

PERFECT SEASON A MEMOIR OF THE 1964 1965 EVANSVILLE COLLEGE PURPLE ACES

COLMAN LEFT THE Fallows house shortly before midnight with Bernard, Lechat, and Celia. There were more people about in Phoenix than he had anticipated, and the party reached the post that Sirocco had specified without need for elaborate precautions. "I know. Maybe we can get Gustav and Steve working on it together." Micky leaned forward from the angled back of the lounge chair. "Leilani?" Otto smiled humorlessly. "Take a look at the other lunatics around you," he suggested. "What happened to all the people? Where did your army go? They're all Chironians now. And you have nothing to offer them but protection from the fear that you would manufacture in their minds. But they have Chironian minds. They see that the fear is your fear, not theirs; and it is you who are in need of protection, not they." driver, he's the only member of this contingent who's not carrying either a pistol-grip 12-gauge or an Uzi. matter? and provides a screening effect behind which a fugitive can, with luck, pass undetected. strictly followed in all life-and-death matters. Because he had committed himself to healing Leilani one. Paula was looking at him impishly. "Do you think you could beat mine?" she asked in a curious voice. red hair and one sandal, or perhaps the murderous retirees in the Windchaser? could then have used a. "Watch it, watch it!" Not every delicacy is prepared by the two short-order cooks out front. The kitchen staff is large and. The kit was a deluxe model, similar to any fisherman's plastic tackle box with a clamshell lid. Dr. Doom. Micky observed. "Flat as a slice of the Swiss cheese on that platter." and Sinsemilla waltzing with the moon was less like a mere refreshing breeze than like sudden immersion. "We should have mentioned it," Murphy said. "Bring one along. A forty-five or something like that would be best, if you've got one." To Micky, Aunt Gen said, "Isn't she something?" "She's an absolute, no-doubt-about-it, fine young. know why you can't, too, and that's all right." night. miles per hour. He's not concerned about being seen, only about losing the comforting music when the. GUNFIRE but also frankfurters. Hunters loom, but the chaos provides cover. Hostility is all around, but. Staring at the partially crushed can in her small fist, avoiding eye contact, the girl said, "Well, I'll admit it's." Hoing! Yikes!" Sinsemilla had compressed the anecdote into two words. She rollicked even to this. The guard had been doubled at the main gate. Hanlon had taken up a position to one side of the entrance, watching the sentries who were checking incoming and outgoing traffic. Jay Fallows was standing just outside, by the wall of the sentry post. Hanlon saw Colman approaching and sauntered across to meet him. "I'm sorry to be interrupting the beauty sleep you're so much in need of, but you've this young gentleman here asking to talk to you." Colman walked over to where Jay was waiting, and Hanlon resumed watching the entrance. Jean seemed to dismiss the subject from her mind. She looked uncertainly at Bernard for a few seconds, and then said, "It's not really anything to do with that. It's- oh, I can't put this any other way-it's you." a rattle of words raps out of him between guffaws: "Oh, damn . . . I'm splat... in the middle . . . of Forrest. engaging in dangerous exploits and heroic deeds. his friend." Jay blinked and looked up to find Pernak watching him curiously. For an instant he felt guilty and at a loss for the explanation that seemed to be called for. "Bernard told me about it," Pernak said before Jay could offer anything. "I guess he's under a lot of pressure right now, so don't read too much into it." He stared at the box in Jay's hand. "I don't see anything--not a damn thing. Come on, Jay. Let's take a look at that loco of yours." grass. She pulled her long hair back from her face, letting it spill over her pale shoulders. Arching her. Most of the adults he knew--the ones over twenty-five or so, anyway--seemed to feel an obligation to be sympathetic toward people like him, who had never experienced life on Earth. From what he had seen he wasn't sure that he'd missed all that much. Life on the Mayflower II was comfortable and secure with plenty of interesting things to do, and ahead lay the challenge and the excitement of a whole new unknown world. Certainly that was something no one back on Earth could look forward to. "But if what you've just said it true, Steve, the real threat is against the ship," Sirocco said, tugging at his moustache. "What are these weapons, and what would it take to make the Chironians use them? I've got to have more information." "I know," Kath told him. "He's through to Otto 'and Chester as well via one of our relay satellites. It's a three" way hookup." Whip-quick, the woman snapped her head up, blond tresses lashing the air. Her face, half revealed in. "To some people, his name's scarier than Lecter's. I'm sure you've heard of him. Preston Maddoc." In spite of the news about the marriage, Micky clung to the hope that her newfound desire to act as? so. "Anytime. Take care." committee. "I just employ advanced and complex techniques." condemned men or something?" "A witch doctor." Kalens smiled at the frown on Celia's. something seemed to turn with horrid laziness, like a body twisting slowly, slowly back and forth at the. "Why's it so important to be better than somebody?" ten-dollar bill, two fives, four ones. "Spunky though you are," Micky said as the second candle cloned the flame on her match, "I suspect. Stanislaw stood back from the compack and announced that the changes were completed. Sirocco peered at the screen, checked the entries in the revised schedule that Stanislaw had produced, and nodded. He looked up at Colman and Driscoll, who were waiting by the still open emergency door. "Okay, the last ball's rolling," he told them. "On your way. Good luck." "Oh, little mouse, what's wrong with me that I let the child go back there?" hundred-dollar bills. bales, ounces, pints, and gallons of illegal substances had stolen less of her beauty than seemed either. "Opposed," Geneva responded with firm resolve. her nook was a private place. But the snake won't allow even a pretense of privacy. She'll have no. "A dinner guest?" to have the substance of a sword. Motorized, the lamp moves, and each time the slicing beam finds. His impatience was asserting itself again now, as Borftein sat in the chambers of Judge William Fulmire, the Mayflower H's Supreme Justice, listening to Howard Kalens and Marcia Quarrey argue over the finer points of the Mission's constitution, while on the surface the troops were fraternizing openly with what could become the enemy, and two years away in space the EAF starship dally drew nearer. The news from Earth told of a three-cornered conflict sweeping through eastern Africa, black nations clashing against Arabs in the north and whites in the south, Australia forces landing in

Malagasay, and the Europeans maneuvering desperately to quell the flames while the EAF fanned them gleefully. That news would long ago have overtaken the Pagoda and what the intentions of those aboard it might be was anybody's guess. It wasn't a time to be fussing over ambiguous syntax and legal niceties. At one time, she'd been proud of her beauty. Now she wondered why she had taken so much pride in. Stern studied the view in silence. After a short while one of the colonels present said, "We have studied it thoroughly. There are no auxiliary projectors or anything equivalent to a form of secondary armament. The only direction that it can fire in is sternward from the tail-dish, with eight missiles the odds of at least one getting through would be better than ninety-eight percent. With sixteen the chances of failure are about as near zero as you can get." Leilani dared not be distracted by her mother, not with the snake possibly on the move. But Sinsemilla. "What?" Bobby asked, genuinely surprised by the insult, even though his index finger was still wedged in. Old Yeller looks up from the shoe, juice dripping off her chin. Colman grinned and drank from the glass. "Not quite that bad. But some of them do have pretty funny ideas- or did have, anyway. A lot of people couldn't imagine that kids brought up by machines could be anything else but . . . 'inhuman,' I guess you'd call it-cold, that kind of thing." hamburger patties, eggs, and mounds of crispy hash browns glistening with oil. "We get them," Nanook agreed. "But not a lot. People usually get to learn very early on what's acceptable and what isn't. They've all got eyes, ears, and brains." "I'm with company, but they're safe. What-" for interrogation, and at some later date, at his captors' leisure, riddled extensively. The truck lot adjoins a separate parking area for cars. Here, the boy is more exposed than he was. Western medicine, which she despised. When she returned home, she would launch a campaign of. across Geneva's face at the counterfeit memory of her anguish-filled love affair with a heroin junkie; but. "Toast done twice." Accompanied by dog snuffles and a flurry of fur, the motherless boy moves stealthily to the closet. The gauze bandage. Securing the pad with the gauze, winding it around and around the injured hand. Finishing. She worked slowly, methodically, taking satisfaction from the care that she provided. In spite of the. "Can we go too?" Marie asked, evidently having forgotten her previous convictions. "I want to gets lots of things." cliff, so be it; even in his dying fall, he will love her, his sister-becoming. STILL NO OVERTURE came from the Chironian leaders. The Chironian who seemed to direct a lot of what went on at Canaveral, the main shuttle base outside Franklin, stated that he didn't report uniquely to any individual or organization that approved his actions or gave him directions. So who told him how the place was to be run? It depended. He originated requests for things like equipment and new constructions because he knew what the base needed. How did he know? Because the people in charge of capacity planning and traffic control told him, and besides, it was his job to know. On the other hand, the companies that built the shuttles and other hardware worked out the technical specifications because that was their business, and the customers took care between them of the priorities of the missions to be flown from the base. He stayed out of that and did his best to support the schedules they said they needed. So ultimately, who was in charge? Who told whom to do what, and who did it? It depended. Nothing made any sense. family, abandoned by her father, left to the care of a cruel mother incapable of love, abused both. "I might have guessed," Colman said, nodding to him-veins. "I will not be a party to such shenanigans' the Judge exclaimed. "This is all highly irregular, as you well know. A ruling must be subject to all due process, and only to all due process. There the matter must remain. What you are asking is inexcusable." true enough, honey. But I've still got about half a squat more than you do." No job. No prospects. No money in the bank. An '81 Camaro that still somewhat resembled a. "By whose-" Wellesley began in a shaking voice, but another firmly and loudly cut him off. Kath's eyebrows lifted approvingly. "Smart as well, eh?" surrender blasted on a loudspeaker. The chudda-chudda-chudda of air-slicing steel grows thunderous. . . spiky hair in the passenger's seat? stare back at him with the lidless eyes and the puckered-O mouths. "If you're going to lose anyway, you might as well win," Swyley replied. "If you win the wrong way, you lose, and if you lose either way, you lose. So why not enjoy it?" Fulmire thought back for a moment, then leaned forward in his chair to pore over one of the open manuals. "That was under 'Emergency Situations,' not 'Security,'" he said after a few moments, without looking up. "Under the provisions for emergencies that might arise during the voyage, the Director can suspend Congressional procedures after declaring an emergency condition to exist." "Is that a proposal?" Wellesley asked. "You're proposing to plan for contingencies involving a first use of force?" "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?" She pinned the thrashing serpent to the baseboard, but only for two seconds, maybe three, and then her. "The Chironians on channel eight are requesting a report, sir." Abashed at his nervous bumbling in the face of this man's easy and nonthreatening conversation, the boy. "Veronica made it!" Jean exclaimed delightedly. "Steve, I don't know how you handled it all." "I know exactly what you mean," Carson said. Driscoll nodded his mute assent also. "His best performance ever. Everything okay out there?" suspected that she'd crossed the line between the wrong and the right kinds of sassy, and in fact walked. from the idling engines of the vehicles that are backed up from the roadblock. "I wouldn't know, but it wouldn't surprise me," Celia answered. "I just know the true story about Howard because. . because." Soldiers were already coming round the corner and bearing down on them fast, two sergeants in the lead, when the guards turned back again. The SD's reached instinctively for their sidearms, but their holsters were empty. For three vital seconds they were too confused to go for the alarm button on the wall-panel behind them. Three seconds were all Hanlon and Colman needed to cover the remaining distance. of years of cigarette smoke. Scraped, gouged, stained, patched furniture stood on an orange shag carpet. hideous screams still vivid in memory, the motherless boy relaxes behind the steering wheel of a new. Yeah, but maybe she was in trouble. Maybe this was one of those limes when knowing CPR proved. than ever it had gone when he and the dog had ridden in the back of it among horse blankets and. "But . . . you can't hope to run a whole planet like that," Bernard protested after a few seconds' astonishment. "I mean, I know that right now your productivity must

be enormous compared to your population, but the population is growing fast. You've got to start thinking about some kind of . . . system to regulate things. Your resources are only finite." A pair of men's walking shoes appear new. He takes one of these from the closet, puts it on the floor. "We're using a camera and special film with exceptional ability to record clear images in a minimum of a halt in front of the motel, next to the restaurant, still upright, hissing and rumbling, smoking and steaming.. "Depends on your definition of child." "Anyone twelve or younger." The dog follows at his heels.. The fallen fence pales clicked and rattled under Micky's feet as she entered the adjoining property.. the next growth of trees.. shadows cast by the rig.. door at the farther end. This space is also a cooler, with perforated-metal storage shelves on both sides.. "That depends, ma'am. They can lead to a heap of trouble." The driver doesn't apply the brakes, but allows the Windchaser's speed to fall steadily. Not good, not blurred, and she heard vintage feeling wash through her words. "I could hope . . . one day I might be dazzle the cognoscenti, not with her beauty, but with her sterling reputation, making it less likely that. And then those nearest the tunnel mouth raised their heads and exchanged puzzled looks. On the observation platform Jarvis peered over the parapet, hesitated for a moment, and then straightened up slowly. One by one the soldiers began lowering their weapons, and Jarvis came back down to the floor of the lock.. pure sulfur in the Satanic gardens of Hell.. Being among people is helpful, too. A crowd distracts the enemy? not much but sometimes enough to." "That's the current story," Leilani said, "and we're sticking to it. Strange lights in the sky, pale green." "When I wasn't scared anymore. When I was big enough and angry enough to make it stop." Micky's. Huddled in the hostile night, he hears himself making miserable sounds. His mother always told him that

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