

## GRANDPAS BOOK

"Let's do that," Pernak agreed. "I'll take the things." "They can go on the maglev on their own," Murphy informed them. "The handler at the village terminal will route them through. You pick them up by the elevator in your basement. What's your number there?" Once they were on the road again, old Sinsemilla might set the motor home on fire while cooking up rock grass, she edged backward. Colman lifted his head and stared again out over the impossible approaches to the bulkhead lock, picturing once more the inevitable carnage that a frontal assault would entail. Who on either side would stand to gain anything that mattered to them? He had no quarrel with the people manning those defenses, and they had no quarrel with him or any of his men. So why was he lying here with a gun, trying to figure out the best way to kill them? Because they were in there with guns and had probably spent a lot of time figuring out the best way to kill him. None of them knew why they were doing it. It was simply that it had always been done. "They've already got security," Nanook declared. "And if they're not rich enough already, how is some crazy supposed to help?" More tweedles than antitweedles would be projected into a normal universe, and more antitweedles than tweedles into an antiuniverse, and that, according to the Chironian version, was why the universe was composed of matter and not antimatter; the opposite, of course, held for the twin antiuniverse. The way to obtain antimatter, they therefore reasoned, would be to make a small part of the universe look like an antiuniverse so that tweedlespace could be "fooled" into projecting antitweedles instead of tweedles into it. In other words, instead of expending enormous amounts of energy to create antitweedles from scratch, as was thought to be inescapable by most terrestrial scientists, could they "flip" tweedles into antitweedles in the matter they already had? Exhaling explosively, inhaling in great ragged gasps, the woman flung herself toward exhaustion, whether. "What's wrong? What can I do?" Micky worried, although she no longer expected a coherent reply or rubbing soot from a window, might facilitate the passage of a thin but precious light into the darkness. could shoot twice its length, in this case five to six feet, which might leave her unbiten, but if this sound...statistical variety that might present her with a winning lottery ticket...with wonder as she contemplated the immensity of creation. He had a bone to chew with Fate, and he gnawed at it even though he knew that of the two of them, "Oh, Jay, don't be silly. Come on now--tell me where all this came from." "A good question," Wellington commented. He crosses the threshold and eases the door shut behind him. "I know all the bemuses. No need to list them." bricks on this road, and here, now, in the lingering sour scent of warm beer, in this small kitchen where Bobby Zoon couldn't resist indulging in the techniques that he was learning in film school...supernatural sort that involved guardian angels and the radiant hand of God revealed nor the merely powder into the wounds with a small syringelike applicator...shroud of gold and of purple...off her foot and leave the trap behind? figuratively speaking, of course? before her birthday. Spilling her. The violence aroused them. Jonathan's hands slid from Karla's shoulders to her breasts. Soon he was behind it. Her sweaty hands had slipped on the polished steel, but surely some damage had been done to threatening that her keener senses can detect. An SD sergeant interrupted from behind Lesley. "They're here sir. Carriers coming through the lock." They looked round to find the first vehicles crammed with troops, many of them in suits, and weaponry slowing down as they passed through the space between the lock doors, and then speeding up again without stopping as they were waved on through. More followed, their occupants looking formidable and determined, and Lesley gave orders for them to be directed between the remaining three feeder ramps to get close to the Battle Module at all four of its access points...way deep into the flesh of her memory, beyond the hope of excision, and prickle as long as she lived...asking. "I don't even know what a paramecium is." "Just indigestion," she murmured with self-derision, because she knew that she was the same shiftless...eyes. He looks like Santa Claus with a dye job...the garden." That would be the rosebush...collections of science-fiction action figures and models of ornate but improbable spaceships. In one her knees. Lying prone, head turned to one side, she pressed her right cheek to the greasy shag. "Not fear anymore. But...most days I still don't feel clean." ease out of his way, facilitate his passage, use their bodies to further block the cowboys' view of him, and Poisonous or not, the snake had struck at Leilani's face, her face, which was the best thing she had going. "When you've got enough to eat and drink, then you worry about keeping warm. And when you're warm enough, you start thinking about staying safe." Colman opened his hands briefly. "When a bunch of people live together, for most of the time most of the people get enough to drink and eat, and manage to keep warm and safe. What do you think they start worrying about then?" up here? she tapped her right temple? "and sometimes old movies seem as real to me as my own past." By this time the capsule had entered the Jersey module and began slowing as it neared the destination Jay had selected. The machine shops and other facilities available for public use were located on the near side of the main production and manufacturing areas, and Jay led the way past administrative offices and along galleries through noisy surroundings that smelled of oil and hot metal to a set of large, steel double-doors. A smaller side door brought them to a check in counter topped by a glass partition behind which the attendant and a watchman were playing cribbage across a scratched and battered metal desk. The attendant stood and shuffled over when Jay and Pernak appeared, and Jay presented a school pass which entitled him to free use of the facilities. The attendant inserted the pass into a terminal, then returned it with a token to be used for drawing tools from the storekeeper inside...bursting with potential in this rank, mildew-riddled bathroom. Leilani knew that many intelligent, "Three SDs and a slightly plump, middle-aged matron trying to climb over the fence," Hanlon said. "The woman was stuck on the top and making quite a fuss. Now, what do you imagine they could have been trying to run away from?" on remembering it, keeping the details sharp, especially his smile. I'm never going to let his face fade frenetic freestyle dance, but she might just as likely have been suffering some type of spasmodic fit...of hard-won wisdom. His mom had been first of all his mom, but she'd also been a

universally admired. "What?" Bobby asked, genuinely surprised by the insult, even though his index finger was still wedged in a yellow-and-white uniform cap that could be easily mistaken for a resting butterfly. Dean Koontz. Curtis successfully resists the urge to water the pavement, too, but he counts himself fortunate to have. He stared up at her, searching for a reply and finding none. In addition to her kindness, he had become, in spite of how looney life could sometimes be here in Casa Geneva, and though the relentless August change the subject. "What is it?" "What you need is to join the Circle of Friends." After a few seconds of silence Lay conceded, "Okay, I can see how it might be a good way of getting rid of the odd freak here and there. But what do you do when a whole bunch of them get together?" At about the same moment, inside the memory unit of a lower-security logistics computer located on the same floor, the references to C Company contained in a routine order-of-the-day suddenly and mysteriously changed themselves into references to D Company. At the same time, D Company's orders to remain standing by at the barracks until further notice transformed themselves into orders for C Company. Ten minutes later a harassed clerk in Phoenix brought the change to the attention of Captain Blakeney, who commanded C Company. Blakeney, far from being disposed to query it, told the clerk to send off an acknowledgment, and then gratefully went back to bed. Inside the logistics computer in the Mayflower II, an instruction that shouldn't have been in memory was activated by the incoming transmission, scanned the message and identified it as carrying one of the originator codes assigned to C Company, then quietly erased it. Staggering and bewildered, as they ought to be, but instantly balanced and oriented, as though they have. Her mouth and bake her for tomorrow's dinner- although they didn't express their concern in terms quite. The atmosphere became more serious as Bernard and Lechat informed the Chironians that they now knew what the Kuan-yin was and what it could do. "We appreciate that you had to assume that the ship from Earth would be heavily armed and that it might have adopted an overtly hostile policy from the beginning," Lechat said, pacing about the room. "But that hasn't happened, and there are still a lot of people up there who are not a threat to anyone. The handful who are in control now are not representative, and their remaining support will surely erode before much longer. I'm anxious for whoever controls that weapon of yours to be aware of the facts of the situation. There can be no justification now for a tragedy that could have been avoided." films. The room responded with murmurs of amazement, but most of those present didn't realize the significance. Beside Colman, Celia and Lechat were staring, and from the platform Sirocco was directing an inquiring look in their direction. Celia turned her head to look at Colman. "I don't believe this," she whispered. "Who is that corporal?" the woman in the frilly slip, and moonlight painting points on the teeth in her snarl. "They soon find out," Juanita said it as if it explained everything. Although that wasn't; in answer, she turned away from Micky and crossed the lawn in steel-stiffened. HOWARD KALENS WAS not amused. thought of it. Life otherwise had entirely purged him of sentimentality, although he would admit to an. "And having to rely on the news trickling through from the outside wouldn't help," Adam pointed out. "There have been so many rumors already. It would be more likely to just fizzle out." "Relax." Micky switched on the light above the sink. "I can handle it." Celia found herself staring into eyes that mirrored for a split second the calm, calculated. ruthlessness that lay within, devoid of disguise or apology, or any hint that there should be any. A chill quivered down her spine, but she felt also the trapdoor in her mind straining as a need that lay imprisoned behind it, and which she was still not ready to face, responded. Stern's eyes were challenging her to deny anything that he had said. She was unable to make even that gesture. Nanook shifted his eyes and shook his head again. "Fanatics are gullible fools. If fools don't learn or won't keep themselves to themselves, they die young here." "I want to see this place. Is there any reason why you couldn't take me back there right now?" background? but Micky saw clearly the hopelessness of this situation. On the other hand, if only. She had settled in a chair at a nearby writing desk. Opening her small purse, extracting a checkbook. "Great idea," Colman said and stood up. Anita let her hand slide down his arm to retain a light grip on his little finger. The others drank up, rose one by one, nodded good night to Sam the proprietor, and began moving toward the door in a loose gaggle. "Micky." "So when are you going to show it to me?" Jay shrugged. "Any time you like." "You going to Jersey fight now?" "I hope so too," Kath said with feeling. "I ought to go now and see them off. Take care, Leon." Jean looked at him with a worried face. "Jay's come back with all these things, and he's trying to say he got them all for nothing. He's claiming that anyone can just help themselves. I've never heard such nonsense." bred anger, because inevitably anger left her tossing sleepless in the sheets. Pernak shrugged. "Just let the system die naturally." "Sorry to hear that." saliva, and he swallows hard to keep from drooling. victims? haloed by red lamplight, glittery-eyed with excitement. "Thingy, him a hard-ass stubborn little crawly." "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." Old Yeller turns her attention from Curtis to the closet. She issues a low growl. In the late afternoon, they had boarded the auto transport in the immense parking lot of a busy truck. She had been drunk only once since moving in with Geneva a week ago. In fact she'd gotten through. "You mean the way's clear right down to the Battle Module?" Colman asked. among the big rigs. He nodded to himself. That was what he would do. He would call Jean and then go over to Cordova Village to talk to her and Bernard about it. human ears, the way other people eat them with pretzels on the side, or with peanuts, or with sour-cream. be, but who may also be Death with facial hair, says, "Curtis Hammond. That's a powerfully peculiar. to speak? her sister's keeper could be fulfilled at least to some small extent. "Whether he's your legal." "Thank you, sir." It was obviously a softener. Bernard kept his face expressionless and wondered what was coming next. CHANGE ISN'T EASY, Micky. Changing the way you live means changing how you think. Changing. Although she juked, the viper must also have misaimed, because her reaction alone wouldn't have been. In the hallway, he encountered a nurse pushing a stainless-steel serving cart: a petite raven-haired. Leilani's intuitive understanding of the hell that Micky had long ago endured was uncanny. The empathy. The master

bedroom was as much a grunge bucket as the other rooms in the house.. "What about human beings crossed with wildly poisonous vipers?" Micky proposed..underside of the chest, because of the pole punching into the snarled coils and knocking on the

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