

TAMING THE TEXAN

bunker or high redoubt he's kept, regardless of how many heavily armed bodyguards are assigned to."I want to see this place. Is there any reason why you couldn't take me back there right now?" .But the story unraveled in the course of the morning by the subsequent interrogations gave no grounds for relief. Apparently the leader of the west gate group, a Private Davis, had been told by Padawski that the west gate would be the rallying point for a rush to the motor pool. Either Davis had been set up to draw the hunt away deliberately or Padawski had changed his plans at the last minute. Nobody else had shown up at the west gate, and Davis's group had been left stranded. But only a few more were in the transporter when it landed, and Padawski was not among them. They claimed that after they had seized the aircraft, Padawski had radioed them to get away while they could because he was pinned down with the main party by the Omar Bradley Block. But Sirocco had had the Omar Bradley Block well covered and secured throughout, and nobody had been near it. And somewhere in the middle of it all, Padawski and twenty-three others, all heavily armed, had melted away..Some of the station's huge storage tanks hold diesel fuel, which is combustible but not highly explosive., "And Gaulitz, presumably," Celia said, referring to one of the Mission's senior scientists..Micky glanced back at the trailer, where Leilani stood in the open doorway, silhouetted against faint.He is the most-wanted fugitive in the fabled West, surely the most desperately sought runaway in the.She continued to hold Noah's gaze as she said, "Well, if you ever get divorced, you know where I.A thieving cloud pocketed the silver-coin moon. At the western horizon, us the last livid blister of light.was shoved away roughly. "Get off, you clumsy asshole," the guard growled. Panic-stricken, Driscoll grabbed the handle of the trolley, and fled in through the doorway..Exhaling explosively, inhaling in great ragged gasps, the woman flung herself toward exhaustion, whether.on a forty-eight, that right?" Waiters asked. "Uh-huh. " "Any plans?". "D Company's resident miracle worker," Colman answered, but his voice was distant as he fitted the new piece~ into the picture in his head. He made a sign to Sirocco to get Swyley up to the front of the room, and to a chorus of groans! Sirocco turned back and suspended the briefing once again..The shower wasn't as safe as the tub. Whenever she took off her leg brace, she was hesitant to risk.After watching the macabre ritual for several minutes, he turned to study the red-bearded Chironian, who was standing impassively almost beside him. He appeared to be in his late twenties or early thirties, but his face had the lines of an older man and looked weathered and ruddy, even in the pale light of the floodlights. His eyes were light, bright, and alert, but they conveyed nothing of his thoughts. "How did it happen?" Colman murmured in a low voice, moving a pace nearer..During her short walk, the electrical service had come on again. The wall clock glowed, but it displayed.dog. By bursting into the restaurant with the animal at his side, he's drawn attention to himself when he."What's this?" she asked..damaged angel waited there for him..As was usual for a Saturday night, the pedestrian precinct beneath the shopping complex and business offices of the Manhattan module was lively and crowded with people. It included several restaurants; three bars, one with a dance floor in the rear; a betting shop that offered odds both on live games from the Bowl and four-years'-delayed ones from Earth; a club theater that everybody pretended didn't stage strip shows; and a lot of neon lights. The Bowry bar, a popular haunt of off-duty regular troops, was squeezed into one corner of the precinct next to a coffee shop, behind a studded door of imitation oak and a high window of small, tinted glass panes that turned the inside lights red..Distance to Chiron 1.9 billion miles; speed down to 1100 miles per second. Progressive phase-down of the main-drive bum was commenced, and slow pivoting of. the variable-attitude Ring modules initiated to correct for the effect of diminishing linear force from the~ reducing deceleration. No response received from the Chironians to a request for a schedule of the names, ranks, titles, and responsibilities of the planetary dignitaries assigned to receive the Mayflower II's official delegation on arrival..though not as deep as coma. She'd probably lie limp and unresponsive until late morning..pale stone and soil as the SUVs ascend the slope..Although scared, Curtis is also intrigued. There's something fascinating about secretly watching strangers."The people here 'wouldn't mind if our people started.Apparently neither as a reply nor as an expression of physical pain, the dancing woman let out a pathetic.whimpers of fear, but the boy dares not surrender to his desire to sit in the lane beside the dog and cry in.magnificent dimensions are matched by the size of her good heart..murderous rampage. Leilani's eccentric tales were acceptable conversation over dinner in an asylum; but." 'Strange lights in the sky,' " Micky quoted, " 'pale green levitation beams that suck you right out of your.of battle readiness had held off friends as well as enemies, and in fact it had prevented her from.reeling off the stool. He thinks for a moment that they see through him, recognize him as the most-wanted.Here on the perimeter of a respectable residential neighborhood in Anaheim, the home of Disneyland,.mad, insane. There's a lot of that going around. Dressed in sandals and baggy plaid shorts and a T-shirt.still pursue him..time, she's satisfied with takin' on a joint, keeping a nice light buzz, maybe floating on a Quaalude. She.this bed..JAMES Hogan WAS born in London in 1941 and educated at the Cardinal Vaughan Grammar School, Kensington. He studied general engineering at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, subsequently specializing in electronics and digital systems..About all he was good with outside things like that was cards. He couldn't remember exactly when his fascination with them had started, but it had been soon after Swyley, then a fellow private, had taught him to shuffle four aces to the top of a deck and feed them into a deal from the pall. Finding to his surprise that he seemed to have an aptitude, Driscoll had borrowed a leaf from Colman's book and started reading up about the subject. For many long off duty hours he had practiced top-pass palms and one-handed side-cuts until he could materialize three full fans from an.Chapter 2.But although Curtis is sometimes fooled by appearances, he's perceptive enough to see that this is a man.To the girl, Geneva said, "So you don't believe Lukipela went off with aliens.".As far as Borftein could see, with himself and the Army behind him, Kalens had all the authority

he needed-provided, of course, that he won the upcoming election. But after talking to Stern about it, Kalens had accepted that an attempt to impose authority over Chiron overtly would risk alienating the Mission's population. A more subtle approach was called for. "Ultimately, human instincts cling to the known and the familiar," Kalens lectured Borftein later. "A visible commitment to lawfulness as a alternative to the lawlessness of this planet is the way to maintain cohesiveness. We can't afford to jeopardize that." So Borftein had -agreed to try playing the game their way, which hinged upon provisions written into the laws to take account of the abnormal circumstances of a twenty-year voyage through space..Hesitantly, he eases open the driver's door and slips out of the SUV. onto the bed of the transport..Alerted by Curtis's warning as he'd fled the motor home, maybe other motorists investigated the.Colman thought about the briefings he had attended recently on the offensive tactics for seizing key points on the surface of Chiron in the event of hostilities, and the intensive training in antiterrorist and counterguerilla operations that had been initiated. The speech reminded him of the old-time slave ships which arrived carrying messages of brotherhood and love, but with plenty of gunpowder kept ready and dry below decks. Was it possible for people to be conditioned to the point that they believe they are doing one thing when in reality they are doing the exact opposite, and to be blind to the contradiction? He wondered what the Directorate might have found out about Chiron that it wasn't making public..Whip-quick, the woman snapped her head up, blond tresses lashing the air. Her face, half revealed in."Sure," Driscoll told her. His eyes twinkled just for an instant. "If you want to know how, I'd beat you with aces."..When he realizes that he's the only occupant of the restroom, he seizes the opportunity and runs from."Which you're wearing," Noah guessed, pointing at the guy's..Beyond the hard-packed barnyard earth lies a recently mown lawn. A concrete birdbath. Beds of roses..Among mounds of blankets and saddlery, swathed in the cozy odors of felt and sheepskin and fine."You shouldn't stray from right here, son. There's all kinds of people in the world, and some you don't..Jay decided' he'd had enough, excused himself with a mumble, and took his book into the lounge. His father was sprawled in an armchair, talking politics with Jerry Pernak, a physicist friend who had dropped by an hour or so earlier. Politics was another mystery that Jay assumed would mean something one day..one over at the main gate who wants to talk to you. Says it's urgent."..shadows didn't provide enough concealment, as if she were whispering a confession into the private..Just then Jerry Pernak came around a comer accompanied by his fianc?, Eve Verritty, and two more Chironians. A cart was following them with a few odds and ends inside. He gaped at Bernard and Jay in surprise, then grinned. "Hey! So Jay dragged you out to see the sights, eh? Hello, Jay. Started making friends already?" Introductions were exchanged with smiles and handshakes. The two new Chironians were Sal, a short, curly-headed blonde who pursued research in physics at a university not far from Franklin, and Abdul, a carpenter and also one of the Founders, who lived in a more secluded area inland and looked Eskimo. Abdul's grandson, he informed them proudly, had hand-carved the original designs from which the programs for producing the interior wood fittings used at Cordova Village had been encoded. He was delighted when Bemard praised their quality and promised to tell his grandson what the Terran had said..Sirocco looked worried. "Look, there is a force on its way forward to occupy the nose. We want to avoid any senseless bloodshed. Those locks must be kept open. I have General Borftein, who wishes to speak directly to whoever is in charge there."..Donella's stern expression softens slightly, though she still won't give the enchanting smile with which she..disbelief."."You don't have to live with it, Mother," Adam told her. Voices called distantly to each other through the window from somewhere in the arm of woodlands behind the house. Hanlon and Jay had gone off with Tim, Adam's other son, who was eleven, and Tim's girlfriend to see some of Chironian wildlife. Tim seemed to be an authority on the subject, doubtless having inherited the trait from Adam, who specialized in biology and geology and spent much of his time traveling the planet, usually with his three children..aware of the boy himself, and if they can recognize the hunters, they must be able to recognize the boy,..front of her mother or Preston Maddoc. Here. Now. She wept..third swing, the serpent met the furniture with a crack of skull that took all the wriggle out of it forever..really are beautiful, Ms. Donella, so stupendous, awesome, you can live by your own rules, like a rhino."..Curtis screams, and even when he realizes that the snack in her hand isn't a human ear, after all, but..asking."..Gradually he finds strength not in the memory of her murder, not in a thirst for vengeance or justice, but..twenty-one others in an economy pack at a discount hardware store..Chapter 10."Exactly, Jay. What you have is an ascending hierarchy of increasing levels of complexity. At each level, new relationships and meanings emerge that are functions of the level itself and don't exist at all in the levels beneath. For instance, there are twenty-six letters in the alphabet. One letter doesn't carry a lot of information, but when you string them together into words, the number of things you can describe fills a dictionary. When you assemble words into sentences, sentences into paragraphs, and so on up to a book, the variety is as good as_ infinite, and you can convey any meaning you want. Yet all the books ever written in English only use the same twenty-six letters."..might be the man himself now," Hanlon's voice said from the grille by the screen. "Ah, yes., ,a little the worse for wear, but he'll be as good as new." He gave a final heave on the lines and pulled another figure up into the picture. Bernard and Celia breathed sighs of relief as they recognized Colman's features beneath the watch-cap inside the helmet, dripping with perspiration but apparently unharmed. Column anchored himself to another part of the structure that Hanlon was on, unhitched his safety line and untangled it from the other one, and then helped Hanlon pull it in to produce another spacesuited figure, this time upside down and with a pudgy, woebegone face that was somehow managing to keep a thick pair of glasses wedged crookedly across its nose..Focused on the chicken, Geneva said, "Easy. I just look around."..Music began playing, the crowd dispersed back to the bar and tables, and conversations started to pick up again. Colman and his companions went back upstairs, and Driscoll collected another round of drinks from the bar while the others sat where they had been earlier. They talked for a while about the incident, agreed it was a bad thing to have happened, wondered what would come of it, and eventually changed the

subject.. "Really. It's a rosebush." the next growth of trees..drink..but doesn't follow..another what's-happening-what's-up-what's-this-all-about.. "Cromwell knows everything," Amy declared from her perch. "Cromwell, are those soldiers carrying Terran M32 assault cannon, or are they M30s?" Old Yeller?he follows the dog's example and holds his breath, the better to detect whatever noise.Otto seemed to be the spokesman. He seemed anxious to reassure them. "We would only destroy the ship without warning if it were to commence launching and deploying its strategic weapons without warning," he told the Terrans. "It is a difficult matter to exercise exact judgment upon, but we feel the most likely course would be for Sterm to issue an ultimatum before resorting to direct action. After all, he would hardly stand to profit from destroying the very resources that he hopes to possess. Our intention has been to reserve our warning as a reply to that ultimatum. In the meantime his support will continue to wither, hopefully with the effect of making him better disposed toward being reasonable when the time comes." When Jean appeared in the doorway, Bernard was fiddling with an assembly of slides and cranks that he had set up in a test jig. She watched while he pushed a tiny rod which in turn caused all the other pieces to slide and turn in a smooth unison, though what any of them did or what the whole thing was for were mysteries to Jean, Bernard pulled the rod back again to return all the pieces to their original positions, then looked up and grinned. "I have to take my hat off to Army training," he said. "I'll say one thing for Steve Colman-he sure knows what he's doing. Our son has produced some first-class work here." He noticed the expression on Jean's face, and his manner became more serious. "Aw, try and snap out of it hon. I know everything's a bit strange. What else can you expect after twenty years? You'll need time to get used to it. We all will".He had only partly registered the tousle-headed figure coming out of the main entrance, when the figure recognized him and came to a dead halt in surprise. The action caught the corner of Colman's eye, and he turned his head reflexively to find himself looking at Jay Fallows. Before either of them could say anything, Bernard Fallows came out a few paces behind, saw Colman, and stopped in his tracks. It was too late for him to go back in, and impossible to walk on by. A few awkward seconds passed while Bernard showed all the signs of being in an agony of embarrassment~ and discomfort, and at the same time of an acute inability to do anything to overcome it. Colman didn't feel he had any prerogative to make a first move. Bernard's eyes shifted from Colman to Kath, and Colman read instantly that they had already met. Bernard looked as if he wanted to talk to her, but felt he couldn't with Colman present.. "The Army's on its way through the Spindle," Lesley said to Brad. "They should start arriving here any time now." Jean shook her head in protest. "But you can't . . . I won't go. I want to move to Iberia." "You do. Don't you like it when your team wins in the Bowl? Why do you work hard at school? You like science, sure, but isn't a lot of it proving to everybody that you're smarter than all the assholes who are dumber than you, and getting a kick out of it? Be honest. And when you were a kid, didn't you have gangs with special passwords and secret signs that only a handful of very special pals were allowed into? I bet you did." IN A FAINT and inconstant breeze, waves stir through the lush meadow. At this lonely hour, in this.he himself is a total Forrest Gump, good-hearted but a Gump nonetheless. Well-meaning, Mr. Hooper.fun..Leilani looked up at last, her lovely face unreadable, as free of all emotional tension as the countenance.astonishingly clever tricks. When I saw what potential dogs possess, how smart they can be, I wondered.swivels on his stool, putting his back to Curtis, and struggles to master his emotions. Although to all.Surely one of the men will make at least a halfhearted attempt to search for the five bucks..Sterm looked back at her and smiled humorlessly. "Hardly what I would call manipulating. I merely allowed them to continue along the paths they had already chosen, as you chose also." .person again. Never. The real Leilani was back?rested, refreshed, ready to take care of business..that she consumed, when she was balancing just so on the tightrope between hyperactivity and drooling.COLMAN LEFT THE Fallows house shortly before midnight with Bernard. Lechat, and Celia. There were more people about in Phoenix than he had anticipated, and the party reached the post that Sirocco had specified without need for elaborate precautions.. "But all the troubles in the world," said Wendy, "have the same one answer."BERNARD FALLOWS ROLLED back a cuff of his shirt that had started to work itself loose and stood back to survey the master bedroom of the family's new temporary apartment, situated near the shuttle base on the outskirts of Franklin. The unit was one of a hundred or so set in clusters of four amid palm like trees and secluding curtains of foliage which afforded a comfortable measure of privacy without inflicting isolation. The complex was virtually a self-contained community, and was known as Cordova Village. It included a large, clover-shaped, open-air pool and an indoor one by the gymnasium and sports enclosure; a restaurant and bar adjoined a spacious public lounge that doubled as a game room; for recreation a laboratory, a workshop, and art studios, all fully equipped; and an assortment of musical instruments. From a terminal below the main building, cars running in tubes and propelled by linear induction left for the center of Franklin in one direction, and for the shuttle base and points along the Mandel Peninsula in the other..off the flashlight. Holds his breath..Colman found himself facing a big man wielding a baseball bat, his face twisted and ugly, mirroring the mindlessness that had taken possession of the rioters. The man swung the bat viciously but clumsily. Colman rode the blow easily with his shield and jabbed with the tip of his baton at the kidney area exposed below the ribcage. His assailant staggered back with a scream of pain. Shouts, profanities, and the sounds of bodies clashing rose all around Colman. Something hard bounced off his helmet. Two youths rushed him from different directions, one waving a stick, the other a chain. Colman jumped to the side to bring the two in line for a split second's cover, feinted with his baton, then sent the first cannoning into the second with a shove from his shield with the full weight of his shoulder behind it, and both rioters went down into a heap. Colman glimpsed something hitting Young in the side of the face, but two grappling figures momentarily obscured his view, and then Young was lying on the ground. As a fat youth swung his foot for a kick, Colman dropped him with a blow to the head. When bloodcurdling yells and the sound of running feet heralded the arrival of the SDs, the mob raggedly

fled around the corner, and it was all over. In the yard next door, beyond the sagging picket fence, a white-robed figure thrashed in the gloaming, as Bernard gave a pained smile. "It sounds good," he agreed. "But the Directorate might have a few things to say." see which way he would go. The major sighed wearily. "It doesn't matter. Forget it. Do you know anyone else around here we should try asking?" might instead he more of the ferocious killers who struck in Colorado and who have pursued Curtis ever. "Oh, for goodness' sake, stop teasing the child," Geneva said. "You'll have to forgive me, Leilani. I've anger might overwhelm her. She wanted to lash out at someone on Leilani's behalf, take a hard satisfying wild beast. Her throat felt scorched. Her raw voice didn't sound like her own: wordless, thick, hideous. "It wouldn't have worked," Wellesley countered. "We'd simply have remained shut up behind a fence, ignored, and looking ridiculous." Micky said, "Some of your brother's problems ... It sounds like surgery could have helped at least a his friend." Admittedly, the character of his excitement is different from what he feels when he experiences such. The presidential suite was hers, not because she had booked the use of it, but because she owned the the field here, which now seems likely, and possibly the CIA, as well? those guys won't sell out their. "What's wrong? What can I do?" Micky worried, although she no longer expected a coherent reply or eighteen-wheeler under his butt. bottom of the trailer. He won't inadvertently get a glimpse of a boy-shape-dog-shape cowering in the. "Maybe," Leilani continued, "you think that would be interesting conversation, even if sort of gross, but as she stumped toward the foot of the bed. "I know," Kath told him. "He's through to Otto 'and Chester as well via one of our relay satellites. It's a three" way hookup." "You're a better person than any of them." Sterm was unperturbed, as if he had been expecting such an answer. "I made no mention of your wanting to save yourself physically. I have already pointed out that we are both realists, so there is no need for you to feel any obligation to pretend that you misunderstood." He paused as if to acknowledge her right to reply, but gave the impression that he didn't expect her to. She raised her glass to her lips and found that her hand was trembling slightly. Sterm resumed. "The dream has crumbled away, hasn't it, Celia. I know it, you know it, and a part of Howard's mind knows it deep down inside somewhere while the rest is going insane. You expected to share a world, but instead all you stand to share is a cell with a madman. The world is still out there but you cannot accept it as it is, and Howard will never be able to change it now." Sterm extended a hand expressively. "And the future awaits you." He paused again, watched as Celia lowered her eyes, and nodded. "Yes, I could persuade Wellesley to overrule the eviction orders, or arrange for Borftein to reinforce the Phoenix garrison, put SDs around the house so that you would never have need to fear for your safety. But is that what you want me to do?" "But the rules are so dumb," lay protested. "They don't make sense. Why is somebody any better because of what it says on the outside of his office? It's what h~ does inside that matters." Putting the pasta salad in the fridge, Leilani said, "Is that what you're doing? Talking around what you even once, were they, Michelina?" Ordinarily, he would be reluctant to damage the property of another in this fashion. But serial killers. Geneva's voice wavered on God and broke on fool: "Oh, God, what a blind stupid worthless fool I. He turned right and, within another block and a half, arrived at a tavern. Here he might not be able to mismatched feet had never been anything other than the rough track of reality. whenever they need it. For the time being, however, they are spared the humiliation of committing. Constance Tavenall? no doubt soon to cleanse herself of the name Sharmer? stared at the TV. She hear the booted feet of winch-lowered SWAT officers thumping on the roof and demands for his. like me," he pleads. between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death. river runs wild, and suddenly we're caught up in a flood. But when we're in a flood, we don't panic, do. "Me? Oh . . . name's Driscoll--Tony Driscoll." He licked his lips while he searched for a follow-up. "I guess toward enemy positions, another tire blows. An air line ruptures and pressure falls and the brakes. He was satisfied that the Chironians would never provoke hostilities because they harbored no fears of Terrans and accepted them readily, as everything since the ship's arrival had amply demonstrated. They didn't consider the way Terrans chose to live to be any of their business, wouldn't allow their own way of life to be influenced, and weren't bothered by the prospect of having to compete for resources because in their view resources were as good as infinite. But he felt less reassured about the Terrans- at least some of them. Kalens was still making inflammatory speeches and commanding a substantial following, and Judge Fulmire was under attack from some outraged quarters for having refused to reverse the decision not to prosecute in the case of the Wilson shooting. And more recently, Pernak had heard stories from the Chironians about Terrans who sounded like plainclothes military intelligence people circulating in Franklin and asking questions that seemed aimed at identifying Chironians with extreme views, grudges or resentments, and strong personalities-in other words the kind who typified the classical recruits for agitators or protest organizers. The effort had not been very successful since the Chironians had been more amused than interested, but the fact remained that somebody seemed to be exploring the potential for fomenting unrest among the Chironians. The probable reason didn't require much guesswork; Earth's political history was riddled with instances of authorities provoking disturbances deliberately in order to justify tough responses in the eyes of their own people. If some faction, and presumably a fairly powerful one, was indeed maneuvering to bring

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