

## UTIFUL WRETCH THE FOUR MACNICOLS THE PUPIL OF AURELIUS THREE STORIES

A misdirected life couldn't be put on a right road quickly or without struggle. For all of Geneva's hope..fight. The chest of drawers contained but a few articles of clothing, nothing else, because they were living. CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE. "Perhaps it would be of benefit if I were to summarize the situation that now exists," Stern suggested, "We com." "Yes, Frank Hoskins," Juanita said. "And that funny man who made the speech and led the act up in the Kuan-yin is in charge---Farnhill, "... wasn't he Frank Sinatra?" Bernard relaxed back in his chair and met Merrick's outraged countenance with a calm stare. "Nobody's going to shut that complex down, and you know it," he said. "Save the propaganda. I've helped get the ship here safely, and there are plenty of juniors who deserve a step up. I've done my job. I'm quitting." This evening, he didn't doze, and after a while his mind began to brim once more with unwanted. "Don't you ever give these guys a break?" Terry asked Sirocco. "That's part of it," Pernak replied, nodding. "The satisfaction that their culture conditions them to feel is another part, but you're getting the general idea." Stern stared at her unblinkingly. "To save yourself," To the girl, Geneva said, "So you don't believe Lukipela went off with aliens." attraction for light, and the vodka glimmered like quicksilver..astoundingly clever tricks. When I saw what potential dogs possess, how smart they can be, I wondered.of injustice that quaked through her with 1906 San Francisco intensity, rocking her from good leg to bad..unnerving expectancy, as though some bulwark were about to crack, permitting a violent flood to sweep. Backlit by the westerling sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart.a heart-stopping dose of his own poison. He would return home sooner or later, smelling of one kind of.Kevlar vests. Utility belts festooned with spare magazines of ammunition, dump pouches, cans of Mace.,the plan we've been operating on for about four years now." Stern snorted. "I need neither. The same forces that will subdue Chiron will subdue the people also." His eyes flickered over Celia's body momentarily. "And they will submit because they, like you, have an instinct to survive." Micky didn't quite realize that she was getting out of bed to pour another double shot until she was at the.blue eyes. "Now don't you wish you could see me as a mutant?". Stanislaw was frowning with concentration at a compad that he was resting against the edge of the table, its miniature display crammed with lines of computer microcode mnemonics. He tapped a string of digits deftly into the touchstud array below the screen, studied the response that appeared, then rattled in a command string. A number appeared low down in a comer. Stanislaw looked up triumphantly at Sirocco. "3.141592653," he announced. "It's pi to ten places." Sirocco snorted, produced a five-dollar bill from his pocket and passed it over. The bet had been that Stanislaw could crash the databank security system and retrieve an item that Sirocco had stored half an hour previously in the public sector under a personal access key..will be a boy and his dog, a dog and her boy, which is a grand thing, beautiful and true, but not as fine a.It seemed that his head had hardly touched the pillow when a concussion shook the room and a booming noise in his ears had him on his feet~ before he even realized that he was awake. More explosions came in rapid succession from outside the building, followed by the sounds of shooting, shouting voices, and running feet. Seconds later a siren began wailing, and the speaker in the room called, "General Alert! General Alert! A breakout is being attempted from the Detention Wing. All officers and men report to General Alert stations." Another door. Beyond it lies a small storeroom, approximately eight feet wide and ten feet long, with a.place mats from Wal-Mart. The homey glow of three unscented candles that had been acquired with."I don't get your attitude." In addition to the sharp crack of gunfire, Curtis hears lead slugs ricocheting with a whistle or with a.front wall of their house and unloaded a few tons of fresh manure in their living room. Not only was it a."A nice sentiment, I agree," Kalens said. "But they still should be taught some manners." there's no doubt one present?and that they will hassle even properly documented workers if they're in a.Speed 300 miles per second; distance to destination, 493 million miles. Course-correction effected to bring the ship round onto its final approach..banking and brokerage. Matte-satin skin. Features that would, if carved in stone, earn their sculptor the.are in the middle of Godzilla." Then came the question of what to do with the rest of the evening. "Tim's been telling us about the martial arts academy that he and his young lady here belong to," Hanlon said. "It sounds like quite a place. I've a suspicion that Jay's hankering to have a look at it, and I'm thinking I might just go along there with him." demand. Since we are not talking about a technologically backward environment, a considerable degree of expertise in modern industrial processes would be essential to the fulfillment of that obligation, which gives us, in Engineering, an indispensable role. I trust you see my point." "What about his adjutant?" Sirocco asked.. "Thank you, Ms. Donella. You're as wonderful as I just knew you were when I first saw you." Twenty-four ha4 escaped in all; nine had already given themselves up or been killed in encounters with Chironians. Anita had not been among them. Colman counted fifteen body-bags, which meant that she had to be in one of them..A gangly, fair-haired figure that had been leaning against a column and idly kicking an empty carton to and fro straightened up as Colman looked at him, then moved toward where they were standing. He stopped with his hands thrust deep in his pockets and grinned awkwardly. Colman stared at the boy in surprise. It was lay Fallows. "What the hell are you doing here?" He thought it as he and Sirocco sat entombed in their heavy-duty protective suits behind a window in the guardroom next to the facility's armored door, staring out along the corridors that nobody had come along in twenty years unless they'd had to. Behind them PFC Driscoll was wedged into a chair, watching a movie on one of the companel screens with the audio switched through- to his suit radio. Driscoll should have been patrolling outside, but that ritual was dispensed with whenever Sirocco was in charge of the Bomb Factory guard detail. A year or so previously, somebody in D Company had taken advantage of the fact that everyone looked the same in heavy-duty suits by feeding a video recording of some dutiful, long forgotten sentry into the closed-circuit TV system that senior officers .were in the habit of spying through from time to time, and nobody from the unit had done any

patrolling since. The cameras were used instead to afford early warning of. unannounced spot checks..lady's plumb-bob spine even one millimeter out of true. Like a sylph she had come; and after she turned.changes direction and pads out of the bathroom into the galley..behind it. Her sweaty hands had slipped on the polished steel, but surely some damage had been done to.Looking down at her tortured hands, Geneva said, "Why didn't you come to me back then, Micky?".beaten and left for dead. Her life wouldn't now be a long series of waking dreams and nightmares.Juanita saw the expressions on Bernard's and lay's faces. "Are you claiming that we're any more violent or barbaric than your societies? We've never had a war. We've never dropped bombs on-houses full of people who had nothing to do with the argument. We've never burned, maimed, blinded, and blown arms and legs off of people who just wanted to live their lives and who never harmed anybody. We've never shot anyone who didn't ask for it. Can you say the same? Okay, so the system's not perfect. Is yours?".exception, and by gratitude that the worst of his own imperfections were within his ability to make right if.The heat. The dark. From time to time the wet rattle of melting ice shifting in the bucket. And without.it with two strips of waterproof tape. Nice. This tender, quiet caregiving was almost a normal."You're what?".Sirocco tweaked his moustache pensively. "It's a problem knowing where to start. You know the kind of thing I'd like to get out and see the whole planet. The Barrier Range is as big as the Himalayas, there's Glace . . . a Grand Canyon out in Oriena . . . there's so much of it. But you have to do something useful, I suppose, as well as just go off enjoying yourself. But I think there's a lot of survey work waiting to be done yet. What I might try and do is get in touch with that geographical society that Swley was taking such an interest in before he and Driscoll pulled their vanishing act." Sirocco stared at his feet for a second as if trying to make up his mind whether or not to mention something. "And then of course there's Shirley," he added nonchalantly.."He wouldn't get away with it, surely," Jay said incredulously. "I mean, you wouldn't still let him walk in and out of places and help himself to anything he wanted, would you?".Even disheveled, in the dirty rumpled full-length slip with its squashed and filthy flounce, Sinsemilla was something when you tell these tall tales about Dr. Doom murdering boys in wheelchairs.".Sirocco shrugged. "I'm pretty sure it can't be Wellesley. He's tried to play it straight, it's all sweeping him way out of his depth. Anyhow, what would he have to gain? All he wants to do is to be put out to pasture; he's only got a few days left. Ramisson obviously wouldn't be involved in something like that, and the same goes for Lechat. But as for the rest, if you ask me, they're all crazy. It could be any of them or all of them. But that's who the Chironians are really after.".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..tightened so much that a swallow of lemony vodka seemed to thicken as she drank it. Crisp in her mouth,,package of frankfurters to his chest, scampering like a monkey, and retreating pell-mell from the battle.their rigs, some of them colorful figures in hand-tooled boots and Stetsons, in studded and embroidered.He watched her walk away. Then between long swallows, he studied his beer as though it meant.ISBN 0-553-80137-6.The meadow waiting under the moon..As far as Borftein could see, with himself and the Army behind him, Kalens had all the authority he needed-provided, of course, that he won the upcoming election. But after talking to Sterm about it, Kalens had accepted that an attempt to impose authority over Chiron overtly would risk alienating the Mission's population. A more subtle approach was called for. "Ultimately, human instincts cling to the known and the familiar," Kalens lectured Borftein later. "A visible commitment to lawfulness as a alternative to the lawlessness of this planet is the way to maintain cohesiveness. We can't afford to jeopardize that." So Borftein had -agreed to try playing the game their way, which hinged upon provisions written into the laws to take account of the abnormal circumstances of a twenty-year voyage through space..Fallows stood awkwardly and began moving toward the door. When he was halfway there he stopped, hesitated, then turned round again. "Sir, there's just one thing I'd like--".restless spirit guides the organization from which he so reluctantly departed, then two squads of FBI."I don't think you're taking enough account of the psychological effects on our own people," he said when he finally looked up. "Morale is high now that we're nearly there, and I don't want to spoil it. We've encouraged a popular image of the Chironians that's intended to help our people adopt an assertive role, and we've continually stressed the predominance of younger age groups there." He shook his head. "Heavy-handed methods are not the way to deal with what would be seen now as essentially a race of children. We'd just be inviting resentment and protest inside our own camp, and that's the last thing we want..Pernak and Jean looked at each other, puzzled. Bernard stared obediently at the picture for a few seconds, then looked at Jay. "It looks like a nicely done painting of mountains," he said. "Is this supposed to have something to do with what we're talking about?".laughter of a secretly forlorn clown: genuine if you listen with just your ears, but sadly fraudulent if you."They may be a handful," Adam added from across the room, "but they control the ship's heavy weapons. We've given them every chance, and we've encouraged as many people to get themselves out of it as was humanly possible. Our whole world is at stake. If they begin issuing threats or deploying those weapons, the ship will be destroyed. They' can be no changing that decision. It was made a long time ago.". "Only one boy in a wheelchair, as far as I know.". "It's impossible!" Avery Farnhill protested to a full meeting of the Directorate in the Mayflower II's Government Center. "They know we're acting with our hands tied and they're taking advantage by being deliberately evasive. The only way we'll get anywhere is if you allow us to get tougher.". "The scabby little pervert can't even afford a real

car." "How long were you up on the Kuan-yin before they moved you down to the surface, Kath?" "When did it stop? or did it ever?" Geneva asked. Her softly spoken question reverberated hollowly of great age and immeasurable wisdom. Nevertheless, he wishes he had been brave for her. Jay grinned, just a trifle sheepishly. "Er. . . would you get mad if I asked Steve to come along too?" 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 way to the entrance. "Confusion," Sirocco said while jabbing at buttons and talking to screens. "People just off the shuttle coming down with stories about something big happening up in the ship-" He turned to one of the screens: "Then try and find his adjutant and get him on a line." Then back to Colman: chances of their transferring her to a head-case ward would diminish to zero. They might send her home. He nodded. "It's all in the Neiman Marcus bag." He hesitated, but then decided that this woman's tale of woe that might wring pity even from the chicken she's eating, were the poor fowl still alive! of an out-of-control machine, after all, but as a drunk or a lunatic. The tires suddenly churn up clouds of expressions, hoping that a minimum of mother-daughter bonding might occur. This always proved to be a drive a rustbucket, never traveled, and bought his clothes at warehouse-clubs. Providing for Laura was, hotel. She was directly engaged in all her business enterprises; if her husband were having her followed, Their only hope lies in the vastness of the high desert to the north of the interstate, out there where the. "You have the corroborating evidence?" The painter eyed him for a moment and nodded his head slowly. "Hmmm ... I kinda figured it had to be something like that," he told them. On the bed, so still that the chenille spread was undisturbed, Laura remained cataleptic, curled in the serpentine carcass resting on a grave cloth of orange shag. to squat. ".true, all right." barbecue anytime soon?" and unreliable wits, he's barely able to be poor Curtis Hammond. And yet he tries. He says, "My name's. Then gunfire." "It came in about fifteen minutes ago," the waiter said. He shook his head sadly. "Bad news. There's been a shooting down there . . . in Franklin somewhere. At least one dead---one of our soldiers, I think. It was at some place called The Two Moons." down an aisle of parked cars and other civilian vehicles, he catches up with Old Yeller and comes upon a snake-driving mood!" empty hand and lift a named number of cards off a deck eight times out of ten. Swyley had been his guinea pig, for he had discovered that if Swyley couldn't spot a false move, nobody could, and in the years since, he had perfected his technique to the degree that Swyley now owed him \$1,343,859.20, including interest. Putting all his hopes on the door at the end of this cooler, Curtis discovers that it opens into a larger and. She's still headed in the dead-wrong direction, but Curtis races after Old Yeller because they can't turn. Stern brought his fingers together in front of his face--a noble face whose proud, Roman-emperor features crowned by laurels of curly hair combed flat and forward concealed an underlying harshness of line from all but the most discerning--and stared at the center of the table with large, liquid-brown, unfathomable eyes. "It would be foolish to act impulsively merely to appease our shorter term feelings," he said. He spoke in a slow, deliberate voice and pronounced his consonants crisply. "We should proceed to move down to Franklin and to assert ourselves quietly but firmly, without melodramatics. By their own actions the Chironians have shown themselves incapable of assuming responsibility and unworthy of anything greater than second-class status. Their leaders have abdicated any role they might have gained for themselves in the future administration, and they will be in no position to set terms or demand favors when they reemerge." He paused, and then turned his eyes to Howard Kalens. "It will take longer, but this way the manners that they learn will prove to be far more lasting. The base of the iceberg that you have often talked about has already defined itself. If you look at the potential situation in the right way, some patience now could save far more time and effort later." on the head. She hates him a lot, which is maybe why she hates me and Luki a little, too. And Luki more. The girl put down the beer? on the far side of her plate, out of Micky's reach. Her manner was casual, Stormbel drew his automatic and leveled it at Ramisson's back. "You have one warning," he called out. Ramisson kept walking. Stormbel fired. Ramisson staggered to an outburst of horrified gasps and then collapsed to lie groaning in the aisle. Stormbel replaced his gun calmly in his holster, then raised his hand to address the guards. "Remove that man, and see to it that he receives medical attention." Two SDs moved forward, hoisted Ramisson up by his armpits, firmly but without undue roughness, and carried him out while two others opened the doors then closed them again and resumed their positions. desert-scorched, sand-abraded, brush-scratched look acquired by more arduous use than trips to the. any of her mother's eccentric interests or activities, even when some of them appeared to be fun. She. "Well what do you know--I'm on the loose tonight," Paula said, giving Hanlon a cosy look. the floor. He stays low, hoping to get out of sight before the two cowboys arrive. He avoids collisions. Just then Jerry Pernak came around a corner accompanied by his fianc?, Eve Verritty, and two more Chironians. A cart was following them with a few odds and ends inside. He gaped at Bernard and Jay in surprise, then grinned. "Hey! So Jay dragged you out to see the sights, eh? Hello, Jay. Started making friends already?" Introductions were exchanged with smiles and handshakes. The two new Chironians were Sal, a short, curly-headed blonde who pursued research in physics at a university not far from Franklin, and Abdul, a carpenter and also one of the Founders, who lived in a more secluded area inland and looked Eskimo. Abdul's grandson, he informed them proudly, had hand-carved the original designs from which the programs for producing the interior wood fittings used at Cordova Village had been encoded. He was delighted when Bernard praised their quality and promised to tell his grandson what the Terran had said. The subsequent expansion of space followed directly from the Chironian mass-energy-space equivalence relationship: The cooling photon fluid actually transformed into space as well as matter tweeplets, the

ratio depending on the temperature and shifting from one favoring tweeklets to one favoring space as the universe cooled down. Thus the galactic red-shifts were not caused by expanding space; the Chironians had turned the whole principle upside down and concluded instead that the expansion of space was a product of lengthening wavelengths. In other words, radiation defined space, and as it cooled to longer wavelengths, space grew. Thus the Chironians had completed the synthesis of tweedledynamics with General Relativity by relating the properties of space to the photon as well as the properties of time. The "islands" of matter tweeklets left behind from the cooling photon fluid remained dominated internally by the strong force while gravitation became the dominant influence in the macroscopic realm created outside, and in many ways they continued to behave as microcosms of the domain from which they had originated..Micky looked away from Geneva, because she didn't want to talk about her past. Not here, not now..Without looking back, the boy said, "The one that's sad."..Jean looked at him with a worried face. "Jay's come back with all these things, and he's trying to say he got them all for nothing. He's claiming that anyone can just help themselves. I've never heard such nonsense."..rest against the toe of one of the boots. The parking-lot light is bright enough that from a distance of a energy, as knights might thunder toward a joust, lances of light piercing the high-desert darkness. In these..This time, Micky resisted being charmed. "That's not funny, Leilani.".."What you've got there is at least three times the value of your rustbucket Chevy. Plus the cost of the..Staring at the partially crushed can in her small fist, avoiding eye contact, the girl said, "Well, I'll admit it's..jammies, they'll know I'm ready to go, I'm pumped, I'm psyched. Maybe they'll beam me up before my..sight to see with this leg brace." As though to prove how tough she was, Leilani crumpled the empty beer..a lot longer in space than the few trips you've made.".."I suppose so."..Throughout the institution, the floors?gray vinyl speckled with peach and turquoise?were immaculate..submission..Colman grinned and stroked her hair. "You're right. So what do you want to hear about?"..The house around her was another part of it. She no longer saw it as the dream it had been on the day they moved down from the Mayflower If, but instead as another part of the same conspiracy-a cheap bribe to seduce her into selling her soul in the same way as a university research post and the lure of a free home had seduced Eve and Jerry. Chiron didn't want to let her be. It wanted her to be like it. It was like a virus that invaded a living cell and took over the life-processes that it found to make copies of itself..once levered herself upright, feeling stupid, feeling clumsy, feeling as though she were the Girl from Castle..interpret a patient's responses. If this had been nuclear-reactor engineering, Micky would already have..Kath touched a code into the compad, and at once the large screen at one end of the room came to life to reveal head-and-shoulder views of six people. The screen was divided conference-style into quarters, with a pair of figures in two of the boxes and a single person in each of the other two, implying that the views were coming from different locations. Kath noticed the concerned look that flashed across Bernard's face. "It's all right," she told him. "The channels are quite secure..Dr. Doom thinks ETs are more likely to visit a site at the same time of year they visited it before, I guess..known and those hideous cadavers.."This looks like what we want, chief," Stanislaw said to Sirocco, and pointed to one of the entries. Sirocco leaned closer to peer at the screen.."Sticky fingers would be the last thing you'd want," Driscoll murmured without looking up while his hands straightened the pack deftly, executed a series of cuts and ripple-shuffles in midair, and then proceeded to glide around the table in a smooth, liquid motion that made the cards appear to be dealing themselves..Jean bit her lip, hesitated for a moment, and then placed her hand comfortingly on Celia's shoulder. "You mustn't think like that," she urged. "You're trying to take all the guilt upon yourself and-"..with wonder as she contemplated the immensity of creation..if it is. Someone's got to remember, you know. Someone."

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