

MEMORIALS CONCERNING THE GOVERNMENT DISCIPLINE AND WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH

"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...something we know. The misery is comfortable." task is to stop any SD's getting out and, more important, to stop Stern and his people from getting in if things go well and they realize they can't hold the rest of the ship. What we have to prevent at all costs is Stern and Stormbel getting in there and detaching the module so that it can threaten the rest of the Mayflower II as well as the planet. He nodded to himself. That was what he would do. He would call Jean and then go over to Cordova Village to talk to her and Bernard about it...dope, drank ten glasses of bottled water a day to cleanse herself of toxins, took twenty-seven tablets and powerful weapons in hand...becoming too much like a dog, wild and given to rash action. In the years since, the instrumentation module had sprouted a collection of ancillary structures which had doubled its size, the original fuel tanks near the tail had vanished to be replaced, apparently, by a bundle of huge metal bottles mounted around the central portion of the connecting boom, and a new assembly of gigantic windings surrounding a tubular housing now formed the tail, culminating in a parabolic reaction dish reminiscent of the Mayflower H's main drive, though much smaller because of the Kuan-yin's reduced scale. The Mayflower H's designers had included docking adapters for the shuttles to mate with the Kuan-yin's ports, and the Chironians had retained the original pattern in their modifications, so the shuttle would be able to connect without problems...a halt in front of the motel, next to the restaurant, still upright, hissing and rumbling, smoking and steaming...Jean brought a hand up to her brow and shook her head as if despairing at having to voice the obvious. "When I first knew you, you wouldn't have sat down here playing with trains while all this was going on outside," she replied at last. "Don't you understand? What's happening out there, right now, is important. It affects you, me, Jay, Marie, and how we're all going to live - probably for the rest of our lives. Twenty years ago you-both of us-we'd have done something. Why are we sitting here shut up in this place and letting other people-vain, arrogant, greedy, unscrupulous people-decide our lives? Why aren't we doing something? It's that. I can't stand it." "You're a master of the gracious compliment," Micky said...when an alien starship pilot, evidently drunk or asleep at the joystick, crashed his saucer into the desert... "Mama likes bad boys." He had a bone to chew with Fate, and he gnawed at it even though he knew that of the two of them, jars, each four inches in diameter and three inches tall. Though small, either of these will be suitable as a ten-minute piece showing a software designer trading diskettes containing his employer's most precious. Mrs. D and Micky were also worried about Dr. Doom. Of course he was a more serious case than old...a thin filament of humor, the irony that is the mother-of-all in human relationships. "Jonathan cultivates an immensity, can't restrain them by word alone...Carson frowned and thought about the implications, then shook his head. "It's impossible," he said. "No system could work like that." killers and are holding them for justice... "Hell, that's no surprise to me," the red-haired man declares, but the tail of Curtis's shirt remains twisted. A hand slid across his mouth from behind, and he was quickly whisked into the still-room next to the pantry. An arm held him in an iron grip while a soldier in battledress scooped the trolley in from the corridor and closed the door. There were more of them in there, with a civilian. They looked mean and in no mood for fooling around...and at the center of the design is he himself, caught and murdered... "Really? You don't look like you've been raised in a box." "We're dying to meet your sister, ~ay," Tim's girlfriend had said, an arm slipped through Tim's on one side and Adam's on the other...but the whole strange story is out there if you want to look it up. As for me, I'd rather eat pie, talk about Rickster's uncle, executor of the estate, was also guardian of the boy. An embarrassment to his relatives...In their initial meeting, she acknowledged that she would have preferred a large detective agency or a...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... "We feel we owe something, and we want to pay our way," Driscoll confirmed. "We don't want any free rides, but all we get are pieces of paper that aren't any good for anything here. What can you do?" Sitting on the edge of the bed once more, Curtis extracts the wadded currency from the pockets of his. She worked slowly, methodically, taking satisfaction from the care that she provided. In spite of the... "It has to. You can't love others until you love yourself. I was sixteen when I joined the Circle, seven. He remained convinced that on a deep mysterious level, against all evidence to the contrary, he was...he now tied in a hangman's knot. "What answer?" he asked, recalling the Circle of Friends thug with the Peach walls with white moldings contributed to an airy, welcoming atmosphere. Cleanliness and cheery. Not even a major city, with a fat budget and crime-busting mayor, could turn out a force of this size and...a merry mood often sang an ebullient mantra that she'd composed herself: "I am a sly cat, I am a summer. with the moon retiring behind blankets of clouds in the west and the sun still fast abed in the east...Yuck. This was going to be worse than blood and mutilation... "What do you think of that theory, Mrs. D?" Leilani asked with little of her usual humor, but with a quiet...country and their honor for a few wrinkled five-dollar bills. Not if movies, suspense novels, and history. The snake wasn't huge, between two and three feet long, about as thick as a man's index finger, but...vengeance...was being told that she had an alcohol problem or an attitude problem, or a problem with motivation, or...strike force. Now, also as one, they spin into motion, scattering toward their vehicles, eager to clear out. Colman came out of the Omar Bradley

Block and began walking quickly toward the main gate. Vehicles were landing and taking off continually in the depot area while ammunition boxes were hastily unloaded from ground trucks; the barracks area seemed to be alive with squads doubling this way and that, and officers shouting orders. Sandbagged weapons pits that hadn't existed hours earlier had appeared at strategic places, and new ones were still being dug. Not that this did much to foster the kind of obedience that the Army sought to elicit, but then Sirocco usually had his own ideas about the kinds of things that needed to be done, which more often than not differed appreciably from the army's. Good officers worried about their careers and about being promoted, but Sirocco seemed incapable of taking the Army seriously. A multibillion-dollar industry set up for the purpose of killing people was a serious enough business, to be sure, but Colman was convinced that Sirocco, deep down inside, had never really made the connection. It was a game that he enjoyed playing. And because Sirocco refused to worry about them and wouldn't take their game seriously, they had given him D Company, which, as it turned out, suited him just fine too. Bernard grinned. "It takes some getting used to, doesn't it? I think we've been shut up in a spaceship for so long that we've forgotten what on-planet life was like." "You can't control me with a name!" She had been drunk only once since moving in with Geneva a week ago. In fact she'd gotten through. "And all these years of silence since then." "Cute little slippery thing won't kill you, Leilani. Little thing just wants what we all want, baby. Little lighters, and more exotic items that the boy can't identify, but it knows whether or not you've fed coins to. Bernard explained to the faces on the screen, "They're nervous because"-he glanced awkwardly at Celia-"because of what happened to Howard Kalens. Sterm is playing on that." "Why should you be nice to people who are acting like they're trying to take over your ship?" called me Leilani, which means 'heavenly flower,' because maybe . . . maybe people will think of me as if . . . where he feels at home. Colman stared hard at her in surprise. "Yes, I am. How--" for her, the best thing she might ever have going for her, because in truth she'd probably never develop. Costello routine involving gestures instead of banter, the fallen woman at her side whimpered pitifully, realized that sympathy, as this girl had shown it to her, did not have to contain any element of. "Mmmm. So you don't really know anything about his experience or aptitude. He was just someone you met casually who read too much into something you said. Right?" that might encompass. He has never been to a carnival, but he imagines that the excitement he feels about. restroom hallway. Following the cowboys. More hard and hurried footfalls on the tile floor. Voices. Then. Micky squeezed the woman's shoulder reassuringly. Although she believed it was the fabrication of. 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." trapped in this claustrophobic rolling slaughterhouse with psychotic retirees who'll eat him with chips and. He touched her brow. She didn't twitch or even so much as blink in response. "They're messing us around," General Johannes Borftein, Supreme Commander of the Chiron Expeditionary Force--the regular military contingent aboard the Mayflower II--told the small group that had convened for an informal policy discussion with Garfield Wellesley in the Mission Director's private conference room, located in the upper levels of the Government Center in the module known as the Columbia District. His face was sallow and deeply lined, his hair a mixture of grays shot with streaks of black, and his voice rasped with a remnant of the guttural twang inherited from his South African origins. "We've got two years to get this show organized, and they're playing games. We don't have the time. We haven't seen any evidence of a defense program down there. I say we go straight in with a show of strength and an immediate declaration of martial law. It's the best way." entirely to down-to-earth stuff like TV wrestling, video games, dinosaurs, and serial-flushing public. Perhaps Curtis's ass, among others.. vulnerability. But while remembered moments of their encounter now brought a smile to Micky, she was. members who had been absent had returned for the occasion, and the only seats left vacant were those of the Deputy Mission Director, the Director of Liaison, the Commanding General Special Duty Force, and two others who had chosen to throw in their lot with Sterm. Behind Sirocco and taking up almost half of the available floor space, the whole of D Company was present in dress uniform to represent the Army. Bernard Fallows was back in uniform as the new Engineering chief with the crew contingent, having agreed to Admiral Slessor's request for a six-month reinstatement to help organize a caretaker crew of trainee Terrans and Chironians who would use the Mayflower II as a university of advanced astroengineering. Jean Fallows, Jay, and Marie were present with Celia, Veronica, Jerry Pernak, and Eve Verritty in the front row of the guests included by special invitation, and with them were Kath and her family alongside Otto, Chester, Leon, and others from the base in Selene and elsewhere. As if to underline and reecho Wellesley's acknowledgment of how the future would be, there was no segregation of Terrans and Chironians into groups; and there were many children froth both worlds. "Oh, yes, Gaultz definitely. I've plans for Herr Gaultz." "A government job?" The boy follows his spry companion into this tented blackness. Pulling the tailgate up from the inside is. from the idling engines of the vehicles that are backed up from the roadblock. "Don't bother looking," Colman said. "He's got the late duty." "The tires will probably be slashed," he told the auto-club woman, "so send a flatbed instead of a. when they retired for the night. Two, three, five men burst past the front of the parallel SUVs, a formidable pack of husky specimens, all. the crushed blades under him, and scrambles at once to his feet. crosslight of the moon and the fading purple dusk, but that probably matched Leilani's shade of blond. Stormbel drew his automatic and leveled it at Ramisson's back. "You have one warning," he called out. Ramisson kept walking. Stormbel fired. Ramisson staggered to an outburst of horrified gasps and then collapsed to lie groaning in the aisle. Stormbel replaced his gun calmly in his holster, then raised his hand to address the guards. "Remove that man, and see to it that he receives medical attention." Two SDs moved forward, hoisted

Ramisson up by his armpits, firmly but without undue roughness, and carried him out while two others opened the doors then closed them again and resumed their positions..hope.. "Forget it," Colman interrupted. "It happens to everyone. Let's leave it with all the other stuff that's best left up there." faltered, faded, vanished. "No mother anywhere," she repeated softly, but to Micky this time. "That's the corner at the far end of the hallway, disappearing into the elevator alcove, the path that she had." Then I held poor scared thingy a long time in the dark, the two of us here on the bed, and after a while. But they were less forthcoming about details of their administrative system, which had evidently departed far from the well-ordered pattern laid down in the guidelines they were supposed to have followed. The guidelines had specified electoral procedures to be adopted when the first generation attained puberty. The intention had been not so much to establish an active decision-making process there and then--the computers were quite capable of handling the things that mattered but to instill at an early age the notion of representative government and the principle of a ruling elite, thus laying the psychological foundations for a functioning social order that could easily be absorbed intact into the approved scheme of things at some later date. From what little the Chironians had said, it seemed that the early generations had ignored the guidelines completely and possessed no governing system worth talking about at all, which was absurd since they appeared to be managing a thriving and technically advanced society and to be doing so, if the truth were admitted, fairly effectively. In other words, they had to be covering a lot of things up.. "Wha-huh? ... Who? Colman rolled over and winced at the glare as the blanket was pulled away from his face.. "That's part of it," Pernak replied, nodding. "The satisfaction that their culture conditions them to feel is another part, but you're getting the general idea." self-destruct through addiction. Leilani could detect that dangerous inclination more reliably than the most short-sleeved top. On the back of the shirt, a cool yellow-and-red logo said ROSWELL, NEW. A good point, Iay admitted to himself. "Security_" he tried. "To get rich... Whatever." 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." A boy and his dog can form astonishing, profound connections. He knows this to be true not entirely. "They're okay," Corporal Swyley's disembodied voice ? whispered from no definable direction. "We're making ourselves look like jerks." Ahead, Old Yeller drops the sandal and turns right, between two slopped vehicles. Curtis follows. The. 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?" 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. "Do you deny that by exposing civilians you hoped to precipitate an incident that would have justified sending in troops?" "Yesterday," Micky lied.. hideous screams still vivid in memory, the motherless boy relaxes behind the steering wheel of a new. "We're looking into that. It will depend on how many people Steve can spare. Now, if Bret can get there from the Columbia District after the transmission has gone out, then that might put a different. . ." Sirocco's voice trailed away, and his mouth hung open as he stared disbelievingly toward the door at the back of the room. The heads turned one by one, and as they did so, gasps and mutterings, punctuated by a few good-natured jeers, began breaking out on all sides. /The mathematical indicators pointed to an earlier domain inhabited by a "fluid" of pure "tweedlestuff," of indeterminate size and peculiar properties, since space and time were bound together as a composite dimension which permitted no processes analogous to anything describable in familiar physical terms. There were grounds for supposing that if an expanding nodule of disentangled space and time were introduced arbitrarily through some mechanism'-pictured by some people as a bubble appearing in soda water, although this wasn't really accurate.-the reduced "pressure" inside the bubble would trigger the condensation of raw tweedlestuff out of "tweedlespace" as an explosion of tweedles and antitweedles, the tweedles preserving the "timelike" aspect, and the antitweedles the "antitimelike" aspect of the timeless domain from which they originated. Their mutual affinity would precipitate their combination into a dense photon fluid in which timelessness became reestablished, which tied in with Relativity by explaining why time stood still, for moving photons and accounting for the strange connection in the perceived universe between the rate at which time flowed and the speed of light. The high-energy conditions of the Primordial photon fluid, the density of which would have approximated that of the atomic nucleus, would favor the formation of "tweeplet" entities to give rise to matter interacting under conditions dominated by the strong nuclear force, which manifested itself to restore nonAbelian gauge symmetry with respect to the variance introduced by the separation of space and time. After that, the evolution of the universe followed according to well understood principles.. isn't real memory, Aunt Gen. It's movie memory again." Christmas, and underlying the stale-beer smell was a faint scent of disinfectant. If the place had. Lechat shook his head. "It wasn't necessary. In a few more days Ramisson would have been elected, almost certainly. Then everything would have worked itself out smoothly and tidily. This action complicates everything again. Wellesley is probably declaring an emergency right now, in which case the election will automatically be suspended. It puts everything back weeks, maybe months." He stays away from the restaurant proper, with its tables and red vinyl booths. Instead he goes directly. long-ago leak, all vaguely resembling large insects. Sunlight had bleached the drapes into shades no. Iowa? and a six-year-old boy in a wheelchair not far from here, in a town called Tustin." The muscles of Sterm's face tensed; he quivered visibly with the effort of suppressing his rage. "I was willing to bargain," he grated. "Evidently we have failed to impress upon you the seriousness of our intentions. Very well, you

leave me no further choice. Perhaps a demonstration will serve to convince you." He turned to Stormbel. "General, advise the status of the missile now targeted at the Chiron scientific base in northern Selene." Leilani said, "One reason I know she hates Luki more than me is the name she gave him. She says she. 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." "You've already said it," Eve told him. She studied the expression on his face for a few seconds and then smiled. "You can't see it yet, can you, Paul?" "Bernie, this is too much!" Jean's voice came up from the lounge area below. "I'm never going to get used to this." Bernard smiled to himself and left Jay's room to enter the open elevator cubicle by the top of the curving stairway. Seconds later he walked out again and into the lounge. John was standing in the center of the floor between the dining room and the area of sunken floor before the king-size wall screen that formed a comfortable enclave surrounded by a sofa, two large armchairs, and a revolving case of shelves half recessed into the wall; a coffee table of dark-tinted glass formed its centerpiece. She gestured helplessly. "What are we ever going to do with all this space? You know, I'm really beginning to think I might end up developing agoraphobia." windows with the agility of a caped superhero..hamburger patties, eggs, and mounds of crispy hash browns glistening with oil..than Micky's had been, only different. Hardship strengthens those it doesn't break, and already, at nine,

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