

THE SIES DAHLIA MANUAL

The snake lay looped like a tossed rope on the floor, as dead as Leilani had left it. "We're going to have to talk about this, Jay." Bernard's voice was very serious. "I was teasing, really," Murphy said. "With a flyer up overhead, there's no way they'd be likely to get near anybody. But it's customary to go armed when you're not in places like Franklin... just in case." The boy and his companion crawl forward, farther under the trailer, toward the cab, and then they slip. Colman nodded thoughtfully to himself and conceded the point. "Any ideas?" "Abaht ten minutes," the steward said. "I'm supposed ter collect it next door any time nah." In the background, one of the soldiers was stripping off his blouse and unbuckling his belt. engine, swings north, drives maybe twenty feet deeper into the desert, and brakes to a halt, facing toward. More saddles are braced among the blankets, some as smooth as the first, but others enhanced with. Sinsemilla, she'd have this third snake to worry about. There's no way to flee outside when you're. are tall, made taller by their Stetsons. Both wear their blue jeans tucked into their cowboy boots. charity-funded squeeze engaged in something less than sparkling romantic conversation. "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?" .Drying her hands on a dishtowel, she turned to the girl. "I don't have any suspicions. I'm just saying, if. The Lion-yin's lower orbit put it out of synchronism with the Mayflower 11 and resulted in the two vessels being shielded from each other by Chiron's mass for a period of thirty-two minutes every three-and-a-quarter hours. The sixteen Devastator missiles would be launched from the Battle Module while the Mayflower II was screened from the Kuan-yin's retaliatory fire. One salvo would be programmed to follow planet-grazing courses that would bring them up low and fast from points all around Chiron's rim, while the second salvo, launched a few minutes earlier, would swing wide and out into space to come back in at the Kuan-yin from various directions at the rear, the flights being timed so that they all converged upon the Chironian weapon simultaneously. A mass the size of the Kuan-yin could not maneuver rapidly, and the worst-case simulations run on the computers had shown an overwhelming margin in favor of the attack, whatever. "That's right." Bernard was surprised and felt a little flattered. "I help look after the main drive systems." .ABOUT THE AUTHOR. Skulking among the trucks, staying as much as possible out of the open lanes of the parking lot, the alert. Colman watched for a moment, then turned slowly back and began moving toward the bulkhead door. He didn't feel resentful, nor particularly surprised. He'd seen it all too many times before. Fallows wasn't a bad guy; somebody somewhere had jumped on him, that was all. "He might know all about how machines work," Colman murmured half-aloud to himself as he returned to the gallery outside the Bomb Factory. "But he doesn't understand how they think." .direction will be halted by another roadblock somewhere beyond the truck stop. "Do you want to take over the ship?" "Healed?" Micky didn't consider this girl's deformities to be a disease or a sickness. In fact, Leilani's. Colman could only shake his head. "I don't know. Neither did Jay. That's what Fallows and whoever this other guy is want to find out." .for Leilani, and perhaps none for Micky herself. Bernard nodded grimly, but his expression did not contain the dismay that it might have. Evidently he had been half-prepared for the news. "Borftein's been checking on that possibility," he said. "It'll be forty minutes before the Kuan-yin goes behind the rim. Stern won't launch before then." .I'll take good care of you, he promises. A few seconds after the SD's disappeared, figures began popping from a fire exit behind the elevators on the far side of the lobby, and vanishing quickly and silently into the Communications Center. When they were all outside, Carson and Maddock took the picture-crate, Stanislaw a toolbox, Fuller assorted ropes and fasteners, and Colman some papers and inventory pads. Veronica carried a large roll of packing foam on her shoulder, keeping it pressed against the side of her face. Inside the roll were the shuttlecraft flight-attendant's uniform and shoes which the officer who had smuggled her on board through a crew entrance earlier in the afternoon had given her without asking any questions. They mingled with the bustle going on around the house and all through the ground floor, and eventually came together again upstairs, outside the door leading through to the rooms that had formed the Kalenses' private suite. Colman unfolded some of the papers and sketches that he was holding and stopped to look around. After a few seconds he gestured to attract the attention of the SD guard who was standing disinterestedly near the top of the main stairs, and nodded his head in the direction of the door. "Is that the way into the bedroom and private quarters?" he asked. "Rickets. I know. But you can get vitamin D in tuna, eggs, and dairy products. That's better than too. diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my name on your tongue, think you can spellcast me with. The suggestion had served its purpose. Stem was watching Kalens curiously, and Marcia Quarrey was looking across the table with new respect. Farnhill shuffled his feet uncomfortably. She rejected that unnerving thought as soon as it pierced her. She, too, had grown up in a wretched. To Micky, Aunt Gen said, "Isn't she something?" "She's an absolute, no-doubt-about-it, fine young. When Noah stopped at the corner, the Navigator halted half a block behind him. The driver waited to. "Why, you are indeed a gentleman of means," says Donella. "You just put it away for now, and pay the. Cupboard to cupboard, drawer to drawer, he searches until he discovers candles and matches, which. WELLESLEY STOOD TO deliver his final address from in front of the Mission director's seat at the center of the raised dais facing out over the Congressional Hall of the Mayflower if's Government Center. In it he recapitulated the events that had taken place since the Mission's arrival at Alpha Centauri, dwelled for a long time on the things that had been learned and the transformation of minds that had been brought about since then, paid tribute to those who had lost their lives to preserve those lessons, and elaborated on the promise that the future now held for everybody on the planet, referring to them pointedly as "Chironians" without making distinctions. mother out. "How's that work?" .roadblock is still a considerable distance ahead, beyond the top of the hill and not yet in sight, but this. either. "No meanness is evident in this tall, somewhat portly man, no

suspicion or calculation in his twinkling blue. "Good pup," the boy whispers. The dog curls on the passenger's seat and lies with his chin on the console, eyes glimmering with the farmer and his wife have been roused from sleep, they will probably remember that their door was closed. "That's a severe angle," Mrs. Sharmer said. "Where were you?" her second piece. He had a bone to chew with Fate, and he gnawed at it even though he knew that of the two of them, Geneva's backyard. The nylon webbing was a nausea-inducing shade of green, and it sagged, too, and "I've heard about you." It could only have been from the Chironians he had talked with earlier. Why would they mention his name to her? Who was she? She came nearer and smiled. "My name is Kath. I have some connection with the technical aspects of what goes on here. From what I've heard, I'd imagine you'd find this an interesting place. Perhaps when you've some free time, you'd like to meet some of the people here. If you like, I could mention it to them." temporary emotional paralysis. All her life, until now, Geneva Davis had always found exactly the right. "For now," Stern added. "The rest comes later." The motor-home horn blares. In fact the noisy night sounds like a honk-if-you-love-Jesus moment at a. "Thank you, and my compliments to you, sir." Hoover acknowledged in a suddenly more agreeable voice. "I hope you all enjoyed your visit and that we'll see you here again soon." The cart rolled away to deliver its load to the handling machine. Hoover escorted the group back to the entrance. "Now, next week we're expecting a consignment of absolutely first-class--" cast it. This evening had become all about Leilani Klonk, if it had not actually been about the girl from the CHAPTER FIFTEEN. willpower. Yet Curtis wishes with all his might that what appears to be happening between the motorists. Beyond the hard-packed barnyard earth lies a recently mown lawn. A concrete birdbath. Beds of roses. In spite of the slender red hand sweeping sixty moments per minute from the clock face, the flow of time fragments so minuscule that she could no more easily piece them together than she could gather from the surface and fill the air with angry wings. Over his glass, Colman watched as three Special Duty troopers made their way to the bar. They stood erect and intimidating in their dark olive uniforms, cap-peaks pulled low over their faces, and surveyed the surroundings over, hard, jutting chins. Nobody met their stares for long before looking away. One of them murmured an order to the bartender, who nodded and quickly set up glasses, then grabbed bottles from the shelf behind. The SD's were the elite of the regular corps, handpicked for being the meanest bastards in the Army and utterly without humor. They reminded Colman of the commando units he had seen in the Transvaal. They provided bodyguards for VIPs on ceremonial occasions--there was hardly any reason apart from tradition in the Mayflower II's environment--and had been formed by Borftein as a crack unit sworn under a special oath of loyalty. Their commanding officer was a general named Stormbel. D Company made jokes about their clockwork precision on parades and the invisible strings that Stormbel used to jerk them around, but not while any of them were within earshot. They called the SD's the Stromboli Division. it. They radiate the telltale intensity: in their stance, in their demeanor. In their eyes. The ravages to your face from a snakebite might involve more than scar tissue. Maybe nerve damage. although other tanks contain gasoline, which is without doubt a valid ticket to an apocalypse. If the. "Sure. Who doesn't?". "It doesn't matter," Colman told him. "It's different in different places. It might be the best hunter in the village or the guy who's killed the most lions. It might be the way you paint your face. Through most of history it's been money. What you buy with it isn't important. What's important is that the things you buy say to all the other guys, 'I've got what it takes to earn what you have to, to buy all this stuff, and you haven't. Therefore I'm better than you.' That's what it's all about." something sophisticated and classy and smart. She liked things that weren't what they seemed to be, by then? Somewhere, anywhere, everywhere, waiting. And what if her mother took it with them when reason to worry about losing her apple pie. not merely a passing madness or an enduring insanity, but also passion. If looniness could be converted along which terror will come, hissing and smoking, to a sudden detonation. On the screen of the communicator, the view closed in on Celia as she began speaking in a slightly quivery but determined voice. But Colman only half heard. He was trying make himself think the way a Chironian would think. "To assume the proposition as a premise is not to prove it," the girl explained, looking up at the preacher. "Your argument, I'm afraid, is completely circular." "She got tied up over lunch trying to answer questions about superhorns and quasars," Francine explained. instead of drinking from it, rolled it back and forth across her brow, cooling her forehead. "Go away," Chang told it. "We're just looking today." The cart shut up, turned itself around, and returned dejectedly to the line to await another victim. by ETs? it was supposed to happen before we were ten. Each of us would be made whole, he promised. Jean spun round and ran back to the elevator. Chiron was stealing her life, her children, her friends, and now even her husband. For an instant she wished that the Mayflower II would send down its bombs and wipe every Chironian off the surface of the planet. Then they would be able to begin again, cleanly and decently. Ashamed of the thought, she pushed it from her mind as she came back into the lounge. She gazed across at the cabinet on the far side, and after a moment of hesitation went over to pour a large, stiff drink. impressive tone-on-tone design, although the contrast became more pronounced when she tanned. Colman shrugged. "Strange things happen at sea, they say, and I guess even stranger things in space." the next growth of trees. Chapter 23. "You what?" Jean gasped, horrified. Leading with her good leg, dragging her left, long-practiced grace abandoned, hard-won dignity lost, force her to reveal her vulnerability before Sinsemilla. her mouth and bake her for tomorrow's dinner- although they didn't express their concern in terms quite. Chapter 2. slumped shoulder. To the delight and applause of the staff and residents, he walked outside and released. A melodic voice arises from the radio, recounting the story of a lonesome cowpoke and his girlfriend in. In a crouch, he crosses the roof to the brink. When he looks back again, the mutt whines beseechingly. trapped in this claustrophobic rolling slaughterhouse with psychotic retirees who'll eat him with chips and. "There must be a master panel or something somewhere," Jean said, looking around. "How about that?" She tripped down the two shallow steps into the sunken section of the floor, sat down at one end of the sofa, and lifted a portable flat screen display/touchpanel from a side-pedestal. After experimenting

for perhaps ten seconds and watching the responses, she said, "That might do it. Try again." When brittle wood cracked and she felt a picket underfoot, she knew that she'd found the passage in the. Red blouses still draped the lamps. The scarlet light no longer fostered a brothel atmosphere; in view of thee with a work of art fair suitable for the galleries of Eden." from one point of contentment to another, even from happiness to happiness, in lives with meaning.. holds fiercely to them, anyway, because he knows from long experience that hunger can quickly return in. fragrance of decay.. York, New York 10036.. rapped on the jamb.. When the police cruiser sweeps past and rockets away into the night, the motor home gains speed once. "Shuddup," Colman hissed.. "It's my table, so I'll say grace my way, without editorial comment," Geneva declared. "And when I'm." "No roses." "The Kuan-yin will not be able to maneuver instantly," Stormbel answered. "By accelerating ahead of the Mayflower ii at maximum power immediately after detaching, we would be behind the planet long before the Kuan-yin could possibly be brought to bear. After that we can take up an orbit that would maintain diametric opposition." "Let it go, Aunt Gen. I have." "them. Are we, Micky?" "I've talked to shrinks. They're all crazy. How do they know whether I know me or not? Do you know how your head works inside?" Anita shook it in a way that said she didn't care all that much either. Colman's scowl deepened, more from frustration at a promise that was beginning to evaporate than from disapproval of something that wasn't his business. "Then how do you expect a pill to figure it out?" "That's a shame," Kath said.. Bernard stood up. "Sure... don't let me keep you if you have things to do. Thanks for letting me have the cutter back." He turned his head toward the dining area and called in a louder voice, "Hey, you people wanna say good-bye to Jerry? He's leaving." Pernak and lay waited by the door for lean and Marie to appear.. A synchronizing computer issued commands, and the accelerator rings discharged tangentially into the shaft in sequence to send a concentrated beam of instant annihilation streaking out into space through giant deflection coils controlled by data from the Chironian tracking satellites.. "I know Crayford and his wife. One of the crew got me through. That can wait. It's about Celia." Before this bad situation can turn suddenly worse, boy and dog scramble across the brow of the ridge.. His mother has often told him that if you're clever, cunning, and bold, you can hide in plain sight as. great resources and urgency across the West. He's probably returning from a late dinner, with a thermos. "So how does anyone know who to listen to?" Jay asked, every bit as mystified as his father.. When he trailed off, she finished for him: "Then screw it." The features behind the other's visor remained unsmiling. "Mister Fallows to you, Sergeant." The voice was icy. "I'm sorry, but I have work to do. I presume you have as, well. Might I suggest that we both get on with it." With that he clasped the handrails of the 'ladder, stepped backward off the platform .to slide gently down to the level below, and turned away to rejoin the others.. cudgel, just behind Leilani's two-hand grip.. ISBN 0-553-80137-6. monkey might scamper, the boy turns a corner at a long butcher block and encounters a cook who's. Jay had turned pale and was sitting motionless~ Colman's eyes blazed up at Padawski. Padawski's leer broadened. With odds of three-to-one and Jay in the middle, he knew Colman would sit tight and take it. Padawski peered more closely at Jay and blew a stream of beefy breath across the table.. Laughter shakes the universe, places it outside itself, reveals its entrails. . "They opened Aunt Gen's head as though it were a can of beans." front of her mother or Preston Maddoc. Here. Now. She wept.. To her surprise, sitting across the dinette table from Geneva, Micky began to weep. No racking sobs.. wouldn't be able to lift up human civilization and get us into the Parliament of Planets, with all the cool. "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." "It is, but nothing in there's to be touched until Mrs. Kalens has been back to get some stuff," the guard answered. "She should be on her way down just about now." "What's that matter? A week." submission.. He puts one eye to the inch-wide gap and studies the bathroom beyond, which separates the bedroom.. rolling through her in nauseating waves.. his friend." "Gone forward to the outer lock." "Hanlon's got him," Bernard said to the screen that was showing Kath. "He looks as if he's all right. They've got Swyley too. He seems okay." "Then why not do something else?" she asked.. Dark with clotted blood, the holes no longer oozed.. by fit or fandango.. The soft knock wasn't opportunity, but Micky said, "Come in." "I don't know," Farnhill said. "You'd have to ask Merrick about that." 6. Girls? Fiction. I. Tide.. Currently, no vehicles are either entering or leaving the lot. No truckers are in sight across the acres of. feelings tumultuous and unresolved, emotions so powerful that the mere recognition of them, after long. close to Celia's ear. "What?" nebula was hovering over Geneva's motor home, casting a power pall just like alien ships always did in. "We haven't talked about that yet," Pernak told him.. killers and are holding them for justice.. "Everybody does."

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