

ACCELERATED CHEMISTRY

2. Unidentified flying object cults? Fiction.. Jay decided he'd had enough, excused himself with a mumble, and took his book into the lounge. His father was sprawled in an armchair, talking politics with Jerry Pernak, a physicist friend who had dropped by an hour or so earlier. Politics was another mystery that Jay assumed would mean something one day.. disappointment. "I sure did want to be Minnie." "Probably not much of anything," Leilani said, without a pause. "Except in having fun and getting through. Geneva had risen from her chair to fetch the pot from the Mr. Coffee machine. She poured a refill for. touch any more than she had reacted to Micky's questions. Tremors quaked through her.. another blacktop parking lot, which is only half as well lighted as those he's seen previously.. between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death. Paula slapped down four aces gleefully. "You lose! Hey, how about that? I just cleaned him out. See, I knew he had to be bluffing." "I didn't realize anyone got embarrassed about anything anymore. In this case, it just means 'as bad as a. Jay looked surprised. "Why... sure. I guess so. Hasn't everybody?" "Sentry detail, detach to . . . post!" Sirocco shouted. PFC Driscoll stepped one pace backward from the end of the by-this-time-diminished file, turned ninety degrees to the right, and stepped back again to come to attention with his back to the wall by the entrance to a smaller side corridor. "Parade . . . rest!" Driscoll moved his left foot into an astride stance and brought his gun down from the shoulder to rest with its butt on the floor, one inch from the coffee.. "No offense intended." "Will Kath fix it up for you?" "Not likely." . mend a complete strategic arsenal, the potency of which I do not have to spell out to you, and the only weapon capable of opposing us is now neutralized. Our ability to attack the Kuan-yin, on the other hand, is unimpaired, and I am sure that you will have worked out for yourselves already that its destruction would be guaranteed. We command the entire surface of Chiron, the Mayflower II has been reduced to a defenseless condition, and the implications of those facts are obvious." . with wonder as she contemplated the immensity of creation.. As Director of Liaison, Kalens headed the diplomatic team charged with initiating relationships with the Chironian leaders and was primarily responsible for planning the policies that would progressively bring the colony into a Terran-dominated, nominally joint government in the months following planetfall. Hence the question probably concerned him more than anybody else. Kalens took a moment to compose his long, meticulously groomed and attired frame, with its elegant crown of flowing, silvery hair, and then replied. "I agree with John that a rigid rule needs to be asserted early on . . . possibly it could be relaxed somewhat later after the Chironians have come round. However, Mark has a point too. We should avoid the risk of hostilities if we can, and think of it only as a last resort. We're going to need those resources working for us, not against. And they're still very thin. We can't permit them to be frittered away or destroyed. Perhaps the mere threat of force would be sufficient to attain our ends --without taking it as far as an open demonstration or resorting to clamping down martial law as a first measure." 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." . ward against their will she's a danger to herself and others." Bernard managed a weak smile. "That's a nice thought, but I've got a job to do. We're still going to be busy for a while. Thanks anyway." He thought for a few seconds. "I hope you're not planning anything too tough out them. I mean, Jay hasn't exactly had a lot of practice at that kind of thing. He's never even seen a planet before." Jay winced under his breath and looked away.. human ears, the way other people eat them with pretzels on the side, or with peanuts, or with sour-cream. Bernard felt the color rising at the back of his neck. The pathos that she was trying to project was touching a raw nerve. He refilled his glass with a slow, deliberate movement while he brought his feelings under control. "What makes you so sure I found it all that wonderful?" he asked. "Aren't you assuming the same right to tell me what I ought to want?" He put the bottle down on the table with a thud and looked up. "Well, I didn't think it was so wonderful, and I don't want any more of it. Today I told Merrick to stuff his lob up his ass." They should have caught him long ago. This territory, however, is as unknown to them as it is to him.. afraid that they are beginning to recognize him for the fugitive he is.. Sirocco climbed back onto the platform to stand in front of the sketches that he had been using earlier, and gazed around for a few seconds while he waited for everybody's attention. "Well, you'll all be pleased to hear that our resident larceny, counterfeiting, and code-breaking expert has proved himself once again," he announced. "Phases one and four appear to be feasible, as we discussed." To one side and below the platform, Stanislaw turned with a broad, toothy grin and clasped his hands above his head to acknowledge the chorus of murmured applause and low whistles, rendered enthusiastically, but quietly enough not to attract undue attention to the block at that time of the. in the other as she ascended in a pale green levitation beam.. A short silence fell, and the deadlock persisted. Then Marcia Quarrey turned from the window, where she had been staring down over the Columbia District. "I thought you said earlier that there was a provision for ensuring the continuity of extraordinary powers where security considerations require it," she said, frowning.. brush and bramble ahead.. "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.. 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..exotic places embodied in these superhighway Gypsies, the dog is curled compactly on the passenger's.the rush and rumble of the trains to which she had listened on many other nights..looked clean, so far from Earth..In addition to the sharp crack of gunfire, Curtis hears lead slugs ricocheting with a whistle or with a wardrobe."-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-.Micky had figured to let the girl wind down, hut the longer that Leilani circled the subject of her brother's.Sinsemilla was highly amused. Words whooped from her on peals of laughter. "It's not poisonous, you.Her voice wasn't full of money, no disdain or evidence of tutor-shaped enunciation, but rich with quiet.Enjoying the girl's perplexity, Micky shrugged. "I'm not sure I could have resisted him, either." "Bad enough," he admitted..Sirocco shrugged. "I'm pretty sure it can't be Wellesley. He's tried to play it straight, it's all sweeping him way out of his depth. Anyhow, what would he have to gain? All he wants to do is to be put out to pasture; he's only got a few days left. Ramisson obviously wouldn't be involved in something like that, and the same goes for Lechat. But as for the rest, if you ask me, they're all crazy. It could be any of them or all of them. But that's who the Chironians are really after."She might remain in this state for five or six hours, in rare cases even as long as eight or ten..balance the bad that cluttered other chambers.."Are you sure, Tony? Paula asked. "You wouldn't want to bet on that, now, would you?" Paula turned her head to smile slyly at her friend, Terry, also from the Mayflower L', who was watching from behind.."_but he was on the needle," Geneva said. "Heroin. A loser in everyone's eyes but mine. I just knew he."Better go, thingy, better squiggle," Sinsemilla advised gleefully. "Here come bad-ass Lani, and dis here.filtered cacophony into a muted clump-and-crackle..dresser, dropping ice cubes in the glass. After uncapping the vodka, she hesitated before pouring. But..even any response whatsoever..Driscoll grinned and began feeling more confident. '~You see, Wellington," he said. "They're not all as bad as you think." "No roses.."words that penetrate his screaming.."I have listened to and considered the objections, but I think the prevailing view of most of us has made itself clear," Wellesley said. "The policy that we have attempted has not only failed to achieve its goals and shown itself incapable of achieving them, but it has culminated in an act which we must accept as a first manifestation of a threat that affects all of us here as potential future targets, and in the alienation of our own population to the point where many find themselves not unsympathetic to those for whom that threat speaks. Any government seeking a continuance of such a policy would constitute a government in name only..Veronica had to bite her lip .to suppress the beginnings of a giggle,. "A Chironian." "A city called Chicago, originally. Heard of it?" parched..He did kill people, however, and though he wasn't a hotheaded homicidal maniac, though he was a."Bernard," Kath said quietly from the console screen..courage to turn against his contemptible family and to do the right thing, his sister would not have been."Lucky you feel that way," Donella replies, "because that's not actually a choice you have."At times like this, she tried to think of herself as Sigourney Weaver playing Ripley in Aliens. Your hands.As a temporary barracks for the military force based on the surface, the Chironians had made available a recently completed complex of buildings designed as a school, which was intended for occupation later as Canaveral City expanded. It comprised a main administrative and social block, which the Army was using mainly for administrative and social purposes; an assortment of teaching and residential blocks, most of which were being used for billeting the troops, with part of one serving as a Detention Wing; a gymnasium and sports center which had become the stores, armory, and motor pool; and a communal dining hall which was left unaltered..behind her like the finished product of a snake-making machine..Considering that this had just now become incontestably clear to Constance, her composure was."Luki was born with a wickedly malformed pelvis, Tinkertoy hip joints built with monkey logic, a right.Micky kept the vodka under the sweater because she didn't want to see it each time that she opened the.In their initial meeting, she acknowledged that she would have preferred a large detective agency or a.seemed to have been dammed into a still pool. Saturated by silence, the house brimmed also with an."She got tied up over lunch trying to answer questions about superhorns and quasars," Francine explained..through their adversaries. Thank God, then, for his sister-becoming..If the Chironians were already fitting out the Kuan-yin, they must have solved a lot of the problems that were still being argued on Earth, Colman thought. The whole planet, he realized as he reflected on it, was a powerhouse of progress, unchecked by any traditions of unreason and with no vested-interest obstructionists to hold it back. If the pattern continued until Chiron became a fully populated world, it would effectively leave Earth back in the Stone Age within a

century. "Have you actually flown it anywhere yet?" he asked, turning his head toward Kath. "The Kuan-yin . Has it been anywhere since it arrived in orbit here?" Gump!".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. 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." First, he wanted to visit this special site, a couple miles away, where some guy named Carver or Carter. lousy cook.". Sucking in great lungfuls of the astringent desert air, giving it back hotter than he receives it, the boy. The first time that he'd worked for Noah, the kid had delivered a handsomely shot and effectively edited. to stiffen your spine, work up some spit, open the damn door, go in there where the beast was, and you. "A new lover. What do you think? ". they clearly have developed sufficient evidence to overcome all their doubts. Through the tunnel of the arbor, and then across more grass, he approaches the farmhouse. At the back. Noises in his wake suggest that the killers are trying to track him. Contentious voices quickly arise as the. "Oh, Jay," Jean groaned. "They were probably taking you for a ride to gets laugh out of it. At your age, you should know better.". 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. "I didn't say that. But they're funny people . . . cagey. They're not exactly giving straight answers about everything.". She had turned out to be a very shapely redhead by the name of Veronica, and she lived in an apartment in the Baltimore module. In fact her face was not unfamiliar, but before then Colman hadn't known who she was. She had seemed as intrigued by Colman as he by her when they talked by the bar earlier in the evening. "Sure, I've been there," he had told her in reply to a question that she had asked with a devilish twinkle in her eye. "There aren't many-places you don't get to visit sooner or later in twenty years.". "She's real protective," the boy assures him. this weakness, she continued eating even though her throat grew so thick with emotion that she had. Kath appeared in the hallway just as those due to leave were filing out the door. While the farewells and "good luck's were being exchanged, she drew close to Colman and clung tightly to his arm for a moment. "Come back," she whispered. the country. No permanent neighbors. No friends, just people we meet on the road, like at a. though ablaze and frantic to douse the flames. Not a single tongue of fire could be seen. Shot dinnerware explodes in noisy disharmonious chords; bullet-plucked metal racks produce jarring. she was caught in a trap nobody could pry open for her, that to have any hope of escape, she must chew. Then, slowly, she realized what her mind had responded to unconsciously in the faces of the three children in the Chironian sculpture. The artist had been not merely an expert, but a master. For fear was there too, not in any way that was consciously perceptible, but in a way that slipped subliminally into the mind of the beholder and gripped it by its deepest roots. That was why she had felt disturbed all the way back from Franklin. But there was still something else. She could feel it tugging at the fringes of awareness-something deeper that she hadn't grasped even yet. She turned her eyes to the sculpture again. He set the coffees down and slid into the seat opposite Jay. "Ever been thirsty?" he asked as he stirred sugar into his cup. from the reptile's crawlspace, she breathed rapidly, noisily, through her mouth, and her tongue translated. The other two followed his gaze to a Chironian wearing coveralls and a green hat with a red feather in it, painting the lower part of a wall of one of the houses. Near him was a machine on legs, a clutter of containers, valves, and tubes at one end, bristling with drills, saws, and miscellaneous attachments at the other. A ground vehicle with a multisectioned extensible arm supporting a work platform was parked in front; and from a few yards to one side of the painter, a paint-smearing robot, looking very much like an inexperienced apprentice, watched him studiously. The Chironian was as old as any that Colman had seen, with a brown, weathered face, but what intrigued Colman even more was the house itself, which was built after the pattern of dwellings on Earth a hundred years earlier--constructed from real wood, and coated with paint. It was not the first such anachronism that he had seen in. Franklin, where designs three centuries old coexisted quite happily alongside maglev ears and genetically modified plants, but he hadn't had an opportunity to stop and study one before. In the Sharmer case, Bobby didn't catch the jolly approach of the Beagle Boys with their sledgehammer. Doggedly returning to her initial question, Leilani asked, "So the guy who killed Mr. D? was he caught?". "I need more than a few right now. How much did your Navigator cost?" Noah asked. face of an illuminated wall clock. More disturbing even than the grinning man's obsession with his teeth is the fact that otherwise he. time, a boy who will find his way and come to terms with his losses, a boy who will not only live but also. changes direction and pads out of the bathroom into the galley. "Healed?" Micky didn't consider this girl's deformities to be a disease or a sickness. In fact, Leilani's. desert-scorched, sand-abraded, brush-scratched look acquired by more arduous use than trips to the. "His Esteemed Excellency, Amery Farnhill," the assistant one pace to the rear and two paces to the right announced in dear, ringing tones that resonated around the antechamber of the Kuan-yin's docking port. "Deputy Director of Liaison of the Supreme Directorate of the official Congress of the Mayflower H and appointed emissary to the Kuan-yin on behalf of the Director of Congress . . ." The conviction drained from the assistant's voice as his eyes told him even while he was speaking that the words were not appropriate. Nevertheless he struggled on with his lines as briefed and continued manfully, "... who is empowered as ambassador to the planetary system of Alpha Centauri by the Government of . . ." he swallowed and took a deep breath, "the United States of Greater North America, planet Earth.". WEDNESDAY, after a fruitless day of job-seeking, Micky Bell-song returned to the trailer park, where. She whips

around ? no older than she is yellow ? and trots away, not at a full run, but at a pace that. Although Casey and Barbara remained outwardly cordial and polite, they were making no attempt to disguise the fact that they felt the same way. Colman realized that for the first time he was seeing Chironians with the gloves off. All the warmth, exuberance, and tolerance that had gone before had been genuine enough, but beneath it all lay more deeply cherished values which came first, no matter who made the pleas. On that, there could be no concessions..well. Instead, a barely perceptible yet awful sadness manifested as a faint glister in her eyes..He isn't aware of my associate in the attic."..without dog, glides past the distracted hostess..front of her mother or Preston Maddoc. Here. Now. She wept..holds his breath, he hears only stillness and the panting dog, not the growl of an approaching engine.."A highly efficient directional microphone was synchronized with the camera," Noah explained. "We've..deeply concerned. Worse than concerned. Grim. Maybe even bleak.."I don't know," Bernard said dubiously. "There are a lot more people down on the planet, and it' a their whole way of life at stake. Maybe they wouldn't. Who knows exactly how the Chironians think when all the chips are down? Maybe they expect people to be able to figure the rest out for themselves."..and folded into an amazing work of architecture, high at the top of which is pinned a little..door on the truck cab and jumps to the pavement. Although he was riding shotgun position beside the..tensed, ready to follow his lead..with a camera, and she has this artistic compulsion to take pictures of road kill when we're traveling. At..of years of cigarette smoke. Scraped, gouged, stained, patched furniture stood on an orange shag carpet

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