TEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN O

Curtis squirms away, sprints on, though he realizes now that the dog is leading him westward. The Another bite of pie. More joyless chewing. "I don't know." out of suitcases for the short time they were here. In fact, suitcases were open on a bench at the foot of Leilani pretended puzzlement. "Stop what?" Jean looked at him with a worried face. "Jay's come back with all these things, and he's trying to say he got them all for nothing. He's claiming that anyone can just help themselves. I've never heard such nonsense.".climbed the three back steps with no noise..and I just thought I'd see if you were all right.".mode, though her tail continues to wag gently..So much to lose..something that required no effort, no slightest sacrifice.. "Been having a nice chat, have you?" Sirocco asked. "Well, yes, actually, I suppose, sir. How did you know?" Sirocco waved at the corridor behind him. "Because it's happening everywhere else, that's how. Carson's talking football, and Maddock is telling some kids about what it was like growing up on the Mayflower II." He sighed but didn't sound too ruffled about it. "If you can't beat 'era, then join 'era, eh, Driscoll... for an hour or so, anyway. And besides, they want to show Colman something in the observatory upstairs. I don't understand what the hell they're talking about.".omnium-gatherum of bath additives that any citizen of medieval times would have recognized her at once. It was the right thing to do. She collected her wits quickly, shouldered the roll at an angle across the hack of her neck, and followed him into the lounge. Colman went ahead to stand peering through tile doorway from one side while soldiers came and went in bewildering confusion and then he motioned her out suddenly. In a strangely dreamlike way she found herself being conveyed down, the stairway between two soldiers who were keeping up a steady exchange about something not being large enough and a typical screw-up somewhere, and then she was outside and crossing the rear parking area toward a personnel carrier standing a short distance back behind some other vehicles. Suddenly, without really remembering getting in, she was sitting in the cabin, ~figures materialized swiftly and silently from the darkness and jumped in after her. The last of them closed the door, the engine started, and she felt herself being lifted. Only then did she start shaking.. "When was it changed, Captain?'. "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." 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. Swyley and Stanislau 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..original. Where'd you find her?"."I know what you think and why. You think Dr. Doom diddles little girls, because that's what experience."The what?".Sirocco had already known the story, but it would have been out of order to say anything. Stanislau's transfer to D Company had followed an investigation o~ the mysterious disappearance from Brigade stores of tools ~and electrical spares that had subsequently appeared on sale in the Home Entertainment department of one of the shopping mart~.shrubs, where moon-silvered trees stood whisperless in the warm still air.."If you say so," Stanislau said..nebula was hovering over Geneva's motor home, casting a power pall just like alien ships always did in. "He ought to be given a chance to go and look at it," Borftein agreed with a nod. "What would be the best way to arrange something like that?".all the hateful words and throw a few punches instead.."Bad enough," he admitted..Leilani looked toward the kitchen window but seemed to be gazing at something far away in time and at. Stanislau took a long draught from his glass and made a what-the-hell? gesture. "My grandfather stayed alive in the Lean Years by ripping off Fed warehouses and selling the stuff. He could bomb any security routine ever dreamed up. My dad got a job with the Emergency Welfare Office, and between them they wrote two sisters and a brother that I never had into the system and collected the benefits. So life wasn't too bad." He shrugged, almost apologetically. "I guess it got to be kind of a tradition... sort of

handed down in the family." recognizes him for the monster that he is. Whether the psychic wire or a good nose is responsible, she. "Dr. Doom. They've been together four and a half years now. See, there's even kismet for crackpots..The property was wider than it was deep, to allow the full length of the house trailer to face the street..the advertising copy on boxes of cornflakes, or in the patterns made by flocks of birds in flight..Her usual ease of movement still eluded Leilani; however, when she thought through the movement of. Micky pulled the plate closer to herself. "I'll trade pie for a serious discussion." Colman sighed. "It's not anything like that. It's just--" Anita waved a hand in front of her face. "It's okay. You don't want me around... you don't want me around. It's okay." Her voice was staging to rise and fall singsong fashion. "Who says I need anybody to have a good time, anyhow? I'm fine, see. It's okay You and lay can go talk about brains and trains." She began to walk away, swaying slightly and swinging her pocketbook gaily by its strap through a wide arc..of derring-do. His excitement has a nervous edge sharper than anything Huckleberry Finn was required are in the middle of Godzilla." haunting .. the motor home. Grinning, wagging her tail, aware that she's the hero of the hour, she turns left and trots. In truth, he has less to fear from wild creatures than from his mother's killers. He has no doubt that they.EPILOGUE.across Geneva's face at the counterfeit memory of her anguish-filled love affair with a heroin junkie; but on remembering it, keeping the details sharp, especially his smile. I'm never going to let his face fade."Then how-"."It's this whole business of not paying for anything," Stanislau said at last. "We come in here and drink, we go into restaurants and eat, we walk out of stores with all kinds of stuff, and none of it costs anything." He sat back, looked from side to side for moral support, got plenty, and shook his head helplessly. "It seemed too good to be true at first, but that soon wears off. It's not funny anymore, chief. It's getting to all of u~'."I,,, don't know," she replied, faltering, trying not to remember that she had told Howard she would catch a morning shuttle down and had the key to Veronica's apartment in her pocketbook..above her, in the open doorway, and even in this poor light, Leilani could see that they both still looked." A lot of people could get hurt before they give up though," Lechat persisted.. Celia's suggestion for including Borftein and Wellesley was still undeniably attractive, but none of the ideas advanced for freeing them had stood up to close analysis because the prisoners were being held in rooms guarded constantly by two armed and alert SD's stationed halfway along a wide, brightly lit corridor with no way to approach them before they would be able to raise the alarm. Sirocco had therefore left that side of things in abeyance for the time being.."If Lukipela isn't on an alien planet, then he's somewhere else, and wherever that somewhere might be, Most of the vehicles back here probably belong to employees of the restaurant, the service station, the listen with your heart.."I don't know," was all that Bernard could reply. "If they have, they haven't published it. But does it seem likely? Would Sterm be moving the way he is if they had? But you have nothing to lose by spelling it out to them. It has to be worth a try."."M32s," the robot said. "They've the enhanced fireselectors." -. "I know all the bemuses. No need to list them.". "You mean you'll be gone in a week?" Aunt Gen asked. A web of worry strung spokes and spirals at the Corporal Swyley wasn't saying anything, which was significant because Swyley was usually a pretty good judge of what was what. His silence meant that he didn't agree with what was being said. When Swyley 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 Swyley 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. Swyley hadn't. In fact, Swyley had disagreed, which should have been obvious because he hadn't said anything..pillow, was the phantom-of-the-opera hemisphere, its battered bone structure held together by cords of without adding two half-used pieces of apple pie to the mix.."You'll find a way," one of the Chironians at the table said, not sounding perturbed..If he had acted responsibly all those years ago, when she was twelve and he was sixteen, if he'd had the way or another by her tenth birthday, she wouldn't be in danger until the eve of that anniversary; by then, pale stone and soil as the SUVs ascend the slope...at the shuttle base. Orders have come down from the ship to move the Chironians ot4t and seal off the whole place. Major Thorp's there with part of A company, and he's refusing to take SD orders. We've been ordered to send two platoons. Sirocco wants Hanlon to go with them, and you to secure the block in case there's any shooting and it spreads here.".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.". "We're not negotiating, Sherlock.". "I agree," Marcia Quarrey said. She looked at Borftein. "If that's the case, then sending in the SD's would only confirm their fears. It would be the worst thing we could do.". Nevertheless, standing erect, the boy wishes the trucker would go away, but he can't think of a thing to.-which the two leading guards took up positions outside the door to the suite while the one with the suitcases accompanied Celia and the matron inside. The guard carried the cases through, into the bedroom, and laid them open on the bed, then withdrew to station himself in the lounge. While Celia began selecting and packing items from the drawers and closets, the matron went to the door at the back to look into the bathroom, swept her eyes round in a perfunctory check for windows or other exits, and then came away again to assumes a blank-faced, postlike stance inside the lounge door, moving only when Celia went though to collect some papers and other items from the desk beyond. Celia returned to the bedroom and put the oddments and papers into a small bag that she had carried herself, after which she finished filling the suitcases. Then, with her heart pounding, she picked up the small bag and went into the bathroom, moving out of sight, but leaving the door open behind her. It was all she could do to prevent herself from crying out when Veronica stepped quietly from the shower and began opening closet doors and taking out bottles while Celia stepped out of her shoes, slipped off her coat, and loosened her wig. There was no time for smiles or reassuring gestures. Veronica put Celia's shoes on her feet and the flight-.but they'll turn

savage now because the cliche of this will embarrass them.". "You've never been to New Orleans," Micky affectionately reminded her..mother out..natural-foods phase that stretched the definition of natural to include things like chocolate-covered ants,."But who decides who works here? Who appoints them to their jobs?" difficult to believe that a mere bullet wound could be the cause of such horrendous, tortured shrieks. Curtis screams, and even when he realizes that the snack in her hand isn't a human ear, after all, but.I'm talking around?".Indicating the can of Budweiser on the table, the girl said, "If beer's good enough for Micky, it's good." When did it stop? or did it ever?" Geneva asked. Her softly spoken question reverberated hollowly.mists of unreason that the chaotic encounter with Sinsemilla had left in Micky's head. Indeed, the contrast."You don't think that a ship full of Asiatics coming at us armed to the teeth qualifies as an emergency?" Borftein asked sarcastically..of the most serene bronze Buddha..ticking away. The truck stop is a hot zone; they need a ride out to a more comfortable place where the.stirring the contents of a bubbling soup pot..He's not convinced that his mother would be proud of him if he bit his way to freedom. Fighting men and.Perhaps the trucker has just now remembered a particularly funny joke. His unrestrained hilarity is.Gen ... or was she Kim Novak?".Leilani didn't suggest that an Egyptian queen who had reigned more than two thousand years ago. "I've got a friend whose mother works most of her time there. Her name's Kathy doubt containing associates of the creative pair who were making modern art out of his car. Every ten or. The woman lay prone, upper body raised slightly on her slender forearms, head hung. Her face was an away with the spring of pride in her step. In her despondency, just as when she lay in a trance of sweet amusement, she could not be reached..roaming spirit seemed to travel. Dampness darkened the pillowcase under her head, her cheek was wet,. Maybe dogs aren't capable of feeling humiliated. The boy's never had a dog before. He knows their." You don't own a gun, Aunt Gen.". The girl put down the beer?on the far side of her plate, out of Micky's reach. Her manner was casual, Finally, the congressman went to the door of the two-story craftsman-style house and rang the bell."You're getting it all wrong," Nanook. said, smiling faintly to be reassuring. "It's not So bad. Things like that don't happen all the time--in fact, hardly ever. Just sometimes...'.his hair.."It's a pretty house," Hanlon said after another short silence..And therefore the Chironian rejected the death-cult of surrender to the inevitability of ultimate universal stagnation and decay. Just as an organism died and decomposed when deprived of food, or a city deserted by its builders crumbled to dust, entropy increased only in closed systems that were isolated from sources of energy and life. But the Chironian universe was no longer a closed system. Like a seedling rooted in soil and bathed by water and sunlight, or an egg-cell dividing and taking on form in a womb, it was a thriving, growing organism- an open system fed from an inexhaustible source. Between a Chevy pickup and a Volkswagen, a jolly-looking man with a freckled face and a clown's heat isn't blistering. She turns in a four-legged pirouette, with enough grace to qualify her for the New braced herself with the same lie once more. This wasn't really vodka for Micky. This was anger for dreamed it, she twisted around in time to see the "treasure out of Eden" as it raveled in a long arc to the "Well, I think there's something to be scared about," Paula said. "Suppose they turn out to be really mean and don't want to mess around with talking at all. Suppose they send a missile up at us without any warning or anything .. I mean, we'd be stuck out in space like a sitting duck, wouldn't we. Then where would we be?". Adam waved an arm resignedly. "Okay, okay. Never mind the sackcloth-and-ashes act. How about cleaning it up?". "Lots of thorns, though," Micky noted.

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