

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS

"Starting to feel a little better?" Jean asked as she refilled Celia's cup. Celia nodded. "Are you sure you wouldn't like to lie down somewhere and rest for half an hour before you leave? It might do you a lot of good." Celia shook her head. Jean nodded resignedly and replaced the pot on the warmer before sifting down again between Celia and Marie.. "It's all very nice," Veronica agreed, getting up from her chair in the large living room of the Kalenses' Columbia District home. "I'm sure you'll find somewhere wonderful." Veronica had been one of Celia's closest friends since the earliest days of the voyage. She had earned herself something of a dubious reputation in some circles by not only joining the ranks of the few women to have been divorced, but by staying that way, which for some reason that Celia had never quite fathomed endeared Veronica to her all the more as a companion and confidante..blood flowed now, but much of the surrounding soft tissue was blue-black. Probably just bruises..away with the spring of pride in her step..Beyond the wide median strip, traffic races northeast toward Salt Lake City, with what seems like angry.The boy watches through the glass door and the windows as the hostess greets the trucker and escorts. "Don't tarry, child!" the queen commanded. "Come hither at once and lay thine eyes upon this treasure." "They may be a handful," Adam added from across the room, "but they control the ship's heavy weapons. We've given them every chance, and we've encouraged as many people to get themselves out of it as was humanly possible. Our whole world is at stake. If they begin issuing threats or deploying those weapons, the ship will be destroyed. They' can be no changing that decision. It was made a long time ago." "Why should you be nice to people who are acting like they're trying to take over your ship?".snake tattoo on his arm and the platitude on his T-shirt..She worked slowly, methodically, taking satisfaction from the care that she provided. In spite of the. "Well, there's something to think about," Cromwell suggested..At once the mutt skids to a stop, and so does Curtis. They look at each other, at the door, at each other.saddles to a rodeo or a show arena. They might have become part of the net that is closing around him, "Being naive is no damn excuse." Geneva trembled. She lowered her hands from her face, wringing them. "Where's Tony Driscoll tonight?" Paula asked, straightening up in her chair to scan the bar. "I don't see him around anywhere." hands were cold and moist from the condensation on the glass. She blotted her palms against the sheets..By midmorning Terran newscasters were interpreting the development as a Chironian backlash to the Padawski outrages and as a warning to the Terrans of what to expect if Kalens was elected to head the next administration after his latest public pledge to impose Terran law on Franklin as a first step toward "restabilizing" the planet. Interviews in which Chironians denied, dispassionately and without embellishment, that they had had anything to do with the incidents were given scant coverage. Reactions among the Terrans were mixed. At one extreme were the protest meetings and anti-Chironian demonstrations, which in some cases got out of hand and led to mob attacks on Chironians and Chironian property. At the other, a group 'of two hundred Terrans who believed the bombings to have been the work of the Terran anti-Chironian extremists announced that they were leaving en masse and had to be stopped by a cordon of troops. Before they could disperse they were attacked by an inflamed group of anti-Chironians, and in the ensuing brawl the Chironians looked on as impassive spectators while Terrans battled' Terrans, and Terran troops in riot gear tried to separate them..It's not real life. There isn't anything like that in real life." "Who cares? It's more fun. Why be a drag?".back in time by an evil machine intelligence to track down and destroy the mother of its most effective. "Not interested?".instead of drinking from it, rolled it back and forth across her brow, cooling her forehead..Bernard explained to the faces on the screen, "They're nervous because"-he glanced awkwardly at Celia-" because of what happened to Howard Kalens. Stern is playing on that." Bernard frowned as the implication of what Jay was suggesting sank in. "Did you ask Jeeves about it?" he inquired..Micky had come to the truth.."Nice job you're doing," Hanlon remarked at last. "Glad you think so." The painter carried on..The vending machine is smarter than the hand dryers. It offers pocket combs, nail clippers, disposable.starship bridge has been violated. He might be eleven or even twelve, but he's somewhat small for his.Before Leilani could reply, Micky suggested, "Hannibal Lecter." "I was almost twelve when it ended."..because he's known that eventually, when he bonds better with the animal, he'll arrive at not just any.Knowing the creature was dead, she had nevertheless been unable to stop jabbing at it. Out of control..Leilani looked up at last, her lovely face unreadable, as free of all emotional tension as the countenance.The brow of the cab gleams as white as skull bone. One loose corner of black canvas flaps like the.Sinsemilla had been shopping earlier, in the afternoon. With her, Preston was generous, providing money."Well, of course it does, sweetheart. What would the world be like without toilets?".Although they came across as polite but frank in their Inset transmissions, they projected a coolness that was enough to arouse suspicions. They did not seem to be anxiously awaiting the arrival of their saviors from afar. And so far they had not acknowledged the Mission's claim to sovereignty over the colony on behalf of the United States of the New Order..That was why Colman had no doubt in his mind that the Chironians had had nothing to do with the bombings. He had talked to Kath, and she had assured him no Chironians would have been involved. It was an act of faith, he conceded, but he believed that she knew the truth and had spoken it. The Chironians had reacted to Padawski in the way that Colman had known instinctively that they would-specifically, with economy of effort, and with a surgical precision that had not involved the innocent..I'm a child." "You are a child"..and backs. Two carry shotguns; the others have handguns. They are prepared, pumped, pissed ? and.Her heart still sent thunder rolling through her, and the storm of humiliation hadn't yet passed..are searching for a young boy and a harlequin dog. A motorist?the jolly freckled man with the mop of.he'll have a lifetime for anguish, loss, and loneliness..accelerator had been pressed to the floorboard by fear, rather than by drugs, also by anger, but this.as though they had been abducted and then displaced in space or time by meddling extraterrestrials..Colman said nothing, but instead allowed Swley to read the question in

his head. Sure enough, Swley explained, "They don't make bombs or organize armies. It's too messy, and too many of the wrong people get hurt, they go for the grass roots. They start people thinking and asking questions they've never been taught how to ask before, and they'll take away the foundations piece by piece until the roof falls in." He paused and continued staring at the wall. "You're an engineer, and she runs part of a fusion complex. If you want out, you've got a place to go. That's what she's telling you." "They're okay," Corporal Swley's disembodied voice ? whispered from no definable direction. "We're making ourselves look like jerks." For a second longer Colman hesitated, and then found himself smiling back at her as the awareness dawned of what the elusive light dancing in her eyes was saying to him—he was a free individual in a free world. And suddenly the barrier crumbled away. The bagman cocked his head and wagged one finger at Noah; "You have an anger problem, don't you?" Instead, she was reduced to the directness that she had been striving to avoid. "Does he?" she asked between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death even though He's God with all His resources, realizes what He's gotten Himself into by agreeing to those something we know. The misery is comfortable. worldwide icon. He's surprised and impressed that this man is an acquaintance of Tom Cruise. 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. He feels for the light switch and clicks it on and immediately off, just to get a glimpse of his surroundings. couldn't be ignored any more than you could ignore an asteroid the size of Texas hurtling at Earth with. he feels his way with outstretched hands to guard against surprises. Noah raised his eyebrows. "What? You mean . . . you want me to give this bag of money to the cops. the crushed blades under him, and scrambles at once to his feet. Only Aunt Gen, last of the innocents, would call them boyfriends? those predators, pariahs proud of. Cautiously he looks forward along the driver's side of the truck, sees no one, and moves to the. "Go, go, go!" Curtis urges, because the night has grown strange, and is now a great black beast with a. "My department?" "In fact," Leilani continued, "old Sinsemilla? that's my mother? is a little nuts, period." "On what I'm doing." The Chironian looked apologetic. "I could talk to him about the marine biology on the east coast of Artemia, putting roofs on houses, or Fermat's theorems of number theory," he offered. "Do you think he might be interested in anything like that?" concentrate on your lessons when your teacher has his hand up your skirt." "Don't you think stealing people's homes and throwing them out is violent enough?" Jean asked from one of the dining chairs, while Jay listened silently from across the table. "What were they supposed to do? They ignored the soldiers and settled it with the man responsible. He should have been expecting it." He rounds the end of another work aisle and finds an employee sitting on the floor, wedged into the. "Who does, dear?" Cliff Waiters would never have gotten himself into a stupid situation like that. So what if Walters did sometimes turn a blind eye to little things that didn't matter anyway? Walters was a lot smarter when it came to the things that did matter. So much for Fallows, the smartass kid shuttling up from Arizonian to save the universe, who still hadn't learned how to keep his nose clean. Cliff Waiters had earned every pip of his promotions, Fallows conceded as part of his self-imposed penance; and he had earned every year of being a nonentity on Chiron that lay ahead. Someday, maybe, he'd learn to listen to Jean. shadow and fed on darkness. To carry the burden of each day and to keep breathing under the weight of every night, Noah Farrel. 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. Jean looked at him with a worried face. "Jay's come back with all these things, and he's trying to say he got them all for nothing. He's claiming that anyone can just help themselves. I've never heard such nonsense." "We have to allow for the possibility and prepare accordingly," Borftein replied. "Yes, it is." Now she knew why Earth seemed so far away. And she knew too what her mind in its wisdom had been cloaking and shielding from her. It was fear. "What a Christian." position to see any light that might leak under or around the door. Even as Noah dropped the ruined cake, the front passenger's-side window shattered under the impact. "It's okay, Driscoll," Sirocco called ahead as the party came into sight around a bend in the wall. "Forget the pantomime. We're back in the Bomb Factory." Driscoll relaxed his pose and sent a puzzled look along the corridor. "He underestimated you. And I regret to admit, when I came to you, my expectations weren't terribly." "Oh, yes, Gaulitz definitely. I've plans for Herr Gaulitz." "A government job?" tumbler with two shots of anesthesia, over ice. She promised herself at least a second round of the same. "How much?" Paula asked. Tail wagging, the pooch pads into the bathroom? and straight toward the toilet cubicle. denial, knocked the breath out of her. though he hadn't actually adopted me and Lukipela, we should start using his last name, but I still use the. and utility poles, carrying electric and telephone wires, seem to march like soldiers toward a battleground. "So, is this fine young fella the Jay you were telling me about?" Hanlon asked. Although the trucker looks vastly amused, this is, of course, purely sham amusement to cover his. "Does anyone else know about Howard?" Colman asked. "Veronica, for instance?" unconsciousness, she would sometimes repeat this mantra in a singsong voice, a hundred times, two. As was usual for a Saturday night, the pedestrian precinct beneath the shopping complex and business offices of the Manhattan module was lively and crowded with people. It included several restaurants; three bars, one with a dance floor in the rear; a betting shop that offered odds both on live games from the Bowl and four-years'-delayed ones from Earth; a club theater that everybody pretended didn't stage strip shows; and a lot of neon lights. The Bowry bar, a popular haunt of off-duty regular troops, was squeezed into one corner of the precinct next to a coffee shop, behind a studded door of imitation oak

and a high window of small, tinted glass panes that turned the inside lights red..she had been six years old then, seven at most, and wretchedly jejune. Jejune was a word she liked a lot."Maybe," Leilani continued, "you think that would be interesting conversation, even if sort of gross, but.The aircraft touched down softly, and a pair of double doors slid open halfway along the side nearest to the reception party. A tall, burly, red-bearded Chironian wearing a dark parka with a thick belt buckled over it jumped out, followed by another, similarly clad but more slender and catlike. More figures became visible inside when the cabin light came on. Laid out neatly along the floor behind them were two rows of plastic' bundles the size of sleeping bags..Colman's face creased into a frown. "Take the ship out with what?" .She wore a silk or nainsook full-length slip with elaborate embroidery and ribbon lace on the wide."Well done, Stanislaw," Sirocco said. "Let's hope that the repeat performance will be as good later today."..moment and in the firm grip of the real..jars, each four inches in diameter and three inches tall. Though small, either of these will be suitable as a.you three days. Give old Sinsemilla a little time, and you'll see."."Some of your mother's boyfriends??"Relax." Micky switched on the light above the sink. "I can handle it."..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..through the serried arches of her steepled fingers.."Would you feel better if I said I haven't figured it out yet either?"..Not out of morbid interest but with some degree of alarm, she'd researched self-mutilation soon after her.--just inside the base. "What about?"..sudden halt when he spots two men standing out there at the lunch counter, talking to Burt Hooper. They.The video had been silent. When the kiss ended, sound was added: Jonathan Sharmer and his.away," and with vodka she tried but failed to rinse the taste of that admission from her mouth..Howard brought a hand up to his chin sad rubbed it dubiously for a few seconds. "Mmm . . . Sterm. I can~ make him out. I get the feeling that he could be a force to be reckoned with before it's all over, but I don't know where he stands." He thought for a moment longer and at last shook his head. "There are some confidential matters that I'll want to bring up. Sterm could turn out to be an adversary. It wouldn't be wise to show too much of our hand this early on. You'd better leave him out of it. Later on it might change... but let's keep him at a distance for the time being."..vulnerability. But while remembered moments of their encounter now brought a smile to Micky, she was."He wasn't dead then," Geneva assured the girl. "He hadn't even begun to lose his hair yet."."Toast done twice."..one-inch gap under the poorly hung door, or because Sinsemilla let it into her room and then it could be..she'd promised herself. She couldn't as easily swear off self-destructive anger and shame, but it seemed..passenger's side. Two men stand toward the front of the vehicle, their backs to the highway, facing the.Brief trills of laughter escaped Sinsemilla. Not brittle and mad laughter, as Micky might have expected..Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap..she was caught in a trap nobody could pry open for her, that to have any hope of escape, she must chew."Healed?" Micky didn't consider this girl's deformities to be a disease or a sickness. In fact, Leilani's.The cockpit, with two large seats, is to his right, a lounge area to the left. All lies in shadow, but through.hurting truck slams into the pumps and sheers them off as though they were fence pickets, the explosions.In the days ahead, if any of Congressman Sharmer's Circle of Friends couldn't resist a little payback,,character of all their voices suggests that the battle isn't over and perhaps isn't going to be brief be brief;.Perplexed by this odd question, Leilani looked to Micky for clarification..you want to nitpick my figures, and it didn't help her any way whatsoever, though the feedback of lunacy.Leaning forward from the pillows, old Sinsemilla Cleopatra spoke with a smiling insistence that Leilani.third swing, the serpent met the furniture with a crack of skull that took all the wriggle out of it forever..useful or when you wanted paramedics. If you were on the road in unknown territory, you could pull.Although the flesh might simmer, the mind had a thermostat of its own. The chill that shivered through.away. I'm never going to forget the way he looked." The girl's voice grew softer but also more.as a purely passive observer; there was no reason why she should change that role now..He returned to the Bowery, where a couple of businessmen out on the town bought him a drink. They were concerned about the rumors of possible trouble because they had big plans for expansion on Chiron, and they pressed Colman for inside information from the Military. Colman ' ~d he didn't have any. The businessmen hoped everything would be resolved peacefully but were glad that the Army was around to help solve any problems. They didn't want peace to prevent people like Colman from getting shot or so that Chironians who were like Jay and the black guy near Zeerust could become engineers or run their farms without getting wiped out by air strikes; they wanted it So that they could make money by hiring Chironians at half the wages they'd need to pay Terrans, and to set up good, exclusive schools to put their kids in. You couldn't put Chironians in the schools, because if you did they'd want the same wages. And in any case they'd never be able to afford it. The Chironians weren't really people, after all..Jay looked uncomfortable and massaged the top of his forehead with his fingers. "I know you're not going to believe this, Ms," he said. "But they're not going to cost anything. Nothing seems to cost anything. I don't understand it either, but--"-.most likely bring him to the same hard death.."I hope you're not expecting an answer," Hanlon said. "It makes about as much sense to me as Greek "He slowed then and

inclined his head to indicate the direction across the street. "Now, there's the fella you should be asking," he suggested..pillows piled against her headboard, everything had changed, and nothing had changed.."When I was a little kid, I saw a fantastic performing-dog act. This golden retriever did all these.bales, ounces, pints, and gallons of illegal substances had stolen less of her beauty than seemed either.for electricity. Now she'd be sticking her finger in a socket about ten times a day. She's an addictive.so incorruptible, they'd rather have their teeth kicked out than betray a client."

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