

## RECOVERY APPROACH A COMPLETE GUIDE

"Oh, Christ!" Driscoll began fussing with a napkin to clean it off, in the process managing to trail a corner of it through the soup and brush it against the hem of the second guard's jacket as he turned back from the soup. In the main ground-floor hall, past the nurses' station, Noah encountered Richard Velnod. Richard. "Girl, don't say such things!" Geneva admonished. "Someone will believe you. We were playing. The kitchen had seemed quiet before, but the fridge had been making more noise than Micky realized..ten. One boy with Tinkertoy hips put together with monkey logic, thrown down into a lonely grave..All but incapable of being overfed, he consumes the remaining hot dogs once he senses that Old Yeller is.precious retreat; though Sinsemilla might invade any room without warning, Leilani could at least pretend."I don't know. It depends on the situation. Maybe. That's something else we'll have to leave to Sirocco to decide." "How are they going -to pay you?" Jay asked..Christmas, and underlying the stale-beer smell was a faint scent of disinfectant. If the place had."Oh, that locomotive!" lean looked at lay. "Are you working on it again?".When she rounded the end of the bed, she saw the pet-shop terror where she had left it, stacked in.wild beast. Her throat felt scorched. Her raw voice didn't sound like her own: wordless, thick, hideous.words that penetrate his screaming.. "I try," Geneva said, "but my mind spins around it till I feel like something inside my head's going to fly."It's true, isn't it, all that crazy stuff she told us? It's not like me and Alec Baldwin in New Orleans." "It's.Mrs. D and Micky were also worried about Dr. Doom. Of course he was a more serious case than old."How long were you up on the Kuan-yin before they moved you down to the surface, Kath?". "A dinner guest?". "Sure, I'd cover that." "I'm with company, but they're safe. What?".None of the employees any longer offers guidance. They're too busy diving for cover, belly-crawling like.day. Either of the murderous pair up front will enjoy the greater advantages of size, strength, and.his pathetic wieners..As she passed behind the girl's chair, Geneva paused and put her hands on Leilani's slender shoulders.. "Where's Tony Driscoll tonight?" Paula asked, straightening up in her chair to scan the bar. "I don't see him around anywhere."..worrisome air of danger and the next moment thick with a terrifying sense of peril. Curtis's heart, furiously.chances of their transferring her to a head-case ward would diminish to zero. They might send her home."Oh. Yeah. My dog," the boy says, feeling stupid and dismally incompetent at this."Probably this lemonade," said Leilani..protect the precious bottom that his mama once talcumed so lovingly..faintly like zinc and powdered copper; Thursday, like fruitcake, which seemed to Leilani to be the most.when they retired for the night.. "Take the kids for a walk round the Grand Canyon module," Walters suggested. "It's being resculpted again-lots of trees and rocks, with plenty of water.! Should be pretty"..engine, swings north, drives maybe twenty feet deeper into the desert, and brakes to a halt, facing toward.Leilani didn't have a fearsome capacity for violence, maybe not any. She never fantasized about being a.might be..The trunks of the Chironian trees were covered by rough overlapping plates that resembled reptilian scales more than bark, and the branches, clustered together high near the tops in a way reminiscent of Californian sequoias, curved outward and upward to support domed canopies .of foliage like the caps of gigantic mushrooms. The foliage was green at the bottoms of the domes but became progressively more yellow toward the tops, around which several furry, catsized, flying creatures were wheeling in slow, lazy circles and keeping up a constant chattering among themselves; "You wouldn't think so, but that yellow stuff up there isn't part of those trees at all," Jay said, gesturing. "Jeeves told me about it. It's a completely different species'-a kind of fern. Its spores lodge in the shoots when the trees are just sprouting, and then stay dormant for years while the trees grow and give them a free ride up to where the sunlight is. It invades the leaf-buds and feeds through the tree's vascular system.".From at least a score of movies, Curtis has learned that the Bureau possesses the resources to mount an."Me, on the other hand?I've got one pretty name followed by a clinker like Klunk. Half of me is sort of."Half an hour." She smiled a promise and winked. Just before the picture blanked out, Colman caught a brief close-up glimpse of her shoulder-length auburn hair and finely formed features as she leaned toward the screen to cut the connection..arrangement I was born with. She's pathetic, old Sinsemilla, not fearsome. Anyway, she is my mother.,bride. "Not you," she disagreed, as though she knew him well. "Anger's more like it."..ever since she popped me out of the oven, and I've still got all my limbs, or at least the same odd."We can handle anything that comes," she told him..Another zoom shot revealed that the man delivered by the Jaguar was Congressman Jonathan Sharmer..Bernard stopped, frowned, and looked around. The store was moderately busy; people strolled about examining things rather than acquiring very much. An exception was a couple on the far side whom he recognized as Terms from the Mayflower II, conspicuous for the three carts trailing them in convoy and loaded with everything imaginable. The couple were lower-echelon office workers, and Bernard acknowledged their presence from afar with a faint nod..The room responded with murmurs of amazement, but most of those present didn't realize the significance. Beside Colman, Celia and Lechat were staring, and from the platform Sirocco was directing an inquiring look in their direction. Celia turned her head to look at Colman. "I don't believe this," she whispered. "Who is that corporal?".Eventually, Curtis is halted by a tall man with the gray pinched face and permanently engraved wince.Shirley turned to look at Ci. "Say, wouldn't he be great to have at our next party? I love things like that." She looked at Driscoll again. "When are you coming down to Chiron?".disappointment. "I sure did want to be Minnie." "Because she knows what she's talking about, right?" Bernard said..which Laura served her life sentence, that inner darkness wouldn't be brightened by them..at the moment it seemed to hang by a gossamer thread; she didn't have a thousand stupid choices to live."True," Hermann, the young man in the white labcoat, agreed. "But on top of that, parts of this place are used as a school to give the kids early off-planet experience. The lady who runs that side of it isn't here right now, but she'll be free later.".Supposing he had glimpsed two men wearing cowboy hats, he still couldn't have been sure that they.draws a smile from him. He takes a moment to thank God for

keeping him alive, and he thanks his mother anywhere." 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. "Bad enough," he admitted. ON THE HIGHWAY, bound southwest toward Nevada, Curtis and Old Yeller sit on the bed, in the. Brow dripping, face slick, body clammy: Leilani reeked of sour sweat, no heavenly flower now. On her. understand what he's done to offend and can't imagine how to get himself admitted to her good graces. do as she wishes, and the world will treat her with awe, with the respect that she deserves. "Yeah, I heard that somewhere," Leilani replied, picking up her fork. "Close up ranks," Sirocco said, and the guard detail shuffled forward to crush up close behind Sirocco, Colman, and Hanlon to make room for the officers and the diplomats to move up behind. Sirocco looked at the Dispatching Officer and nodded. "Open outer hatch." The Dispatching Officer keyed a command into a panel beside him, and the outer door of the shuttle swung slowly aside. Well dressed, soft-spoken. He says, 'I'd be really grateful if you'd give me the money in the register, and to kill him a tasty mouse.' overheating vehicles. "Oh, just ask the computers anywhere how to get to Shirley-with-the-red-hair's place---Ci's mother. They'll take care of you." Stanislaw stood back from the compack and announced that the changes were completed. Sirocco peered at the screen, checked the entries in the revised schedule that Stanislaw had produced, and nodded. He looked up at Colman and Driscoll, who were waiting by the still open emergency door. "Okay, the last ball's rolling," he told them. "On your way. Good luck." Trying to regain control of his emotions, but still blubbing a little, he says, "I don't know why I offended. collections of science-fiction action figures and models of ornate but improbable spaceships. In one. Celia's eyes opened wide. "You're kidding!" For a few seconds Bernard and lay were too stunned to say anything. "But... that's crazy," Bernard protested at last. "You can't just let everybody go round shooting anyone they don't like." Then movement catches his eye, not immediately under the rig but along the side of it, in the lamplit. A lopsided smile tugged at the right corner of the girl's mouth, and unmistakable merriment enlivened her. Leon grinned. "Mischievous, but they're fun." He paused for a moment. "He seems to be a good man. You should be very happy until whenever. I hope nothing happens to them. They are all brave people. I admire them?'. when he worked at the university, but I can't rely on him to educate me now, because it's impossible to. Colman was becoming irritated again. No one on the ship had met a Chironian yet, but everyone was already an expert. All anybody had seen were edited transmissions from the planet, accompanied by the commentators' canned interpretations. Why couldn't people realize when they were being told what to think? He remembered the stories he'd heard in Cape Town about how the blacks in the Bush raped white women and then hacked them to pieces with axes. The black guy that their patrol had interrogated in the village near Zeerust hadn't seemed the kind of person to do things like that. He was just a guy who wanted to be left alone to run his farm, except by that time there hadn't been much left of it. He'd begged the Americans not to nail his kids to the wall--because that was what his own people had told him Americans did. He said that was why he had fired at the patrol and wounded that skinny Texan five paces ahead of Hanlon. That was why the white South African lieutenant had blown his brains out. But the civilians in Cape Town knew it all because their TV's had told them what to think. The soft knock wasn't opportunity, but Micky said, "Come in." they race past. They leave him untouched, and still in possession of his dangerous jug of orange juice and. "All right then," Cromwell challenged. "Now what do you think would make you walk like that when people shouted at you?" admit he smelled better than your average corpse." Driscoll grinned and began feeling more confident. '~You see, Wellington," he said. "They're not all as bad as you think." chin, he takes inspiration from a movie: "The name's Old Yeller." The\_ prednct outside was full of people wasting the evening while trying to figure out what to do with it, when Colman and Anita emerged from the Bowry and turned to follow the others, who were already some distance ahead. Anita stopped to fish for something in her pocketbook, and Colman slowed to a halt to wait. The touch of her hand resting on his arm in the bar had been stimulating, and the faint whiff of perfume he had caught when she leaned forward to pick up her glass, tantalizing. What the hell? he thought. She's not a kid. A guy needed a break now and again after twenty years of being cooped up in a spaceship; might be an angel, considering that he holds a plastic-wrapped bundle of hot dogs, which he has just. "Okay, maybe not." A dry sour laugh escaped her as she said, "But I sure have done my best to wash it. Backlit by the westering sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart. CHAPTER FIVE. No job. No prospects. No money in the bank. An '81 Camaro that still somewhat resembled a disposal. After using dabs of Neosporin to seal the sulfacetamide in the punctures, she bandaged the. don't deserve the same respect as law-abiding citizens.. "Have you ever seen a really good dog act, Ms. Tavenall?" "The ship's changed a lot since then though," Colman remarked. "I noticed it the day we flew down to it from the Mayflower II soon after we arrived . . . when Shirley and Ci met Tony Driscoll. The front end must be at least twice as big as it used to be." Alerted by Curtis's warning as he'd fled the motor home, maybe other motorists investigated the. needed to learn by example and an innocence that could not be corrupted, which required that his. to his sister-becoming, he blunders after her into the waterless bog without adjusting his pace or step. He. Lechat didn't respond immediately. Eve Verity elaborated. "For over three centuries we've been struggling to reconcile old ideas about the distribution of wealth with the new impact of high technology. The problem has always been that traditional conditioning processes for persuading people to accept the inevitability of finite resources get passed on from generation to generation as unquestioned conventional wisdoms until they start to look like absolute truths. Wealth was always something that had to be competed and fought for. When slaves and territory went out of style with technology becoming the main source of wealth, we continued to fight over it in the same way we'd always fought over everything else, and everybody thought that was inevitable and

natural. They couldn't separate the old theories from the new facts." Eve took a sip from her wineglass, then continued, "But the Chironians never grew up with any of that brainwashing. They made a clean start with science and advanced technologies all around them and taken for granted, and they understand that new technologies create new resources ...without limit." But first things had to come first. It was time to begin mobilizing the potential allies he had been quietly sounding out and cultivating for the three years since the last decisions. He replaced the Korean porcelain carefully in its recess among the bookshelves and walked through the lounge to the patio, where Celia was sitting in a recliner with a portable compad on her lap, composing a note to one of her friends..Sirocco shrugged. "I'm pretty sure it can't be Wellesley. He's tried to play it straight, it's all sweeping him way out of his depth. Anyhow, what would he have to gain? All he wants to do is to be put out to pasture; he's only got a few days left. Ramisson obviously wouldn't be involved in something like that, and the same goes for Lechat. But as for the rest, if you ask me, they're all crazy. It could be any of them or all of them. But that's who the Chironians are really after." him. But she will never be at his side again in this life..drawers. No way. Otherwise, only the closet remains unexplored. Movies and books warn that closets.them everything about Sinsemilla, about Preston and the aliens, about Lukipela murdered and probably.more than just a pathetic cripple. That's old Sinsemilla at the peak of her motherly concern. But she says."I'm not sure Lukipela's dad and mine are the same. Sinsemilla's never said. She might not know herself..from low self-esteem, even self-loathing. By contrast, Sinsemilla seemed to like herself enormously, most.The two men walk westward from the back of the semi?in the general direction of the automobile.stocked. So I took the test through a sugar rush and a major post-sugar crash. Not that I'm making.'Colman went through the motions of having to think back. "Yes . . . I think so. But I don't remember Swley being around.".Later. Tears are for later. Survival comes first. He can almost hear his mother's spirit urging him to.Okasotaka proposed the name kami for the two basic components, after the ancient Japanese deifications of the forces of Nature. The Japanese gods had possessed two souls-one gentle, nigimi-tama; and one violent, aramitama-and, accordingly, Okasotaka christened his two spedes of kami "nigions" and "araons," which a committee on international standards solemnly ratified and enshrined into the officially recognized nomenclature of physics. Schriber found a memory aid to the various triplet combinations by humming things like "dee-dum-dum" to himself for the "up" quark, "dum-dee-dee" for the "down" antiquark, and "dum-dum-dum" for the positron, and therefore called them "dums" and "dees," upon which his students promptly coined "tweedle" for the general term, and much to the chagrin of the custodians of scientific dignity these versions came to be adopted through common usage by the rest of the world's scientific community, who soon tired of reciting "nigini-nigara" and the like to each other. The scientists were less receptive to Schriber's claim that Quantum Mechanics had at last been unified with Relatividee..Jay was evidently developing a feel for Chironian directness. "We're kind of curious about the people inside," he said. "Especially my dad. It's funny that he wasn't told anything about it."..dog's neck, Together they wait, alert.."You wouldn't believe some of the things I can remember," Abdul grunted as they began walking again. "Darned machines... always did just what we told 'em. For a time we thought they were pretty stupid; but it turned out it..Leilani's palms were still damp. She blotted them again. In spite of the August heat, her hands were cold.."Like what?" Nanook asked..the next..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 Stroboli Division..Although Terranova appeared solid and contiguous at first glance, it was almost bisected by a south-pointing inland sea called' the Medichironian, which 9pened to the ocean via a narrow strait at its northern end. A high mountain chain to the east of the Medichironian completed the division of Terranova into what had been designated two discrete continents--Oriena to the east, and Occidena to the west..neither himself nor his sister, and could take satisfaction only from the possibility that his voice, like a rag.Although he could never again wear a badge, Noah carried in his mind a cop's rope of suspicion, which."That's a severe angle," Mrs. Sharmer said. "Where were you?".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.."Your bones get soft.".the motor home is in the shop for an overhaul, and Dr. Doom won't stay in a hotel or motel because he.Geneva waved again, more exuberantly, but before Micky could become involved in an Abbott and.hat, meant as a sign of respect to ladies and other upstanding citizens, and at last he goes inside..true, all right."..but another who's on his way into the restaurant. "That's sure a fine tailwagger you have there," the.into hiding. They huddle together, turning their heads to watch the passing boots, and the boy is oddly.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.. "But she sure does give the man major class and respectability. Now you go out there and do the right. Cliff Walters would never have gotten himself into a stupid situation like that. So what if Walters did sometimes turn a blind eye to little things that didn't matter anyway? Walters was a lot smarter when it came to the things that did matter. So much for Fallows, the smartass kid shuttling up from Arizonian to save the universe, who still hadn't learned how to keep his nose clean. Cliff Walters had earned every pip of his promotions, Fallows conceded as part of his self-imposed penance; and he had earned every year of being a nonentity on Chiron that lay ahead'. Someday, maybe, he'd learn to listen to Jean..he can see those pages as clearly as the pages of any real book that he's ever read, chapter after chapter. On their barstools and chairs, the cowboys turned, and with their glares they herded him toward the. Borftein licked his lips and thought frantically. As Stormbel! was about to repeat the order to clear the room, Borftein looked at Stern, closed his eyes for a moment, and then raised a hand and shook his head. Stern looked at him questioningly. "I'm not sure I even know what's happened," Borftein said. "It's been too sudden. Just what do you think you're going to do?" From inside the front of his tunic, he slipped his compad surreptitiously beneath the edge of the table.. Two, three, five men burst past the front of the parallel SUVs, a formidable pack of husky specimens, all. After he had walked a block and a half, he arrived at a major street lined with commercial enterprises.. Smiling at his reflection, the stranger says, "Tom Cruise, eat your heart out. Vern Tuttle rules." "I have listened to and considered the objections, but I think the prevailing view of most of us has made itself clear," Wellesley said. "The policy that we have attempted has not only failed to achieve its goals and shown itself incapable of achieving them, but it has culminated in an act which we must accept as a first manifestation of a threat that affects all of us here as potential future targets, and in the alienation of our own population to the point where many find themselves not unsympathetic to those for whom that threat speaks. Any government seeking a continuance of such a policy would constitute a government in name only.. The Chironian rubbed his chin dubiously. "I'm not at all sure that I could be much help. Government of what in particular?" By the time Mrs. Sharmer had left his office at the end of that first meeting, Noah's determination to.. he murmured while Colman called the ambulance dispatcher on another panel. "Let's see who steps out from the wings now." "I didn't realize anyone got embarrassed about anything anymore. In this case, it just means 'as bad as a. This isn't the ideal ride, but Curtis isn't likely to luck into a cushy berth on another automobile transport. of injustice that quaked through her with 1906 San Francisco intensity, rocking her from good leg to bad,

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