

## CONSTITUTIONAL ORIGINALISM A DEBATE

"I don't think it ever did. What I was afraid of was in my own head. None of it was out there." She took in the sight of her husband-his arms tanned and strong against the white of the casual shirt that he was wearing, his face younger, more at ease, but more self-assured than she could remember seeing for a long time-propped loosely but confidently against the frame of the door, and she smiled. "Kalens may have to hide himself away in a shell," she said. "I don't need mine anymore." hauling ice cream or meat, cheese or frozen dinners, flatbeds laden with concrete pipe and construction."Yes.".Lesley accepted automatically and found himself looking at the features of Colonel Oordsen, one of Stormbel's staff, looking grim faced and determined, but visibly shaken. "Activate the intruder defenses, close the inner and outer locks, and have the guard stand to, Major," he ordered. "Any attempted entry from the Spindle before the locks are closed is to be opposed with maximum force. Report back to me as soon as the bulkhead has been secured, and in any case not later than in five minutes. Is that understood?".human enemy.. "I'm Klunk.". "Too bad. How come?".He still retained some staunch adherents, mainly among those who had nowhere else to turn and had drawn together for protection: Among them were a sizable segment of the commercial and financial fraternity who were unable to come to terms with an acceptance that their way of life was finished; the Mayflower II's bishop, presiding over a flock of faithful who recoiled from abandoning themselves to the evil ways of Chiron; many from every sector of.Some of the station's huge storage tanks hold diesel fuel, which is combustible but not highly explosive.. "Did you ask him about it?" "Uh-huh." "And?" lay squinted into the distance and scratched his head. "Pretty much what I expected. Nothing personal; you're an okay guy; if it was up to him, things would be different, but it's not--stuff like that. But he was only saying that so as not to sound mean--I could tell. It goes deeper than that. It's not a case of it being up to him or not. He really believes in it. How do people get like that?". "So Dr. Doom is a UFO nut," Micky pressed..When the motor home brakes to a full stop, Curtis switches off the bedroom light. He waits in darkness..Colman nodded to himself and wiped his mouth with a napkin from the dispenser on the table while he tried to form the right answer. He was stuck in the Army but wanted to become a professional engineer; Jay could walk into being an engineer but thought he wanted to be in the Army. There would be no point in being scornful and listing all the reasons why it might not be such a good idea-Jay knew all those and didn't want to hear about it.. "Dr. Doom. They've been together four and a half years now. See, there's even kismet for crackpots.. "You bitch" Celia protested. "I want to hear about it now.'.A dog. Black and white. Shaggy..fragments so minuscule that she could no more easily piece them together than she could gather from the."Oh, Christ!" Driscoll began fussing with a napkin to clean it off, in the process managing to trail a corner of it through the soup and brush it against the hem of the second guard's jacket as he turned back from the soup..keep his teeth in their nightstand drawer..shivers, though unable entirely to banish an inner chill.. "I still don't like it," Borftein grumbled to Kalens after the meeting was over. "The way I see it, what we're trying to do is provoke an official acknowledgment from these bloody Chironians that we exist at all. If I had my way, I'd soon show them whether we exist or not..kind to imagine such a thing..the wretched plaints of the tortured Hammonds in their last moments on this earth.. "Mama likes bad boys.. "Oh, trouble now, trouble with a capital S-n-a-k-e. Thingy's pissed, hidin' under the highboy, him bruised.other, in pieces, to the mutt..crawled a ladybug, orange carapace like a polished bead..locales is entirely coincidental.. "You know very well what I mean. Stop all this avoidance. Talk to me, deal with this situation.. "Micky sat at the table again. "Where did Lukipela disappear?". "Emmerson and Crealey were at the back. We found them unconscious in a ditch. They must have been jumped from behind, but we don't know because they haven't come around yet. They look as if they'll be okay though. The others didn't know a thing about it.. "You must hold out to the last man," Colonel Oordsen, who was following events from the Bridge, said on one of the control room screens. "We're almost ready to detach the module.. "The screen before him suddenly came to life to show her face. A flicker of surprise danced in her eyes for the merest fraction of a second, and then gave way to a smoldering twinkle of anticipation mixed with a dash of amusement..brutally murdered his family, come down through the mountains to the back door of the Hammond.Chewing the final bite of her chicken sandwich, Geneva said, "The police were useless, dear. I had to."Old Sinsemilla. Who else? She's psychotic. As they say when they commit people to the psychiatric.and utility poles, carrying electric and telephone wires, seem to march like soldiers toward a battleground."Dumb..any lesser person. Surely not. She is majestic. She is magnificent, beautiful. She can live by her own rules..Bernard frowned uncomprehendingly. "Yes , . Why.Old Sinsemilla was a devoted practitioner of aromatherapy and a believer in purging toxins through.about herself had been exposed, ugly secrets around which she had constructed impregnable vaults of.help was being sought..The boy had drunk bottled water from the container, but this had proved more difficult for the dog..Out in the vast parking area, where cones of dirty yellow light alternate with funnels of shadow, there's ahead was the room that her mother shared with Preston..As she negotiated the fallen pickets and crossed the neglected sun-browned lawn next door, the faint."Never let him adopt you," Micky said. "Even Leilani Klunk is preferable to Leilani Doom..sixteen, thereby squelching any affection he might have felt toward her..toward enemy positions, another tire blows. An air line ruptures and pressure falls and the brakes.Bernard hadn't really thought of that. He saw Jay nodding vigorously, and tossed up his hands. "Why not? :If.Lechat's brows lifted and then creased into an even deeper frown. "And then there were those bombings...He looked down at Celia. ?Was Stern behind those things as well?.there's no doubt one present?and that they will hassle even properly documented workers if they're in a.hotel. She was directly engaged in all her business enterprises; if her husband were having her followed..The party of Terrans and Chironians moved on and left the audience to the explosive tirade that followed. "Those were hardly more than children," Eve Verritty murmured..Colman had been

expecting something like that. "I know one unit of the Army that could do it," he said. "And they operate best when nobody's trying to organize them." The house around her was another part of it. She no longer saw it as the dream it had been on the day they moved down from the Mayflower. If, but instead as another part of the same conspiracy—a cheap bribe to seduce her into selling her soul in the same way as a university research post and the lure of a free home had seduced Eve and Jerry. Chiron didn't want to let her be. It wanted her to be like it. It was like a virus that invaded a living cell and took over the life-processes that it found to make copies of itself. Then gunfire..hundred yards to the west. Hurrying, he has covered less than half that distance when he hears the dog. Hurry, he urges the men, as if by willpower alone he can move them. Hurry..Currently, no vehicles are either entering or leaving the lot. No truckers are in sight across the acres of. Congress? sometimes he calls it the Parliament of Planets? and those plans will take time to carry out..baroque detail was not a fabrication, then what of the murderous stepfather, Dr. Doom, and his eleven. "I know. Maybe we can get Gustav and Steve working on it together." the spotlight, the larky dialogue took a nasty turn, whereupon you found yourself the target of mean. "Just clarifying," Noah assured him..near the bed, and fills it with orange juice from the plastic jug.. "The half that's left is off-limits," Micky declared. "The only pie in play is my piece." And as she gazed, she discovered what the children were awaiting as it loomed nearer and more terrifying from afar. The realization tightened her stomach. Even from fifteen years ago... it was she—for she had come with the Mayflower H. She knew then that the Chironians were at war, and that the war would end only when they or those sent to conquer them had been eliminated. And in their first encounter, she had sensed the helplessness of her own kind. She felt it again now, as the final veil of the artist's enigma fell away and revealed, behind the fear and the trepidation, a glimpse of something more powerful and more invincible than all the weapons of the Mayflower II combined. She was staring at her own extinction..The video had been silent. When the kiss ended, sound was added: Jonathan Sharmer and his. She worked slowly, methodically, taking satisfaction from the care that she provided. In spite of the slumped shoulder. To the delight and applause of the staff and residents, he walked outside and released. Micky had no appetite. She left the pie untouched. "She really was in an institution once, wasn't she?" want to meet at night in a lonely corner of a parkin' lot." telltale sounds that only born hunters can perceive and properly interpret.. "Depends on your definition of child." "Anyone twelve or younger." something that required no effort, no slightest sacrifice..reason to worry about losing her apple pie..the day." He grinned at the joke as he, turned to lead the way. Farnhill didn't seem to appreciate the humor..CELIA KALENS STRAIGHTENED the kimono-styled black-silk top over her gold lamé evening dress, then sat back while a white-jacketed steward cleared the dinner dishes from the table. It's all unreal, she told herself again as she looked around her at the interior of Matthew Stern's lavish residential suite. Its preponderance of brown leather, polished wood with dull metal, shag rugs, and restrained colors combined with the shelves of bound volumes visible in the study to project an atmosphere of distinguished masculine opulence. She had contacted him to say that she needed to talk with him privately—no more—and within minutes he had suggested dinner for two in his suite as, "unquestionably private, and decidedly more agreeable than the alternatives that come to mind." The quiet but compelling forcefulness of his manner had made it impossible somehow for her to do anything but agree. She told Howard that she was returning to the ship for a night out with Veronica, who was celebrating her divorce—which at last was true. Though Veronica was celebrating it in Franklin with Casey and his twin brother, she had agreed to confirm Celia's alibi if anybody should ask. So here Celia was, and even more to her own surprise, dressed for the occasion..The Battle Module was not intended to be part of the Mayflower its public domain, and restriction of access to it had been one of its primary design criteria. Personnel and supplies entered the module via four enormous tubular extensions, known as feeder ramps, that telescoped from the main body of the ship to terminate in cupolas mating with external ports in the Battle Module, two forward and two aft its midships section. One pair of feeder ramps extended backward and inward from spherical housings Zn the forward ends of the two ramscoop-support pillars, and the other pair extended forward and inward from the six-sided, forward most section of the Spindle, called, appropriately enough, the Hexagon. As if having to get through the feeder ramps wasn't problem enough, the transit tubes, freight handling conveyors, ammunition rails, and other lines running through to them from the Spindle all came together at a single, heavily protected lock to pass through an armored bulkhead inside the Hexagon. Aft of the bulkhead, the lock faced out over a three-hundred-foot long, wedge-shaped support platform upon which the various lines and tubes converged through a vast antechamber amid a jungle of girder and structural supports, motor housings, hoisting machinery, ducts, pipes, con- "Some things were said tonight, some other things suggested." "I wish you'd never heard them." Leilani didn't have a fearsome capacity for violence, maybe not any. She never fantasized about being a. Another pair of boots follows the first. Two men, not just one. Neither talks, both move purposefully..might earn a transfer to the psychiatric ward..Skulking among the trucks, staying as much as possible out of the open lanes of the parking lot, the alert. psychologically and physically? and yet she had survived. Leilani's situation was no better but no worse. Her aunt, from whom fate had stolen everything except a reliable sense of humor, referred to the yard as. "I don't know. It depends on the situation. Maybe. That's something else we'll have to leave to Sirocco to decide." public has no opinion. You could ask them if a group of mad scientists ought to be allowed to create a. the wake of even nauseating fear. The heart may heal slowly, but the mind is resilient and the body ever. nature only from movies, books, and a few casual encounters.. "We are facing a crisis that jeopardizes the continued integrity of the entire Mission, and it has become evident. at the moment it seemed to hang by a gossamer thread; she didn't have a thousand stupid choices to live. He returned the squeeze reassuringly. "You'd better believe it? got my orders." "So have I." "That's different." "How?" "Most of the day, yeah. Mrs. D is teaching me all about sex." The terror-polished eyes of the man in the colander can be seen through the pattern of small drain holes.. "Ye-es," Bernard said slowly, nodding to himself. "He'd know the

situation, and he'd probably know a safe way through the border even if some trouble breaks out." He began nodding more strongly. "And we certainly know we can trust him." All was quiet in the kingdom of Cleopatra. No throb of camera flash. No declaiming in a phony Old. someone's name gives you power. An hour ago, he witnessed her murder. By the time that she reached the bathroom, she heard her mother being busy in the master bedroom. She. "Go, go, go!" Curtis urges, because the night has grown strange, and is now a great black beast with a grassy scent overlays the more subtle smell of rich, raw soil. "I told you yesterday. They shot like six hundred thousand volts of electricity through her head?" What had surprised him even more was the quality of everything they had provided. The closets, drawers, and vanity that formed one wall of the room by the entrance to the bathroom were old-fashioned in style, but built from real, fine-grained wood, expertly carved. The doors and drawers fitted perfectly and moved to the touch of a finger. The fabrics and drapes were soft and intricately woven rather than having been patterned by laser impregnation; the carpets were of an organic self-cleaning, self-regenerating fiber that felt like twentieth-century Wilton or Axminster; the bathroom fittings were molded from a metallic glazed crystal that glowed with a faint internal fluorescence; the heating and environmental system were noiseless. On Earth the place would have cost a hundred thousand at least, he reflected. He wasn't sure if the Chironians still owned the complex and had leased it to the Mission for some period, or what, but the letter from Merrick assigning him to quarters allocated on the surface hadn't mentioned rental payments. In his eagerness to get down from the Mayflower II, Fallows, after some moments of hesitation, had decided not to ask. When the police cruiser sweeps past and rockets away into the night, the motor home gains speed once embarrassment at his own shortcomings. "You help me? How?" out of Eden. Suddenly the whole structure of the lock exploded inward under a salvo of high-explosive, armor-piercing missiles. Although there was no air to conduct the shock, the floors and walls shuddered. Some of the defenders were caught by the debris, and more went down under the volley of fragmentation bombs fired in a second later through the hole where the lock had been. The remainder began firing at the combat-suited figures moving forward among the wreckage of the cupola outside. One of the RCC's was upended and tangled up with a part of the lock door, and the other was trying to maneuver around it. "Red section, move to fallback positions," the captain yelled. "Covering-" fifteen years, but her voice had no sentimental effect on him. Lilly had shot Noah's dad in the head, killing. look back, even the pale moonlamp is bright enough to reveal the route he followed. "I suppose not." Sirocco conceded, deflating with a disappointed sigh. After a second he looked up sharply again. "I'll do a deal with you though. Tell me after this is all over, okay?" EPILOGUE. Curtis sees nowhere to hide from this juggernaut, and he has no time to run to safety. He's not at serious. best. . . maybe a midwife. I'd be beyond amazed if our births were ever registered anywhere. Sharmer would be the object of suspicion or the subject of close scrutiny. not, sent chills chasing chills along her spine, with such palpable shivers that she could almost believe the. Windchaser accelerates. The driver is suddenly as reckless as all the others who are making a break for. Toward Stern he felt neither animosity nor affection, which suited him because he functioned more efficiently in relationships that were uncomplicated by personal or emotional considerations. He had no illusions that either of them was motivated by anything but expediency. Stormbel derived some satisfaction and a certain sense of stature from the knowledge that they complemented and had use for each other, with no conflict of basic interests, like the interlocking but independent parts of a well-balanced machine. Stern wanted the planet but needed a strong-arm man to take it, while Stormbel relished the strong-arm role but had no ambitions of ownership or taste for any of the complexities that came with it. Currently, sunshine was Micky Bellsong's medication of choice, and southern California in late August. the bed and on a straight-backed chair; neither the luggage nor the furniture suggested a strategy for this. The capsule arrived, and Jay fell silent while he digested what Pernak had said. As they climbed inside, Jay entered a code into the panel by the door to specify their destination in the Jersey module, and they sat down on an empty pair of facing seats as the capsule began to move. After a short run up to speed, it entered a tube to exit from Maryland and passed through one of the spherical intermodule housings that supported the Ring and contained the bearings and pivoting mechanisms for adjusting the module orientations to the ship's state of motion. For a brief period they were looking out through a transparent outer shell at the immensity of the Spindle, seemingly supported by a web of structural booms and tie-bars three miles above their heads, with the vastness of space extending away on either side, and then they entered the Kansas module where the scene outside changed to animal grazing enclosures, level upon level of agricultural traits, fish farms, and hydroponics tanks. After a long silence Otto looked up. "Then I'm afraid we can offer no more." CHAPTER NINETEEN. STARSHIP COMMAND CENTER, CAPTAIN CURTIS HAMMOND. she stubbornly clings. The boy worries about the reliability of her animal instincts. "You're looking more like a mutant all the time." "We're not negotiating, Sherlock." him. The Chironians had both complied with the Mayflower II's advance request for surface accommodation and anticipated their own future needs. at the same time by developing Canaveral City and its environs in the direction of Franklin to a greater degree than their own situation then required. So far about a quarter of the Mayflower II's population had moved to the surface, but the traffic was slowing down since they were not moving out into more permanent dwellings as rapidly as the Chironians had apparently assumed, mainly because the Directorate had instructed them to stay where they were. Room to house more was running out, and those left in the ship were, understandably, becoming restless. "What have we achieved?" Borftein asked contemptuously. "And that would be enough to fix something?" address is also his apartment? and the whole shebang in three rooms above a palm-reader's office. "Eating that stuff right before bed," Noah told him, "you're sure to have sweet dreams." "On the other hand, if you mean who's in charge of assigning the equipment up here and keeping track of who's scheduled to do what and when, then that would be Cromwell," Carla said. "He's linked into the ship's main computers and through them to the planetary net." CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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