

EDITED TO DEATH

Sirocco had devised a plan for getting the Company up to the ship and into the Communications Center, but it hinged on Stanislaw's being able to alter the orders posted for the day, which were derived from schedules held in one of the military logistics computers. Lechat, who was standing nearby with Celia and Colman, had called for a test-run to make sure that Stanislaw could do- it, since if that part of the scheme didn't work none of the rest could. Sirocco had suspended the briefing to resolve the issue there and then..Smiles and grins relieved the solemn atmosphere that had seized the room.. From the direction of the table, Jean emitted an audible sigh of relief. Bernard grinned up at the screen. "Thanks." he said. "We're all glad to hear it. Talk to you again soon." Kath gave a quick smile and vanished from the screen..Micky shook her head. "They wouldn't leave you in the care of your mother's boyfriend."..worth it. It's amazing how many causes aren't worth fighting for when you know it's you Who's going to have to do the fighting." He shook his head slowly. "No, we don't get too much of that kind of thing."..Hmmm . . ." The reply didn't seem quite what Merrick hoped for. 'Not quite everything, surely," he said. "What about the shooting of Corporal Wilson a week ago?"..CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE..his friend."..Were her misgivings now the early-warning signals from a part of herself that had already seen the cracks appearing in dreams that were destined to crumble, and which she consciously was still unable to admit? If she was honest with herself, was she deep down somewhere beginning to despise Howard for allowing it to happen? In the bargain that she had always assumed to be implicit, she had entrusted him with twenty years of her life, and now he was betraying that trust by allowing all that he had professed to stand for to be threatened by the very things that he had tacitly contracted to remove her from. Everywhere Terrans were rushing headlong to throw off 'everything that they had fought and struggled to preserve and carry with them across four light-years 'of space, and hurl themselves into Chironian ways. The Directorate, which in her mind meant Howard, was doing nothing to stop it. She had once read a quotation by a British visitor, Janet Shaw, to the Thirteen Colonies in 1763, who had remarked with some disapproval on the "most disgusting equality" that she had observed prevailing on all sides. It suited the present situation well.. "I say a lot of stuff. Not all of it means anything." At the gap in the broken fence, the girl stopped and.. "Partly as compensation for my car, but partly in return for betraying you. Along with the videotapes.. "How do you know?" Jean challenged. "You weren't there. And that's not the way it sounded when Kalens was talking just now. And a lot of people seemed to agree with him."..was being told that she had an alcohol problem or an attitude problem, or a problem with motivation, or.. "Because she's seducing you," a voice murmured from behind him..he squints toward the sixteen-ton, motorized house of horrors.. "Never say you don't get anything back for your taxes." Colman was sitting next to her, grinning faintly in the brief glow as one of the others lit a cigarette, But she had gone for so much of the day without speaking that she was unable to answer immediately. His hand found her arm in the darkness and squeezed briefly but reassuringly. "It'll be okay," he murmured. 'We've fixed somewhere safe for you to go, and you're all set to get out of Phoenix tonight. I'll be coming with you into Franklin?..' "The planet... Chiron. Who runs it?"..each of the bastards out, she cared about me less than him, and me less than the new bastard who was.. "It might not want to die that easily," Lechat pointed out. "You should listen to what's going on a few blocks from here right now in the room I just came from.".. "I know what you think and why. You think Dr. Doom diddles little girls, because that's what experience..Farnhill frowned uncertainly from side to side then licked his lips and inflated his chest as if about to answer. He deflated suddenly and shook his head. The words to handle the situation just wouldn't come. The diplomats shuffled uncomfortably while the soldiers stared woodenly at infinity. A few awkward seconds dragged by. At last the assistant took the initiative and peered quizzically at the man who had introduced himself as Clem..On the screen of the communicator, the view closed in on Celia as she began speaking in a slightly quivery but determined voice. But Colman only half heard. He was trying make himself think the way a Chironian would think..men more than she valued me. She always got tired of them sooner or later, and she always knew she..The property was wider than it was deep, to allow the full length of the house trailer to face the street..The hand over his mouth loosened a fraction after the door was closed. "Gawd! Wot's goin' on? Who-?" Somebody jabbed him in the ribs. He shut up.. "I have. I got cut off with some guys for almost a week in the South African desert once. All you think about is water. You can't describe the craving. You'd cut off your arm for a cup." He paused, and Jay waited with a puzzled expression on his face. "When you've got ~enough to drink," Colman went on, "then you start worrying about food. That takes longer to build up, but it gets as bad. There have been lots of instances of people cannibalizing dead bodies to stay alive once they got hungry enough. They've killed each other over potato peels."..with wonder as she contemplated the immensity of creation..Geneva said, "I've never seen one, dear."..anything in this screwy life, but all you could do was keep jabbing, keep trying..with a patina of perspiration. In spite of her genius IQ, her street smarts, and her well-polished wise-ass..Bernard didn't seem as surprised as he might have been. "Want to spit it out?".. "Oh, Christ Wearily, 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..unpredictable neighbor.. "I didn't realize anyone got embarrassed about anything anymore. In this case, it just means 'as bad as a." "I guess we buy our own drinks," Hanlon said, draining the last of his beer and setting his glass down on the table. "Looks like it," Stanislaw agreed..He feels small, weak, alone, doomed. He feels foolish, too, for continuing to hesitate even when reason..He started to grin automatically. "That's a nice thought, ma'am, but we're under orders and have to stay here. We appreciate it though." And then he frowned. It was happening again. She knew damn well they had to stay there.. "A phase-change, evolving its own new laws," Pernak confirmed, nodding..The Chironians were also experimenting with beaming' power in the form of microwaves up to satellites from Port Norday, to

be relayed around the planet and redirected to the surface wherever needed. This project was in an early phase and was purely research; if it proved successful, a full-scale ground-station to exploit the technique on a production basis would be built elsewhere.. "But she sure does give the man major class and respectability. Now you go out there and do the right. The heat. The dark. From time to time the wet rattle of melting ice shifting in the bucket. And without exception, and by gratitude that the worst of his own imperfections were within his ability to make right if yards from them. Under a parking-lot arc lamp.. As the Chironian and his son climbed into the ground car on the street side, the woman's eyes met Colman's for an instant. There was no malice in them. "I know," she said through the window. "You've got a job that you have to do for a little while longer. Don't worry about it. We can use the vacation We'll be back." Colman managed the shadow of a grin. Seconds later the truck moved away, the robot sitting in the rear, and the groundcar followed, two wistful. turn her back on this neighbor from the wrong side of Hell.. have the heart to use them.. frenetic freestyle dance, but she might just as likely have been suffering some type of spasmodic fit.. she was nearly befuddled into silence. "How would you know?". "Thank you," Merrick said, pouncing on the opportunity to conclude. "I agree with and endorse your assessment. Very good, Fallows. Enjoy your leave." Merrick turned to one side and began tapping something into the touchboard below the screens.. "Used to be. Is it that obvious?". brand in the refrigerator, and if no one drank it, she periodically replaced it with new stock when its. Up front, the two voices are louder, more excited. The engine starts. Before either of the owners takes a. an imperiled waif with just a dazzling smile and a righteous speech? and stirring music in the. "We couldn't let him do that, could we?" Kath said to Bobby, age ten, and Susie, age eight, who were sitting with her across the room, where they had been struggling to master the intricacies of chess. "Lurch is half the fun of coming here.". talented fungi-hunting pig could locate buried truffles, which wasn't a flattering comparison, although true.. The image on the screen drifted to one side as the shuttle swung round to brake with its main engines, and then switched to a new view as one of the stem cameras was cut in. Colman was squeezed back against his seat for the next two minutes or so, after which the screen cut back to a noseward view, and a series of topsy-turvy sensations came and went as the flight-control computers brought the ship round once more for its final approach, using a combination of low-power main drive and side-thrusters to match its position to the motion of the Kuan-yin. After some minor corrections the shuttle was rotating with the Kuan-yin to give its occupants the feeling that they were lying on their backs, and nudging itself gently forward and upward to complete the maneuver. The operation went smoothly, and shortly afterward the captain's voice announced, "Docking confirmed. The boarding party is free to proceed.". Humor is emotional chaos remembered in tranquility. ?James Thurber. savoring his ice cream while gazing out the window.. fifteen years, but her voice had no sentimental effect on him. Lilly had shot Noah's dad in the head, killing. Kalens chewed on a slice of orange but made a face as if the fruit was bad. "But we've been publicly insulted," he objected. "What are you saying--that we should simply forget it? That would be unthinkable. What kind of a precedent would we be setting?". self-destructive, or whether she would be able to pull her life out of the fire into which she herself had. reasons why that's an absurd idea.". Without hesitation, Leilani said, "Four elderly women, three elderly men, a thirty-year-old mother of two., dog. By bursting into the restaurant with the animal at his side, he's drawn attention to himself when he. Colman grinned and stroked her hair. "You're right. So what do you want to hear about?". Sterm studied the view in silence. After a short while one of the colonels present said, "We have studied it thoroughly. There are no auxiliary projectors or anything equivalent to a form of secondary armament. The only direction that it can fire in is sternward from the tail-dish, with eight missiles the odds of at least one getting through would be better than ninety-eight percent. With sixteen the chances of failure are about as near zero as you can get.". The two silent men who had headed toward the auto transport won't be the only searchers prowling the. And for such a system the universal law was not death, but life.. "But suppose different people have different ideas about it," Colman persisted.. "I'm not sure I believe Hell exists," the girl replied with the gravity of one who has given the matter. Bernard stared at him in open disbelief. "You're not saying she'd simply back down? That's crazy!". "Jay!" Jean exclaimed. "Did you find anywhere nice? -What are those things?". severed heads in the refrigerator or preserve their victims' eyes in jars of formaldehyde. Others make. If the Bureau knows what those two cowboys are up to, and if it understands how many others are. Duck or another Looney Tunes star, he is excited by the spectacle of all these cool trucks congregating. brain several times. Probably, if they'd done it just once more, old Sinsemilla would've developed a taste. you're thinking about Ashley Judd or Sharon Stone, or maybe Pam Grier.". found it hard to raise a genuine smile in this place, and because he arrived under such a weight of guilt. She might remain in this state for five or six hours, in rare cases even as long as eight or ten.. "Which you're wearing," Noah guessed, pointing at the guy's. The tape went silent again as a perfectly executed time dissolve brought the viewer from twilight to full. "So what is it they've got?" Colman asked again. "Missiles wouldn't be any use to them, and they know it. The Mayflower II could stop missiles before they got within ten thousand miles. And beam weapons on the surface wouldn't be effective firing up through the atmosphere." He spread his hands imploringly. "All they've got in orbit are pretty standard communications relays and observation satellites. The moons are both out of range of beam projectors. So what else is there?". With her deformed hand, Leilani pointed at Micky's untouched serving of pie. "Are you going to eat. Constance Tavenall? no doubt soon to cleanse herself of the name Sharmer? stared at the TV. She. "Exactly what I was thinking," Wellesley commented, nodding. "And you have to remember that our own people are starting to get restless up here now that their fears have receded. After twenty years, we can't keep them cooped up in the Mayflower II much longer without any obvious reason. They've got accommodations prepared by the space-base at Franklin. I'm inclined to say we should start moving the first batches down. For all we know, the Chironian government may have gone into hiding because they're nervous about our intentions. It might be a good way of enticing them to come out again.". "Your dad's a cop?". Supposing he had glimpsed

two men wearing cowboy hats, he still couldn't have been sure that they. Nevertheless, during the week that she'd been staying with Aunt Gen, she awakened each morning with. even once, were they, Michelina?" Even disheveled, in the dirty rumpled full-length slip with its squashed and filthy flounce, Sinsemilla was. player was olive-skinned with Mediterranean features. "Oh... she's very good," Bernard said. "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." deteriorating condition causes the boy concern. The trucker seems on the brink of a medical emergency.. Hanlon made a throwing-away motion in the air. "Ah, this is all getting to be too serious for a Saturday night. Why are we talking like this at all? Are we letting silly rumors get to us?" He looked at Sirocco. "Our glasses are nearly empty, Your Honor. A round was part of the bet." The trailer is oddly constructed, with a pair of large doors on the side, instead of at the back. An instant. Having set the pasta salad on the dinette table, Geneva began slicing roasted chicken breasts for. "No." Colman turned his head and waved Hanlon over. "Bret, this is Veronica. Never mind why, but she's going to need help getting out of the shuttle base later tonight. What do you think?" With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swyley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself. "Oh, I figured you'd be around here somewhere." "Is this the guy who makes trains?" Anita asked. "Yeah. This is Jay. He's okay... and smart." Bernard acknowledged with a nod and leaned forward to speak in a low voice to the face that had appeared on an auxiliary screen. "This is urgent, Admiral. Make sure that all the sky-roof outer shutters are closed immediately." "Some of the Mayflower II's modules have sky-roofs with steel outer shutters, don't they," Kath said. "The country's Founding Fathers would be so proud." whole thing now seems feasible I'd like you to have a look at what's at Norday. You should take Hoskins with you. He came with us last time, of course, but a refresher wouldn't do him any harm and it would help you to have someone along who already knows his way around. That was really what I wanted to talk to you about." Merrick was speaking casually in a way that seemed to assume the subject to be common knowledge although Bernard still hadn't been told anything else about it officially; but at the same time he was eyeing Bernard curiously, as if unable to suppress completely an anticipation of an objection that he knew would come. "My pleasure." At about the same moment, inside the memory unit of a lower-security logistics computer located on the same floor, the references to C Company contained in a routine order-of-the-day suddenly and mysteriously changed themselves into references to D Company. At the same time, D Company's orders to remain standing by at the barracks until further notice transformed themselves into orders for C Company. Ten minutes later a harassed clerk in Phoenix brought the change to the attention of Captain Blakeney, who commanded C Company. Blakeney, far from being disposed to query it, told the clerk to send off an acknowledgment, and then gratefully went back to bed. Inside the logistics computer in the Mayflower II, an instruction that shouldn't have been in memory was activated by the incoming transmission, scanned the message and identified it as carrying one of the originator codes assigned to C Company, then quietly erased it. In truth, he has less to fear from wild creatures than from his mother's killers. He has no doubt that they. "I've seen your mother go through a lot of men over the years. She's always been so ... restless. I knew earlier. He isn't sure what it means, but it got him out of trouble before, so he says, "Sir, I'm not quite. diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my name on your tongue, think you can spellcast me with. The presidential suite was hers, not because she had booked the use of it, but because she owned the. place, less than twenty-four hours ago.. and country-and-western bars from Omaha to Santa Fe, to Abilene, to Houston, to Reno, to Denver.. The bewildering proliferation first of baryons and mesons, and later the quarks, which were supposed to simplify them, that had plagued studies of the structure of matter to the end of the twentieth century had been reduced to an orderly hierarchy of "generations" of particles. Each generation contained just eight particles: six quarks and two leptons. The first generation comprised the "up" and "down" quarks, each

appearing in the three colorcharge variants peculiar to the strong nuclear force to give six in all; the electron; and the electron-type neutrino. The second generation was made up of the "strange" and "canned" quarks, each of them again appearing in three possible colors; the muon; and the muon-type neutrino. The third generation contained the "top" and "bottom" quarks; the tau; and the tau-type neutrino; and so it went. He's at too great a distance for those beams to expose him. And in the absence of a moon, although he. This globe rotates on a spindle of gold. A peglegged, parrot-petting pirate said exactly that, in one tale or. "Absolutely. I don't have enough of it anymore." maniac..I thought you might need a hand with these so I did them last night. If my hunch is right, things have probably gotten a bit difficult for you. There's no sense in upsetting people who don't mean any harm. Take it from me, he's not such a bad guy..Drying her hands on a dishtowel, she turned to the girl. "I don't have any suspicions. I'm just saying, if. black and fully armored. Bristling, fierce in every line, turbines screaming, this seems to be a military. plaster, puncturing full soup pots with a flat bonk and drilling empty pots with a hollow reverberant pong..Colman turned on his elbow and found Swyley leaning with his arms on the bar, staring straight ahead at the bottles on the shelves behind. Colman raised his eyebrows. Had it been anyone else he would have looked more surprised, but Swyley's ability to read minds was just another of his mysterious arts that D Company took for granted. After a few seconds Swyley went on, "They're seducing all of us. That's how they're fighting the war." Even if he could have identified them, they might no longer be innocent horsemen transporting ornate. Kath's pocket communicator buzzed, and she took it out to answer. It was Adam, who had heard the news and was checking to make sure that she and Colman were all right. Colman left her talking and moved over to where Anita was standing near the door on the fringe of the party assembling to depart. "Why'd you ever get mixed up with that bunch?" he murmured. "Wise up when it's all over. Get out of it." In her tiny bedroom, Micky kicked off her toe-pinching high heels. She stripped out of her cheap cotton. On the bed, so still that the chenille spread was undisturbed, Laura remained cataleptic, curled in the. Depression passed, too. Lately she had made her way from day to day in a curious and fragile state of. hiding behind a sofa or curled in die fetal position on the floor of a closet.. Fallows couldn't quite swallow the words that were being put in his mouth. He'd actually invited the fellow home several times to talk engineering. Colman had some fascinating ideas. He frowned and shook his head before he could stop himself. "Well, he seemed to have a surprising grasp of a broad base of fundamentals. He was with the Army Engineering Corps up until about a year ago, so he has a strong practical grounding. And he's studied extensively since we left Earth. I do--I did get the impression that perhaps he might be worth some consideration. But of course that's just an opinion." After a short silence Colman said, "About all these robots--exactly how smart are they?" "You can use a gun.. can't you, Jay?" Murphy asked. "Well, yes, but..." Jay looked taken aback.. STRANGELY, here in the sunshine, less than a day later, Micky couldn't stop thinking about the. "It's not a story they'll hear from him. He says the ETs don't want publicity. This isn't just alien modesty.." Apparently?" Bernard gave Jay a stern look. "You don't expect us to believe that, surely. Now, tell us where this stuff came from. I want the truth. If you've been up to something, I'll be willing to write it off as nothing more than planet fall getting to your head. Now--are you sure there isn't something you want to tell us?" "So what about the nuts?" Jay asked. "What do you do about people who insist on being as unreasonable and oh= noxious as they can, just for the hell of it?" "Was that why those guys took off?" Jay asked, by now having regained most of his color. "It probably had something to do with it," Colman said, grinning. "That's the kind of trash you have to deal with. Still interested?" "You don't understand," Jay said. "On Earth, a lot of people would see that as their big ambition in life." Sirocco didn't reply at once, then seemed to lose some internal battle with his better judgment. "Swyley thought you were screwing around with Kalens's wife back on the ship." With the container of Florida's lines! in one hand, the package of hot dogs firmly in the other, Curtis. drinking pina coladas on a palm-shaded terrace in Heaven, what will they be serving in Hell?" either corner of her mouth, and no sportive note informed her voice as she met Micky's stare with a. "Go, thingy, go, go!" For a while after listening to Lechat, she had -entertained a brief hope that his announcement might precipitate a landslide of opinion that would force a more enlightened official policy, but the hope had faded a mere two hours later when Eve and Jerry stopped by for a brief farewell before moving out to take up the Chironian way of living. Apparently many people were doing the same thing, and there were even rumors of desertions from the Army; Jean had been unable to avoid feeling that Eve and Jerry were somehow deserting her too, but she had managed to keep a pleasant face and wish them well. It was as if Chiron were conspiring against her personally to tear down her, world and destroy every facet of the life she had known.. Focused on the chicken, Geneva said, "Easy. I just look around."

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