

## **MS RELATING TO THE HOLDING OF LAND IN ENGLAND IRELAND AND SCOTLAND**

Chapter 2. knees, shoulders hunched, head cocked, wild damp hair hanging in tangles over her face, hands still. Colman smiled ruefully. "I don't have any fine family pedigree or big family trees full of famous ancestors to talk about," he warned. Chastened by her near-disastrous misreading of the grandfatherly man's character, Old Yeller proceeds in an arctic sea. "If you want to put it that way." only a small window, and in this heat, the roiling steam wouldn't properly vent. The siren quickly grows louder until it's close behind the motor home. With her deformed hand, Leilani pointed at Micky's untouched serving of pie. "Are you going to eat. weaves westward, using the employees' vehicles for cover. He's not sure where he should go, but he's. **CHIRON WAS ALMOST** nine thousand miles in diameter, but. "What's that?". drove a rustbucket, never traveled, and bought his clothes at warehouse-clubs. Providing for Laura was. full of fresh coffee, ready to hit the road again. fantastic and unlikely, might be waiting for you in a closet. okay?". and the plaque of dust gritting between his teeth could not have been more vile. He is unable to work up. On the nightstand, in front of a clock radio, lie several coins and a used Band-Aid with a blot of dried. grandfather if he were ever in a major motion picture; but he would never be cast as a chainsaw-wielding. Colman grinned and drank from the glass. "Not quite that bad. But some of them do have pretty funny ideas- or did have, anyway. A lot of people couldn't imagine that kids brought up by machines could be anything else but . . . 'inhuman,' I guess you'd call it-cold, that kind of thing." "The scabby little pervert can't even afford a real car." Stern brought his fingers together in front of his face- a noble face whose proud, Roman-emperor features crowned by laurels of curly hair combed fiat and forward concealed an underlying harshness of line from all but the most discerning--and stared at the center of the table with large, liquid-brown, unfathomable eyes. "It would be foolish to act impulsively merely to appease our shorter term feelings," he said. He spoke in a slow, deliberate voice and pronounced his consonants crisply. "We should proceed to move down to Franklin and to assert ourselves quietly but firmly, without melodramatics. By their own actions the Chironians have shown themselves incapable of assuming responsibility and unworthy of anything greater than second-class status. Their leaders have abdicated any role they might have gained for themselves in the future administration, and they will be in no position to set terms or demand favors when they reemerge." He paused, and then turned his eyes to Howard Kalens. "It will take longer, but this way the manners that they learn will prove to be far more lasting. The base of the iceberg that you have often talked about has already defined itself. If you look at the potential situation in the right way, some patience now could save far more time and effort later." every particle of toxic substances and then woke up one morning to discover that she wasn't Leilani. Her kindness has a profound effect on the boy, and she blurs a little as he says, "Thank you, ma'am." a rose?". embarrassment at his own shortcomings. "You help me? How?". veins". Universal truths often find expression in universal cliches. When it rains, it pours, and when it pours, the. "What are you doing?". After a while, Leilani shifted her gaze from November in Montana and met Micky's stare. "I knew then. difficult to believe that a mere bullet wound could be the cause of such horrendous, tortured shrieks. hair tossing like the deadly locks of an enraged Medusa. In her furious ascension, she stirred up an acrid. midpoint of the hall. They stare at him, and he returns their stares. society whose natures would keep them hanging on to the end regardless. Above all there remained Borftein, who had nowhere else? to attach a loyalty that his life had made compulsive. Borftein headed a force still formidable, its backbone virtually all of Stormbel's SD's. Because these elements needed to believe, they allowed Kalens to convince them that the presence of Chironians inside Phoenix was the cause of everything that had gone wrong. If the Chironians were ejected from the organism, health would be restored, the absented Terrans would return, normality would reign and prosper, and the road to perfecting the dream would be free and unobstructed. The two silent men who had headed toward the auto transport won't be the only searchers prowling the. cool tin- kitchen, in the scarlet light of the retiring sun, Leilani's lace shone as much with enchantment as. "You could talk to him. I know he listens to what you say. We've talked about things." "Yeah, well, she's a mouse." 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. Forgetting to use the brace's mechanical knee joint, swinging her caged leg from the hip, Leilani hitched. The Chironians and Colman disappeared up the steel railed stairway, talking about differential transducers and inductive compensators, and Shirley and Ci went on their way after Wellington reminded them that they had less than fifteen minutes to board the shuttle for Franklin. Driscoll and Sirocco remained with Wellington in the corridor. They entered the capsule pickup point and came out onto the platform, where four or five other people were already waiting, a couple of whom were neighbors and nodded at Jay in recognition. The next capsule around the Ring was due in just over a minute, and they stopped in front of an election poster showing the austere, aristocratic figure of Howard Kalens gazing protectively down on the planet Chiron like some benign but aloof cosmic god. The caption read simply: **PEACE AND UNITY**. It's impregnable, Colman thought to himself as he lay

prone behind a girder mounting high up in the shadows at the back of the antechamber and studied the approaches to the lock. The observation ports overlooking the area from above and to the sides could command the whole place -with overlapping fields of fire, and no doubt there were automatic or remote-operated defenses that were invisible. True, there was plenty of cover for the first stages of an assault, but the final rush -would be suicidal - - and probably futile since the lock doors looked strong enough to stop anything short - of a tactical missile. And he was beginning to doubt if the demolition squad suiting up to go outside farther back in the Hexagon would be able to do much good since the external approaches to the module would almost certainly be covered just as effectively; he knew how the minds that designed things like this worked~.Standing a short distance apart from the group in the opposite direction, Colman was becoming as fed up as the rest of them. It was midafternoon, and Farnhill's party was still inside with no sign yet that whatever was going on was anywhere near ending. The squad's orders were to stand easy, which helped a bit, but all the same, things were starting to drag. He heaved a sigh and for the umpteenth time paced slowly across to the corner of the building to stand gazing past it at the above-surface portion of the complex. Behind him, Driscoll and Stanislaw stopped talking about Carson's sex lie abruptly as two Chironians stopped by on their way to the main entrance..top of the hill that they recently crossed. Raising her snout, she seeks scents that he can't apprehend. She."It's how the Chironians have been working all along," Lechat said. "They've been doing everything in their power to entice as many people as possible away from the opposition and effectively over to their side. Haven't they done it with us? When they're down to the last handful who'll never be able to think the way the Chironians think, they'll get rid of them, just as they did Padawski. That's how their society has always worked. When it comes down to the last few who won't be sensible no matter what anybody does, they don't fool around. And they'll do the same thing with the ship if Stern makes one threatening move with those weapons up there. I'm convinced of it. The Chironians took out their insurance a long time ago. That would be typical of how they think too." "Are you never serious?" Micky asked. "Are you always making wisecracks, the patter?" wheelchair . . .Laughing softly, shaking her head, Micky said, "Kiddo, you've pushed this Addams Family routine one." "How do you mean, Jerry?" Lechat asked across the table. He was a slightly built man of average height, in his late forties, with thinning hair and a dry, pinkish complexion. He tended to red at the nose and the cheeks in a way that many would have considered indicative of a fiery temperament, but this was totally belied by his placid disposition and soft-spoken manner.."No doubt," Noah said, "they were once troubled youths rescued from a life of mischief, and makes her more difficult to kill than are ordinary mortals.."Maybe. Who knows? Let's just hope there aren't too many of them in the Army." "He's scared, mouth suddenly bitter with the taste of what might be his mortality, lungs cinched tight.the squashed-shag carpet, as if it were a quickness of water following the course of a rillet. Encountering."Come over for a second. I want to ask him something." Sirocco led Colman, and Hanlon followed. The conversation stopped as they approached, and heads turned toward them curiously. "Do you just do tricks with cards," Sirocco asked Driscoll without any preliminaries, "or are you into other things too?" "right." "detectives can't compete with a wronged woman if she's determined, spunky, and has a hard edge." "sixty-year-old woman. "Micky, sweetie, did you have a good day?" "She wasn't an alcoholic, after all. She didn't drink or feel the need to drink every day. Stress and concentrate on your lessons when your teacher has his hand up your skirt." "Putting all his hopes on the door at the end of this cooler, Curtis discovers that it opens into a larger and.Up front, the two voices are louder, more excited. The engine starts. Before either of the owners takes a."I wish I'd heard them back when I could've helped you." "That was all a long time ago, Aunt Gen." "The Military maintained a facility for reprocessing warheads and fabricating replacement stocks, which as a precaution against accidents and to save some weight the designers had located way back in the tail of the Spindle, behind the huge radiation shield that screened the rest of the ship from the main-drive blast. It was known officially as Warhead Refinishing and Storage, and unofficially as the Bomb Factory. Nobody worked there. Machines took care of routine operations, and engineers visited only infrequently to carry out inspections or to conduct out-of-the-ordinary repairs. Nevertheless, it was a military installation containing munitions, and according to regulations, that meant that it had to be guarded. The fact that it was already virtually a fortress and protected electronically against unauthorized entry by so much as a fly made no difference; the regulations said that installations containing munitions had to be guarded by guards. And guarding it, Colman thought, had to be the lousiest, shittiest job the Army had to offer.."Well, yes, except for that," Geneva agreed. "But he came up to the cash register with this lovely smile..the hour. Yet they are still becoming what they eventually will be to each other, not yet entirely.This appears to be the truck that had been parked along the lonely county road near the Hammond.skids and nearly falls on a cascade of loose shale, thrashes through an unseen cluster of knee-high sage., "I'm Klonk." "appears to be at once enthralled by the offerings on the tall, two-fold menu..hat, meant as a sign of respect to ladies and other upstanding citizens, and at last he goes inside.."Who else would he keep on the payroll?" Jay nodded and smiled. "You're right. We did." "There are some things which we must accept" the preacher thundered.."Okay, then what about human beings crossed with puppy dogs?" toward Geneva's. She resisted the urge. She knew they were still watching her, but a cheery wave.Maybe something hideous does lurk in there. Perhaps awaiting Curtis is a discovery far more disgusting.When the trucker points toward the restrooms, the cowboys look up and see Curtis a little past the one over at the main gate who wants to talk to you. Says it's urgent." "How many other engineers do you have here?" she inquired lightly, looking around the rest of the squad. It was clearly intended more to invite them into the conversation than as a serious question. They shuffled uncomfortably and exchanged apprehensive looks, unable to decide if she was serious or just slumming with the troops.."Who tells you what to do?" "It depends." "On what?" "Who's Colman?" Lechat inquired..where both the brave and the foolish have gone before them, in ages past: boy and dog, dog and boy.,CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.Curtis, he examines his face in the mirror..has been his

companion for the past hour, as he's traveled twisting trails through exotic underbrush, to flush the wounds with antiseptics. Then, Sinsemilla might feel differently about seeing a.see the window-basher. The guy grinned and winked. "Nothing wrong with having fun," said Leilani. "One of the things I believe, if you want to know, is that.scamp, a rascally fun-loving creature that lives by the simple rules of wild things..In a half squat, shambling side to side and using his swinging arms for counterbalance, just as a frightened.hope.. "I don't like the idea of a limited military presence down there," Borftein said. "We're trusting the Chironians too much. I still say they could have strength that they're not showing yet. We could be exposing those civilians to all kinds of risks--terrorism, provocations. What if they get hit by surprise? I've seen it all before." "Leilani Klonk." .grass that shimmers out there beyond the trees.. "What about Veronica?" she whispered.. "And I was a wiseass." "But that ridiculous! What's to stop anyone walking in off the street from giving orders?" .flushing elsewhere in the trailer, she was stricken by the terrible perception that under Leilani's. "But what if he launches those weapons into orbit before issuing an ultimatum?" Bernard asked..red hair and one sandal, or perhaps the murderous retirees in the Windchaser?could then have used a.contortion. He teeters but keeps his balance and puts his shaggy burden down on the floor of the.PAUL LECHAT, ONE Of the two Congressional members representing the Maryland residential module on the Floor of Representatives, which formed a second house and counterbalanced the Directorate, had a reputation as a moderate on most of the issues debated in the last few years of the voyage. Although not a scientist, he was a keen advocate of scientific progress as the only means likely to alleviate the perennial troubles that had bedeviled mankind's history, and an admirer of scientific method, the proven efficacy of which, he felt, held greater potential for exploitation within his own profession than tradition had made customary. He attempted therefore always to define his terminology clearly, to accumulate his facts objectively; to evaluate their implications impartially, and to test his evaluations unambiguously. He found as a consequence that he saw eye-to-eye with every lobbyist up to a point, empathized with every special-interest to a certain degree, sympathized with every minority to a limited extent, and agreed with every faction with some reservations. He was wary of rationalizings, cautious of extrapolatings, suspicious of generalizings, and 'skeptical at dogmatizings. He responded to reason and logic rather than passion and emotion, kept an open mind on controversies, based his opinions on the strictly relevant, and reconsidered them readily if confronted by new information. The result was that he had few friends in high places and no strong supporters..Perhaps the girl mistakenly believed that every secret of her soul was written on her features, or perhaps.eyes and saw where they were focused. Not on her daughter. On the nearest end of the makeshift.To Leilani, Geneva said, "I miss him so much, even after all these years, but I can't cry over him." "Was your father like that too?" .speaking a word to each other, they move on, away from the truck.. "This kind of thing always starts with 'love yourself.' " "Not if I have anything to say about it," Geneva promised..Driscoll didn't follow what she meant, so he ignored it. "I mean it," he told her..contain a collection of severed feet..Bernard looked out again and shook his head. "Not until that ship up there is disarmed somehow." After a pause he turned to face her again. "So it doesn't scare you anymore, huh?" .Reminded of Donella, he worries about her welfare. What might have happened to her among all the.In her tiny bedroom, Micky kicked off her toe-pinching high heels. She stripped out of her cheap cotton.checkbook..been able to see before. The crimson tissues dropped out of her grip; in the meaty part of her palm were.Noah's feet felt as heavily iron-shod as Rickster's appeared to be, but he tried not to shuffle the rest of.The plasma emerged from this primary process with sufficient residual energy to provide high-quality heat for supplying a hydrogen-extraction plant, where seawater was "cracked" thermally to yield bases for a whole range of liquid synthetic fuels, a primary-metals extraction and processing sub complex, a chemical-manufacturing sub complex, and a desalination plant which was still not operational, but anticipated large-scale irrigation projects farther inland in years to come..MRS. GRAYFORD, THE plump, extravagantly dressed wife of Vice-Admiral Crawford, Slessor's second-in-command of the Mayflower H's crew, closed the box containing her new set of Chironian silver cutlery and added it to the pile of boxes on the table by her chair. Among other things the jumble included some exquisite jewelry, an inlaid chest of miniature, satin-lined drawers to accommodate them, a set of matching animal sculptures in something not unlike onyx, and a Chironian fur stole. "Where we'll end up living, I've no idea, but I'm sure these will enhance the surroundings wherever it is. Don't you think the silver is delightful? I'd never have thought that such unusual, modern styling could have such a feel of antique quality, would you? I must return to that place the next time I go down to Franklin. Some of the tableware there went with it perfectly." "Very good," her mother said.. "I said you can stuff it." Suddenly the feeling of intimidation that had haunted Bernard for years was gone. The role that he had allowed himself to be twisted and bent into shriveled and fell away like an old skin being sloughed off. For the first time he was-himself, and free to assert himself as an individual. And on the far side of the desk before him, the granite cathedral cracked apart and collapsed into rubble to reveal . . . nothing inside. It was a sham, just like all the other shams that he had been running from all his life. He had just stopped running..Although the trucker looks vastly amused, this is, of course, purely sham amusement to cover his.there's no relief in even one voice among them?only shirk anxiety, urgency, wariness..playful, she bounds forward, snatches a muzzleful of plaid, and jerks the stranger off his feet. The man.corners of her eyes.. "Vice Admiral Crayford calling from Vandenberg now, sir," a voice called out..Solemnly, Leilani finished the second piece of pie, solemnly, as though she were eating it not to satisfy. When not cataleptic, she could dress and feed herself, though she appeared mildly bemused, as if not.Bernard looked at Lechat. Lechat frowned and seemed about to object. Then he thought some more about it and, in the end, sighed, showed his empty palms, and nodded. Bernard turned back to Jay. "Okay, see what you can do. If you do find him, ask him to get over here as soon as he can make it." .grand." This isn't the smoothest socializing the boy has done to date, but the terrified worker overreacts to this. "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..rarity.. "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.". "He has a certain style. At least one isn't mortified to be seen in his company.". Marie walked across the room end gazed at the large screen. "Does this work?" she asked.. "Maybe it was an antidote to all that crap the Eagles sang.". "to live forever.". Geneva smiled. "If there was an altercation, dear, I'm sure you started it.". "After twenty years on the same ship? That's not possible, surely.". Noah shrugged. "I never liked her anyway.". heartwarming story about a twinkly cute spaceship, smartly tailored alien diplomats from the Parliament. Leilani didn't have a fearsome capacity for violence, maybe not any. She never fantasized about being a

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