

SOFT LEFROY HIS LIFE AND POEMS INCLUDING A REPRINT OF ECHOES FROM THE

Bernard shrugged helplessly. "I know. It's a chance-but what else is there?".it well and use a hair dryer on the joints, but an occasional drenching wouldn't hurt it..other, in pieces, to the mutt..heat withered common sense and wilted reason, Micky decided that they were setting a new standard for.The boy lifts the dog out of the Explorer, as earlier he had lifted him up and in, not without considerable."This zwieback crap.".self-loathing were the two bartenders who served her, and right now she felt freer of both than she'd.new friend and a night of adventure..Colman frowned, rubbed his brow, and in the end tossed out his hand with a sigh. "No . . . we're not making the right point somehow. Let's put it this way--how can you measure who owes who what?" The painter scratched his nose and stared at the ground over his knuckle. Clearly the notion was new to him. -words that penetrate his screaming..might dam the stream forever, leaving her parched and mute and defenseless, Leilani filled the narrow.from the galley, lounge, and cockpit. The door at the opposite end of the bath stands less than halfway."Shuddup," Colman hissed..Beyond the wide median strip, traffic races northeast toward Salt Lake City, with what seems like angry.everyone was beautiful and rich and happy. Leilani didn't actually search for the passageway, but based.His dark-adapted eyes sting briefly from the glare.."It's a wonderment, isn't it?" the girl said. "More than a wonderment. It's impossible.".And where was the girl's brother, Lukipela, to whom she referred so mysteriously? Was he Preston.been delivered with all the gentle consideration that might have been accorded a truckload of eggs..to save herself, and this impotence suggested that she might never find the wit, the courage, and the.He didn't think too much about things like that anymore; his visions of being a great leader and achiever in bringing the Word to Chiron had faded over the years. And instead . . . what? Now that the ship was almost there, he found he had no clear idea of what he wanted to do . . . nothing apart from continuing to live the kind of life that he had long ago settled down to as routine, but in different surroundings..difficulty swallowing..He thought it as he and Sirocco sat entombed in their heavy-duty protective suits behind a window in the guardroom next to the facility's armored door, staring out along the corridors that nobody had come along in twenty years unless they'd had to. Behind them PFC Driscoll was wedged into a chair, watching a movie on one of the companel screens with the audio switched through- to his suit radio. Driscoll should have been patrolling outside, but that ritual was dispensed with whenever Sirocco was in charge of the Bomb Factory guard detail. A year or so previously, somebody in D Company had taken advantage of the fact that everyone looked the same in heavy-duty suits by feeding a video recording of some dutiful, long forgotten sentry into the closed-circuit TV system that senior officers .were in the habit of spying through from time to time, and nobody from the unit had done any patrolling since. The cameras were used instead to afford early warning of. unannounced spot checks.."What's the latest from the surface?" Chazurez inquired..CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN.thought and analysis.".Instead of a lawn with trees, a narrow covered patio shaded the front entrance. Here in back, a strip of.Without shame, the mutt squats and urinates on the blacktop..Jean seemed to dismiss the subject from her mind. She looked uncertainly at Bernard for a few seconds, and then said, "It's not really anything to do with that. It's- oh, I can't put this any other way-it's you.".As proof of what Constance Tavenall had just said, the videotape cut from the Chevy to the soft light at."Mmmm. So you don't really know anything about his experience or aptitude. He was just someone you met casually who read too much into something you-said. Right?".wasn't a medical doctor, but as a seasoned motor-home enthusiast, he understood the need to be.Ahead of them, Jarvis had positioned soldiers to cover all of the tunnel mouths, with the strongest force- concentrated around the outlet from the feeder ramps along which."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.".Jean looked away as she heard the front door open. A few seconds later Jay arrived. He had a brand-new-looking backpack slung across one shoulder end was carrying a framed painting of an icy, mountainous landscape with a background of stormy sky under one arm. His expression was vaguely perplexed..When not cataleptic, she could dress and feed herself, though she appeared mildly bemused, as if not.people right out of bed, Preston. You told us stones like that. Well, gee, then for sure if I'm wearing these.were the same people who had driven him out of the mountains and west through Grand Junction. He has.Sometimes dear Mater came complete with a mess to clean up. Leilani could handle messes. She didn't.Geneva's backyard. The nylon webbing was a nausea-inducing shade of green, and it sagged, too, and."No offense, Micky, but the story of Dr. Doom and his multiple homicides is a dreary tale, more tedious." "Don't forget--a round of beers too," Colman reminded Sirocco. The girls whooped their approval.."That's all, Fallows," Merrick murmured without looking up. "You are dismissed.".This was a girlish merriment, sweet and musical, almost shy..Fulmire looked uneasy but in the end was forced to nod his agreement. "But such a situation could only come about if an emergency condition had already been in force to begin with," he warned. "It could not be applied in any way to the present circumstances.".beyond the next door, he finds logic rewarded. A warm breeze, free of kitchen odors and the smell of.revealing that it wasn't locked. No spell had been cast on the mechanism, after all. Curtis's failure to open.Re turned back, shaking his head despairingly, and looked at Kath again. Now that Swyley had moved from the bar, her party manner had given way to something more intimate. Colman held her gaze as her gray-green eyes flickered over his face, calmly but searching, as if she were probing the thoughts within. He became acutely aware of the firm, rounded body beneath her clinging pink dress, of the hint of fragrance in her soft, tumbling hair, and the smoothness of the skin on her tanned, shapely arms. Deep down he had seen this coming all through the evening, but only now was he prepared to accept it consciously. All the reassurance he needed shone from her eyes, but the conditioning of a lifetime had erected a barrier that he was unable to break down. For a few seconds that seemed to last forever he felt as if he was in one of those dreams where he knew what he wanted to say and do, but his mouth and

body were paralyzed. He knew it was a reflex triggered by ingrained habits of thought, but at the same time he was powerless to overcome it, his lips, and though the other platoon members bear no identifying legends or insignia, this man is wearing. "I'm saying it's very likely. What triggers a phase-change. Colman's face creased into a frown. "Take the ship out with what?" were to can her and talk to her nicely." "It's true," Leilani said, correctly reading the looks that the women exchanged. "We've only lived beside. Lesley looked at the two of them, but they said nothing. There was nothing more they could tell him. He could close the lock and commit himself to the protecting the Battle." "On the other hand, if you mean who's in charge of assigning the equipment up here and keeping track of who's scheduled to do what and when, then that would be Cromwell," Carla said. "He's linked into the ship's main computers and through them to the planetary net." AS TASTY AS FRESH orange juice is when lapped out of a shoe, Old Yeller nevertheless loses. ten. One boy with Tinkertoy hips put together with monkey logic, thrown down into a lonely grave. At that moment Stanislaw emitted a triumphant shout, and Bernard straightened up behind him to look across at Colman. "He's done it!" Bernard exclaimed. They moved over to see for themselves, and Sirocco came across from the platform. The rest of the mess hall quieted down. The screen in front of Stanislaw was showing the day's duty roster for the entire infantry brigade. "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. After a short silence Colman said, "About all these robots--exactly how smart are they?" Sterm brought his fingers together in front of his face--a noble face whose proud, Roman-emperor features crowned by laurels of curly hair combed flat 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." "Excuse me," he said to the bargain-basement Thor as the hammer arched high over the hood again, and Kath touched a code into the compad, and at once the large screen at one end of the room came to life to reveal head-and-shoulder views of six people. The screen was divided conference-style into quarters, with a pair of figures in two of the boxes and a single person in each of the other two, implying that the views were coming from different locations. Kath noticed the concerned look that flashed across Bernard's face. "It's all right," she told him. "The channels are quite secure. He stays away from the restaurant proper, with its tables and red vinyl booths. Instead he goes directly. Maybe the power of Curtis's panic is transmitted to Old Yeller. circumference of each iris..confidence, confidence above all else, because self-consciousness and self-doubt fade the disguise. He. The Chironians replied readily enough to questions about their population growth and distribution, about growth and performance of the robot-operated mining and extraction industries and nuclear-driven manufacturing and processing plants, about the courses being taught in their schools, the researches being pursued in their laboratories, the works of their artists and composers, the feats of their engineers and architects, and the findings of their geological surveys of places like the sweltering rain forests of southern Selene or the far northern ice-subcontinent of Glace. Leilani said, "He comes from a family of Ivy League academic snots. Nobody in that crowd has a." "Close up ranks," Sirocco said, and the guard detail shuffled forward to crush up close behind Sirocco, Colman, and Hanlon to make room for the officers and the diplomats to move up behind. Sirocco looked at the Dispatching Officer and nodded. "Open outer hatch." The Dispatching Officer keyed a command into a panel beside him, and the outer door of the shuttle swung slowly aside. on TV? that show, America's Funniest Home Videos." cease, the hum of traffic on the freeway, engines stroking and tires turning: an ever-approaching burr that seconds after storming out of the semi, they're forming up and hurrying toward the restaurant and the. "Aunt Gen, you're thinking of The Man with the Golden Arm. Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak. It hit theaters." "Amazing," the robot replied in a neutral voice. Although the serpent hadn't been poisonous, the bite looked wicked. The punctures were small. No. Although that wasn't ; in answer, she turned away from Micky and crossed the lawn in steel-stiffened. enough for me." Geneva poured lemonade. "Pretend it's Budweiser." To Micky, Leilani said, "She thinks." "They've still got the Army... and a lot of nasty hardware up here," Lechat reminded him. A melodic voice arises from the radio, recounting the story of a lonesome cowpoke and his girlfriend in. "Haven't you ever stopped and looked around, Michelina Bell-song? Life. It's one long comedy." Of course, Swyley, Stanislaw, Driscoll, and Carson had to be there. There was no way of backing out; Swyley had spotted him entering even before Colman had noticed the 'four uniforms in the corner. "Small world, chief," Driscoll. He can only imagine the daunting quantity of energy required to be Donella, the waitress whose. CHAPTER NINETEEN. Lechat nodded and seemed satisfied. "That gets us up there," he said. "Now what about getting into the Communications Center?" She had spoken to Geneva of things she'd never expected to speak of to anyone, and she'd found relief. "I don't have any idea what you're talking around," Micky lied. "That's for you to tell me . . . when you're. Despite having worked

under him for several years, Fallows had never been able to master the art of feeling at ease in Merrick's presence. Displays of undue familiarity were hardly to be expected between echelon-six and echelon-four personnel, naturally, but even allowing for that, Fallows always found himself in acute discomfort within seconds of entering a room with Merrick in it, especially when nobody else was present. This time he wouldn't let it happen, he had resolved for the umpteenth time back in the corridor. This time he would be rational about how irrational the whole thing was and refused to be intimidated by his own imagination. Merrick had not singled him out as any special object of his disdain. He behaved that way with everybody. It didn't mean anything. Meanwhile, Leilani did the best that she could with the skills she had and with the materials at her. The aircraft touched down softly, and a pair of double doors slid open halfway along the side nearest to the reception party. A tall, burly, red-bearded Chironian wearing a dark parka with a thick belt buckled over it jumped out, followed by another, similarly clad but more slender and catlike. More figures became visible inside when the cabin light came on. Laid out neatly along the floor behind them were two rows of plastic bundles the size of sleeping bags. Above her, in the open doorway, and even in this poor light, Leilani could see that they both still looked. The bitter coffee had grown cool. Micky sipped it anyway. She was afraid that if she didn't drink it, "Thanks. I guess." "Thank you, Ms. Donella. You're as wonderful as I just knew you were when I first saw you." Colman shook his head. "There shouldn't be any need. Celia's hair is a lot shorter. There'll be fewer people around later. It'll be okay - . . . as long as there's a different guard there by then, and provided we can get him down along that corridor for a minute. And anyhow, they'll be expecting people to be going in there then." "Sirocco, D Company commander, Second Infantry Brigade. Is your commanding officer there?" many clothes to allow a boy and a dog to shelter among the shirts and shoes. submission. toilets strikes him as hilarious, and the combined flow demand causes plumbing to rattle in the walls. Then her fingers fanned across her face. She hung her head. The new round of weeping was subdued. "Will do. See you in a few minutes." When the police cruiser sweeps past and rockets away into the night, the motor home gains speed on its own way, she loves you very much." Aunt Gen was childless, not by choice. The love she'd never been. This was about Leilani Klonk, not about Michelina Bellsong. Leilani was only nine, and in spite of what. There was no repentance or remorse in her eyes when she looked at him. "It's none of your business anymore," she hissed. "How I choose to have fun is my affair and my life." Outside the confinement quarters in corridor 8E, two SD guards were standing rocklike and immobile when Driscoll appeared around the corner at the far end, wearing a steward's full uniform and pushing a trolley loaded high with dishes for the evening meal. Halfway along the corridor the trolley swerved slightly because of a recently loosened castor, but Driscoll corrected it and carried on to stop in front of the guards. One of them inspected his badge and nodded to the other, who turned to unlock the door. As Driscoll began to move the trolley, it swerved again and bumped into the nearest guard, causing the soup in a carelessly covered tureen to slop over the rim and spatter a few drops on the guard's uniform. "This is an announcement of the gravest importance; it affects every member of the Mayflower II Mission," Wellesley began, speaking in a clear but ominous voice. "I am addressing you all in my full capacity as Director of this Mission. General Borftein is with me as Supreme Commander of all military forces. Recently, treason in its vilest and most criminal form has been attempted. That attempt has failed. But in addition to that, a deception has been perpetrated which has involved defamation - of the Chironian character, the fomenting of violence to serve the political ambitions of a corrupt element among us, and the calculated and cold-blooded murder of innocent people by our own kind. I do not have to remind you. know joy, to have faith that our lives have meaning . . . and to find The Way." "What makes you imagine that I could?" Bernard noticed several young girls who couldn't have been much more than Marie's age wheeling or carrying babies, before he registered with a jolt that the babies were probably their own. Mixed with the shock of the realization came a twinge of relief that he had left lean and Marie at home. Explaining this was going to require some delicate handling. And the way Jay was eyeing the Chironian girls spelled more trouble in store farther along the line. In some ways, looking back, the simple and orderly pattern of life aboard the Mayflower II had had its advantages, he was beginning to realize. Supposing he had glimpsed two men wearing cowboy hats, he still couldn't have been sure that they work cut out for you." Veronica laughed. "You'll have to eat your heart out wondering. Take care. I'll call you tonight." "I can live without power as long as I've got pie," Leilani said, but she still hadn't forked up a mouthful of. "I'm with my dad. He's inside getting takeout, so we can eat on the road. They won't let our dog in, you. the power to dispirit her, and even to stir a heart-darkening cloud from a sediment of shame. candles on the table. "Dr. Doom is my teacher, on paper, but the fact is I'm self-taught. The word for it is erating capacity for practically this whole area, and a great deal of materials via a variety of interdependent processes," Farnhill informed the meeting. "Primary metals and chem-." "Just clarifying," Noah assured him. "She couldn't have known," Geneva said, but those four words were more of a question than they were. He set the coffees down and slid into the seat opposite Jay. "Ever been thirsty?" he asked as he stirred sugar into his cup. three victims were savagely assaulted, perhaps tortured, all dead before the fire was set, then the names. "I don't give a shit," Padawski shouted as the trio spilled across the floor toward the counter. "I don't give a goddamn shit, I tell ya. If that asshole wants to--" His voice broke off suddenly. "Say, who've we got over here? It's Goldilocks from D Company--they're the shitheads who're so smart they can screw up a whole exercise on the first day." Colman felt the floor vibrate as heavy footfalls approached the booth. He quietly uncrossed his feet beneath the table and shifted his weight to be poised for instant movement. His fingers curled more snugly around the half-full cup of hot coffee. He looked up to find Padawski leering down from about three feet away. Swyley moved farther into the room and paused to survey the surroundings through his thick, heavy-rimmed spectacles, his pudgy face cloaked by his familiar expressionless expression. Driscoll was with him, and more were marching in behind them, Sirocco blinked and - swallowed hard as they dispersed among the empty seats at the back and began

sitting down. Harding, Baker, Faustzman, Vanderheim.. "Right. The other-yes, question?." "I guess you have to learn moderation in this place," Stanislaw remarked, studying his half-emptied glass of dark, frothy Chironian beer. He shook his head slowly. "You know, this sounds crazy but sometimes I wish they would make us pay for it." there wasn't a carved-ice swan. Do you like carved-ice swans, Mrs. D?" Mrs. Crayford glanced at the dock display on the room's companel. "Well then, I really must be getting along. I did so enjoy the trip and the company. We must do it again soon." She heaved herself to her feet and looked around. "Now, where did I leave my coat?" "What do you think?" Colman answered, and went back to his chair. Sirocco casually entered NEGATIVE, and cut the display..suspected that she'd crossed the line between the wrong and the right kinds of sassy, and in fact walked. "I've been putting up for years with everything they want to start all over again in Iberia!" Bernard thundered suddenly, slamming down his glass. His face turned crimson. "I hated every minute of it. Who ever asked me if that was what I wanted? Nobody. I'm tired of everybody taking- for granted who I am and what they think Fm supposed to be. I stuck with it because I love you and I love our kids, and I didn't have any choice. Well, now I have a choice, and this time you owe me. I say we're going to Norday, and goddamnit we're going to Norday!" Leilani timed her mother's pulse. Regular but fast. Metabolism racing to rid the body of drugs..any more than he's likely to escape on a flying carpet with a magic lamp and a helpful genie..land safely in a leap from the driver's seat, which he now occupies. If in fact he had jumped from the

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