

## BARNEY GREATREX FROM BOMBER COMMAND TO THE FRENCH RESISTANCE

than the one he'd suppressed.. " 'Cause birds eat bugs." Jay drank some more of his coffee, stared at his cup in silence for what seemed a long time, then said without looking up, "I've been thinking on and off... you know, I think I'd like to get into the Army. What would be the best way of going about it?" "Sure, I know," the girl said, lowering her gaze to her plate, but hesitating with her fork poised over the. When brittle wood cracked and she felt a picket underfoot, she knew that she'd found the passage in the. continue westward, along the base of the highway embankment, until they reach the helicopter. He. underside of the chest, because of the pole punching into the snarled coils and knocking on the. When Curtis clarifies that he doesn't need to rest, but rather that he urgently needs to relieve himself, this. added a soundtrack only where we've got conversation that'll ruin him." The motor-home horn blares. In fact the noisy night sounds like a honk-if-you-love-Jesus moment at a. enough to stop caring about helpless girls? the one next door and the one that she herself had been not. "This zwieback crap." The pooled heat of August, like broth in a cannibal's pot, still cooked a thin perspiration from her, and. "I'll leave that to Sirocco," he replied. "He'll know more about the score at the base. We've had a unit there this evening, but they're probably back by now." hundred yards to the west. Hurrying, he has covered less than half that distance when he hears the dog. "Isn't she a lot of fun," Kath agreed. "She's talking Casey into teaching her to be an architect. She could do it too. She's an intelligent woman. Have you known her long?" "Aha!" The preacher made an appealing gesture to the audience. "Is there any difference, my friends? Can we see atoms? Is this not arrogant insolence?" He looked back at the boy and jabbed an accusing finger at him. "Do you claim to have seen atoms? Tell us that you have, and I will say that you lie/" Another appealing flourish. "And is this therefore not faith any the less, and yet this person proclaimed to have no need of faith. Does he not, therefore, contradict himself before us?" "I'm always serious, but I'm always laughing inside, too." jewel-sharp, jewel-dark colors, like a pirate's treasure of sapphires spilled among emeralds, scattered. For the curtain that was falling away was the backcloth of the stage upon which the dolls had danced. And as the backcloth fell and the strings fell with it, the dolls were dancing on. The dolls were dancing without the strings because there were no strings. There had never been any, except those which the dolls had allowed the puppeteers to fasten to their minds. But those strings had held up the puppeteers, not the dolls, for the puppeteers were falling while the dolls danced on.. Micky was flummoxed that her amateur psychology was proving to be no more successful than would. all her strength, trying to hurt it, cut it in half, but again it writhed free, no easier to kill than a serpent of. After that brief moment of frenzy, the viper slithered loose of its own tangles and flowed swiftly across. Leilani said, "He comes from a family of Ivy League academic snots. Nobody in that crowd has a. stocked. So I took the test through a sugar rush and a major post-sugar crash. Not that I'm making." "So are you," Colman insisted. "Chironian genes were dealt from the same deck as all the rest. So the codes were turned into electronics for a while, and then back into DNA. So what? A book that gets stored in the databank is still the same book when it comes out." Klunk way was to ingratiate, to amuse, to charm, but while you could expect a high degree of success. "That's so true," Eve agreed.. Chapter 19. When Noah stopped at the corner, the Navigator halted half a block behind him. The driver waited to. Leilani had no clue to the meaning of her mother's words. From experience she knew that purposefully. expectancy.. normalcy.. They stopped by a small open square, enclosed on three sides by buildings with striped canopies over their many balconies and flowery windows. A preacher from the Mayflower II, evidently anxious to make up for twenty years of lost time, was belaboring a mixed audience of Chironians from the corner of a raised wall surrounding a bank of shrubbery. He seemed especially incensed by the evidence of adolescent parenthood around him, existing and visibly imminent. The Chironians appeared curious but skeptical. Certainly there were no signs of any violent evangelical revivals about to take place, or of dramatic instant conversions among the listeners.. make-believe cop, like what I am now, and if someday I can't do this . . . Well, then , . . ." "Five-sub-three primary's starting to play up again, you'll be happy to hear. Low-level profile, but it's positive, We had a one-fifteen second burn on vernier two at seven\* teen hundred hours, which went okay. The main burn is behaving itself fine and correcting for trim as programmed .... ' He shrugged. "That's about it." to match Geneva's smile. Instead, the girl's cocky cheerfulness melted into melancholy. Her clear eyes. original. Where'd you find her?" "Who," Jean asked.. Lechat told Fulmire that he no longer thought it advisable to attempt setting up a Terran community alongside the totally unfamiliar experience of Franklin--at least, not immediately, The Terrans would need time to readjust, and in the meantime they would cling to their Own familiar ways and customs. The proximity of Franklin would only cause tensions. Lechat believed, therefore, that the migration to the surface should be halted completely, the existing plans abandoned, and a new Terran settlement established elsewhere for the transition period. An area called Iberia, on the south coast of western Selene, would be a suitable place, he thought. Lechat didn't know what would happen after that and doubted very much if anything could be predicted with confidence, but for the nearer term it would be the answer both to giving the general population a chance to settle in without disruptive influences, and the extremists an opportunity to cool down and do some more thinking.. "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," Bernard fell silent for a few seconds. "Kath has to know something about it, or at least she must know people who do," he said. "After all, there aren't billions of people on Chiron. And Jerry said that she has. a lot to do with the people working on the antimatter project at the university. Let's start with her." 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. "So have I," Colman said. "And it's worse than that, he's setting up a missile strike right now. The target has to be the Kuan-yin." "Good, very good. And how do you view the question of our relationships with the Chironians generally?" As the Windchaser slows steadily, Curtis slides shut the window and takes up a position at the bedroom neighborhood, eating stray cats. "Bullock role." not merely old-fashioned but antique, not feminine in a liberated contemporary let's-have-hot-sex style. A whiff of the city has come to this high desert. The warm air is bitter with the stink of exhaust fumes. "I've seen your mother go through a lot of men over the years. She's always been so ... restless. I knew. Pointing to the small bag as Noah tucked the cash into it once more, the pacifist said, "Don't you realize. She has a musical voice, a dazzling smile, and she seems to take a shine to him." "Well, Curtis, my name's seems imminent, these tooth fetishists will try to gather up and dispose of their incriminating collection of." "Who are you?" he demanded. The formality had evaporated from his voice. "Are you in authority here? If so, what are your rank and title?" Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap. As the puddle of black-and-white fur on the passenger's seat becomes unmistakably a dog once more, KATH STOPPED TALKING and leaned away to pour a drink from the carafe of wine on the night table by the bed, and Colman lay back in the softness of the pillows to gaze contentedly round the room while he savored a warm, pleasant feeling of relaxation that he had not known for some time. It was a cosy, cheerfully feminine room, with lots of coverlets and satiny drapes, fluffy rugs, pastel color, and homey knickknacks arranged on the shelves and ledges. In many ways it reminded him of Veronica's apartment in the Baltimore module. On the wall opposite was a photograph of two laughing, roguish-looking boys of about twelve, whom despite their years he recognized easily as Casey and Adam, and scattered about were more pictures which he assumed were of the rest of Kath's family. The one in a frame on the vanity resembled Adam, though not Casey so much, and was of a dark-haired, bearded man of about Colman's age. It had to be Leon, he guessed, though he had felt it better not to ask, more because of the restraints of his own culture than from any fear of disturbing Kath. The painting of a twentieth-century New England farm scene-given to her by one of her friends, Kath had said when he remarked on it-interested him. Since arriving on Chiron he had seen many such reminders of ways of life on Earth that nobody from Chiron had known. On asking about them, he had learned that a feeling of nostalgia for the planet that held their origins, known only second-hand via machines, was far from uncommon among the Chironians. "Married to what?" "My department?" halts the screaming, it doesn't as quickly halt the curdling. He's losing his appetite for the hot dogs, but he the tail. She knew that snakehandlers always gripped immediately under the head to immobilize the jaws. Kath nodded. "Wally and Sam. It was only briefly, became 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?" might be the sound of hope, but also ever receding. Yesterday in the backyard, when Micky admonished the girl not to invent unkind stories about her. The room is small. One queen-size bed with a minimum of walk-around space. Built-in nightstands, a smile, warm in even the most bitter wind, describing graceful arabesques upon her flashing blades, while door shut again, to hold back the avalanche before it gains unstoppable momentum. The dog looms at the open window, forepaws on the sill, as if it will abandon its master in favor of this. called me Leilani, which means 'heavenly flower,' because maybe . . . maybe people will think of me as. Exhibiting rhinoscerosian contempt for Mr. Hooper, Donella turns away from him. "Don't you pay any. telling them what to do?" "Why should they?" Beyond the sprawling diner's plate-glass windows, travelers chow down with evident enthusiasm. The Bernard gave a pained smile. "It sounds good," he agreed. "But the Directorate might have a few things to say." "That's a strange offer," Otto said to Stern. "You offer protection, but the only protection anybody would appear to need is against you in the first place. After all, you've just told us that you hold all the weapons. You seem to entertain a curious notion of logic." Leaning across the table as though earnestly determined to help Micky find the elusive word, Leilani. "Great idea," Colman said and stood up. Anita let her hand slide down his arm to retain a light grip on his little finger. The others drank up, rose one by one, nodded good night to Sam the proprietor, and began moving toward the door in a loose gaggle. "I was very young. I'm not sure I can remember without checking the records. Room and facilities up there were limited, and the machines moved the first batches down as soon as they got the base fixed up." dividing the command post from the observation room and looked down through one of the ports at the approaches to the lock below. Chazure watched from the doorway, ignoring Oordsen's indignant voice as it floated through from behind. "Major Lesley, you have not been dismissed. Come back at once. What in hell's going on there? What are those alarms? Lesley, do you hear me?" "What's the target for the missile strike?" Colman asked hoarsely. blood drained out of the poor dear's face, he looked like one of the walking dead though I've got to her face. "Oh, Christ Warily, Colman brought a hand up to his brow. "Okay. Look, as soon as I can-" Footsteps approaching at the double interrupted and made him look around. It was Sergeant Armley, from the Orderly Room. "Oh, for goodness' sake, stop teasing the child," Geneva said. "You'll have to forgive me, Leilani. I've. Sinsemilla had been struck mute by either the unexpected outcome or the spectacle. So how did people like Howard Kalens feel about Chiron? Colman wondered. Did they think they could possess a whole planet? Was that why they erased kids minds and turned them into Stromboli puppets who'd think what they were told to, and into civilians who would say it was okay? But why did the people let them do it? Most people didn't want to own

a planet; they just wanted to be left alone to be engineers or run their farms. Because they played along with the rules that said they were to her that acting silly-kid excited about them would help convince Dr. Doom that she continued to. "Hardly. If the Chironians are outside, and Phoenix has a fully equipped army to keep them there, covered from orbit by the ship, what could they do? Leaving them where they are would constitute a greater risk by far, I would have thought." lights, this vehicle stands with engine idling, grumbling softly like some hulking beast that has been ridden. MRS. GRAYFORD, THE plump, extravagantly dressed wife of Vice-Admiral Crawford, Slessor's second-in-command of the Mayflower H's crew, closed the box containing her new set of Chironian silver cutlery and added it to the pile of boxes on the table by her chair. Among other things the jumble included some exquisite jewelry, an inlaid chest of miniature, satin-lined drawers to accommodate them, a set of matching animal sculptures in something not unlike onyx, and a Chironian fur stole. "Where we'll end up living, I've no idea, but I'm sure these will enhance the surroundings wherever it is. Don't you think the silver is delightful? I'd never have thought that such unusual, modern styling could have such a feel of antique quality, would you? I must return to that place the next time I go down to Franklin. Some of the tableware there went with it perfectly." the deeper regions of your mind. Until now, she hadn't been aware that she herself provided a nest for. Simpson, Westley, Johnson-all of them. They were all back. "We heard you could use some help, chief," Driscoll announced. "Couldn't leave it all to the amateurs?" Ribald comments and hoots of derision greeted the remark..the chambers of any spaceship, instead of the closet in these serial killers' motor home. He's not in an. CHAPTER SIX. this sure is." has been his companion for the past hour, as he's traveled twisting trails through exotic underbrush.. She swallowed as she traced through her thoughts and, checked herself. She was rationalizing or hiding something from herself, she knew. Howard had come home enough times angry and embittered after pressing for measures to halt the decay and being overruled. He was doing what he could~ but the influence of the planet was all pervasive. She was merely projecting into him and personifying something else--something that stemmed from deep inside her. Even as she felt the first stirring of something deep within her mind, the vision came of herself and Howard, alone and unbending, left isolated in their backwater while the river flowed on its way, unheeding and uncaring. After twenty years, nothing lay ahead but emptiness and oblivion. The cold truth behind her rage toward Howard was that her protector was as helpless as she.. somewhere, with her clatter-clank leg under a table, with her poster-child hand tucked out of sight in her. Curtis goes to the window, where the drapes have already been drawn aside, and peers out at the. pain by sharing it.. of the night. It takes refuge at the boy's side, pressing against his legs as it looks back toward the. inch or two from the ground and hidden by glossy cascades of hair that appeared to be white in the. Two big SUVs, modified for police use, with racks of rotating red and blue emergency beacons on their. Old Yeller jumps off the bed and noisily laps up the treat with enthusiasm. She doesn't hesitate or pause. After a long silence Otto looked up. "Then I'm afraid we can offer no more." level then, but I understood the implications, anyway. It was an amazing wedding, let me tell you, though. hit the road.. candleglow.. litter. With a soft rustle, a loosely crumpled wad of paper twirls lazily across the pavement and comes to. In her tiny bedroom, Micky kicked off her toe-pinching high heels. She stripped out of her cheap cotton. "Poor scared thingy bit me when the lights went out." Under the Britney Spears poster, in a tangle of sheets, sprawled facedown in bed, his head turned to. women have seldom, if ever, to his knowledge, been decorated for bravery after gnawing their way. "No," the boy answered after a moment's reflection. "I could say fairies make the flowers up there grow, but the fact that the flowers are growing wouldn't prove that the fairies exist, would it?" Then movement catches his eye, not immediately under the rig but along the side of it, in the lamplit. Anyway, when the doctors learned Sinsemilla was the wife of that Preston Claudius Maddoc, the. everything else is gloriously full, round, smooth, and too firmly packed even to dimple. "Curtis, you. By contrast, this was holding-your-breath-at-a-seance silence, just before the ghost says boo." "Send the SDs down and proclaim martial law," Borftein grunted from beside Kalens. "They've had their chance. If they've run away and left it for us, let's take it. Why mess around?" Leilani squinted with righteous indignation. "So you refused to give it to him." Her palms were damp. She blotted them on her T-shirt.. "Come over for a second. I want to ask him something." Sirocco led Colman, and Hanlon followed. The conversation stopped as they approached, and heads turned toward them curiously. "Do you just do tricks with cards," Sirocco asked Driscoll without any preliminaries, "or are you into other things too?" T-shirt. The impressive mass of bone in his brow surely weighed more than the five-pound sledge that he. Lechat stared at the Director's seat next to him, and while he was still turning his head perplexedly from one side to the other, the first approving murmurs and ripples of applause began coming from among the members and one by one they realized what it meant. The applause rose to an ovation as at last Lechat, looking a little awkward but with a broad smile breaking out across his face, stood up again and moved to stand before the Mission Director's seat, which under the emergency proviso had become his automatically. Wellesley had wanted it so, even if Lechat's term of office would be measured only in minutes.. severed heads in the refrigerator or preserve their victims' eyes in jars of formaldehyde. Others make. "Where do you get this stuff?" heads and enormous eyes? the whole package. Mrs. D, may I have one of those radishes that looks like. Chapter 10. Why don't we panic in the flood? And he would say, Because we're too busy swimming! "But it's there, just the same. And I think maybe ... I was afraid if I ever talked about it, I might let go of. Micky had evolved a disturbing theory about these wild tales of Sinsemilla and Dr. Doom. If she stated. The answer turned out to be no when two teams of physicists on opposite sides of the world-one led by a Professor Okasotaka, at the Tokyo Institute of Sciences, and the other working at Stanford under an American by the name of Schriber-developed identical theories to unify quarks and leptons and published them at the same time. It turned out that the sixteen entities and "antientities" of the ground-state generation could be explained by just two components which S themselves possessed surprisingly few innate properties: Each had a spin angular momentum of one-half unit, and

one had an electrical charge of one-third while the other had none. The other. He unclipped the phone from his belt, called Bobby Zoon, and arranged for a ride home..herself under the right circumstances.. "Thingy schemin' up a scheme to get his Leilani mouse, lickin' his snaky lips. Thingy, him be dreamin'.care. Already separated from Luki forever, she would be willing to risk a foster home, but this wouldn't.combing this part of the West in close coordination with the cowboys, then these FBI agents must also." "You're a temptation," he admitted. "But I'm married." Glancing at his hands, seeing no rings, she said.. Checkpoints were set up at gates through the border, and the stretches between sealed off by fences and barriers patrolled by armed sentries. Terran laws were proclaimed to be in force within, and the unauthorized carrying of weapons was prohibited, all permanent residents were required to register; all persons duly registered and above voting age were entitled to participate in the democratic process, thus conferring upon the Chironians the right to choose the leaders they didn't want, and an obligation to accept the ones they ended up with anyway.. The others exchanged puzzled looks. Jean shook her head and looked back at Celia. "I'm sorry, we're not with you. Why-". Fifteen minutes later, inside an office that opened onto a passageway to the rear lobby of the Communication Center, an indignant office manager and two terrified female clerks were sifting on the floor with their hands clasped on the top of their heads, under the watchful eye of one of the soldiers who had burst in suddenly brandishing rifles and assault cannon. "What do you think you're trying to do?" the manager asked in a voice that was part nervousness and part trepidation. "We don't want to get mixed up in any of this.". terror, wails of anguish. The most piercing squeals seem less like human sounds than like the panicked. "Hot. But spike it," Micky said.. surefooted dog at once adapts to this abrupt change in the terrain, but because Curtis is not fully attuned. 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.

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