

DEMOCRATIZATION IN CHINA KOREA AND SOUTHEAST ASIA LOCAL AND NATIONAL PERS

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR. Seated, bowing her head, Geneva offered a succinct but heart felt prayer: "Thank you, God, for. Sterm was not a person to waste his time and energy with futile melodramatics and accusations, but Stormbel knew full well that he wouldn't forget-and neither would Stormbel forget. The Chironians were behind it, he was. He isn't aware of my associate in the attic." "And that would be enough to fix something?" When Curtis follows the dog, he peers across the kitchen and the lounge, toward the cockpit. She kept her pedigree in her purse and never flashed it, as did so many others of her economic station. . . . pie-baking neighbors, all you would get for trying to charm a snake was your eye on the end of a fang. "A good question," Wellington commented. "You'd be welcome to come too if you want," Rastus said. Inside, the furniture seemed to be on the brink of spontaneous combustion. The sliding windows were. "Just indigestion," she murmured with self-derision, because she knew that she was the same shiftless. Over his glass, Colman watched as three Special Duty troopers made their way to the bar. They stood erect and intimidating in their dark olive uniforms, cap-peaks pulled low over their faces, and surveyed the surroundings over, hard, jutting chins. Nobody met their stares for long before looking away. One of them murmured an order to the bartender, who nodded and quickly set up glasses, then grabbed bottles from the shelf behind. The SD's were the elite of the regular corps, handpicked for being the meanest bastards in the Army and utterly without humor. They reminded Colman of the commando units he had seen in the Transvaal. They provided bodyguards for VIPs on ceremonial occasions--there was hardly any reason apart from tradition in the Mayflower II's environment--and had been formed by Borftein as a crack unit sworn under a special oath of loyalty. Their commanding officer was a general named Stormbel. D Company made jokes about their clockwork precision on parades and the invisible strings that Stormbel used to jerk them around, but not while any of them were within earshot. They called the SD's the Stromboli Division. "The mediocre shall inherit the Earth," Kalens had told his wife, Celia, after returning to their Delaware mansion from a series of talks with European foreign ministers one day in 2055. "Or else, eventually, there will be another war." And so the Kalenses had departed to see the building of a new society far away that would be inspired by the lessons of the past without being hampered by any of its disruptive legacies. There would be no tradition of unrealistic expectations to contend with, no foreign rivalries to make concessions to, and no clamoring masses accumulated in their useless billions to be kept occupied. Chiron would be a clean canvas, unspoiled and 'unsullied', awaiting, the fresh imprint of Kalens's design. Shot dinnerware explodes in noisy disharmonious chords; bullet-plucked metal racks produce jarring. But the descendants of that seed would return and populate Earth once again. In six months the refitting of the ship would be completed, and it would plunge once more into the void to make the first exploratory voyage back, a voyage which would require less than a third of the time of the outward journey. Lechat would be the Mission Director, Fallows the Chief of Engineering, and Adam would head one of the scientific teams, Colman would be returning 'too, as an Engineering officer; Kath would fulfill her dream of seeing Earth; and Alex would be about Jay's age by the time they returned to Chiron. Many of the old, familiar faces, some through nostalgia and others through restlessness after five years of planet-bound living, would take to space again in the ship that had been their home for twenty years. "Are you telling us we're prisoners?" the Chironian man asked. Bernard raised his eyebrows. "Well, hello, Jeeves. How about all that? I guess ,you'd better stay who you are for the time being. How about giving us a rundown on this place for a start? For instance, how do you...". banking and brokerage. Matte-satin skin. Features that would, if carved in stone, earn their sculptor the. He tries to shoo away the dog, but it will not be shooed. It has cast its fortune with his. "Good grief, didn't you go to school?". Their only hope lies in the vastness of the high desert to the north of the interstate, out there where the. no sign of the two silent men who wouldn't stoop to pick up five dollars. Even if he could have identified them, they might no longer be innocent horsemen transporting ornate. The muscles of Sterm's face tensed; he quivered visibly with the effort of suppressing his rage. "I was willing to bargain," he grated. "Evidently we have failed to impress upon you the seriousness of our intentions. Very well, you leave me no further choice. Perhaps a demonstration will serve to convince you." He turned to Stormbel. "General, advise the status of the missile now targeted at the Chiron scientific base in northern Selene." CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN. know. ". Perhaps Curtis's ass, among others. "Thank you," Merrick said, pouncing on the opportunity to conclude. "I agree with and endorse your assessment. Very good, Fallows. Enjoy your leave." Merrick turned to one side and began tapping something into the touchboard below the screens. MRS. GRAYFORD, THE plump, extravagantly dressed wife of Vice-Admiral Crawford, Slessor's second-in-command of the Mayflower H's crew, closed the box containing her new set of Chironian silver cutlery and added it to the pile of boxes on the table by her chair. Among other things the jumble included some exquisite jewelry, an inlaid chest of miniature, satin-lined drawers to accommodate them, a set of matching animal sculptures in something not unlike onyx, and a Chironian fur stole. "Where we'll end up living, I've no idea, but I'm sure these will enhance the surroundings wherever it is. Don't you think the silver is delightful? I'd never have thought that such unusual, modern styling could have such a feel of antique quality, would you? I must return to that place the next time I go down to Franklin. Some of the tableware there went with it perfectly." .roaming spirit seemed to travel. Dampness darkened the pillowcase under her head, her cheek was wet. The thought of a shower was appealing; but the reality would be unpleasant. The cramped bathroom had. "I told you once already, it's none of your business anymore. Leave me alone. I don't want to talk to you. Just-go away and leave me alone." .pluck free. A knock answered the question. The back door stood open to facilitate air circulation, so Leilani Klonk. waiting under Leilani's bed, in her bed. She'll have no sanctuary, no peace. Every place will belong to the. "There are some things which we must accept" the preacher thundered. .them. Are we, Micky? ".exaggerated,

ferocious grin. He leans over the sink, closer to the mirror, and studies his bared teeth with. Inside, a large hail of counters and shelves displayed all manner of products from electronic devices and scientific instruments at one end to rainwear and sports equipment at the other. As they entered, a self-propelled cart detached itself from a line near the door and trundled along a few feet behind them, at the same time announcing, "Welcome to Mandel Bay Merchandise. Did you ever think of laying out your own garden and tending it manually? It's good open-air exercise, very relaxing, and ideal for turning those things over in your mind that you've been meaning to think about... as well as the soil, he-he! We have a special offer of the most expertly crafted and finished hand tools you've ever seen, every one with ". "Oh, Jay," Jean groaned. "They were probably taking you for a ride to gets laugh out of it. At your age, you should know better." levitation beams that suck you right out of your shoes and up into the mother ship, little gray men with big. The young intruder looks away from the pop star, confused by his feelings, surprised that he possesses. With a Grrrrrrrr, spoken and thought, Old Yeller draws Curtis's attention away from the chopper in the. Driscoll grinned and began feeling more confident. '~You see, Wellington," he said. "They're not all as bad as you think." Then her fingers fanned across her face. She hung her head. The new round of weeping was subdued. "Where to?" Colman asked her..he considers but discards. At last, a flashlight.. "Not interested?" "You'll find a way," one of the Chironians at the table said, not sounding perturbed.. "You mean the way's clear right down to the Battle Module?" Colman asked.. "It's not subject to finite arithmetic," Pernak agreed. "But why does it have to be? Our ideas of currency are based on its being backed by a finite standard because that's all we've ever known. The gold-standard behind the Chironians' currency is the power of their minds, which they consider to be an infinite resource. Therefore they do their accounting with a calculus of infinities. You take something from infinity, and you've still got infinity left." He shrugged. "It's consistent. I know it sounds crazy to us, but it fits with the way they think". "Sure, I know," the girl said, lowering her gaze to her plate, but hesitating with her fork poised over the.. anymore, that she was the pope or maybe some pure and saintly girl named Hortense? She didn't have. "What you need is to join the Circle of Friends." "It could still detach, even without Sterm". Curtis eases off the bed. He feels the wall beside the jamb, finds the switch.. of hard-won wisdom. His mom had been first of all his mom, but she'd also been a universally admired. This scheme at last explained a number of things which previously had been noted merely as empirically observed curious coincidences. It explained why quarks came in three colors: Each one-plus-two combination of dums and dees. Leilani's palms were still damp. She blotted them again. In spite of the August heat, her hands were cold.. "We will if we have to, sir," the captain assured him.. Luki and I have the same last name, but that doesn't mean anything. It's not actually our father's name.. She glanced down at her feet. No snake.. soap and sometimes with an imaginary sumo wrestler and professional assassin named Kato, with whom. The scent of recently mown grass saturated the still air: the intoxicating essence of summer.. The Mayflower II, when at last it began growing and taking shape in lunar orbit year by year, became the tangible symbol of that quest.. Merrick knotted his brows for a moment and then seemed to decide to abandon his attempt to approach the subject obliquely. "Approximately ten thousand of our people are now in Canaveral City and its immediate vicinity." Merrick looked straight at Bernard. "They depend heavily on Chironian services and facilities of every description for the power that runs their homes to the very food they eat. If widespread trouble were to break out down there, they would be completely at the mercy of the Chironians." He raised a hand to stifle any objection before Bernard could speak. "Clearly we cannot tolerate such a state of affairs. It has been decided therefore that, purely as a precautionary measure to protect our own people if the need should arise, we must be able to guarantee the continuity of essential services if circumstances should. The sky outside was sunny and blue with a few scattered clouds, and a pleasantly warm breeze carried the scents of rural freshness from the hills rising to the south. Fallows still wasn't fully accustomed to the notion that it was all real and not just a simulation projected from the roof of the Grand Canyon module, or that the low roars intermittently coming in through the opened window of the living room downstairs were from shuttles ferrying up and down to what was now another realm. He allowed his mind to distract itself with the final chores of moving while it completed its process of readjustment.. of derring-do. His excitement has a nervous edge sharper than anything Huckleberry Finn was required. worried, scared, in a state. As she lay squinting for a glimpse of the beast, her face only six or seven feet. 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." When he'd met her two weeks ago, Noah Farrel had disliked this woman on first sight, strictly as a. LEIGHTON MERRICK FORMED his fingers into a fluted column to support the Gothic arch of his brows down at the desk while he chose his words. "Ah, I've been looking over your record, Fallows," he looked up. "It shows a consistent attention to detail that is very pronounced . . . everything thorough and complete, and properly documented. It's commendable, very commendable . . . the kind of thing we could do with more of in the Service." "She's a juiceless bitch, isn't she?" "No, really." "Shuddup," Colman hissed.. Baldwin is a more believable villain than hero." "The half that's left is off-limits," Micky declared. "The only pie in play is my piece." At forty, she was only seven years older than Noah. Another Woman this beautiful would inspire his. He wheels around, facing the way that he came, ready to brain the first of them with the juice container.. "I've always said you've got a good sense of timing, Bret." Howard had sought to possess, and she had refused to become a possession. Sterm sought. Not to possess but to dominate Chiron. No compromise was possible; he dealt only in unconditional surrender, and she knew that those were the terms he was offering for, her survival. Perhaps she had known it even before she arrived.. of air fosters the dry sound of a long-dead sea.. Leilani's heart pumped, pumped the bellows of her lungs, and breath blew from her in quick hard gusts.. If warehouse decor favored red light, as reputed, then this atmosphere was holier suited to a prostitute. can least afford to do so.. Windchaser accelerates. The driver is suddenly as reckless as all the others who are making a break for. "I've

seen what they're doing in some of the labs, and believe me, Bern, it's enough to blow your mind," Pernak said. "Those guys are not stupid, and they're certainly not the kind who will just lie there and let anyone who wants to, walk all over them. They've got the know-how to match anything the Mayflower II can hit 'em with, and maybe a lot more. They've known for well over twenty years what to expect. Well figure the rest out yourself." at rank upon rank of pumps, in a great dazzle and rumble and fummy reek here in the middle of an. CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE. 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. "I'm thirty-three," Noah said. switching off the TV and closing the doors on the entertainment center while she finished writing the. "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." her shame hadn't arisen from her rudeness regarding Micky's drinking any more than it had been caused. "I mean the bag. It's an airsickness bag." His grin faded. "What? you never saw one before?" The dog sits up straighter and pricks her ears, as if to say that she, too, is well informed about such. "Oh, lots of things. Old Sinsemilla may be a lousy mother, but she can take pride in being an equally. without muscle definition? immense, smooth, pink. As if to provide the illusion of height and to balance. CHAPTER TWELVE. bring us all together." The major met his eye firmly. "My duty is to carry out my orders to the best of my ability," he replied, avoiding a direct answer. His tone said that he regretted the circumstances as much as anybody, but he couldn't compromise. Leilani listened intently. The perfect tickless silence of a clock-stopped universe still filled the house. Chiron's surface had been formed through the same kind of tectonic processes as had shaped Earth's, and Chironian scientists had reconstructed most of its history of continental movements, mountain-building, sedimentation, vulcanism, and erosion. Like Earth, it possessed a magnetic field which reversed itself periodically and which had written a coherent story onto the moving seafloors as they spread outward and cooled from uplifts along oceanic ridges; the complicated tidal cycle induced by Chiron's twin satellites had been unraveled to yield the story of previous epochs of periodic inundation by the oceans; and analysis of the planet's seismic patterns had mapped its network of active transform faults and subduction zones, along which most of its volcanoes and earthquake belts were located. so hard that in a spirit of repentance, she must have wanted to fire up the pain in her arthritic knuckles. a merry mood often sang an ebullient mantra that she'd composed herself: "I am a sly cat, I am a summer. scrub the snake ichor from her hands, to sluice away the sweat of the day, and to remove every trace of." "I have no idea," Colman said, grinning. Even Celia found that she had to bite her lip to prevent herself from laughing. "So what happened? Did you send them back up?" "Worming your way into ..." Micky fell silent, surprised by what she had been about to say. called herself Sinsemilla as long as I've known her." Leilani settled into a hideous orange-and-blue chair. beach all the tiny chips of broken seashells, worn to polished flakes by ages of relentless tides, and. "To your approval, I trust," he said. Celia had suggested a cognac earlier on, when Stern had asked her preference for an after dinner liqueur. "Does anyone else know about Howard?" Colman asked. "Veronica, for instance?" "Could I have more lemonade?" Leilani asked. door on the truck cab and jumps to the pavement. Although he was riding shotgun position beside the. "Oh, Jay, don't be silly. Come on now--tell me where all this came from." "And all these years of silence since then." Colman had reached the place where a raised catwalk joined the gallery from a door leading through a bulkhead into one of the booster-pump compartments, where tritium bred in the stem bypass reactors was concentrated to enrich the main-drive fusion plasma before it was hurled away into space. With little more than the sound of sustained, distant thunder penetrating through to the inside of his helmet, it was difficult to imagine the scale of the gargantuan power being unleashed on the far side of the reaction dish not all that far from where he was standing. But he could feel rather than hear the insistent, pounding roar, through the soles of his boots on the steel mesh flooring and through the palm of his gauntlet as he rested it on the guardrail overlooking the machinery bay below the catwalk. As always, something stirred deep inside him as the nerves of his body reached out and sensed the energy surging around him--raw, wild, savage energy that was being checked, tamed, and made obedient to the touch of a fingertip upon a button. He gazed along the lines of super conducting bus bars with core maintained within mere tens of degrees from absolute zero just feet from hundred million-degree plasmas, at the accelerator casing above his head, where pieces of atoms flashed at almost the speed of light along paths controlled to within millionths of an inch, at the bundles of data cables. marching away to carry details of everything that happened from microsecond to microsecond to the ever-alert control computers, and had to remind himself that it had all been constructed by men. For it seemed at times as if this were a world conceived and created by machines, for machines--a realm in which Man-had no place and no longer belonged. "Catalysts," Colman said after a few seconds of reflection. "You know, you're fight, now that I think about it. All they do is make you exercise the brains you never 'knew you had." by an awareness of the bond of imperfection that all the sons and daughters of this world share without. "What About her?" caught her attention. At first he hears only the grumble of the SUVs. . . . Then, in the distance, a flutter of. Without hesitation, Leilani said, "Four elderly women, three elderly men, a thirty-year-old mother of two, ashes, the bodies of the dead will offer

fewer clues to the true identity of the killers..lap, people looked at her face and often smiled, treated her like any other kid, with no sorrow in their.. but then diminishes and fades entirely away..though not as deep as coma. She'd probably lie limp and unresponsive until late morning..The major sighed wearily. "It doesn't matter. Forget it. Do you know anyone else around here we should try asking?".The boy is reminded of home, which he will most likely never see again. A pleasant nostalgia wells within.ten. One boy with Tinkertoy hips put together with monkey logic, thrown down into a lonely grave,..Gen ... or was she Kim Novak?". "You're the first Terran we've talked to," Shirley said. She nodded her head to indicate the direction they had come from. "We've got a class of kids back there who are bubbling over with curiosity. How would you like to come in and say hello, and talk to them for five minutes? They'd love it."..are searching for a young boy and a harlequin dog. A motorist?the jolly freckled man with the mop of.Through the tunnel of the arbor, and then across more grass, he approaches the farmhouse. At the back.Into the meadow now, without further delay, risking dangers unknown but surely countless. A ripe.from the galley, lounge, and cockpit. The door at the opposite end of the bath stands less than halfway.He wants the coins, too, but he doesn't touch them. In his nervousness, he's likely to jingle or drop them.,.The request for brandy had been a reflex reaction to the stress of the encounter with Sinsemilla. Over the.she stubbornly clings. The boy worries about the reliability of her animal instincts.. "So would you want to go on record as advocating a disloyal and subversive act?" Merrick challenged..diminished, but felt instead as if a painfully constricting knot had at last come loose inside her, and

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