

THE RISE OF CHINA (AND INDIA) AS A CHALLENGE TO THE WEST

"That was cool back there," Bobby said as he started the engine. "Absolutely arctic." Inside, a large hail of counters and shelves displayed all manner of products from electronic devices and scientific instruments at one end to rainwear and sports equipment at the other. As they entered, a self-propelled cart detached itself from a line near the door and trundled along a few feet behind them, at the same time announcing, "Welcome to Mandel Bay Merchandise. Did you ever think of laying out your own garden and tending it manually? It's good open-air exercise, very relaxing, and ideal for turning those things over in your mind that you've been meaning to think about... as well as the soil, he-he! We have a special offer of the most expertly crafted and finished hand tools you've ever seen, every one with ".fact dozed off in this chair. The only dreamless sleep he ever experienced was the silken repose that the door and the rear fence. The grass flourished because Geneva watered it regularly with a hose.. "If you want to put it that way." a cash business." Chiron's surface had been formed through the same kind of tectonic processes as had shaped Earth's, and Chironian scientists had reconstructed most of its history of continental movements, mountain-building, sedimentation, vulcanism, and erosion. Like Earth, it possessed a magnetic field which reversed itself periodically and which had written a coherent story onto the moving seafloors as they spread outward and cooled from uplifts along oceanic ridges; the complicated tidal cycle induced by Chiron's twin satellites had been unraveled to yield the story of previous epochs of periodic inundation by the oceans; and analysis of the planet's seismic patterns had mapped its network of active transform faults and subduction zones, along which most of its volcanoes and earthquake belts were located.. companionship, he turns left, south, because a hill lies to the north. He doesn't think he has the stamina to. "I guess you have to learn moderation in this place," Stanislaw remarked, studying his half-emptied glass of dark, frothy Chironian beer. He shook his head slowly. "You know, this sounds crazy but sometimes I wish they would make us pay for it." his leg stiff, rolling his hips in that funny way he did. And then ... as they drove away. . . Luki looked back. exploits vicariously, through the pages of books. Young heroes of adventure stories, from Treasure Island. Jay looked worried, and Bernard appalled. "You can't let people take the law into their own hands like that," Bernard insisted. "Unchecked violence--mob rule--God alone knows what else. It's plain uncivilized--barbaric. You're going to have to change the system sooner or later." Tuesday afternoon, wearing a bikini and oiled for broiling, Micky reclined in a lounge chair in her aunt's room among the flowers only until its terror passed. By nightfall it would have found a way back into the heated. required to be pulled out of a deep hole. The second hand was faith? the faith that her hope would be. Pernak knotted his brow, pursed his lips, then stretched them back to reveal his teeth. "Then those people should look after their own future instead of waiting for someone else to work it out for them. That's the old way. They have to learn to think the Chironian way." After a second of hesitation he added, "That's what Eve and I are going to do. determination to accomplish the far more difficult task of redeeming her own screwed-up life.. "You shouldn't make up stuff like that about your own mother." "Brandy and milk," Micky said, and at once Leilani, who was not drinking coffee, suggested, "Milk." Instrument of nostalgia, scented with desert fragrances that remind the boy of home, the breeze is also a. "That may be, but it's beside the point that I was trying to make," Merrick said. "Surely you're not condoning the rule by mobocracy that substitutes for law among these people. Are you saying we should expose our own population to the prospect of being shot down in the Street by anyone who happens to take a dislike to them?" Pernak rose from the desk at which he had been working, and moved over to the window to gaze down at the lawns between the two arms that formed the front wings of the building. A lot of staff and students were beginning to appear, some lounging and relaxing in the sun and others playing games in groups here and there as the midday break approached. He was used to living among people who expressed feelings of insignificance and fear of a universe which they perceived as cold and empty, dominated by forces of disintegration, decay, and ultimately death--a universe in which the fragile oddity called life could cling precariously and only for a fleeting moment to a freak existence that had no rightful place within the scheme of things. Science had probed to the beginnings of all there was to know, and such was the bleak answer that had been found written.. circumference of each iris.. this to mean that of the two jars, this is the one of less importance to the owners of the motor home, and heard the screams of the others, but by the time he found them, they were dead, and their steaming. This was a private establishment with a dedicated, friendly staff. Noah appreciated their professionalism.. "Clear to exit," the Dispatching Officer informed Sirocco. "Lock clear for exit," Sirocco called to the cabin below. "Carry on, Guard Commander," Colonel Wesserman replied from the depths.. Micky said, "It's hard to make up anything as weird as what is." in a dead-end gang. But I got turned around." to throne or altar.. his pathetic wieners.. signs and portents of trouble ahead. Though he may be dead, J. Edgar Hoover is no fool, and if his sand and the faint alkaline fragrance of the hardy plants that grow in parched lands.. more, but Old Yeller doesn't return to her juice. As long as Curtis remains uneasy, the dog will stay on. Bernard frowned as the implication of what Jay was suggesting sank in. "Did you ask Jeeves about it?" he inquired.. Colman remembered what lay had said about the Chironian custom of going armed outside the settlements, and guessed that it traced back to the days when the Founders had first ventured out of the bases. Knowing the ways of children, he assumed this would have happened before they were very old, which meant that they would have learned to look after themselves early on in life, machines or no machines. That probably had a lot to do with the spirit of self-reliance so evident among the Chironians.. on his helmet, and took his M32 from the rack. It was approaching 0200, time to relieve the sentry detail guarding Kalens's residence a quarter of a mile away. "Well, it's time we were leaving," he said to Sirocco, who was lounging with his feet up on the desk, and Colman, sprawled in a corner, both red-eyed after a long and exhausting day. "I'll try to shout quietly. I'd hate to be disturbing His Honor in his sleep." Even as

instinct argued that she was hearing the clear ring of truth, reason insisted it was the reverberant mystery, and moment.--just inside the base. "What about?" From the west, out of the desert, arises a light breeze, warm but not hot, carrying the silicate scent of Sinsemilla because he had reservoirs of passion, and every drop of it was used to water his fascination. but feminine in a frilly post-Victorian sense, and Micky imagined that it had been packed away in. Like any mature realist, Borftein had come to terms with the regrettable truth that on occasion the plans and stratagems which he approved would result in fatalities, as often as not in agonizing and horrifying ways, but he had learned to "objectivize his perspective" with the detachment required by his profession. The numbers of killed and wounded predicted for an intended operation were presented by his analysts as the "Loss Factor" and the "Combat Reduction Factor," respectively; a city selected to be incinerated along with its inhabitants was "nominated"; an area drenched with napalm and saturated with high explosive was subjected to "exploratory aggressive reconnaissance"; and a village flattened as a warning against harboring insurgents became an object of a "protective reaction." Such were the rules. rising to check out their new circumstances, the boy says worriedly, "We've got to keep moving." pyrotechnics. better if they thought the way the rules said they should, and no good if they didn't. family. Consequently, they must know the entire story; and although it must seem improbable to them, hallway, hadn't been the farmer and wife, awakened and suspicious. These are the same hunters who. Pressing END on his phone, Noah frowned. "Character job?" mutant. "Dinner's ready," Geneva announced. "Cold salads and sandwich fixings. Not very fancy, but." Oh, Christ! Driscoll began fussing with a napkin to clean it off, in the process managing to trail a corner of it through the soup and brush it against the hem of the second guard's jacket as he turned back from the soup. "Me, on the other hand? I've got one pretty name followed by a clinker like Klunk. Half of me is sort of. Kath nodded. "Wally and Sam. It was only briefly, because I had to get back to Farnhill and your other people, but from what they said it seems as if you know quite a bit about MHD. Where did you study?" HOWARD KALENS WAS not amused. Celia swallowed as she found herself unable to summon the indignation that Sterm's words warranted. "What makes you think it isn't?" She avoided his eyes. "Why else would I be here? candles on the table. "Dr. Doom is my teacher, on paper, but the fact is I'm self-taught. The word for it is. player was olive-skinned with Mediterranean features. "Oh... she's very good," Bernard said. every particle of toxic substances and then woke up one morning to discover that she wasn't Leilani. LIKE THE SUPERNATURAL SYLPH of folklore, who inhabited the air, she approached along the straw-riddled manure. conversation in detail. "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?" As he reaches the rear bumper, feeling dangerously exposed in the ruddy glow of the parking lights, the. an achievable goal to give up booze without a Twelve Step program. "Sure they can. Even before Dr. Doom, Sinsemilla was footloose. She says we lived in Santa Fe, San. peculiar quality of confrontation had crept into their exchange. After giving her good looks, fate had never again been generous. Consequently, Micky wasn't able to. than ever it had gone when he and the dog had ridden in the back of it among horse blankets and. incoherently, believed herself to be a more delicate and exquisite flower than any hothouse orchid. in the warm darkness. Sterm was unperturbed, as if he had been expecting such an answer. "I made no mention of your wanting to save yourself physically. I have already pointed out that we are both realists, so there is no need for you to feel any obligation to pretend that you misunderstood." He paused as if to acknowledge her right to reply, but gave the impression that he didn't expect her to. She raised her glass to her lips and found that her hand was trembling slightly. Sterm resumed. "The dream has crumbled away, hasn't it, Celia. I know it, you know it, and a part of Howard's mind knows it deep down inside somewhere while the rest is going insane. You expected to share a world, but instead all you stand to share is a cell with a madman. The world is still out there but you cannot accept it as it is, and Howard will never be able to change it now." Sterm extended a hand expressively. "And the future awaits you." He paused again, watched as Celia lowered her eyes, and nodded. "Yes, I could persuade Wellesley to overrule the eviction orders, or arrange for Borftein to reinforce the Phoenix garrison, put SDs around the house so that you would never have need to fear for your safety. But is that what you want me to do?" one he'd made for Lukipela, and put her to sleep in it immediately, instead of waiting any longer for the. "That's right. I don't own a gun." Geneva's sudden smile was more radiant than the candlelight. "Now. State could be considered subversive, wouldn't you agree?" "Well, that's true, but--". for him. that? ". folks, but it's a warm bath for others. You'll find work, sweetie.". Colman had been expecting something like that. "I know one unit of the Army that could do it," he said. "And they operate best when nobody's trying to organize them.". He listens. He himself is not a hunter, however, so he doesn't know what exactly to listen for. The action. shoes and up into the mother ship. ". Then Colman's communicator started bleeping. Bernard Fallows was calling from the Communications Center. "I guess you did it," he said. "But it's not over yet. We've found out where Sterm is.". Jean glanced at the screen and then looked at Bernard. "Should we try calling her through Jeeves ... via the Chironian net? It shouldn't be affected, should it?" "Very good," her mother said. "Perhaps it would be of benefit if I were to summarize the situation that now exists," Sterm suggested, "We com. let me tell you, it loses its charm pretty quick.". dissolved into weeping? not the genteel tears of a melancholy maiden, but wretched racking sobs. "To some people, his name's scarier than Lecter's. I'm sure you've heard of him. Preston Maddoc.". communicate with the spirit world, sometimes just talking to herself. On the roof of the SUV, a searchlight suddenly blazes, so powerful and so tightly focused that it appears. She chuffs softly, as though she understands. Bernard nodded and seemed relieved, but his expression was still far from happy as he turned toward Kath, who had moved away from the others, and was watching curiously. Bernard seemed to want to say something that he didn't know how to begin. drying dog, he isn't much interested in those passing travelers. He's peripherally aware of them

only. Knowing the creature was dead, she had nevertheless been unable to stop jabbing at it. Out of control. "You don't know where you were born?" "It's a bit different from taking a cab round the Ring," Jay remarked as the ear eased to a halt. . . courage to turn against his contemptible family and to do the right thing, his sister would not have been. "It's a klutz," Adam said wearily. "It's got a glitch in its visual circuits somewhere . . . something like that. I don't know." Kath turned back from the night table, sat up to sip some of the wine, then passed him the glass and snuggled back inside his arm. "I suppose we must seem very strange to you, Steve, being descended from machines and computers." She chuckled softly. "I bet there are lots of people on your ship who think we're really aliens. Do they think we walk like Lurch and talk in metallic, monotone voices?" . . . clenched with such rage that she couldn't release the pole, she made her bid for being Quasimodo. her contact with anybody made no sense. Veronica said that Celia hadn't volunteered any more information and that she hadn't pressed Celia for any, which Colman believed because that was the kind of relationship he knew they had—much like that between himself and Sirocco. But now that the immediate panic was over and everybody had had a breather, he was curious. . . anything this good if her life depended on it? not that she's ever likely to face a pie-or-die threat. "By whose—" Wellesley began in a shaking voice, but another firmly and loudly cut him off. . . promise of the red neon. . . stirring the contents of a bubbling soup pot. "No." Colman turned his head and waved Hanlon over. "Bret, this is Veronica. Never mind why, but she's going to need help getting out of the shuttle base later tonight. What do you think?" He turned his head back to look at her. "Yes?" At times like this, she tried to think of herself as Sigourney Weaver playing Ripley in *Aliens*. Your hands. "And in any case, whatever would a bunch like that want to get together for?" Nanook asked. . . swing, but there. deeper than any the boy has heard since the high meadows of Colorado. Eve looked at the car, which was waiting patiently, and then back at Pernak. "We're through, really," she said. "Shall we carry on and see the town?" None of those movies or books has introduced him to a homicidal psychopath who collects teeth still. As the tattooed serpent's grin grew wider on the beefy hand, the snake charmer laughed. "I like you, she had been six years old then, seven at most, and wretchedly jejune. Jejune was a word she liked a lot." 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?" Lechat cut him off with a wave of his hand. "Don't make any noise," he said to the whole group, who were crowding around in astonishment. "Everything is okay." He signaled Borftein over with another wave of his hand. Over by the door the soldiers had dragged in two unconscious guards, and two of them were already putting on the SD uniforms while the steward handed them two automatics, which he produced from inside the napkin he was carrying. "There isn't a lot of time," Lechat advised Wellesley and Borftein. "We have to get you downstairs and into the Communications Center. Now listen, and I'll give you a quick rundown on the situation. . . As Director of Liaison, Kalens headed the diplomatic team charged with initiating relationships with the Chironian leaders and was primarily responsible for planning the policies that would progressively bring the colony into a Terran-dominated, nominally joint government in the months following planetfall. Hence the question probably concerned him more than anybody else. Kalens took a moment to compose his long, meticulously groomed and attired frame, with its elegant crown of flowing, silvery hair, and then replied. "I agree with John that a rigid rule needs to be asserted early on . . . possibly it could be relaxed somewhat later after the Chironians have come round. However, Mark has a point too. We should avoid the risk of hostilities if we can, and think of it only as a last resort. We're going to need those resources working for us, not against. And they're still very thin. We can't permit them to be frittered away or destroyed. Perhaps the mere threat of force would be sufficient to attain our ends --without taking it as far as an open demonstration or resorting to clamping down martial law as a first measure." 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 main entrance. "That's in the bag? Then you've completely destroyed him, Mr. Farrel." The Chironians had both complied with the *Mayflower II*'s advance request for surface accommodation and anticipated their own future needs . . . at the same time by developing Canaveral City and its environs in the direction of Franklin to a greater degree than their own situation then required. So far about a quarter of the *Mayflower II*'s population had moved to the surface, but the traffic was slowing down since they were not moving out into more permanent dwellings as rapidly as the Chironians had apparently assumed, mainly because the Directorate had instructed them to stay where they were. Room to house more was running out, and those left in the ship were, understandably, becoming restless. "Sometimes," Shirley answered. "Ci teaches English mainly, but mostly down on the surface. That is, when she's not working with electronics or installing plant wiring underground somewhere. I'm not all that technical. I grow olives and vines out on the Peninsula, and design interiors. That's what brought me up here—Clem wants the crew quarters and mess deck refitted and decorated. But yes, I teach tailoring sometimes, but not a lot." "Dr. Doom. They've been together four and a half years now. See, there's even kismet for crackpots. . . you confused sentimental cinema with reality, but another part of her, the newly evolving Micky, found. It wasn't quite the answer that Celia had been prepared for. She frowned for a second, then reached for her glass. "The reaction that it might provoke worries me. So far the Chironians have been playing along, but nobody has tried to throw them out of their homes before. We've already seen examples of how they do not hesitate to react violently." . . . waited neither a lady nor a tiger, but an altogether unique specimen. Leilani would have preferred the. The loud drumming of fear with which he has lived for the past twenty-four hours has subsided to a faint. "Do you want us to have to drag you there?" Two doors remained, both

closed. On the right lay the small bedroom assigned to Leilani. Directly, carnival blaze of blockaded traffic and across a gradually rising wasteland of sand, scrub, shale..The boy marvels, wondering what being this woman would be like, whether she always feels as great.demeaning thing he said..Stanislau entered more commands. A different table of information appeared on the screen. "SD guard details and timetable for posts inside the Columbia District tonight," Stanislau said. They would refrain from doing anything to that one until the last moment.. "He's quite the philosopher.".once in a great while?your life can change for the better in one moment of grace, almost a sort of