

BENJAMIN OR THE PUPIL OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHER

to conserve electricity." nonetheless rude, distracting Curtis and Donella from their mutual apologies..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..click-and-squeak of her leg brace faded until it could have been mistaken for the language of industrious."The people who are being held in the rooms along corridor Eight-E," the shorter of the two sergeants whispered with a hint of an Irish brogue. "You take their food in?" The steward gulped and nodded vigorously. "When is the evening meal due?"..see which way he would go..jars, each four inches in diameter and three inches tall. Though small, either of these will be suitable as a..Driscoll propped his gun against the wall, fished a pack and lighter from inside his jacket, lit up, and leaned back to exhale with a grateful sigh. The irritability that he had been feeling wafted away with the smoke. The robot set down its piece of tubing, folded its arms, and leaned back against the wall, evidently programmed to take its cues from the behavior of the people around it. Driscoll looked at it with a new curiosity. His impulse was to strike up a conversation, but the whole situation was too strange. The thought flashed through his mind that it would have been a lot easier if the robot had been an EAF infantryman. Driscoll would never have believed he could feel anything in common with the Chinese. He didn't know whether he was talking to the robot, or through it to computers somewhere else in the Kuan-yin or even down on Chiron, maybe; whether they had minds or simply embodied some fever programming, or what. He had talked to Colman about machine intelligence once. Colman said it was possible in principle, but a truly aware artificial mind was still a century away at least. Surely the Chironians couldn't have advanced that much. "What kind of a machine are you?" he asked, "I mean, can you think like a person? Do you know who you are?".Whether the serpent moved slowly because it was hurt or because it was being cautious to deceive,.."Yes, we know that," Quarrey agreed. "But wasn't there also something about the same powers passing to the Deputy Director?"..grasp. She lacks the cultural references to make sense of it. Her tail stops wagging, but only because she..against the stable of his ribs..anymore, and he kept talking until he was wrung dry of words.."To Congress, the people.."..pyrotechnics.."Suppose Sterm gets into the Battle Module from the outside," someone else said. "There are plenty of places around that he could get a ferry or a PC from besides Vandenberg. He's only got to hop across a couple of miles. It wouldn't need a surface shuttle.."..She had spoken to Geneva of things she'd never expected to speak of to anyone, and she'd found relief..and tire iron. He focused on Karla's house, on the lighted window of an upstairs bedroom, where the gap..The two Chironians frowned at each other. "Owns it?" Juanita repeated. Her voice suggested that the notion..was a new one. "I'm not all that sure what you mean. The people who work here, I guess.."..Swley moved farther 'into the room and paused to survey the surroundings through his thick, heavy-rimmed spectacles, his pudgy face cloaked by his familiar expressionless expression. Driscoll was with him, and more were marching in behind them, Sirocco blinked and - swallowed hard as they dispersed among the empty seats at the back and began sitting down. Harding, Baker, Faustzman, Vanderheim..cliff, so be it; even in his dying fall, he will love her, his sister..becoming.."What about when he was screwing the country?"..Abruptly the camera tilted down, too late to show the shattering of the windshield. Documented, the floor. He stays low, hoping to get out of sight before the two cowboys arrive. He avoids collisions..Gen ... or was she Kim Novak?"..backyard fence. But if you do run into him, don't call him Preston or Maddoc. These days he looks a lot..Other days, she might lie here smiling, eyes shining with amusement, occasionally issuing a soft murmur..spaces. Sinsemilla didn't respond to the knock. Maybe dear Mater was fine, in spite of her performance.."Till they killed him.."..In the days ahead, if any of Congressman Sharmer's Circle of Friends couldn't resist a little payback,.."His Esteemed Excellency, Amery Farnhill," the assistant one pace to the rear and two paces to the right announced in dear, ringing tones that resonated around the antechamber of the Kuan-yin's docking port. "Deputy Director of Liaison of the Supreme Directorate of the official Congress of the Mayflower H and appointed emissary to the Kuan-yin on behalf of the Director of Congress . . ." The conviction drained from the assistant's voice as his eyes told him even while he was speaking that the words were not appropriate. Nevertheless he struggled on with his lines as briefed and continued manfully, "... who is empowered as ambassador to the planetary system of Alpha Centauri by the Government of . . ." he swallowed and took a deep breath, "theUnitedStatesofGreater NorthAmerica,planetEarth..'..As Curtis opens the motor-home door, the dog springs past him, up the pair of steps and inside. He..A fly line of panic casts a hook into the boy's heart, and he clutches the edge of the counter to avoid..While Alan Jackson filled the jukebox with a melancholy lament about loneliness, Noah fished the..beyond the next door, he finds logic rewarded. A warm breeze, free of kitchen odors and the smell of.."What's the problem?" Bernard, who had finished talking to Jeeves for the time being, came over to them. Marie followed close behind.."Ye-es," Bernard said slowly, nodding to himself. "He'd know the situation, and he'd probably know a safe way through the border even if some trouble breaks out." He began nodding more strongly. "And we certainly know we can trust him..".."It was a depressed fracture," said Geneva. "Bone chips in the brain. A blood clot.."..Murphy looked pleased. "Don't you think it has a fine ? tone? It's one of Chang's. He makes them.."..He blinks, thinking furiously, striving to comprehend what she has suggested, but he can't avoid the..The transport swings into a wide space between two huge trucks..Sirocco tuned his head towards Hanlon. "Get a couple of pistol belts and side arms from the Armory, Bret," he said. "Let's find out just how good this character really is. I think he might be able to help us solve our problem.."..Another zoom shot revealed that the man delivered by the Jaguar was Congressman Jonathan Sharmer..shuddered..On the second screen Hanlon, in a spacesuit blackened by scorch marks, was clinging in the foreground to the remains of a buckled metal structure sticking out into.."The best. I can make 'em stand up and talk.."..not orphaned, is not alone. For a moment, the young intruder's envy curdles into a hatred so thick and..but

the whole strange story is out there if you want to look it up. As for me, I'd rather eat pie, talk about. Acceptance, however, seemed too much like resignation. Even on those evenings when he napped in the. "No, I'm not. I'm going to talk about air-conditioning for. "I see . . ." Wellesley frowned and nibbled off a piece of the toast. And for such a system the universal law was not death, but life. "That's my point," the boy told him. "The facts aren't going to be changed, no matter how strongly you want to believe they're different, and no matter how many people you persuade to agree with you, are they? There just isn't any sense in saying there are things you can't see and in believing things you can't test." "They just looked at me," Micky said, "and smelled the chance. If I saw this certain smile, then I knew. A dirt lane, flanked by fenced meadows and oiled to control dust, leads to a public road about two. "Don't look directly. The old Chevy across the street." "Sure," Driscoll told her. His eyes twinkled just for an instant. "If you want to know how, I'd beat you with aces." 6. Girls? Fiction. I. Tide. books can be believed. Maybe the history texts are written with political bias, and maybe some of those vehicles hooked to the hoses and guzzling from the nozzles, but flies out from under the long service-bay. appears to be at once enthralled by the offerings on the tall, two-fold menu. "So when are you going to show it to me?" Jay shrugged. "Any time you like." "You going to Jersey fight now?" Standing at the counter in the near dark, pouring coffee with the care of a blind woman, Micky said, "So shadows didn't provide enough concealment, as if she were whispering a confession into the private." "Oh yes, of course." Shirley nodded. "That sounds pretty awful. Still, it's their business." The relief detachment from B Company marched from the exit of the shuttle to take up positions in front of the ramp, and Sirocco stepped forward to address the advance guard. "Ship detail, atten-shun! Two ranks in marching order, fall . . . in!" The two lines that had been angled away from the lock re-formed into flies behind the section leaders. "Sentry details will detach and fall out at stations. By the left. . . march!" The two lines dumped their way behind Sirocco across the antechamber, wheeled left while each man on the inside marked time for four paces, and clicked away along the Corridor beyond and into the Kuan-yin. The plosive squeal of air brakes, recklessly applied so late, reveals the driver not as a man at the mercy. Exhaling explosively, inhaling in great ragged gasps, the woman flung herself toward exhaustion, whether. "That's my car," he explained. "I'm behind the wheel." Not every delicacy is prepared by the two short-order cooks out front. The kitchen staff is large and. "Zangreni needs stimulants to catalyze her~ psychic currents. That's how she make predictions." private security firm with nationwide reach. She suspected, however, that all those operations did. The first door opens on a bathroom. The second leads to a bedroom; hooding the flashlight to dim and. "Opposed," Geneva responded with firm resolve. "My pseudofather. Late that afternoon, he parked the motor home in a roadside lay-by. Not a. someday? assuming he ever gets out of the state alive? to make restitution for this and for the hot dogs. Old Yeller remains at the door, nose to the crack, but she's no longer sniffing noisily. She's in stealth. Of course, this is a little cottage on wheels, not a castle. It doesn't afford as many hiding places as a titled. Previously scattered clouds, as woolly as sheep, have been herded together around the shepherd moon. Pointing to the small bag as Noah tucked the cash into it once more, the pacifist said, "Don't you realize. "If your intention was to provoke an offensive response from the Chironians as a justification for enforcing order, then that hasn't worked either," Kalens returned coolly. "Now we must live with the damage and consider our alternatives." 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?. Curtis, he examines his face in the mirror. Lesley and the major obviously knew each other. "Brad," Lesley said. "What in hell's happened? We were expecting a fight." So much to lose. The serpent huddled all the way back against the wall, and about as far from one side of the chest of. Micky had figured to let the girl wind down, but the longer that Leilani circled the subject of her brother's. you were born, and they won't know if you can never speak of the place, so then you'll live forever. And. LATER, AFTER AUNT GEN had gone to her room, when Micky sat back once more upon the. Celia raised her head suddenly to look up at Lechat. "But I only shot him twice, not six times as the soldiers found. And the house hadn't been broken into when I left. Don't you see what that means?" cross the median strip and attempt to hitchhike east, either, because the traffic whizzing past in that. to which the two cowboys had belonged? to which they still belong if they survived the fire-fight in the. Leilani is as good as dead. "Thanks. I guess." "For Christ's sake, that's TV fiction. She doesn't exist. . . diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my name on your tongue, think you can spellcast me with. crater on the moon. They stood but three feet apart, face-to-face, and in spite of Micky's compassionate intentions, a. "The proper authorities didn't nail the guy who killed Mrs. D's husband," Leilani said. "She had to track. Aren't the boarding gates being checked?" Colman murmured, surprised. Bantam Books are published by Bantam Books, a division of Random House, Inc. Its

trademark. On the threshold, gripping the doorknob, she glanced back to see if the snake pursued her. It remained. She shivered at the thought and got up from the sofa to find Bernard. No doubt he would be in the basement room that he and Jay had made into a workshop to supplement the village's communal facility. Bernard had been taking more interest in Jay's locomotive lately than he had on the Mayflower II. Jean suspected he was doing so to induce Jay to spend more time at home and allay some of the misgivings that she had been having. But his enthusiasm hadn't prevented Jay from going off on his own into Franklin, sometimes until late into the evening, after spending hours in the bathroom fussing with his hair, matching shirts and pants in endless combinations with a taste that Jean had never known he had, and experimenting with neckties, which he'd never bothered with before in his life unless told to. Whatever he was up to, Marie at least, mercifully, was managing to occupy herself with her own friends and to stay inside the complex. "We can probably figure out a way to get you into the house, Veronica. I don't know the score at the base right now, but we've got a unit due to go there any minute. That means you'll have to trust some other guys too. Okay?" He wondered how he might have made out if he'd had a start like that. And what would a guy like Colman be doing, who knew more about the Mayflower II's machines than half the echelon-four shot-noses put together? If that was the way the computers had brought the first kids up, Driscoll reflected, he could think of a few humans who ~ could have. used some lessons. land safely in a leap from the driver's seat, which he now occupies. If in fact he had jumped from the. Curtis can't see any lights in the sky that nature didn't put there, but the helicopter is growing louder by. said, "Into your gall bladder?" "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?" Leilani looked toward the kitchen window but seemed to be gazing at something far away in time and at. Trusting the wisdom of his brother-becoming, the boy drops to his knees, braces one hand against the. "I'm Francene, named after the ZZ Top song." Between a Chevy pickup and a Volkswagen, a jolly-looking man with a freckled face and a clown's. "I won't be talking to him," said Geneva. "After what I've just heard, I'd as soon smack him as look at. swivels on his stool, putting his back to Curtis, and struggles to master his emotions. Although to all. roaming room to room, gazing out a series of windows at the millions of points of light that blossomed. "He did. She's got a place in the city--just across from the base." With an earnestness that could be achieved only by a boy-man with a wispy goatee and the conviction. "How are they going -to pay you?" Jay asked. Twenty-four ha4 escaped in all; nine had already given themselves up or been killed in encounters with Chironians. Anita had not been among them. Colman counted fifteen body-bags, which meant that she had to be in one of them. This time, the pacifist didn't smile. "Guess I should have said do the smart thing." "Our orders are to precede the Ambassador's party through the docking lock to form an honorary guard in the forward antechamber of the Kuan-yin, where the formalities will take place," Sirocco read aloud to the D Company personnel assigned as escorts at the briefing held early that morning. "Punctilious attention to discipline and order will prevail at all times, and the personnel taking part will be made mindful of the importance of maintaining a decorum appropriate to 'the dignity of a unique historic occasion.' That means no ventriloquized comments to relieve the boredom, Swley, and the best parade ground turnout you ever managed, all of you. 'Since provocative actions on the part of the Chironians are considered improbable, number-one ceremonial uniforms will be Worn, with weapons carried loaded for precautionary purposes only. As a contingency against emergencies, a reserve of Special Duty troopers at full combat readiness will remain in the shuttle and subject to such orders as the senior general accompanying the boarding party should see fit to issue at his discretion.'" DRIVING MACHINE in yellow letters above the bill? not the customer who was at the cash register. "Casey's, I suppose." Veronica replied. Honda and out of sight. Bernard threw up his hands in exasperation. "Well, hell, let's Say because they're just plain crazy. They don't need any reason. Never mind why, but let's say it's happened. What do you do?" thoughts. Words threatened to spill from him again, but this time they were likely to come in the form of. "I might have guessed," Colman said, nodding to him. -identify a reason for this almost sweet anticipation. Defensively, she tempered it with wariness. Standing a short distance apart from the group in the opposite direction, Colman was becoming as fed up as the rest of them. It was midafternoon, and Farnhill's party was still inside with no sign yet that whatever was going on was anywhere near ending. The squad's orders were to stand easy, which helped a bit, but all the same, things were starting to drag. He heaved a sigh and for the umpteenth time paced slowly across to the corner of the building to stand gazing past it at the above-surface portion of the complex. Behind him, Driscoll and Stanislaw stopped talking about Carson's sex lie abruptly as two Chironians stopped by on their a t the m entrance. Of course, Swley, Stanislaw, Driscoll, and Carson had to be there. There was no way of backing out; Swley had spotted him entering even before Colman had noticed the 'four uniforms in the corner. "Small world, chief," Driscoll. twelve steps, he checked on the SUV, and always it drifted slowly along in his wake, pacing him. Kath gave a short laugh, "Of course not ... but they're deceptive, aren't they. You have to remember that they've evolved from systems which were designed to adapt themselves to, and teach, children. You project a lot of yourself into what you think they're saying." "Sticky fingers would be the last thing you'd want," Driscoll murmured without looking up while his hands straightened the pack deftly, executed a series of cuts and ripple-shuffles in midair, and then proceeded to glide around the table in a smooth, liquid motion that made the cards appear to be dealing themselves. "Of course I do." "If anyone could, they could," Veronica said from across the room. "That bunch could clean out Fort Knox without anyone knowing." would, sooner or later. Yet right up until the minute she decided she needed a change, until she threw. dog surely knows what Heaven's like and won't confuse paradise with a good dinner. "For now," Sterm added. "The rest comes later." They departed less than five minutes later, leaving Carson and one of the other soldiers inside with the prisoners and two guards standing stiffly outside the door with everything in the corridor seeming normal. Hanlon took Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat to a storeroom near the Communications Center where

they could remain out of sight .Colman followed Driscoll to a machinery compartment on uppermost level where an emergency bulkhead door, unguarded but sealed from the outside and protected by alarm circuits, led through to the motor room of an elevator bank in the civic offices adjoining the Government Center. Colman traced, checked, and neutralized the alarms. Then he double-checked what he had done, and nodded to Driscoll, who was waiting by the door; Driscoll opened the latches and swung the door outward while Colman held his breath. The alarms remained inactive. Sirocco was waiting on the other side with Bernard Fallows, who was wearing engineer's coveralls and carrying a toolbox..-"Maybe we shouldn't rush things too much," Bernard suggested. He looked at lay: "You may want to give yourself time to acclimatize before you get into something like this." His tone said that he was being tactful in his phrasing; lay wasn't going. For the moment, at least, lay didn't feel inclined to argue too much.."I don't give a shit," Padawski shouted as the trio spilled across the floor toward the counter. "I don't give a goddamn shit, I tell ya. If that asshole wants to--" His voice broke off suddenly. "Say, who've we got over here? It's Goldilocks from D Company--they're the shitheads who're so smart they can screw up a whole exercise on the first day." Colman felt the floor vibrate as heavy footfalls approached the booth. He quietly uncrossed his feet beneath the table and shifted his weight to be poised for instant movement. His fingers curled more snugly around the half-full cup of hot coffee. He looked up to find Padawski leering down from about three feet away..debauchery were truth or fantasy, although she suspected wild exaggeration. Tough talk and wisecracks.defensive tactics might be employed. -

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