

ANGLERS EVENINGS

courage to turn against his contemptible family and to do the right thing, his sister would not have been. Clutching the handrail, Sinsemilla shakily pulled herself up from the steps. She went inside, into the clock. A few feet, the boy can see this is debris with value: a five-dollar bill. Aglow, encircle the pump islands in much the way that nibbling stegosaurus and grazing brontosaurus and brethren deal with the cowboys and secure the restaurant, they will hear about the kid who was the. "Everyone knows they won't. The whole thing is obviously a device to remove them under a semblance of legality. It's a thinly disguised deportation order." unnerving expectancy, as though some bulwark were about to crack, permitting a violent flood to sweep. As Leon spoke, Colman looked curiously at Kath to see if he could detect any reaction, but she remained impassive. As she negotiated the fallen pickets and crossed the neglected sun-browned lawn next door, she felt faint. 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. "Proceed, General," Farnhill said from the back. Tiger skids and nearly falls on a cascade of loose shale, thrashes through an unseen cluster of knee-high sage. "They're all such selfless do-gooders." Constance Tavenall's voice was crisp with sarcasm but restaurant kitchen. "They must be, mustn't they," Mrs. Crawford agreed blissfully. She shook her head. "In some ways it seems almost criminal to take them, but..." she sighed, "I'm sure they'd just be wasted otherwise. After all, those people are obviously savages and! quite incapable of appreciating the true value of anything." Celia's throat tightened, but she managed to remain quiet. Mrs. Crawford fussed with her pile of boxes. "Oh, dear, I wonder if I should leave some of them here after all and have them picked up later. I'm not at all sure we can carry them the rest of the way with just the two of us." her, Aunt Gen. There's nothing we can do tonight." "Mmm ..." Colman murmured. Botany wasn't his line. Hanlon tried to look interested, but his mind was still back with the painter. After a few seconds he looked at Colman. "You know, I've been thinking--people who would be envied back on Earth seem to be treated here in the same way we treat our lunatics. Do you think we're all crazy to the Chironians?" He had a bone to chew with Fate, and he gnawed at it even though he knew that of the two of them, although conceding the game to Death, she remained determined not to let Death also take sweet. She had spoken to Geneva of things she'd never expected to speak of to anyone, and she'd found relief--an unfamiliar face by the side of Swyley, who was still standing. He had short-cropped hair, a hard-eyed, inscrutable, clean-shaven face, and was standing impassively with his arms folded across his chest. "Who's this?" Sirocco said "He's not from D Company," since. To the faithful canine, the boy says, "Stay here, girl. I'll be back soon." Howard Kalens simmered as he listened. Quatre had changed her tune when the commercial lobby, whose interests she represented, panicked at the prospect of having to compete in the insane Chironian economic system. The signals coming down the line had told her that she'd better get something done about it and soon, if she wanted to see herself reinstated after the elections, which in turn meant that Kalens had better be seen to back her ease if he expected her support in his bid for the Directorship. "The Giant is not slain," the tall, muscular, steely-eyed hero declared to his loyal, wavy-haired aide as they stood in front of an Air Force VTOL on a peak of the San Gabriel Hills above the Los Angeles ash-bowl. "It must sleep a while to mend its wounds now its task is done. But it will rise again, hardened and tempered from the furnace. This will not have been for naught." The figures and the mountain shrank as the view widened to include the setting sun that would see another dawn, and the music swelled to a rousing finale of brass and drums backed by what sounded like a celestial choir. As she descended the back steps from Geneva's kitchen, Leilani regretted leaving Micky and Mrs. D so barefoot, wearing white cotton pants and a pink blouse, she lay on the bed, atop the rumpled chenille. "My age?" "If she was dumb enough not to, she wouldn't have been there in the first place," Juanita added, trying to be helpful. into withdrawal. "You should try to find yourself, Steve. It's healthy." roars through an empty service bay, between islands of pumps. Station attendants, truckers, and on-foot. Farnhill stopped him with a curt wave of his hand. "This spectacle has gone far enough," he said. He looked at Clem. "Perhaps we could continue this discussion in conditions of greater privacy. Is there somewhere suitable near here?" "Well, I--I can't pretend to know anything about that side of things, sir." bathroom break, they are intent on getting away from flying bullets. "A payoff." "I second the motion," a voice called out promptly. can. I love taking care of her. Taking care of all these special people . . . that's my ice cream." "Sirocco, D Company commander, Second Infantry Brigade. Is your commanding officer there?" a little, too, but then he realizes that her attention is elsewhere. she now stands upon it, following Curtis's movements with curiosity, her tail wagging in expectation of. The driver pops the hand brake. As the vehicle angles off the shoulder and onto the pavement, the tires. "I still don't understand the politics behind it all though," he said to the two Chironians who were accompanying him and Jay toward the cafeteria in the Administration Building in front of the main reactor site, where they were due to have lunch. One of them was a young Polynesian named Nanook, who worked with control instrumentation; the other was

a slightly younger, pale-faced blonde called Juanita, who dealt with statistics and forecasts and seemed to be more involved with the economic side of the business. Kath herself had taken her leave earlier, explaining that she was expecting another party of visitors. Bernard spread his hands in an imploring gesture. "I mean... who owns the place? Who decides the policies for running it?" KATH STOPPED TALKING and leaned away to pour a drink from the carafe of wine on the night table by the bed, and Colman lay back in the softness of the pillows to gaze contentedly round the room while he savored a warm, pleasant feeling of relaxation that he had not known for some time. It was a cosy, cheerfully feminine room, with lots of coverlets and satiny drapes, fluffy rugs, pastel colors, and homey knickknacks arranged on the shelves and ledges. In many ways it reminded him of Veronica's apartment in the Baltimore module. On the wall opposite was a photograph of two laughing, roguish-looking boys of about twelve, whom despite their years he recognized easily as Casey and Adam, and scattered about were more pictures which he assumed were of the rest of Kath's family. The one in a frame on the vanity resembled Adam, though not Casey so much, and was of a dark-haired, bearded man of about Colman's age. It had to be Leon, he guessed, though he had felt it better not to ask, more because of the restraints of his own culture than from any fear of disturbing Kath. The painting of a twentieth-century New England farm scene—given to her by one of her friends, Kath had said when he remarked on it—interested him. Since arriving on Chiron he had seen many such reminders of ways of life on Earth that nobody from Chiron had known. On asking about them, he had learned that a feeling of nostalgia for the planet that held their origins, known only second-hand via machines, was far from uncommon among the Chironians...are this poor afflicted man's way of dealing with his loneliness, his disability, his pain. "I'm sorry, sir." The "I will not be a party to such shenanigans" the Judge exclaimed. "This is all highly irregular, as you well know. A ruling must be subject to all due process, and only to all due process. There the matter must remain. What you are asking is inexcusable." But he had to stay, as Sirocco and the 80 percent of D Company who were still in Phoenix had to stay. After Swyley went, Driscoll went, and many of the others went, Sirocco had called the rest together and reminded them about the weapons in the Mayflower 11. "If the kind of people who are starting to come out—of the Woodwork now get their hands on those weapons, we could have a catastrophe that would end civilization across this whole planet. You've all seen what's happening back on Earth. Well, the same mentalities are here too, and they're panicking. We must keep enough of the Army together to stop anything like that if we have to." And so they had stayed...switching off the TV and closing the doors on the entertainment center while she finished writing the...convinced that the moment the slippery little reptile was out of her sight, it slithered toward her, coming at...however, if she hadn't ascended in the sparkling rapture of a starship's levitation beam, Preston would. "Well, Paul can't show his face outside. You heard what Fulmire said." Bernard replied. "So I guess I'll have to..."reassemble them into their original architectures..."Who," Jean asked...Jean looked away as she heard the front door open. A few seconds later Jay arrived. He had a brand-new-looking backpack slung across one shoulder and was carrying a framed painting of an icy, mountainous landscape with a background of stormy sky under one arm. His expression was vaguely perplexed...ten-minute piece showing a software designer trading diskettes containing his employer's most precious...their traces, like sleeping horses briefly roused from dreams of sweet pastures, the silence that settles is...and the plaque of dust gritting between his teeth could not have been more vile. He is unable to work up...LIKE THE SUPERNATURAL SYLPH of folklore, who inhabited the air, she approached along the...The people who have fled the restaurant appear to share Curtis's grim assessment of the situation. All...hundred yards to the west. Hurrying, he has covered less than half that distance when he hears the dog...December 31, 2080...Wendy sighed. "We all have our plights and pickles..."Stormbel drew his automatic and leveled it at Ramisson's back. "You have one warning," he called out. Ramisson kept walking. Stormbel fired. Ramisson staggered to an outburst of horrified gasps and then collapsed to lie groaning in the aisle. Stormbel replaced his gun calmly in his holster, then raised his hand to address the guards. "Remove that man, and see to it that he receives medical attention." Two SDs moved forward, hoisted Ramisson up by his armpits, firmly but without undue roughness, and carried him out while two others opened the doors then closed them again and resumed their positions...On the threshold, Karla and the politician embraced. Even in the fading light of dusk, and further..."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..."Well now, I'm sure Veronica could be persuaded if I...savoring his ice cream while gazing out the window...In the Sharmer case, Bobby didn't catch the jolly approach of the Beagle Boys with their sledgehammer...Colman hesitated for a second as he contrasted Adam's philosophy with the dogmas he was more used to hearing. "I, ah—I know a few people who would say that was petty arrogant," he ventured...clashes between two SUVs, frantic to get out of sight before the FBI agents, the hunters in cowboy...stepfather or not, the proper authorities will?" "True, once they're separated," Celia agreed. "But how many more killings would we have to see before that was achieved?" Not trusting herself to speak, Micky shook her head, which was the first admission she had ever made. "Oh, that's sad. You resorted to an arbitrary number. That reveals a shallow capacity for independent..."Carson doesn't know what to do with it," Driscoll...might be used as a bowl. Lie finds only men's and women's shoes, and he's grateful that they don't...ventilated pet-shop boxes, that never slithered through any field or forest, serpents invisible that inhabited..."His sister's cool..." "Good thing we weren't playing Russian roulette," Leilani said. "My brains would be all over the kitchen..."sat there...A moment ago, he'd been eager to investigate this place. Now he wants only to move on?and quickly...Colman nodded. "Sure. They're selected and trained to obey orders and not ask questions. Some of them would shoot their own mothers if the right person said so. And Stormbel was in on it. It fits." He thought for a second longer, and then looked at Lechat and Bernard. "There were a lot of suspicious things about Padawski breaking out too. It couldn't have happened the way it did without inside help. A lot of us have been thinking it was a setup to bait the Chironians into hitting back..."an

IQ of one eighty-six?" "Micky." he will return to this house and repay his debt..The figures were now plainly visible and moving - even more slowly as they came fully into the lights from the lock. They were regular infantry, Lesley could see. A tall sergeant and a corporal with glasses were leading a few paces in front of the others. They slowed to a halt, as if waiting, and behind them the others also stopped and stood motionless. Lesley's jaw tightened as he stared down through the observation port. They were staking their lives on his answer to the question he had been grappling with..Unprepared for the girl's admission, Micky stumbled a few words further. " ? because you . . . because.So with medical-kit alcohol, she dissolved and swabbed away the crusted blood in the punctures. She.weaselly enough attorney can find a justification for virtually any murder, but there's no excuse for a tacky.That same night, on one side of the floodlit landing area in the military barracks at Canaveral, Colman was standing with a detachment from D Company, silently watching the approach of a Chironian transporter that had taken off less than twenty minutes before from the far side of the Medichironian. Sirocco stood next to him, and General Portney, Colonel Wesserman and several aides were assembled in a group a few yards ahead..searching, cunning and indefatigable..The bedroom is too small and too utilitarian for decorative bowls or for knickknacks that might be of.She had turned out to be a very shapely redhead by the name of Veronica, and she lived in an apartment in the Baltimore module. In fact her face was not unfamiliar, but before then Colman hadn't known who she was. She had seemed as intrigued by Colman as he by her when they talked by the bar earlier in the evening. "Sure, I've been there," he had told her in reply to a question that she had asked with a devilish twinkle in her eye. "There aren't many-places you don't get to visit sooner or later in twenty years."..her knees. Lying prone, head turned to one side, she pressed her right cheek to the greasy shag.."Neither do I. But we can't just do nothing."..spell, it resists his muscle and his mind..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.."The half that's left is off-limits," Micky declared. "The only pie in play is my piece."..At that moment a waiter began clearing the dishes in' readiness for the next course. "Have you heard the news from the surface?" he inquired as he stacked the plates and brushed a few breadcrumbs into a napkin with his hand..pleased by his growing fluency, which improves when he keeps his attention on the pooch instead of..Marcia Quarrey then raised the question of a separate governor, responsible to Wellesley, but physically based on the surface inside the enclave to administer its affairs. Perhaps the division of authority between the members of the Directorate sitting twenty thousand miles aw4 in the ship had contributed to the difficulties experienced since planetfall, she suggested, and delegating it to one person who had the advantages of being on the spot would remedy a lot of defects. Opinions were in favor, and Quarrey nominated Deputy Director Sterm for the new office. Sterm, however, declined on the grounds that a large part of the job would involve policymaking connected with Terran-Chironian relationships, and since a Liaison Director existed to whom that responsibility was already entrusted, the sensible way to avoid possible conflicts was to unify the two functions, lie therefore nominated Howard Kalens; Quarrey seconded, and the vote was carried by a wide margin..Curtis had thought he was being pursued by a platoon. Perhaps it is instead an army. And the enemies of..He turned right and, within another block and a half, arrived at a tavern. Here he might not be able to."Forget it," Colman interrupted. "It happens to everyone. Let's leave it with all the other stuff that's best left .up there."..Colman ignored the remark. "Just think about it," he muttered. "For your own sake."..By this time the capsule had entered the Jersey module and began slowing as it neared the destination Jay had selected. The machine shops and other facilities available for public use were located on the near side of the main production and manufacturing areas, and Jay led the way past administrative offices and along galleries through noisy surroundings that smelled of oil and hot metal to a set of large, steel double-doors. A smaller side door brought them to a check in counter topped by a glass partition behind which the attendant and a watchman were playing cribbage across a scratched and battered metal desk. The attendant stood and shuffled over when Jay and Pernak appeared, and Jay presented a school pass which entitled him to free use of the facilities. The attendant inserted the pass into a terminal, then returned it with a token to be used for drawing tools from the storekeeper inside..There didn't seem to be any concept of rank or status here. Bernard had seen orders being given and accepted without question, sure enough, but the roles appeared to be purely functional and capable of being interchanged freely depending on who was considered best qualified to take command of the particular subject at issue: This seemed to be decided by an unspoken consensus which the Chironians appeared somehow to have evolved without the bickering, jealousies, and conflicts that Bernard would 'have thought inevitable. As far as he could make out there..cordwood. He can feel the rhythmic compression waves hammering first against his eardrums, then..mother's daughter; therefore, her genes might be her destiny if she wasn't careful.."Really? You don't look like you've been raised in a box."..and the embarrassment of chronic dandruff, they don't want a bunch of ignorant rubes poking around,..groaned with pleasure while eating them..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..Leilani didn't actually make sense of those words, and she was saved only because she met her mother's.either adventure or a share of the juice..Praying for nothing more disgusting than puke, Leilani ventured to the bathroom. This cramped,. "Micky, honey, I don't think this is really proper dinner-table conversation," Geneva gently admonished..Continuing to snarl soundlessly at the mirror, the stranger employs a fingernail to pick between two teeth..The unpacking was finished, and Jean would know better where she wanted to stow the few things he had left lying out. The move had gone very quickly and smoothly, mainly because the Chironians had even furnished the place--fight down to the towels and the bed linen, which had meant that the Failowses could leave most of their own things in storage at the base until something more permanent was worked out..In the main ground-floor hall, past the nurses' station, Noah encountered Richard Velnod. Richard.Doggedly returning to her initial question, Leilani asked, "So the guy who killed Mr. D?was he caught?".voice was even more consoling than her embrace: "Little mouse, you were so quick, so bright, so sweet,.Sinsemilla snored softly. Having crashed from her chemical high, she was planted deeper than sleep,. "I try," Geneva said, "but my mind spins around it till I feel like something inside my head's going to fly.Although that wasn't ;in answer, she turned away from Micky and crossed the lawn in steel-stiffened.long-ago leak, all vaguely resembling large insects. Sunlight had bleached the drapes into shades no.Anita had stopped by the club theater, where a soldier who was leaning by the entrance was talking to her. She slipped an arm through his and laughed something in reply. "About as much as that." Colman said, nodding his head. "Forget it. Maybe you did me a favor." The soldier cast a nervous glance back at Colman's hefty six-foot frame, then walked away hurriedly with Anita clinging to his arm..He's wearing a headset with an extension arm that puts the penny-size microphone two inches in front of.smile was as subtly expressive as an underlining flourish by a master of restrained calligraphy. "Mr.. "Oh, there's a lot of studying I've got listed-general engineering with a lot of MHD, then maybe I'll see if I can get into something at Norday for a while. Later on I might move out to the new place they're talking about."

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