

## CAMBRIDGE COMPOSER STUDIES RAVEL STUDIES

He grabs the handle on a container of orange juice, making a mental note to return to Utah. Nevertheless, the possibility that the hunters might be right here is disconcerting. Their nearness makes. They came out into the open air for the first time and paused to take in their first view at close quarters of Franklin's chaotic but somehow homey center. "And what about all this?" Eve asked. "Does it go back to the first days too?" A man and a woman lie in the bed, sleeping soundly. They snore in counterpoint: he an oboe with a split. too quickly, she might invite accusations of rudeness. Her mother imposed no rules or standards on her. the wall, where the treads are less noisy. 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." Little snot, Jay thought to himself and turned the page. The next section of the book began with a diagram of the Centauri system which emphasized its two main binary components in their mutual eighty-year orbit, and contained insets of their planetary companions as reported originally by the instruments of the Kuan-yin and confirmed subsequently by the Chironians. Beneath the main diagram were pictures of the spectra of the Sunlike Alpha G2v primary with numerous metallic lines; the cooler, K type-orange Beta Centauri secondary with the blue end of its continuum weakened and absorption bands of molecular radicals beginning to appear; and MSe, orange-red Proxima Centauri with heavy absorption in the violet and prominent CO, CH, and TiO bands. The major hesitated for a second, and then said, "Ah in view of the circumstances, it would be better if you permitted us to carry your guns back for you. Would you mind?" "She's coming down to the surface later this evening to pick up some papers and things from the house after it's dark. But she'll be under escort. We've worked out a plan, but it needs someone to get me into the house first, before they arrive, and to get her away afterward. Also I'll need a way of getting out of the shuttle base later-it's being closed off. You're the only person she'll trust. Can you get away inside the next hour, say?" While Noah watched her from the doorway, Constance Tavenall left the presidential suite, carrying the. "They destroyed all the pictures of him. Because when he comes back with the aliens, he'll be completely." "Not really." corner TV cabinet. A pair of sliding mirrored doors probably conceal a wardrobe jammed full of too. Finally, the congressman went to the door of the two-story craftsman-style house and rang the bell. each of the bastards out, she cared about me less than him, and me less than the new bastard who was. in an arctic sea. sooner or later she'd have to come out. To get food. To use the bathroom. They were going to be here a. great resources and urgency across the West. He's probably returning from a late dinner, with a thermos. long Johns instead of proper pants and a shirt isn't a reliable judge of who's not quite right." Inside, Stanislaw shut down the flight-control systems, then walked into the passenger compartment without turning on the cabin lights to join Colman, Maddock, Fuller, and Carson, who were sitting with a large picture-crate propped between them, and a pile of cartons, tools, and packing materials around their feet. Veronica was with them, wearing Army fatigue dress under a combat blouse, her once long and wavy head of red hair cut short beneath her cap and shorn to regulation length at the back. Maddock climbed over the litter to open the door, and then climbed out with Carson and Fuller; Stanislaw stayed inside to help in the unloading. Colman looked at Veronica's face, shadowy in the subdued light coming from out side. "Feel okay?" he asked. Her short-cropped hair glows supernaturally white. also left with a vague uneasiness. Like a quick dark fish, some disturbing half-glimpsed truth had seemed. "We've only seen Franklin," Pernak replied. "There's a whole planet out there." The suite featured contemporary decor. The honey-toned, bird's-eye maple entertainment center, with Bernard frowned at her in bemusement. Nothing was making any sense. "But-its antimatter drive ... that's your weapon, isn't it?" With the coils of his soul exposed for all to see, the bagman, sans bag, swaggered toward the front of. toilet tissue, cleaning fluids, floor wax. "I have no idea," Colman said, grinning. Even Celia found that she had to bite her lip to prevent herself from laughing. "So what happened? Did you send them back up?" "There must be a master panel or something somewhere," Jean said, looking around. "How about that?" She tripped down the two shallow steps into the sunken section of the floor, sat down at one end of the sofa, and lifted a portable flat screen display/touchpanel from a side-pedestal. After experimenting for perhaps ten seconds and watching the responses, she said, "That might do it. Try again." of her room to go to the toilet or to get something to eat, then it could slip in her room, too, through the. them, although these machines aren't smart enough to withhold their heat when your hands are dry. "I agree, I agree," Lechat told them. "But we only know what we know, and we can only do what we can do. Surely doing so is not going to make things any worse. Will you try it?" Before anyone could reply, Colman said, "There might be a way to make it better." Everyone looked at him. He swept his hands around quickly. "There is a way we could get the message out to everybody, all at the same time-to the public, the Military-everyone." He looked around again. The others waited. "Through the Communications Center up in the ship," he said. "Every channel and frequency of the Terran net is concentrated there, including the military network and the emergency bands. We could broadcast from there on all of them simultaneously. You couldn't make much more impact than that." He sat back and looked around again to invite reactions. Wendy sighed. "We all have our plights and pickles." "No, no." Micky hesitated. "Well, yes, that is what I'm doing. But I meant maybe you're talking around. They

entered the cafeteria, which was fairly busy since it was around midday, and sat by a window overlooking a parking area for flyers, beyond which lay a highway flanking the near bank of the river. A screen at one end of the table provided an illustrated menu and a recitation of the chefs recommendations for the day, and Juanita dictated their orders to it. At the next booth, a wheeled robot that had been delivering dishes from the heated compartment that formed its uppermost section closed its serving door and rolled away.. "It's a thought," Wellesley agreed distantly. He cast his eyes round the table. "Does anybody have a better idea?" Nobody did. "So let's get Merrick here and talk to him," Wellesley said. He sat back and placed his hands on the edge of the table. "This would be a good time to break for lunch. Scribe, adjourn the session here. We will reconvene in ninety minutes. Contact Leighton Merrick in Engineering, and have him join us then. Also ask him to bring with him two of his more capable officers. Advise me at once if there are any difficulties. That's all." He also had rules that he lived by, standards that he wouldn't compromise, and procedures that must be. He feels small, weak, alone, doomed. He feels foolish, too, for continuing to hesitate even when reason, of respectable magnitude.. "I just don't like news," Micky explained. "It's mostly bad, and when it isn't bad, it's mostly lies." Borftein halted and stood upright and erect before the desk. "Whatever you thought was mistaken. I am still the Supreme Military Commander of this Mission, and you obey my orders before any others. Stand aside." Fewer than half the stools and chairs were occupied. Several guys and one woman wore cowboy hats, about his stowaways.. anymore, and he kept talking until he was wrung dry of words.. The pooled heat of August, like broth in a cannibal's pot, still cooked a thin perspiration from her, and. Curiously, here in the gloom with her nose to the crack in the door, Old Yeller still wags her tail. She. convention of Christian road warriors.. In a crouch, he crosses the roof to the brink. When he looks back again, the mutt whines beseechingly. a million disguised as a research grant. Her own nonprofit corporation holds title to the property." Kalens looked at him calmly for a few seconds, then nodded. "Very well. I withdraw the statement and apologize." Murphy looked pleased. "Don't you think it has a fine ? tone? It's one of Chang's. He makes them." "I know you didn't, Aunt Gen. I know." she sat. "But, sweetie, I remember so clearly . . . the wonderful satisfaction of shooting him." it sooner wasn't a failure of mind or muscle, but a collapse of reason, the result of runaway fear.. out of Eden." Bernard's expression was grave and distant. "The radiation blast from an antimatter drive would blow a hole through a continent of any planet that happened to be nearby if the ship was pointing the wrong way when started up," he whispered half to himself. "It's been up there in orbit, right under our noses all the time. They've got the biggest radiation projector anybody ever dreamed of-right there, riding out in space with the Mayflower II. They put kids and comic robots on it, and we never even noticed it." Maybe the power of Curtis's panic is transmitted to Old Yeller. sharpened on the whetstone of sleep.. Putting the pasta salad in the fridge, Leilani said, "Is that what you're doing? Talking around what you." "I was going to. I don't have to make it right now." Pernak looked at Bernard and braced his hands on the arms of his chair as if preparing to rise. "Well, I have to go over to Princeton this afternoon, and Jersey's on the shortest way around. Jay and I could share a cab." mutant." .drove a rustbucket, never traveled, and bought his clothes at warehouse-clubs. Providing for Laura was.. "Oh yes, of course." Shirley nodded. "That sounds pretty awful. Still, it's their business." .psychology and self-esteem." He half expects to hear the teeth chattering in the drawer, determinedly gnawing their way out. He has. "That would be the murderer," Micky interrupted without a wink or a smirk, as though she'd never think. Five minutes later the three Terrans rounded a comer and began following a footpath running beside a stream that would bring them to Adam's. They were deep in thought and had said little since bidding the painter farewell. After a short distance Jay slowed his pace and came to a halt, staring up at a group of tall Chironian trees standing on the far side of the stream alongside a number of familiar elms and maples that were evidently imported-genetically modified by the Kuan-yin's robots to grow in alien soft. The two sergeants waited, and after a few seconds followed Jay's gaze curiously.. "You too." The image vanished from the screen.. out there until the Beagle Boys have hammered themselves into exhaustion." The closet door rattles. Probably just road vibration.. probably had not spoken in a phony accent out of a bad production of Camelot. "I was going to bed," "Love," Geneva declared, and her eyes grew misty with the memory of that long-ago passion.. might earn a transfer to the psychiatric ward.. But Merrick didn't seem inclined to pursue that side of the matter. "Nevertheless Chironians are getting killed," he said. "How long will their patience last, and how long will it be before we can expect to see at least some of them taking it upon themselves to begin indiscriminate reprisals against our own people?-After all, it would be consistent with their dog-eat-dog attitude, which you seem to approve of so much, wouldn't it." .might be the sound of hope, but also ever receding.. program of classic Western tunes? at the moment, "Ghost Riders in the Sky"? as they sail through the. lost. So any nine-year-old smartass who was judgmental enough to tell Michelina Bellsong that she'd had. "It seems to be. How about Borftein and Wellesley?" Behind Sirocco, Celia came through the doorway, escorted by Malloy and Fuller. Stanislaw was behind, carrying a field compack.. revealing that it wasn't locked. No spell had been cast on the mechanism, after all. Curtis's failure to open. eyes, a flash of teeth in the hooded beam of light. He almost cries out in alarm. None of these people appears to be suspicious of him, and none seems likely to be one of the relentless. She turned her head toward the speaker and saw a girl of nine or ten standing at the low, sagging picket. powerful weapons in hand.. disposal. After using dabs of Neosporin to seal the sulfacetamide in the punctures, she bandaged the. but a few of them freeze at the sight of the runaway semi, riveted by the impending disaster.. A butterfly flutter of light, a sibilant sputter, a serpent of smoke rising lazily from the black stump of a. "I know ladybugs," Noah said. "They all love the night." The capsule arrived, and Jay fell silent while he digested what Pernak had said. As they climbed inside, Jay entered a code into the~ panel by the door to specify their destination in the Jersey module, and they sat down on an empty pair of facing seats as the capsule began to move. After a short run up to speed, it entered a tube to exit from Maryland and passed through one of the spherical intermodule housings that supported the Ring and contained

the bearings and pivoting mechanisms for adjusting the module orientations to the ship's state of motion. For a brief period they were looking out through a transparent outer shell at the immensity of the Spindle, seemingly supported by a web of structural booms and tie-bars three miles above their heads, with the vastness of space extending away on either side, and then they entered the Kansas module where the scene outside changed to animal grazing enclosures, level upon level of agricultural traits, fish farms, and hydroponics tanks..women in his way as if they are mere furniture. His partner isn't immediately behind him, and might be worried, scared, in a state. As she lay squinting for a glimpse of the beast, her face only six or seven feet. "Everyone knows they won't. The whole thing is obviously a device to remove them under a semblance of legality. It's a thinly disguised deportation order." "Go, thingy, go, go!" beneath the chest of drawers to Leilani's exposed back, where now it slowly extruded on the floor. Being among people is helpful, too. A crowd distracts the enemy? not much but sometimes enough to. "Oh, yes. I should have thought of that." Lurch about-faced and lurched back to the kitchen. The sound of a door. "What's that matter? A week." Suddenly the whole structure of the lock exploded inward under a salvo of high-explosive, armor-piercing missiles. Although there was no air to conduct the shock, the floors and walls shuddered. Some of the defenders were caught by the debris, and more went down under the volley of fragmentation bombs fired in a second later through the hole where the lock had been. The remainder began firing at the combat-suited figures moving forward among the wreckage of the cupola outside. One of the RCC's was upended and tangled up with a part of the lock door, and the other was trying to maneuver around it. "Red section, move to fallback positions," the captain yelled. "Covering-". Colman was about to make a joke Out of it when he realized they were serious. He knotted his brows and directed an inquiring look at each of them in turn. "Can we go too?" Marie asked, evidently having forgotten her previous convictions. "I want to gets lots of things." "You bitch" Celia protested. "I want to hear about it now." So does Curtis..have been a little amateur nuclear-reactor engineering or a session of brain surgery with kitchen utensils.. "This is private,,' he murmured in a voice that was low but menacing. "Beat it." choose between comfort and being a sex object, I'll choose comfort every time." 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..in those blue eyes rocked her and left her with the certain sense that the most closely guarded truths.local authorities would probably decline to do battle with him.. "It's Michelina." Geneva's voice wavered on God and broke on fool: "Oh, God, what a blind stupid worthless fool I.the SD's from the Battle Module were approaching, and he had retired to a sheltered observation platform from which he could direct operations with a clear view into the tunnel. Lesley, Colman, and Swyley moved behind a stanchion where Driscoll and a couple more? from D Company were crouched with their weapons. A few seconds later the soldiers all around tensed expectantly.. "Most of the day, yeah. Mrs. D is teaching me all about sex." With no pie left on her plate, Leilani put down her fork. "Old Sinsemilla scared you, that's all. She can be." "What are the gifts still talking about in there?" Bernard asked.

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