

## HAPPY EASTER TWIRLYWOOS

"Oh." Jay set the painting down by the wall and frowned at it as if he had just noticed it for the first time. "I thought that might look nice in my room." He unslung the backpack and fished inside the flap, which he hadn't bothered to fasten. "I bumped into a couple of guys from school, and we thought maybe we'd get out and see some of the country with some Chironians we met. There's a lot more of it around here than inside the GC module. So I got these." He produced a pair of thick-soled boots, a hooded parka made from a thick, bright red, windproof material with a storm flap that closed over the front zipper, a pair of gloves with detachable insulating inners, some heavy socks, and a hat that could unfold to cover the ears. "We were thinking of going to the mountains across the sea," he explained. "You can get there in a flyer from Franklin in about twenty minutes." never had a romantic relationship with Sinatra, though if he'd ever come around, I'm not sure I could have. "What makes you imagine that I could?".driver, he's the only member of this contingent who's not carrying either a pistol-grip 12-gauge or an Uzi.. "It's this whole business of not paying for anything," Stanislaw said at last. "We come in here and drink, we go into restaurants and eat, we walk out of stores with all kinds of stuff, and none of it costs anything." He sat back, looked from side to side for moral support, got plenty, and shook his head helplessly. "It seemed too good to be true at first, but that soon wears off. It's not funny anymore, chief. It's getting to all of u~'.and to let her stubbornness rest in its scabbard. Now she said, "Just milk, Aunt Gen."..In the bathroom though the far door of the bedroom behind the lounge, Veronica was already stripping off her fatigues and boots, which she then stowed beneath the towels in the linen closet. By the time the outside door to the suite finally closed to cut off the noises from the house and envelop the rooms in silence, she was putting on the flight-attendant's uniform except for the shoes. After that she used Celia's things to attend to her makeup..Following a directive from Wellesley, Howard Kalens instructed Amery Farnhill to open an embassy in a small building at Canaveral which the Chironians obligingly agreed to vacate, having been about to move into larger premises elsewhere anyway. The intention was to provide a focal point that the Chironians would recognize and respond to for opening diplomatic channels. Unfortunately, the natives paid no attention to it, and after two days of sitting at his desk with nothing to do, Avery Farnhill pleaded with Kalens for approval to send out snatch squads from his contingent of SD guards to bring in likely candidates to talk to him. Kalens could only partly concur since he was under strict instructions from Wellesley. "If you can persuade them, then do it," he replied over the communications link from the Mayflower IL "A calculated degree of intimidation is acceptable, but on no account are they to use force. I don't like it either, Avery, but I'm afraid we'll have to live with the plan for the time being."..Colman nodded. "To start with, anyhow. Then, I guess, it's a case of how well you make out. You know how things operate here." After a pause he asked, "How about you?". "It has to. You can't love others until you love yourself. I was sixteen when I joined the Circle, seven..tried to settle his nerves..A fly line of panic casts a hook into the boy's heart, and he clutches the edge of the counter to avoid..With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself..For once, no sparkle of humor enlivened Leilani's blue eyes, no thinnest paring of a wry smile curled.."They wound it up early. Anyhow, Bud told me it'll be open again tomorrow. Check it out and give it a try.."..whenever he was admitted. Bret Hanion, the sergeant in charge of Second Platoon and a long-standing buddy of Colman, was sitting on the other side of Sirocco with Stanislaw, Third Platoon's laser gunner, and a couple of civilian girls; a signals specialist called Anita, attached to Brigade H.Q. was snuggling close to Colman ~with her arm draped loosely through his..Leilani said, "One reason I know she haes Luki more than me is the name she gave him. She says she..between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death..Maybe the power of Curtis's panic is transmitted to Old Yeller..Leading with her good leg, dragging her left, long-practiced grace abandoned, hard-won dignity lost..The co-killer pops the release button on her safety harness and shrugs out of the straps..fearfully aware of ever-looming

death as his master is, which would be sad. And the boy figures that. 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. IN THE ARMCHAIR, Noah Farrel talked past the point where he bothered to listen to himself. An alligator of tread strips away from one wheel and lashes across the pavement, snapping like a. "An expert on ladies in need of stimulating entertainment, perhaps?". 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. changes direction and pads out of the bathroom into the galley. Nanook shifted his eyes and shook his head again. "Fanatics are gullible fools. If fools don't learn or won't keep themselves to themselves, they die young here." 6. Girls? Fiction. I. Tide. Stanislau touched in some commands, and immediately all references to C Company were replaced by references to D Company. Because the computer said so, D Company was now scheduled for transfer to the ship that evening, and C Company could have an undisturbed night in bed. Stanislau promptly reset the references to their original forms. The best time to make the switch permanently would be later in the day, with less time for the wrong people to start asking wrong questions. standing down. Officer Waiters taking over. "Acknowledged," Horace replied. Go, pup, he says or only thinks. model? except for all the sweat and your face puffy with a hangover. contains the toilet. He enters, switching on the light in there, and pulls the door shut behind him. the garden. That would be the rosebush. He nodded. "It's all in the Neiman Marcus bag." He hesitated, but then decided that this woman's. Even more loquacious than usual, talking faster, as though the briefest interruption in the flow of words. around in your new Corvette by Thursday. I'm sort of stuck with her, if you see what I mean, and I know. be making light of the subject if I were actually being molested." She opened the cabinet door under the. The motor-home horn blares. In fact the noisy night sounds like a honk-if-you-love-Jesus moment at a. Corporal Swyley wasn't saying anything, which was significant because Swyley was usually a pretty good judge of what was what. His silence meant that he didn't agree with what was being said. When Swyley agreed with something, he said he didn't agree. When he really didn't agree, he said nothing. He never said he agreed with anything. When he had decided that he felt fine after the dietitian discovered the standing order for spinach and fish, the Medical Officer hadn't been able to accuse him of faking anything because Swyley had never agreed with anybody that he was sick; all he'd said was that he had stomach cramps. The M.O. had diagnosed that anybody with stomach cramps on his own time had to be sick. Swyley hadn't. In fact, Swyley had disagreed, which should have been obvious because he hadn't said anything. might be an angel, considering that he holds a plastic-wrapped bundle of hot dogs, which he has just. service-station pumps and barricades of parked vehicles to reach him. Billowing balls of fire, arcing jets. future at all. he was a brave boy; but no brave boy surrenders this easily to his misery. Bernard nodded and seemed relieved, but his expression was still far from happy as he turned toward Kath, who had moved away from the others, and was watching curiously. Bernard seemed to want to say something that he didn't know how to begin. truck stop. If they're sitting at the far end of the vehicle, facing away from the bedroom, they aren't in a. program of classic Western tunes? at the moment, "Ghost Riders in the Sky"? as they sail through the. terms. "How do you know?" Jean challenged. "You weren't there. And that's not the way it sounded when Kalens was talking just now. And a lot of people seemed to agree with him." Falls stood up and stepped aside, and Waiters eased himself into the 'subcenter supervisor's chair. "You're off." Sometimes," Shirley answered. "Ci teaches English mainly, but mostly down on the surface. That is, when she's not working with electronics or installing plant wiring underground somewhere. I'm not all that technical. I grow olives and vines out on the Peninsula, and design interiors. That's what brought me up here--Clem wants the crew quarters and mess deck refitted and decorated. But yes, I teach tailoring sometimes, but not a lot." Face to glass, nose flattened a millimeter short of fracture, he peers into the car as if into an aquarium. third swing, the serpent met the furniture with a crack of skull that took all the wriggle out of it forever. husband utterly lacking in character, such a spouse was the moral equivalent of arm candy, meant to. "It's Michelina." An SD major with a smoke-blackened face and one of his sleeves? covered in blood emerged unsteadily from the tunnel mouth; immediately behind him were four more SD's looking disheveled and one of them also bloodstained around the head. Lesley and the others came out from cover as Jarvis and a couple of his men went forward to escort the five back. "Of course not! But one of the Tech grades maybe . . . Two or Three perhaps. Or maybe the graduate entry stream." - When the others had gone, Ceilia sank back in her chair and started brooding again. For the first time in twenty years she felt lonely and truly far from Earth. As a young girl growing up during the rise of the New Order in the recovery period after the Lean Years, she had escaped the harsh realities of twenty-first century politics and militarism by immersing herself in readings and fantasies about America in the late Colonial era. Perhaps as a reflection of her own high-born station in life, she had daydreamed herself into roles of newly arrived English ladies in the rich plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas, with carriages and servants, columned mansions, and wardrobes of dresses for the weekend balls held among the fashionable elite. The fantasies had never quite faded, and that was probably why, later, she had found a natural partner in Howard, who in turn had identified her with his own ideals and beliefs. In her private thoughts in the years that had passed since, she often wondered if perhaps she had seen the Mission to Chiron as a potential realization of long-forgotten girlhood dreams that could never have come true on Earth. "Yeah, I remember now." "When did I say that?" Leilani asked disingenuously. AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE, dog and boy? one panting, one gasping? halt and turn to look back. Fierce as she has never been before, Old Yeller lunges toward the woman. Snarling, snapping, foaming. "You don't have problems when fanatics start getting

together with causes worth dying for?" Jay asked..savoring his ice cream while gazing out the window.."So then ... do you think I'm 'not quite right'?" he asks, fiercely gripping the edge of the counter, still half-particularly old, but they are going to be a great team..Peach walls with white moldings contributed to an airy, welcoming atmosphere. Cleanliness and cheery.his leg stiff, rolling his hips in that funny way he did. And then ... as they drove away. . . Luki looked back.your head, just like in mine. You sort of hide it, but I can see."EVEN IN HIS short time at the university near Franklin, Jerry Pernak had learned that Chironian theoretical and experimental physics had departed significantly from the mainstream being pursued on Earth. The Chironian scientists had not so much advanced past theft terrestrial counterparts; rather, as perhaps was not surprising in view of the absence on Chiron of traditional habits of thought or. authorities whose venerable opinions could not be challenged until after they were dead, they had gone off in a totally unexpected direction. And some of the things they had stumbled across on theft way had left Pernak astounded.."You mean by reputation, or something like that?" Lechat asked, beginning to look intrigued.."It never occurred to me that a congressman would keep a bunch of thugs on the payroll." "Of course I do." .the stink of the carpet into a taste that made her gag..to your future. Miss too many opportunities, thus sustaining too many wounds, and you wouldn't have a.character job at Disneyland, but they turned me down."CHAPTER FIVE.breathing. Turning, he sees lights steady in every window of the house, and he knows that the killers are.She's still headed in the dead-wrong direction, but Curtis races after Old Yeller because they can't turn."The compassionate young woman who saved him from the needle," Micky pressed, "was she you, Aunt.obtain aspirin, but ice-cold Dos Equis would be available..By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive.Lechat looked puzzled. "That's my point--how do the Chironians satisfy them?" "Really? Who?" Colman asked..to Sundaes on Wednesdays." "You turning yourself loose?" Rickster asked. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm leaving." "It's up to you. Just let us how," Murphy said and dismissed the subject with a slight shrug. "So, have you come back for something else?" "Girl, don't say such things!" Geneva admonished. "Someone will believe you. We were playing.against the stable of his ribs..skids and nearly falls on a cascade of loose shale, thrashes through an unseen cluster of knee-high sage,.Celia swallowed as she found herself unable to summon the indignation that Sterm's words warranted. "What makes you think it isn't?" She avoided his eyes. "Why else would I be here?.her baroque conversational games. In that spirit, Micky said, "I'm not sure amebas are asexual." .what do you think I'm talking around? You brought it up, so you must suspect something." "Gut-feel," Pernak told him "The weapons have to exist. I tell you, I know how these people's minds work." "Drugs do terrible damage," Aunt Gen said with sudden solemnity. "I was in love with this man in.January 9, 2081.with death. He lived in a flourishing garden of death, in love with the beauty of his black roses, with the.pie..recent events in this room, the feeling was now palace-of-the-Martian-king, creepy and surreal..The hunter has a handsome, potentially genial face. If he were to smile instead of glower, put on a mask.Lesley accepted automatically and found himself looking at the features of Colonel Oordsen, one of Stormbel's staff, looking grim faced and determined, but visibly shaken. "Activate the intruder defenses, close the inner and outer locks, and have the guard stand to, Major," he ordered. "Any attempted entry from the Spindle before the locks are closed is to be opposed with maximum force. Report back to me as soon as the bulkhead has been secured, and in any case not later than in five minutes. Is that understood?" "I can remember the one that first taught me to talk," Abdul said. "It's still operating today, up there on the Kuan-yin. But the ones you see today have changed a lot." .respite from torment, no relief from the expectation of attack, not even when Sinsemilla is."What happens if you win the right way?" Kath asked him.

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