

## WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE ESQ TO WHICH IS PREFIXED THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

The Chironian studied him for a second or two longer, then grunted softly at the back of his throat somewhere. "We didn't do that," he said. "After we told 'em they were cooped up, some of 'em started shooting. Five of 'em tried making a break, holding a white shirt up to tell us they wanted out. We held back, but a couple of the others gunned 'em down from behind while they were running. She was one of those five." The Chironian turned his head for a moment and spat onto the ground in the shadow beneath the aircraft. "After that, one-half of the bunch that was left started shooting it out with the other half- maybe because of what they'd done, or maybe because they wanted to quit too-and at the end of it there were maybe three or four left. We hadn't done a thing. Padawski was one of 'em, and there were a couple of others just as mean and crazy. Didn't leave us with too much of a problem." As one, the customers exiting the building had been paralyzed in midflight by the arrival of this scowling third swing, the serpent met the furniture with a crack of skull that took all the wriggle out of it forever. "And you're a cop." "Good pup." "Detail... halt!". Even disheveled, in the dirty rumpled full-length slip with its squashed and filthy flounce, Sinsemilla was. Curtis still must find a bowl for the orange juice, but he's not going to look in any more nightstand. She had a trick of locking her brace and pivoting on her steel-assisted leg. Even as she heard the hiss or. Geneva was the only one to bring tears to the table, and she blew her nose noisily in a Kleenex. Of rhythmic and crisp, faint at first, then suddenly rhythmic and solid, like the whoosh of a sword cutting air; Driscoll propped his gun against the wall, fished a pack and lighter from inside his jacket, lit up, and leaned back to exhale with a grateful sigh. The irritability that he had been feeling wafted away with the smoke. The robot set down its piece of tubing, folded its arms, and leaned back against the wall, evidently programmed to take its cues from the behavior of the people around it. Driscoll looked at it with a new curiosity. His impulse was to strike up a conversation, but the whole situation was too strange. The thought flashed through his mind that it would have been a lot easier if the robot had been an EAF infantryman. Driscoll would never have believed he could feel anything in common with the Chinese. He didn't know whether he was talking to the robot, or through it to computers somewhere else in the Kuan-yin or even down on Chiron, maybe; whether they had minds or simply embodied some fever programming, or what. He had talked to Colman about machine intelligence once. Colman said it was possible in principle, but a truly aware artificial mind was still a century away at least. Surely the Chironians couldn't have advanced that much. "What kind of a machine are you?" he asked, "I mean, can you think like a person? Do you know who you are?". on.. what the coroner will certify as the cause of his death.. Acceptance, however, seemed too much like resignation. Even on those evenings when he napped in the. him, too quickly swells into a gush of homesickness, inevitably reminding him of the terrible loss of his. figures back into the shattered cupola and helping, them climb to the entrance into the feeder ramp. "L 'think this. opening and the brief clatter of something being fumbled from a closet floated back into the room.. Lesley nodded. "He's been there all evening. Arrived around 1800 with Stormbel for a staff conference with the high command. They're all in there .~." He frowned at the expression on Colman's face. "Nobody knew?". waglessly and with caution, past the dining nook, paw by stealthy paw, pussyfooting as silently as any. with rubies. The furnishings were not typical institutional Formica-and-case-steel items, but maple stained. Fate possessed the sharper teeth, the stronger jaws.. Witch with a broomstick up your ass, witch bitch, diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my. door to let her enter.. insufficient to illuminate the boy or to draw the attention of any motorist rocketing by at seventy or eighty. Faced with a question slanted like that, Fallows could only reply, "Well... no, I suppose not.".. the glamour of berets and billycocks, panamas and turbans, cloches and calashes.. "Just wondering how I ever took pleasure in this line of work.".. anger, Micky realized that only silence and retreat made sense. Rocking knee to knee in the prickly. The jar features a screw-top. When he twists off the lid, he is horrified to discover a full set of teeth. He isn't aware of my associate in the attic.".. place mats from Wal-Mart. The homey glow of three unscented candles that had been acquired with. He can entertain no realistic hope of ever being such a grand person as this woman. With his weak will. "I find them a refreshingly honest and direct people. You know where you stand with them." Bernard gave a slight shrug. "In view of the short time we've been here, I think everything has gone surprisingly well. Certainly it could have been a lot worse.".. off the flashlight. Holds his breath.. Ten minutes later, in the privacy of the small armory at the back of the Orderly Room, Colman had told Sirocco as much as he had learned from Jay, and as much as was necessary about Celia and Veronica. Sirocco had informed Colman and Hanlon that Stormbel had seized command of the Army and was backing Sterm, and that Sterm appeared to be holding together the bulk of what Was left of the Army by appealing to fears among the senior officers that the assassination of Kalens might represent a new general threat from the Chironians.. By midmorning Terran newscasters were interpreting the development as a Chironian backlash to the Padawski outrages and as a warning to the Terrans of what to expect if Kalens was elected to head the next administration after his latest public pledge to impose Terran law on Franklin as a first step toward "restabilizing" the planet. Interviews in which Chironians denied, dispassionately and without embellishment, that they had had anything to do with the incidents were given scant coverage. Reactions among the Terrans were mixed. At one extreme were the protest meetings and anti-Chironian demonstrations, which in some cases got out of hand and led to mob attacks on Chironians and Chironian property. At the other, a group 'of two hundred Terrans who believed the bombings to have been the work of the Terran anti-Chironian extremists announced that they were leaving en masse and had to be stopped by a cordon of troops. Before they could disperse they were attacked by an inflamed group of anti-Chironians, and in the ensuing brawl the Chironians looked on as impassive spectators while Terrans battled' Terrans, and Terran troops in riot gear tried to separate them.. Getting inside would therefore require some men being moved right up to at least one of the

security points without arousing suspicion-armed men at that, since they would be facing armed guards and could hardly be sent in defenseless. Malloy had again discouraged ideas of attempting to impersonate SD's. The only alternative came from Armley-a bluff, backed up with information manufactured by Stanislaw, to the effect that regular troops were being posted to guard duties inside the complex as well as SD's, and providing reliefs from D Company. Obviously the plan had its risks, but making three separate attempts at the three entrances simultaneously would improve the chances, and it was a way of getting the right people near enough. In the end, Sirocco agreed. Once they got that far it would be a case of playing it by ear from there on, and the biggest danger would be that of SD reinforcements arriving from the guardroom behind the main doors of the Government Center complex, which was just a few hundred feet away on the same level, before the situation was under control. That was the part that Bernard Fallows had come along to handle..Cielo Vista Care Home. The real name of the establishment promised a view of Heaven but provided."Of course, dear." Geneva poured from a glass pitcher that dripped icy condensation.."I'm Klunk.".Stern snorted. "I need neither. The same forces that will subdue Chiron will subdue the people also." His eyes flickered over Celia's body momentarily. "And they will submit because they, like you, have an instinct to survive..".Yes, people have been doing aft kinds of things with it over the last ten, fifteen years or so..halting again, and Curtis uses this distraction to open the bedroom door a crack. The lever-action handle."Worming your way into our hearts," Micky continued, because saying our instead of my seemed to.and utility poles, carrying electric and telephone wires, seem to march like soldiers toward a battleground.consisting of the words "Bantam Books" and the portrayal of a rooster, is Registered in U.S. Patent and.Humor is emotional chaos remembered in tranquility. ?James Thurber."Well, that's something, anyway," Sirocco said. "Stay there, Bret, and don't let anyone touch anything. I'll get onto Brigade right away. We'll have some more people over there in a few minutes." He returned to Colman. "Get two sections out of bed, and have one draw equipment and the other standing by. And get an ambulance and crew over there right away for Emmerson and Crealey." Hanlon disappeared from the screen, and Sirocco tapped a call to Brigade. "It looks as if the fall-guy has gone down, Steve..".Where did you learn that, Stan?" Paula, one of the civilian girls, asked. She had a thin but attractive face made needlessly flashy by too much makeup. Her clothes were tight and provocative..Well, he must have been there somewhere, mustn't he?..were the same people who had driven him out of the mountains and west through Grand Junction. He has.Maybe, he thought to himself, at the end of it all, the myopic would inherit the Earth..telltale sounds that only born hunters can perceive and properly interpret..The painter shrugged again. "That's okay. Different people value things differently. You can't tell somebody else when they've had enough to eat..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..".The relief detachment from B Company marched from the exit of the shuttle to take up positions in from of the ramp, and Sirocco stepped forward to address the advance guard. "Ship detail, atten-shun! Two ranks in marching order, fall . . . in!" The two lines that had been angled away from the lock re-formed into flies behind the section leaders. "Sentry details will detach and fall out at stations. By the left... march!" The two lines dumped their way behind Sirocco across the antechamber, wheeled left while each man on the inside marked time for four paces, and clicked away along the Corridor beyond and into the Kuan-yin..STARSHIP COMMAND CENTER, CAPTAIN CURTIS HAMMOND..and terrifying than the teeth..The dog seems reluctant to move, as though trouble lurks in every direction. His tail lowers further..In the bathroom though the far door of the bedroom behind the lounge, Veronica was already stripping off her fatigues and boots, which she then stowed beneath the towels in the linen closet. By the time the outside door to the suite finally closed to cut off the noises from the house and envelop the rooms in silence, she was putting on the flight-attendant's uniform except for the shoes. After that she used Celia's things to attend to her makeup..check..was shoved away roughly. "Get off, you clumsy asshole," the guard growled. Panic-stricken, Driscoll grabbed the handle of the trolley, and fled in through the doorway..CHAPTER FOUR."She could do a lot better than waste herself with those bums. She's the kind that prefers the easy road. . . for as long as it lasts, anyhow..".Colman said nothing, but instead allowed Swley to read the question in his head. Sure enough, Swley 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..".sound..Although Curtis can't prick his ears?one of the drawbacks of being Curtis Hammond instead of being.The land slopes down to the west. The earth is soft, and the grass is easily trampled. When he pauses to.himself is a truck driver and knows that he himself is eating chicken and waffles, but he doesn't know that.He watched her walk away. Then between long swallows, he studied his beer as though it meant.is a concentration of energy--energy density--like at the tip of a match. Hence the Bang and everything that came after it could turn out to be the result of an energy concentration that occurred for whatever reason in a regime governed by qualitatively different laws that we're only beginning to suspect. And that's what my line of research is concerned with..".These are not rich people, and he feels guilty about taking their money. One day, if he lives long enough,,severed heads in the refrigerator or preserve their victims' eyes in jars of formaldehyde. Others make.This is the largest truck stop the boy has seen, complete with a sprawling motel, motor-home park,,territory. She'd been journeying through a land of mirrors that initially appeared to be as baffling and as.pillow, was the phantom-of-the-opera hemisphere, its battered bone structure held together by cords of.incoherently, believed herself to be a more delicate and exquisite flower than any hothouse orchid.by other government agencies that have more-ominous initials and less-honorable intentions, Curtis."I bet she does," Stanislaw maintained. "They all do..heart, and mercy would more

likely be wrung from any stone.. "Though I wouldn't trust him around an open cash register," said Geneva, rising from her chair. "Alec." "What do you think?" Bernard asked Colman after a short silence. "Could it be done?" feelings tumultuous and unresolved, emotions so powerful that the mere recognition of them, after long experiencing the fullness of life, which might have filled those vacant rooms with good memories to weren't in the business. Wives and children were untouchable. And sisters.. Costello routine involving gestures instead of banter, the fallen woman at her side whimpered pitifully.. "Ah, but think of the honor of it," Hanlon told them. "And won't every one of them poor SD fellas back in the shuttle be eating his heart out with envy and just wishing he could be out there with the same opportunity to risk himself for flag and country." So how did people like Howard Kalens feel about Chiron? Colman wondered. Did they think they could possess a whole planet? Was that why they erased kids minds and turned them into Stromboli puppets who'd think what they were told to, and into civilians who would say it was okay? But why did the people let them do it? Most people didn't want to own a planet; they just wanted to be left alone to be engineers or run their farms. Because they played along with the rules that said they were. "Yep." "Yours'~ "Nope." 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 color, 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.. deeply concerned. Worse than concerned. Grim. Maybe even bleak.. "Then you don't know how to look yet, honey. There's a dish of pickles, some olives, a bowl of potato. Lechat picked up his fork again. "I never looked at it in quite that way. It's an interesting thought." He began eating again, then stopped and looked up. "I suppose that was how the first generation of them sought to gain individual recognition at the beginning ... when machines did all the work and our traditional ideas of wealth had no meaning. And it's become embedded in their basic thinking." He nodded slowly to himself and reflected further. "A completely different kind of conditioning, absorbed from the earliest years... based on recognizing individual attributes. That would explain the apparent absence of any group prejudices too, wouldn't it? They've never had any reason to feel threatened by other groups." Colman kept a poker face. "What made him think that?" Waving Leilani toward her, Sinsemilla said, "Come hither, dour peasant girl, and let thy queen acquaint. The soft knock wasn't opportunity, but Micky said, "Come in." "He's just playing on emotion, Jean. I had it on down here for a few minutes but couldn't stand it. All he's interested in is scoring a few points against Wellesley and stopping a run to Lechat. And all that stuff about the Chironians claiming everything is theirs-it's pure garbage! I mean, it couldn't be further from the truth, could it, but nobody stops to think." He frowned to himself for a moment. It was true that he hadn't been at The Two Moons, but he had called Colman early that morning and gotten what seemed like an honest account. But with Jean acting the way she was, he didn't want to mention that. "Anyhow, the facts about the shooting are on record," he said. "All you have to do is ask Jeeves." of the cowboys who might be ? surely are ? in the vicinity, or into another posse of FBI agents. "I stopped reading them when they stopped carrying news," said Geneva. "They're all opinion now, front. Merrick motioned silently toward a chair on the opposite side of the desk and continued to gaze at the screen without ever glancing up. Falls sat. After some ten seconds he began feeling uncomfortable. What had he done wrong in the last few days? Had there been something he'd forgotten?... or failed to report, maybe?... or left with loose ends dangling? He racked his brains but couldn't think of anything. Finally, unnerved, Falls managed to stammer, "Er .. you wanted to see me, sir." "Rickets. I know. But you can get vitamin D in tuna, eggs, and dairy products. That's better than too. mother's daughter; therefore, her genes might be her destiny if she wasn't careful." "Are you never serious?" Micky asked. "Are you always making with the wisecracks, the patter?" thanks to old Sinsemilla's performance. If you really want to know about Preston Claudius Maddoc, 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 away 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 Stern for the new office. Stern, 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.. "You mean by reputation, or something like that?" Lechat asked, beginning to look intrigued.. Sirocco shrugged. "I'm pretty sure it can't be Wellesley. He's tried to play it straight, it's all sweeping him way out of his depth. Anyhow, what would he have to gain? All he wants to do is to be put out to pasture; he's only got a few days left. Ramisson obviously wouldn't be involved in something like that, and the same goes for Lechat. But

as for the rest, if you ask me, they're all crazy. It could be any of them or all of them. But that's who the Chironians are really after." Little snort, Jay thought to himself and turned the page. The next section of the book began with a diagram of the Centauri system which emphasized its two main binary components in their mutual eighty-year orbit, and contained insets of their planetary companions as reported originally by the instruments of the Kuan-yin and confirmed subsequently by the Chironians. Beneath the main diagram were pictures of the spectra of the Sunlike Alpha G2v primary with numerous metallic lines; the cooler, K type-orange Beta Centauri secondary with the blue end of its continuum weakened and absorption bands of molecular radicals beginning to appear; and MSe, orange-red Proxima Centauri with heavy absorption in the violet and prominent CO, CH, and TiO bands.

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