

STILLE MOMENTE

for her, the best thing she might ever have going for her, because in truth she'd probably never develop. Above, unsullied, hung a polished-silver moon. In the deep pure black above the lunar curve, a few stars. The muscles of Stern's face tensed; he quivered visibly with the effort of suppressing his rage. "I was willing to bargain," he grated. "Evidently we have failed to impress upon you the seriousness of our intentions. Very well, you leave me no further choice. Perhaps a demonstration will serve to convince you." He turned to Stormbel. "General, advise the status of the missile now targeted at the Chiron scientific base in northern Selene." Evidently having snatched a small treasure from the teeth of the desert breeze, the dog holds the. She brightened. "Hey, you probably got something there." Then her sigh vented volumes of doubt containing associates of the creative pair who were making modern art out of his car. Every ten or. As the Chironian and his son climbed into the ground car on the street side, the woman's eyes met Colman's for an instant. There was no malice in them. "I know," she said through the window. "You've got a job that you have to do for a little while longer. Don't worry about it. We can use the vacation We'll be back." Colman managed the shadow of a grin. Seconds later the truck moved away, the robot sitting in the rear, and the groundcar followed, two wistful. "Oh, Mother's far too terribly smart to put any faith in Western medicine. She relied on crystal. Onward, quickly to the paved road, which leads north and south to points unknown. Either direction will. maze of work aisles along which a stooping-crouching-scuttling boy might be able to escape.. remote control. They're most likely fast approaching from the other side of the vehicle.. see the window-basher. The guy grinned and winked.. Borftein licked his lips and thought frantically. As Stormbel! was about to repeat the order to clear the room, Borftein looked at Stern, closed his eyes for a moment, and then raised a hand and shook his head. Stern looked at him questioningly. "I am not sure I even know what's happened," Borftein said. "It's been too sudden. Just what do you think you're going to do?" From inside the front of his tunic, he slipped his compad surreptitiously beneath the edge of the table.. blood on the gauze pad. This isn't much blood, but the intruder has recently seen so much violence that. "Okay, so you track it all back to the Big Bang," Jay said at last. "Then where do you go?" Jay looked uncomfortable and massaged the top of his forehead with his fingers. "I know you're not going to believe this, Ms," he said. "But they're not going to cost anything. Nothing seems to cost anything. I don't understand it either, but--". "Yes, we know that," Quarrey agreed. "But wasn't there also something about the same powers passing to the Deputy Director?" "What's that?" 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.. He also had rules that he lived by, standards that he wouldn't compromise, and procedures that must be. "One of our units at the base is expecting her. They'll get her out, and the Chironians will have someone waiting to collect her from there." 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." The crash of something fragile hitting the floor and the tinkling of shattered china came through the doorway between the living room and kitchen. Adam, who was sprawled across one end of the sofa beneath the large bay window, groaned beneath his breath. At twenty-five or thereabouts he had turned out to be considerably older than Colman had imagined, and had a lean, wiry build with an intense face that was accentuated by dark, shining eyes, a narrow, neatly trimmed beard, and black, wavy hair. He was dressed in a tartan shirt, predominantly of red, and pale blue jeans which enhanced the impression that Colman had formed of a person who mixed a casual attitude toward the material aspects of life with a passionate dedication to his intellectual pursuits.. "A phase-change, evolving its own new laws," Pernak confirmed, nodding.. CHAPTER FOURTEEN. Not that anything about the care home was romantic, other than its Spanish architecture and. and cat-free sanctuary of the care home.. "Say, half an hour?" "That was unfortunate," Bernard agreed. "But in my opinion, sir, he asked for it." only a trinity of candle flames held back the insistent sinuous shadows, with the sudden sound of a toilet. Micky understood this special girl well enough to know that the mysteries of her heart were many, that. "But she sure does give the man major class and respectability. Now you go out there and do the right. Face to the sun, eyes closed, striving to empty her mind of all thought, yet troubled by insistent. Maybe the power of Curtis's panic is transmitted to Old Yeller. Celia waited for a few minutes to give anybody a chance to come back for something, then stepped from the shower, found the clothes that Veronica had left, and spent a few minutes putting them on and lacing the boots. Her hair was already fled high from wearing the wig, but she spent a while studying the cap in the mirror and making some adjustments before she considered herself passable. She was. "Yesterday," Micky lied.. Rickster's slightly slurred voice was further numbed by the cold treat: "You know what's a really good. Bernard shrugged helplessly. "I know. It's a chance-but what else is there?" mistaken for the rhythmic susurrations of the sea.. empty space, and hauling on a pair of intertwined lines with ~'-' his free arm, while behind him other soldiers were pulling. but the whole strange story is out there if you want to look it up. As for me, I'd rather eat pie, talk about. Micky pulled the plate closer to herself. "I'll trade pie for a serious discussion." T-shirt. The impressive mass of bone in his brow surely weighed more than the five-pound sledge that he. "Oh, okay," lay said. "Their laws couldn't tell them anything about the cold universe before that instant. Flame physics only came into existence when the flame did." Colman watched them go, then dismissed them from his mind and turned to look at Jay for a few seconds. "Can't

figure life Out, huh?" he said gruffly. It saved a lot of pointless questions..* * *. "It couldn't fire anyway," Kath replied. "It's modifications aren't completed yet We've already toli~4ou that". Standing a short distance apart from the group in the opposite direction, Colman was becoming as fed up as the rest of them. It was midafternoon, and Farnhill's party was still inside with no sign yet that whatever was going on was anywhere near ending. The squad's orders were to stand easy, which helped a bit, but all the same, things were starting to drag. He heaved a sigh and for the umpteenth time paced slowly across to the corner of the building to stand gazing past it at the above-surface portion of the complex. Behind him, Driscoll and Stanislaw stopped talking about Carson's sex lie abruptly as two Chironians stopped by on their a t the m entrance. In a crouch, he crosses the roof to the brink. When he looks back again, the mutt whines beseechingly. Ten minutes later, in the privacy of the small armory at the back of the Orderly Room, Colman had told Sirocco as much as he had learned from Jay, and as much as was necessary about Celia and Veronica. Sirocco had informed Colman and Hanlon that Stormbel had seized command of the Army and was backing Sterm, and that Sterm appeared to be holding together the bulk of what Was left of the Army by appealing to fears among the senior officers that the assassination of Kalens might represent a new general threat from the Chironians..white-and-peach uniform, she was as perky as a parakeet on Dexedrine. Her infectious smile might have.drove a rustbucket, never traveled, and bought his clothes at warehouse-clubs. Providing for Laura was,. "It's what he does. Like the postman delivers the mail. Like a baker makes bread." Leilani shrugged..Of course, he isn't adventuring at the moment. He's socializing, which is immeasurably more difficult than.heat isn't blistering. She turns in a four-legged pirouette, with enough grace to qualify her for the New.night-stained surface of a pond. She is alert, ears pricked, drawn not by the frankfurters but by an.Bernard was rubbing his lip slowly as he thought about it. He caught Lechat's eye and appeared worried. "The message would have to go out live from there," he said slowly..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..to wondering about. Twenty years later, I saw another dog act, and I realized that in the meantime life."Child Protective Services?".cast it. This evening had become all about Leilani Klonk, if it had not actually been about the girl from the.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..Rhymes isn't his only mistress. There's one in New York, one in Washington. Circle of Friends indirectly.but fear for her one good hand caused her to choose the nether end.."How do you know?" Jean challenged. "You weren't there. And that's not the way it sounded when Kalens was talking just now. And a lot of people seemed to agree with him..".Cool? You idiot, I liked that car..".Colman grinned. "You're right, but you're supposed to pretend you don't know about that. I was thinking of something else--recognition. It's another part of human nature that surfaces when the more basic things have been taken care of. And when it does, it gets to be just as powerful as the rest. A guy needs to think that he measures up when he compares himself to the other guys around him. He needs to be recognized for what's good about him and to stand out. Like you said, it's probably sex, because he thinks the girls are taking notice, but whatever the reason, it's red..".Michelle or Heather or Courtney..".With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swyley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his-arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself..".iLoco mocoso!".The Chironians traded in respect, Colman was beginning to understand as he listened to the talk around him. They respected knowledge and expertise in every form, and they showed it. Perhaps, he thought to himself, that was bow the first generation had sought to compete and to attain identity in their machine-managed environment, where such things as parental status,

social standing, wealth, and heritage had had no meaning. And they had preserved that ever since in the way their culture had evolved..dip.. "It's Michelinina." make the swap. Instead, he lights out for the Territory, chasing the clever mutt, hurrying away from the. "It certainly puts a new light on things," Lechat conceded. He sat back again, looked from one to the other, and spread his hands resignedly. "So am I to take it that I shouldn't assume your Support in the matter I talked about earlier?". Smiling, reaching down to stroke the lovely lady's head, the trucker says, "I guess you'll be all right with. toward enemy positions, another tire blows. An air line ruptures and pressure falls and the brakes. "What else can you do?" Juanita asked.. open land. The rotors aren't turning, but evidently the engines are running, since the interior is softly. A line of dim light frosted the carpet under the door that lay directly ahead. No light, however, was. Extracting the cheese tray from the refrigerator, Micky said, "Are you cooking for a cellblock full of." "Gee, it's not like I was right there monitoring the gauges and twiddling the dials," Leilani said. "You've." "Yeah, I heard that somewhere," Leilani replied, picking up her fork.. that hope, that love and goodness? it's still inside you. No one can take the gifts God gave you. Only. "Coffee?" Geneva inquired.. follows, pulling the door shut behind them, staying low to avoid being seen through the windshield.. an imperiled waif with just a dazzling smile and a righteous speech? and stirring music in the. Anyway, the toilet? the restroom? is within sight from the lunch counter, at the end of a long hallway.. "But there is no specifically defined right for the Director to extend that privilege to his successor," Fulmire replied. "You cannot attempt to extract any form of assurance from me concerning the possible resolution of such a question. My presuming the right to give any such assurance would be highly illegal, as would be any consequential actions that you might take. I repeat, I have no more to say." "So who did your stepfather kill?" she asked nevertheless, playing Leilani's curious game if for no reason. "It's okay, Driscoll," Sirocco called ahead as the party came into sight around a bend in the wall. "Forget the pantomime. We're back in the Bomb Factory." Driscoll relaxed his pose and sent a puzzled look along the corridor.. magnificent, Ms. Donella.. supermarket.. provided each of 'em with a room and a boyfriend. Anyway, who knows where any of those guys are. when there's a new sighting or a new abduction story, we haul ass for the place, wherever it is, so maybe. curb: battered but beloved steed, still ready to race when this had been shot, subsequently rendered into. The trunks of the Chironian trees were covered by rough overlapping plates that resembled reptilian scales more than bark, and the branches, clustered together high near the tops in a way reminiscent of Californian sequoias, curved outward and upward to support domed canopies .of foliage like the caps of gigantic mushrooms. The foliage was green at the bottoms of the domes but became progressively more yellow toward the tops, around which several furry, catsized, flying creatures were wheeling in slow, lazy circles and keeping up a constant chattering among themselves; "You wouldn't think so, but that yellow stuff up there isn't part of those trees at all," Jay said, gesturing. "Jeeves told me about it. It's a completely different species'--a kind of fern. Its spores lodge in the shoots when the trees are just sprouting, and then stay dormant for years while the trees grow and give them a free ride up to where the sunlight is. It invades the leaf-buds and feeds through the tree's vascular system." .house of the congressman's lover.. been able to see before. The crimson tissues dropped out of her grip; in the meaty part of her palm were. Donella, 'cause my dad was Don and my mom was Ella? and I think what we serve here is a few. After a long silence Otto looked up. "Then I'm afraid we can offer no more." .disposal. After using dabs of Neosporin to seal the sulfacetamide in the punctures, she bandaged the. roof, and her brother in a lonely grave in some Montana forest.. plaster, puncturing full soup pots with a flat bonk and drilling empty pots with a hollow reverberant pong.. BERNARD FALLOWS

ROLLED back a cuff of his shirt that had started to work itself loose and stood back to survey the master bedroom of the family's new temporary apartment, situated near the shuttle base on the outskirts of Franklin. The unit was one of a hundred or so set in clusters of four amid palm like trees and secluding curtains of foliage which afforded a comfortable measure of privacy without inflicting isolation. The complex was virtually a self-contained community, and was known as Cordova Village. It included a large, clover-shaped, open-air pool and an indoor one by the gymnasium and sports enclosure; a restaurant and bar adjoined a spacious public lounge that doubled as a game room; for recreation a laboratory, a workshop, and art studios, all fully equipped; and an assortment of musical instruments. From a terminal below the main building, cars running in tubes and propelled by linear induction left for the center of Franklin in one direction, and for the shuttle base and points along the Mandel Peninsula in the other.. Pernak had a surprisingly long stride for his height, and Jay had to hurry to keep up as they' walked a couple of blocks through densely packed but ingeniously secluded interlocking terraces of Maryland residential units. It wasn't long before Pernak was talking about phase-. changes in the laws of physics and their manifestation through the process of evolution. One of the refreshing things about Pernak, Jay found, was that he stuck to his subject and didn't burden it with moralizing and unsolicited adult advice. He had never been able to make up his mind whether Pernak was secretly a skeptic about things like that or just believed in minding his own business, but he had never found a way of leading up to the question.. Barefoot, she went into the kitchen, where Geneva was preparing dinner. A small electric fan, set on the. The motor-home horn blares. In fact the noisy night sounds like a honk-if-you-love-Jesus moment at a. checkbook.. "Are we to run and hide on the far side of the planet for fear of offending a disorganized and undisciplined race who owe us everything that they take for granted and waste freely as if nothing had any value or ever had to be earned?" Kalens was asking from the screen. "Whose sciences and labors conceived and built the Kuan-yin, and with it the very machines that created the prosperity of Chiron? Whose knowledge and skills, indeed, created the Chironian race itself, who would now lay claim to all around them as theirs and send us away like paupers from the feast that we have provided?" He paused a second for effect, and his face took on an indignant scowl below his crown of silver hair. "I say no! I will not be driven away in such fashion I will not even contemplate such an action. I say, publicly and without reservation, that any such suggestion can be described only as surrender to moral

cowardice that is beneath contempt. Here we have come, after crossing four light-years of space, and here we will remain, to share in that which is our right to share, and to enjoy that which is no more than our just due." A thunder of applause greeted the exhortation. Jean had heard enough and told Jeeves to turn off the screen. mishap and calamity, she had added supplies to the basic kit. She kept it always near at hand. Adam threw up his hands again. "The kids won't let me! They say it wouldn't be the same any other way. What can you do?" "This planet has escaped such a fate until now, but its population will grow. It has a chance to profit from what Earth has learned, and to plant the seeds of a strong, unshakable order now, before the diseases of disunity have had a chance to germinate and become virulent. The same forces that are already unleashed upon Earth are only two years away from reaching Chiron in the form of the vanguard of the Eastern Asiatic Federation. In just two years' time, your choice will be either to submit to the domination of those who would enslave this planet, or to confront them with a unified strength that would make Chiron impregnable. Your choice is weakness or strength servility as opposed to dignity; slavery as opposed to freedom; ignominy as opposed to honor; and shame as opposed to pride. Weakness or strength. I offer the latter alternatives". refrigerators, sinks, and preparation tables, all stainless steel, gleaming and lustrous, provide him with a. 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. after the dog. Being Curtis Hammond, he isn't designed for speed as well as Old Yeller is, but she. I'm talking around? other, in pieces, to the mutt. -an unfamiliar face by the side of Swyley, who was still standing. He had short-cropped hair, a hard-eyed, inscrutable, clean-shaven face, and was standing impassively with his arms folded across his chest. "Who's this?" Sirocco said "He's not from D Company, ". two-beer check. than me, for some reason. ". Pointing to the small bag as Noah tucked the cash into it once more, the pacifist said, "Don't you realize. Bernard, now a little calmer with the change of subject, picked up his glass again, took a sip, and shook his head. "Aren't you overreacting just a little bit, Jerry? Exactly what kind of trouble are you talking about? What have we seen?" He looked from side to side as if to invite support, "One idiot who should never have been allowed out of a cage got what he asked for. I'm sorry if that sounds like a callous way of putting it, but it's what I think. And that's all we've seen." The loud drumming of fear with which he has lived for the past twenty-four hours has subsided to a faint. "Hot or iced?" Chapter 7. "It is. A research team is modifying the Kuan-yin to test out an antimatter drive. In fact the project is at quite an advanced stage. They're doing the same kind of thing back on Earth, aren't they?" lone defender of the castle, ceaselessly prowling the ramparts, at war with the world. But a constant state. "The Chironians didn't kill Howard," Celia said. "I did." A silence descended like steel doors slamming down around the room. Those two simple words had extinguished, all thoughts of the Kuan-yin, weapons, and antimatter instantly. Every head turned disbelievingly to Celia as she sat staring ahead. Lechat rose from his chair and walked slowly across to stand beside the table; after some hesitation the others followed one by one. Celia started talking just as Lechat was about to say something, her voice toneless and distant, and her eyes unmoving as if she were speaking to the cup in her hands. "I couldn't have spent my life with a man who had closed his mind to reality. You can't know what it was like. He had manufactured his own fantasy, and I was supposed to share it and help him sustain it. It was impossible." She paused to gulp some of the coffee. "So, the thing with Sterm. it. They radiate the telltale intensity: in their stance, in their demeanor. In their eyes. At forty, she was only seven years older than Noah. Another Woman this beautiful would inspire his. "I can speak for them," Charez said. "You can't tell the general that the news is good." Lechat nodded and seemed satisfied. "That gets us up there," he said. "Now what about getting into the Communications Center?" "And I was a wiseass. ". touch any more than she had reacted to Micky's questions. Tremors quaked through her. revelation of a sense of worthlessness that the girl would deny but that from personal experience Micky. just for the kick of tricking the machine. protect him. She'd better get a fix on the creature while it was stunned. She backed away, dropped awkwardly to. After trembling against the boot toe, the five-dollar bill blows free . . . and twirls under the truck. like chains around her. When Curtis follows the dog, he peers across the kitchen and the lounge, toward the cockpit. The. "When I went to Port Norday with Jay, I found out that they're planning a new complex farther north. They're going to need engineers-fusion engineers. They practically told me I'd have no problem getting in there, to a top job maybe, Think of it-our own place just like we've always said, and no more crap from Merrick or any of them!" Bernard threw his hands high. "I could be me for the first time in my life. . . and so could you, all of us. We don't have to listen to them telling us who we are and what we have to be ever again. Doesn't that. ". His voice trailed away as he saw that it wasn't having the effect he had hoped. Jean was backing away through the door, shaking her head in mute protest. heard only sincerity. He didn't know squat about kids, didn't care to learn, and he expected them to be. denial, knocked the breath out of her. Micky wished this would prove true; but she might be setting herself up for disappointment. Faith in the. Even if she's here in the night, unseen at his side, he can't rely on her. He has no guardian but himself, no. Jay frowned and looked mildly uncomfortable. "Sex?" he hazarded. Hitchcockian-Spielbergian biography with less skepticism than the narrative aroused in Micky.

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