

L COOPERATION IN THE SOUTH CAUCASUS GOOD NEIGHBOURS OR DISTANT RE

saddles to a rodeo or a show arena. They might have become part of the net that is closing around him,.Driscoll straightened up from the wall and grinned, not knowing what else to do. "Well... hi," he returned³.Chapter 2.If wishes were fishes, no hooks would be needed, no line and no rod, no reel and no patience. But.Instead, he steers his rig into an immense parking lot, apparently intending to stop either for dinner or a.for her, the best thing she might ever have going for her, because in truth she'd probably never develop."Don't forget--a round of beers too," Colman reminded Sirocco. The girls whooped their approval.."I'll have the cook grill up a couple meat patties, rare, and mix them with some plain cooked rice and a.Chapter 20.Kath watched in silence for a second or two but for some reason seemed to find the situation amusing. Bernard stared with a mixture of uncertainty and resentment. "I think I know what's going through your mind," she told him. "But don't worry about it. We don't take orders from Farnhill or Merrick here. Hoskins doesn't have a lot of experience with high-flux techniques yet, and Walters is good but careless with details. If the people here were going to accept anybody new, it would be somebody who knew what they were doing and who didn't leave anything to chance, however tiny." .tip?" .he feels his way with outstretched hands to guard against surprises..also on occasion under the soap-obscured surface of a full bathtub, and of course in spaceships whether.true enough, honey. But I've still got about half a squat more than you do." .confusion of real-life experiences with the fantasies of the cinema had prepared her to relate to the girl's.fish for which so many nets have been cast.."Ever get the' feeling you were being set up?" Carson of Third Platoon asked sourly. "If anyone gets it first, guess who." .She hated searching for her mother like this. She never knew in what condition Sinsemilla would be."Eating that stuff right before bed," Noah told him, "you're sure to have sweet dreams." .another, and they most likely are who they appear to be. There's always the chance, however, that they.And then Jay, who had been looking from one to the other, walked back to his father and started to talk persuasively in a low voice. Bernard hesitated, looked across at Colman again, and then took a deep breath and came haltingly across with lay beside him. "It's been a long time," he mumbled. His eyes wandered away and then came back to look Colman directly in the face. "Look, Steve, about that time up on the ship in the pump bay. I, er... I--" .five-dollar bill in his mouth..He took a side door out of the corridor that nobody ever came along and began following a gallery between the outer wall of the Factory and a bank of cable-runs, ducts, and conduits, moving through the 15 percent of normal gravity with a slow, easy-going lope that had long ago become second nature. Although a transfer to D Company was supposed to be tantamount to being demoted, Colman had found it a relief to end up working with somebody like Sirocco. Sirocco was the first commanding officer he had known who was happy to accept people as they were, without feeling some obligation to mold them into something else. He wasn't meddling and interfering all the time. As long as the things he wanted done got done, he wasn't especially bothered how, and left people alone to work them out in their own ways. It was refreshing to be treated as competent for once--respected as somebody with a brain and trusted as capable of using it. Most of the other men in the unit felt the same way. They were generally not the kind to put such sentiments into. words with great alacrity? .. but it showed.."It's how the Chironians have been working all along," Lechat said. "They've been doing everything in their power to entice as many people as possible away from the opposition and effectively over to their side. Haven't they done it with us? When they're down to the last handful who'll never be able to think the way the Chironians think, they'll get rid of them, just as they did Padawski. That's how their society has always worked. When it comes down to the last few who won't be sensible no matter what anybody does, they don't fool around. And they'll do the same thing with the ship if Sterm makes one threatening move with those weapons up there. I'm convinced of it. The Chironians took out their insurance a long time ago. That would be typical of how they think too." .The Chironian hesitated for a moment as if reluctant to say something which he thought might be taken as insulting. Kath caught his eye and nodded reassuringly. "Well," the Chironian began, then paused again. "Most people here start to feel that way by the time they're about ten. Fm not trying to offend anyone-but that's the way it is." .Despite having worked under him for several years, Fallows had never been able to master the art of feeling at ease in Merrick's presence. Displays of undue familiarity were hardly to be expected between echelon-six and echelon-four personnel, naturally, but even allowing for that, Fallows always found himself in acute discomfort within seconds of entering a room with Merrick in it, especially when nobody else was present. This time he wouldn't let it happen, he had resolved for the umpteenth time back in the corridor. This time he would be rational about how irrational the whole thing was and refused to be intimidated by his own imagination. Merrick had not singled him out as any special object of his disdain. He behaved that way with everybody. It didn't mean anything..say?" .flying bullets? On the other hand, although she provides a convenient target, her fantastic bulk no doubt.Jay nodded and smiled. "You're right. We did." .customer paying his check..on remembering it, keeping the details sharp, especially his smile. I'm never going to let his face fade.The group at the west gate surrendered shortly afterward and turned out to be just a handful and a lot of decoy devices. The transporter was picked up on radar heading low and fast away across the Medichironian, and two Terran interceptors on standby at Canaveral base were dispatched in pursuit. They overtook it just as it was crossing the far shore, and turned it around by firing two warning missiles, then escorted it to Canaveral, where its occupants were taken into custody by SD's..-Jean shook her head and indicated Marie surreptitiously with her eyes. "It would be best if you went on your own. We've got plenty to do here." Marie made a face but stayed quiet.."I'm not a cripple." .Sterm, in a maroon dinner jacket and black tie, watched her silently through impenetrable, liquid-brown eyes while the steward filled two brandy glasses, set them alongside the decanter on a low table, then departed with his trolley. Through the meal Sterm talked about Earth and the voyage, and Celia had found herself following his lead,

leaving him the initiative of broaching the subject of her visit. Finally, "That's all, Fallows," Merrick murmured without looking up. "You are dismissed." stopped panting. "Pay our debt, collect our due/Each one proud/or what we do," Marie recited. "True," Hermann, the young man in the white labcoat, agreed. "But on top of that, parts of this place are used as a school to give the kids early off-planet experience. The lady who runs that side of it isn't here right now, but she'll be free later." The major met his eye firmly. "My duty is to carry out my orders to the best of my ability," he replied, avoiding a direct answer. His tone said that he regretted the circumstances as much as anybody, but he couldn't compromise. "Why, you are indeed a gentleman of means," says Donella. "You just put it away for now, and pay the." But you are. What can you do to stop it? "Yeah, I remember now." lady's plumb-bob spine even one millimeter out of true. Like a sylph she had come; and after she turned. He hummed softly to himself and sauntered along the hallway to look into the room that Jay had picked for himself. Jay's cases and boxes were still lying in an untidy pile that stretched along one wall beneath a litter of books, charts, tools, and a heap of mirrors and optical components scrounged from Jerry Pernak a month or so previously for a holographic microscope that Jay said he was going to make. The carcass of a stripped-down industrial process control computer was lying on the floor by the bed, along with more boxes, an Army battle helmet and ammunition belt--both souvenirs of Jay's mandatory cadet, training on the Mayflower II and assorted junk from a medium-duty fluid clutch assembly, the intended purpose of which was a complete mystery, Jay himself had disappeared early on to go off exploring. Bernard shrugged to himself. If Jay wanted to leave the work until the end of the day when he would be tired, that was his business. Downstairs, Maddock drifted through the house and positioned himself outside at the front to watch for the flyer that would be bringing Celia from the shuttle base; the others made their separate ways out through the rear and rejoined Colman inside the personnel carrier minutes later. They settled themselves down to wait, and Fuller and Canon lit cigarettes. "Still think it'll go okay, Sarge?" Stanislaw asked. "I could do a quick hair-job in there." He had brought the things with him, just in case. overheating vehicles. As an artillery major in his early thirties he had seen that South Africa's cause was ultimately lost, and had uprooted himself to place his services and experience at the disposal of the emergent New Order of Greater North America, where veterans at countering guerilla offensives and civil disorder were eagerly sought to assist in the "renormalization" of the chaos bequeathed by the war. Promoted rapidly through the ranks of an elite entrusted with the might of the new nation, Borftein glimpsed a vision of commanding a force truly capable of bringing to heel the entire world. But the vision had been short-lived. A golden opportunity presented itself when Asia--then the only serious rival--fell upon itself in the struggle for domination between China and Japan-India. But the chance had slipped away while the politicians wavered, eventually to be lost forever with China's success and the subsequent consolidation of the Eastern Asiatic Federation. After that, the future had held only the prospect of an eventual head-on collision between the two halves of the globe and more ungloried decades of turmoil and indecisive skirmishings to pick up the pieces. Conditions for launching a worldwide Grand Design would not come again in his lifetime. And so he had left to seek a more rewarding destiny with the Mayflower II. It was ironic, he had thought to himself many times, that impatience and restlessness had led him to a decision that would immobilize him in space for twenty years. during the day, she'd been troubled by a new version of her former rage; this sullen resentment wasn't as. "Oh, we don't think of it as just a male name or a female name," the boy explains, still nervous but. how to cope with that. "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. "SO you're happy you can handle it," Bernard said. the snake. With his meager resources, Curtis has little hope of being able to bribe his way past even state or local. pluck free. "M32s," the robot said. "They've the enhanced fireselectors." -A short silence fell while the meeting digested the observation. Kalens thought about the fusion complex that Farnhill had learned about in his largely unproductive talks with an assortment of Chironians in Franklin. Kalens had sent Farnhill off to learn what he could through more casual contact and conversation, after Borftein's sarcastic remark to the effect that the Army's company of misfits seemed to be making better progress with the natives than the diplomats were managing. "Yes. . . I know what you mean," Kalens said, acknowledging Stern with a motion of his head. "As a matter of fact, we have already begun inquiries along those lines." He turned toward Farnhill. "Amery, tell us again about that place along the coast." ON THE HIGHWAY, bound southwest toward Nevada, Curtis and Old Yeller sit on the bed, in the. EIGHTEEN-WHEELERS LOADED with everything from spools of abb to zymometers, reefer semis. white-and-peach uniform, she was as perky as a parakeet on Dexedrine. Her infectious smile might have. That was why Colman had no doubt in his mind that the Chironians had had nothing to do with the bombings. He had talked to Kath, and she had assured him no Chironians would have been involved. It was an act of faith, he conceded, but he believed that she knew the truth and had spoken it. The Chironians had reacted to Padawski in the way that Colman had known instinctively that they would--specifically, with economy of effort, and with a surgical precision that had not involved the innocent. Returning to her chair, Geneva said, "So, Micky, will we all be getting together for a neighborly." "Oh, God . ." Jean whispered. "They're going to bring out those bombs." house, onto the front-porch roof, and glances back. suit and pantyhose. "What're you doin' here, boy?" .approached Micky. "Do you believe in life after death?" Then came the question of what to do with the rest of the evening. "Tim's been telling us about the martial arts academy that he and his young lady here belong to," Hanlon said. "It sounds like quite a place. I've a suspicion that Jay's hankering to have a look at it, and I'm thinking I might just go along there with him." "I've got

more than enough to destroy Jonathan without this. Keep his bribe as a bonus. There's a nice. Over at the table where Celia and Jean were sitting, Marie, who had been listening silently without understanding a lot of what was being said, looked up inquiringly at her mother. Jean smiled and squeezed her hand reassuringly..to be entrusted to the masses. It should be controlled by those who have the intelligence to apply it competently and beneficially. Gaulitz would be a suitable figure to groom as a... high priest, don't you think, to restore some healthy awe and mystery to the subject. He nodded knowingly. "The Ancient Egyptians had the fight idea." As he spoke, it occurred to him that the Pyramids could be taken as symbolizing the hierarchical form of an ideal, stable society-a geometric iceberg. The analogy was an interesting one. It would make a good point to bring up at the dinner party. Perhaps he would adopt it as an emblem of the regime to be established on Chiron..Without looking back, the boy said, "The one that's sad."..door shut again, to hold back the avalanche before it gains unstoppable momentum.. "Thanks for your approval." "Your boobs are real, aren't they?" "Girl, you are an amazing piece of..might not be capable of physical violence, she could do serious damage with words. Because she'd..At that moment Stanislaw emitted a triumphant shout, and Bernard straightened up behind him to look across at Colman. "He's done it!" Bernard exclaimed. They moved over to see for themselves, and Sirocco came across from the platform. The rest of the mess hall quieted down. The screen in front of Stanislaw was showing the day's duty roster for the entire infantry brigade.. "If I were you, I wouldn't invite him to dinner. By the way, he doesn't know I'm here. He wouldn't allow." Jerry said some interesting things, and they make some sense," Bernard answered, setting the jig down on the bench before him, and sitting back on his stool. '~The Chironians might have some strange ways, but they have a lot of respect-for us as well as for each other. That's not such a bad way for people to be. Sure, maybe we're going to have to learn to get along without some of the things we're used to, but there are compensations."..Fate possessed the sharper teeth, the stronger jaws.. "Well . . . some of them, a long time ago, maybe. But not modern ones."..surprise ready for the doctor. Not much physical strength was required to pull a trigger..more tightly focus the beam, he enters..Micky looked around. "Sorry, Aunt Gen, but all I see is a poky little trailer kitchen so old the gloss is..prepared for minor injuries while on the road. And because Leilani understood her mother's penchant for..Micky had come to the truth..applied hydrogen peroxide, too, which churned up a bloody foam. Then she worked sulfacetamide." Well, he must have been there somewhere, mustn't he?"..battlements..Leon nodded gravely from his section of the screen. . "That is a risk," he agreed. "As Otto said, it is difficult to judge exactly. However, we think that the policy we have outlined minimizes risks to the majority of people. Nothing will eliminate the risks completely." He drew a long, heavy breath before answering Bernard's question directly. "But there can be no alteration of our resolution.".. "When did it stop?or did it ever?" Geneva asked. Her softly spoken question reverberated hollowly..Excitement and anticipation were showing in Kath's eyes as the last of the speeches ended. A hush fell over the gathering while Lechat stepped up to cut the ribbon and formally commission the ship that he would command. Kath squeezed Colman's arm, and beside them Lurch II held Alex high on its forearm for a better view as the drapes fell away to uncover a gleaming plaque of bronze upon which was inscribed in two-foot-high letters: HENRY B. CONGREVE-the new name of the ship that would bring Earth's children home..Lechat was up in the Mayflower II, and Pernak was reluctant to visit there since as a "deserter" he was uncertain of what kind of reception to expect from the authorities. The Military had been sending out squads of SD's to return Army defectors; rumor had it that not all the SD's detailed to such missions came back again. So, something approaching panic could well be breaking out at high levels. However, neither did he feel it prudent to entrust the things he wanted to discuss to electronic communications. But Eve had said something about Jean Fallows becoming very active as a Lechat supporter and campaign organizer. . . That would be a good place to begin..The video had been silent. When the kiss ended, sound was added: Jonathan Sharmer and his."I'm trying to find someone to confirm the rumors.".. "What's your pseudofather's real name?" Geneva asked..Standing at the counter in the near dark, pouring coffee with the care of a blind woman, Micky said, "So..The Chironians were also experimenting with beaming' power in the form of microwaves up to satellites from Port Norday, to be relayed around the planet and redirected to the surface wherever needed. This project was in an early phase and was purely research; if it proved successful, a full-scale ground-station to exploit the technique on a production basis would be built elsewhere..Bernard gave a pained smile. "It sounds good," he agreed. "But the Directorate might have a few things to say.".. "So then ... do you think I'm 'not quite right'?" he asks, fiercely gripping the edge of the counter, still half.."Ghost Riders in the Sky" is followed by "Cool Water," a song about a thirst-plagued cowboy and his..dog ever at his side, he chooses an indirect route, as if making his way through a maze, toward the..dog's neck, Together they wait, alert..Farther along the corridor, toward the front of the care home, Richard Velnod's door was open..dealership to which it should be delivered. "Tomorrow morning's soon enough. Better not send anyone..telltale sounds that only born hunters can perceive and properly interpret..five-hundred rummy."..withered beyond recovery. The raging tornadoes that routinely sought vulnerable trailer parks across the..starry sky, low near the horizon, but nothing of the greater vault above, where ghost riders would be..~Driscoll was feeling more relieved. If what he had seen so far was anything to go by, the Chironians weren't going to start any trouble. He'd had to bite his tongue in order to keep a straight face back in the antechamber by the ramp, and it was a miracle that nobody important had heard Stanislaw sniggering next to him. The Chironians were okay, he had decided. Everything would be okay.. . provided that ass-faces like Farnhill didn't go and screw things up..objection and their cold-eyed persistence is too intimidating to resist. You see guys like this on the TV..Stroking the mutt's head, rubbing behind one of the floppy ears and then behind the other, the frightened."But you haven't. You haven't let it go at all."..Door won't open. Handle won't move. He presses, presses harder. No good. Locked, it must be..and tire iron. He focused on Karla's house, on the lighted window of an upstairs bedroom, where the gap..Her eyes rested momentarily on' his chevrons. "Are you Sergeant

Colman--the one who's interested in engineering?" .them everything about Sinsemilla, about Preston and the aliens, about Lukipela murdered and probably. Merrick allowed his hands to drop down to his chest. "And how are you settling in? Is your family adjusting well?" "I'll leave that to Sirocco," he replied. "He'll know more about the score at the base. We've had a unit there this evening, but they're probably back by now." .more, but Old Yeller doesn't return to her juice. As long as Curtis remains uneasy, the dog will stay on. "He wasn't dead then," Geneva assured the girl. "He hadn't even begun to lose his hair yet." .treacherously thin for them. Chapter 14. day. Either of the murderous pair up front will enjoy the greater advantages of size, strength, and werewolves in the misery of the moon could not have produced more chilling cries than those that caused. She had been drunk only once since moving in with Geneva a week ago. In fact she'd gotten through. "Baby, baby," Sinsemilla said, "look at this, look, look. Baby, look, see, look." She extended her hand, . "Yes, I was about to come to that," Sirocco replied. He lifted his head a fraction to address the whole room again. "As Velarini says, they could come in through the Battle Module and the nose. The Battle Module is the main problem. It's bound to be the most strongly defended section anywhere, and there's only one way through to it from the rest of the ship. Therefore we assault it directly only if all else fails. We've put Steve up near the nose of the Spindle with the strongest section to block that access route. Steve's. Yet instinct insists that this isn't merely a similar truck, but the very same one. "Go, thingy, go, go!" .remarked with a delighted leer on his face. "It is, isn't it," Colman agreed dismally. "That's how they get rich," Pernak said. "By being good at what they do and getting better. Who but a crazy would do anything and stay poor by choice?" .The rural Colorado darkness is not disturbed by approaching headlights or receding taillights. When he. "So if he killed all those people," Micky asked, "why's he still walking around loose?" "The congressman has a nice sense of humor." .The first time that he'd worked for Noah, the kid had delivered a handsomely shot and effectively edited. to stiffen your spine, work up some spit, open the damn door, go in there where the beast was, and you. "What alternative?" "Me? Hell no. What would I do with it?" "Sounds like Quakers." .The sky outside was sunny and blue with a few scattered clouds, and a pleasantly warm breeze carried the scents of rural freshness from the hills rising to the south. Fallows still wasn't fully accustomed to the notion that it was all real and not just a simulation projected from the roof of the Grand Canyon module, or that the low roars intermittently coming in through the opened window of the living room downstairs were from shuttles ferrying up and down to what was now another realm. He allowed his mind to distract itself with the final chores of moving while it completed its process of readjustment. .To the door and through it, down three concrete-block steps, onto the lawn in the last magenta murk of

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