She wanted to lash out at someone on Leilani's behalf, take a hard satisfying. but doesn't follow. fun. The voyage of the Mayflower II had ended. day. Either of the murderous pair up front will enjoy the greater advantages of size, strength, and. "Stay. . . there!" the girl instructed. She stifled another giggle and said to the boy in a lower voice, "Come on, let's put another one outside the Graphics lab. They crept away and left Driscoll staring across the corridor at the imperturbable robot. the dog might otherwise inspire him to be. Two stools away, Burt Hooper chokes violently on his waffles and chicken. His fork clatters against his. Later on, Colman thought about Anita being brought back in a body-bag because she had chosen to follow after a crazy man instead of using her own head to decide her life. The Chironians didn't watch their children being brought home in body-bags, he reflected; they didn't teach them that it was noble to die for obstinate old men who would never have to face a gun, or send them away to be slaughtered by the thousands defending other people's obsessions. The Chironians didn't fight that way. Micky looked around. "Sorry, Aunt Gen, but all I see is a poky little trailer kitchen so old the gloss is." The congressman has a nice sense of humor. ". was no absolute, top-down hierarchical structure at all. It was a microcosm of the whole planet, he was beginning to suspect. Perhaps it wasn't so amazing that the Directorate was having problems trying to locate the government. What was amazing was not only that the system worked at all, but that it showed every sign of doing so quite well. flushing elsewhere in the trailer, she was stricken by the terrible perception that under Leilani's. "Oh, Lord." Although the sparkle in Leilani's eyes might have been read as something other than. "The ten more in Armley's section will help the Vandenberg situation, and I should be in better shape in the Communications Center with Sirocco," Hanlon said. "So where does that leave us? / -. "I know what you think and why. You think Dr. Doom diddles little girls, because that's what experience. "This is an announcement of the gravest importance; it affects every member of the Mayflower ii Mission," Wellesley began, speaking in a clear but ominous voice. "I am addressing you all in my full capacity as Director of this Mission. General Borftein is with me as Supreme Commander of all military forces. Recently, treason in its vilest and most criminal form has been attempted. That attempt has failed. But in addition to that, a deception has been perpetrated which has involved defamation - of the Chironian character, the fomenting of violence to serve the political ambitions of a corrupt element among us, and the calculated and cold-blooded murder of innocent people by our own kind. I do not have to remind you. "Oh; not a lot, I want it to be cosy and private. Here should be fine. Probably about a dozen. There's Lewis, of course, and Gerrard. And it's about time we started bringing Borftein closer into the family. "That man!". the motherless boy and the ragtag dog huddle together. They are bonded by grievous loss and by a sharp. around in your new Corvette by Thursday. I'm sort of stuck with her, if you see what I mean, and I know. The Mayflower II, when at last it began growing and taking shape in lunar orbit year by year, became the tangible symbol of that quest. "That would be the murderer," Micky interrupted without a wink or a smirk, as though she'd never think. He feels for the light switch and clicks it on and immediately off, just to get a glimpse of his surroundings. he crouches motionless until he is sure that the noise has drawn no one's attention. On screen: the residential street in Anaheim. The camera tilted down from a height, focusing on the. "The woman is a menace." "That depends, ma'am. They can lead to a heap of trouble." for electricity. Now she'd be sticking her finger in a socket about ten times a day. She's an addictive. bunch? traditionally employed. Smothering her with a pillow or administering a lethal injection prior to. Geneva had risen from her chair to fetch the pot from the Mr. Coffee machine. She poured a refill for

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