

MOTHERS OF THE UPPER COUNTRY 2018

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or. Lesley and the major obviously knew each other. "Brad," Lesley said. "What in hell's happened? We were expecting a fight." Howard Kalens simmered as he listened. Quatrety had changed her tune when the commercial lobby, whose interests she represented, panicked at the prospect of having to compete in the insane Chironian economic system. The signals coming down the line had told her that she'd better get something done about it and soon, if she wanted to see herself reinstated after the elections, which in turn meant that Kalens had better be seen to back her ease if he expected her support in his bid for the Directorship. "I hope so too," Kath said with feeling. "I ought to go now and see them off. Take care, Leon." "I love your nasty mouth." Lesley looked at the two of them, but they said nothing. There was nothing more they could tell him. He could close the lock and commit himself to the protecting the Battle. She chuffs softly, as though she understands. Look back, even the pale moonlamp is bright enough to reveal the route he followed. Light and shadows of her kitchen, and the jack-o'-lantern glow beyond. "Why should they?" Chang asked. He looked across at the couple curiously. "I was wondering what they want with all that stuff. Anyone would think it's about to run out." HURRYING OUT of the employee parking lot, dangerously exposed on an open field of blacktop, Curtis, he examines his face in the mirror. A groundcar passed by and several Chironians waved at them from the windows. "It can't be quite like that," Jay said. "That woman I was talking about told Jerry Pernak that a research job at the university would pay pretty well. That must have meant something." Time is his ally. The longer he eludes that savage crew, the fainter his trail becomes? or at least this is. Beyond the wide median strip, traffic races northeast toward Salt Lake City, with what seems like angry notches above plain grub. "I'm a child." "You are a child." "They're priceless," Celia commented dryly from her chair. They had been, literally, but the irony was lost on Mrs. Crawford. Veronica caught Celia's eye with a warning look. Outside the Haven of the Lonesome and the Long Forgotten, under trellises draped with bougainvillea, "I know. Maybe we can get Gustav and Steve working on it together." the police. The Orderly Room was chaotic as Sirocco, Maddock and Sergeant Armley from First platoon were trying to put out what looked like a fire of flashing lamps on the emergency companel when Colman stuck his head round the door less than half a minute later. "What the hell's going on?" he asked them. though not as deep as coma. She'd probably lie limp and unresponsive until late morning. At last Kath looked around for a way of relieving the heaviness in the air. "How will you get them up to the ship?" she asked Colman. the underside of the vehicles on the upper platform of this double-deck automobile carrier. She advanced one more step, not out of a sense of obligation or curiosity, but because by turning away. Kath looked at the other Chironians for a few seconds and seemed to consider the proposition, but Colman got the feeling that she had already been prepared for it-possibly since receiving the message that Bernard and Lechat wanted to talk with her. Then she moved over to a side table on which a portable compad was lying, stopped, and turned to face Bernard again. "It isn't a matter for me to decide," she said. "But the people concerned are waiting to talk to you." Bernard and Lechat exchanged puzzled looks. Kath seemed to hesitate for a second, and then looked at Lechat. "I'm afraid we have been taking an unpardonable liberty with you. You see, this was not entirely unexpected. The people you wish to speak with have been monitoring our discussion. I hope you are not too offended." Borftein thought about the remark for a few seconds. "Do you think that could be what Stern's hoping for?" His tone betrayed that the thought hadn't registered fully until then. way or another by her tenth birthday, she wouldn't be in danger until the eve of that anniversary; by then, "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." "But they seem to have an intuition to make human value judgments," Colman objected. "They know too much about how people think." The bag was folded and sealed. Noah peeled back the tape, opened the flap, and half extracted a wad. Finally, the congressman went to the door of the two-story craftsman-style house and rang the bell. CHAPTER TWELVE. that you'll come through all right, as well as an immeasurably higher likelihood that you'll be able to look. visiting from Beyond. Pale and willowy, the woman spun and swooned and jerked erect and spun again. Chapter 10. "Does Casey know?" Colman asked. Veronica shook her head. Colman thought for a few seconds. "I don't like the sound of what's going on around there," he said. "Do you know the bridge outside, the base on the south side-where the maglev tube crosses a small gully by the distribution substation?" she was eating broccoli, not with clear distaste, but with the indifference of nutritional duty. cudgel, just behind Leilani's two-hand grip. MEXICO. On the front, the word STARCHILD was emblazoned in two-inch red letters. Leilani said, "One reason I know she hales Luki more than me is the name she gave him. She says she. "It's getting to you too," she whispered tightly. "Just as it's already gotten to Eve and Jerry. Oh, how I hate this place! Can't you see what it's doing to us all?" When he glanced back, he noticed a Lincoln Navigator pulling away from the curb across the street, no. the capacity for any emotions other than fear and grief, considering the ordeal he has so recently endured. A round container, rather like a hatbox, stood on the bed; its red lid lay to one side. "Thanks for your approval." "Your boobs are real, aren't they?" "Girl, you are an amazing piece of. Though the source is unclear from this perspective, the tumult can't be missed. Fleeing customers are. 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..Jay shrugged. "Maybe he figures he's got a better than even chance of outshooting them. Maybe he's just crazy." "If you want to put it that way." "Who are you?" he demanded. The formality had evaporated from his voice. "Are you in authority here? If so, what are your rank and title?" Fate possessed the sharper teeth, the stronger jaws..they would come for Noah, not for his sister. Jonathan Sharmer was a thug wrapped in the robes of..At any moment, however, one of them might retreat here to the bedroom. If a search by authorities."Exactly what I was thinking," Wellesley commented, nodding. "And you have to remember that our own people are starting to get restless up here now that their fears have receded. After twenty years, we can't keep them cooped up in the Mayflower II much longer without any obvious reason. They've got accommodations prepared by the space-base at Franklin. I'm inclined to say we should start moving the first batches down. For all we know, the Chironian government may have gone into hiding because they're nervous about our intentions. It might be a good way of enticing them to come out again."..the door and the rear fence. The grass flourished because Geneva watered it regularly with a hose..She had to escape from the snake. Get to her bedroom. Try to barricade that door against her mother's..her own need or desire, but as though she were eating it on behalf of he who could not share this table."What's that?" Corporal Swley wasn't saying anything, which was significant because Swley was usually a pretty good judge of what was what. His silence meant that he didn't agree with what was being said. When Swley agreed with something, he said he didn't agree. When he really didn't agree, he said nothing. He never said he agreed with anything. When he had decided that he felt fine after the dietitian discovered the standing order for spinach and fish, the Medical Officer hadn't been able to accuse him of faking anything because Swley had never agreed with anybody that he was sick; all he'd said was that he had stomach cramps. The M.O. had diagnosed that anybody with stomach cramps on his own time had to be sick. Swley hadn't. In fact, Swley had disagreed, which should have been obvious because he hadn't said anything..Even more loquacious than usual, talking faster, as though the briefest interruption in the flow of words..welcoming than the baleful fire in a menacing jack-o'-lantern. The draperies were shut tight, and no one..entire country, from sea to shining sea. A mighty power is set hard against him, and ruthless hunters..Geneva's voice wavered on God and broke on fool: "Oh, God, what a blind stupid worthless fool I..Noah shrugged. "I never liked her anyway."..The killers had been even closer on his trail than he'd feared. What he sensed, stepping into that upstairs..As the Mayflower II wheeled slowly in space high above Chiron, the outer dour of Shuttle Bay 6 on the Vandenberg module separated into four sectors which swung apart like the petals of an enormous metal flower to expose the nose of the surface lander nestling within. After a short delay, the shuttle fell suddenly away under the rotational impetus of its mother-ship, and thirty seconds later fired its engines to come round onto a course that would take it to the Kuan-yin, orbiting ten thousand miles below..He rounds the tailgate of a Dodge pickup, hurrying into a new aisle, and here the loyal dog is waiting, a..Relinquishing leadership to Old Teller, he follows her, although not as fast as she would like to lead. He."Oh yes, of course." Shirley nodded. "That sounds pretty awful. Still, it's their business." "Well..of course."..collections of science-fiction action figures and models of ornate but improbable spaceships. In one..Speed 300 miles per second; distance to destination, 493 million miles. Course-correction effected to bring the ship round onto its final approach..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? "So why bother?" Jay asked. "What's it to you if somebody else's house needs painting or not?" For a moment Driscoll thought the machine had read his mind. He blinked in surprise, then realized it was impossible--just a coincidence. "How can I?" he said. T've..To the faithful canine, the boy says, "Stay here, girl. I'll be back soon."..waiting under Leilani's bed, in her bed. She'll have no sanctuary, no peace. Every place will belong to the..temporary emotional paralysis. All her life, until now, Geneva Davis had always found exactly the right."You have the corroborating

evidence?" the woman obscene names, heaped verbal abuse on her, and she seemed to thrill to every vicious and. Jabbing, jabbing, Leilani poked the villain once more, crushed it against the baseboard, bearing on it with. This auto carrier is their third rolling refuge since dawn, three rides during a day in which they have on the same guiding principle: Do the opposite of what Sinsemilla would do, and there is a better chance. "Everything I've said is true," Jay insisted. "There's this big kinds market in town. It's got just about everything, and you just walk in and take what you want. We got talking to some Chironians, and they showed us what you do. I don't understand it either, but that's how things work here." never had a romantic relationship with Sinatra, though if he'd ever come around, I'm not sure I could have. were the same people who had driven him out of the mountains and west through Grand Junction. He has. "I find them a refreshingly honest and direct people. You know where you stand with them." Bernard gave a slight shrug. "In view of the short time we've been here, I think everything has gone surprisingly well. Certainly it could have been a lot worse." his pathetic wieners. CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO. well-meant if less than completely appropriate advice: "Maniac! Crazy boy!". "Does he dress well?". "It doesn't matter," Colman told him. "It's different in different places. It might be the best hunter in the village or the guy who's killed the most lions. It might be the way you paint your face. Through most of history it's been money. What you buy with it isn't important. What's 'important is that the things you buy say to all the other guys, 'I've got what it takes to earn what you have to, to buy all this stuff, and you haven't. Therefore I'm better than you.' That's what it's all about." Although they're riding the Hannibal Lecter band bus and running from a pack of terminators who have. A knock answered the question. The back door stood open to facilitate air circulation, so Leilani Klunk. to the pair of you. I hope everything works out. "Thanks," Pernak acknowledged. place mats from Wal-Mart. The homey glow of three unscented candles that had been acquired with. The boy is athletic, agile. The leap from the porch roof is a challenge easily met. He lands on the lawn. The planet had evolved a variety of life-forms, some of which approximated in appearance and behavior examples of terrestrial flora and fauna, and some of which did not. Although several species were groping in the general direction of the path taken by the hominids of Earth two million years previously, a truly intelligent, linguistic, tool-using culture had not yet emerged. The dog looms at the open window, forepaws on the sill, as if it will abandon its master in favor of this. "I don't know, Corporal. Recently, I guess." "Is that a proposal?" Wellesley asked. "You're proposing to plan for contingencies involving a first use of force?". "Stop this now," Borftein advised grimly. "How much of the Army do you think will follow you?". For a second Colman could only gape at her, He'd known that Swley had been brought on to the Mayflower. Waiters slipped off his jacket and hung it in the closet by the door after taking a book from the inside pocket. Fallows frowned but made no comment. a rattle of words raps out of him between guffaws: "Oh, damn . . . I'm splat. . . in the middle . . . of Forrest. wide. Maybe twenty inches deep. The bottom rail cleared the floor by three inches. Regardless of the inconsequential nature or the questionable validity of the triggering offense, an. surely suffering tromped toes and elbow-poked ribs aplenty. The tangled escapees ravel out of the. Jay Fallows thought for a moment that he was going to throw up and tried to shut out the soundtrack as he sat nibbling at the remains of his lunch. An astronomy book lay propped open on the table in front of him. Behind him his mother and his twelve-year-old sister, Marie, were digesting the message in silent reverence. The page he was looking at showed the northern constellations of stars as they appeared from Earth. They looked much as they did from the Mayflower 11, except in the book Cassiopeia was missing a star--the Sun. On the page opposite, the Southern Cross included Alpha Centauri as one of its 'pointers, whereas from the ship it had separated and grown into a brilliant orb~ shining in the foreground. And the view from Earth didn't show Proxima Centauri at all--a feeble red dwarf Of less than a ten-thousandth the Sun's luminosity and invisible without a telescope, but now quite close to and easily seen from the Mayflower II. Always imperceptible from one day to the next and practically so from month to month, the changes in the stars were happening ever more slowly as the main drive continued to fire and steadily ate up the velocity that had carried the ship across four light-years of space. except once in a while she says what an intolerant and uptight bunch of poop vents they were? though. sand, across loose shale, between masses of sage and weather-sculpted thrusts of rock, zigging and. Walters grunted, scanned quickly over the displays, and called the log for the last four hours onto an empty screen. "Looks like we're in for another strip down on that goddamn pump," he murmured without turning his head. "Looks like it," Fallows agreed with a sigh. With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from

the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself. morsel on his tongue, as though puzzled by the texture or the taste, warily tested the edibility of the. The loud drumming of fear with which he has lived for the past twenty-four hours has subsided to a faint. Most of the adults he knew--the ones over twenty-five or so, anyway--seemed to feel an obligation to be sympathetic toward people like him, who had never experienced life on Earth. From what he had seen he wasn't sure that he'd missed all that much. Life on the Mayflower II was comfortable and secure with plenty of interesting things to do, and ahead lay the challenge and the excitement of a whole new unknown world. Certainly that was something no one back on Earth could look forward to. "Exactly right. But a lot of birds go to roost at night and stay there till morning. Your little orange lady is. Holding the pole in front of herself with both hands, Leilani wondered what maximum distance a snake. Laura was safe. Face. Eyes. So much to lose. Get out. Leave. But they'd bring her back. And where would the snake be. The sawn-off circular end of the hollow tubular pole wouldn't be as effective as a sharp knife, but it. With a cause, a crusade, a challenge, and a purpose--an empire to rebuild beyond the Earth and a world to conquer upon it--there were few of Fallows's age who didn't remember the intoxication of those times. And with the Mayflower H growing in the lunar sky as a symbol of it all, the dream of flying with the ship and of being a part of the crusade to secure Chiron against the Infidel became for many the ultimate ambition. The lessons of discipline and self-sacrifice that had been learned during the Lean Years served to bring the Mayflower H to completion two years ahead of its nearest rival, and so it came ' about that Bernard Fallows at the age of twenty-eight had manfully shaken his father's hand and kissed his tearful mother farewell before being blasted upward from a shuttle base in Arizona to join the lunar transporter that would bear him on the first stage of his crusade to carry the American New Order to the stars. In her despondency, just as when she lay in a trance of sweet amusement, she could not be reached. Beneath interlaced boughs that have provided only an occasional brief glimpse of the night sky. maze of work aisles along which a stooping-crouching-scuttling boy might be able to escape. The Chevy-smashing shivaree continued unabated, but distance and intervening layers of laurel branches. "Does he expect you tonight?" Stern inquired curiously, although Celia couldn't avoid a feeling that he already knew the answer. She shook her head. "Where are you supposed to be?". desperately needed mechanical respirator; the compressor motor rattled and expired. On the bosom of the dark plain below, a half-mile necklace of stopped traffic, continually growing

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