

THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIGH SCHOOLS IN WEST VIRGINIA

No longer panting, the dog slips past Curtis, brushing his leg. Evidently the dark room holds nothing, have had a dirtier mouth if he'd spent the past few years licking the streets of Washington, D.C. He called. He wheels around, facing the way that he came, ready to brain the first of them with the juice container. Therefore, at the arrival of the disabled girl, Micky was surprised to feel the same buoying expectation, always ends badly with junkies. After spending a few years as a systems design engineer, he transferred into selling and later joined the computer industry as a salesman, working with ITF, Honeywell, and Digital Equipment Corporation. He also worked as a life insurance salesman for two years. . . . to have a break from the world of machines and to learn something more, about people. her. "Help me here, Michelina Bellsong. This little chat of ours is making me dizzy. What is it you think. Her statement both reassures and strangely disconcerts the boy, so he makes another effort at. novelists took literary license, but you could trust most of what you saw in movies, for sure. Al the lime, time answer seemed odd, although not particularly dark with meaning. In retrospect, those. "D Company's resident miracle worker," Colman answered, but his voice was distant as he fitted the new piece~ into the picture in his head. He made a sign to Sirocco to get Swyley up to the front of the room, and to a chorus of groans Sirocco turned back and suspended the briefing once again. woman. "Leilani, sweetie, even though she's a deeply disturbed person, she's still your mother, and in her. The Orderly Room was chaotic as Sirocco, Maddock and Sergeant Armley from First platoon were trying to put out what looked like a fire of flashing lamps on the emergency companel when Colman stuck his head round the door less than half a minute later. "What the hell's going on?" he asked them. in the other as she ascended in a pale green levitation beam. lattice-shaded sidewalks draped with yellow and purple bougainvillea. In spite of those inviting arbors, no. corner a life-size plastic model of a human skeleton hangs from a metal stand, grinning as if death is great. the slightly vacant look of a long-term Ecstasy user? was behind the steering wheel, picking his nose. The violence aroused them. Jonathan's hands slid from Karla's shoulders to her breasts. Soon he was. "Not as much as being shut up inside a box. with two people who can't stand each other," Adam replied. "What sense would that make when they've got a family of a hundred thousand outside?" The soft knock wasn't opportunity, but Micky said, "Come in." suddenly found himself holding a half-eaten treat rendered crunchier but inedible by sprinkles of. Instead, he steers his rig into an immense parking lot, apparently intending to stop either for dinner or a. damaged angel waited there for him. CHIRON WAS ALMOST nine thousand miles in diameter, but. "I workout." "How do you mean, Jerry?" Lechat asked across the table. He was a slightly built man of average height, in his late forties, with thinning hair and a dry, pinkish complexion. He tended to red at the nose and the cheeks in a way that many would have considered indicative of a fiery temperament, but this was totally belied by his placid disposition and soft-spoken manner. Fulmire endorsed the idea and said he thought that a lot of other people were beginning to feel the same way, which started Lechat thinking about forming an official Separatist movement and seeking nomination as a last-minute candidate in the elections. Soon afterward he began to sound out sources of support, and since his interests had put him on close terms with most of the Mission's scientific professionals, they were near the top of his list of likely recruits. Among them was Jerry Pernak, whose researches Lechat had been following with interest for several years. Accordingly, Lechat invited Pernak and Eve Verity to dinner with him one evening in the Fran?oise, a restaurant in the Columbia District frequented mainly by political and media people, and explained his situation. open, admitting light from the forward part of the vehicle, but he can't see much of what lies beyond it. Leilani pulled open the door. "Good grief, didn't you go to school?" "Programs based on Jesus don't get enough public funds to make them worth faking the piety." He slid. close to Celia's ear. "What?". dreamed it, she twisted around in time to see the "treasure out of Eden" as it raveled in a long arc to the. Lechat was up in the Mayflower II, and Pernak was reluctant to visit there since as a "deserter" he was uncertain of what kind of reception to expect from the authorities. The Military had been sending out squads of SD's to return Army defectors; rumor had it that not all the SD's detailed to such missions came back again. So, something approaching panic could well be breaking out at high levels. However, neither did he feel it prudent to entrust the things he wanted to discuss to electronic communications. But Eve had said something about Jean Fallows becoming very active as a Lechat supporter and campaign organizer. . . That would be a good place to begin. Aunt Gen didn't drink beer. Vernon had been dead for eighteen years. Still, Geneva kept his favorite. smiles, but she tricked one out of it anyway. "Judging by the men I've fallen for, ice cream beats love. me, ma'am. Excuse me, sir." "It's a thought," Colman replied vaguely. The same idea had crossed his mind while the painter was talking. It was a sobering one. With the container of Florida's lines! in one hand, the package of hot dogs firmly in the other, Curtis. 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 "nigi-nigi-ara" 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. This is the largest truck stop the boy has seen, complete with a sprawling motel, motor-home park. Were her misgivings now the early-warning signals from a part of

herself that had already seen the cracks appearing in dreams that were destined to crumble, and which she consciously was still unable to admit? If she was honest with herself, was she deep down somewhere beginning to despise Howard for allowing it to happen? In the bargain that she had always assumed to be implicit, she had entrusted him with twenty years of her life, and now he was betraying that trust by allowing all that he had professed to stand for to be threatened by the very things that he had tacitly contracted to remove her from. Everywhere Terrans were rushing headlong to throw off 'everything that they had fought and struggled to preserve and carry with them across four light-years 'of space, and hurl themselves into Chironian ways. The Directorate, which in her mind meant Howard, was doing nothing to stop it. She had once read a quotation by a British visitor, Janet Shaw, to the Thirteen Colonies in 1763, who had remarked with some disapproval on the "most disgusting equality" that she had observed prevailing on all sides. It suited the present situation well..been reduced to a cloud of radioactive dust..to conserve electricity."..Around and under more prep tables, past tall cabinets with open shelves full of stacked dishes, taking. Yes, Simmonds?"..astute.."Yeah, I can see why you'd want to do that. But you've got to know what one question I can't avoid..Throughout the institution, the floors?gray vinyl speckled with peach and turquoise?were immaculate..at the moment it seemed to hang by a gossamer thread; she didn't have a thousand stupid choices to live..miracle. Something so powerful can happen, someone so special come along, some precious..like an attractively aligned pair of mosquito bites..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 haft 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..thirsty, too..Micky had figured to let the girl wind down, hut the longer that Leilani circled the subject of her brother's..They were watching and waiting while the same thing happened with the Mayflower II Mission, he realized. When and how would they move? And, he wondered, when they did, which side would he be on?.engine, swings north, drives maybe twenty feet deeper into the desert, and brakes to a halt, facing toward..Leilani said, "She just calls him Klonk because she claims that was the noise he made if you rapped him."Acknowledged," the computer replied.."Exactly what Jeeves told Jay when he asked-an accident with a magnetic antimatter confinement system; so it was a good thing we decided to store it well away from Chiron. We could hardly disguise that after it happened, which was another good reason for needing the Kuan-yin."..In the years that followed after Jay and then later Marie were born, she had tried to stay abreast of her career by attending lectures and classes in Princeton and by setting herself a reading program, but as time went by, her attendance became less frequent and the reading was continually put off to tomorrows that she knew would never come. She found that she read articles on home-building instead of on the mechanism of DNA transcription, identified more readily with images projected by light domestic comedies from the databank than by tutorials on cell differentiation, and spent more time with the friends who swapped recipes than the ones who debated inheritance statistics. But she had raised two children that her standards told her she had every right to be proud of. She was entitled to rewards for the sacrifices she had made. And now Chiron was threatening to steal the rewards away..that have real issues to resolve."..one-inch gap under the poorly hung door, or because Sinsemilla let it into her room and then it could be..he'd no doubt be left with a hand full of bones as shattered as the windshield..Perhaps he had been hasty, and maybe just a little naive, when he and Eve had talked with Lechat, he admitted to himself. He still believed, as he had believed then, that the Terrans would melt quietly into the Chironian scheme in their own time if they were left alone to do so, but it was becoming apparent that not everybody was going to let them alone. He still couldn't see permanent Separatism as the answer either, but for the immediate future he would feel more comfortable at seeing somebody with a level-headed grasp of the situation in control-such as Lechat. On reflection, Pernak regretted his response to Lechat's plea for support. But it was far from too late for him to be able to change that. He didn't know exactly what he could do to help, but he was getting to know many Chironians and to understand a lot about their ways. Surely that knowledge could be put to some useful purpose..There was no repentance or remorse in her eyes when she looked at him. "It's none of your business anymore," she hissed. "How I choose to have fun is my affair and my life."..This wasn't so much to want. The twisted leg, the deformed hand, the brain too smart for her own good:..Oh, I dunno---some of the things you said, maybe."..had savored each of three additional tidbits that his young master was conned into sharing, instead of..everyone was beautiful and rich and happy. Leilani didn't actually search for the passageway, but based..from the VCR and put it in a Neiman Marcus shopping bag that he'd brought. "I've given you two more."..How do you know he'll go along with it?" Barbara asked..giant fiery boots..ten. One boy with Tinkertoy hips put together with monkey logic, thrown down into a lonely grave,..scenes from A Clockwork Orange weren't reenacted every day. Nevertheless, made fearful by too much..Smiles and grins relieved the solemn atmosphere that had seized the room.. From the direction of the table, Jean emitted an audible sigh of relief. Bernard grinned up at the screen. "Thanks." he said. "We're all glad to hear it. Talk to you again soon." Kath gave a quick smile and vanished from the screen..ON THE DAY officially designated December 28, 2080, in the chronological system that would apply until the ship switched over to the Chironian calendar, the Mayflower 11 entered the planetary system of Alpha Centauri at a speed of 2837 miles per second, reducing, with its main drive still 'firing at maximum power. The propagation time for communications to and from Chiron had by that time fallen to well under four hours. A signal from the planet continued that accommodations for the ship's occupants had been prepared in the outskirts of Franklin as had been requested.."What can I do ya for, big guy?" a counter waitress inquires..Stormbel made a signal to somewhere in the background and announced, "Sixty-second countdown commenced.".."Why don't you?"..Bernard spread his hands resignedly. "Very well, I can see the sense in being prepared. But I can't see how it affects our planning here in Engineering, up in the ship."..He might have delayed his departure a few minutes more if he'd not had an engagement to

keep. Visiting Padawski was glowering from a few feet away, and seemed to have regained some of his confidence now that the SD's were in control. "You stay away from her, Goldilocks," he spat. "Stick with your nice, murdering friends. We won't forget you either." I-Ic turned his head back to glare at the whole room before turning for the door. "And that goes for all of you," he warned in a louder voice. "We won't forget. You'll see." Bernard shook his head and gestured in the direction of the couple from the Mayflower H, who were glancing furtively around them while a handling machine by the exit unloaded their carts onto a conveyer that looked as if it fed down to the level below. "But look what's happening," he said. "How long can you keep up with that kind of thing? What happens when everyone starts acting like that?" The Chironian, by contrast, saw a rich, bright, vibrant universe manifesting at every level of structure and scale of magnitude. The same irresistible force of self-ordering, self-organizing evolution that had built atoms from plasma, molecules from atoms, then life itself, and from there produced the supreme phenomenon of mind and all that could be created by mind. The feeble ripples that ran counter to the evolutionary current were as incapable of checking it as was a breeze of reversing the flow of a river; the promise of the future was new horizons opening up endlessly toward an ever-expanding vista of greater knowledge, undreamed-of resources, and prospects without limit. Far from having probed the beginnings of all there was to know, the Chironian had barely begun to learn. . . . holds his breath, he hears only stillness and the panting dog, not the growl of an approaching engine. . . . "Hey, kid, how do you like---". "I'm not sure. I guess I couldn't have been listening that much." "I don't explain the doctor," Leilani said. "I just quote him." "He sounds like a perfectly dreadful man," Colman looked away in a daze. Hanlon and Armley were waiting impatiently, and Jay was watching imploringly. He thought furiously. Why Celia should be in danger and desperate to escape, he didn't know, but he could find out later. If he said he had to get away for a few hours. Sirocco would cover for him, so that was okay. The threat of the Chironians' being able to destroy the ship was obviously the most serious problem but there was little likelihood of that becoming critical within the next few hours; on the other hand, Celia was already committed to whatever she and Veronica had cooked, up between them, and that couldn't be delayed or changed. So Celia would have to come first. Jay could go home and tell his father that Colman would be a while; at the same time Jay would be able to warn the Fallowses to be prepared for more company, since Colman would have to take Celia there with him. In fact that would probably work out pretty well since it would enable her to be smuggled out of Phoenix in one operation with Bernard and the other fugitive that Jay had mentioned. Vehicles flying out of Phoenix were programmed to operate only inside a narrow corridor unless specifically authorized to go to some other destination, so the smuggling would have to be across the border. He could fix something with Sirocco back in the Orderly Room, no doubt, but that was a relatively minor issue since Colman was already adept at getting himself in and out of Phoenix. As for Veronica's getting away from the base, he would have to leave that to Hanlon. . . . tightened so much that a swallow of lemony vodka seemed to thicken as she drank it. Crisp in her mouth. . . . Most Terrans had no doubts that the Chironians would take no notice whatsoever, but they couldn't see Kalens enforcing the threat. It had to be a bluff—a final, desperate gamble by a clique who thought they could sleep forever, trying to hold together the last few fragments of a dream that was dissolving in the light of the new dawn. "He should have learned about evolution," Jerry Pernak commented to Eve as they listened to the news over breakfast. "The mammals are here, and he thinks he can legislate them back to dinosaurs." As was usual for a Saturday night, the pedestrian precinct beneath the shopping complex and business offices of the Manhattan module was lively and crowded with people. It included several restaurants; three bars, one with a dance floor in the rear; a betting shop that offered odds both on live games from the Bowl and four-years'-delayed ones from Earth; a club theater that everybody pretended didn't stage strip shows; and a lot of neon lights. The Bowry bar, a popular haunt of off-duty regular troops, was squeezed into one corner of the precinct next to a coffee shop, behind a studded door of imitation oak and a high window of small, tinted glass panes that turned the inside lights red. . . . turned upon herself. . . . Jay blinked and looked up to find Pernak watching him curiously. For an instant he felt guilty and at a loss for the explanation that seemed to be called for. "Bernard told me about it," Pernak said before Jay could offer anything. "I guess he's under a lot of pressure right now, so don't read too much into it." He stared at the box in Jay's hand. "I don't see anything--not a damn thing. Come on, Jay. Let's take a look at that loco of yours." kind to imagine such a thing." Lechat nodded. "It's amazing," he murmured. "How much?" Paula asked. . . . are tall, made taller by their Stetsons. Both wear their blue jeans tucked into their cowboy boots. . . . A thieving cloud pocketed the silver-coin moon. At the western horizon, us the last livid blister of light. On a dresser, in a small decorative tray: coins and a man's wallet. In the wallet, the boy finds one. roadblock is still a considerable distance ahead, beyond the top of the hill and not yet in sight, but this. The party of Terrans and Chironians moved on and left the audience to the explosive tirade that followed. "Those were hardly more than children," Eve Verritty murmured. "Love. I thought you would say love is the answer." Her sweet gamine face wasn't designed for ironic. "How is Kalens's wife?" Sirocco asked Hanlon. "Well . . . some of them, a long time ago, maybe. But not modern ones." "True, once they're separated," Celia agreed. "But how many more killings would we have to see before that was achieved?" "They're priceless," Celia commented dryly from her chair. They had been, literally, but the irony was lost on Mrs. Crawford. Veronica caught Celia's eye with a warning look. . . . Budweiser, Micky imagined that she had glimpsed a soul suspended over an abyss. "Who does, dear?" Pernak waited for a moment longer, then put down his fork and leaned across the table. "On Chiron, wealth is competence!" he said. "Haven't you noticed--they work hard, and whatever they do, they do as well as they know how--and they try to get better all the time. It doesn't matter so much what they do as long as it's good. And everybody appreciates it. That's their currency--recognition, as you said . . . recognition of competence." He shrugged and spread his hands. "And it makes a lot of sense. You just told us that's what everyone wants anyway. Well, Chironians pay it direct instead of indirectly

through symbols. Why make life complicated?" .transforming moment of grace that Geneva had wished for her. She didn't believe in miracles, neither the dog's swishing tail, which had been softly lashing his legs, has suddenly gone still. The animal has also." Am I supposed to feel that way?". They entered the cafeteria, which was fairly busy since it was around midday, and sat by a window overlooking a parking area for flyers, beyond which lay a highway flanking the near bank of the river. A screen at one end of the table provided an illustrated menu and a recitation of the chefs recommendations for the day, and Juanita dictated their orders to it. At the next booth, a wheeled robot that had been delivering dishes from the heated compartment that formed its uppermost section closed its serving door and rolled away..Donella declares, "If anyone around here has a box of chocolates for a brain, then he's sitting in front of.in museums. Her willow-leaf eyes were as green as spring and as cool as the layered shade deep in a

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