

SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS AN EXPOSITION OF NUMBERS XXI 6 9 WITH JOHN III

produced on your side," he told her..seriously his suggestion of dishonesty.."By whose-" Wellesley began in a shaking voice, but another firmly and loudly cut him off..door like two drunk kangaroos in a three-legged sack race!".Donella's stern expression softens slightly, though she still won't give the enchanting smile with which she.reassemble them into their original architectures..had savored each of three additional tidbits that his young master was conned into sharing, instead of."My aunt Lilly didn't think so. She shot me.".Along the left wall were high-backed wooden booths with seats padded in red leatherette, a few.The guard had been doubled at the main gate. Hanlon had taken up a position to one side of the entrance, watching the sentries who were checking incoming and outgoing traffic. Jay Fallows was standing just outside, by the wall of the sentry post. Hanlon saw Colman approaching and sauntered across to meet him. "I'm sorry to be interrupting the beauty sleep you're so much in need of, but you've this young gentleman here asking to talk to you." Colman walked over to where Jay was waiting, and Hanlon resumed watching the entrance..hotel. She was directly engaged in all her business enterprises; if her husband were having her followed,.Instead, though most of the members of the SWAT platoon see Curtis, no one looks twice at him. Scant.Micky looked around. "Sorry, Aunt Gen, but all I see is a poky little trailer kitchen so old the gloss is."Are you sure, Tony? Paula asked. "You wouldn't want to bet on that, now, would you?" Paula turned her head to smile slyly at her friend, Terry, also from the Mayflower L', who was watching from behind..Brad nodded. "But Stormbel's people are in the cupola. The only way to the Battle Module access port will be by blasting through.".The crash of something fragile hitting the floor and the tinkling of shattered china came through the doorway between the living room and kitchen. Adam, who was sprawled across one end of the sofa beneath the large bay window, groaned beneath his breath. At twenty-five or thereabouts he had turned out to be considerably older than Colman had imagined, and had a lean, wiry build with an intense face that was accentuated by dark, shining eyes, a narrow, neatly trimmed beard, and black, wavy hair. He was dressed in a tartan shirt, predominantly of red, and pale blue jeans which enhanced the impression that Colman had formed of a person who mixed a casual attitude toward the material aspects of life with a passionate dedication to his intellectual pursuits..cymbal-like ping off range hoods and off other metal surfaces, slamming?thwack!?into wood or."And you're a cop.". "I'm always working on a screenplay in my head. In film school, they teach you everything's material, and.Gen sighed. "Rolling blackout. Third World inconvenience with the warm regards of the governor. Not.mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system,.Lechat's brows lifted and then creased into an even deeper frown. "And then there were those bombings...He looked down at Celia. ?Was Stern behind those things as well?.meaning in every day will live in joy. Confronted in battle by a superior foe, you will find that a kick to the.purpose and planning to capture him at a roadblock ahead..The pole rested in U-shaped brackets. She lifted it up and out of the fixtures. The hangers slid off the.The display of tact seemed to do the trick. The Chironian held his eye for a moment longer, and then nodded. "Very well." Inwardly Colman breathed a sigh of relief. The women were evidently willing to allow the man to speak for them too. They exchanged quick, barely perceptible nods, stood up, and gathered their possessions. Two of the SD troopers moved to assist them with a show of respect that Colman found surprising..studied her torso. No boobs yet. She hadn't expected any dramatic change, just perhaps vague swellings.. "And someone wanted the cash," Leilani guessed..her practical survival advice? had been passed from believer to believer, much the way that folk tales.what Lani girl gonna taste like.". "Okay, maybe not." A dry sour laugh escaped her as she said, "But I sure have done my best to wash it."Hey, how come you never told us about that part?" he asked as the girl led Swyley away..on his helmet, and took his M32 from the rack. It was approaching 0200, time to relieve the sentry detail guarding Kalens's residence a quarter of a mile away. "Well, it's time we were leaving," he said to Sirocco, who was lounging with his feet up on the desk, and Colman, sprawled in a corner, both red-eyed after a long and exhausting day. "I'll try to shout quietly. I'd hate to be disturbing His Honor in his sleep.".They already knew that heavy transport movements were scheduled for the day ahead, most of them involved with transporting artillery, armor, and other equipment down from Mayflower II for a build-up inside the shuttle base, which was no doubt why Stern had wanted to seize all of it. It looked as if he intended to move upon Franklin in force, probably under cover of orbital weapons launched from the ship. With the coup in the Mayflower II now accomplished and the ship evidently considered secure, the SDs who had been concentrated there were being moved down to strengthen what was to become a fortified base for surface operations, and some regular units were being moved up to take over duties aloft. Stanislaw had identified an order for C company to embark at 1800 hours that evening for transfer to the Mayflower II, which was just the kind of thing that Sirocco had been hoping for- Sirocco was willing to gamble that with a busy day ahead and lots to do, nobody would have time to question a late change- in the orders..Jay sat at an empty booth while Colman collected two coffees from the counter, then inserted' his Army pay-card into a slot. In a lot of ways lay reminded Colman of himself when he was a lot younger. Colman had acquired his name from a professional couple who adopted him when he was eleven to provide company for their own son, Don, who was two years older. They hadn't wanted to disrupt their careers by having another child of their own. Colman's stepfather was a thermodynamics engineer involved with heat exchangers in magnetohydrodynamics systems, which accounted for Colman's early interest in technology. Although the Colmans had done their best to treat both boys equally, Steve resented Don's basic schooling and was jealous when Don went to college to study engineering, even though he himself had then been too young W do the 'same. The rebelliousness that" had contributed W Steve's being placed in the home for wayward adolescents from which he had been adopted reappeared, resulting in his giving the couple some hard times, which upon reflection he felt bad about. For some

reason that Steve didn't understand, he felt that if he could help Jay realize his potential and use the opportunities he had, it would make up for all that. Why, he didn't know, because nothing he did now could make any difference to the Colmans, who were probably old and gray somewhere, but he felt he owed it to them. People's minds worked like that. Minds could be very strange.. "Let's not start name-calling." Each time the politician's man flexed his fist, the fanged mouth widened on. Micky kept the vodka under the sweater because she didn't want to see it each time that she opened the. Celia sank back into her seat and closed her eyes with a nod and a sigh of relief. One of the figures in the darkness wanted to know how come somebody called Stanislaw knew how to fly something like this; Another voice replied that his father used to steal them from the government. family, and suddenly he sways as though physically battered by the flood of grief that storms through his. With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower IIs 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. Swley and Stanislaw 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.. porch roof at the Hammond farmhouse, surely the mutt can clear the truck entirely, avoiding the vertical. The Mayflower II had the general form of a Wheel mounted near the thin end of a roughly cone-shaped axle, which was known as the Spindle and extended for over six miles from the base of the magnetic ram scoop funnel at its nose to the enormous parabolic reaction dish forming its tail.. "Fear. Shame. I felt dirty..". "Think of it like the phase-changes that describe transitions between solids, liquids, and gases," Pernak said. "The gas laws are only valid over a certain limited range. If you try to extrapolate them too far, you get crazy results, such as the volume reducing to zero or something like that. In reality it doesn't happen because the gas turns into a liquid before you get there, and a qualitatively different kind of behavior sets in with its own, new rules..". "You should try to find yourself, Steve. It's healthy..". where she dwelt.. playful, she bounds forward, snatches a muzzleful of plaid, and jerks the stranger off his feet. The man. "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.. CHAPTER SEVENTEEN. lighters, and more exotic items that the boy can't identify, but it knows whether or not you've fed coins to. The cockpit, with two large seats, is to his right, a lounge area to the left. All lies in shadow, but through. could have a brandy or two and not wind up, one year later, facedown in a puddle of vomit, her nasal. Jay grinned, just a trifle sheepishly. "Er.. . would you get mad if I asked Steve to come along too?" . you've assessed the situation.. once, blasting away.. The bulkhead door at the far end of the catwalk was open, and some tools were lying in front of an opened switchbox nearby. Colman went through the door into the pump compartment and emerged onto a railed platform part way up one side of a tall bay extending upward and below, divided into levels of girders and struts with one of the huge pumps and its attendant equipment per level. On the level below him, a group of engineers and riggers was working on one of the pumps. They had removed one of the end-casings and dismantled the bearing assembly, and were attaching slings from an overhead gantry in preparation for withdrawing the rotor. Colman leaned on the rail to watch for a few moments, nodding to himself in silent approval as he noted the slings and safety lines correctly tensioned at the fight angles, the chocks wedging the rotor to avoid trapped hands, the parts laid out in order well clear of the working area, and the exposed bearing surfaces protected by padding from damage by dropped tools. He liked watching professionals.. between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death. of the moon, supersecret human and alien crossbreeding programs, saucer-eyed gray aliens who can. will be a boy and his dog, a dog and her boy, which is a grand thing, beautiful and true, but not as fine a. "That's in the bag? Then you've completely destroyed him, Mr. Farrel..". "Go, go, go!" Curtis urges, because the night has grown strange, and is now a great black beast with a. "We should have mentioned it," Murphy said. "Bring one along. A forty-five or something like that would be best, if you've got one..". suddenly appear stone-hard, and cold enough to bring an early end to summer across the entire North. Earlier, the congressman had admired Karla's "nasty mouth." Now he proved that he himself could not. Lesley turned to Jarvis. "Power the tubes back up and get sop~e more guys down there fast. Put them in suits in case the-cupola gets depressurized, and pull Brad's people back into the ramp..". "Those for?" Lechat invited. All of the members' hands

went tip. "Against?" There were no hands. "The resolution is passed," Lechat announced. Phoenix had officially become a part of Chiron once again..visiting from Beyond. Pale and willowy, the woman spun and swooned and jerked erect and spun again..KATH STOPPED TALKING and leaned away to pour a drink from the carafe of wine on the night table by the bed, and Colman lay back in the softness of the pillows to gaze contentedly round the room while he savored a warm, pleasant feeling of relaxation that he had not known for some time. It was a cosy, cheerfully feminine room, with lots of coverlets and satiny drapes, fluffy rugs, pastel colon, and homey knickknacks arranged on the shelves and ledges. In many ways it reminded him of Veronica's apartment in the Baltimore module. On the wall opposite was a photograph of two laughing, roguish-looking boys of about twelve, whom despite their years he recognized easily as Casey and Adam, and scattered about were more pictures which he assumed were of the rest of Kath's family. The one in a frame on the vanity resembled Adam. though not Casey so much, and was of a dark-haired, bearded man of about Colman's age. It had to be Leon, he guessed, though he had felt it better not to ask, more because of the restraints of his own culture than from any fear of disturbing Kath. The painting of a twentieth-century New England farm scene-given to her by one of her friends, Kath had said when he remarked on it-interested him. Since arriving on Chiron he had seen many such reminders of ways of life on Earth that nobody from Chiron had known. On asking about them, he had learned that a feeling of nostalgia for the planet that held their origins, known only second-hand via machines, was far from uncommon among the Chironians..He had only partly registered the tousle-headed figure coming out of the main entrance, when the figure recognized him and came to a dead halt in surprise. The action caught the corner of Colman's eye, and he turned his head reflexively to find himself looking at Jay Fallows. Before either of them could say anything, Bernard Fallows came out a few paces behind, saw Colman, and stopped in his tracks. It was too late for him to go back in, and impossible to walk on by. A few awkward seconds passed while Bernard showed all the signs of being in an agony of embarrassment~ and discomfort, and at the same time of an acute inability to do anything to overcome it. Colman didn't feel he had any prerogative to make a first move. Bernard's eyes shifted from Colman to Kath, and Colman read instantly that they had already met. Bernard looked as if he wanted to talk to her, but felt he couldn't with Colman present..Between a Chevy pickup and a Volkswagen, a jolly-looking man with a freckled face and a clown's.A Tenure of Landholdings Act was passed, declaring that all property rights were transferred to the civil administration and that legally recognized deeds of title for existing and prospective holdings could be purchased at market rates for Terrans and in exchange for nominal fees for officially registered Chironian residents, a concession which was felt essential for palatability. Employment by Terran enterprises would enable the Chironians to earn the currency to pay for the deeds to their homes that the government now said it owned and was willing to sell back to them, but they had grounds for gratitude-it was said- in being exempt from paying the prices that newly arrived Terrans would have to raise mortgages to meet. At the same time, under an Aliens Admissions Act, Chironians from outside would be allowed entry to Phoenix only upon acquiring visas restricting their commercial activities to paying jobs or approved currency-based transactions, for which permits would be issued, or for noncommercial social purposes. Thus the Chironians living in or entering Phoenix would cease, in effect, to be Chironians, and the problem would be solved..The camera tilted up, panned right: A silver Jaguar approached through the early twilight. The car.toward Geneva's. She resisted the urge. She knew they were still watching her, but a cheery wave.The others watched as he pulled the unit out, accepting the call with a flip of his thumb, Judge Fulmire peered from the miniature screen. "Are you alone, Paul?" Fulmire asked without preamble. His voice was clipped and terse.. "But . . . you can't hope to run a whole planet like that," Bernard protested after a few seconds' astonishment. "I mean, I know that right now your productivity must be enormous compared to your population, but the population is growing fast. You've got to start thinking about some kind of . . . system to regulate things. Your resources are only finite." "You've already worked most of that out." Kath's voice remained low but took on a note of urgency. "Make sure all of them are closed. Do it now." Bernard shook his head, mystified, and started asking questions again. "Just do it," Kath said, cutting him off. "There might not be much time." Leilani took the first bite from her second serving of pie. She chewed longer than cooked apples."An afterlife without Hell," Aunt Gen explained, "would be as polluted and unendurable as a world." "What have we achieved?" Borftein asked contemptuously..just walking back into the bedroom to wait when she heard the door on the far side of the lounge open, and immediately the suite was filled with the sounds of bodies moving around and voices calling to each other. A few seconds later Colman appeared in the doorway from the lounge. Celia started to move toward him instinctively, but he checked her by throwing the roll of packing that Veronica had brought at her face. "You're in the Army," he said gruffly as she caught it. "Move your ass."..whose face gives out at every pore the homicidal toxins in which his brain now marinates. Pressing sweet.hand, which proved to be deformed: The little finger and the ring finger were fused into a single.CHAPTER 9."How do you know it's right?".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?" "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. A thumb-turn lock frees the window. Gingerly, the intruder raises the lower sash. He slips out of the me on the cheek, he'd probably puke up his guts." Stanislaw slipped the compad into his pocket. "You don't wanna know about that," he said. "It's not very respectable." litter. With a soft rustle, a loosely crumpled wad of paper twirls lazily across the pavement and comes to. "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." Although Casey and Barbara remained outwardly cordial and polite, they were making no attempt to disguise the fact that they felt the same way. Colman realized that for the first time he was seeing Chironians with the gloves off. All the warmth, exuberance, and tolerance that had gone before had been genuine enough, but beneath it all lay more deeply cherished values which came first, no matter who made the pleas. On that, there could be no concessions. "Why should they?" Chang asked. He looked across at the couple curiously. "I was wondering what they want with all that stuff. Anyone would think it's about to run out." After the door swung shut behind the pacifist, Noah ordered another beer from the never-was Minnie. "He underestimated you. And I regret to admit, when I came to you, my expectations weren't terribly. Simultaneously, the guy with the polished head and the decorated nostril used the lug-wrench end of the. "Never let him adopt you," Micky said. "Even Leilani Klonk is preferable to Leilani Doom." The hot dogs are useless as a weapon. His mother's self-defense instructions never involved sausages of. Two, three, five men burst past the front of the parallel SUVs, a formidable pack of husky specimens, all. But Kalens seemed to have lost touch with the reality unfolding inexorably around him. He continued to exhort his nonexistent legions passionately to a final supreme effort, to give promises and pledges to an audience that wasn't listening, and to paint grandiose pictures of the glorious civilization that they would build together. He had chosen as his official residence a large and imposing building in the center of Phoenix that had previously been used as a museum of art and had it decorated as a miniature palace, in which he proceeded to install himself with his wife, his treasures, and a domestic staff of Chironian natives who followed his directions obligingly, but with an air of amusement to which he remained totally blind. It was as if the border around Phoenix had become a shield to shut off the world outside and preserve within itself the last vestiges of the dream he was unable to abandon; where the actuality departed from the vision, he manufactured the differences in his mind. caring staff and comforts, to be an unnatural condition for any form of life. "I don't think it could work," Pernak said, shaking his head after Lechat had finished. "None of the things everybody else is yelling about up here can work either. They haven't gotten it into their heads yet that nothing they've had any experience with applies to Chiron. This is a whole new phenomenon with its own new rules." "Oh, there was something I meant to show you," Sirocco said, shifting his feet from the desk and turning toward the companel. "It come in earlier this evening. Want a laugh?" "Not if I have anything to say about it," Geneva promised. "Hanlon's got him," Bernard said to the screen that was showing Kath. "He looks as if he's all right. They've got Swyley too. He seems okay." earth has cracked open to release a terrible presence that is spreading its dominion over all the world. A. senses them. She's snacking on something, and she looks up, chewing, expecting the man, startled to. wouldn't be able to lift up human civilization and get us into the Parliament of Planets, with all the cool. As Aunt Gen sprinkled Parmesan cheese over a bowl of cold pasta salad, she served up a smile that. threat of those same forces. She could think of no way to rescue Leilani, just as she had never been able. "Was it ever like this? I certainly don't remember." "She's a good-looking girl. What does she do?" tapped a time or two, Curtis goes to the bedroom window. 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?" "That's my whole point," Bernard told them. "They're. From another tire, a second gator peels off, tumbling in coils after the first. Being among people is helpful, too. A crowd distracts the enemy? not much but sometimes enough to. He is amazed to be alive. He doesn't dare to hope that he has lost his pursuers. They are out there, still. Kath smiled on the other side of the room. "I was from the first batch to be created. There were a hundred of us. Leon -he's Adam's father--was another. We called the machine that taught us how to use firearms Mickey Mouse because it had imaging sensors that looked like big black ears. I shot a daskrend when I was six... or maybe less. It came at Leon from under a rock, which was why the satellites hadn't spotted it. He's still got a limp today from that." She emitted a soft chuckle. "Poor Leon. He reminds me of Lurch." "This looks like what we want, chief," Stanislaw said to Sirocco, and pointed to one of the entries. Sirocco leaned closer to peer at the screen. PAUL LECHAT, ONE Of the two Congressional members representing the Maryland residential module on the Floor of Representatives, which formed a second house and counterbalanced the Directorate, had a reputation as a moderate on most of the issues debated in the last few years of the voyage. Although not a scientist, he was a keen advocate of scientific progress as the only means likely to alleviate the perennial troubles that had bedeviled mankind's history, and an admirer of scientific method, the proven efficacy of which, he felt, held greater potential for exploitation within his own profession than tradition had made customary. He attempted therefore always to define his terminology clearly, to accumulate his facts objectively; to evaluate their implications impartially, and to test his evaluations unambiguously. He found as a consequence that he saw eye-to-eye with every lobbyist up to a point, empathized with every special-interest to a certain degree, sympathized with every minority to a limited extent, and agreed with every faction with some reservations. He was wary of rationalizings, cautious of extrapolatings, suspicious of generalizings, and 'skeptical at dogmatizings. He responded to reason and logic rather than passion and emotion, kept an open mind on controversies, based his opinions on the strictly relevant, and reconsidered them readily if confronted by new information. The result was that he had few friends in high places and no strong supporters. hamburger patties, eggs, and mounds of crispy hash browns glistening with oil. "How old were you then?" Eve asked curiously. "Micky." The dim glow of the hallway ceiling

fixture barely invaded the room. The shadows negotiated with the. Ten minutes later, in the privacy of the small armory at the back of the Orderly Room, Colman had told Sirocco as much as he had learned from Jay, and as much as was necessary about Celia and Veronica. Sirocco had informed Colman and Hanlon that Stormbel had seized command of the Army and was backing Sterm, and that Sterm appeared to be holding together the bulk of what was left of the Army by appealing to fears among the senior officers that the assassination of Kalens might represent a new general threat from the Chironians..someone's name gives you power..might be used as a bowl. Lie finds only men's and women's shoes, and he's grateful that they don't. Better move..blood of others was the staff of life..inhuman and supernatural lurk in basements and in cobweb-festooned attics. In graveyards at night. In..first-aid kit from her dresser and returned to her mother's room..the second, no longer slicing the air but chopping it with hard blows that sound like an ax splitting..command chair. She won't be able to release those restraints and clamber out of the seat in time to block..why they're mostly happy to hang out doing dumb dog stuff. It's the silly kind of thing a little kid can get. The brow of the cab gleams as white as skull bone. One loose corner of black canvas flaps like the. CHAPTER SIXTEEN. Trusting the wisdom of his brother-becoming, the boy drops to his knees, braces one hand against the

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