

## SEVEN LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE LAKE FOREST COLLEGE ON THE FOUND

away with the spring of pride in her step..AS TASTY AS FRESH orange juice is when lapped out of a shoe, Old Yeller nevertheless loses."You bitch" Celia protested. "I want to hear about it now.'Or maybe the dog's sudden anxiety has nothing to do with the contents of the mirrored wardrobe. She.of the two brightly costumed behemoths who obviously had learned all the wrong lessons from the.country, to the sites of famous close encounters, from Roswell, New Mexico, to Phlegm Falls, Iowa..Face to glass, nose flattened a millimeter short of fracture, he peers into the car as if into an aquarium.by then? Somewhere, anywhere, everywhere, waiting. And what if her mother took it with them when.Bernard frowned suddenly. "Yes, it is. And I didn't know about it." His concern intensified as the implications sank in. "Who are they?".boy takes comfort from the silken coat and the warmth of his friend, successfully repressing a fit of the.Chapter 2."And you're a cop."."Hell is spending eternity as the hero in a Bobby Zoon flick."Colman shook his head. "There shouldn't be any need. Celia's hair is a lot shorter. There'll be fewer people around later. It'll be okay - . . as long as there's a different guard there by then, and provided we can get him down along that corridor for a minute. And anyhow, they'll be expecting people to be going in there then."..psychology and self-esteem."..sometime in the 1950s." Geneva's puzzlement dissolved into a smile. "You're absolutely right, dear. I.Because any hesitation would lead to the complete collapse of Leilani's will, she had to act while.Although the trucker looks vastly amused, this is, of course, purely sham amusement to cover his.Geneva left the door half open behind her. She sat on the edge of the bed, sideways to her niece..Pleadingly, Micky said, "Will you stop stuffing your face with pie and talk to me?". "All covering positions manned and standing by," one of the duty crew sang out from a station inside the command post..his leg stiff, rolling his hips in that funny way he did. And then ... as they drove away. . . Luki looked back.Racing away into the night, trying to outrun the screams and the guilt that they drill into him, the boy."A witch doctor." Kalens smiled at the frown on Celia's.When they arrived at Kath's Franklin apartment with Adam and his "wife" Barbara, who had collected them at the border, Veronica was waiting with Kath and Casey. Colman already knew everybody, and while he and Kath were introducing Bernard and Lechat to those they hadn't met previously, Veronica and Celia greeted each other with hugs and a few more tears from Celia,.holds, and still the door doesn't open for him. Magic lock, bolt fused to the striker plate by a sorcerer's."Confused but quiet at the barracks," Jarvis told him. "A lot of shooting inside the base at Canaveral. Everyone seems to be trying to get his hands on the heavy equipment there. A shuttle's on fire in one of the launch bays."..Fifteen minutes later, inside an office that opened onto a passageway to the rear lobby of the Communication Center, an indignant office manager and two terrified female clerks were sifting on the floor with their hands clasped on the top of their heads, under the watchful eye of one of the soldiers who had burst in suddenly brandishing rifles and assault cannon. "What do you think you're trying to do?" the manager asked in a voice that was part nervousness and part trepidation. "We don't want to get mixed up in any of this."..In the closet: no Mom, no puke, no blood, no hidden passageway leading to a magical kingdom where.Her statement both reassures and strangely disconcerts the boy, so he makes another effort at. "That's a gamble we'll have to take," Sirocco said. "Sterm will hardly order them to fire on the rest of the ship if he's in it."..smile, either, like you might expect, but a half-sad smile, as if it was going to be too easy and they."Aha" Merrick seemed more satisfied. "I certainly don't want my name going on record associated with something like this." His statement said as clearly as anything could that Fallows wouldn't do much for his future prospects by allowing his own name to go into such a record either. Merrick screwed his face up as if. he were experiencing a sour taste. "Low-echelon rabble trying to rise above themselves. We've got to keep them in; their places, you know, Fallows. That was what went wrong with the Old Order. It let them climb too high, and they took over. And what happened? They dragged it down-civilization. Do you want to see that happen again?".The thought of a shower was appealing; but the reality would be unpleasant. The cramped bathroom had.A bitter taste arose in her mouth, perhaps an onion blowback from Geneva's potato salad, and her.part in a nice way."..No. Even if the man drops to one knee, instead of simply bending down, his head will be well above the.Stanislaw entered more commands. A different table of information appeared on the screen. "SD guard details and timetable for posts inside the Columbia District tonight," Stanislaw said. They would refrain from doing anything to that one until the last moment..stars. Rattlesnakes, scorpions, and tarantulas will be more hospitable than the merciless pack of hunters.so intently focused on the rear entrance to the restaurant that not one of them catches sight of Curtis as."You should try to find yourself, Steve. It's healthy."."Oh, Mrs. D, I disagree. People dressing up in big weird animal suits where you can't see their.Aunt Geneva's aged house trailer looked like a giant oven built for the roasting of whole cows, in.The Chironians suddenly appeared intrigued. "We suspected that it bad to be something like that," Casey said, sitting forward on the couch beside Veronica. "But how can you prove it?".down directions to the nearest hospital from a satellite; this high-tech age was the safest time in history for.Jean seemed to dismiss the subject from her mind. She looked uncertainly at Bernard for a few seconds, and then said, "It's not really anything to do with that. It's- oh, I can't put this any other way-it's you."..caring staff and comforts, to be an unnatural condition for any form of life..studied her torso. No boobs yet. She hadn't expected any dramatic change, just perhaps vague swellings,."Just a bunch of hooley ? ".she's gotten a better smell of the cunningly deceptive grandfatherly stranger in the toilet cubicle and now.other hand, if you could see me as a weird and possibly dangerous mutant, you'd tell me none of this is.When she reached the swagging fence, Micky could see that the tormented spirit was of this earth, not."Freezer Sirocco stepped out in front of them with his automatic drawn and Stewart beside him holding a leveled assault cannon. Before the SD's could react, two more weapons were trained on them from behind. They were disarmed in seconds, and Sirocco motioned them through the open door with a curt wave of his gun

while Faustzman herded the two startled civilians from the coffee machine. Two women rounded the corner just as the door of the office closed again, and walked by talking to each other without having seen anything. Moments later Sirocco left the office again with two privates. They formed up in the center of the corridor and moved off in step in the direction of the rear lobby. coppery freckles and lively green eyes testified to the abiding presence of the young girl thriving in the. Even more remarkable was another prediction that followed from the Chironian symmetry relationships, which required the creation of an "antiuniverse" along with the universe, populated by antimatter and consisting of an extraordinary realm in which "antitime" ran backward and "antispacetime" contracted from an initial volume of zero, Universes, like particles, were created in pairs. And it was the duality of universes, each exhibiting a spacetime decomposed into two discrete dimensions, which gave rise to the two-way duality manifested by tweedles and antitweedles: Dums, dees, antidums, and antidees were simply spacelike, timelike, antispacelike, and antitimelike projections of the same fundamental entity existing in the timeless, spaceless domain of tweedlespace. "Well, that's something, anyway," Sirocco said. "Stay there, Bret, and don't let anyone touch anything. I'll get onto Brigade right away. We'll have some more people over there in a few minutes." He returned to Colman. "Get two sections out of bed, and have one draw equipment and the other standing by. And get an ambulance and crew over there right away for Emmerson and Crealey." Hanlon disappeared from the screen, and Sirocco tapped a call to Brigade. "It looks as if the fall-guy has gone down, Steve." "Of course, dear." Geneva slid the dish of garnishes across the table. "Is there a computer in the house?" Bernard called out. "At your service," a voice replied from the direction of the screen. "I answer to Jeeves, unless you want to {sake it something different." The voice changed to that of a girl speaking with a distinctive French accent. "Une petite francaise, possiblement?" Then it switched to a guttural male--"Karl, ze Bavarian butler, maybe?"--to smooth tones---"Or perhaps something frightfully English might meet more with your approval?"--and finally back to its original American. "All planetary communications and database facilities at your disposal--public, domestic, educational, professional, end personal; information storage, computation, entertainment~ instruction, tuition, reference, travel arrangements, accommodations, services, goods, end resources, secretarial assistance, and consultancy. You name it, I can handle it or put you in touch with the right people." events that test his pluck, his fortitude, and his wits. As the boy eases shut the door of the Explorer, the mongrel pads toward the back of the auto carrier, needed. ever since she popped me out of the oven, and I've still got all my limbs, or at least the same odd. Sirocco marched smartly through the connecting ramp into the Kuan-yin, where he stepped to the left and snapped to attention while Colman and Hanlon led the guard sections by with rifles sloped precisely on shoulders, free hands swinging crisply\_ as if attached by invisible wires, and boots crashing in unison on the steel floor plates. They fanned out into columns and drew up to halt in lines exactly aligned with the sides of the doorway. Behind them the officers emerged four abreast and divided into two groups to follow Colonel Wesserman to the left and General Portney to the fight. "What about alligators?" Micky asked her aunt. "You mean the way's clear right down to the Battle Module?" Colman asked. The first door opens on a bathroom. The second lends to a bedroom; hooding the flashlight to dim and. "The Circle serves all age groups now. It really works. You learn there may be a million questions in life. to her that acting silly-kid excited about them would help convince Dr. Doom that she continued to. strapped singly, others bundled in bales and tied with sisal twine. His right hand finds smooth leather, the. mad, insane. There's a lot of that going around. Dressed in sandals and baggy plaid shorts and a T-shirt. been able to see before. The crimson tissues dropped out of her grip; in the meaty part of her palm were. authorities have realized that the fire at the farmhouse was arson, and if autopsies have revealed that the. "You sure? The sky goes away in the dark, and everything gets so big. I don't want her scared." Celia set her glass on the table and found that she needed a moment to reorient her thoughts, even though she had known this was coming. "I'm concerned over this latest threat to evict Chironians from Phoenix. It's not the bluff that many people think. Howard is serious." Someone is walking beside the trailer, approaching the back where the boy kneels. afraid that they are beginning to recognize him for the fugitive he is. Hanlon shook his head. "Ah, why be vindictive? We got her off and sent them all on their way. They're probably in Franklin by now, looking for the fastest way out of town." The house around her was another part of it. She no longer saw it as the dream it had been on the day they moved down from the Mayflower If, but instead as another part of the same conspiracy--a cheap bribe to seduce her into selling her soul in the same way as a university research post and the lure of a free home had seduced Eve and Jerry. Chiron didn't want to let her be. It wanted her to be like it. It was like a virus that invaded a living cell and took over the life-processes that it found to make copies of itself. "I find that insulting, and also unbecoming." "Is this the truth?" Bernard asked uncertainly with a strong note of suspicion in his voice. That morning Paul Lechat, whom she had never thought of as especially noteworthy on any issue, had announced himself as a late candidate in the elections and called for the establishment of a separate Terran colony in Iberia, somewhere up in Selene. He wanted to allow the people from Earth to pursue their own pattern of living without disruptive influences for the immediate future, and possibly to make such an institution permanent if it suited enough people to do so. To Jean the announcement had come as a godsend, and to many others as well, if the amount of popular support that had materialized from all sides within a matter of hours was anything to go by. Why couldn't everybody see it that way? she wondered. It was so obvious. Why were there always some who were obstinate and valued political interests before what common sense said would be for the common good, such as Kalens, who even now was reacting to Lechat as a threat and rallying his own followers to action? The rosebush, however, responded perversely to tender care. In spite of ample sunshine, water, and. making a connection with her. His stubborn persistence through the years had been motivated by. In the driver's seat, the startled woman comes unstartled enough to speak, but the boy can't make out. appeared to be malformed. Leilani said, "She just calls him Klonk because she claims that was the noise he made if you rapped him. Maybe they

aren't sure if he's his mother's son or some other woman's child. Maybe he could fake them. when, as she lay sleepless in another time and place, they had rolled past in the night with a rhythmic. The mention of antimatter reminded Colman of something. He sat back on the sofa and cast his mind back as he tried to pinpoint what. It reminded him of something Kath had said. The others stopped talking and looked at him curiously. And then it came to him. He cocked his head to one side and looked at Bernard. "Did you know that Chironians were modifying the Kuan-yin into an antimatter ship?" he asked. .rest against the toe of one of the boots. The parking-lot light is bright enough that from a distance of a. Banishing doubt, seizing hope with a desperation grip, Curtis swallows hard and prepares himself for an. Before Micky could press for more details, Leilani changed the subject: "Mrs. D, did the cops catch the. be dead for sure. As one, the two cowboys start toward Curtis. .Clapping her hands in delight, Leilani said, "I knew there must be some gumption in you." She rose from. mistaken for the rhythmic susurration of the sea. The man grumbles, turns on his side . . . but doesn't wake. The pooled heat of August, like broth in a cannibal's pot, still cooked a thin perspiration from her, and. purging. Yet she shied from using the bath seasonings for the same reason that she didn't participate in. back in time by an evil machine intelligence to track down and destroy the mother of its most effective. He tries to shoo away the dog, but it will not be shooed. It has cast its fortune with his. .rhythmic and crisp, faint at first, then suddenly rhythmic and solid, like the whoosh of a sword cutting air;. Hiding in the tiny toilet enclosure is out of the question. The owners just came from the restaurant, and. groaned with pleasure while eating them. .With no apparent recognition of the name, the bearded trucker, who may be only what he appears to. "Oh, I dunno---some of the things you said, maybe." He grabs the handle on a container of orange juice, making a mental note to return to Utah. narcissists, which was where old Sinsemilla and the psychologists definitely could shake hands. Mother in. and therefore an object of contempt. Science is too potent. Hammond suspects, however, that he and the mutt are continuing to bond and that she recognizes the. concentrate on your lessons when your teacher has his hand up your skirt." Old Sinsemilla was a devoted practitioner of aromatherapy and a believer in purging toxins through. ABOUT THE AUTHOR. On the bed, Sinsemilla romped, cheering one of the combatants, cursing the other, and though Leilani. "Yes, dear, who did he whack?" Aunt Gen asked with bright-eyed interest. Perhaps her occasional. Understanding its new master's intent, the dog springs into the cargo bed of the truck, landing so lightly. A party was thrown in the Bowery that night to celebrate the Mayflower Its safe arrival and the end of the voyage. A lot of the talk concerned the news broadcast earlier in the evening, describing in indignant tones the deliberate snubs that the Chironians had inflicted on the delegations sent down to the Kuan-yin, and by implication the insult that had been aimed at the whole Mission and all that it represented. In the opinions of many present, it wouldn't be a bad thing if the Chironians were taught a lesson; they'd asked for it. None of the people who thought that way had met a Chironian, Colman reflected, but they were all experts. He didn't want to spoil the mood of the party, however, so he didn't bother arguing about it. The others from D Company who had gone to the Kuan-yin and were in the Bowery with him seemed to feel the same way. .cudgel, just behind Leilani's two-hand grip. "They've still got the Army... and a lot of nasty hardware up here," Lechat reminded him. "But they seem to have an intuition to make human value judgments," Colman objected. "They know too much about how people think." their rigs, some of them colorful figures in hand-tooled boots and Stetsons, in studded and embroidered. With the container of Florida's lines! in one hand, the package of hot dogs firmly in the other, Curtis. Shunning suicide, old Sinsemilla nevertheless embraced self-mutilation, though in moderation. She. place with both hands, his face entirely concealed, evidently because he thinks this will provide some. and perhaps irrational notion. He's just a boy of comparatively little experience, and she's a grand person. upon identifying him, as will the cowboys and their ilk. Once he's in custody, however, he won't be. has been his companion for the past hour, as he's traveled twisting trails through exotic underbrush. .stocked with a plastic tumbler and an ice bucket. In the bottom drawer of her small dresser, she kept a. age, about the size of the night visitor who stands over him. .whole-of-limb, hard-bodied, martial arts wunderkind. The Klunk way wasn't the way of the Ninja. The. He nodded to himself. That was what he would do. He would call Jean and then go over to Cordova Village to talk to her and Bernard about it. "There must be a master panel or something somewhere," Jean said, looking around. "How about that?" She tripped down the two shallow steps into the sunken section of the floor, sat down at one end of the sofa, end lifted a portable flat screen display/touchpanel from a side-pedestal. After experimenting for perhaps ten seconds and watching the responses, she said, "That might do it. Try again." "The EAP is committed to a dogma of conquest," he said. "They understand no language apart from force. You cannot hope to deal with them by any other means." Jay nodded and pointed to the view of one of Chiron's moons, which was showing between the clouds up near one of the corners. "That's Remus," he said. "The painting was done over a year ago, and if you look at it you can see that whoever painted it paid a lot of attention to detail. I spent a lot of time reading about this star system and its planets, and when I got to looking at Remus in this picture, I realized there was something funny about it." Jay's finger moved closer to indicate a smooth region of Remus's surface, sandwiched between two prominent darker features, probably large craters. ~I was sure that in the most recent pictures I'd looked at from the Chironian databank, those two craters are connected by another one, where this unbroken area is . . . a big one, several hundred miles across, When I checked, I found I was right-there's a huge crater right here, and it wasn't there a year ago." He also had rules that he lived by, standards that he wouldn't compromise, and procedures that must be. Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat were standing helpless and petrified in the middle of the floor. "He'll do it," Celia whispered, horrified, to Bernard. something?" Following the dog hasn't brought Curtis to disaster yet, so he bolts after her once more. As he races. "They never had any parents or peers for that kind of stuff to rub off from," Pernak agreed. "Classes, echelons, black, white, Soviet, Chinese ... it's all the same to them. They don't care. It's what you are that matters." The pole rested in U-shaped brackets. She lifted it up and out of the

fixtures. The hangers slid off the. Good pup.. agrees with his assessment of the fundamental requirement of a boy-dog friendship.. He moves faster and more boldly, striking out directly toward the "full range of services," which are. another blacktop parking lot, which is only half as well lighted as those he's seen previously.. Leilani said, "One reason I know she hailes Luki more than me is the name she gave him. She says she. Leaning across the table as though earnestly determined to help Micky find the elusive word, Leilani. busy. No one appears interested in Curtis when he enters.

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