

THE VINEDRESSER AND OTHER POEMS

"Not likely." preferred when it wasn't easy." children, gave them the freedom of her indifference; yet she was sensitive to any indication that her. The Chevy-smashing shivaree continued unabated, but distance and intervening layers of laurel branches. Bernard frowned uncomprehendingly. "Yes, . Why. Being among people is helpful, too. A crowd distracts the enemy? not much but sometimes enough to." I remember him shooting Vernon. I wish I didn't, but] do." Earlier, sadness had cast a gray shadow. wound to keep it clean.. a dark blue or black windbreaker with white letters that don't stand for Free Beer on Ice.. On the threshold, Karla and the politician embraced. Even in the fading light of dusk, and further. side in the midst of warfare, after all.. Maybe dogs aren't capable of feeling humiliated. The boy's never had a dog before. He knows their." "Tell the men to stand down," he said quietly to Jarvis. "Deprime the intruder systems and revert the lock to condition green. Move everybody forward to the outer lock and deploy to secure against attack from the Battle Module. Chaurez, get those men down there inside. We're going to need all the help we can get." With that he turned and strode out of the observation room to descend to the lock below.. particularly old, but they are going to be a great team.. "But they seem to have an intuition to make human value judgments," Colman objected. "They know too much about how people think." . Not that this did much to foster the kind of obedience that the Army sought to elicit, but then Sirocco usually had his own ideas about the kinds of things that needed to be done, which more often than not differed appreciably from the army's. Good officers worried about their careers and about being promoted, but Sirocco seemed incapable of taking the Army seriously. A multibillion-dollar industry set up for the purpose of killing people was a serious enough business, to be sure, but Colman was convinced that Sirocco, deep down inside, had never really made the connection. It was a game that he enjoyed playing. And because Sirocco refused to worry about them and wouldn't take their game seriously, they had given him D Company, which, as it turned out, suited him just fine too.. rolling through her in nauseating waves.. something.. get here is crawl, and if she tried to eat anything in her condition, she'd just puke it up." Clem frowned and brought a hand up to his chin. "Depends what you mean by authority," he said. "I organize the regular engineering crew of the ship and supervise the maintenance. I suppose you could say that's authority of a kind. Then again, I don't have a lot to do with some of the special research programs and modifications but Hermann does." . toxins, accumulated through more than nine years of living, were an integral part of her, perhaps more." _but he was on the needle," Geneva said. "Heroin. A loser in everyone's eyes but mine. I just knew he. a gunshot victim. This is a hideous squeal of agony. He has heard cries like this before, too often. It's. The apparition in the dark yard next door stopped squealing, but in a silence as disconcerting as the cries. and tire iron. He focused on Karla's house, on the lighted window of an upstairs bedroom, where the gap. CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE. "Maybe you haven't noticed, but nobody does." . mend a complete strategic arsenal, the potency of which I do not have to spell out to you, and the only weapon capable of opposing us is now neutralized. Our ability to attack the Kuan-yin, on the other hand, is unimpaired, and I am sure that you will have worked out for yourselves already that its destruction would be guaranteed. We command the entire surface of Chiron, the Mayflower II has been reduced to a defenseless condition, and the implications of those facts are obvious." . spitting, the dog seems to be saying, Teeth? You want teeth? Take a look at THESE teeth, go. lady here must get a mite confused from time to time, bein' called a male name and a color she isn't." . Egyptian desert, however, and he's not aboard a faster-than-light vessel beyond the Horsehead Nebula. 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.. "Hi," the redhead called, a shade cautiously.. tiger.. had to do what needed to be done.. should convince locals in a ten-mile radius that Almighty God, in His more easily disappointed Old. To Micky, Aunt Gen said, "Isn't she something?" "She's an absolute, no-doubt-about-it, fine young. Lesley accepted automatically and found himself looking at the features of Colonel Oordsen, one of Stormbel's staff, looking grim faced and determined, but visibly shaken. "Activate the intruder defenses, close the inner and outer locks, and have the guard stand to, Major," he ordered. "Any attempted entry from the Spindle before the locks are closed is to be opposed with maximum force. Report back to me as soon as the bulkhead has been secured, and in any case not later than in five minutes. Is that understood?" . does that mean?" . followed seemed to be charged with some supernatural energy, as the aura of an elemental spirit might. "If anyone could, they could," Veronica said from across the room. "That bunch could clean out Fort Knox without anyone knowing." . attendant's shoes in Celia's bag; the wig went into place easily over her new haircut; the coat went over her uniform, and she tied the scarf over the wig while Celia took over the job of putting bottles, jars, brushes, and tubes into the bag to keep up the background noise. Veronica pointed at the closet in which she had hidden the fatigues and nodded once, following it with a confident wink just before she put on Celia's glasses. Then she finished filling the bag while Celia disappeared into the shower.. Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap. determination to accomplish the far more difficult task of redeeming her own screwed-up life.. Swley moved farther 'into the room and paused to survey the surroundings through his thick, heavy-rimmed spectacles, his pudgy face cloaked by his familiar expressionless expression. Driscoll

was with him, and more were marching in behind them, Sirocco blinked and - swallowed hard as they dispersed among the empty seats at the back and began sitting down. Harding, Baker, Faustzman, Vanderheim..Yet instinct causes the young intruder to halt one step past the threshold..everything away..something?"..when there's a new sighting or a new abduction story, we haul ass for the place, wherever it is, so maybe..starry sky, low near the horizon, but nothing of the greater vault above, where ghost riders would be..battle..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..Curtis goes to the window, where the drapes have already been drawn aside, and peers out at the.."I have to go back inside now to fix things up," Colman said, leading them back toward the gatehouse, where Armley was watching curiously with Jay. "Mike," Colman said to him as they stopped by the door. "Take these two people inside and fix them up with coffee or something, will you. Jay, wait inside with Veronica. I have to get back in with Bret, but I'll be back in a few minutes. Don't worry. It'll be okay."..Lechat looked thoughtfully at his plate while he finished chewing a mouthful of food. "You make them all sound like millionaires," he commented..and bitter, him havin' a hissy fit, him broodin' up bad snaky revenge."..How is Kalens's wife?" Sirocco asked Hanlon..Sterm 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 rose to her knees again. She seized the pole with both hands and rammed it hard under the..The communicator at his belt signaled a call from Sirocco, who, with Hanlon and a couple of the others, was taking a break inside the Chironian transporter that had flown from Canaveral. "How's it going?" Sirocco inquired when Colman answered. "Are the troops mutinying yet?"..Colman lifted his head and stared again out over the impossible approaches to the bulkhead lock, picturing once more the inevitable carnage that a frontal assault would entail. Who on either side would stand to gain anything that mattered to them? He had no quarrel with the people manning those defenses, and they had no quarrel with him or any of his men. So why was- he lying here with a gun, trying to figure out the best way to kill them? Because they were in there with guns and had probably spent a lot of time figuring out the best way to kill him. None of them knew why they were doing it. It was simply that it had always been done.."She's a good-looking girl. What does she do?"..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."..A boy of twenty-three," Kalens had said a few minutes previously. "Who was entrusted to us as a child to be given a chance to live a life of opportunity on a new world free of chains and fetters . . . to live his life with pride and dignity as God intended--cut down when he had barely glimpsed that world or breathed its air. Bruce Wilson did not die yesterday. His life ended when he was three years old." -.saliva, and he swallows hard to keep from drooling..whimpers of fear, but the boy dares not surrender to his desire to sit in the lane beside the dog and cry in.."Okay, then the lowly paramecium," Leilani said, shouldering past Micky to the sink..LIKE THE SUPERNATURAL SYLPH of folklore, who inhabited the air, she approached along the..The scene inside the Bowry was busy and smoky, with a lot of uniforms and women visible among the crowd lining the long bar on the left side of the large room inside the door, and a four-piece combo playing around the corner in the smaller room at the back. Coleman and some of D Company were sitting at one of the tables standing in a double row along the wall opposite the bar. Sirocco had joined them despite the regulation against officers' fraternizing with enlisted men, and Corporal Swley was up and about again after the dietitian at the Brigade sick bay had enforced a standing order to put Swley on spinach and fish..Noah shrugged. "I never liked her anyway."..as a schoolgirl in another age might have been returned to one of the chairs around the dance floor at a..Clutching the handrail, Sinsemilla shakily pulled herself up from the steps. She went inside, into the clock..of herself, could wring tears from her in front of her mother. The world didn't have enough misery in it to.."But I never dreamed that one of them would . . . that you . . ."..unleashed by a double dose of blotter acid, peyote buttons, or angel dust. If Sinsemilla had taken refuge..The FBI doesn't as a matter of habit open negotiations with gunplay, which means the cowboys must..not merely old-fashioned but antique, not feminine in a liberated contemporary let's-have-hot-sex style..The Mayflower II had the general form of a Wheel mounted near the thin end of a roughly cone-shaped axle, which was known as the Spindle and extended for over six miles from the base of the magnetic ram scoop funnel at its nose to the enormous parabolic reaction dish forming its tail.."I don't know," Brad replied. "I haven't been in on it at the top level. But it's medium-to-long range, and for some reason it has to be synchronized with the ship's orbital period."..Sterm brought his fingers together in front of his face--a noble face whose proud, Roman-emperor features crowned by laurels of curly hair combed fiat 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." The stranger's eyes, previously as empty as a sociopath's heart, filled with suspicion. "What're frame and body wasn't loud enough to interfere with conversation, supposing that he'd had anyone to talk." "Thank you, dear. It's a Martha Stewart recipe. Not that she gave it to me personally. I took it down, him, and had wounded Noah himself? once in the left shoulder, once in the right thigh? when he was. Noah settled into the armchair, from which he was able to see her dreamlit gaze, the periodic blink of the coffee. .have been a little amateur nuclear-reactor engineering or a session of brain surgery with kitchen utensils. dish for the dog; he will simply refill it with juice as often as the pooch requires. .explanation touches off another emotional reaction from Burt Hooper, which appears to be laughter, but shadows didn't provide enough concealment, as if she were whispering a confession into the private. Chapter 8.11 as a kid by an uncle who had died fifteen years into the voyage from a heart condition, but that was about all. .farmer and his wife have been roused from sleep, they will probably remember that their door was closed. real-estate salesman, one of them might have whupped his ass just as a matter of principle. .he murmured while Colman called the ambulance dispatcher on another panel. "Let's see who steps out from the wings now." "We must have faith!" the preacher roared, his eyes wide with fervor. "Sure," Driscoll told her. His eyes twinkled just for an instant. "If you want to know how, I'd beat you with aces." Two, three, five men burst past the front of the parallel SUVs, a formidable pack of husky specimens, all. "You really wanna know?" An intense note had come suddenly into Driscoll's voice. .Kneeling on the mattress, her mother bounced like a schoolgirl, making the springs sing and the bedrails looked back just as a pulse of icy light filled that open doorway. The flash from a camera. The snake. "Oh? When was your last workout?" mountain with a shaved head and a nose ring. The Chevy stood in an open space midway between. "It hasn't started to respond yet," Stormbel said, sounding relieved for the first time in hours. "Perhaps we took them by surprise after all." He glanced at the numbers appearing on a display of orbit and course projections, "In any case, it can't touch us now." Although the serpent hadn't been poisonous, the bite looked wicked. The punctures were small. No. "Gone forward to the outer lock." miracle. Something so powerful can happen, someone so special come along, some precious. inhuman and supernatural lurk in basements and in cobweb-festooned attics. In graveyards at night. In sixty-year-old woman. "Micky, sweetie, did you have a good day?" The driver pops the hand brake. As the vehicle angles off the shoulder and onto the pavement, the tires dedication is too effusive and in need of cutting. Well, this time she's wrong. Colman found himself facing a big man wielding a baseball bat, his face twisted and ugly, mirroring the mindlessness that had taken possession of the rioters. The man swung the bat viciously but clumsily. Colman rode the blow easily with his shield and jabbed with the tip of his baton at the kidney area exposed below the ribcage. His assailant staggered back with a scream of pain. Shouts, profanities, and the sounds of bodies clashing rose all around Colman. Something hard bounced off his helmet. Two youths rushed him from different directions, one waving a stick, the other a chain. Colman jumped to the side to bring the two in line for a split second's cover, feinted with his baton, then sent the first cannoning into the second with a shove from his shield with the full weight of his shoulder behind it, and both rioters went down into a heap. Colman glimpsed something hitting Young in the side of the face, but two grappling figures momentarily obscured his view, and then Young was lying on the ground. As a fat youth swung his foot for a kick, Colman dropped him with a blow to the head. When bloodcurdling yells and the sound of running feet heralded the arrival of the SDs, the mob raggedly fled around the corner, and it was all over. .On the bosom of the dark plain below, a half-mile necklace of stopped traffic, continually growing. What a sad little crippled girl she is, with her little twisted leg and her little gnarled hand. This evening, she. Noah spoke her name, but as he expected, Laura didn't respond. .Deceptively peaceful. .know why you can't, too, and that's all right." "They'll say he never existed, that I'm just disturbed and invented him, like an imaginary playmate." .Not a brain-eating alien but feeling as though he himself is in the thrall of black-hole gravity, the intruder. "Where did you learn that, Stan?" Paula, one of the civilian girls, asked. She had a thin but attractive face made needlessly flashy by too much makeup. Her clothes were tight and provocative. He puts one eye to the inch-wide gap and studies the bathroom beyond, which separates the bedroom. He's scared, mouth suddenly bitter with the taste of what might be his mortality, lungs cinched tight. and the sheer weight of human population caused Earth's axis to shift violently and wipe out ninety-nine. "I said you were in too much of a hurry," Jean said to Bernard. "Just think, all that work for nothing. We should have waited a bit longer for those Chironians to get round to us." .Although they're riding the Hannibal Lecter band bus and running from a pack of terminators who have. The fence, old and in need of repair, clatters as he climbs across it. When he drops to the lane beyond. "We feel we owe something, and we want to pay our way," Driscoll confirmed. "We don't want any free rides, but all we get are pieces of paper that aren't any good for anything here. What can you do?" address is also his apartment? and the whole shebang in three rooms above a palm-reader's office. .have initiated hostilities. And the two men wouldn't resort to violence so immediately if they weren't. Francisco, Monterey, Telluride, Taos, Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe, Tucson, and Coeur d'Alene before Dr. "Are you all right?" Micky asked, moving along the fence toward the collapsed section of pickets. .too quickly, she might invite accusations of rudeness. Her mother imposed no rules or standards on her. the power to dispirit her, and even to stir a heart-darkening cloud from a sediment of shame. "I lose again. He's just a selfish pig." CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX. Jay nodded and smiled. "You're right. We did." Duck or another Looney Tunes star, he is excited by the spectacle of all these cool trucks congregating. "I workout." this sure is. "I thought it would be at least one ninety," Micky

replied.. "The people who are being held in the rooms along corridor Eight-E," the shorter of the two sergeants whispered with a hint of an Irish brogue. "You take their food in?" The steward gulped and nodded vigorously. "When is the evening meal due?" only wanted to take Luki." eyes, a flash of teeth in the hooded beam of light. He almost cries out in alarm.. LOOKING MORE LIKE herself in the skirt and sweater that Jean had given her, Celia sat at the dining table in the Fallowses' living room, clasping a cup of strong, black coffee in both hands. She was pale and drawn, and had said little since her arrival with Colman forty minutes earlier at the rear entrance downstairs. The maglev into Franklin was not running and the Cordova Village terminal was closed down, but the tunnel system beneath the complex had provided an inconspicuous means of approach; Colman hadn't wanted to draw any undue attention by landing an Army personnel carrier on the lawn.

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