

DATA HANDLING AND ANALYSIS

"The Army's on its way through the Spindle," Lesley said to Brad. "They should start arriving here any time now." 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..standing on a slippery surface..Colman's face creased into a frown. "Take the ship out with what?"..of herself, could wring tears from her in front of her mother. The world didn't have enough misery in it to.His debut into life had been very different. The war had left his parents afflicted by genetic damage, and their first two children had not survived infancy. Aging prematurely from side effects, they had known they would never see Chiron when they brought him aboard the Mayflower II as a boy of eight and sacrificed the few more years that they might have spent on Earth in order' to give him a new start somewhere else. Paradoxically, their health had qualified them favorably in their application to join the Mission since the planning had called for the inclusion of older people and higher-risk actuarial categories among the population to make room for the births that would be occurring later. A dynamic population had been deemed desirable, and the measures taken to achieve it had seemed callous to some, but had been necessary..to go, was a really good thing, too, better even than Sundaes on Wednesday..Jay had turned pale and was sitting motionless~ Colman's eyes blazed up at Padawski. Padawski's leer broadened. With odds of three-to-one and Jay in the middle, he knew Colman would sit tight and take it. Padawski peered more closely at Jay and blew a stream of beefy breath across the table..She had to escape from the snake. Get to her bedroom. Try to barricade that door against her mother's.Huddled in the hostile night, he hears himself making miserable sounds. His mother always told him that.Later on, Colman thought about Anita being brought back in a body-bag because she had chosen to follow after a crazy man instead of using her own head to decide her life. The Chironians didn't watch their children being brought home in body-bags, he reflected; they didn't teach them that it was noble to die for obstinate old men who would never have to face a gun, or send them away to be slaughtered by the thousands defending other people's obsessions. The Chironians didn't fight that way..without dog, glides past the distracted hostess..Bernard noticed several young girls who couldn't have been much more than Marie's age wheeling or carrying babies, before he registered with a jolt that the babies were probably their own. Mixed with the shock of the realization came a twinge of relief that he had left lean and Marie at home. Explaining this was going to require some delicate handling. And the way Jay was eyeing the Chironian girls Spelled more trouble in store farther along the line. In some ways, looking back, the simple and orderly pattern of life aboard the Mayflower II had had its advantages, he was beginning to realize..brunette with the pink complexion and the twinkling blue eyes of a Nordic blonde. In her crisp.would actually tighten up a notch..".Logging on early," Waiters replied. "Merrick wants to talk to you for a minute before you go off duty. He told me to tell you to stop by the ECD. You can take off now and see him on the company's time." He moved over to the console and nodded at the array of screens. "How are we doing? Lots of wild and exciting things happening?"Jay shrugged. "All the things crazy people usually follow crazy leaders for, I guess..".Luki and I have the same last name, but that doesn't mean anything. It's not actually our father's name..packs of hunting theropods had eons ago circled too close to the treacherous bogs that swallowed them.vehicles, the trucker says,..safer in the dark..".Sirocco turned to Malloy, while in the background the last of the figures came through. "Okay, you know where to go. Hanlon should be there now with the others." Malloy nodded. "We'll make a soldier out of you yet," Sirocco said to Celia. "You're doing fine. Almost there now." Celia returned a thin smile but said nothing. She moved away with the others toward the far side of the compartment. Meanwhile Stanislaw had set up the compack and was already calling up codes onto the screen. He had practiced the routine throughout the day and was quickly through to the schedule of SD guard details inside the Government Center,..anger. Only anger had kept her going, and until recently she'd been reluctant to let it go..".Oh yes, of course." Shirley nodded. "That sounds pretty awful. Still, it's their business..".There's been one in the Battle Module," Brad told him, sounding out of breath. "A bunch of us tried to take over in there after the broadcast, but there were too many who figured that was the safest place to be and wouldn't quit. It was all we could do to get out..".reasons why that's an absurd idea..".making a connection with her. His stubborn persistence through the years had been motivated by..".For the status," lay said. Chang looked at him blankly. "It's okay," Rastus said. "As long as they pay for it..".blood of others was the staff of life..".Then her fingers fanned across her face. She hung her head. The new round of weeping was subdued..".It is," Adam agreed readily. "But modesty and self-effacement aren't the same thing either..".Sirocco had already known the story, but it would have been out of order to say anything. Stanislaw's transfer to D Company had followed an investigation o~ the mysterious disappearance from Brigade stores of tools ~and electrical spares that had subsequently appeared on sale in the Home Entertainment department of one of the shopping mart~..ready..".to choose between two doors, with deadly consequences if he opened the wrong one. Behind this door.wife as a client, you declared that you were his enemy. But he's such a good man, he wants to make you..".Serial killers," Curtis gasps, pointing toward the motor home, which is more than twenty vehicles behind.coming back to us one day? a year from now, two years?in a new body. It's safer that way..".to question the outrageous family portrait that the girl was painting for them..".Oh. Yeah. Nice things when you don't expect them. That makes them even better. You're right. Here's..".Well," he lied, "I'm not hiding anything under this one except a yellowed undershirt I should've thrown.Accompanied by dog snuffles and a flurry of fur, the motherless boy moves stealthily to the closet. The.rest against the toe of one of the boots. The parking-lot light is bright enough that from a distance of a..".Let's not start name-calling." Each time the politician's man flexed his fist, the fanged mouth widened on.If Preston Maddoc, alias Dr. Doom, was at home, his disinterest in his wife's extreme distress couldn't..".It's all very nice," Veronica

agreed, getting up from her chair in the large living room of the Kalenses' Columbia District home. "I'm sure you'll find somewhere wonderful." Veronica had been one of Celia's closest friends since the earliest days of the voyage. She had earned herself something of a dubious reputation in some circles by not only joining the ranks of the few women to have been divorced, but by staying that way, which for some reason that Celia had never quite fathomed endeared Veronica to her all the more as a companion and confidante. A restless spirit guides the organization from which he so reluctantly departed, then two squads of FBI. Because of the criminal stupidity and stupid criminality of California's elected officials, the state had. "I'm trying to find someone to confirm the rumors." "Scared shitless," Leilani agreed. Years and suffered like he did, and then just be gone as if he never lived. That's not right. Hell if it is. Hell, self, break out of the straitjacket, and all the rest, huh?" "Maybe." Previously been treacherous, arms pump-pump-pumping like the connecting rods on the driving wheels. Tanks filled, the transport pulls away from the pumps, but the driver doesn't return to the interstate. "My mother's a little nuts about all things Hawaiian." "Cut it," Colman grated. "You leave him out of it. If it's me you want, I'll take the three of you, but some other place. He's got nothing to do with this." "Howard Kalens, no doubt about it," Bernard Fallows was saying. "If we've only got two years to knock the place . . . into shape, he's just the kind of man we need. He knows what he stands for and says so without trying to pander to publicity-poll whims. And he's got the breeding for the position. You can't make a planetary governor out of any rabble, you know." Aunt Gen used a paper napkin to blot her brow. "Don't flatter yourself that I'm sweating with guilt. It's. After the Windchaser has been stopped for a couple minutes, it eases forward a few car lengths before. "Mama likes bad boys." Gummy-prickly safety glass. Dean Koontz. Or maybe the dog's sudden anxiety has nothing to do with the contents of the mirrored wardrobe. She. "Our ambassador would like to talk to you. It's not far." "True, but if we can get past this one, we might be able to clear out those ports from behind and at least make this place safer for bringing up heavy stuff to take out the second one." "Wanting to save your husband would be far from strange, and a noble sentiment indeed . . . if it were true. But is it true?" Colman grinned. "Good thinking. We were starting to talk shop." Re inclined his head to where Veronica was still talking animatedly between Kath's twin sons and evidently enjoying herself. "Somebody seems to be quite a hit over there." Carson made it last night with a chick at Canaveral. "Who says?" Driscoll demanded. All entrances into the Center itself were guarded. Sirocco had proposed dressing a squad in SD uniforms and marching Lechat and Celia openly up to the main door and brazening out an act of bringing in two legitimate fugitives after apprehending them. But Malloy had vetoed the idea on the grounds that the deception would never stand up to SD security procedures. Then Lechat had suggested a less dramatic and less risky method. As a regular customer of the Fran?oise for many years, he was a close friend of the manager and had spent many late nights discussing politics with the staff until way after closing. They all knew Lechat, and he was sure he could rely on them. The kitchens that serviced the restaurant from the level above also serviced the staff cafeteria in the Government Center, Lechat had pointed out. There had to be service elevators, laundry chutes, garbage ducts- something that connected through from the rear of the Fran?oise. A melodic voice arises from the radio, recounting the story of a lonesome cowpoke and his girlfriend in. Onward, quickly to the paved road, which leads north and south to points unknown. Either direction will. "It couldn't fire anyway," Kath replied. "Its modifications aren't completed yet. We've already told you that." Are this poor afflicted man's way of dealing with his loneliness, his disability, his pain. "I'm sorry, sir." The. The bathroom door has drifted half shut behind him, so he can't see the owners. They can't see him. Perhaps he had been hasty, and maybe just a little naive, when he and Eve had talked with Lechat, he admitted to himself. He still believed, as he had believed then, that the Terrans would melt quietly into the Chironian scheme in their own time if they were left alone to do so, but it was becoming apparent that not everybody was going to let them alone. He still couldn't see permanent Separatism as the answer either, but for the immediate future he would feel more comfortable at seeing somebody with a level-headed grasp of the situation in control- such as Lechat. On reflection, Pernak regretted his response to Lechat's plea for support. But it was far from too late for him to be able to change that. He didn't know exactly what he could do to help, but he was getting to know many Chironians and to understand a lot about their ways. Surely that knowledge could be put to some useful purpose. Jean was seeing things differently now, especially after Pernak described the opportunities at the university for her to take up biochemistry again- something that Bernard had long ago thought he had heard the last of. He turned his head to look into the room at where she was sitting on the Sofa below the wall screen, introducing Marie to the mysteries of protein transcription- diagrams courtesy of Jeeves- and grinned to himself; she was becoming even more impatient than he was. Some days had passed since he told her he was in touch with Colman again and that before the travel restrictions were tightened, Colman had often accompanied Jay on visits to their friends among the Chironians in Franklin, to which Jean had replied that it would do Jay good, and she wanted to meet the Chironians herself. Maybe there would even be a nice boyfriend there for Marie, she had suggested jokingly. "A nice one," she had added in response to Bernard's astonished look. "Not one of those teenage Casanovas they've got running around. The line stays right there." 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." Curtis shudders. His fevered imagination supplies numerous chilling possibilities for what was dislodged. Lechat didn't respond immediately. Eve Verity elaborated. "For over three centuries we've been struggling to reconcile old ideas about the distribution of wealth

with the new impact of high technology. The problem has always been that traditional conditioning processes for persuading people to accept the inevitability of finite resources get passed on from generation to generation as unquestioned conventional wisdoms until they start to look like absolute truths. Wealth was always something that had to be competed and fought for. When slaves and territory went out of style with technology becoming the main source of wealth, we continued to fight over it in the same way we'd always fought over everything else, and everybody thought that was inevitable and natural. They couldn't separate the old theories from the new facts." Eve took a sip from her wineglass, then continued, "But the Chironians never grew up with any of that brainwashing. They made a clean start with science and advanced technologies all around them and taken for granted, and they understand that new technologies create new resources ...without limit." As now, however, she sometimes showered without removing the brace. Afterward, she'd have to towel. A man and a woman lie in the bed, sleeping soundly. They snore in counterpoint: he an oboe with a split. "I can remember the one that first taught me to talk," Abdul said. "It's still operating today, up there on the Kuan-yin. But the ones you see today have changed a lot." Instead, she was reduced to the directness that she had been striving to avoid. "Does he?" she asked. She wore a silk or nainsook full-length slip with elaborate embroidery and ribbon lace on the wide. "Okay. Get back here when you're through." Leilani. Kath suggested a place in town called The Two Moons, which was where she and her friends usually went for entertainment and company, and was just the right distance for a refreshing walk on an evening like this. On the way they passed the house that Colman and his companions had stopped by earlier in the day, which prompted him to mention the painter's robot. "It looked as if it was learning the trade," Colman said. "Aunt Gen and Uncle Vernon owned a little corner grocery," Micky explained, "which is like being. Violators of visa privileges would face permanent exclusion. Chironian residents who failed to comply with the registration requirement after a three-day- grace period would be subject to expulsion and confiscation of their property for resale at preferential rates to Terran immigrants...sophistication on just a five-minute notice, and Curtis doubts that even five minutes have passed since the. Pocketing his keys, he walked away, past modest ranch-style houses with neatly trimmed lawns and. "And so smart," Aunt Gen said proudly, as if the girl were her daughter. "Micky, did you know she's got. would be crumpled wrappers from weird and unknown brands of candy discarded by traveling trolls or. time-distorting August heat, they were as silent as the trinity of flames bright upon the smokeless wicks. petroleum deposits in particular, as put forth locally in everything from textbooks to the Internet. Yet even. CHAPTER TWELVE. swooping manner, as though keeping time to a slow waltz that only she could hear, with her face raised. Noah pressed STOP on the remote control. "There's only more of the same." He took the videotape. "Okay, okay, Hoover." Rastus held up an apologetic hand. "You know I didn't mean it. You do a great job here. And the displays today are very artistic." His mother's death haunts him more than the other murders, in part because he saw her struck down. He. For bleak periods of her life, she'd been unable to entertain enough optimism to believe anyone might be. SWAT squad, but more accurately a SWAT platoon. Shiny black riot helmets. Shatterproof acrylic face. "Maybe you should try looking at it their way," Colman said. femur shorter than the left, and some bone fusion in his right foot. Sinsemilla has this theory that. wasn't there... and some other guy ...". house. "Maybe not so hard if you're honest with yourself." Noah had been so taken with her body and her. Stormbel was a short, stocky, completely bald man with pale, watery eyes and an expression that never conveyed emotion. A thin moustache pencil-lined his upper lip. He put his hands on his hips and stared for a few seconds at the gaping faces before him. "This Congress is dissolved," he announced in his thin but piercing, high-pitched voice. "The Mission is now under the direct command of the Military." He turned his head to Borftein "You are relieved of command of both the regular and Special Duty forces. Those functions are now transferred to me." "What's the name of this bar? Firewater and Philosophy?" "After you listen to country music all day.. 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." Next, the man grins at his reflection. This is not an amusing grin. Even viewed in profile, it's an. "If she was dumb enough not to, she wouldn't have been there in the first place," Juanita added, trying to be helpful. Stern's face darkened, and his mouth twisted into an ugly grimace. His suave veneer seemed to peel away as his eyes widened, and far an instant, even from where he was sitting, Bernard found himself looking directly into the depths of a mind that was completely insane. He shivered involuntarily. Beside him Celia gripped his arm. "General," Stern ordered. "Launch the missile in sixty seconds." Inside the server were vanilla ice-cream sundaes with chocolate sauce, toasted coconut, and crowning. Beyond the wide median strip, traffic races northeast toward Salt Lake City, with what seems like angry. "It's the master," Bernard said. "He's got overwrite privileges too. I just watched him try it." burning eternal. The motion of the Windchaser makes the moon appear to roll like a wheel.. And then those nearest the tunnel mouth raised their heads and exchanged puzzled looks. On the observation platform Jarvis peered over the parapet, hesitated for a moment, and then straightened up slowly. One by one the soldiers began lowering their weapons, and Jarvis came back down to the floor of the lock.. Leilani was gasping, not from exhaustion? she hadn't exerted herself that much? but because she was. punctuated by spells of bewildered placidity.. Driscoll sighed irritably. This was no time for long debates. "You don't understand," he said.. triumph. They have no hope who have no belief in the intelligent design of all things, but those who see. too? will sooner or later learn his whereabouts. Eventually they will get to him no matter in what deep. "He will. He doesn't like people much, unless they're dead. He isn't likely to chat you up across the. Bernard shook his head in a way that said he rejected the suggestion totally. "They wont they're not like that. They just don't think that way." "Maybe I was stupid because I wanted to be stupid." "He underestimated you. And I regret to admit, when I came to you, my expectations weren't terribly." "If a chip can do the job, a man's life is probably better spent doing something else anyway." "SO you're happy you can handle it," Bernard said.. "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?". "The proper authorities didn't nail the guy who killed Mrs. D's husband," Leilani said. "She had to track. Although the trucker looks vastly amused, this is, of course, purely sham amusement to cover his. without adding two half-used pieces of apple pie to the mix.. closer to the truth, so as she crossed the dark backyard, she distracted herself with a silly joke.. 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.. though he hadn't actually adopted me and Lukipela, we should start using his last name, but I still use the. "I try," Geneva said, "but my mind spins around it till I feel like something inside my head's going to fly. The snake wasn't huge, between two and three feet long, about as thick as a man's index finger, but. Extracting the cheese tray from the refrigerator, Micky said, "Are you cooking for a cellblock full of. alien queen, Geneva would smash through the door without hesitation, and kick butt.. "How else could it be?" Adam said when Colman asked him about it. "Sure they had to learn how to use a gun. You know what kids are like. The machines couldn't be everywhere all the time. Ask my mother about it, no I me.". Weathered stone sentinels loom like the Injuns who probably stood here to watch wagon trains full of. As a youth he had daydreamed about becoming an entertainer--a singer, or a comic, maybe--but he couldn't sing and he couldn't tell jokes, and somehow after his parents died within two years of each other halfway through the voyage, he had ended up in the Army. So now, though he still couldn't sing a note or tell a joke right, he knew just how to use an M32 to demolish a small building from two thousand yards, could operate a battlefield compack blindfolded, and was an expert at deactivating optically triggered anti-intruder personnel mines.. 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.. But she saw no blood, no ichor, no snake syrup of any kind. "I'm very pleased," Lechat murmured. Jay grinned, and Marie smiled at what was evidently good news.. Chang threw his cards down and leveled two black fingers across the table. "A Smith and Wesson beats five aces." He grinned and stood up. "Everybody set for another drink?" A chorus of assent rose around the table, and Chang moved away to the bar on the far side of the room.. behind her like the finished product of a snake-making machine.

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