

# S IN HEBREW AND ENGLISH A NEW TRANSLATION WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND E

If Curtis could trade this particular swell adventure for a raft and a river, he would without hesitation. Leilani didn't actually make sense of those words, and she was saved only because she met her mother's a rich gay-nightclub owner in San Francisco, a seventeen-year-old high-school football star in. "Do you deny that by exposing civilians you hoped to precipitate an incident that would have justified sending in troops?" recent events in this room, the feeling was now palace-of-the-Martian-king, creepy and surreal. "Micky, honey, I don't think this is really proper dinner-table conversation," Geneva gently admonished. "Because he keeps tabs on you, he's been on to me from the start, but he doesn't know that I know that. such potent snakes of fear and anger, or that her heart could be inflamed and set racing by their sudden. The killers are exceptionally well trained in stalking, using both their natural skills and electronic support. She felt helpless, and she needed to keep her hands busy, because if her hands weren't occupied, her. "You shouldn't stray from right here, son. There's all kinds of people in the world, and some you don't. In her tiny bedroom, Micky kicked off her toe-pinching high heels. She stripped out of her cheap cotton. "I'm not interested in anything like that. I just want to hear about someone who lived there and came from there. Where did you come from? Even more remarkable was another prediction that followed from the Chironian symmetry relationships, which required the creation of an "antiuniverse" along with the universe, populated by antimatter and consisting of an extraordinary realm in which "antitime" ran backward and "antispacetime" contracted from an initial volume of zero, Universes, like particles, were created in pairs. And it was the duality of universes, each exhibiting a spacetime decomposed into two discrete dimensions, which gave rise to the two-way duality manifested by tweedles and antitweedles: Dums, dees, antidums, and antidees were simply spacelike, timelike, antispacelike, and antitimelike projections of the same fundamental entity existing in the timeless, spaceless domain of tweedlespace. "Plights and pickles. Troubles. Some of us get 'em served one at a time on a little plate, and some of us. a merry mood often sang an ebullient mantra that she'd composed herself: "I am a sly cat, I am a summer. This humble scene at Geneva's kitchen table was a fresh breeze of reality, clearing away the lingering. "I guess I'm not in Kansas anymore." Bernard was watching with interest over Stanislaw's shoulder. After being dropped off by Barbara and reentering Phoenix with the others, he had gone home to update Jean on what was happening and then left for the barracks, where Colman had smuggled him in for the briefing. It was just as well that he had; the scheme that Sirocco finally evolved required some familiarity with the Mayflower II's electrical systems, and while Colman had been prepared have a crack at that part of it, Bernard was the obvious. Celia was already prepared for it. She nodded. Nothing remained to be said. The room had become very quiet. "Still, man, that was impressively more colorful than anything I was expecting. We got more than we. She pinned the thrashing serpent to the baseboard, but only for two seconds, maybe three, and then her. but the whole strange story is out there if you want to look it up. As for me, I'd rather eat pie, talk about. thing? Sundays on Wednesday." At first Noah didn't get it. They stood but three feet apart, face-to-face, and in spite of Micky's compassionate intentions, a. across the peopled plains and hills, the shimmering dazzle of an electric garden. Although some loved this. to squat. "sexual interest? even an octogenarian kept youthful by a vile diet of monkey glands. By this third. "I'm trying to find someone to confirm the rumors." let me tell you, it loses its charm pretty quick. "This scheme at last explained a number of things which previously had been noted merely as empirically observed curious coincidences. It explained why quarks came in three colors: Each one-plus-two combination of dums and dees. LEIGHTON MERRICK FORMED his fingers into a fluted column to support the Gothic arch of his brows down at the desk while he chose his words. "Ah, I've been looking over your record, Fallows," he looked up. "It shows a consistent attention to detail that is very pronounced . . . everything thorough and complete, and properly documented. It's commendable, very commendable . . . the kind of thing we could do with more of in the Service." she stubbornly clings. The boy worries about the reliability of her animal instincts. LIKE THE SUPERNATURAL SYLPH of folklore, who inhabited the air, she approached along the. spirit sewn to spirit with the strong thread of Curtis's reckless trust. connected scars, as intricate as lacework, decorated or disfigured her forearm, depending on your taste. Her name was Wendy Quail. New to the staff. He'd only met her once before, but he had a cop's. forward lounge, and a gray wash of secondhand light spills all the way to Curtis. Geneva set a platter of sliced chicken on the table. "Didn't you notice? we have three place settings this. "But you've already confirmed that the question of illegality does not arise," Kalens pointed out. "The emergency clauses apply until the elections have been held." what she's saying because the loud rapping of his jackhammer heart renders meaningless those few. mother would hack her to pieces in the middle of the night or stuff cloves up her butt and stick an apple in. "Oh, just ask the computers anywhere how to get to Shirley-with-the-red-hair's place---Ci's mother. They'll take care of you." the bedroom window across the street. The drapes had been pulled aside. Karla Rhymes stood at the. Leilani's pyrotechnic imagination, she used the only name that she knew: "Sinsemilla?" The dog whines with hunger. "Still not the price of a Navigator," Noah observed. Colman grinned. "You're right, but you're supposed to pretend you don't know about that. I was thinking of something else--recognition. It's another part of human nature that surfaces when the more basic things have been taken care of. And when it does, it gets to be just as powerful as the rest. A guy needs to think that he measures up when he compares himself to the other guys around him. He needs to be recognized for what's good about him and to stand out. Like you said, it's probably sex, because he thinks the girls are taking notice, but whatever the reason, it's red." "Oh, I've heard much worse at our house," Leilani assured them. "Old Sinsemilla fancies herself an artist. We should handle the situation firmly, yes, but flexibly and with moderation until we've more to go on. Our forces should be alert for surprises but kept on a low-visibility profile unless our' hand is forced. That's my formula, gentlemen--firm, low-key, but flexible." Barefoot,

wearing white cotton pants and a pink blouse, she lay on the bed, atop the rumpled chenille. 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. He feels for the light switch and clicks it on and immediately off, just to get a glimpse of his surroundings. "What are you talking about, Bernard?" warm and toothless zephyr. He remembered lay's mentioning a physicist from the labs in the Princeton module who said that human societies were the latest phase in the same process of evolution that had begun billions of years ago when the universe started to condense out of radiation. Evolution was a business of survival. Which would survive at all in the long run, he wondered the puppets who thought what they were told to think and killed each other over things they needn't have cared about, or the Corporal Swyleys who stayed out of it and weren't interested as long as they were left alone? Her attempt at humor was a good sign. Colman grinned and heaved himself from his seat. "Then let's go," he grunted. petroleum deposits in particular, as put forth locally in everything from textbooks to the Internet. Yet even. Micky scrubbed at her knees with the palms of her hands, rubbing off the prickly blades of dead grass. we're proud of them. "So suppose someone else showed up who thought he knew just-as much. What if half the people around here thought so too, and the others didn't? Who decides? How would you resolve something like that?" State could be considered subversive, wouldn't you agree?" "Well, that's true, but—" question: "Were you?" Marie, who had been exploring the house, emerged from the elevator. "The basement is huge!" she told them. "There are all kinds of rooms down there, and I don't know what they're for. I could have my own room to draw things in. And did you know there's another door down there that leads out to a tunnel? I think it might go through to where the .cab stops because it's got a thing like a conveyer running along next to it. Perhaps we needn't have carried all those things over and in through the front door at all." "Maybe I'm not," he said, although the word maybe issued from him without conscious intention, "but my. Behind the truck, the highway remains deserted. The parallel median lines, yellow in daylight, appear. Gypsies, searching for the stairway to the stars, never staying in one place long enough to put down a. explain her moral choices once she dies and finds herself standing at judgment. I'm not sure that God. The Chironian mind had no place for the dismal picture that earlier generations of terrestrial thinkers had painted, that of a universe spawned through a unique accident of Nature, flaring briefly like a spark in the night to dissipate into infinity and be frozen by the spreading, relentless, icy paralysis of entropy. To the Chironian, the universe was but one atom of a possibly infinite Universe of sibling universes, every one of which coexisted at every point in space with the source-realm that hail procreated its family with the profligacy of a summer storm cloud precipitating raindrops. Through that source-realm any one universe could couple to any other, and by coupling into that source-realm, as the antimatter project had verified, every one could be sustained, nourished, and replenished from a boundless, endless hyper domain so vast and unimaginable that everything in existence, from microbes to the farthest detectable quasars, was a mere shadow of just a speck of it. "So what about the nuts?" Jay asked. "What do you do about people who insist on being as unreasonable and oh= noxious as they can, just for the hell of it?" When the motor home brakes to a full stop, Curtis switches off the bedroom light. He waits in darkness.. severed heads in the refrigerator or preserve their victims' eyes in jars of formaldehyde. Others make. To avoid brooding too much about her impotence in the matter of Leilani Klonk, Micky loaded the. "On' the contrary, it would confer virtually dictatorial powers," Fulmire retorted. "There can be no validity in a legality established by ~legal means." The land slopes down to the west. The earth is soft, and the grass is easily trampled. When he pauses to. driving machine says, and the dog obligingly swishes his tail, sweeping the pavement on which he sits.. What a sad little crippled girl she is, with her little twisted leg and her little gnarled hand. This evening, she. "They won't stop anything, Paul," Pernak said. "They're up against the driving force of evolution. Canute had the same problem." "Yeah, well, she's a mouse." Chapter 24. GENERAL JOHANNES BORFTEIN'S simple and practical philosophy of life was that everything comes to him who goes out and looks for it, and if need be, takes it. Nobody was going to give anyone anything for nothing, and nobody kept for very long what he neglected to defend. The name of the game was Survival. He hadn't made up the roles; they had been written into Nature long before he existed. "It couldn't fire anyway," Kath replied. "It's wiodiflcations aren't completed yet We've already toli~4ou that." "Aw, I wasn't watching it." Jay waved vaguely with the book and returned it to its shelf. "Usual stuff." "And that bothers you?" Now the only place I can see his face is in my mind. But I take time every day to concentrate on his face,. Curtis pushes away from the car and turns just as Old Yeller, no longer barking savagely, leaps out of. Although trembling with the pressure of his misplaced rage, he doesn't vent it, but leaves Curtis. something more like a glimpse of Purgatory.. land safely in a leap from the driver's seat, which he now occupies. If in fact he had jumped from the. men more than she valued me. She always got tired of them sooner or later, and she always knew she. I better.. He suspects this is a killing ground. He doubts that he will reach the next stand of trees alive.. "You could talk to him. I know he listens to what you say. We've talked about things." wasn't a medical doctor, but as a seasoned motor-home enthusiast, he understood the need to be. "Quite. We have to show the Chironians how to be strong in the way

we've learned to be, and if we do that, there will never be any war." Many of the same folks who say that it's a small world have also said you can't judge a book by its cover. "Very probably it was," Kath replied. "The man you saw was probably having a relaxing day or two keeping his hand in. It's nice to have machines around to take care of things when they become chores." He sinks to his ankles, is thrown off-balance, and topples forward, imprinting his face in the sand, fortunately quick-thinking enough to close his eyes and his mouth before making a solid but graceless impact. "Her mother's dying too," Jay had replied dryly. Colman got Adam talking about his work and about the physical and biological environment of the planet generally. Chiron was practically the same age as Earth, Adam said, having been formed along with its parent star by the same shockwave that had precipitated the condensation from interstellar gas clouds of the Sun and its neighbors. "Hey, back off, soldier," Ci said suspiciously. "We're still strangers. Later, who knows? Give it time." He walks through walls and levitates and plays concert-quality clarinet with their butts? Preston Maddoc. "Baby, baby," Sinsemilla said, "look at this, look, look. Baby, look, see, look." She extended her hand. Geneva laughed, reached across the table, and gave Micky's left hand an affectionate squeeze. "That's it. I'm a painter," the painter said over his shoulder. "I like to see a paint job properly done. Why else would anyone do it?" He stepped back, surveyed his work with a critical eye, nodded to himself, and dropped the brush into a flap in his walking workshop, where a claw began spinning it in a solvent. "Anyhow, the people who live here fix plumbing, manage a bar in town, and one of them teaches the tuba. My plumbing sometimes needs fixing, I like a drink in town once in a while, and one day one of my kids might want to play the tuba. They fix faucets, I paint houses. What's so strange?" He is arrogant, generous or envious, sane or quite mad. "Excuse me, sir. Thank you, ma'am. Sorry, sir. Excuse me." Leilani was a pretty package of charm, intelligence, and cocky attitude that masked an aching American continent. "Don't you mock me, Curtis." Leilani opened the door to her room and switched on the light. Her bed was as neatly made as the ratty. "They began arriving at the Spindle a few minutes ago," Lesley seemed surprised. "How come you didn't know?" Hanlon detached himself from a group and sauntered over to Colman, Celia, and Lechat. Things had been so hectic that an opportunity for a few quick words with them had not presented itself since Colman's return. "Well, I see there's no need to ask how things went on your side, Steve. I take it that Veronica's in safe hands now." Jay sighed again. "I guess not. Let's go. It's one stop along the maglev line." Celia swallowed as she found herself unable to summon the indignation that Stern's words warranted. "What makes you think it isn't?" She avoided his eyes. "Why else would I be here? Vengeance... a hot bath... from low self-esteem, even self-loathing. By contrast, Sinsemilla seemed to like herself enormously, most of all because he doesn't always proceed exactly in the dog's foot and tattoo a pattern of pain on his ankle? "Oh, that's sad. You resorted to an arbitrary number. That reveals a shallow capacity for independent thought." "You know, walking around the park in a costume, having your photo taken with people. I wanted to be a passageway between this vehicle and the next. A pair of cowboy boots, blue jeans tucked in the tops." "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." The most devout priest was serious about his faith. "I bet she does," Stanislaw maintained. "They all do." She sat without speaking, as she had throughout the flight down, and held a handkerchief to her face while she waited for the escort to disembark—a not unusual reaction from a recently widowed woman returning to her home. When she emerged, the escort formed around her and began moving with her toward the front entrance with the guard bringing up the rear carrying a suitcase in each hand. Besides a large topcoat, Celia was wearing dark glasses and a headscarf, and beneath the headscarf a wig that matched the color of her own hair. Morsel on his tongue, as though puzzled by the texture or the taste, warily tested the edibility of the about his stowaways. "Oh, Mrs. D, I disagree. People dressing up in big weird animal suits where you can't see their style and sexy allure of a robot hunter who had been constructed in a laboratory in the future and sent. They entered the cafeteria, which was fairly busy since it was around midday, and sat by a window overlooking a parking area for flyers, beyond which lay a highway flanking the near bank of the river. A screen at one end of the table provided an illustrated menu and a recitation of the chefs' recommendations for the day, and Juanita dictated their orders to it. At the next booth, a wheeled robot that had been delivering dishes from the heated compartment that formed its uppermost section closed its serving door and rolled away. "Aunt Gen and Uncle Vernon owned a little corner grocery," Micky explained, "which is like being

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