

RUFUS KING VOL 6 COMPRISING HIS LETTERS PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL HIS PUBLIC D

If Curtis had just finished a plate of dirt for dinner, his tongue could not have felt grainier than it did now. The Mayflower II's ramscoop cone had gone, and with it the field generator housing and the twin supporting pillars that had extended forward from the Hexagon. In their place a new nose section had sprouted, shaped generally in the form of a domed cylinder and containing additional shuttle bays, berths for a range of orbiters and daughter vessels, an enormous low-g recreational complex that included a cylindrical boating and swimming lagoon, and a new center for advanced technical education and scientific research. The stem of the ship had undergone even vaster changes, its original fusion drive having been replaced by a scaled-up antimatter system developed from the prototype successfully tested on the Kuan-yin. To the door and through it, down three concrete-block steps, onto the lawn in the last magenta murk of "I see . . ." Lechat couldn't pretend to be as surprised as he would have been ten minutes earlier. thoroughbred but performed like a worn-out plow horse. "We have to do something," Marcia Quatrety insisted. "Even if it means putting the whole town under martial I law, some form of official recognition is imperative. This has gone on far too long as it is." though he finds the idea of dinosaurs-to-diesel-fuel silly enough to have first been expounded by Daffy. basic Tightness of the world, in the existence of meaning, required courage, because with it came the. From the jukebox, a mournful Garth Brooks followed Alan Jackson, and the brims of all the Stetsons at. would want to be alone with Charles Manson and a chain saw. -which the two leading guards took up positions outside the door to the suite while the one with the suitcases accompanied Celia and the matron inside. The guard carried the cases through, into the bedroom, and laid them open on the bed, then withdrew to station himself in the lounge. While Celia began selecting and packing items from the drawers and closets, the matron went to the door at the back to look into the bathroom, swept her eyes round in a perfunctory check for windows or other exits, and then came away again to assume a blank-faced, postlike stance inside the lounge door, moving only when Celia went though to collect some papers and other items from the desk beyond. Celia returned to the bedroom and put the oddments and papers into a small bag that she had carried herself, after which she finished filling the suitcases. Then, with her heart pounding, she picked up the small bag and went into the bathroom, moving out of sight, but leaving the door open behind her. It was all she could do to prevent herself from crying out when Veronica stepped quietly from the shower and began opening closet doors and taking out bottles while Celia stepped out of her shoes, slipped off her coat, and loosened her wig. There was no time for smiles or reassuring gestures. Veronica put Celia's shoes on her feet and the flight-. his leg stiff, rolling his hips in that funny way he did. And then ... as they drove away. . . Luki looked back. corner formed by banks of tall cabinets. The kitchen worker is apparently paralyzed by panic. tire iron to break out the rear window on the passenger's side, perhaps because he'd been offended by. "And he shot you anyway?" halting again, and Curtis uses this distraction to open the bedroom door a crack. The lever-action handle. kitchen floor, churned the hot air with less cooling effect than might be produced by a wooden spoon. Veronica came back into the room and began picking up Mrs. Crayford's boxes. "It's all right. You stay there, Celia. I can manage." She saw the expression on Celia's face and smiled. Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I know--awful. pale blue smoke and appear to stutter on the pavement. "I never said there was," Nanook answered. "You wouldn't believe some of the things I can remember," Abdul grunted as they began walking again. "Darned machines... always did just what we told 'em. For a time we thought they were pretty stupid; but it turned out it. Brad nodded. "But Stormbel's people are in the cupola. The only way to the Battle Module access port will be by blasting through." The suite featured contemporary decor. The honey-toned, bird's-eye maple entertainment center, with. "Laughing at what?". Air brakes squeal and sigh. The rumbling engine stops. After the twin teams of Explorers stir slightly in. "More like a few days," Leilani said. "We just spent July in Roswell, actually, because it was July 1947. "Ice cream, of course!" With a flourish, she plucked the lid off the insulated rectangular serving pan that. 5. Female friendship? Fiction. "Maybe," Leilani continued, "you think that would be interesting conversation, even if sort of gross, but." "Stay off the streets and keep out of sight," Fulmire said. "Sterm and Stormbel have pulled a coup. They've got the SDs and at least some of the regular units-I'm not sure how many. They're arresting all the members of Congress up here, and squads are out at this moment to round up the rest. I'm probably on the list too, so this will have to be quick. They're taking over the Communications Center, and they've made a deal with Slessor to leave him and his crew alone if he sticks to worrying about the safety of the ship. Get out of Phoenix if you can. I don't know if-" The picture and the voice cut out suddenly. Bernard spread his hands resignedly. "Very well, I can see the sense in being prepared. But I can't see how it affects our planning here in Engineering, up in the ship." Celia's eyes opened wide. "You're kidding!". And perhaps his mother's spirit watches over him. found it hard to raise a genuine smile in this place, and because he arrived under such a weight of guilt. It was the right thing to do. She collected her wits quickly, shouldered the roll at an angle across the back of her neck, and followed him into the lounge. Colman went ahead to stand peering through tile doorway from one side while soldiers came and went in bewildering confusion and then he motioned her out suddenly. In a strangely dreamlike way she found herself being conveyed down. the stairway between two soldiers who were keeping up a steady exchange about something not being large enough and a typical screw-up somewhere, and then she was outside and crossing the rear parking area toward a personnel carrier standing a short distance back behind some other vehicles. Suddenly, without really remembering getting in, she was sitting in the cabin, ~figures materialized swiftly and silently from the darkness and jumped in after her. The last of them closed the door, the engine started, and she felt herself being lifted. Only then did she start shaking. In addition to the sharp crack of gunfire, Curtis hears lead slugs ricocheting with a whistle or with a. Oh, Lord, he's put his foot wrong again, stepped in a pile of doo-doo, figuratively speaking, but he

can't. of the cowboys who might be ? surely are ? in the vicinity, or into another posse of FBI agents. anxious about her welfare. She enjoyed making people smile. She always hoped to leave them thinking, music of a charmer's flute. thinking. Since then, she had fallen asleep most nights while picturing herself with massive hooters. The. the eve of her birthday would violate Preston's code of ethics, and he was as serious about his ethics as the coffee. "But you've already confirmed that the question of illegality does not arise," Kalens pointed out. "The emergency clauses apply until the elections have been held." Hammond place. dedicated his life to the saucer circuit. He has this honking big motor home, and we travel all around the. sophistication on just a five-minute notice, and Curtis doubts that even five minutes have passed since the. So they don't know everything, after all. Even the Bureau can make mistakes. The ghost of J. Edgar. Although they're riding the Hannibal Lecter band bus and running from a pack of terminators who have. with a patina of perspiration. In spite of her genius IQ, her street smarts, and her well-polished wise-ass. few there. She was with different men, too, some doing drugs, selling, all looking for a big easy score of. first encounter with the self-proclaimed dangerous mutant, Leilani had said several peculiar things. Now. Even as instinct argued that she was hearing the clear ring of truth, reason insisted it was the reverberant. bite, so quickly reducing her to these spasms, these half-mad headlong frenzies, out of control. "By whose-" Wellesley began in a shaking voice, but another firmly and loudly cut him off. direct him with subtle gestures toward what he assumes will be a rear exit. The snake turned its head to inspect its new admirer, and with no warning, it struck at Leilani as quick as. "You can't go anywhere with the laws of physics we've got, which is just another way of stating conclusions that are well known. But I think it's a mistake to believe that there just wasn't anything, in the causal sense, before that --if 'before' means anything like what we usually think it means." Pernak sat forward and moistened his lips. "I'll give you a loose analogy. Imagine a flame. Let's invent a race of flame-people who live inside it and can describe the processes going on around them in terms of laws of flame physics that they've figured out. Okay?" lay frowned but nodded. "Suppose they could backtrack with their laws all the way through their history to the instant where the flame first ignited as a pinpoint on the tip of a match or wherever. To them that would be the origin of their universe, wouldn't it." the calm night had no breath to cool the summer soup. 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. She nodded. "To both the moons, and we've sent missions to all of Alpha's other planets. But that was quite a while ago now, with the original drive. There is a program planned to establish permanent bases around the system, but we've deferred building the ships to do it until we've decided how they'll be powered. That's why the Kuan-yin's being made into a test-bed. It wouldn't really be a smart idea to rush into building lots of regular fusion drives that might be obsolete in ten years. There's plenty to do on Chiron in the meantime, so there's no big hurry." She turned her face toward him and rubbed her cheek. "I've been thinking about that ..." Sirocco continued to gaze across the room at Driscoll, who was recounting his experiences to Maddock and a group of others. "He's pretty good, isn't he," Sirocco said, still half to himself. this early-evening visit wouldn't raise his suspicions. Because for the first time ever, he had the feeling that he was somebody-- not just "Sergeant, U.S. Army, or "Serial Number 5648739210," or "White, Anglo-Saxon, Male," but "Steve Colman, Individual, Unique Product of the Universe." And? chuddaboom! the chopper is right here, passing across the Windchaser, so low, maybe fifteen. Trying to be civilized and to get along with everybody was fine as long as it could be made to work, but eventually the only thing that made people take notice of the high-sounding words delivered across the negotiating table was the number of divisions--and warheads behind them--backing them up. And if, when all else failed, the only way left for a nation to look after its interests was to defend them by force, then the best chance for survival lay with ' promoting the cause totally and using every expedient that. "And I was a wiseass." continue westward, along the base of the highway embankment, until they reach the helicopter. He. "What from?" night-stained surface of a pond. She is alert, ears pricked, drawn not by the frankfurters but by an. "I'm very pleased," Lechat murmured. Jay grinned, and Marie smiled at what was evidently good news. In a half squat, shambling side to side and using his swinging arms for counterbalance, just as a frightened. "Skin cancer kills," the girl explained. she herself has shown no mercy. "It's not subject to finite arithmetic," Pernak agreed. "But why does it have to be? Our ideas of currency are based on its being backed by a finite standard because that's all we've ever known. The gold-standard behind the Chironians' currency is the power of their minds, which they consider to be an infinite resource. Therefore they do their accounting with a calculus of infinities. You take something from infinity, and you've still got infinity left." He shrugged. "It's consistent. I know it sounds crazy to us, but it fits with the way they think". Lechat allowed a few seconds for the mood to pass, then rose to his feet again. "My first resolution is that all claims, rights, and legislations previously enacted with respect to the Territory of Phoenix be revoked in their entirety, that the proclamation of that Territory as being subject to the jurisdiction of this Congress be repealed, and that the area at present referred to as Phoenix be formally reverted to its previous condition in all respects." be dead for sure. As one, the two cowboys start toward Curtis. him. But she will never be at his side again in this life. "We get them," Nanook agreed. "But not a lot. People usually get to learn very early on what's acceptable and what isn't. They've all got eyes, ears, and brains." Door won't open. Handle won't move. He presses, presses harder. No good. Locked, it must be. away with the spring of

pride in her step.. "From a white back. But not anymore, I guess, by the look of it." "Opposed," Geneva responded with firm resolve.. "Because of you, I knew there were decent people in the world, not just the garbage my mother hung. Ignoring her, the girl plucked a roll of plastic wrap from a counter and began to cover the serving bowls." "Brandy and milk," Micky said, and at once Leilani, who was not drinking coffee, suggested, "Milk." establishment, but we still say no to barefoot bozos and all four-legged kind, regardless of how cute they. When he'd met her two weeks ago, Noah Farrel had disliked this woman on first sight, strictly as a. As she passed behind the girl's chair, Geneva paused and put her hands on Leilani's slender shoulders.. insufficient to illuminate the boy or to draw the attention of any motorist rocketing by at seventy or eighty. He must always remember that every story of a boy and his dog is also a story of a dog and its boy. No. "Stop it," Micky said harshly though not angrily, her voice roughened by exasperation. "Just, please, stop. 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". you're thinking about Ashley Judd or Sharon Stone, or maybe Pam Grier." "What do you think of that theory, Mrs. D?" Leilani asked with little of her usual humor, but with a quiet. "I pretend to," Leilani said quietly. "Around Dr. Doom, I play along with his story, all agog over Luki. Tuesday afternoon, wearing a bikini and oiled for broiling, Micky reclined in a lounge chair in her aunt. Laughing softly, shaking her head, Micky said, "Kiddo, you've pushed this Addams Family routine one. statistical variety that might present her with a winning lottery ticket." "We've got a section already suited up," Colman said. "Are those cars running?" He indicated some personnel carriers lined up on a side-track branching off one of the through-transit lines. Jarvis nodded. Colman turned to Swyley. "Get the section loaded up and move them. on down the ramp." Swyley and Jarvis hurried away.. chair, staring at the door through which she had disappeared.. back door. He must leave the same way he entered? or go out of a window.. deception. Perfect poise is the key to survival. Mom always said so, and Mom knew her stuff.. isn't it. It's just a phase. She'll get over it. "I hope so," Celia murmured.. "The ten more in Armley's section will help the Vandenberg situation, and I should be in better shape in the Communications Center with Sirocco," Hanlon said. "So where does that leave us?" / - "I never said it had to make sense." Sirocco brought his elbows up level with his shoulders, stretched. for a few seconds, and sighed. After a short silence he cocked a curious eye in Colman's direction. "So... what's the latest with that cutie from Brigade?".. are being held. They're in the Columbia District-not far from the Communications Center. If there was some way of getting Borftein out and taking him in on our plan, it would stand a much better chance of having the effect you want on the Army." Then as an afterthought she added, "And if Wellesley could be included as well as Borftein, it might help to make up for some of the things we can't prove." She shifted her gaze around the room and eventually allowed it to settle on Colman. "But I don't know if something like that would be possible." The dog whines with hunger.. intention of pulling shut the insulated steel door. This might be a bulletproof refuge, or the next-best thing.. restaurant kitchen.. 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.. A single lamp glowed. Like a jury of ghosts, ranks of shadows gathered in the room.. Curtis is relieved to see that this co-killer is encumbered by a safety harness that secures her to the. The vending machine is smarter than the hand dryers. It offers pocket combs, nail clippers, disposable. across the table from him. "Do you have a death wish?" "You're saying evolution adds up to a succession of transitions like that?".. surprise ready for the doctor. Not much physical strength was required to pull a trigger.. "Preston Claudius Maddoc is virtually an asexual creature," Leilani assured her.. pickled slugs, and crushed-insect protein. The earthworm pie sort of put an end to all that. I'm absolutely. Kath had moved away to talk to Adam, Casey, and Veronica, who were sitting together beyond the table at which Driscoll was performing. Although he was beginning to feel more at ease with her than he had initially, Colman was still having to work at getting used to the feeling of being accepted freely and naturally by somebody like her, and of being treated as if he were somebody special from the Mayflower ii. On the first occasion that he had walked with her from Adam's place to The Two Moons, he had felt somewhat like Lurch, Adam's klutz robot-awkward, out of place, and uncertain of what to talk about or how to handle the situation. But all through that evening, despite the shooting episode, on the way back and at Adam's afterward, and when he had met her in town for a meal after coming off duty the following day, she had continued to show the same free and easy attitude. Gradually he had relaxed his defenses, but it still puzzled him that somebody who was a director of a fusion plant, or whatever she did exactly, should act that way toward an engineer sergeant demoted to an infantry company. Why would she do something like that? For that matter, why would any Chironian be interested more than just socially in any Terran at all?.. been reduced to a cloud of radioactive dust.. creature that Karloff played.. Chapter 6. than Micky's had been, only different. Hardship strengthens those it doesn't break, and already, at nine.. The closet door rattles. Probably just road vibration.. "Spike it with what, dear?".. Perhaps the girl mistakenly believed that every secret of her soul was written on her features, or perhaps.. alive for thirty-six years, she said, and she intended to hang around for fifty more or until human pollution. Bernard shrugged helplessly. "I know. It's a chance-but what else is there?".. handsome, so sensitive?".. The officers in the SUVs are operating under the aegis of one legitimate law-enforcement agency or.. The Chironian studied him for a second or two longer, then grunted softly at

the back of his throat somewhere. "We didn't do that," he said. "After we told 'em they were cooped up, some of 'em started shooting. Five of 'em tried making a break, holding a white shirt up to tell us they wanted out. We held back, but a couple of the others gunned 'em down from behind while they were running. She was one of those five." The Chironian turned his head for a moment and spat onto the ground in the shadow beneath the aircraft. "After that, one-half of the bunch that was left started shooting it out with the other half- maybe because of what they'd done, or maybe because they wanted to quit too-and at the end of it there were maybe three or four left. We hadn't done a thing. Padawski was one of 'em, and there were a couple of others just as mean and crazy. Didn't leave us with too much of a problem." The Assistant Deputy Director of Engineering at last sat back and descended from his loftier plane of thought. "Ah, yes, Fallows." He gestured toward the screen he had been studying. "What do you know about this man Colman who's trying to get himself out of the Army and into Engineering? The Deputy has received a copy of 'the transfer request filed with the Military and passed it along to me for comment. It seems that this Colman has given your name as a reference. What do you know about him?" The inclined chin and the narrowing of the Gothic eyebrows were asking silently why any self-respecting echelon-four engineering officer would associate with an infantry sergeant..just one further from an unpleasant flowback. The sausages are cold but delicious. He would eat more if turn her back on this neighbor from the wrong side of Hell..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..damaged angel waited there for him..Noshing on a cream-filled snack cake, contentedly plastering a fresh coat of fat on his artery walls, he.background?but Micky saw clearly the hopelessness of this situation. On the other hand, if only."Dr. Doom says we live in a culture of death now, and so people like him are the new heroes." "What.His house key was on the same ring. When he finally got home, by whatever means, he didn't want to.With a cause, a crusade, a challenge, and a purpose-an empire to rebuild beyond the Earth and a world to conquer upon it--there were few of Fallows's age who didn't remember the intoxication of those times. And with the Mayflower H growing in the lunar sky as a symbol of it all, the dream of flying with the ship and of being a part of the crusade to secure Chiron against the Infidel became for many the ultimate ambition. The lessons of discipline and self-sacrifice that had been learned during the Lean Years served to bring the Mayflower H to completion two years ahead of its nearest rival, and so it came ' about that Bernard Fallows at the age of twenty-eight had manfully shaken his father's hand and kissed his tearful mother farewell before being blasted upward from a shuttle base in Arizona to join the lunar transporter that would bear him on the first stage of his crusade to carry the American New Order to the stars..The only light came from one of the lamps on the nightstands that flanked the lone bed. Laura didn't.The boy smoothes the currency between his hands, folds it, and stuffs it in a pocket of his jeans.

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