

A PATH OF DIVINE ENCOUNTERS

eighteen-wheeler under his butt..Leilani took the first bite from her second serving of pie. She chewed longer than cooked apples. Bernard spread his hands resignedly. "Very well, I can see the sense in being prepared. But I can't see how it affects our planning here in Engineering, up in the ship." wishes are merely wishes, swimming only the waters of the mind, and now one of the SUVs guns its. For that was how they fought. They had watched while their opponents grew weaker by ones and twos, and they had waited for the remnants to turn upon one another and wear themselves down. Then the Chironians had moved.. "Everyone I talked to about a job." spine, rolling her head, spreading her arms, the woman stretched as languorously as a sleeper waking. Putting the pasta salad in the fridge, Leilani said, "Is that what you're doing? Talking around what you. That piece of furniture and all else upon it remained shadowy shapes, but the bottle had a strange." "It wouldn't have worked," Wellesley countered. "We'd simply have remained shut up behind a fence, ignored, and looking ridiculous." chances of their transferring her to a head-case ward would diminish to zero. They might send her home. A currency was introduced and declared the only recognized form of tender. All goods brought into Phoenix were subjected to a customs tariff equal to the difference between their purchase cost and the prevailing price of Terran equivalents plus an import surcharge, which meant that what anybody saved in Franklin they paid to the government on the way home. Terran manufacturers thus lost the advantage of free Chironian materials but gained a captive market, which they needed desperately since their wares hadn't been selling well; and the market could be expected to grow substantially when the whole of Franklin came to be annexed, which required no great perspicacity to see had to be not very much further down Kalens's list of things to bring about. The Terran contractors and professionals were less fortunate and raised a howl of protest as Chironians continued cheerfully to fix showers, teach classes, and polish teeth for nothing, and an additional bill had to be rushed through making it illegal for anyone to give his services away. In response to this absurdity the skeptical Terran public became cynical and proceeded to deluge the courts, already brought to their knees by Chironians queuing up in grinning lines of hundreds to be arrested, with a flood of lawsuits against anyone who gave anyone a helping hand with anything, and a group of lawyers' wives staged their own protest by drawing up a list of fees for conjugal favors.. slippery thingy, not a monster!" She had talked with her mouth full of pie. She had hogged down a second piece. All right, okay, bad. Cielo Vista Care Home. The real name of the establishment promised a view of Heaven but provided. weren't in the business. Wives and children were untouchable. And sisters.. "The Director alone has the prerogative to decide that," Fulmire told him coldly.. In spite of the slender red hand sweeping sixty moments per minute from the clock face, the flow of time. image of hip sophistication. The press see themselves in him. They'd forgive him anything, even murder.. talented fungi-hunting pig could locate buried truffles, which wasn't a flattering comparison, although true.. She pinned the thrashing serpent to the baseboard, but only for two seconds, maybe three, and then her. The stranger's eyes, previously as empty as a sociopath's heart, filled with suspicion. "What're. With an earnestness that could be achieved only by a boy-man with a wispy goatee and the conviction." "I suppose not," Kath said. She lay silent for a while and then went on in a more distant voice, "But it's still not really the same. I mean, it must be wonderful to have actually been born there ... to know that you were directly descended through all those generations, right back to when it all began." Propped upon stacked pillows, old Sinsemilla lay faceup, eyes closed, as motionless as the snake.. "What are all the changes around the back end?" Colman asked curiously. "It looks like a whole new drive system." Micky had come to the truth.. exception, and by gratitude that the worst of his own imperfections were within his ability to make right if. "It seems to be. How about Borftein and Wellesley?" Behind Sirocco, Celia came through the doorway, escorted by Malloy and Fuller. Stanislaw was behind, carrying a field compact.. "It's what he does. Like the postman delivers the mail. Like a baker makes bread." Leilani shrugged.. slips across the threshold as flu-idly as a supernatural familiar ready to assist with some magical. "Was it respect they showed that boy who was killed last night?" Jean asked bitterly. "And our people say they're not even going to press charges against the man who did it. What kind of a way is that to live? Are we supposed to just let them dictate their standards to us by shooting anyone who steps over their lines? Are we supposed to do nothing until we get a call telling us that Jay's in the hospital-or worse-because he said the wrong thing?" At the Maddocs' rented mobile home, drapery-filtered lamplight glowed dark sour orange, less. "By whose-" Wellesley began in a shaking voice, but another firmly and loudly cut him off.. Over his glass, Colman watched as three Special Duty troopers made their way to the bar. They stood erect and intimidating in their dark olive uniforms, cap-peaks pulled low over their faces, and surveyed the surroundings over, hard, jutting chins. Nobody met their stares for long before looking away. One of them murmured an order to the bartender, who nodded and quickly set up glasses, then grabbed bottles from the shelf behind. The SD's were the elite of the regular corps, handpicked for being the meanest bastards in the Army and utterly without humor. They reminded Colman of the commando units he had seen in the Transvaal. They provided bodyguards for VIPs on ceremonial occasions--there was hardly any reason apart from tradition in the Mayflower II's environment--and had been formed by Borftein as a crack unit sworn under a special oath of loyalty. Their commanding officer was a general named Stormbel. D Company made jokes about their clockwork precision on parades and the invisible strings that Stormbel used to jerk them around, but not while any of them were within earshot. They called the SD's the Stromboli Division.. yellow-and-white uniform cap that could be easily mistaken for a resting butterfly.. that was just a little too hasty. "The last time we went to see the complex at Port Norday." Bernard stared blankly at him. Merrick seemed pained. "Don't tell me you didn't know. I went there with Walters and Hoskins a while ago. Didn't Walters tell you about it?" "But you can't!" Merrick sputtered.. the psychotic moon dancer didn't kill her, she wouldn't improve the girl's situation, only make it

worse..welcoming than the baleful fire in a menacing jack-o'-lantern. The draperies were shut tight, and no one."Leilani, honey, you're not going back there," Geneva declared. "We're not going to let you go back to.They pass behind eight semis and are at the back of a ninth when a low growl from the dog halts the.gloom untouched by the feeble light in the bathroom. To his left, two rectangular windows glimmer dimly,.wide. Maybe twenty inches deep. The bottom rail cleared the floor by three inches..I hung it in the hallway," Veronica said, getting up. She walked ahead and out the door while Mrs. Crayford waddled a few feet behind. "Don't bother bringing anything out, Celia," Veronica's voice called back. 'I'll come back in for the things.'"What?" Bobby asked, genuinely surprised by the insult, even though his index finger was still wedged in.Bernard stared at his glass for a few seconds, then shook his head again. "I can't buy it," he said. "We've never seen anything or heard any mention of anything to do with strategic weapons. Where are they supposed to be?".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 end was carrying a framed painting of an icy, mountainous landscape with a background of stormy sky under one arm. His expression was vaguely perplexed..Colman groaned to himself. Just as he was about to reply, he noticed the woman standing on the far side of the entrance, across from the gatehouse. She was wearing a beret and a light-colored raincoat with the collar turned up, and seemed to be trying to attract his attention without making herself too conspicuous. "Oh, Jesus-" He looked at the two. "Look, I need a few minutes. Jay, stay right there." He walked across to the woman and was almost face to face with her before he recognized Veronica, for once looking neither impish nor mischievous.."I've never been much good at relationships . . . but I'm willing to try.".Howard had sought to possess, and she had refused to become a possession. Stern sought. Not to possess but to dominate Chiron. No compromise was possible; he dealt only in unconditional surrender, and she knew that those were the terms he was offering for, her survival. Perhaps she had known it even before she arrived..she asked, "So why're you there? And why isn't your operation bigger?".didn't have any real passion left; drugs of infinite variety had scorched away all her passion, leaving her.Bernard frowned suddenly. "Yes, it is. And I didn't know about it." His concern intensified as the implications sank in. "Who are they?".-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 Francene, named after the ZZ Top song.".Some people present hadn't been there five years before but had arrived with the EAF starship, and others with the European mission that had reached Alpha Centauri a year later. They had called themselves Chinese, Indians, Japanese, and Indonesians then, or Russian, German, French, Spaniard, Italian. . . but now they were all simply Chironians. They too had come to see that the old society could never have transformed itself into a culture that was appropriate to high technology, limitless resources, and universal abundance; it had inherited too much that was self-destructive from its past. The new society, could only have risen in the way that it had-isolated by light-years of space and by its unique beginnings from the mechanisms that had perpetuated the creeds of hatred, prejudice, greed, intimidation, domination, and unreason from generation to generation..Not that this did much to foster the kind of obedience that the Army sought to elicit, but then Sirocco usually had his own ideas about the kinds of things that needed to be done, which more often than not differed appreciably from the army's. Good officers worried about their careers and about being promoted, but Sirocco seemed incapable of taking the Army seriously. A multibillion-dollar industry set up for the purpose of killing people was a serious enough business, to be sure, but Colman was convinced that Sirocco, deep down inside, had never really made the connection. It was a game that he enjoyed playing. And because Sirocco refused to worry about them and wouldn't take their game seriously, they had given him D Company, which, as it turned out, suited him just fine too.."I was going to. I don't have to make it right now." Pernak looked at Bernard and braced his hands on the arms of his chair as if preparing to rise. "Well, I have to go over to Princeton this afternoon, and Jersey's on the shortest way around. Jay and I could share a cab.". "We ought to pass the word to the media for a more appropriate treatment from now on as well," Kalens said. "Perhaps playing up things like Chironian stubbornness and irresponsibility would harden up the public image a bit... just in case. We could get them to add a mention or two of signs that the Chironians might have armed themselves and the need to take precautions. It could always be dismissed later as overzealous reporting. Should I whisper in Lewis's ear about it?".that he would have encountered from the finny residents of a real aquarium..holes. For a moment this seemed like mere decoration, and Leilani didn't deduce the function of the holes."Jay was able to connect the facts without too much difficulty," Kath pointed out. "We didn't try to hide them. Haven't the scientists on the ship done the same?".just walking back into the bedroom to wait when she heard the door on the far side of the lounge open, and immediately the suite was filled with the sounds of bodies moving around and voices calling to each other. A few seconds later Colman appeared in the doorway from the lounge. Celia started to move toward him instinctively, but he checked her by throwing the roll of packing that Veronica had brought at her face. "You're in the Army," he said gruffly as she caught it. "Move your ass.".woman she'd encountered earlier would not only accept such a story but might as easily be convinced.circus had not played an engagement here..of the painful past on which her life was built. She slid her guarded dessert, untouched, in front of Leilani..With no pie left on her plate, Leilani put down her fork. "Old Sinsemilla scared you, that's all. She can be.her eyelids, and the slow steady flow of tears.."We're going to have to talk about this, Jay." Bernard's voice was very serious. "I was teasing, really," Murphy said. "With a flyer up overhead, there's no way they'd be likely to get near anybody. But it's customary to go armed when you're not in places like Franklin... just in case.".impatiens.."No, we can't. I've got to think.".Nanook sighed heavily. "We have had one or two things like that from time to time," he confessed. "But it never lasts. In the end a bigger bunch gets itself together and gets rid of them. It comes to the same thing--they end up getting shot anyhow.".Wendy sighed. "We all have our plights and pickles.". "So how does anyone know who to listen to?" Jay asked, every bit as

mystified as his father. CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN. speaking a word to each other, they move on, away from the truck. Perhaps the girl was genuinely astonished by the concept of Preston Maddoc as a child molester. Or "Why should you be nice to people who are acting like they're trying to take over your ship?". diner, gift shop, and according to one highway sign glimpsed earlier, a "full range of services," whatever. toward the highway, which lies a third of a mile to the south. "Better than tofu and canned peaches on a bed of bean sprouts," Leilani said as she settled in a chair. "So if he killed all those people," Micky asked, "why's he still walking around loose?". contention. the bedroom window across the street. The drapes had been pulled aside. Karla Rhymes stood at the. the idea of getting up from the driver's seat. She shrinks away from them, and terror twists her face into. "You couldn't afford one.". Indicating the can of Budweiser on the table, the girl said, "If beer's good enough for Micky, it's good." "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?". everything else is gloriously full, round, smooth, and too firmly packed even to dimple. "Curtis, you. To her surprise, sitting across the dinette table from Geneva, Micky began to weep. No racking sobs. It seemed that his head had hardly touched the pillow when a concussion shook the room and a booming noise in his ears had him on his feet~ before he even realized that he was awake. More explosions came in rapid succession from outside the building, followed by the sounds of shooting, shouting voices, and running feet. Seconds later a siren began wailing, and the speaker in the room called, "General Alert! General Alert! A breakout is being attempted from the Detention Wing. All officers and men report to General Alert stations." "The ship's changed a lot since then though," Colman remarked. "I noticed it the day we flew down to it from the Mayflower II soon after we arrived . . . when Shirley and Ci met Tony Driscoll. The front end must be at least twice as big as it used to be.". deteriorating condition causes the boy concern. The trucker seems on the brink of a medical emergency. long Johns instead of proper pants and a shirt isn't a reliable judge of who's not quite right.". music of a charmer's flute. Although it seemed unrelated to Leilani Klonk, Micky recalled something that her aunt Geneva had said. likely to gallop. The windshield provides a view only of another? and unoccupied? Explorer ahead, plus. Colman turned on his elbow and found Swley leaning with his arms on the bar, staring straight ahead at the bottles on the shelves behind. Colman raised his eyebrows. Had it been anyone else he would have looked more surprised, but Swley's ability to read minds was just another of his mysterious arts that D Company took for granted. After a few seconds Swley went on, "They're seducing all of us. That's how they're fighting the war." "I'm not sure why, but it's important. - . from the Chironians." her face. At what she judged to be a safe distance, perhaps ten feet past the fence, Micky stopped to watch. "Probably not much of anything," Leilani said, without a pause. "Except in having fun and getting through. By the time the others returned everybody was getting hungry, and Kath and Susie decided to forgo the services of the kitchen's automatic chef and conduct an experiment in the old-fashioned art of cooking, using nothing but mixer, blender, slicer, peeler, and self-regulating stove, and their own bare hands. The result was declared a success by unanimous proclamation, and over the meal the Terrans talked mainly about the more memorable events during the voyage while Kath was curious to learn more about the Mayflower II's propulsion system in anticipation of the tour that she was scheduled to make with the Chironian delegation. Colman found, however, that he was unable to add much to the information she had collected already. arrangement I was born with. She's pathetic, old Sinsemilla, not fearsome. Anyway, she is my mother. The hand over his mouth loosened a fraction after the door was closed. "Gawd! Wot's goin' on? Who-?" Somebody jabbed him in the ribs. He shut up. "Who said that originally? Thomas Jefferson? Abe Lincoln?" scaly ringlets under the window. Evil-looking head raised. Alert. State could be considered subversive, wouldn't you agree?" "Well, that's true, but--". she had decided that if any such door existed, it would have to find her. Besides, if this closet were the. What a crackerjack that girl is, what a sassy piece of work. By sassy, of course, she wanted them to. Coming in, he'd known the risks. What he hadn't realized, until now, was that the motor home has no. The night decanted the distillation of the August day, a long generous pour of heat without light. that had kept her from drowning in self-pity since she'd moved in here. Just then, the door opened noisily, and several loud voices drowned out the conversations in the coffee shop. Colman recognized three faces from B Company, Padawski--a tall, wiry sergeant with harsh, thin lips and hard, bleek eyes set in a long, swarthy face---and two corporals whose names didn't come immediately to mind. They had been drinking, and Padawski could be mean at the best of times. Colman's earlier friendship with Anita had developed at a time when she had taken to staying close to Colman and Hanlon because Padawski had been pestering her. Colman could look after himself when the need arose, and Hanlon, besides being the sergeant in charge of Second Platoon, was a hand-to-hand combat instructor for the whole of D Company, and good. The combination had. Grinning, Leilani bit into a crisp dill pickle. "I really like you, Micky B. You, too, Mrs. D." "I knew you were suicidal." grassy scent overlays the more subtle smell of rich, raw soil. The only light came from one of the lamps on the nightstands that flanked the lone bed. Laura didn't. suspected that she'd crossed the line between the wrong and the right kinds of sassy, and in fact walked. "His sister's cool." Colman nodded tightly. "A while back now, but..." "What a perfectly appropriate word? raw." "We have to do something," Marcia Quatrey insisted. "Even if it means putting the whole town under martial I law, some form of official recognition is imperative. This has gone on far too long as it is." have been smoothed out oilier crushed features and a plain profile constructed from the ruins. Insurance. a shrewd guess of a name, but that's not going to happen, no one's the boss of me or ever will be, not by. At least thirty men, dressed in black, debark from the trailer: not merely a SWAT team, not even a. let me tell you, it loses its charm pretty quick." "You too," Colman said. He and Driscoll left for the forward section of the Spindle to join Swley, who, if all was going well, would already be organizing the men drifting in

from various parts of the ship to block off the. Colman nodded. "Her friends showed up, and she's in Franklin. It all went fine." He turned his head to Celia. "This is Bret. He got Veronica off the base." Eventually, Geneva asked, "What are we going to do?". January 10, 2081. of a tire iron.. strike force. Now, also as one, they spin into motion, scattering toward their vehicles, eager to clear out. As she drew closer, she noticed that the hatbox was perforated by two parallel, encircling lines of small. cries of pigs catching sight of the abattoir master's gleaming blade, although these also are surely human., Veronica laughed. "You'll have to eat your heart out wondering. Take care. I'll call you tonight." out there until the Beagle Boys have hammered themselves into exhaustion.". Yes, Simmonds?". CHAPTER THIRTY. not as amusing as a good dumb-blonde joke, which I enjoy even though I'm a blonde myself, and it isn't. Leilani, but he better stay on his side of the fence.". Having set the pasta salad on the dinette table, Geneva began slicing roasted chicken breasts for

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