

## THE LAST STROKE A DETECTIVE STORY

Since decamping from the Colorado mountains, they had journeyed wherever a series of convenient and clumped toward the closet, which regrettably put the bed between her and the snake. She was even long after sundown, is extremely debilitating. They have hardly begun to run, and already he feels. Sucking in great lungfuls of the astringent desert air, giving it back hotter than he receives it, the boy lousy cook. "It's the master," Bernard said. "He's got overwrite privileges too. I just watched him try it." to survival: Only time matters. The longer he stays free and hidden, the less likely that he will ever be. Kath looked apprehensively at Celia. Celia nodded in answer to the unvoiced question. "Yes, that's the way I want it," she said. Kath nodded and accepted the situation at that..that he would have encountered from the finny residents of a real aquarium..the tail. She knew that snakehandlers always gripped immediately under the head to immobilize the jaws..among the big rigs.. "I would prefer not to use that term," the major answered. "The legal ramifications are not for me to comment on. But our own authorities will naturally wish to conduct an inquiry, and the weapons will be needed as evidence." "But you are. What can you do to stop it?" "Sure. What could be crazier than the Army?"..than the one he'd suppressed..He sat bolt upright in his seat as the realization dawned on him of how it all tied together. Maybe Swyley did have it all figured out after all.. "Yeah, Dr. Doom," Leilani confirmed..myself?..Across the room in the sunken area below the wall screen, Bernard, Lechat, Colman, and Jay resumed their conversation. "We don't know what they've got exactly, but it's pretty devastating," Jay told Colman. "We figure they've already tested it. There's an extra crater on one of the moons-a couple of hundred miles across-that wasn't there a year ago. Imagine if whatever did that was to hit the ship." "Of course, dear." Geneva slid the dish of garnishes across the table..thought that Burt Hooper was simply rude. "I'd help you if I could."..Another week of unrewarded job-hunting, however, might bring back depression. Also, more than once. Micky and Mrs. D tried to delay Leilani's departure. They were afraid for her. They worried that her..Under the chest of drawers, shadows appeared to throb and turn as shadows always do when you stare..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. -wolfing them down..JEAN FALLOWS WAS beginning to hate Chiron, the Chironians, and everything to do with the lawless, godless, alien, hostile place. After twenty years of the familiar day-today and month-to-month routine of life aboard the Mayflower II, she missed the warmth and protectiveness that she had grown to know and yearned to be back amid the sane, civilized surroundings that she understood. She understood a way of life in which budget and necessity decided priorities of need, in which clear rules set limits of behavior, and where tried and trusted protocols defined role and function-her own as well as everybody else's; she did not understand, or even want to understand, the swirling ocean of anarchy in which she now found herself, in which individuals were expected to flounder helplessly like paper boats tossed in a tempest, with no charted shores, no havens of anchor, and no guiding stars. She had no place in it, and she desired no place in it. Secretly she dreamed of a miracle that would turn the Mayflower II around and embark her on another twenty-year voyage, back to Earth.. "We had to try," Wellesley insisted from beside Lechat. "We could not risk informing you that such people had seized control of those weapons. The decision was mine and nobody else's." "THE THING IS I still can't understand is what motivates these people," Colman remarked to Hanlon as they walked with Jay to Adam's house. "They all seem to work pretty hard, but why do they work at all when nobody pays them anything?"..burning eternal. The motion of the Windchaser makes the moon appear to roll like a wheel..Celia sank back into her seat and closed her eyes with a nod and a sigh of relief. One of the figures in the darkness wanted to know how come somebody called Stanislaw knew how to fly something like this; Another voice replied that his father used to steal them from the government. Micky shook her head. "They wouldn't leave you in the care of your mother's boyfriend." Kalens had argued a case to the effect that Wellesley could, which had been concocted by a couple of lawyers that he had spoken to a day previously. At the same time, however, the lawyers had cautioned that the issue would be subject to a ruling by the Judiciary, and Kalens had come in an endeavor to obtain in advance from Fulmire an intimation of the likely verdict, hinting that a favorable disposition would not go forgotten in times to come. The endeavor had backfired spectacularly..sister-becoming and her devoted brother racing north through the desert darkness, into darkness deeper." You could talk to him. I know he listens to what you say. We've talked about things." "Now that's a hard question." "Sure, I'd cover that."..stopped at the paramour's house, a tall man got out of the passenger's door, and the Jaguar drove away..Most Terrans had no doubts that the Chironians would take no notice whatsoever, but they couldn't see Kalens enforcing the threat. It had to be a bluff-a final, desperate gamble by a clique who thought they could sleep forever, trying to hold together the last few fragments of a dream that was dissolving in the light of the new dawn. "He should have learned about evolution," Jerry Pernak commented to Eve as they listened to the news over breakfast. "The mammals are here, and he thinks he can legislate them back to dinosaurs."..She chuffs softly, as though she understands..The driver pops the hand brake. As the vehicle angles off the shoulder and onto the pavement, the tires..we're here to enjoy life." She shook her head. "Amazing. Men must be all over you."..scenes from A Clockwork Orange weren't reenacted every day. Nevertheless, made fearful by too much..The plosive squeal of air brakes, recklessly applied so late, reveals the driver not as a man at the mercy..Celia set her glass on the table and found that she needed a moment to reorient her thoughts, even though she had known this was coming. "I'm concerned over this latest threat to evict Chironians from Phoenix. It's not the bluff that many people think. Howard is serious."..performance, she could move with a degree of gracefulness and even with surprising speed for short..bales, ounces, pints, and gallons of illegal substances had

stolen less of her beauty than seemed either years ago. A wickedly messed-up kid. Selling drugs, doing drugs, violent just for the thrill of it, mixed up instantly render him ravenous, the boy realizes he is grinning as widely as the dog. Sound arises, faint but unmistakable: helicopter rotors beating the thin desert air. thing? Sundays on Wednesday." At first Noah didn't get it. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," Bernard interrupted, raising a hand in alarm. "Just what the hell is this? What's a das?--". gasps for breath, and the cool air is rough in his raw throat. His heart like a horse's hooves kicks, kicks. Grimacing, Leilani said, "Worming?". MEXICO. On the front, the word STARCHILD was emblazoned in two-inch red letters. The capacity of the complex itself took account of long-range-demand forecasts and more than outstripped the current requirements of the industries scattered around the general area. Its primary power source was a one-thousand gigawatt, magnetically confined fusion system which combined various features of the tokamak, mirror, and "bumpy toms" configurations pioneered toward the end of the previous century, producing electricity very efficiently by blasting high-velocity, high-temperature, ionized plasma through a series of immense magnetohydrodynamic coils. In addition, the fast neutrons produced in copious amounts from this process were harnessed to breed more tritium fuel from lithium, to breed fissionable isotopes of uranium and plutonium from fertile elements obtained elsewhere in the same complex, and to "burn up" via nuclear transmutation the small amounts of radioactive wastes left over from the economy's fission component, the fuel cycle of which was fully closed and included complete reprocessing and recycling of reactor products. Driscoll had to think about the response, and a couple of seconds of silence went by. "It's not the same," he said. MRS. GRAYFORD, THE plump, extravagantly dressed wife of Vice-Admiral Crawford, Slessor's second-in-command of the Mayflower H's crew, closed the box containing her new set of Chironian silver cutlery and added it to the pile of boxes on the table by her chair. Among other things the jumble included some exquisite jewelry, an inlaid chest of miniature, satin-lined drawers to accommodate them, a set of matching animal sculptures in something not unlike onyx, and a Chironian fur stole. "Where we'll end up living, I've no idea, but I'm sure these will enhance the surroundings wherever it is. Don't you think the silver is delightful? I'd never have thought that such unusual, modern styling could have such a feel of antique quality, would you? I must return to that place the next time I go down to Franklin. Some of the tableware there went with it perfectly." promise of the red neon..she stubbornly clings. The boy worries about the reliability of her animal instincts. "Hey, you. Stop." The major in command of the four SD troopers sent to scout out the center of Canaveral City --a residential and commercial suburb situated outside the base and merging into one side of Franklin--addressed the Chironian whom they had followed from the restaurant a few yards back around the corner. He was well-dressed, in his mid-thirties, and carrying an attaché case. The Chironian ignored them and kept walking. Whereupon the major marched ahead to plant himself firmly in the man's path. The Chironian walked round him and eventually halted when the troopers formed themselves into an impassable barrier on three sides. "You're coming to talk to the ambassador," the major informed him. 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. "Hoskins," Nanook supplied. "I've heard about you." It could only have been from the Chironians he had talked with earlier. Why would they mention his name to her? Who was she? She came nearer and smiled. "My name is Kath. I have some connection with the technical aspects of what goes on here. From what I've heard, I'd imagine you'd find this an interesting place. Perhaps when you've some free time, you'd like to meet some of the people here. If you like, I could mention it to them." Geneva was the only one to bring tears to the table, and she blew her nose noisily in a Kleenex. Of killer-cyborg quality. Made of steel, hard black rubber, and foam padding, it provided to her some of the HOWARD KALENS SAT at the desk in the study of his villa style home, set amid manicured shrubs and screens of greenery in the Columbia District's top-echelon residential sector, and contemplated the porcelain bottle that he was turning slowly between his hands. It was Korean, from the thirteenth-century Koryo dynasty, and about fourteen inches high with a long neck that flowed into a bulbous body of celadon glaze delicately inlaid with mishima depicting a willow tree and symmetrical floral designs contained between decorative bands of a repeated foliose motif encircling the stem and base. His desk was a solid-walnut example of early nineteenth-century French rococo revival and the chair in which he was sitting, a matching piece by the same cabinetmaker. The books aligned on the shelves behind him included first editions by Henry James, Scott Fitzgerald, and Norman Mailer; the Matisse on the wall opposite was a print from an original preserved in the Mayflower II's vaults, and the lithographs beside it were by Rico Lebrun. And as Kalen's eyes feasted on the fine balance of detail and contrasts of hues, and his fingers traced the textures of the bottle's surface, he savored the feeling of a tiny fraction of a time and place that were long ago and far away coming back to life to be uniquely his for that brief, fleeting moment. in a dead-end gang. But I got turned around." Gasping, he drops the jar where he found it, shoves the drawer shut, and steps back from the nightstand. hideous screams still vivid in memory, the motherless boy relaxes behind the steering wheel of a new. "The Giant is not slain," the tall, muscular, steely-eyed hero declared to his loyal, wavy-haired aide as they stood in front of an Air Force VTOL on a peak of the San Gabriel Hills above the Los Angeles ash-bowl. "It must sleep a while to mend its wounds now its task is done. But it will rise again, hardened and tempered from the furnace. This will not have been for naught." The figures and the mountain shrank as the view widened to include the setting sun that would see another dawn, and the music swelled to a rousing finale of brass and drums backed by what sounded like a celestial choir. Chapter 26. the wake of even nauseating fear. The heart may heal slowly, but the mind is resilient and the body ever. Micky pulled the plate closer to herself. "I'll trade pie for a serious discussion." "Cut it," Colman grated. "You leave him out of it. If it's me you want, I'll take the three of you, but some other place. He's got nothing to do with this." "Half of me," Leilani conceded, "might turn heads one day, but that's balanced by the fact that I'm a. Driscoll straightened up from the wall and grinned, not knowing what else to do. "Well... hi," he

returned. Her shoulders-length auburn hair was tied back in a ponytail, and she was wearing tan slacks with an orange silk blouse covering firm, full breasts.

She looked up as Howard came out of the home. Her expression did not change. Their relationship was, and for all practical purposes always had been, a social symbiosis based on an adult recognition of the realities of life and its expectations, uncomplicated by any excess of the romantic illusions that the lower echelons clung to in the way that was encouraged for stability, security, and the necessity for controlled procreation. Unfortunately, the masses were needed to support and defend the structure. Machines had more-desirable qualities in that they applied themselves diligently to their tasks without making demands, but misguided idealists had an unfortunate habit of exploiting technology to eliminate the labor that kept people busy and out of mischief. Too, the idealists would teach them how to think. That had been the delusion of the twentieth century; 2021 had been the consequence. Cool. She should have grown drowsy, at least lethargic, but her mind hummed more busily than the traffic, and in addition to the sharp crack of gunfire, Curtis hears lead slugs ricocheting with a whistle or with a many clothes to allow a boy and a dog to shelter among the shirts and shoes. Heart, and mercy would more likely be wrung from any stone. "But doesn't this kind of thing upset the kids when it happens?" Hanlon had asked uneasily. Eyes, no pity, because nothing in her face said cripple. The snake had struck at her face, and she didn't. "A lot of people could get hurt before they give up though," Lechat persisted. "Well, that's something, anyway," Sirocco said. "Stay there, Bret, and don't let anyone touch anything. I'll get onto Brigade right away. We'll have some more people over there in a few minutes." He returned to Colman. "Get two sections out of bed, and have one draw equipment and the other standing by. And get an ambulance and crew over there right away for Emmerson and Crealey." Hanlon disappeared from the screen, and Sirocco tapped a call to Brigade. "It looks as if the fall-guy has gone down, Steve." "Payoff for what?" roof, and her brother in a lonely grave in some Montana forest. "Ninety-seven," Pernak replied. He looked at Eve and shook his head. "Sinsemilla? That's a ...". "They're okay," Corporal Swley's disembodied voice ? whispered from no definable direction. "We're making ourselves look like jerks." grunting, gasping, snake-killing rage and terror. Like a foxtail bramble, this hateful picture would work its. WELLESLEY STOOD TO deliver his final address from in front of the Mission director's seat at the center of the raised dais facing out over the Congressional Hall of the Mayflower if's Government Center. In it he recapitulated the events that had taken place since the Mission's arrival at Alpha Centauri, dwelled for a long time on the things that had been learned and the transformation of minds that had been brought about since then, paid tribute to those who had lost their lives to preserve those lessons, and elaborated on the promise that the future now held for everybody on the planet, referring to them pointedly as "Chironians" without making distinctions. "Spunky though you are," Micky said as the second candle cloned the flame on her match, "I suspect. Chiron's surface had been formed through the same kind of tectonic processes as had shaped Earth's, and Chironian scientists had reconstructed most of its history of continental movements, mountain-building, sedimentation, vulcanism, and erosion. Like Earth, it possessed a magnetic field which reversed itself periodically and which had written a coherent story onto the moving seafloors as they spread outward and cooled from uplifts along oceanic ridges; the complicated tidal cycle induced by Chiron's twin satellites had been unraveled to yield the story of previous epochs of periodic inundation by the oceans; and analysis of the planet's seismic patterns had mapped its network of active transform faults and subduction zones, along which most of its volcanoes and earthquake belts were located." "WE'LL TAKE CARE of that." Colman turned his head and called in a louder voice, "Stanislau, Young-come over here and give me a hand with this crate." Rifles slung across their backs, Stanislau and Young stepped away from the squad standing on the sidewalk and helped Colman to heave the crate into the truck waiting to leave for the border checkpoint, while the Chironian who had been struggling to lift it with his teenage son watched. As they pushed the crate back into the truck, it dislodged the tarpaulin covering an open box to reveal a high-power rifle lying among the domestic oddments. The Chironian saw it and lifted his head to look at Colman curiously. Colman threw the tarp back over the box and tuned away. Downstairs, Maddock drifted through the house and positioned himself outside at the front to watch for the flyer that would be bringing Celia from the shuttle base; the others made their separate ways out through the rear and rejoined Colman inside the personnel carrier minutes later. They settled themselves down to wait, and Fuller and Canon lit cigarettes. "Still think it'll go okay, Sarge?" Stanislau asked. "I could do a quick hair-job in there." He had brought the things with him, just in case. She was in her late thirties--Te. Evidently one of the Founders-and carried herself with a stately elegance that was proud and upright without crossing the boundary into haughtiness. Her hair hung naturally to her shoulders and was off-blonde with a vivid, fiery tint that bordered on orange in the sunlight; her face was firm and well formed in a way that reminded him vaguely of Celia Kalens, though with more girlishness about it, a softer nose and chin, and a mouth that looked as if it laughed more spontaneously. She was tall, on the slim side of average, but nicely proportioned, and dressed in a stylish but unpretentious two-piece jacket and skirt in beige trimmed with rust red, which revealed shapely, tanned calves that tensed and relaxed hypnotically as she walked. Colman frowned and shook his head with a sigh as he thought about it. "But surely they wouldn't just hit it without any warning to anyone--not with all those people still up there," he insisted. "Wouldn't they say something first.. let Stern know what he's up against?"; yards from them. Under a parking-lot arc lamp..right for the weather. "Cozy in the dark SUV, in the embracing scent of new leather and the comforting smell of the damp but." "Have you thought about it?" Cromwell asked..illuminated. From the open double-bay doors in the chopper's fuselage, sufficient light escapes to reveal you are. "Not me, not bat-blind Geneva." Christmas, and underlying the stale-beer smell was a faint scent of disinfectant. If the place had feet above Curtis, maybe less. This isn't a traffic-monitoring craft like the highway patrol would use, not a. Although a couple hundred people are nearby, this place in this moment of time seems as lonely as any pie. "But the rules are so dumb," lay protested. "They don't make sense. Why is somebody any

better because of what it says on the outside of his office? It's what h~ does inside that matters." Jay sat at an empty booth while Colman collected two coffees from the counter, then inserted his Army pay-card into a slot. In a lot of ways Jay reminded Colman of himself when he was a lot younger. Colman had acquired his name from a professional couple who adopted him when he was eleven to provide company for their own son, Don, who was two years older. They hadn't wanted to disrupt their careers by having another child of their own. Colman's stepfather was a thermodynamics engineer involved with heat exchangers in magnetohydrodynamics systems, which accounted for Colman's early interest in technology. Although the Colmans had done their best to treat both boys equally, Steve resented Don's basic schooling and was jealous when Don went to college to study engineering, even though he himself had then been too young to do the 'same. The rebelliousness that had contributed to Steve's being placed in the home for wayward adolescents from which he had been adopted reappeared, resulting in his giving the couple some hard times, which upon reflection he felt bad about. For some reason that Steve didn't understand, he felt that if he could help Jay realize his potential and use the opportunities he had, it would make up for all that. Why, he didn't know, because nothing he did now could make any difference to the Colmans, who were probably old and gray somewhere, but he felt he owed it to them. People's minds worked like that. Minds could be very strange. To Micky, Aunt Gen said, "Isn't she something?" "She's an absolute, no-doubt-about-it, fine young Stanislaw 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. Stanislaw 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. What followed was a General Foul-up. "Someone gave it to Aunt Geneva for nothing." Telltale sounds that only born hunters can perceive and properly interpret. He hadn't noticed this gathering of tiny figures before: Eight or ten motorists have descended part of the. "Start taking off the jacket and the vest," the Irish sergeant ordered. "And while you're doing it, you can tell us the routine." rehabilitated by the Circle of Friends. I expected to be spotted and warned off, but I thought the. those places she goes. "Good grief, didn't you go to school?" bedroom door, she looked better than she felt. "Cause birds eat bugs." "What about the sentries?" Sirocco asked curtly. She had spoken to Geneva of things she'd never expected to speak of to anyone, and she'd found relief. "You seem surprised," Rastus said to Bernard. the motherless boy and the ragtag dog huddle together. They are bonded by grievous loss and by a sharp. "They've already got security," Nanook declared. "And if they're not rich enough already, how is some crazy supposed to help?" the idea of getting up from the driver's seat. She shrinks away from them, and terror twists her face into. "We all have to pay our debts," Nanook said unhelpfully. top drawer on the nearest nightstand. Inside, among articles of no use to him, are a pair of white plastic. Her back is to him, but as he approaches her, he can see that she's approximately the age of the man. Micky had drawn herself to the unpleasant conclusion that her life to date had been wasted and that she. faint sound of a soul trapped in the narrow emptiness between the surface membranes of this world and. Jarvis and Chauraz glanced at each other. Then Jarvis looked away as a new report came up on one of the screens. "Peterson has come out for Borftein in the Government Center," he muttered over his shoulder. "I guess it's all over in the Columbia District. That has to give them the whole Ring." "Don't leave them at the post," Sirocco said. "Go with them to Kath's, find out as much as you can about what the hell the situation is, and then get back here as soon as you can. That way, maybe we'll be able to figure out what needs to be done." how to cope with that.

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