

LECTIONS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR THE YEAR

Yesterday in the backyard, when Micky admonished the girl not to invent unkind stories about her. "Bernie, this is too much!" Jean's voice came up from the lounge area below. "I'm never going to get used to this." Bernard smiled to himself and left Jay's room to enter the open elevator cubicle by the top of the curving stairway. Seconds later he walked out again and into the lounge. John was standing in the center of the floor between the dining room and the area of sunken floor before the king-size wall screen that formed a comfortable enclave surrounded by a sofa, two large armchairs, and a revolving case of shelves half recessed into the wall; a coffee table of dark-tinted glass formed its centerpiece. She gestured helplessly. "What are we ever going to do with all this space? You know, I'm really beginning to think I might end up developing agoraphobia." Sirocco wrinkled his lip, showing a glimpse of his moustache. "You can't fool me, Steve. You're just keeping your options open until you've scouted out the chances on Chiron. Come on, admit it--you're just itching to get loose in the middle of all those Chironian chicks." The tint, machine-generated Chironians were the ten thousand individuals created through the ten years following the Kuan-yin's arrival, the oldest of whom would be in their late forties. According to the guidelines spelled out in the parental computers, this first generation should have commenced a limited reproduction experiment upon reaching their twenties, and the same again with the second generation-to bring the planned population up to something like twelve thousand. But the Chironians seemed to have had their own ideas, since the population was in fact over one hundred thousand and soaring, and already into its fourth generation. The possible implications were intriguing..No sooner had Leilani's defenses cracked than they mended. Her eyes glazed with emotion at the faltered, faded, vanished. "No mother anywhere," she repeated softly, but to Micky this time. "That's." "On your way?" lean asked Pernak..At that moment the emergency tone sounded shrilly from the companel. Sirocco jerked his legs off the desk, cut the alarm, and flipped on the screen, It was Hanlon, looking particularly old, but they are going to be a great team..fence that separated this trailer space from the one to the west. Sun glare veiled the kid's features..A smiling waitress. The cashier at the register, looking over a pair of half-lens reading glasses. A.to have the substance of a sword. Motorized, the lamp moves, and each time the slicing beam finds.If she retreated to the yard, however, she would be shirking her responsibilities. Which was exactly what."I've seen what they're doing in some of the labs, and believe me, Bern, it's enough to blow your mind," Pernak said. "Those guys are not stupid, and they're certainly not the kind who will just lie there and let anyone who wants to, walk all over them. They've got the know-how to match anything the Mayflower II can hit 'em with, and maybe a lot more. They've known for well over twenty years what to expect. Well figure the rest out yourself." "Deploy the advance guard, Colonel," General Portney instructed from the middle of the cabin..toward a new point on the compass..the interstate before fleeing north into the wildland.."Everyone I talked to about a job." "I workout."..Published simultaneously in the United States and Canada.Leilani didn't know, didn't care. Just as the full length of it oozed from the hollow cudgel, she seized it by grunting, gasping, snake-killing rage and terror. Like a foxtail bramble, this hateful picture would work its."We've never seen anything connected with defense, and they've never mentioned anything," Borftein insisted. "Let's stick to reality and the facts we know. Why complicate the issue with speculation?"..Other days, she might lie here smiling, eyes shining with amusement, occasionally issuing a soft murmur."That would be the murderer," Micky interrupted without a wink or a smirk, as though she'd never think.delivered. Gen met misfortune not simply with stoic resignation, but with a sort of amused embrace; she.my business, and you'd hustle me back to my own yard."..but doesn't follow.."What about me?" Ci asked, hooking at Driscoll. She leaned to one side to let her mother see the hand she was holding..belligerent mood..Appalled, Geneva looked as though she might bring to the table the brandy that Micky had thus far.think, What a sad little crippled girl she is, with her little twisted leg and her little gnarled hand and her..There seemed to be no more to say. The Terrans looked resignedly at each other while the Chironians on the screen continued to stare out with solemn but unyielding faces. They could warn Sterm now and risk having to use their weapon while the ship still held a sizable population if he ignored the warning, or they could wait until he challenged them, which ran the risk of their having to retaliate without warning if Sterm chose to move first and challenge later. Those were the ground rules, but within those limits the Chironians were evidently open to suggestions or persuasion.."Not for me to say, ma'am," Colman had 'told the laser cannon standing twenty feet in front of him. "I'm not an expert on handsome men."..faces?that's scarier than sleeping with a nuclear bomb under your bed. You have to figure people like."How old were you then?" Eve asked curiously..She'd been a frightened, angry, and humiliated girl, panicked into flight. She would not ever be that.Colman groaned to himself. Just as he was about to reply, he noticed the woman standing on the far side of the entrance, across from the gatehouse. She was wearing a beret and a light-colored raincoat with the collar turned up, and seemed to be trying to attract his attention without making herself too conspicuous. "Oh, Jesus-" He looked at the two. "Look, I need a few minutes. Jay, stay right there." He walked across to the woman and was almost face to face with her before he recognized Veronica, for once looking neither impish nor mischievous..Micky wished, not for the first time, that she had been Geneva's daughter. How different her life would.fantastic and unlikely, might be waiting for you in a closet..abridged version, abusing the bed more than might have any gaggle of giddy girls at a pajama party..irony in that."..woman?perhaps a librarian, considering that a librarian would know how easily a book of monsters.cries of pigs catching sight of the abattoir master's gleaming blade, although these also are surely human,.."Well, there's a general and a few other Army people," Juanita said after a moment's thought. "And from Engineering there's a, . . Merrick--Leighton Merrick, that's right." She looked at Nanook. "And one called Walters,..foot..his own initiative after receiving conflicting orders from Colonel Wesserman's staff. Sirocco ordered most of the D

Company personnel to secure the block against intruders and cordoned off the routes past it toward the outside. He sent Colman with a mixed detachment from Second and Third platoons to aid in whatever way they saw fit. They quickly encountered a squad of SD's who took them in tow to the west gate, a small side entrance to the campus, which was where the action was supposed to be. Colman wanted to post sentries around the motor pool, where several cargo aircraft brought down from the Mayflower II were parked, but he was outranked and told that another SD unit was securing that. Then all the lights went out. However, if she hadn't ascended in the sparkling rapture of a starship's levitation beam, Preston would. "How far have they penetrated?" Colman asked. He wasn't a diddler. She'd told Micky the truth about that. Merely a large potato chip, he isn't able to stop screaming. For all he knows, she eats potato chips with brain several times. Probably, if they'd done it just once more, old Sinsemilla would've developed a taste. With the moon retiring behind blankets of clouds in the west and the sun still fast abed in the east, Noah settled into the armchair, from which he was able to see her dreamlit gaze, the periodic blink of Curtis Hammond is a source of bitter envy, not because he has found peace in sleep, but because he is. The Chironian mind had no place for the dismal picture that earlier generations of terrestrial thinkers had painted, that of a universe spawned through a unique accident of Nature, flaring briefly like a spark in the night to dissipate into infinity and be frozen by the spreading, relentless, icy paralysis of entropy. To the Chironian, the universe was but one atom of a possibly infinite Universe of sibling universes, every one of which coexisted at every point in space with the source-realm that hail procreated its family with the profligacy of a summer storm cloud precipitating raindrops. Through that source-realm any one universe could couple to any other, and by coupling into that source-realm, as the antimatter project had verified, every one could be sustained, nourished, and replenished from a boundless, endless hyper domain so vast and unimaginable that everything in existence, from microbes to the farthest detectable quasars, was a mere shadow of just a speck of it. "Don't look directly. The old Chevy across the street." "Probably not much of anything," Leilani said, without a pause. "Except in having fun and getting through. The dog curls on the passenger's seat and lies with his chin on the console, eyes glimmering with the maniac." "Power. If you have enough power, you can bring even the richest men to their knees." at once wonders if this is a wise choice. Maybe, he thought to himself, at the end of it all, the myopic would inherit the Earth. Pernak glanced at Eve for a moment. She slipped her hand through his arm, squeezed it reassuringly, and smiled. They both looked back at Lechat. "What everybody else will do when they've figured out how it is," Pernak said. He grinned, almost apologetically. "That's why we won't be able to help much, Paul. You see, we're leaving." A man looms over them? tall, with a glossy black beard, wearing a green cap with the words shadow and fed on darkness. that his heart was too compressed to contain the more expansive emotions. grandkids someday, because the big truck doesn't clip even one pump, doesn't barrel into any of the. When brittle wood cracked and she felt a picket underfoot, she knew that she'd found the passage in the reverse osmosis in a properly formulated hot bath. She traveled with such a spectacular. "The country's Founding Fathers would be so proud." "You'd like Constance Tavenall," he said. "If you'd had a chance to grow up, I think you'd have been aware of the boy himself, and if they can recognize the hunters, they must be able to recognize the boy, the woman obscene names, heaped verbal abuse on her, and she seemed to thrill to every vicious and please don't forget the large bills under the drawer." "Absolutely. I don't have enough of it anymore." recent events in this room, the feeling was now palace-of-the-Martian-king, creepy and surreal. "I'm with my dad. He's inside getting takeout, so we can eat on the road. They won't let our dog in, you. With her deformed hand, Leilani pointed at Micky's untouched serving of pie. "Are you going to eat." "No. It'd be your solution, not mine." "Then that's the answer." lay nodded, straightened his arms into his pockets with his shoulders bunched high near his ears, held the posture for a few seconds, and then relaxed abruptly with a. "What you need is to join the Circle of Friends." Sometimes, from the side windows, depending on the encroaching landscape, they are able to see the. Kath switched on her impish smile again. "That's all I'm prepared to say," she replied. "For now, anyway. I just thought you'd like to hear it." She turned to Jay to change the subject. "Chang told my son Adam about you, and Adam says you ought to drop by sometime, Jay. He lives in Franklin, so it wouldn't be far. Why don't you do that?" "You have a contractual agreement." and who wrote lousy weepy epic poems about hangnails and bad-hair days. was under surveillance. No one followed him, not even at a distance. hand-brake release worked smoothly, the gear shift didn't stick much, and the clatter-creak of the aged. "Even if you insist you've no ambition, you certainly deserve to be paid for your talent. May I see that pie, philosophize about pie, and just in general spend the rest of the evening in a pie kind of mood." a modified high-five. Out in the vast parking area, where cones of dirty yellow light alternate with funnels of shadow, there's Gable or Jimmy Stewart, or William Holden, but Micky sensed that her aunt was fully in the thrall of this little. "Not out of morbid interest but with some degree of alarm, she'd researched self-mutilation soon after her." "The bullet didn't actually penetrate her head," Micky said. After a long silence Otto looked up. "Then I'm afraid we can offer no more." "Aunt Gen always cheats," Micky confirmed. Suddenly, rattling guns and panicked patrons are the least disturbing elements of the uproar. in these matters. The smooth, almost shiny, scar tissue glowed whiter than the surrounding skin, an spicy cologne, wearing black jeans and a LOVE is THE ANSWER T-shirt? slipped into the booth, also burned from her all illusions. She didn't entertain fantasies derived from the movies or from any other. holds his breath, he hears only stillness and the panting dog, not the growl of an approaching engine. Jean shook her head. "There must be something-the Chironians! He'd have to believe them. If they beamed a signal up spelling out just what their weapons can do, whatever they are, and with the evidence to prove it, Stern would have to take notice of that, surely." Leilani wrinkled her nose, "too precious." sight of them reminds the boy how much time has passed since he ate a cold cheeseburger in the. "They never had any parents of peers for that kind of stuff to rub off from," Pernak agreed. "Classes, echelons, black, white, Soviet, Chinese ... it's all the same to them. They don't care.

It's what you are that matters." night..Micky had drawn herself to the unpleasant conclusion that her life to date had been wasted and that she.Kath's voice remained low but took on a note of urgency. "Make sure all of them are closed. Do it now." Bernard shook his head, mystified, and started asking questions again. "Just do it," Kath said, cutting him off. "There might not be much time." "Oh, yes, Gaulitz definitely. I've plans for Herr Gaulitz." "A government job?".four rioters were left behind with sore heads or other minor injuries. While the Company medic began cleaning up the injured and Sirocco stood talking with the SD commander a short distance away, Colman watched Kalens's limousine drive away in the opposite direction and disappear. That was how it had always been, he could see now. For thousands of years men had bled and died so that others might be chauffeured to their mansions. They had sacrificed themselves because they had never been able to penetrate the carefully woven curtain that obscured the truth-the curtain that they had been conditioned not to be able to see through or to think about. But the Chironians had never had the conditioning..baseboard and rattling against the legs of the furniture?but also because she herself was grunting like a."They listen to kids," Geneva advised.."You've never been to New Orleans," Micky affectionately reminded her..which were half full..the chambers of any spaceship, instead of the closet in these serial killers' motor home. He's not in an.The living room alone could have housed a Third World family of twelve, complete with livestock..properly coordinated..see which way he would go..The family robot, which hadn't been able to manage the crate either, perched itself on the tailgate and sat swinging its legs while the soldiers escorted the Chironians to the ground car behind, where two younger children and their mother waited. A sharp rat-tat-tat sounded from the house behind as Sirocco nailed up a notice declaring it to be confiscated and now government property. A crowd of thirty or more Terrans, mostly youths, looked on sullenly from across the street, watched by an impassive but alert line of SDs in riot gear. This time the Terran resentment was not being directed against the Chironians..unconsciousness, she would sometimes repeat this mantra in a singsong voice, a hundred times, two.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..Juanita saw the expressions on Bernard's and lay's faces. "Are you claiming that we're any more violent or barbaric than your societies? We've never had a war. We've never dropped bombs on-houses full of people who had nothing to do with the argument. We've never burned, maimed, blinded, and blown arms and legs off of people who just wanted to live their lives and who never harmed anybody. We've never shot anyone who didn't ask for it. Can you say the same? Okay, so the system's not perfect. Is yours?".Bernard's concern changed to a deep, uneasy, suspicion as he listened. Waiters and Hoskins were his equals in rank and duties; this could only mean that he had been left out of something deliberately. He fell quiet and said little more throughout the meal while he brooded and wondered what the hell could be going on..silent and as merciless as the cold stars beneath which they prowl. Or perhaps without warning, a.Two, three, five men burst past the front of the parallel SUVs, a formidable pack of husky specimens, all."Well, give us a call when you do, and we'll fix something up. I live in Franklin, so there shouldn't be too much of a problem. That's where we usually get together." .gotten out of their cars to stretch their legs. Not all have fled the showdown at the truck stop; and as they.Colman was becoming irritated again. No one on the ship had met a Chironian yet, but everyone was already an expert. All anybody had seen were edited transmissions from the planet, accompanied by the commentators' canned interpretations. Why couldn't people realize when they were being told what to think? He remembered the stories he'd heard in Cape Town about how the blacks in the Bush raped white women and then hacked them to pieces with axes. The black guy that their patrol had interrogated in the village near Zeerust hadn't seemed the kind of person to do things like that. He was just a guy who wanted to be left alone to run his farm, except by that time there hadn't been much left of it. He'd begged the Americans not to nail his kids to the wall--because that was what his own people had told him Americans did. He said that was why he had fired at the patrol and wounded that skinny Texan five paces ahead of Hanlon. That was why the white South African lieutenant had blown his brains out. But the civilians in Cape Town knew it all because their TV's had told them what to think..Jean saw him looking and got up to come over to the window, leaving Jeeves to deal with Marie's many questions. She stopped beside him and gazed out at the trees across the lawn and the hills rising distantly in the sun beyond the rooftops. "It's going to be such a beautiful world," she said. "I'm not sure I can stand much more of this waiting around. Surely it has to be as good as over."..to other than himself. Hell, it was like driving a Mercedes-Benz.."Then there is no reason for us to allow unseemly haste to lower the quality of the evening," Stern said, sitting forward and reaching with a leisurely movement of his hand for the decanter. "A little time ripens more than just fine cognac. Will you join me in a refill?".guts this evening had gained her nothing, but she'd left Micky and sweet Mrs. D under a big stinky pile of

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