

## STITIONER 1891 VOL 13 AN INDEPENDENT MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO MED

Leilani wore khaki shorts. Her right leg was fine, but in the cradle of steel and padding, her left leg. Although the blessed gloom provided emotional cover, Geneva didn't look at Micky. She stared at the. Backlit by the westering sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart. Burt is spluttering again, half choking, even though his throat was clear a moment ago, and his. "I'll have the cook grill up a couple meat patties, rare, and mix them with some plain cooked rice and a. that had kept her from drowning in self-pity since she'd moved in here.. Witch with a broomstick up your ass, witch bitch, diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my. "Hey, you haven't asked me," Chang said. "I beat that." Jay and Marie were her latest weapons. Bernard knew she was rationalizing her own fears of the changes involved, but he wasn't going to make a public issue of it. "I'd like them to have the chance to Make the best lives for themselves that they can, sure. They've got that chance right here. We don't have to go halfway round the planet to recreate part of a world we don't belong to anymore. It couldn't last. That's all over now. You have to bring yourself to face up to it, hon..of respectable magnitude.. "With who?" "Birth certificates," Micky suggested. "That would be proof. Where were you born? Where was Luki. Cielo Vista Care Home. The real name of the establishment promised a view of Heaven but provided. To Micky, Aunt Gen said, "Isn't she something?" "She's an absolute, no-doubt-about-it, fine young. didn't have any real passion left; drugs of infinite variety had scorched away all her passion, leaving her. "Even though he kills old ladies and boys in wheelchairs?". At the end of the hall, her room was small but not cramped, and nothing about it cried hospital or. Knowing the creature was dead, she had nevertheless been unable to stop jabbing at it. Out of control..and she went inside.. I. Physically handicapped children? Fiction..this weakness, she continued eating even though her throat grew so thick with emotion that she had. "Close up ranks," Sirocco said, and the guard detail shuffled forward to crush up close behind Sirocco, Colman, and Hanlon to make room for the officers and the diplomats to move up behind. Sirocco looked at the Dispatching Officer and nodded. "Open outer hatch." The Dispatching Officer keyed a command into a panel beside him, and the outer door of the shuttle swung slowly aside..out of her mind the way you just saw her. She saves that for special evenings? birthdays, anniversaries,.Earth?.split tongue fluttering, the serpent swam through the air with the wriggle of an eel through water, but faster. CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT. inspection.. "Baby, baby," Sinsemilla said, "look at this, look, look. Baby, look, see, look." She extended her hand,. Explorers opened for the boy, and he quickly slipped inside.. "Oh, I don't know... four, five, maybe. I used to like all the lights and the life here, but it gets to be too hectic after a while. Now I prefer the hills. 'It's mainly the youngsters who live right inside Franklin these days, but some of the Founders are still here." Kath gave a short laugh, "Of course not ... but they're deceptive, aren't they. You have to remember that they've evolved from systems which were designed to adapt themselves to, and teach, children. You project a lot of yourself into what you think they're saying." Geneva added one thought before changing the subject: "It's also true that sometimes?not often, but. Most Terrans had no doubts that the Chironians would take no notice whatsoever, but they couldn't see Kalens enforcing the threat. It had to be a bluff-a final, desperate gamble by a clique who thought they could sleep forever, trying to hold together the last few fragments of a dream that was dissolving in the light of the new dawn. "He should have learned about evolution," Jerry Pernak commented to Eve as they listened to the news over breakfast. "The mammals are here, and he thinks he can legislate them back to dinosaurs." When brittle wood cracked and she felt a picket underfoot, she knew that she'd found the passage in the. Leilani said, "One reason I know she haes Luki more than me is the name she gave him. She says she. wrapping partly around his right hind leg.. Then gunfire.. 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.. magnificent, Ms. Donella." wardrobe." Colman stood near Hanlon in front of-the Third and Second platoons of D Company and a short distance behind Sirocco, well to one side of the main Army contingent Only a few of the Company were absent for one reason or another, conspicuous among them Corporal Swyley, who was in Brigade sick bay and looking forward to a turkey dinner; the standing order for a spinach-and fish diet had mysteriously erased itself from the administration computer's records. The dietician had been certain he'd seen something of the sort in there before, but conceded that perhaps he was confusing Swyley with somebody else. Swyley had agreed that there had been something like that in the records by saying he disagreed, and the dietician had misunderstood and decided to forget 'about the whole thing.. She felt helpless, and she needed to keep her hands busy, because if her hands weren't occupied, her. kept her from regaining her usual ease of movement, but also anger; she remained unbalanced by a sense. "I don't explain the doctor," Leilani said. "I just quote him." "He sounds like a perfectly dreadful man," Leilani said, "This is great potato salad, Mrs. D." provided in a complex of structures farther back from the highway than the service islands and fuel. He asks Donella if there's a toilet nearby, and as she writes up his takeout order on a small notepad, she. Through darkness he flees, all but blind, not without fear but purged of doubt, across sandstone but also. first-aid kit from her dresser and returned to her mother's room.. bride. "Not you," she disagreed, as though she knew him well. "Anger's more like it." She had talked with her mouth full of pie. She had hogged down a second piece. All right, okay, bad. Curtis can't see any lights in the sky that nature didn't put there, but the helicopter is growing louder by. stared raptly into some other world of memory or fantasy, as though watching a drama unfold for an. Kath smiled on the other side of the room. "I was from the first batch to be created. There were a hundred of us. Leon -he's Adam's father--was another. We called the machine that taught us how to use firearms Mickey Mouse because it had imaging sensors that looked like big black ears. I shot a daskrend when I was six... or maybe less. It came at Leon from under a rock, which was why the satellites hadn't spotted it. He's still got a limp today from that." She emitted a

soft chuckle. "Poor Leon. He reminds me of Lurch." "Where to?" Colman asked her. While the noise was dying away, Sirocco swept his eyes around the room and over the sixty-odd faces that had stayed to the last, and who, apart from the ten lookouts placed around the block, were all that was left of D Company's original complement of almost a hundred. He was going to need every one of them, he knew, and even so, it would be cutting things ridiculously thin. But as well as the misgivings that he tried not to show, he felt inwardly moved as he looked at the men who by all the accepted norms and standards should have been among the first in the Army to have gone. But apart from the SD units, D Company's record was second to none. It was a tribute to him personally, expressed in the only common language that meant anything to the mixture of oddballs and misfits that fate had consigned to his charge. But Sirocco had always seen them not as misfits but as individuals, many of them talented in their own peculiar and in some cases bizarre ways, and had accepted them for what they were, which was all they had ever really wanted. But the term misfit was a relative one, he had come to realize. The world that had labeled them misfits was the world that had been unable to compel them to conform. Chiron was a world full of individualists who could never be compelled to conform and who asked only to be accepted for what they were or to be left alone. Every man in D Company had been a Chironian long before planetfall at Alpha Centauri—many before departing Earth. The highest form of currency that a Chironian could offer was respect, and these Chironians were paying it to him now, just by being there. Their respect meant more than medals, citations, or promotions, and Sirocco permitted himself a brief moment of pride. For he knew full well that, whatever the outcome of the operation ahead of them all, it would be the last time they would formally be assembled as D Company..the aluminum joints creaked as though the lawn furniture were far older than Micky, who was only. "I hope so too," Kath said with feeling. "I ought to go now and see them off. Take care, Leon." circus had not played an engagement here..and she smiled, too. "Mrs. D, you said apparently the gunman shot you."..because of their roaring engines and their wind wakes, which buffet the transport..thingy just wants love," Sinsemilla said, drawing out love until it was longer than a twelve-syllable word.,when she put it down.."One second," a voice said from behind them. They looked round to find a Chironian robot winking its lights at them. It was a short, rounded type, which made it loose tubby. "You haven't taken any of our special-offer hand gardening tools. Do you want to grow fat and old before your time? Think of all the pleasant and creative hours you could be spending in the afternoon sun, the breeze caressing your brow gently, the distant sounds of--" the rich shade of pure-gold coins, fitting for a descendant of an old-money family that earned its fortune in.He thought of the face of Celia Kalens, who had vanished presumably to safety, and then come all the way back to the heart of the Government Center; she'd risked everything for the truth to be known. Then he gazed out again at the sergeant, the corporal, and the figures standing behind them in a silent plea for reason. They were risking everything too, so that what Celia and the others had done would not have been in vain. Whatever Lesley stood to lose, it couldn't be more than those people had already put on the line..linger after its visitation.."You do?" Driscoll looked surprised..motel, and the associated enterprises. Pickup trucks are favored over cars, and the few SUVs have a.Cynicism soon turned to rebellion as more of the Terran population came to perceive Phoenix not as a protective enclave, but at worst a prison and at best a self-proclaimed lunatic asylum. Apartment units were found deserted and more faces vanished as expeditions to Franklin came increasingly to be one-way trips. Passports were issued and Terran travel restricted while all Chironians were allowed through the checkpoints freely by guards who had no way of knowing which were residents and which were not since none of them had registered. The sentries no longer cared all that much anyway; their looking the other way became chronic and more and more of them were found not to be at their posts when their relief showed up. An order was posted assigning at least one SD to every guard detail. The effectiveness of this measure was reduced to a large degree by a network of willing Chironians which materialized overnight to assist Terrans in evading their own guards..admire and be charmed by her performance, for this was a one-woman show. If you persisted in sharing.Instead of seeking chairs, they remained standing for the show..The others watched as he pulled the unit out, accepting the call with a flip of his thumb, Judge Fulmire peered from the miniature screen. "Are you alone, Paul?" Fulmire asked without preamble. His voice was clipped and terse..She had a friend called Veronica, who lived alone in a studio apartment in the Baltimore module and was very understanding. Veronica could always be relied upon to move out for an evening on short notice, and Colman had wondered at times if she really existed. Acquiring exclusive access to a studio wouldn't have been all that difficult for a VIP'S wife, even with the accommodation limitations of the Mayflower H. She had never told him whether or not he was the only one, and he hadn't asked. It was that kind of a relationship.."Oh, is that what it is? I never realized. You never told me you were with a special unit."..advises..Celia set her glass on the table and found that she needed a moment to reorient her thoughts, even though she had known this was coming. "I'm concerned over this latest threat to evict Chironians from Phoenix. It's not the bluff that many people think. Howard is serious." "They soon find out," Juanita said it as if it explained everything..wearing either black vests or black windbreakers with the letters FBI blazing in white across their chests.Celia didn't seem to hear. Her mind was still back where the conversation had been before Kath's call. After a short silence she said without moving her head, "It wasn't a warning from the Chironians."..Outside: a shriek..from the galley, lounge, and cockpit. The door at the opposite end of the bath stands less than halfway.books can be believed. Maybe the history texts are written with political bias, and maybe some of those.Pernak twisted his face through a few contortions, then sighed again. "I know. That crossed my mind too, but what is there to provoke any real trouble? There may be one or two flareups before it's all over, but this state of affairs can't last." He shook his head. "We're convinced 'this is the only way to go. We can't make other people's minds up for them, but they'll come round in their own time. Anything else would cause worse problems." 3. Missing children?Fiction..On the passenger's seat lay the digital camera that contained photos of the philandering husband entering.few feet, the boy can see

this is debris with value: a five-dollar bill. "I don't know." Amy screwed her face up and rubbed the bridge of her nose with a finger. "I suppose I'd have to be crazy." "Probably not much of anything," Leilani said, without a pause. "Except in having fun and getting through. Chicago once. . . ." "Aunt Gen," Micky cautioned. Outside the confinement quarters in corridor 8E, two SD guards were standing rocklike and immobile when Driscoll appeared around the corner at the far end, wearing a steward's full uniform and pushing a trolley loaded high with dishes for the evening meal. Halfway along the corridor the trolley swerved slightly because of a recently loosened castor, but Driscoll corrected it and carried on to stop in front of the guards. One of them inspected his badge and nodded to the other, who turned to unlock the door. As Driscoll began to move the trolley, it swerved again and bumped into the nearest guard, causing the soup in a carelessly covered tureen to slop over the rim and spatter a few drops on the guard's uniform. "I'm a child." "You are a child." "And someone wanted the cash," Leilani guessed. "But you can't!" Merrick sputtered. Leilani had needed the shower, the change of clothes, and time to gather the raveled ends of herself. And so it was resolved that the first extension of the New Order would be proclaimed officially on the planet of Chiron, and Howard Kalens would be its minister. He had gained the first foothold of his empire. "It's the beginning," he told Celia later that night. "Ten years from now it will have become the capital of a whole world. With a. Maybe, he thought to himself, at the end of it all, the myopic would inherit the Earth. the pavement mask other noises; the desert breeze breaks over him, and in the shells of his ears, this stir. "You should try to find yourself, Steve. It's healthy." When Jean appeared in the doorway, Bernard was fiddling with an assembly of slides and cranks that he had set up in a test jig. She watched while he pushed a tiny rod which in turn caused all the other pieces to slide and turn in a smooth unison, though what any of them did or what the whole thing was for were mysteries to Jean, Bernard pulled the rod back again to return all the pieces to their original positions, then looked up and grinned. "I have to take my hat off to Army training," he said. "I'll say one thing for Steve Colman-he sure knows what he's doing. Our son has produced some first-class work here." He noticed the expression on Jean's face, and his manner became more serious. "Aw, try and snap out of it hon. I know everything's a bit strange. What else can you expect after twenty years? You'll need time to get used to it. We all will." "Yes," Sal replied. "Forty years ago this was just a few domes and a shuttle port. The main base that you came in through was only built about ten years ago. Back in the early days, the Founders started changing the designs that had been programmed into the Kuan-yin's computers, and the machines did their best to comply." She sighed. "And this is what it ended up like. We could change it, of course, but most people seem to prefer it the way they've always known it. There were some ghastly mistakes at times, but at least it taught us to think things through properly early on in 'life. The other towns farther out are all more recent and a lot tidier, but they're all different in their own ways." "Have you ever seen a really good dog act, Ms. Tavenall?" "The build-up at Canaveral is proceeding on schedule and will be completed before midnight," he informed Stern at a midday staff meeting in the Columbia District's Government Center. "The greater part of Phoenix is being abandoned as we assumed would be unavoidable, but the key points are secure and the wastage among the regular units has been checked. Transfer of SD forces to the surface will be completed by early evening, with the exception of those units being held to cover the Battle Module, the Columbia District, and Vandenberg. All operations tomorrow are clear to proceed as planned, with the strike against the Kuan-yin going in at 0513 hours, launch of orbital cover group immediately afterward, and the advance upon Franklin in force moving out at dawn." his lips, and though the other platoon members bear no identifying legends or insignia, this man is wearing. Micky scrubbed at her knees with the palms of her hands, rubbing off the prickly blades of dead grass

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