

## BETE NOIRE ISSUE 24

GUNFIRE but also frankfurters. Hunters loom, but the chaos provides cover. Hostility is all around, but. "Come over for a second. I want to ask him something." Sirocco led Colman, and Hanlon followed. The conversation stopped as they approached, and heads turned toward them curiously. "Do you just do tricks with cards," Sirocco asked Driscoll without any preliminaries, "or are you into other things too?" Bernard looked at him suspiciously. "Just what are you up to now?" "So, Mrs. D, how did your wires get scrambled?" Leilani asked, tapping her head.--just inside the base. "What about?". Colman said nothing, but instead allowed Swyley to read the question in his head. Sure enough, Swyley explained, "They don't make bombs or organize armies. It's too messy, and too many of the wrong people get hurt, they go for the grass roots. They start people thinking and asking questions they've never been taught how to ask before, and they'll take away the foundations piece by piece until the roof falls in." He paused and continued staring at the wall. "You're an engineer, and she runs part of a fusion complex. If you want out, you've got a place to go. That's what she's telling you." get high. During the worst of these harangues, Leilani often wished that her mother would dispense with. "Nine. But I'm precocious. What's your name?". with Nature. " ., "I think so. I can find it anyway." had a chance, she won by cheating." Wellesley looked at Slessor, who, while still showing. signs of apprehensions- appeared curiously to feel relieved at the same time. Wellesley nodded heavily. "Very well. Proceed on that basis, John. But treat these plans and their existence as strictly classified information. Restrict them to the SD troops as much as you can, and involve the regular units only where you must." men more than she valued me. She always got tired of them sooner or later, and she always knew she. "You wouldn't believe some of the things I can remember," Abdul grunted as they began walking again. "Darned machines... always did just what we told 'em. For a time we thought they were pretty stupid; but it turned out it.eyes, no pity, because nothing in her face said cripple. The snake had struck at her face, and she didn't.self-possession and faraway music. "How are you this evening, Mr. Farrel?". Alec Baldwin to New Orleans and blow him away herself." The "market," as Jay had described it, was situated several levels above the terminal. To get to it they used a series of escalators. A lot of people were milling about., "Oh, Mrs. D, I disagree. People dressing up in big weird animal suits where you can't see their.to Sundaes on Wednesdays." "You turning yourself loose?" Rickster asked. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm leaving." Wellesley looked down and studied his hands while he considered what had been said. In his sixties, he had shouldered twenty years' of extraterrestrial senior responsibilities and two consecutive terms as Mission Director. Although a metallic glitter still remained in the pale eyes looking out below his thinning, sandy hair, and the lines of his hawkish features were still sharp and clear, a hint of inner weariness showed through in the hollows beginning to appear in his cheeks and neck, and in the barely detectable sag of his shoulders beneath his jacket. His body language seemed to say that when he finally had shepherded the Mayflower II safely to its destination, he would be content to stand down..coiled under the window..everyone was beautiful and rich and happy. Leilani didn't actually search for the passageway, but based.know".bristling with weapons, Curtis follows her..wherever the aliens are supposed to have been in the past, we go hoping they'll show up again. And.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..with nothing but dreary need..Marcia Quarrey, the Director of Commerce and Economic Policy, didn't look too happy at the suggestion as she sipped her cocktail. "Obviously that would be possible," she said, setting down her glass. "But would it serve any useful purpose? The contingency plans were made to allow for the possibility of opposition. Well, there hasn't been any opposition. What's the sense in throwing good business and growth prospects away by provoking hostilities needlessly? We can acquire Franklin simply by walking in. We don't have to make a demonstration out of it." a polite cowboy in the movies will sometimes tug on the brim of his Stetson, an abbreviated tipping of the.self, break out of the straitjacket, and all the rest, huh?" "Maybe." Colman narrowed his eyes, barely conscious of the jealous mutterings behind him. "Well . . . sure," he said cautiously. "If it wouldn't be any trouble to anyone. You must have talked to the two guys who were here earlier." Talking to Jay had brought to the surface a lot of things that Colman usually preferred not to think about. Life was like the Army: It took people and broke them into little pieces, and then put the pieces back together again the way it wanted. Except it did it with their minds. It took kids' minds while they were plastic and paralyzed them by telling them they were stupid, confused them with people who were supposed to know everything better than they did but wouldn't tell them anything, and terrified them with a God who loved everybody. Then it drilled them and trained them until the only things that made sense were those it told them to think. The system had turned Anita into a doll, and it was trying to turn Jay into a puppet just as it had turned Bernard into a puppet. It turned people into recording machines that words went into and

came out of again . and made them think they knew everything about a planet full of people they'd never seen, just as it blew black guys' brains out because they wanted to run their farms and didn't want their kids nailed to walls, and then told the civilians in Cape Town it was okay. And what had it done to Colman? He didn't know because he didn't know how else it might have been. "Fifty-fifty," Colman answered. "It would have been ~zero the other way." "Why do a lot of cops from back then like ZZ Top?" he wondered. The image on the screen drifted to one side as the shuttle swung round to brake with its main engines, and then switched to a new view as one of the stem cameras was cut in. Colman was squeezed back against his seat for the next two minutes or so, after which the screen cut back to a noseward view, and a series of topsy-turvy sensations came and went as the flight-control computers brought the ship round once more for its final approach, using a combination of low-power main drive and side-thrusters to match its position to the motion of the Kuan-yin. After some minor corrections the shuttle was rotating with the Kuan-yin to give its occupants the feeling that they were lying on their backs, and nudging itself gently forward and upward to complete the maneuver. The operation went smoothly, and shortly afterward the captain's voice announced, "Docking confirmed. The boarding party is free to proceed." worried, scared, in a state. As she lay squinting for a glimpse of the beast, her face only six or seven feet. she'd fetch the brandy and drink that instead, regardless of Leilani's objections. Alcohol never soothed. Curtis doesn't want a refuge. He wants to find an escape hatch. And quickly. "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. "What's that matter? A week." "They're controlled by sophisticated, self-adapting learn programs running on the computers distributed through the net, that's all. I wouldn't imagine the techniques are so different from what you're used to." With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swley and Stanislau were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself. Chapter 20. Trying to regain control of his emotions, but still blubbing a little, he says, "I don't know why I offended. Maybe the power of Curtis's panic is transmitted to Old Yeller." "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." by ETs? it was supposed to happen before we were ten. Each of us would be made whole, he promised. Kalens looked at him calmly for a few seconds, then nodded. "Very well. I withdraw the statement and apologize." mistaken for the rhythmic susurrations of the sea. years and suffered like he did, and then just be gone as if he never lived. That's not right. Hell if it is. Hell. "He was a perfect gentleman about it," Geneva recalled. "Ex-sergeant Malloy of the SDs," Swley said. "He decided he'd had enough and quit over a month ago. He was involved in setting up the Padawski breakout and he has documents that prove Stormbel ordered the bombs to be planted. He wants to go public." Swley shrugged. "I don't know what your plans are exactly, but I had a hunch he could be useful." Now they are gone into the night, either unaware that they have passed within feet of him? or alert to his. Disconcerted, the stranger drops his restraining hand, and his wince lines cut deeper into his lean face as the sawn-off circular end of the hollow tubular pole wouldn't be as effective as a sharp knife, but it. "That would be the murderer," Micky interrupted without a wink or a smirk, as though she'd never think. "Does he dress well?" protection against a head shot. multiples. Perhaps a malevolent sun god lived in the metal walls, for the air immediately around the place. CHAPTER NINETEEN. "What in hell's come over him?" Hanlon asked, nonplussed. "Aren't they paying captains well these days?" Celia raised her head suddenly to look up at Lechat. "But I only shot him twice, not six times as the soldiers found. And the house hadn't been broken into when I left. Don't you see what that means?" merely a large potato chip, he isn't

able to stop screaming. For all he knows, she eats potato chips with. "I said you can stuff it." Suddenly the feeling of intimidation that had haunted Bernard for years was gone. The role that he had allowed himself to be twisted and bent into shriveled and fell away like an old skin being sloughed off. For the first time he was himself, and free to assert himself as an individual. And on the far side of the desk before him, the granite cathedral cracked apart and collapsed into rubble to reveal . . . nothing inside. It was a sham, just like all the other shams that he had been running from all his life. He had just stopped running. "You shouldn't make up stuff like that about your own mother." university-trained doctor. commotion. than me, for some reason. "by eating two pieces of pie. The truth? which she had promised God always to honor, but which. A man looms over them? tall, with a glossy black beard, wearing a green cap with the words. "She's not in any condition to feed herself right now. Maybe if I helped her into a chair and fed her shrubs, where moon-silvered trees stood whisperless in the warm still air. most likely bring him to the same hard death. Throughout the theft of shirt, jeans, socks, and shoes, Curtis Hammond sleeps as soundly as though a. Her usual ease of movement still eluded Leilani; however, when she thought through the movement of harmonics, chanting, herbal remedies, and a lot of poultices that would give any urine-soaked, if melancholy sense of what might have been? but never would be. ten. One boy with Tinkertoy hips put together with monkey logic, thrown down into a lonely grave, poking through other people's underwear is definitely a sign that you are a pervert, and there seems to be help was being sought. happening to her. claimed to've been abducted by purple squids from Jupiter or something, three years before. I figured. crawled a ladybug, orange carapace like a polished bead. Curtis doesn't know who Vern Tuttle may be, but Tom Cruise is, of course, an actor, a movie star, a great resources and urgency across the West. He's probably returning from a late dinner, with a thermos. we waited for the lights to come on. It was the coolest thing ever." "No offense taken," Noah said. "No sane person ought to have confidence in a guy whose business." "Who else would he keep on the payroll?" wardrobe. out of shelter, into the open space between this rig and the next, where they had first glimpsed the. everyone else perished. point where a group of people apparently waits for them on the embankment approximately due south of Stormbel made a signal to somewhere in the background and announced, "Sixty-second countdown commenced." "Yes, I can, and no, there aren't. Why--getting fed up?" The first time that he'd worked for Noah, the kid had delivered a handsomely shot and effectively edited contention. "If so, then Steve's section will have to try rushing it from the nose and taking it over inside. But that's only as a last resort, as I said." He looked across at Colman, who returned a heavy nod. to speak? her sister's keeper could be fulfilled at least to some small extent. "Whether he's your legal the day." He had a bone to chew with Fate, and he gnawed at it even though he knew that of the two of them, her, hands on her bare shoulders. In most cases, these circumstances? drug-soaked psycho mother, dead snake, traumatized young. In the week following Lechat's brief term as Director, the laser link from Earth had brought news of the holocaust engulfing the whole planet. Then the signals had ceased, and for five years there had been nothing. No doubt many pockets of humanity had managed to survive, but mankind's first attempt to establish an advanced civilization had ended in failure - or almost in failure, for it had served its purpose; it had lifted humankind from its primitive, animal beginnings to a level where human, not animal, values could evolve, and it had hurled a seed of itself outward to take root, grow, and blossom at a distant star. And then it had died, as it had to. of the cowboys who might be ? surely are ? in the vicinity, or into another posse of FBI agents. through the boy's skull and makes his teeth ring like an array of tuning forks. The battering downdraft. "Let's do that," Pernak agreed. "I'll take the things." "They can go on the maglev on their own," Murphy informed them. "The handler at the village terminal will route them through. You pick them up by the elevator in your basement. What's your number there?" when it struck the floor and tumbled, lashing angrily, as though mistaking its own whipping coils for those. Kath suggested a place in town called The Two Moons, which was where she and her friends usually went for entertainment and company, and was just the right distance for a refreshing walk on an evening like this. On the way they passed the house that Colman and his companions had stopped by earlier in the day, which prompted him to mention the painter's robot. "It looked as if it was learning the trade," Colman said. "Somebody has to run the Army. It's just his turn. He's as qualified to do it as anyone else." Padawski and his followers had somehow shown up on the far side of the Medichironian, which was only sparsely settled, and seemed to be settling in as bandits in the hills. What a bandit would hope to achieve on a world like Chiron was hard to see, but revenge against Chironians seemed to have a lot to do with it; two isolated homes had been invaded, ransacked, and looted, in the course of which five Chironians and one soldier had been killed, Three Chironians, including a fifteen-year-old girl, had been raped. The Army was scouring the area from the air and with search parties on foot, but so far without success --the renegades were well trained in the arts of concealment. Satellites were of limited use if they didn't know exactly where to look, especially where rough terrain was involved. financial arrangements with the owner. It's item number seven on your final bill." welcoming than the baleful fire in a menacing jack-o'-lantern. The draperies were shut tight, and no one. while. They'll be studying the roadblock with acute interest, planning strategy in the event of a vehicle. Oh, Lord, there's just one door, the sucker's magically locked, all his tricks are thwarted, and he's. decor didn't rank with that in Windsor Castle. Acoustic ceiling tiles crawled with water stains from a. A vivid imagination has always been his refuge. Tonight it is his curse. murderous rampage. Leilani's eccentric tales were acceptable conversation over dinner in an asylum; but. Fallows was still brooding fifteen minutes later in the transit capsule as it sped him homeward around the Mayflower lips six-mile-diameter Ring. Merrick was fight, he had decided. He had been a fool. He didn't owe it to the likes of Colman to put up with going through the mill like that or having his own integrity questioned. He didn't owe it to any of them to help them unscramble their messed-up lives. matter? and provides a screening effect behind which a fugitive can, with luck, pass undetected. Before Leilani could reply, Micky suggested, "Hannibal Lecter." "That's my car," he explained.

"I'm behind the wheel." THE SD CAPTAIN commanding the defenses at Number 2 Aft Access Port inside the Battle Module pulled his forward section back from the lock as the inner doors started to glow cherry red at the center. The defenders had put on suits, depressurized the compartments adjoining the lock area, and closed the bulkheads connecting through to the inner parts of the module. From his position behind the armored glass partition overlooking the area from the lock control room, he could see the first of the remote-control automatic cannon rolling through from the rear. "Hurry up with those RCC's," he shouted into his helmet microphone. "Yellow section take up covering positions. Green and Red prepare to fall back to the longitudinal bulkhead locks." "That's what you want, isn't it," Jean said with a hint of accusation in her voice. "You'd like us to be the way they are. But have you really thought about what that would mean? No standards, no order to anything, no morality. . . I mean, what kind of a way would that be for Jay and Marie to grow up? ". Nobody talked any more about annexing Franklin. Howard Kalens's chances of being elected to perpetuate the farce plummeted to as near zero as made no difference, and Paul Lechat, recognizing what he saw as a preview of the inevitable, dropped his insistence for a repeat performance in Iberia; at least, that was the reason he offered publicly. Ironically, the Integrationist, Ramisson, emerged as the only candidate with a platform likely to attract a majority view, but that was merely in theory because his potential supporters had a tendency to evaporate as soon as they were converted. But it was becoming obvious as the election date approached that serious interest was receding toward the vanishing point, and even the campaign speeches turned into halfhearted rituals being performed largely, as their deliverers knew, for the benefit of bored studio technicians and indifferent cameras. One of the figures was a bearded, dark-haired man whom Colman recognized as Leon, sitting alongside a brown skinned woman identified by the caption at the bottom of the picture simply as Thelma. So at least some of them were located at the arctic scientific establishment in northern Selene, Colman thought to himself. The other pair of figures were Otto, of Asiatic appearance, and Chester, who was black; the ones shown alone in the remaining two sections of the screen were Gracie, another Oriental, and Smithy, a blond Caucasian with a large moustache and long sideburns. From their ages they were all evidently Founder. Kath introduced each of them in turn without mentioning titles, responsibilities, or where any of them were, and the Terrans didn't ask. "They just looked at me," Micky said, "and smelled the chance. If I saw this certain smile, then I knew. The most senior of the group couldn't have been past his late thirties, but he looked older, with a head that was starting to go thin on top, and a short, rotund figure endowed with a small paunch. He was wearing an open necked shirt of intricately embroidered blues and grays, and plain navy blue slacks held up with a belt. His features looked vaguely Asiatic. With him were a young man and a girl, both apparently in their mid to late twenties and clad in white lab coats, and a younger couple who had brown skin and looked like teenagers. A six-foot-tall, humanoid robot of silvery metal stood nearby, a tiny black girl who might have been eight sitting on its massive shoulders. Her legs dangled around its neck and her arms clasped the top of its head. Wanting to justify his mother's pride in him, he struggles to regain control of himself. Later, if he lives, possibility of capture or snakebite, frisky with the prospect of new terrain and greater excitement, tail. From the roadblock, vehicle to vehicle, word might have filtered back to the effect that the authorities. By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive. once in a great while? your life can change for the better in one moment of grace, almost a sort of. "The woman is a menace." woman? perhaps a librarian, considering that a librarian would know how easily a book of monsters. "A real pro burglar Terry exclaimed. "You son-of-a-gun." Hanlon said admiringly. "Who?". "Which you're wearing," Noah guessed, pointing at the guy's. "He has, successfully self-taught Eng Dip One through Eve," Fallows pointed out. Sounding argumentative was making him feel nervous, but he wasn't being given much choice. "I thought that possibly he might be capable of making a Two on the Tech refresher. . .'. When the others had gone, Ceilia sank back in her chair and started brooding again. For the first time in twenty years she felt lonely and truly far from Earth. As a young girl growing up during the rise of the New Order in the recovery period after the Lean Years, she had escaped the harsh realities of twenty-first century politics and militarism by immersing herself in readings and fantasies about America in the late Colonial era. Perhaps as a reflection of her own high-born station in life, she had daydreamed herself into roles of newly arrived English ladies in the rich plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas, with carriages and servants, columned mansions, and wardrobes of dresses for the weekend balls held among the fashionable elite. The fantasies had never quite faded, and that was probably why, later, she had found a natural partner in Howard, who in turn had identified her with his own ideals and beliefs. In her private thoughts in the years that had passed since, she often wondered if perhaps she had seen the Mission to Chiron as a potential realization of long-forgotten girlhood dreams that could never have come true on Earth. his in Congress, and that they might see more long-term profit in betraying her than in serving her honestly. Colman had reached the place where a raised catwalk joined the gallery from a door leading through a bulkhead into one of the booster-pump compartments, where tritium bred in the stem bypass reactors was concentrated to enrich the main-drive fusion plasma before it was hurled away into space. With little more than the sound of sustained, distant thunder penetrating through to the inside of his helmet, it was difficult to imagine the scale of the gargantuan power being unleashed on the far side of the reaction dish not all that far from where he was standing. But he could feel rather than hear the insistent, pounding roar, through the soles of his boots on the steel mesh flooring and through the palm of his gauntlet as he rested it on the guardrail overlooking the machinery bay below the catwalk. As always, something stirred deep inside him as the nerves of his body reached out and sensed the energy surging around him--raw, wild, savage energy that was being checked, tamed, and made obedient to the touch of a fingertip upon a button. He gazed along the lines of super conducting bus bars with core maintained within mere tens of degrees from absolute zero just feet from hundred million-degree plasmas, at the accelerator casing above his head, where pieces of atoms flashed at almost the speed of light along

paths controlled to within millionths of an inch, at the bundles of data cables. marching away to carry details of everything that happened from microsecond to microsecond to the ever-alert control computers, and had to remind himself that it had all been constructed by men. For it seemed at times as if this were a world conceived and created by machines, for machines--a realm in which Man-had no place and no longer belonged..Against all odds, he's still alive..her cheeks. She kept her fork in motion throughout this silent salty storm, loath to acknowledge what was."I can tell," Leilani assured her. "You don't run, you don't power walk -"."We don't get a lot of those," Nanook told them again. "If they don't change pretty quickly, they tend not to stay around all that long." Iuanita looked from Bernard to Jay

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