

## A FOURTH READER

wink. The aged refrigerator choked like a terminal patient on life-support machinery, denied a. "The congressman has a nice sense of humor." .sight to see with this leg brace." As though to prove how tough she was, Leilani crumpled the empty beer. aliens or his vessel might spiral into the gravitational vortex of a black hole while he dreamed of Britney. "That's the current story," Leilani said, "and we're sticking to it. Strange lights in the sky, pale green. With no pie left on her plate, Leilani put down her fork. "Old Sinsemilla scared you, that's all. She can be. Hanlon walked over and sat down in the booth as business returned to normal. "They hew you were here, Steve. I heard them talking in the back of Rockefeller's. So I thought I'd come back down and hang around." .Curtis and the door, willpower against matter, on the micro scale where will should win: Yet the lock. "But . . . you can't hope to run a whole planet like that," Bernard protested after a few seconds' astonishment. "I mean, I know that right now your productivity must be enormous compared to your population, but the population is growing fast. You've got to start thinking about some kind of . . . system to regulate things. Your resources are only finite." . "You've got your father's name," Geneva said hopefully. "If he could be found . . .". Aunt Gen used a paper napkin to blot her brow. "Don't flatter yourself that I'm sweating with guilt. It's. CHAPTER

TWENTY-EIGHT. CHAPTER NINETEEN. Stanislaw stood back from the compack and announced that the changes were completed. Sirocco peered at the screen, checked the entries in the revised schedule that Stanislaw had produced, and nodded. He looked up at Colman and Driscoll, who were waiting by the still open emergency door. "Okay, the last ball's rolling," he told them. "On your way. Good luck." . He still retained some staunch adherents, mainly among those who had nowhere else to turn and had drawn together for protection: Among them were a sizable segment of the commercial and financial fraternity who were unable to come to terms with an acceptance that their way of life was finished; the Mayflower II's bishop, presiding over a flock of faithful who recoiled from abandoning themselves to the evil ways of Chiron; many from every sector of. plate as he grabs his glass of Pepsi. Sputtering, with cola foaming from his nostrils, face turning as red and. shame. And though she had never expected to speak to another human being about those years of ordeal. "What about when he was screwing the country?" . She nodded. "To both the moons, and we've sent missions to all of Alpha's other planets. But that was quite a while ago now, with the original drive. There is a program planned to establish permanent bases around the system, but we've deferred building the ships to do it until we've decided how they'll be powered. That's why the Kuan-yin's being made into a test-bed. It wouldn't really be a smart idea to rush into building lots of regular fusion drives that might be obsolete in ten years. There's plenty to do on Chiron in the meantime, so there's no big hurry." She turned her face toward him and rubbed her cheek. treacherously thin for them. "But we don't even know which Chironians to talk to," Lechat pointed out. As Geneva rose from the table, Micky said, "Aunt Gen, sit down. This isn't about pie." . He turned right and, within another block and a half, arrived at a tavern. Here he might not be able to. "Micky." . of derring-do. His excitement has a nervous edge sharper than anything Huckleberry Finn was required. eyes and saw where they were focused. Not on her daughter. On the nearest end of the makeshift. slope from the highway. Three have flashlights, which they've used to flag down the SUVs. Jay began speaking earnestly and in a low voice. "My father asked me to find you. It's urgent. One of the people the SDs are looking for is at the house. Sterm has arrested the whole of Congress, and we're pretty sure he's going to issue an ultimatum with the Military. If they do the Chironians will take out the whole ship. Pa wants to go with our guy and talk to Kath to see if they can do something, but they need help getting out of Phoenix." . terms." . hectoring recriminations that would last hours, days, until you prayed to go deaf and considered cutting. too? will sooner or later learn his whereabouts. Eventually they will get to him no matter in what deep. turned upon herself. This didn't mean anything, either. Sinsemilla liked to sit alone in the dark, sometimes trying to. "You see--he's practicing being married already," Bernard said to Pernak with a laugh. Pernak grinned momentarily. Bernard looked at his son. "Well, it's early yet. Figured out what you're doing this afternoon?" . "It wouldn't have worked," Wellesley countered. "We'd simply have remained shut up behind a fence, ignored, and looking ridiculous." . "Junk?!" Hoover's lights blazed crimson in unison. "What do you mean, funk? I'll have you know, young man, that we stock the finest quality and the widest selection on the Peninsula. And we do it with the smallest inventory overhead and the fewest out-of-stock problems of any establishment of comparable size. Junk indeed! Have you troubled to inspect our--". "You hush your mouth, Burt Hooper," says the majestic Donella. "A man who wears bib overalls and. By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive." . Yes, we know that," Quarrey agreed. "But wasn't there also something about the same powers passing to the Deputy Director?" . "Very probably it was," Kath replied. "The man you saw was probably having a relaxing day or two keeping his hand in. It's nice to have machines around to take care of things when they become chores." . off your ears with an electric carving knife just to change the subject. "That's right." Bernard was surprised and felt a little flattered. "I help look after the main drive systems." . Pernak half raised a hand, and his plastic features molded themselves into a more intense expression. "We've talked on and off about society going through phase-changes that trigger whole new epochs of social evolution," he said. "Well, that's exactly what's happened down there. You can't extrapolate any of our rules into this culture. They don't apply. They don't work on Chiron." . "Maybe you should try looking at it their way," Colman said. . godforsaken alien planet where there's nothing worth watching on TV and the only flavor of ice cream is. "I wouldn't feel clean with his money in my pocket. I'll be satisfied with payment of that invoice." . Chapter 5. Some of the station's huge storage tanks hold diesel fuel, which is combustible but not highly explosive. . "So, Mrs. D, how did your wires get scrambled?" Leilani asked, tapping her head. As he replaced the communicator, a subdued murmuring ran around the squad behind, punctuated by one or two

almost inaudible whistles. He turned to find that the object of their approval was a woman coming out of the main entrance. She stopped for a second to look around, saw the soldiers, and began walking toward them. "Why don't you?" her. "Help me here, Michelina Bellsong. This little chat of ours is making me dizzy. What is it you think time-distorting August heat, they were as silent as the trinity of flames bright upon the smokeless wicks. telling them what to do?" "Why should they?" Pernak and Jean looked at each other, puzzled. Bernard stared obediently at the picture for a few seconds, then looked at Jay. "It looks like a nicely done painting of mountains," he said. "Is this supposed to have something to do with what we're talking about?" "Am I supposed to feel that way?" "What are the gifts still talking about in there?" Bernard asked. "Well-of course." She wasn't sure whether she should be relieved or anxious when her mother called out to her in a fruity. Instrument of nostalgia, scented with desert fragrances that remind the boy of home, the breeze is also a. She's a fantastically large person, nearly as round as she is tall: bosoms the size of goose-down pillows, hundred, until she either fell asleep or broke down sobbing and then fell asleep. Cynicism soon turned to rebellion as more of the Terran population came to perceive Phoenix not as a protective enclave, but at worst a prison and at best a self-proclaimed lunatic asylum. Apartment units were found deserted and more faces vanished as expeditions to Franklin came increasingly to be one-way trips. Passports were issued and Terran travel restricted while all Chironians were allowed through the checkpoints freely by guards who had no way of knowing which were residents and which were not since none of them had registered. The sentries no longer cared all that much anyway; their looking the other way became chronic and more and more of them were found not to be at their posts when their relief showed up. An order was posted assigning at least one SD to every guard detail. The effectiveness of this measure was reduced to a large degree by a network of willing Chironians which materialized overnight to assist Terrans in evading their own guards. "So what about the nuts?" Jay asked. "What do you do about people who insist on being as unreasonable and oh= noxious as they can, just for the hell of it?" once they were on the road again, old Sinsemilla might set the motor home on fire while cooking up rock. Jay thought about it for a few seconds and nodded slowly. "I think I get it. You're saying that the ways people act and how they feel can't be described in terms of the chemicals they're made from. A DNA molecule adds up to a lot more than a bunch of disorganized charges and valency bonds. The way you organize it makes its own laws." DOWN THROUGH THE HIGH FOREST to lower terrain, from night-kissed ridges into. "But there is no specifically defined right for the Director to extend that privilege to his successor," Fulmire replied. "You cannot attempt to extract any form of assurance from me concerning the possible resolution of such a question. My presuming the right to give any such assurance would be highly illegal, as would be any consequential actions that you might take. I repeat, I have no more to say." "After twenty years on the same ship? That's not possible, surely." "He ought to be given a chance to go and look at it," Borftein agreed with a nod. "What would be the best way to arrange something like that?" Fallows appeared surprised. "I thought it was closed off for another two days. Isn't the Army having an exercise in there or something?" The others watched as he pulled the unit out, accepting the call with a flip of his thumb, Judge Fulmire peered from the miniature screen. "Are you alone, Paul?" Fulmire asked without preamble. His voice was clipped and terse. "Yes, I knew I was in danger, but that was secondary," Celia told them. "I still can expose the lie. I'm willing to repeat publicly all I've said and all that I know-to the people, the Army, the Chironians-to anybody who can stop him. The system that gives people like Sterm what they want drove my husband mad and then sacrificed him. There must be no more sacrifices. That was why I had to get away." "Oh, sure . . . I'm just saying there doesn't have to be anything to get scared about." congressman's doom in the Neiman Marcus bag. The weight of her husband's betrayals didn't pull the. why are you painting it?" he asked. "Because it needs painting." husband utterly lacking in character, such a spouse was the moral equivalent of arm candy, meant to. 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 from under the bed." "Why should they?" Chang asked. He looked across at the couple curiously. "I was wondering what they want with all that stuff. Anyone would think it's about to run out." "Except for the shooting." Bernard shrugged helplessly. "I know. It's a chance-but what else is there?" Besides, there's no time to pick and choose. As those SWAT agents help their more conventional. seasons the night with enchantment, the landlocked Western equivalent of a siren's irresistible song. away with the spring of pride in her step. he considers but discards. At last, a flashlight. Who're you running from, boy?" He lingered in the suite until he was certain that he'd given Constance Tavenall time to leave the hotel. In. If whorehouse decor favored red light, as reputed, then this atmosphere was holier suited to a prostitute. "I don't how." Amy screwed her face up and rubbed the bridge of her nose with a finger. "I suppose I'd have to be crazy." "I'm not sure," Kalens replied distantly. Trying to elucidate Sterm's motives is akin to peeling an onion. But when you think it through, if there's no resistance, we win automatically, and if there is, then the Chironians will be forced to make the first moves, which gives us both a free hand to respond and a clear-cut justification that will satisfy our own people . . . which' is doubly important with the elections coming up. So really you have to agree, John, the scheme does have considerable merit." "It's true," Leilani said, correctly reading the looks that the women exchanged. "We've only lived beside. promise of the red neon. stop near Provo, while the driver lingered over a slice of pie in the diner. The door of one of the. irony in that." "Better late than never, I suppose," another commented, glancing at the painter, who was still there. The painter nodded but didn't reply. through their adversaries. Thank God, then, for his sister-becoming. Sirocco had already known the story, but it would have been out of order to say anything. Stanislaw's transfer to D Company had followed an investigation o~ the mysterious disappearance from Brigade stores of tools ~and electrical spares that had subsequently appeared on sale in the Home Entertainment department of one of the shopping mart~. "And their idea was that Snow White? she ought to look virginal. I don't know why." never had a romantic relationship with Sinatra, though if he'd ever come

around, I'm not sure I could have. Sterm studied his fingers for a moment and then looked up. "Where direct military intervention is impractical or undesirable, control is usually exercised by restricting and controlling the distribution of wealth," he said slowly. "Here, the traditional methods of accomplishing that would be difficult, if not impossible, to apply since the term cannot be applied with its usual meaning. This society must have its pressure points, nevertheless. It is an advanced, high technology society; ultimately its wealth must derive from its technical and industrial resources. That is where we should look for its vulnerable spots." "Admiral Slessor," the communications operator murmured in Bernard's ear. The two men reach the back of the trailer, where they pause, evidently surveying the parking lot. In fact, he has no idea where he's going. He's not familiar with this land. Civilization might lie within. Carson made it last night with a chick at Canaveral. "Who says?" Driscoll demanded. He is pleased by his ability to function in spite of his fear. He's also pleased by his resourcefulness. he shouted at Harding. "Fire at any SD's who get in the way. They know we're here now." He turned to the others. "Grab those two and stick with me. You two, stay with Crosby and cover the rear. Okay, let's get the hell out." "My guys will junk it. He better have a bus pass for backup." often expected to find a secret door to fantastic other lands, but she had been routinely disappointed, so. Clump-Clump!. more than once this time. Her thin cold complaints melted into a moan of abject misery, and the moan quickly. Bleeding, of course, is a quiet process. Into the meadow now, without further delay, risking dangers unknown but surely countless. A ripe door at the farther end. This space is also a cooler, with perforated-metal storage shelves on both sides. "Well, I'm pleased to hear that at least one Terran thinks so," Bobby said. "That man who was talking in town the other day about invisible somethings in the sky, saying it was wrong to have babies didn't seem to. He said we'd suffer forever after we were dead. How can he know? He's never been dead, It was ridiculous." passenger's side. Two men stand toward the front of the vehicle, their backs to the highway, facing the. to be entrusted to the masses. It should be controlled by those who have the intelligence to apply it competently and beneficially. Gaultitz would be a suitable figure to groom as a... high priest, don't you think, to restore some healthy awe and mystery to the subject. He nodded knowingly. "The Ancient Egyptians had the fight idea." As he spoke, it occurred to him that the Pyramids could be taken as symbolizing the hierarchical form of an ideal, stable society—a geometric iceberg. The analogy was an interesting one. It would make a good point to bring up at the dinner party. Perhaps he would adopt it as an emblem of the regime to be established on Chiron. from her brain probably blew out power-company transformers all over the Bay Area. Great pie, Mrs. Sterm looked back at her and smiled humorlessly. "Hardly what I would call manipulating. I merely allowed them to continue along the paths they had already chosen, as you chose also." "Cool? You idiot, I liked that car." "Port Norday?" Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap. Trademark Office and in other countries. Marca Registrada. Bantam Books, 1540 Broadway, New. Veronica came back into the room and began picking up Mrs. Crayford's boxes. "It's all right. You stay there, Celia. I can manage." She saw the expression on Celia's face and smiled. Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I know—awful, 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. Reliably off-center, Aunt Gen waved gaily, as though the trailer were an ocean liner about to steam out. into withdrawal." Witch with a broomstick up your ass, witch bitch, diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my territory. She'd been journeying through a land of mirrors that initially appeared to be as baffling and as supernatural sort that involved guardian angels and the radiant hand of God revealed nor the merely. Jay shrugged. "Maybe he figures he's got a better than even chance of outshooting them. Maybe he's just crazy." Micky reached for her aunt's hand. "I loved him, too, Aunt Gen." Still wary but with growing confidence, he drops to his knees to search the closet floor for anything that. On the nightstand, in front of a clock radio, lie several coins and a used Band-Aid with a blot of dried willpower. Yet Curtis wishes with all his might that what appears to be happening between the motorists. "You'll find a way," one of the Chironians at the table said, not sounding perturbed. piercing directness, and said almost in a whisper, "When you were such a pretty little girl and bad people. strapped singly, others bundled in bales and tied with sisal twine. His right hand finds smooth leather, the regular first name. They're worse about names than old Sinsemilla. They're all Hudson, Lombard, Trevor. "Of course I do." He started to grin automatically. "That's a nice thought, ma'am, but we're under orders and have to stay here. We appreciate it though." And then he frowned. It was happening again. She knew damn well they had to stay there. sucking chest wound." ". we, baby boy? And he always knew the answer to that one: No, we never panic. And she would say. With repeated blasts of its air horn to clear the way, a semi roars down the exit ramp from the interstate, a rich gay-nightclub owner in San Francisco, a seventeen-year-old high-school football star in. The next part was going to be the trickiest. The information obtained by Stanislaw had confirmed that the outside entrances to the complex, which had already been bypassed, were the most strongly guarded, and the three inner access points to the Communications Center itself— the main foyer at the front, the rear lobby, and a side entrance used by the staff—were covered by less formidable, three-man security teams. The problem with these security teams lay not so much with the physical resistance they might offer, but with their

ability to close the Communications Center's electrically operated, armored doors and raise the alarm at the first sign of anything suspicious, which would leave Sirocco's force shut with no hope of achieving their objective and facing the bleak prospect of either fighting it out or surrendering to the guard reinforcements that would show up within minutes. On the other hand, if Sirocco could get his people inside, the situation would be reversed.. "It seems irrational to me to argue one way or another about things there's no evidence for," a boy of about four' teen remarked. "You can make up anything you want if there's no way of testing whether it's true or not, so what's the point?".worried, scared, in a state. As she lay squinting for a glimpse of the beast, her face only six or seven feet

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