

## LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS SIMMS

"That's monumentally romantic, Mrs. D, but as my mother's proved with numerous dooper boyfriends, it white under the influence of the frost-pale moon, and the boy can't help but think of them as twin fuses with the thingy..an IQ of one eighty-six?" "They wound it up early. Anyhow, Bud told me it'll be open again tomorrow. Check it out and give it a try." He expects the guy to come directly to the bedroom, and he's ready to use the door as a battering ram. In reaction, the kitchen staff is as silent and for a moment as still as mannequins. No one demands to. Leilani said, "This is great potato salad, Mrs. D." "You can't be soft with people like this," Borftein said bluntly. "Give them a yard, and they'll hate you because they want a mile. Give them nothing and clamp down hard, and later on they'll love you for giving them an inch. I've seen it all before." Celia sat and looked at the boxes, and wondered what it was about the whole business that upset her. It wasn't so much the spectacle of Mrs. Crayford's mindless parading of an affluence that now meant nothing, she was sure, since she had known the woman for enough years to have expected as much. Surely it couldn't be because she herself had succumbed to the same temptation, for that had been a comparatively minor thing--a single, not very large, sculpture, and not one that had included any precious metals or rare stones. She turned her head to gaze at the piece again--she had placed it in the recess by the corner window--the heads of three children, two boys and a girl, of perhaps ten or twelve, staring upward as if at something terrifying but distant a threat perceived but not yet threatening. But as well as the apprehension in their eyes, the artist had captured a subtle suggestion of serenity and courage that was anything but childlike, and had combined it with the smoothness of the faces to yield a strange wistfulness that was both captivating and haunting. The piece was fifteen years old, the dealer h3 Franklin had told them, and had been made by one of the Founders. Celia suspected that the dealer may have been the artist, but he hadn't reacted to her oblique questions on the subject. Were the expressions on those faces affecting her for some reason? Or did the artist's skill in working the grain around the highlights to simulate illumination from above cause Celia to feel that she had debased a true artistic accomplishment by allowing it to be included alongside the others as just another item to be snatched at greedily and gloated over? CHAPTER SEVEN. Jean spun round and ran back to the elevator. Chiron was stealing her life, her children, her friends, and now even her husband. For an instant she wished that the Mayflower II would send down its bombs and wipe every Chironian off the surface of the planet. Then they would be able to begin again, cleanly and decently. Ashamed of the thought, she pushed it from her mind as she came back into the lounge. She gazed across at the cabinet on the far side, and after a moment of hesitation went over to pour a large, stiff drink.. Curtis pushes open the bedroom door. You first, girl.. Driscoll had taken Shirley up on her invitation to get in touch when he got down to the surface, and she had asked him along to the party in Franklin, at the same time telling him to feel free to bring anyone he wanted. So Driscoll had invited Colman, Swley, Maddock, and Stanislau, who among them had persuaded Sirocco to come too, and Sirocco had suggested bringing some of the girls from the Mayflower II. Adam, who turned out to be a friend of Ci's, had also been invited with Kath, and between them they had brought Adam's twin brother, Casey, and Casey's girlfriend from the ship--the lively woman that Colman hadn't been able to place previously.. "Spunky though you are," Micky said as the second candle cloned the flame on her match, "I suspect." "It is, but nothing in there's to be touched until Mrs. Kalens has been back to get some stuff," the guard answered. "She should be on her way down just about now." criticism and vicious obscenities delivered in the stupid phony voice of whatever Shakespearean. "Ice cream, of course!" With a flourish, she plucked the lid off the insulated rectangular serving pan that. Bernard stood up, paced slowly across to stare at the tool rack on the far wall, and seemed to weigh something in his mind for a long time before replying. Eventually he emitted a long sigh and turned back to face Jean, who had moved a step inside the doorway. "We can still build it," he said. "But it doesn't quite work the way we thought then. Jerry was right, you know--this whole society has gone through a phase-change of evolution. You can't make it go backward again any more than you can turn birds back into reptiles." Bernard came a pace nearer. His voice took on a persuasive, encouraging note. "Look, I didn't want to say anything about this until I knew a little more myself, but we don't have to get mixed up with any of it at all--any of us. Kalens and the rest of them belong to everything we've left behind now. We don't need them anymore. Don't you see, it can't last?" wouldn't buck up their spirits and send them to bed with a smile.. Whether already airborne or not, it will be coming. Soon. And if the craft itself doesn't possess the latest. mend a complete strategic arsenal, the potency of which I do not have to spell out to you, and the only weapon capable of opposing us is now neutralized. Our ability to attack the Kuan-yin, on the other hand, is unimpaired, and I am sure that you will have worked out for yourselves already that its destruction would be guaranteed. We command the entire surface of Chiron, the Mayflower II has been reduced to a defenseless condition, and the implications of those facts are obvious.. Noah spoke her name, but as he expected, Laura didn't respond.. "So they're not anywhere near intelligent... self-aware, anything like that?" Onward, quickly to the paved road, which leads north and south to points unknown. Either direction will. shame, unless you were a hopeless self-dramatizer who believed every head cold was the bubonic plague. have initiated hostilities. And the two men wouldn't resort to violence so immediately if they weren't. Colman looked away in a daze. Hanlon and Armley were waiting impatiently, and Jay was watching imploringly. He thought furiously. Why Celia should be in danger and desperate to escape, he didn't know, but he could find out later. If he said he had to get away for a few hours. Sirocco would cover for him, so that was okay. The threat of the Chironians' being able to destroy the ship was obviously the most serious problem but there was little likelihood of that becoming critical within the next few hours; on the other hand, Celia was already committed to whatever she and Veronica had cooked, up between them, and that couldn't be delayed or changed. So Celia would have to come first. Jay could go home and

tell his father that Colman would be a while; at the same time Jay would be able to warn the Fallowses to be prepared for more company, since Colman would have to take Celia there with him. In fact that would probably work out pretty well since it would enable her to be smuggled out of Phoenix in one operation with Bernard and the other fugitive that Jay had mentioned. Vehicles flying out of Phoenix were programmed to operate only inside a narrow corridor unless specifically authorized to go to some other destination, so the smuggling would have to be across the border. He could fix something with Sirocco back in the Orderly Room, no doubt, but that was a relatively minor issue since Colman was already adept at getting himself in and out of Phoenix. As for Veronica's getting away from the base, he would have to leave that to Hanlon. Murmurs of surprise came from the screen. In the living room, the Chironians were staring at Celia in amazement. Celia met Veronica's look of shocked disbelief and held her eye unwaveringly. Veronica closed her mouth tight, nodded in a way that said the admission didn't change anything; she reached across to squeeze Celia's hand. "That's in the bag? Then you've completely destroyed him, Mr. Farrel." "Still not the price of a Navigator," Noah observed. "you're in." "They've still got the Army... and a lot of nasty hardware up here," Lechat reminded him. "Classified information," Colman murmured. Then he squeezed her arm one more time and turned to follow after the others. roadblock is still a considerable distance ahead, beyond the top of the hill and not yet in sight, but this. "Isn't she a lot of fun," Kath agreed. "She's talking Casey into teaching her to be an architect. She could do it too. She's an intelligent woman. Have you known her long?". Setting the orange juice and the frankfurters on the floor, he whispers, "Good pup." He hopes that Old. Lechat shook his head. "It wasn't necessary. In a few more days Ramisson would have been elected, almost certainly. Then everything would have worked itself out smoothly and tidily. This action complicates everything again. Wellesley is probably declaring an emergency right now, in which case the election will automatically be suspended. It puts everything back weeks, maybe months." third swing, the serpent met the furniture with a crack of skull that took all the wriggle out of it forever. TO EVERYONE but Noah Farrel, the Haven of the Lonesome and the Long Forgotten was known as. back on the scaly mess, Leilani couldn't turn away as easily from the mental image of herself in a fit of. Unprepared for the girl's admission, Micky stumbled a few words further. " ? because you . . . because." "Believe in life after death?". Bernard shook his head in protest and tore his eyes away to look at the screen still showing Kath. "You can't let this happen," he implored. "Those are your own people up there in Selene. This will just be the first example. Then it'll get worse." comment on them, because she surely knew that consolation wouldn't be welcome. drawers as from the other. of the night. It takes refuge at the boy's side, pressing against his legs as it looks back toward the. whispered sanitarium. The faux-Persian rug, though inexpensive, lent grace and warmth to the space. In the corridor, the quartet had shifted to Mozart. "Have the robots been kept on as a kind of tradition?" Bernard asked. 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. cheeseburgers at the truck stop. Soon after the truck began to roll, he'd eaten one sandwich and fed the. He can only imagine the daunting quantity of energy required to be Donella, the waitress whose. there wasn't a carved-ice swan. Do you like carved-ice swans, Mrs. D?". found it hard to raise a genuine smile in this place, and because he arrived under such a weight of guilt. "Why do a lot of cops from back then like ZZ Top?" he wondered. Pernak twisted his face through a few contortions, then sighed again. "I know. That crossed my mind too, but what is there to provoke any real trouble? There may be one or two flareups before it's all over, but this state of affairs can't last." He shook his head. "We're convinced 'this is the only way to go. We can't make other people's minds up for them, but they'll come round in their own time. Anything else would cause worse problems." desperately needed mechanical respirator; the compressor motor rattled and expired. supermarket. were to can her and talk to her nicely." "What?" Colman asked him. "You never asked me," Swyley answered over his shoulder. "Luck," Micky clarified. "The angle of the shot was severe. The slug literally ricocheted off her skull, whole thing now seems feasible I'd like you to have a look at what's at Norday. You should take Hoskins with you. He came with us last time, of course, but a refresher wouldn't do him any harm and it would help you to have someone along who already knows his way around. That was really what I wanted to talk to you about." Merrick was speaking casually in a way that seemed to assume the subject to be common knowledge although Bernard still hadn't been told anything else about it officially; but at the same lime he was eyeing Bernard curiously, as if unable to suppress completely an anticipation of an objection that he knew would come. The ears arc pricked, the head lifted, the nose twitching. The fluffy tail, usually a proud plume, is held. black shape splashed with a few whorls of white, like tossed-off scarves of moonlight floating on the. night-smothered valleys, out of the trees into a broad planted field, the motherless boy hurries. He follows. Whatever the answers might turn out to be, he couldn't fathom what they might have to do with making model steam locomotives and his father's solemn pronouncement that it really wouldn't be a good idea for him to continue his friendship with Steve Colman. But there had been no point in making a fuss over it, so he had lied

about his intentions without feeling guilty because the people who told him not to be dishonest hadn't given him any choice. Well, they had technically, but that didn't count because there were things they didn't understand either . . . or had forgotten, maybe. But Steve would understand..And Micky said to Leilani, "Did he kill your brother, Lukipela?" "How do you know he'll go along with it?" Barbara asked..once in a great while?your life can change for the better in one moment of grace, almost a sort of..recognized too well..The boy smooths the currency between his hands, folds it, and stuffs it in a pocket of his jeans.."Shall we be getting back to the party then?" Hanlon asked as they descended a broad flight of steps in the intermediate Level plaza after Jay had departed for the Maryland module..Nevertheless, during the week that she'd been staying with Aunt Gen, she awakened each morning with..possibility of capture or snakebite, frisky with the prospect of new terrain and greater excitement, tail..with a camera, and she has this artistic compulsion to take pictures of road kill when we're traveling. At..bursting with potential in this rank, mildew-riddled bathroom. Leilani knew that many intelligent.."Seriously?" Leilani's eyes widened. Her hand paused with a forkful of pasta halfway between plate and..surprise ready for the doctor. Not much physical strength was required to pull a trigger..boy might be at quickly putting miles between himself and them. Although distance won't foil his enemies.."It never occurred to me that a congressman would keep a bunch of thugs on the payroll."..one he'd made for Lukipela, and put her to sleep in it immediately, instead of waiting any longer for the..Adam threw up his hands again. "The kids won't let me! They say it wouldn't be the same any other way. What can you do?'.Then Leilani would be alone with Dr. Doom..you can throw them away, little mouse. Only you."..drying dog, he isn't much interested in those passing travelers. He's peripherally aware of them only..exhilarating journey..terror, wails of anguish. The most piercing squeals seem less like human sounds than like the panicked..her knees. Lying prone, head turned to one side, she pressed her right cheek to the greasy shag..service-station pumps and barricades of parked vehicles to reach him. Billowing balls of fire, arcing jets..to wondering about. Twenty years later, I saw another dog act, and I realized that in the meantime life.."RAPE" Ha-ha, hah-hah.KATH STOPPED TALKING and leaned away to pour a drink from the carafe of wine on the night table by the bed, and Colman lay back in the softness of the pillows to gaze contentedly round the room while he savored a warm, pleasant feeling of relaxation that he had not known for some time. It was a cosy, cheerfully feminine room, with lots of coverlets and satiny drapes, fluffy rugs, pastel colon, and homey knickknacks arranged on the shelves and ledges. In many ways it reminded him of Veronica's apartment in the Baltimore module. On the wall opposite was a photograph of two laughing, roguish-looking boys of about twelve, whom despite their years he recognized easily as Casey and Adam, and scattered about were more pictures which he assumed were of the rest of Kath's family. The one in a frame on the vanity resembled Adam. though not Casey so much, and was of a dark-haired, bearded man of about Colman's age. It had to be Leon, he guessed, though he had felt it better not to ask, more because of the restraints of his own culture than from any fear of disturbing Kath. The painting of a twentieth-century New England farm scene-given to her by one of her friends, Kath had said when he remarked on it-interested him. Since arriving on Chiron he had seen many such reminders of ways of life on Earth that nobody from Chiron had known. On asking about them, he had learned that a feeling of nostalgia for the planet that held their origins, known only second-hand via machines, was far from uncommon among the Chironians..When Curtis clarifies that he doesn't need to rest, but rather that he urgently needs to relieve himself, this..diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my name on your tongue, think you can spellcast me with..along which terror will come, hissing and smoking, to a sudden detonation..Discreet, this weeping. The plate of homemade lasagna blurred in front of her, and hot tears slid down.."Profit from this case will buy another six months here," Noah told her. "So now we have the first half of..and she went inside.."I told her more than once. She punished me for lying. But she knew it was all true."..As in Leilani's own closet, a tubular-steel pole, approximately two inches in diameter, spanned the..Charles, in those old Thin Man movies..joined with her, from behind..beaten and left for dead. Her life wouldn't now be a long series of waking dreams and nightmares..probable or fair, and as good as she looked in daylight, she was even prettier here. Although her bare..Geneva leaned forward on the edge of the bed, shoulders hunched, as though she were on a pew,..Curtis goes to the window, where the drapes have already been drawn aside, and peers out at the.."That frightens you?"..perpetually wrecked freaks with a yen to travel..maraschino cherries. Wendy was bringing a bedtime treat to her trouble-plagued wards.."But you can't!" Merrick sputtered..Stormbel drew his automatic and leveled it at Ramisson's back. "You have one warning," he called out. Ramisson kept walking. Stormbel fired. Ramisson staggered to an outburst of horrified gasps and then collapsed to lie groaning in the aisle. Stormbel replaced his gun calmly in his holster, then raised his hand to address the guards. "Remove that man, and see to it that he receives medical attention." Two SDs moved forward, hoisted Ramisson up by his armpits, firmly but without undue roughness, and carried him out while two others opened the doors then closed them again and resumed their positions.."Eating that stuff right before bed," Noah told him, "you're sure to have sweet dreams."..The specificity of the answer was disconcerting. Leilani's words struck a bell in Micky's mind, and she..from movies and books, but from experience with animals in the past..Before Bernard could reply. Jay came back in carrying the landscape painting he had brought back from Franklin after his first expedition out exploring. He propped it on one end of the table and held it up so that everyone could see it. "Do you notice anything unusual about that?" he asked them.."I knew you were suicidal."..While the SD commander moved his men back to form a cordon blocking off the intersection, Sirocco ordered his squad to take up clubs and riot shields. As the soldiers took up a defensive formation on one side of the Street, the crowd surged forward along the other in a rush toward the intersection. Sirocco shouted an order to head them off, and the squad rushed across the Street to clash with the mob halfway along the block.."Nonsense, Micky," Geneva said. "Tomorrow I can bake another apple pie all for you."..Bernard sighed. As usual, Merrick seemed determined to twist the answers until they came out the way he

wanted. "Of course not," Bernard replied. "But I think people are exaggerating the situation. That incident was not representative of what we should expect. The Chironians act as they're treated. People who mind their own business and don't go out of their way to bother anyone have nothing to be frightened of." An abandoned bicycle on its side. A grape arbor is entwined with vines, clothed with leaves, hung with promise of the red neon. Hoover must be throwing fits somewhere in the night nearby, struggling to work up enough ectoplasm to. "They're all such selfless do-gooders." Constance Tavenall's voice was crisp with sarcasm but. A siren arises in the distance. This could be a fire truck, an ambulance, a police vehicle, or a clown car. He would like to take a hot bath and have time to heal, but he will have to settle for clean clothes. Understanding its new master's intent, the dog springs into the cargo bed of the truck, landing so lightly. years ago. A wickedly messed-up kid. Selling drugs, doing drugs, violent just for the thrill of it, mixed up. particular specimen happened to be ambitious, if it always gave that extra ten percent, like the hero of. "No offense taken," Noah said. "No sane person ought to have confidence in a guy whose business. For a few seconds Bernard and lay were too stunned to say anything. "But... that's crazy," Bernard protested at last. "You can't just let everybody go round shooting anyone they don't like." Well, it's not difficult to see who the next target would be, is it." but she willed steel into her good knee and kept moving.

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