

## THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW 1848 VOL 30

Colman shrugged. "Strange things happen at sea, they say, and I guess even stranger things in space." I will build for you the first-ever stellar empire here at Chiron, one people united under one leader ... united in will, united in action, and united in purpose. The weak will no longer have to pit themselves against the weak to survive. The weak will be protected by the strength that comes from that unity, and by that same unity those who protect them will be invincible. That. . . Is what I offer to share." Chapter 25. Hanlon licked his lips while he tried to compress his hundred-and-one objections into a few words. "Ah, to be sure, but how could anything get done at all with an arrangement like that? Now, what's to stop some fella from deciding he's not going to do anything at all except lie around in the sun?" .sinks to his ankles, is thrown off-balance, and topples forward, imprinting his face in the sand, fortunately. They crossed the machinery compartment in the direction the others had taken, passed through an instrumentation bay, and ascended two flights of steel stairs to reenter the Government Center proper behind offices that had been empty since the end of the voyage, using a bulkhead hatch that Colman and Driscoll had opened on their way down. There was no sign of the others who had gone ahead. Here the group split three ways. "Was it respect they showed that boy who was killed last night?" Jean asked bitterly. "And our people say they're not even going to press charges against the man who did it. What kind of a way is that to live? Are we supposed to just let them dictate their standards to us by shooting anyone who steps over their lines? Are we supposed to do nothing until we get a call telling us that Jay's in the hospital-or worse-because he said the wrong thing?" "Fear. Shame. I felt dirty." Colman looked unconsciously toward Kath for her opinion. Leilani smiled wanly. "Sucky. We're still waiting for the day when I'm able to foretell next week's winning. precious retreat; though Sinsemilla might invade any room without warning, Leilani could at least pretend. To her own ear, she had sounded as false as George Washington's wooden teeth, but Dr. Doom had. lot like her. ".holds, and still the door doesn't open for him. Magic lock, bolt fused to the striker plate by a sorcerer's. The scale of these events and the rapidity with which they are unfolding allow for no measurable effect of. "How is Kalens's wife?" Sirocco asked Hanlon. .know why you can't, too, and that's all right. ".fight. The chest of drawers contained but a few articles of clothing, nothing else, because they were living. Brow dripping, face slick, body clammy: Leilani reeked of sour sweat, no heavenly flower now. On her. She felt helpless, and she needed to keep her hands busy, because if her hands weren't occupied, her. wild beast. Her throat felt scorched. Her raw voice didn't sound like her own: wordless, thick, hideous. driver, he's the only member of this contingent who's not carrying either a pistol-grip 12-gauge or an Uzi. fish for which so many nets have been cast. The two Chironians frowned at each other. "Owns it?" Juanita repeated. Her voice suggested that the notion-was a new one. "I'm not all that sure what you mean. The people who work here, I guess. ".public has no opinion. You could ask them if a group of mad scientists ought to be allowed to create a. "They're not just guilty of misappropriating foundation funds for personal use. Circle of Friends receives. He doesn't want to endanger these people. If he stays here, they might be dead even before they empty. "Some grandmothers!" Terry exclaimed. "Did anybody see the news today? Some scientist or other thinks the Chironians could be building bombs. There was an interview with Kalens Wo. He said we couldn't simply take it for granted that they're completely rational down there. ".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. ".She's not in any condition to feed herself right now. Maybe if I helped her into a chair and fed her. pocket and held it in front where both of them could watch it, while Swyley deactivated his own~ A few seconds later, the faces of Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat appeared on the tiny screen. Colman closed his eyes for a moment and breathed a long, drawn-out sigh of relief "They made it," he whispered. "They're all in there. ".This time, Micky resisted being charmed. "That's not funny, Leilani. ". "You do now." Merrick arched his fingers in front of his face. "Would you say that delinquency and criminal tendencies do, or do not, reflect the image we ought to be trying to maintain of the Service?" "Blow the locks, split into two groups, and pull back to the exits at the module pivot-points," Armley answered. .now or whether they'd remember Luki? or admit to remembering him. ". Leilani dared not be distracted by her mother, not with the snake possibly on the move. But Sinsemilla. Dr. Doom thinks ETs are more likely to visit a site at the same time of year they visited it before, I guess. "But lay's still got a point," Bernard said, glancing at his son and nodding "What about the people who won't use them?" 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. .If Death had pockets in his robe, they smelled like this filthy carpet. Nauseating waves of righteous anger. Curtis Hammond and his parents were killed less than twenty-four hours ago. If by now the Colorado. Sterm studied the amber liquid for a few seconds while he swirled it slowly around in his glass, and then looked up. "However, I am sure that you did not travel twenty thousand miles to discuss matters such as that. '.untouched. The hatred subsides as quickly as it flourished, and the grief that was briefly drowned by this. He smiled. "Lucky Mickey. ". Although domesticated, this animal nevertheless remains to some degree a hunter, as the boy is not, and. and Sinsemilla waltzing with the moon was less like a mere refreshing breeze than like sudden immersion. "Why would anybody be interested? '.and to let her stubbornness rest in its scabbard. Now she said, "Just milk, Aunt Gen. ". "How else could it be?" Adam said when Colman asked him about it. "Sure they had to learn how to use a gun. You know what kids are like. The machines couldn't be

everywhere all the time. Ask my mother about it, no1 me." INSIDE THE LOCAL command post behind the Hexagon's armored bulkhead, Major Lesley of the Special Duty Force was still too stunned by what he had heard to be capable of a coherent reaction for the moment. He stared at the companel where a screen showed a view from the Columbia District, where the SD guard commander had entered the Communications Center under a truce flag some minutes previously to talk with Borftein, and tried to separate the conflicting emotions in his head. Captain Jarvis, Lesley's adjutant officer, and Lieutenant Chaurez watched in silence while around the command post the duty staff averted their eyes and occupied themselves with their own thoughts. His dilemma was not so much having to choose between conflicting orders for the first time in his life, for their order of precedence was plain enough and he had no duty to serve somebody who had usurped rank and criminally abused the power of command, but deciding which side he wanted to be on. Though Borftein was waving the credentials, Stormbel was holding the gun. Inside the room, the captives looked around in surprise as muffled thuds sounded just outside the door. The steward who had just brought in the evening meal opened the door, and soldiers in battledress poured in. Wellesley gasped as he saw Lechat with them. "Paul!" he exclaimed. "Where have you been hiding? You're the only one they didn't pick up. What-". disposal. After using dabs of Neosporin to seal the sulfacetamide in the punctures, she bandaged the tucked down as if he expects someone to strike him. and folded into an amazing work of architecture, high at the top of which is pinned a little. deliver, would you? You're really going to shaft his wife? ". He wants the coins, too, but he doesn't touch them. In his nervousness, he's likely to jingle or drop them. without muscle definition? immense, smooth, pink. As if to provide the illusion of height and to balance. A siren arises in the distance. This could be a fire truck, an ambulance, a police vehicle, or a clown car. Donella appears to be arguing with Mr. Hooper, probably trying to get him to shut his trap, but poor. "Maybe I'm not," he said, although the word maybe issued from him without conscious intention, "but my." Cute little slippery thingy won't kill you, Leilani. Little thingy just wants what we all want, baby. Little. "But there is no specifically defined right for the Director to extend that privilege to his successor," Fulmire replied. "You cannot attempt to extract any form of assurance from me concerning the possible resolution of such a question. My presuming the right to give any such assurance would be highly illegal, as would be any consequential actions that you might take. I repeat, I have no more to say." Up front, the two voices are louder, more excited. The engine starts. Before either of the owners takes a. "Of course," Celia whispered and passed him her glass. to go upstairs to find those necessities. "Sinsemilla? That's a ...". Instead of a bath, she took a shower. Her soap of choice? a cake of Ivory? worked well enough to. Sound returned to the tape. Over a background crash-and-clatter of Chevy-bashing, the directional. The Chironian answered in a slow, low-pitched, expressionless drawl without turning his head. "We tracked 'em for two days, and when enough of us had showed up, we closed in while another group landed up front of 'em behind a ridge to head 'em off. When they moved into a ravine, we covered both exits with riflemen and let 'em know we were there. Gave 'em every chance. said if they came on out quiet, all we'd do was turn 'em in." The Chironian inclined his head briefly and sighed. "Guess some people never learn when to quit,". As far as Borftein could see, with himself and the Army behind him, Kalens had all the authority he needed-provided, of course, that he won the upcoming election. But after talking to Sterm about it, Kalens had accepted that an attempt to impose authority over Chiron overtly would risk alienating the Mission's population. A more subtle approach was called for. "Ultimately, human instincts cling to the known and the familiar," Kalens lectured Borftein later. "A visible commitment to lawfulness as a alternative to the lawlessness of this planet is the way to maintain cohesiveness. We can't afford to jeopardize that." So Borftein had -agreed to try playing the game their way, which hinged upon provisions written into the laws to take account of the abnormal circumstances of a twenty-year voyage through space. had savored each of three additional tidbits that his young master was conned into sharing, instead of. hard and is half asleep on its feet. "This isn't funny, Leilani." "No, of course not," Fallows said, not very happily. '!~That was exactly what Gustav said we should do," Ci said, giving Colman an approving look. "He was looking at it yesterday." toilets. After he had walked a block and a half, he arrived at a major street lined with commercial enterprises. As Chaurez finished speaking, an indicator announced an incoming cal' from the Government Center. He accepted and found himself looking at an Army captain with a large moustache. "Forward Security Command Post," Chaurez acknowledged. "I'm not in fourth grade," Leilani said, pouring the warm beer into the sink. "We're twenty-first-century. slippery thingy, not a monster!". pretty? ". a heart-stopping dose of his own poison. He would return home sooner or later, smelling of one kind of. After the Windchaser has been stopped for a couple minutes, it eases forward a few car lengths before. At any moment, however, one of them might retreat here to the bedroom. If a search by authorities. Burt is spluttering again, half choking, even though his throat was clear a moment ago, and his. Bernard frowned at her in bemusement. Nothing was making any sense. "But-its antimatter drive ... that's your weapon, isn't it?". with the staff, squeezing around them, dodging left, right, but they're no longer disinterested in him. discover that these behemoths were hosting a World Wrestling Federation beer party in his bungalow. drawers, the bared fangs missing her mother's face by inches on the first revolution, and then during the. Bernard shook his head again. "I don't know what you ,.- mean. The Kuan-yin can't fire effectively, It' & eclipsed frowt

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