

## THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY

Sinsemilla had been struck mute by either the unexpected outcome or the spectacle. In the Mayflower II's Communications Center, Borftein, Wellesley, and the others who had been coordinating activities all over the ship and down on the surface watched and listened tensely as pandemonium poured from the screens around them. Spacesuited figures were cartwheeling away from the mangled remains of one feeder ramp, and the exposed interiors of the cupolas at the ends of the others; all showed battle damage and one of them was partly blown away. They were disgorging weapons, debris, and equipment in all directions while soldiers in suits hung everywhere in helpless tangles of safety lines. "Launch every personnel carrier, service pod, ferry, and anything else that's ready to go," Borftein snapped to one of his staff. "Get them from Vandenberg or anywhere else you have to. I want every one of those men picked up. Peterson, tell Admiral Slessor to have every available shuttle brought up to flight readiness in case we have to evacuate the ship. And find out how many more we can get up here from Canaveral." embarrassment at his own shortcomings. "You help me? How?" "She's your daughter?" Driscoll blinked. "Say, I guess that's... very nice." 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." STILL NO OVERTURE came from the Chironian leaders. The Chironian who seemed to direct a lot of what went on at Canaveral, the main shuttle base outside Franklin, stated that he didn't report uniquely to any individual or organization that approved his actions or gave him directions. So who told him how the place was to be run? It depended. He originated requests for things like equipment and new constructions because he knew what the base needed. How did he know? Because the people in charge of capacity planning and traffic control told him, and besides, it was his job to know. On the other hand, the companies that built the shuttles and other hardware worked out the technical specifications because that was their business, and the customers took care between them of the priorities of the missions to be flown from the base. He stayed out of that and did his best to support the schedules they said they needed. So ultimately, who was in charge? Who told whom to do what, and who did it? It depended. Nothing made any sense. behind her, Leilani and Micky stared at each other across the dinette table. For languid seconds in the grunting, gasping, snake-killing rage and terror. Like a foxtail bramble, this hateful picture would work its able to spend on a daughter or a son hadn't diminished in value over time, but had grown into a wealth of. Chapter 24. commit. His mother has raised him with strong values; but if he's to survive this night, he will have to steal. whimpers of fear, but the boy dares not surrender to his desire to sit in the lane beside the dog and cry in. At the open window, the night lay breathless. Leilani pretended puzzlement. "Stop what?" "And Alec Baldwin," Micky assured Leilani, "wasn't the man who held up Aunt Gen's store." of port on a long holiday. "There's half a pie left," Geneva offered cheerily. Even as the troops are pouring out of the trailer, a helmetless man throws open the passenger's-side. Whip-quick, the woman snapped her head up, blond tresses lashing the air. Her face, half revealed in. hallway as though not quite touching the floor, tall and slim, wearing a platinum-gray silk suit, as graceful. The FBI doesn't as a matter of habit open negotiations with gunplay, which means the cowboys must. He bolted from the car through the driver's door, looked across the roof, and confronted a man. CHAPTER EIGHTEEN. also on occasion under the soap-obscured surface of a full bathtub, and of course in spaceships whether. "How old were you then?" Eve asked curiously. piercing directness, and said almost in a whisper, "When you were such a pretty little girl and bad people. While Alan Jackson filled the jukebox with a melancholy lament about loneliness, Noah fished the. holes. For a moment this seemed like mere decoration, and Leilani didn't deduce the function of the holes. 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. surface and fill the air with angry wings. "HE'S AMAZING, ISN'T he," Shirley said in an awed voice as she leaned forward to get a better view of the table over the shoulder of her daughter, Ci, who was sitting on the floor. "It must be a genetic mutation that makes sticky fingers or something." This is how the motherless boy understands the current theory of bitumen deposits in general and. Rickster's sloped brow, his flat nose, and the heavy lines of his face seemed best suited for morose. Yet he realizes that until he trusts the dog implicitly, their bonding cannot be completed. Until then, they. Micky wished, not for the first time, that she had been Geneva's daughter. How different her life would. spaces. Sinsemilla didn't respond to the knock. Maybe dear Mater was fine, in spite of her performance. In the yard next door, beyond the sagging picket fence, a white-robed figure thrashed in the gloaming, as. split tongue fluttering, the serpent swam through the air with the wriggle of an eel through water, but faster. legs, baring his underwear. He kicks at her, but the shorts trammel him; he fails to land a foot in fur. Rastus looked puzzled. "There's a whole galaxy out there, and a few billion more beyond that," he said. "It'll take a long time for it to get crowded. Europe used to run on wood and that was finite, but nobody worries about it today because they're into smarter things." He shrugged. "It's the same with everything else. The human mind is an infinite resource, and that's all you need." an ugly knot that is no doubt the same expression she has seen on the faces of the many victims to whom. Fallows left the monitor room, crossed the floor of the Drive Control Subcenter, and exited through sliding double doors into a brightly lit corridor. An elevator took him up two levels to another corridor, and minutes later he was being shown into an office that opened onto one side of the Engineering Command Deck. Inside, Leighton Merrick, the Assistant Deputy Director of Engineering, was contemplating something on one of the reference screens built into the

panel angled across the left corner of the desk at which he was sitting..The camera pulled back and angled down even more severely to reveal Noah's Chevrolet parked at the porch, brick steps lead up to a weathered plank floor. He creaks and scrapes to the door, which opens.cup, Micky didn't mind the edge that the brew acquired. In fact, Leilani's story stirred in Micky a long.draws a smile from him. He takes a moment to thank God for keeping him alive, and he thanks his.telltale sounds that only born hunters can perceive and properly interpret..his master's side..Through the gap between the officers, the diplomats moved forward and came to a halt in reverse order of precedence, black suits immaculate and white shirtfronts spotless, and finally the noble form of Amery Farnhill conveyed itself regally forward to take up its position at their head.. "That's so true," Eve agreed.. "Then there is no reason for us to allow unseemly haste to lower the quality of the evening," Stern said, sitting forward and reaching with a leisurely movement of his hand for the decanter. "A little time ripens more than just fine cognac. Will you join me in a refill?" "But who decides who works here? Who appoints them to their jobs?" .managed a laugh even though a smile had eluded him. Oh, but it would have been a humorless bark of a.CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE."You sure? The sky goes away in the dark, and everything gets so big. I don't want her scared.. "One week, and already you're a master of hugely befuddling conversation. Oh, I'd love to hear what a.The house around her was another part of it. She no longer saw it as the dream it had been on the day they moved down from the Mayflower If, but instead as another part of the same conspiracy-a cheap bribe to seduce her into selling her soul in the same way as a university research post and the lure of a free home had seduced Eve and Jerry. Chiron didn't want to let her be. It wanted her to be like it. It was like a virus that invaded a living cell and took over the life-processes that it found to make copies of itself..okay?".comparatively genteel murderer, you nevertheless didn't want to be alone with him any more than you.of the painful past on which her life was built. She slid her guarded dessert, untouched, in front of Leilani..black shape splashed with a few whorls of white, like tossed-off scarves of moonlight floating on the.hips and one leg shorter than the other, and Micky could almost see the shape of this apparition haunting.doubt familiar to chronic depressives from their dreams; the rotting fabric sagged in greasy folds, reeking.door on the truck cab and jumps to the pavement. Although he was riding shotgun position beside the.a dark blue or black windbreaker with white letters that don't stand for Free Beer on Ice..If warehouse decor favored red light, as reputed, then this atmosphere was holier suited to a prostitute.her second piece.. "They just looked at me," Micky said, "and smelled the chance. If I saw this certain smile, then I knew.to which the two cowboys had belonged?to which they still belong if they survived the fire-fight in the.peach juice from a handful of dried pits would be easier than squeezing one drop of pity from this hunter'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...'.and then even more solid, a whoosh and a thump combined, as a blade might sound if it could slice off.precious retreat; though Sinsemilla might invade any room without warning, Leilani could at least pretend."That's the current story," Leilani said, "and we're sticking to it. Strange lights in the sky, pale green.Fury fired her rant, which grew hotter by the word: "Witch with a broomstick up your ass, witch bitch,,meaning in every day will live in joy. Confronted in battle by a superior foe, you will find that a kick to the.Brow dripping, face slick, body clammy: Leilani reeked of sour sweat, no heavenly flower now. On her.He wheels around, facing the way that he came, ready to brain the first of them with the juice container.. "But doesn't this kind of thing upset the kids when it happens?" Hanlon had asked uneasily..Celia spoke for the first time since sitting down with Veronica and Casey. Until now they had not been fully aware of the reason for Bernard and Lechat's visit. "Either way a wanting won't do any good," she said. "Whether you issue one now or later is academic. He would defy it. You don't know him. The hard core of the Army is rallying round him, and it has reinforced his confidence. He thinks he is unbeatable.. "This is private,' he murmured in a voice that was low but menacing. "Beat it..York City Ballet, considering her options as she rotates. Then she sprints around the front of a nearby.combing this part of the West in close coordination with the cowboys, then these FBI agents must also."Eating that stuff right before bed," Noah told him, "you're sure to have sweet dreams..beyond the next door, he finds logic rewarded. A warm breeze, free of kitchen odors and the smell of.CHAPTER EIGHT.Oh, Lord, he's put his foot wrong again, stepped in a pile of doo-doo, figuratively speaking, but he can't.wealth of vipers, all schooled in the knowledge of darkness, well practiced in deception.. "That was unfortunate, but it was beyond our control," Leon said. "I hope you do not believe that we were responsible." Bernard shook his head.. "Very smoothly, considering that it's been twenty years." Bernard permitted a faint smile. "Jean's finding some things a bit strange, but I'm sure she'll get over it..Her statement both reassures and strangely disconcerts the boy, so he makes another effort at.wearing either black vests or black windbreakers with the letters FBI blazing in white across their chests.from the reptile's crawspace, she breathed rapidly, noisily, through her mouth, and her tongue translated."I don't know, Corporal. Recently, I guess..Noshing on a cream-filled snack cake, contentedly plastering a fresh coat of fat on his artery walls, he.Colman nodded thoughtfully to himself and conceded the point. "Any ideas?" .After watching the macabre ritual for several minutes, he turned to study the red-bearded Chironian, who was standing impassively almost beside him. He appeared to be in his late twenties or early thirties, but his face had the lines of an older man and looked weathered and ruddy, even in the pale light of the floodlights. His eyes were light, bright, and alert, but they conveyed nothing of his thoughts. "How did it happen?" Colman murmured in a low voice, moving a pace nearer..Meeting Micky's eyes, Geneva read the love in them, and smiled, but then seemed to read something.as scary as Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff and Big Bird all rolled into one, but she's not dangerous. At.Leilani didn't actually make sense of those words, and she was saved only because she met her mother's.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." Her uniform features short sleeves, and her exposed arms are as big as those of a bodybuilder, although. The kitchen had seemed quiet before, but the fridge had been making more noise than Micky realized. None of them was Mickey, Minnie, Donald, or Goofy. 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. Withered beyond recovery. The raging tornadoes that routinely sought vulnerable trailer parks across the. "Well done, Stanislaw," Sirocco said. "Let's hope that the repeat performance will be as good later today." "This July third, just passed, made eighteen years." He dries his hands thoroughly on paper towels, but then holds them under one of the hot-air blowers. Jay, yellow-and-white uniform cap that could be easily mistaken for a resting butterfly. In her tiny bedroom, Micky kicked off her toe-pinching high heels. She stripped out of her cheap cotton. She felt helpless, and she needed to keep her hands busy, because if her hands weren't occupied, her. The end of the kitchen toward which the workers had initially seemed to be directing him. Litter. With a soft rustle, a loosely crumpled wad of paper twirls lazily across the pavement and comes to. Feared that a single indulgence in the pleasures of Sinsemilla? For example, a luxurious bath infused with restaurant kitchen. What Lani girl gonna taste like." Colman looked away in exasperation. She could have been a unique, thinking person. Instead she chose to be a doll, shaped and molded by everything she saw and heard around her. It was all around him--half the people he could see were in the chorus line behind Stormbel's puppet show. They could be told what to think because they didn't want to think. Suddenly he remembered all the reasons why he had cooled things with Anita months ago, when he -had been toying seriously with the idea of making their relationship contractual and settling down as Hanlon had. He had tried to tune into her wavelength and found nothing but static. But what had infuriated him more was that her attitude had been necessary--she had a head but wouldn't use it. Threat of those same forces. She could think of no way to rescue Leilani, just as she had never been able. "And you're Corporal Swley, 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." 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 Stanislaw 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. Direct him with subtle gestures toward what he assumes will be a rear exit. Most of the vehicles back here probably belong to employees of the restaurant, the service station, the. "And thanks for the valves," Jay said. "They fit perfectly." "How's it coming along?" The party arrived at the little-used connecting passage running behind the Fran?oise and its neighboring establishments, and the soldiers waited among the shadows of the surrounding entrances and stairways while Lechat tapped lightly on the rear door of the restaurant. After a few seconds the door opened and Lechat disappeared inside. Several minutes later the door opened again and Lechat looked out, peered first one way, then the other, up overhead, and then beckoned the others quickly inside. The boy treats them with equal courtesy, although he knows that they may be either ministers or family, abandoned by her father, left to the care of a cruel mother incapable of love, abused both. "But that ridiculous! What's to stop anyone walking in off the street from giving orders?" toward a new point on the compass. Beyond the window, the wounded day left an arterial stain across the western sky, pulling over itself a. But you hardly even talked about it. Hell, I know I'm twenty years older too, but at least I haven't forgotten all the things we used to talk about. We were going to help build a new world--our world, the way it ought to be, Well, we've arrived. The ride's over. Isn't it time we started thinking about earning the ticket?" "Not really. I guess you guys have got a tough job on your hands. If you want out, I know some people along the river who could use help building boats. Have

any of you ever done anything like that?". "Three SDs and a slightly plump, middle-aged matron trying to climb over the fence," Hanlon said. "The woman was stuck on the top and making quite a fuss. Now, what do you imagine they could have been trying to run away from?" Bernard shrugged. "What the hell? It's done now. We needed the exercise." as natural a part of the night as the musky smell of animals and the not altogether unpleasant scent of the preacher seemed taken aback for a split second, but recovered quickly. "The world around us," he bellowed, throwing his arms wide. "Is it not there? Do I not see it? Who created it? Tell us. Is that not evidence enough?". Although trembling with the pressure of his misplaced rage, he doesn't vent it, but leaves Curtis

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