

SOUR GRAPES A BOOK OF POEMS

Having lit three candles on one match, Micky shook out the flame before it could singe her fingers. "This, of fear that she'd find a haunted house within herself, occupied by everything from mere ghosts to. He considers following them before he realizes that they're entering a walk-in cooler, apparently with the. "No, of course not," Fallows said, not very happily. 'shadows cast by the rig.. someone his size, and he absolutely must obtain food for himself and for Old Yeller, who is depending on. plate as he grabs his glass of Pepsi. Sputtering, with cola foaming from his nostrils, face turning as red and. And perhaps his mother's spirit watches over him.. "He's had the whole unit standing by specifically for something like this," Colman replied. "He's waiting for news right now, that's why I'm here." He also had rules that he lived by, standards that he wouldn't compromise, and procedures that must be. "She's a juiceless bitch, isn't she? ". one kind or another, all the move-along type, because if they didn't move along, the local cops would've. Lechat slowly scanned the expectant faces. They all knew what was coming next. "My second resolution is that this Congress, with all powers and authority duly restored to it, declare itself, permanently and irrevocably, to be dissolved." The motion was passed unanimously.. "It's all very nice," Veronica agreed, getting up from her chair in the large living room of the Kalenses' Columbia District home. "I'm sure you'll find somewhere wonderful." Veronica had been one of Celia's closest friends since the earliest days of the voyage. She had earned herself something of a dubious reputation in some circles by not only joining the ranks of the few women to have been divorced, but by staying that way, which for some reason that Celia had never quite fathomed endeared Veronica to her all the more as a companion and confidante.. "No venom, baby. Thingy has fangs but no poison. Don't wet your panties, girl, we're doing less laundry. another larceny.. "The half that's left is off-limits," Micky declared. "The only pie in play is my piece.".. Perhaps peace came only with acceptance.. The transport swings into a wide space between two huge trucks.. "My pleasure.".. to the moon as if it were an admiring prince who held her in his arms.. Curtis and the door, willpower against matter, on the micro scale where will should win: Yet the lock. The woman who assisted him sounded like his aunt Lilly, his old man's sister, whom he hadn't seen in. His confidence is restored.. Smiles and grins relieved the solemn atmosphere that had seized the room.. From the direction of the table, Jean emitted an audible sigh of relief. Bernard grinned up at the screen. "Thanks." he said. "We're all glad to hear it. Talk to you again soon." Kath gave a quick smile and vanished from the screen.. her body grew stiff with a tension that the sun couldn't cook from her.. exotic places embodied in these superhighway Gypsies, the dog is curled compactly on the passenger's. hers was not the transient beauty of childhood, but an enduring quality.. Reaching the steps on which Sinsemilla perched after the moon dance, Leilani felt tempted to glance. the movies. When she lowered her gaze, she saw Aunt Gen and Leilani also studying the ceiling.. I better.. anything this good if her life depended on it? not that she's ever likely to face a pie-or-die threat.".. AS TASTY AS FRESH orange juice is when lapped out of a shoe, Old Yeller nevertheless loses. "By your customs," the Chironian observed.. "Mama likes bad boys.".. "Abaht ten minutes," the steward said. "I'm supposed ter collect it next door any time nah." In the background, one of the soldiers was stripping off his blouse and unbuckling his belt. Sirocco resumed twiddling his moustache. "Besides, I couldn't let you have the monopoly, could I- on all the decent ones, I mean." He was giving Colman a strange look, as if he was trying to find out about something that he didn't want to put into words.. best. . . maybe a midwife. I'd be beyond amazed if our births were ever registered anywhere.".. Sinsemilla's fury-widened eyes, white all around, rose like two alien moons in Micky's memory. She. Colman sighed. "It's not anything like that. It's just--" Anita waved a hand in front of her face. "It's okay. You don't want me around... you don't want me around. It's okay." Her voice was staging to rise and fall singsong fashion. "Who says I need anybody to have a good time, anyhow? I'm fine, see. It's okay You and lay can go talk about brains and trains." She began to walk away, swaying slightly and swinging her pocketbook gaily by its strap through a wide arc.. grove of trees.. with a primitive need that she didn't dare contemplate.. Leilani knocked on the bedroom door. Unlike her mother, she had a respect for other people's personal. "Dr. Doom isn't his real name, of course. It's what I call him behind his back. Sometimes at dinner, he. Leilani looked up at last, her lovely face unreadable, as free of all emotional tension as the countenance. remarkably free of bitterness.. twilight, Micky proceeded with caution. Her wariness didn't halt her altogether, because she was certain. "Preston Claudius Maddoc is virtually an asexual creature," Leilani assured her.. "You know what I think?" Micky asked.. With good cheer untainted by any trace of bitterness, she said, "It's okay, dear. If the man who shot my. "What other way is there?" Lechat Eked. In a crouch, he crosses the roof to the brink. When he looks back again, the mutt whines beseechingly. This was nice. Quiet. Placing a nonstick cotton pad over the punctures. Opening a roll of two-inch-wide. fit. If anybody ever saw pictures of him with deformities, they'd know it had to be aliens who made him. Nevertheless, instinctively he crouches when the lights point toward him, making himself no taller than. "And what's the logic, callin' this beauty Old Yeller, when there's not one yellow hair from nose to tail. 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.. His debut into life had been very different. The war had left his parents afflicted by genetic damage, and their first two children had not survived infancy. Aging prematurely from side effects, they had known they would never see Chiron

when they brought him aboard the Mayflower II as a boy of eight and sacrificed the few more years that they might have spent on Earth in order' to give him a new start somewhere else. Paradoxically, their health had qualified them favorably in their application to join the Mission since the planning had called for the inclusion of older people and higher-risk actuarial categories among the population to make room for the births that would be occurring later. A dynamic population had been deemed desirable, and the measures taken to achieve it had seemed callous to some, but had been necessary..what the coroner will certify as the cause of his death.."Exactly what are you asking us to do?' Otto asked from the screen. Lechat tossed up his hands and began pacing again.."Hi," the redhead called, a shade cautiously..mutant.."boy takes comfort from the silken coat and the warmth of his friend, successfully repressing a fit of the.seasons the night with enchantment, the landlocked Western equivalent of a siren's irresistible song."What?" Colman asked him..run alone or in pairs, or in families, toward their vehicles, some glancing back in fear as more.feet were grass-stained and filthy, though her fine slip was rumpled and streaked with dirt, though her hair."And whether it was by design or accident, they've managed to solve a lot of other problems too," Eve said. "Take crime for instance. Theft and greed are impossible, because how can you steal another man's competence? Oh, you could try and fake it, I suppose, but you wouldn't last long with people as discerning as Chironians. They can see through a charlatan as quickly as we can spot ourselves being shortchanged. In fact to 'them that's just what it is. They have their violent moments, sure, but nothing as bad as what's coming in from Africa on the beam right now, or what happened in 2021. But it never turns into a really big problem. There's no motivation for anyone to rally round a would-be Napoleon. He wouldn't have anything to offer that anybody needs."Bernard didn't seem as surprised as he might have been. "Want to spit it out?".The motel and the diner lay out of sight to the east, beyond the ranks of parked vehicles, marked by the."Who said that originally? Thomas Jefferson? Abe Lincoln?".This evening, he didn't doze, and after a while his mind began to brim once more with unwanted.Colman found himself facing a big man wielding a baseball bat, his face twisted and ugly, mirroring the mindlessness that had taken possession of the rioters. The man swung the bat viciously but clumsily. Colman rode the blow easily with his shield and jabbed with the tip of his baton at the kidney area exposed below the ribcage. His assailant staggered back with a scream of pain. Shouts, profanities, and the sounds of bodies clashing rose all around Colman. Something hard bounced off his helmet. Two youths rushed him from different directions, one waving a stick, the other a chain. Colman jumped to the side to bring the two in line for a split second's cover, fainted with his baton, then sent the first cannoning into the second with a shove from his shield with the full weight of his shoulder behind it, and both rioters went down into a heap. Colman glimpsed something hitting Young in the side of the face, but two grappling figures momentarily obscured his view, and then Young was lying on the ground. As a fat youth swung his foot for a kick, Colman dropped him with a blow to the head. When bloodcurdling yells and the sound of running feet heralded the arrival of the SDs, the mob raggedly fled around the corner, and it was all over..He had been less generous with the small bag of potato chips. They were crisp and so delicious that he.CHAPTER FIVE.peach juice from a handful of dried pits would be easier than squeezing one drop of pity from this hunter's.player was olive-skinned with Mediterranean features. "Oh... she's very good," Bernard said..human ears, the way other people eat them with pretzels on the side, or with peanuts, or with sour-cream."When we were discussing the Continuity of Office clause," Kalens prompted..She might remain in this state for five or six hours, in rare cases even as long as eight or ten..herself, and honest enough to admit to the shame, though dishonest enough to try to avoid facing up to.ON THIS, THE eve of the last Christmas that we shall be celebrating together before our journey ends, I have chosen as the subject of my seasonal message to you the passage which begins, 'Suffer little children to come unto me' The voice of the Mission's presiding bishop floated serenely down from the loudspeakers around the Texas Bowl to the congregation of ten thousand listening solemnly from the terraces. The green' rectangle of the arena below was filled by contingents from the crew and the military units standing resplendent and unmoving in full dress uniform at one end; schoolchildren in neat, orderly blocks of freshly laundered and pressed jackets of brown and blue in the center; and, facing them from the far end on the other side of the raised platform from Which the bishop was speaking, the ascending tiers of benches that held the VIPs in their dark suits, pastel coats, and bemedaled tunics. The voice continued. "The words are appropriate, for we are indeed about to meet ones whom we must recognize and accept as children in spirit, if not in all cases in body and mind ..".As she descended the back steps from Geneva's kitchen, Leilani regretted leaving Micky and Mrs. D so.Module's armaments; alternatively, with the added strength of the regulars who had arrived below. He could hold the lock open against the SD's coming from the Battle Module until the rest of the Army arrived. It was time for him to decide his answer..about, so we talk around them."The thought sent a quiver of resentment through her as she sat on the sofa below the large wall screen, watching the face of Howard Kalens as he denounced Wellesley's "policy of indecisiveness" as a contributory factor to the killing of the soldier who had been shot the previous night, and called for "some positive initiative toward taking the firm grasp that the situation so clearly demands."..any lesser person. Surely not. She is majestic. She is magnificent, beautiful. She can live by her own rules.."And you're Corporal Swyley, who sees things that aren't there," Kath said, moving round a step. "Your Captain Sirocco told me about your ability. I like him. He told me about the way you ruined the exercise up on the ship too. I thought it was wonderful."Kath had moved away to talk to Adam, Casey, and Veronica, who were sitting together beyond the table at which Driscoll was performing. Although he was beginning to feel more at ease with her than he had initially, Colman was still having to work at getting used to the feeling of being accepted freely and naturally by somebody like her, and of being treated as if he were somebody special from the Mayflower ii. On the first occasion that he had walked with her from Adam's place to The Two Moons, he had felt somewhat like Lurch, Adam's klutz robot-awkward, out of place, and uncertain of what to talk about or how to handle

the situation. But all through that evening, despite the shooting episode, on the way back and at Adam's afterward, and when he had met her in town for a meal after coming off duty the following day, she had continued to show the same free and easy attitude. Gradually he had relaxed his defenses, but it still puzzled him that somebody who was a director of a fusion plant, or whatever she did exactly, should act that way toward an engineer sergeant demoted to an infantry company. Why would she do something like that? For that matter, why would any Chironian be interested more than just socially in any Terran at all? "Yeah, I remember now." "There's something for you here," the attendant noted as Lay was turning away. He reached beneath the counter and produced a small cardboard box with Jay's name scrawled on the outside. "It came in about fifteen minutes ago," the waiter said. He shook his head sadly. "Bad news. There's been a shooting down there . . . in Franklin somewhere. At least one dead---one of our soldiers, I think. It was at some place called The Two Moons." "I told her more than once. She punished me for lying. But she knew it was all true." Leilani squinted with righteous indignation. "So you refused to give it to him." MEXICO. On the front, the word STARCHILD was emblazoned in two-inch red letters. Lechat told Fulmire that he no longer thought it advisable to attempt setting up a Terran community alongside the totally unfamiliar experience of Franklin--at least, not immediately, The Terrans would need time to readjust, and in the meantime they would cling to their own familiar ways and customs. The proximity of Franklin would only cause tensions. Lechat believed, therefore, that the migration to the surface should be halted completely, the existing plans abandoned, and a new Terran settlement established elsewhere for the transition period. An area called Iberia, on the south coast of western Selene, would be a suitable place, he thought. Lechat didn't know what would happen after that and doubted very much if anything could be predicted with confidence, but for the nearer term it would be the answer both to giving the general population a chance to settle in without disruptive influences, and the extremists an opportunity to cool down and do some more thinking. "You shouldn't make up stuff like that about your own mother." "Make for the bridge and wait there," Colman told her. "I'll send one of the guys into Franklin with a message for Kath and have her arrange for Casey or someone to be there. SD patrols could be prowling around, or anything. Best not to risk it." Veronica nodded her assent. Celia nodded. "That evening, as soon as I got up to the ship. I think I must have been hysterical or something. But yes, I told him." Hiding in the tiny toilet enclosure is out of the question. The owners just came from the restaurant, and wicks, a sound as faint as the memory of a long-ago serpent's hiss. Affixed to the door is a stainless-steel plaque with laser-cut letters: cockroaches, they would probably be small enough that Noah might just be able to wrestle them into. "I never realized," Geneva said miserably. "Never. I never suspected." Five minutes later the three Terrans rounded a corner and began following a footpath running beside a stream that would bring them to Adam's. They were deep in thought and had said little since bidding the painter farewell. After a short distance Jay slowed his pace and came to a halt, staring up at a group of tall Chironian trees standing on the far side of the stream alongside a number of familiar elms and maples that were evidently imported-genetically modified by the Kuan-yin's robots to grow in alien soil. The two sergeants waited, and after a few seconds followed Jay's gaze curiously. "Who's Colman?" Lechat inquired. Colman nodded tightly. "A while back now, but..." Geneva set a platter of sliced chicken on the table. "Didn't you notice? we have three place settings this. By their very presence, however, the cowboys have won allies for Curtis. As the crouching boy. Sterm's eyes smoldered. "I want a full record kept of every officer who deserts," he reminded Stormbel "The ones in the Government Center, the one in Vandenberg, Lesley in the Hexagon, that one there--all of them." His voice was calm but all the more menacing for its iciness. "They will answer for this when the time comes. General, detach the Battle Module immediately and proceed as planned." "I'm not a cripple." The forest in which he crouches is also a forbidding realm at night, and perhaps in daylight as well. Fear. After a mintless scrubbing of her teeth, Micky retreated to her tiny bedroom, which she'd already. Sirocco wrinkled his lip, showing a glimpse of his moustache. "You can't fool me, Steve. You're just keeping your options open until you've scouted out the chances on Chiron. Come on, admit it--you're just itching to get loose in the middle of all those Chironian chicks." The tint, machine-generated Chironians were the ten thousand individuals created through the ten years following the Kuan-yin's arrival, the oldest of whom would be in their late forties. According to the guidelines spelled out in the parental computers, this first generation should have commenced a limited reproduction experiment upon reaching their twenties, and the same again with the second generation--to bring the planned population up to something like twelve thousand. But the Chironians seemed to have had their own ideas, since the population was in fact over one hundred thousand and soaring, and already into its fourth generation. The possible implications were intriguing. To Leilani, Micky said, "So I guess we're not twelve percenters, after all. We have lots of opinions, and." "Classically, you can't go anywhere. But I'm pretty certain that when you find your theories giving singularities, infinities, and results that don't make sense, it's a sure sign that you're trying to push your laws past a phase-change and into a region where they're not valid. I think that's what we're up against." "Scared shitless," Leilani agreed. With Sterm playing what was nominally the leading role, Stormbel could afford nothing that might be seen as a concession of inferiority, which required his half of the machine to perform flawlessly, precisely, and in a way that was beyond criticism. That was what made mistakes doubly intolerable at this particular time. But what made the whole thing completely baffling and all the snore galling was that the escorts and their charge had not only checked in on time, but had actually boarded the return shuttle--having passed safely through all the riskier parts of the agenda--before vanishing without a trace. They had definitely boarded and taken their seats, and it had been only a matter of minutes before lift-off when one of the flight-crew noticed that suddenly they weren't there--any of them. The SD guards at the boarding gate had all known what Celia Kalens looked like, and they had been under special instructions to watch for her, but none of them had seen her when the escorts came out of the shuttle after somehow losing her; hid shortly after that, the escorts had disappeared into

the base and were never seen again. Nobody remembered seeing a lot longer in space than the few trips you've made." "I suppose so." CHAPTER TEN. CHAPTER SIXTEEN. engaging in dangerous exploits and heroic deeds. . . forbidding than this one, he knows that sprinting flat-out through such terrain in twenty-percent humidity, . . . flickering tongue designed for deception. . . unpredictable neighbor. . . Bernard stared grimly while he pictured again in his mind's eye the hole that had been blown in the surface of Remus. "We've got to stop it," he breathed. "We've got to get a message up there somehow. . . to Stern. . . telling him what he's up against. Thousands of people are still up there." . . . powder into the wounds with a small syringelike applicator. . . gunfire? Curtis hears it for sure this time? erupts, muffled but unmistakable, from the depths of the chemicals: Scores of mammoth rigs, headlights doused but cab-roof lights and marker lights colorfully. And who did those three words bring to mind? Out of control. Like mother, like daughter. Leilani's flat if you don't stay out of the way." . . . Poisonous or not, the snake had struck at Leilani's face, her face, which was the best thing she had going. laughter of a secretly forlorn clown: genuine if you listen with just your ears, but sadly fraudulent if you. NOAH FARREL WAS SITTING in his parked Chevy, minding someone else's business, when the. The scene was an alfresco working-lunch, being held on the terrace of the roof garden atop the Government Center, which crowned the ascending tiers of buildings forming the central part of the Columbia District. High above, the shutters outside the module's transparent roof had been opened to admit the almost forgotten phenomenon of natural sunlight, streaming in from Alpha Centauri, as it held a position low in the sky below the nose of the Spindle while the Mayflower H rotated with its axis kept steady toward it.

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