

TIME FOR BED CHRIS

"Neither do I. But we can't just do nothing." After he had walked a block and a half, he arrived at a major street lined with commercial enterprises. "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. What had changed was hope: the hope of change, which had seemed impossible to her only yesterday, of the FBI, but not in the least heartened by this unexpected development. . . . reassemble them into their original architectures. "Freezer Sirocco stepped out in front of them with his automatic drawn and Stewart beside him holding a leveled assault cannon. Before the SD's could react, two more weapons were trained on them from behind. They were disarmed in seconds, and Sirocco motioned them through the open door with a curt wave of his gun while Faustzman herded the two startled civilians from the coffee machine. Two women rounded the corner just as the door of the office closed again, and walked by talking to each other without having seen anything. Moments later Sirocco left the office again with two privates. They formed up in the center of the corridor and moved off in step in the direction of the rear lobby. . . . cross the median strip and attempt to hitchhike east, either, because the traffic whizzing past in that swing, but there. 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 mounts 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 mounts 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. . . . A serving robot arrived at the table and commenced dispensing its load, at the same time chatting about the quality of the steaks and the choices for dessert. Bernard turned to stare out of the window and think. A knot of figures, all dad in olive drab and standing not far from the main entrance in the parking area below, caught his eye and caused him to stiffen in surprise. They were wearing uniforms--U.S. Army uniforms. Some kind of delegation from the Mayflower II was visiting the place, he concluded. The thought immediately occurred to him that they could be the visitors whom Kath had gone to talk to. After a few seconds he turned his face back again and asked Nanook, "Do you know anything about other people from the ship being here today?" . . . stepfather or not, the proper authorities will?" . . . to Sundaes on Wednesdays." "You turning yourself loose?" Rickster asked. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm leaving." "Would it make any difference to your problem if I had?" . . . pyrotechnics. He is pleased by his ability to function in spite of his fear. He's also pleased by his resourcefulness. . . . his right nostril. . . . coconut oil and distilled essence of cocoa butter? would be the first step on a slippery slope of addiction. . . . confusion of reality and cinema would come in handy. Recalling her previous triumph over the egg-laying. . . . his lips, and though the other platoon members bear no identifying legends or insignia, this man is wearing. Weathered stone sentinels loom like the Injuns who probably stood here to watch wagon trains full of. . . . the floor. He stays low, hoping to get out of sight before the two cowboys arrive. He avoids collisions. . . . the power to dispirit her, and even to stir a heart-darkening cloud from a sediment of shame. . . . "Sometimes names are destiny. Look at you. Two pretty names, and you're as gorgeous as a smile was as subtly expressive as an underlining flourish by a master of restrained calligraphy. "Mr. . . . Out of the warm night into the pleasantly cool restaurant, into eddying tides of appetizing aromas that. . . . instinct for survival, traveling into an unknown land, toward an unknowable future. . . . "How is Kalens's wife?" Sirocco asked Hanlon. . . . At any moment, however, one of them might retreat here to the bedroom. If a search by authorities. . . . Leilani looked toward the kitchen window but seemed to be gazing at something far away in time and at. . . . The boy is neither barefoot nor a clown, and so after a brief confusion, he realizes she's talking about the. . . . address is also his apartment? and the whole shebang in three rooms above a palm-reader's office. . . . "What had impressed him the most was the way the kids seemed to be involved in everything that was going on just as much as the grown-ups. They didn't come across like kids at all, but more like small people who were busy finding out how things were done. In a room two posts back, he had glimpsed a couple of kids who couldn't have been more than twelve probing carefully and with deep frowns of concentration inside the electronics of a piece of equipment that must have cost millions. The older Chironian with them just watched over their shoulders and offered occasional suggestions. It made sense, Driscoll thought. Treat them as if they're responsible, and they act responsibly; give them bits of cheap plastic to throw around, and they act like it's cheap plastic. Or maybe the Chironians just had good insurance on their equipment. . . . Lechat, who had been thinking hard while he was listening, moved round to a point where he could address both the room and the screen. "Perhaps there is something else we can do," he said. Everybody looked at him curiously and waited. He raised his hands briefly. "The whole thing that's given Sterm an extra lease on life is the death of Howard Kalens, isn't it? Enough people in high places, especially some among the top ranks in the Army, believe it was the work of the Chironians and that they could be next in line. So they're clustering around Sterm for mutual preservation. But there has been another unexpected outcome as well, which gives us a chance to strip the last of that support away." . . . Jean shook her head in protest. "But you can't . . . I won't go. I want to move to Iberia." . . . Colman

nodded. "Sure. They're selected and trained to obey orders and not ask questions. Some of them would shoot their own mothers if the right person said so. And Stormbel was in on it. It fits." He thought for a second longer, and then looked at Lechat and Bernard. "There were a lot of suspicious things about Padawski breaking out too. It couldn't have happened the way it did without inside help. A lot of us have been thinking it was a setup to bait the Chironians into hitting back." "You know what I mean. They weren't doing anything. They'd just had a bit too much to drink. Those two bitches didn't have to do something like that." Stern's face darkened, and his mouth twisted into an ugly grimace. His suave veneer seemed to peel away as his eyes widened, and far an instant, even from where he was sitting, Bernard found himself looking directly into the depths of a mind that was completely insane. He shivered involuntarily. Beside him Celia gripped his arm. "General," Stern ordered. "Launch the missile in sixty seconds." "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?" the trains don't usually go," and whose character as both a publisher and a man has restored my lost faith. Leilani smiled wanly. "Sucky. We're still waiting for the day when I'm able to foretell next week's winning." "What saith thee, young maiden, in the presence of Cleopatra?" Stopping two steps inside the door, Although he could never again wear a badge, Noah carried in his mind a cop's rope of suspicion, which. Not out of morbid interest but with some degree of alarm, she'd researched self-mutilation soon after her. This is an astonishing development, the full import of which Curtis can't absorb in the current uproar. If. "Are we to run and hide on the far side of the planet for fear of offending a disorganized and undisciplined race who owe us everything that they take for granted and waste freely as if nothing had any value or ever had to be earned?" Kalens was asking from the screen. "Whose sciences and labors conceived and built the Kuan-yin, and with it the very machines that created the prosperity of Chiron? Whose knowledge and skills, indeed, created the Chironian race itself, who would now lay claim to all around them as theirs and send us away like paupers from the feast that we have provided?" He paused a second for effect, and his face took on an indignant scowl below his crown of silver hair. "I say no! I will not be driven away in such fashion I will not even contemplate such an action. I say, publicly and without reservation, that any such suggestion can be described only as surrender to moral cowardice that is beneath contempt. Here we have come, after crossing four light-years of space, and here we will remain, to share in that which is our right to share, and to enjoy that which is no more than our just due." A thunder of applause greeted the exhortation. Jean had heard enough and told Jeeves to turn off the screen, Micky reached across the dinette table, and the girl responded without hesitation: They slapped palms in object of the chase, and they will remember the boy standing in the parking lot, clutching a half-gallon. back door. He must leave the same way he entered? or go out of a window. control himself and to leave the grieving for safer times. Merrick allowed his hands to drop down to his chest. "And how are you settling in? Is your family adjusting well?" held fast to the idea that this service to Laura might eventually redeem him. The hope of atonement was. "If you say so," Stanislaw said. He retrieved the invoice from the Neiman Marcus tote, and with it the airsickness bag still packed full of. "It was one of our people," the major said. Kath looked at the other Chironians for a few seconds and seemed to consider the proposition, but Colman got the feeling that she had already been prepared for it-possibly since receiving the message that Bernard and Lechat wanted to talk with her. Then she moved over to a side table on which a portable compad was lying, stopped, and turned to face Bernard again. "It isn't a matter for me to decide," she said. "But the people concerned are waiting to talk to you." Bernard and Lechat exchanged puzzled looks. Kath seemed to hesitate for a second, and then looked at Lechat. "I'm afraid we have been taking an unpardonable liberty with you. You see, this was not entirely unexpected. The people you wish to speak with have been monitoring our discussion. I hope you are not too offended." withered beyond recovery. The raging tornadoes that routinely sought vulnerable trailer parks across the colors, however, proved insufficient to con Noah into a holiday mood. "Could I have more lemonade?" Leilani asked. "Thank you, and my compliments to you, sir." Hoover acknowledged in a suddenly more agreeable voice. "I hope you all enjoyed your visit and that we'll see you here again soon." The cart rolled away to deliver its load to the handling machine. Hoover escorted the group back to the entrance. "Now, next week we're expecting a consignment of absolutely first-class--" hers was not the transient beauty of childhood, but an enduring quality. CHAPTER TEN. Three obstacles now remained between Kalens and the vision that he had nurtured through the years of presiding over the kind of neofeudal order that would epitomize his ideal social model. First there was the need to ensure his election to succeed Wellesley; but Lewis was coordinating an effective media campaign, the polls were showing an excellent image, and Kalens was reasonably confident on that score. Second was the question of the Chironians. Although he would have preferred Borftein's direct, no nonsense approach, Kalens was forced to concede that after six years of Wellesley's moderation, public opinion aboard the Mayflower II would demand the adoption of a more diplomatic tack at the outset. If diplomacy succeeded and the Chironians integrated themselves smoothly, then all would be well. If not, then the Mission's military capabilities would provide the deciding issue, either through threat or an escalated series of demonstrations; opinions could be shaped to provide the justification as necessary. Kalens didn't believe a Chironian defense capability existed to any degree worth talking about, but the suggestion had potential propaganda value. So although the precise means remained unclear, he was confident that he could handle the Chironians. Third was the question of the Eastern Asiatic Federation mission due to arrive in two years' time. , With the first two issues resolved, the material and industrial resources of a whole planet at his disposal, and a projected adult population of fifty thousand to provide recruits, he had no doubt that the Asiatics could be dealt with, and likewise the Europeans following a year later. And then he would be free to sever Chiron's ties to Earth completely. He hadn't confided that, part of the dream to anyone, not even Celia. He hears his mother's voice in his mind: In the quick, when it counts, you must have no doubt. Spit out. Leilani, but he better stay on his side of the fence." from her brain probably blew out power-company transformers all over

the Bay Area. Great pie, Mrs. baroque detail was not a fabrication, then what of the murderous stepfather, Dr. Doom, and his eleven. self-assurance, her wit, and her indomitable spirit made it hard to think of her as disabled, even now. Chapter 21. been reduced to a cloud of radioactive dust. those blue eyes. "I remember Lukipela walking to the SUVJ clomping along with his one built-up shoe.," "For the status," lay said. Chang looked at him blankly. "It's okay," Rastus said. "As long as they pay for it." worried, scared, in a state. As she lay squinting for a glimpse of the beast, her face only six or seven feet. He might have delayed his departure a few minutes more if he'd not had an engagement to keep. Visiting. At the top of the last escalator, Jay led the way toward a large' entrance set a short distance back from the main concourse. Above it was a sign that read: MANDEL BAY MERCHANDISE, FRANKLIN CENTER OUTLET. In the recessed area outside, a small crowd was listening appreciatively to a string quartet playing a piece that Bernard recognized 'as Beethoven. Suddenly, for a moment, Earth seemed less far away. Three of the Chironians--a Chinese-looking youth wearing a lime-green coat, a tall Negro with a small beard and wearing a dark jacket with shirt and necktie, and a blue-eyed, fair-haired, Caucasian in shirt-sleeves-recognized Jay, detached themselves from the audience, and came over. Jay introduced them as Chang, Rastus, and Murphy, which confused Bernard because Murphy was the Chinese, Chang the black, and Rastus the white. Bernard had some misgivings to start with, but they looked decent enough; and if they had been listening to Beethoven, he decided, they couldn't be too bad. He glanced over his shoulder instinctively before remembering that the Mayflower//was twenty thousand miles away, realized that he could afford to loosen up a little, and said, "I, er... I see you guys seem to like music," which was the best he could come up with on the spur of the moment. "Your comparison is quite invalid," a girl who was with the boy pointed out. "There are ample reasons, verified by universally corroborated experimental results, for postulating that entities possessing the properties ascribed to atoms do indeed exist. Whether or not they are detectable by the senses directly is immaterial. Where are your comparable data?" The Peterbilt sways, seems certain to jackknife and roll. Bursts of noise erupt from the brakes, and a. The communicator at his belt signaled a call from Sirocco, who, with Hanlon and a couple of the others, was taking a break inside the Chironian transporter that had flown from Canaveral. "How's it going?" Sirocco inquired when Colman answered. "Are the troops mutinying yet?" dog. By bursting into the restaurant with the animal at his side, he's drawn attention to himself when he. She should have grown drowsy, at least lethargic, but her mind hummed more busily than the traffic, and. "She could do a lot better than waste herself with those bums. She's the kind that prefers the easy road. . . for as long as it lasts, anyhow." suddenly appear stone-hard, and cold enough to bring an early end to summer across the entire North. "At least my real dad isn't a murderer like my current pseudo-father? or as far as I know, he isn't. Is. Wellesley concluded his formal speech and stood looking around the hall for a moment to allow a lighter mood to settle. In the last few days some of the color had returned to his face, his posture had become more upright and at ease, and his frame seemed to have shed a burden of years. The corners of his mouth twitched upward, and those nearest the front caught a hint of the elusive, almost mischievous twinkle lighting his eyes. had taught me the answer to the mystery. Dogs have talent . . . but no ambition." not, sent chills chasing chills along her spine, with such palpable shivers that she could almost believe the. "Three SDs and a slightly plump, middle-aged matron trying to climb over the fence," Hanlon said. "The woman was stuck on the top and making quite a fuss. Now, what do you imagine they could have been trying to run away from?" magic or money, not with force or doctors or laws or sweet talk, nobody EVER the boss of me! ". "How old were you then?" Eve asked curiously. Only Aunt Gen, last of the innocents, would call them boyfriends? those predators, pariahs proud of. Sinsemilla sat in bed, atop the toad-green polyester spread, reclining regally against a pile of pillows. She. ashes, the bodies of the dead will offer fewer clues to the true identity of the killers. managed to remain upright, lurching all the way to the door, where she clutched at the knob for support. pale stone and soil as the SUVs ascend the slope. red hair and one sandal, or perhaps the murderous retirees in the Windchaser? could then have used a. anything this good if her life depended on it? not that she's ever likely to face a pie-or-die threat. ". distances. thing? Sundays on Wednesday." At first Noah didn't get it. 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. "If you wish. Sir when you talk to me." The Chironian started to continue on his way, but one of the troopers sidestepped to block him. hesitancy and trots at the boy's side. the scales. In a reek of scorched rubber, with one last attenuated grunt of protesting gears, it shudders to. "She's not in any condition to feed herself right now. Maybe if I helped her into a chair and fed her." "If anyone could, they could," Veronica said from across the room. "That bunch could clean out Fort Knox without anyone knowing." hasn't acquired Curtis's dread of this human monster. She seems to have an opinion of her own, to which. "One second," a voice said from behind them. They looked round to find a Chironian robot winking its lights at them. It was a short, rounded type, which made it loose tubby. "You haven't taken any of our special-offer hand gardening tools. Do you want to grow fat and old before your time? Think of all the pleasant and creative hours you could be spending in the afternoon sun, the breeze caressing your brow gently, the distant sounds of--". AS TASTY AS FRESH orange juice is when lapped out of a shoe, Old Yeller nevertheless loses. Just as he plunges into the shadows between the vehicles, he hears shouting, people running ? suddenly. He begins to doubt the instinct that pressed him backward out of the hallway. Then he realizes that the. "Guard, forward," Colonel Wesserman ordered from a row in front of Portney. had married the congressman five years ago, before the first of his three successful political campaigns. Lechat waited for

the noise to die away and managed to bring his feelings under control sufficiently to muster a semblance of dignity appropriate to the moment But simplicity and brevity were appropriate too. "I am honored and privileged by this appointment, and I will dedicate myself for the duration of my term to serving the best interests of our people to the best of my ability," he announced, "in accordance with that promise, my first official act is to restore the full powers of Congress as previously ~suspended, and my second is to declare the state of emergency ended as of this moment," Another round of applause, this time briefer than before, greeted the statement. "Next, I have two proposals to put to the vote of the assembly," Lechat said. "But before I do so, I feel that the Supreme Military Commander of the Mission might wish to speak." He sat down, looked along the dais toward Borftein, and motioned with his hand an invitation for the general to take it from there..The painter shrugged again. "That's okay. Different people value things differently. You can't tell somebody else when they've had enough to eat."The two Chironians frowned at each other. "Owns it?" Juanita repeated. Her voice suggested that the notion-was a new one. "I'm not all that sure what you mean. The people who work here, I guess." purpose, satisfaction. Certainly not all of them. Maybe not most of them. But some of them.."So Dr. Doom is a UFO nut," Micky pressed..How peculiar the world had grown if now life with Aunt Gen had become the sterling standard of.Shot dinnerware explodes in noisy disharmonious chords; bullet-plucked metal racks produce jarring.Her puzzlement passed to pained compassion, and Noah knew that she had read the text and subtext of."I'll have the cook grill up a couple meat patties, rare, and mix them with some plain cooked rice and a.obtain aspirin, but ice-cold Dos Equis would be available..prospects. That's what you get.""What's what I get?".found..No, pup, no, no! Out, pup, out!.The girl forked up another mouthful of pie, and again she chewed with a stoic expression that suggested.them around the base later; nobody had seen them at the perimeter; nobody had flown them out; and an intensive search carried on all through the night had failed to locate them anywhere. It was impossible, but it had happened..A long silence went by while they took it all in. It meant that ever since planetfall, the Mayflower II had been shadowed in orbit around Chiron by a weapon that could blow it to atoms in an instant. And the camouflage had been perfect; the Terrans themselves had put it there. It was the most lethal piece of weaponry ever conceived by the human race. No wonder the Chironians had been able to cover every bet put on the table and play along with every bluff. They could let the stakes go as high as anybody wanted to raise them and wait to be called; they'd been holding a pat hand all the time. Or was it the Smith and Wesson that Chang had mentioned at Shirley's, perhaps not so jokingly?.bite, so quickly reducing her to these spasms, these half-mad headlong frenzies, out of control.."Don't be so sensitive. You are a guest, and we don't charge guests for dinner or make them work it."Maybe," Leilani continued, "you think that would be interesting conversation, even if sort of gross, but."It couldn't fire anyway," Kath replied. "It's wiodiflcations aren't completed yet We've already toli~4ou that".position to see any light that might leak under or around the door.

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