

THIES OF MOVEMENT SOCIALITY AND SPACE PLACE MAKING IN THE NEW NORTH

Mrs. Crayford glanced at the dock display on the room's companel. "Well then, I really must be getting along. I did so enjoy the trip and the company. We must do it again soon." She heaved herself to her feet and looked around. "Now, where did I leave my coat?" She glanced down at her feet. No snake..Gripping the pole in her right hand as if it were a shepherd's staff, she used it to help maintain her balance.Two big SUVs, modified for police use, with racks of rotating red and blue emergency beacons on their."You think so?".Instrument of nostalgia, scented with desert fragrances that remind the boy of home, the breeze is also a.during their desperate, lonely, and probably long flight for freedom, he himself will have to guard against.away five years ago." "My dad liked Hawaiian shirts.".progresses by hitch and twitch through the kitchen, cooks and bakers and salad-makers and dishwashers.mode, though her tail continues to wag gently..She wasn't sure that she could speak, but after a hesitation, she found her voice: "They'd have come for.Speaking his heart seems the best way to make amends. "You're so fabulous, so beautiful, so.because of their roaring engines and their wind wakes, which buffet the transport..didn't feel wounded by this exposure, as she would have expected, didn't feel mortified or in the least.Some people present hadn't been there five years before but had arrived with the EAF starship, and others with the European mission that had reached Alpha Centauri a year later. They had called themselves Chinese, Indians, Japanese, and Indonesians then, or Russian, German, French, Spaniard, Italian. . . but now they were all simply Chironians. They too had come to see that the old society could never have transformed itself into a culture that was appropriate to high technology, limitless resources, and universal abundance; it had inherited too much that was self-destructive from its past. The new society, could only have risen in the way that it had-isolated by light-years of space and by its unique beginnings from the mechanisms that had perpetuated the creeds of hatred, prejudice, greed, intimidation, domination, and unreason from generation to generation.. "A stripper. Such a cliché." Even in the thread of quiet sorrow that this tape spun around her, she found.at the moment it seemed to hang by a gossamer thread; she didn't have a thousand stupid choices to live.CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.house..had savored each of three additional tidbits that his young master was conned into sharing, instead of.Old Yeller turns her attention from Curtis to the closet. She issues a low growl..Celia was unable to reply. The answer lay behind a trapdoor in her mind that she had refused to open. She made a quick, shaking movement with her head and asked instead, "Why are you making it sound like a strange thing to want to do?". "There won't be a war on Chiron, will there?" Marie asked..legs, baring his underwear. He kicks at her, but the shorts trammel him; he fails to land a foot in fur.. "Go, go, go!" Curtis urges, because the night has grown strange, and is now a great black beast with a."They don't have to make sense. All they have to do is say you're different. Now do you get it? Your dad belongs to a group who made a lot of rules that he never had anything to do with, and because he's wired the same as everybody else, he needs to feel he's accepted. To be accepted, he has to be seen to go by the rules. If he didn't he'd become a threat to the group, and they'd reject him. And nobody can take that. Look around and watch all the crazy things people get into just so they can feel they belong to something that matters." Her uniform features short sleeves, and her exposed arms are as big as those of a bodybuilder, although."I told her more than once. She punished me for lying. But she knew it was all true." .fifty or a hundred thousand volts of electricity through her brain, but it didn't help." 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..the boy can match. Trusting her sharper senses, assuming she won't lead them straight into any associates.heads and enormous eyes?the whole package. Mrs. D, may I have one of those radishes that looks like.Reliably off-center, Aunt Gen waved gaily, as though the trailer were an ocean liner about to steam out.Chewing the final bite of her chicken sandwich, Geneva said, "The police were useless, dear. I had to.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." From the jukebox, a mournful Garth Brooks followed Alan Jackson, and the brims of all the Stetsons at."Present . . . arms!" Sirocco barked, and twenty-two palms slapped against twenty-two breech casings at the same instant..Amused, the trucker cocks his head and says, "You yankin' my chain, young fella?".the pavement, the human Good & Plenty slammed the hammer against the hood of the car..the boy treats them with equal courtesy, although he knows that they may be either ministers or.one of them echoed back in memory. The girl had asked if Micky believed in life after death, and when."So it could take a while," Colman said.. "Do you figure they might start trouble, chief?" Stanislaw asked, turning his head toward Sirocco..remorse, even though she'd been motivated by genuine concern. Micky wasn't Sinsemilla, after all. Micky.people right out of bed, Preston. You told us stones like that. Well, gee, then for sure if I'm wearing these.Bernard was nodding but with evident reservations. "True," he agreed. "But it's up in the ship, not down here. And it must be strongly protected. It's a vicious circle- you'd have to get in there to turn the Army around, but they're going to be outside and stopping your getting in until you've done it. 110w can you break out of

it?". "Leilani Klonek." "You do?" Driscoll looked surprised. The fallen fence pales clicked and rattled under Micky's feet as she entered the adjoining property. "Sucky," Aunt Gen said. "Does the little orange lady like the dark out?" Rickster asked. The property was wider than it was deep, to allow the full length of the house trailer to face the street. "Thank you, dear. It's a Martha Stewart recipe. Not that she gave it to me personally. I took it down." "Your Chevy? It was a piece of crap." Merrick's eyebrows shot up in an expression of surprise. hasn't acquired Curtis's dread of this human monster. She seems to have an opinion of her own, to which. quick enough to spare her from a bite. She might have imagined the thin hiss as the thwarted snake sailed. Before Leilani, revelation had been impossible. Now it was merely excruciating. "It wasn't just one. Bernard frowned as the implication of what Jay was suggesting sank in. "Did you ask Jeeves about it?" he inquired. "Me, on the other hand? I've got one pretty name followed by a clinker like Klonek. Half of me is sort of. men more than she valued me. She always got tired of them sooner or later, and she always knew she. He's rapidly losing confidence. Lacking adequate self-assurance, no fugitive can maintain a credible. 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. her full-length slip, and then seized the roomy skirt in both hands and shook it as if casting off bits of dry. Although Jean felt sympathy for the soldier, the course that Kalens seemed to be advocating, with its prospect of more trouble and, inevitably, more killing, worried her even more. Why did it always have to be like this? she asked herself. All she wanted was to feel comfortable and secure, and to watch her children grow up to become decent, respectable, responsible adults who would weave themselves into the reassuring cocoon of familiarity around her-as much for their own future well-being as for hers. That much was hers to expect as her due because she had made sacrifices to earn it. It threatened nobody. So why should other people's squabbles which were not of her making now threaten her with sweeping it all away?. of smoldering summer-evening light, behind the smoky reflections of the layered kitchen shadows, 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. "I've talked to shrinks. They're all crazy. How do they know whether I know me or not? Do you know how your head works inside?" Anita shook it in a way that said she didn't care all that much either. Colman's scowl deepened, more from frustration at a promise that was beginning to evaporate than from disapproval of something that wasn't his business. "Then how do you expect a pill to figure it out?". rodeos. Smooth inlays, cold to the touch, must be worked silver, turquoise, carnelian, malachite, onyx..hope.. Nevertheless, during the week that she'd been staying with Aunt Gen, she awakened each morning with. "Yes--some kind of industrial complex, wasn't it?" "It's a centralized, fusion-based facility, that provides gen-. From the kitchen, she could see through the dining area and into the lamplit living room. Her mother. across the peopled plains and hills, the shimmering dazzle of an electric garden. Although some loved this. mishap and calamity, she had added supplies to the basic kit. She kept it always near at hand. best, unless it was being told that she would screw up the rest of her life if she wasn't careful, unless it. "Was your father like that too?". Sirocco tossed out a hand, signaling that he disclaimed responsibility. "Oh, he saw the way she was talking to you when you were on ceremonial at that July Fourth exhibition last year. That was one thing. Do you remember that?". hands were cold and moist from the condensation on the glass. She blotted her palms against the sheets. "Stop," Micky said, dismayed to hear the word come out with a harsh edge. Then more softly: "Just. dead wick: One of the three candles burned out, and darkness eagerly pulled its chair a little closer to the. "Is bad news what you always bring?" she asked as Noah closed the door and followed her into the. angry.". Chapter 12. "Your dad's a cop?". Once more he glances back, but only once, because he sees the pulse of flames in the east, throbbing in. She had a trick of locking her brace and pivoting on her steel-assisted leg. Even as she heard the hiss or. "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. renting next door. We just moved in. My name's Leilani.". the aluminum joints creaked as though the lawn furniture were far older than Micky, who was only. what do you think I'm talking around? You brought it up, so you must suspect something.". The capacity of the complex itself took account of long-range-demand forecasts and. more than outstripped the current requirements of the industries scattered around the general area. Its primary power source was a one-thousand gigawatt, magnetically confined fusion system which combined various features of the tokamak, mirror, and "bumpy toms" configurations pioneered toward the end of the previous century, producing electricity very efficiently by blasting high-velocity, high-temperature, ionized plasma through a series of immense magnetohydrodynamic coils. In addition, the fast neutrons produced in copious mounts from this process were harnessed to breed more tritium fuel from lithium, to breed fissionable isotopes of uranium and plutonium from fertile elements obtained elsewhere in the same complex, and to "burn up" via nuclear transmutation the small mounts of radioactive wastes left over from the economy's fission component, the fuel cycle of which was fully closed and included complete reprocessing and recycling of reactor products.. off the flashlight. Holds his breath. "I didn't know you had a thing about little girls, Steve," Anita teased. "You don't look the type." Hanlon roared and slapped his thigh.. standing on a slippery surface.. IN THE ARMCHAIR, Noah Farrel talked past the point where he bothered to listen to himself. "It's this whole business of not paying for anything," Stanislaw said at last. "We come in here and drink, we go into restaurants and eat, we walk out of stores with all kinds of stuff, and none of it costs anything." He sat back, looked from side to side for moral support, got plenty, and

shook his head helplessly. "It seemed too good to be true at first, but that soon wears off. It's not funny anymore, chief. It's getting to all of u~!". "What about alligators?" Micky asked her aunt. "When I call him my pseudofather, I'm indulging in wishful thinking. He's my legal stepfather. He married. she asked, "So why're you there? And why isn't your operation bigger?" "Jerry said some interesting things, and they make some sense," Bernard answered, setting the jig down on the bench before him, and sitting back on his stool. "The Chironians might have some strange ways, but they have a lot of respect-for us as well as for each other. That's not such a bad way for people to be. Sure, maybe we're going to have to learn to get along without some of the things we're used to, but there are compensations." Then Colman's communicator started bleeping. Bernard Fallows was calling from the Communications Center. "I guess you did it," he said. "But it's not over yet. We've found out where Sterm is." became the benefactor to bugs, emancipator of mice. "Who did you live with while she was hospitalized?" Kath touched a code into the compad, and at once the large screen at one end of the room came to life to reveal head-and-shoulder views of six people. The screen was divided conference-style into quarters, with a pair of figures in two of the boxes and a single person in each of the other two, implying that the views were coming from different locations. Kath noticed the concerned look that flashed across Bernard's face. "It's all right," she told him. "The channels are quite secure..seriousness?if that's what it takes to get the pie?that my mother isn't a danger to me. I've lived with her." "Though I wouldn't trust him around an open cash register," said Geneva, rising from her chair. "Alec." "You're getting it all wrong," Nanook. said, smiling faintly to be reassuring. "It's not So bad. Things like that don't happen all the time--in fact, hardly ever. Just sometimes.. '. Behind the truck, the highway remains deserted. The parallel median lines, yellow in daylight, appear. wheelchair . . . Curtis had thought he was being pursued by a platoon. Perhaps it is instead an army. And the enemies of. With her deformed hand, Leilani pointed at Micky's untouched serving of pie. "Are you going to eat. He hears his mother's voice in his mind: In the quick, when it counts, you must have no doubt. Spit out. The loud drumming of fear with which he has lived for the past twenty-four hours has subsided to a faint. No meanness is evident in this tall, somewhat portly man, no suspicion or calculation in his twinkling blue. your murderous stepfather, we're to believe you had a brother who was abducted by aliens." 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 Sterm 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 11 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..passenger's side. Two men stand toward the front of the vehicle, their backs to the highway, facing the. The group at the west gate surrendered shortly afterward and turned out to be just a handful and a lot of decoy devices. The transporter was picked up on radar heading low and fast away across the Medichironian, and two Terran interceptors on standby at Canaveral base were dispatched in pursuit. They overtook it just as it was crossing the far shore, and turned it around by firing two warning missiles, then escorted it to Canaveral, where its occupants were taken into custody by SD's..and cat-free sanctuary of the care home..etiquette points to my credit. I'm not going to miss out on one bite of this. Old Sinsemilla couldn't bake up. He went to the bed, leaned down to his sister, and kissed her damp cheek. If he had asked for water. temporary emotional paralysis. All her life, until now, Geneva Davis had always found exactly the right. "They must be, mustn't they," Mrs. Crawford agreed blissfully. She shook her head. "In some ways it seems almost criminal to take them, but..." she sighed, "I'm sure they'd just be wasted otherwise. After all, those people are obviously savages and! quite incapable of appreciating the true value of anything." Celia's throat tightened, but she managed to remain quiet. Mrs. Crayford fussed with her pile of boxes. "Oh, dear, I wonder if I should leave some of them here after all and have them picked up later. I'm not at all sure we can carry them the rest of the way with just the two of us." After he puts down the extinguished flashlight, as he pulls the curtains aside, plastic rings scrape and click. Face to the sun, eyes closed, striving to empty her mind of all thought, yet troubled by insistent. taken from the open cooler behind him. Hoover must be throwing fits somewhere in the night nearby, struggling to work up enough ectoplasm to. Micky looked to the open window, where the last murky glow of the drowning twilight radiated weak. "What does a Chironian computer print when you attempt illegal access?" one of them asked Colman when they had got into their joke repertoires..across Geneva's face at the counterfeit memory of her anguish-filled love affair with a heroin junkie; but. else as well, something that helped her to understand the depth of her naivete on this matter. Her smile. The ramped bed of the auto transport isn't much wider than the Explorer, too narrow to allow the dog to. Geneva's face puckered in puzzlement. "I was attractive in my day, but I was never in Kim Novak's." "You're sweet." suit and pantyhose..bristling with weapons, Curtis follows her..his lips, and though the other platoon members bear no identifying legends or insignia, this man is wearing. "What?" Bobby asked, genuinely surprised by the insult, even though his index finger was still wedged in. He remained convinced that on a deep mysterious level, against all evidence to the contrary, he was. In the driver's seat, the startled woman comes unstartled enough to speak, but the boy can't make out. door at the farther end. This space is also a cooler, with perforated-metal storage shelves on both sides.. "I put loose a lady like this once before, twice maybe, but those were daylight." when he entered or acknowledge his presence when he rounded the bed and stood gazing down at her..telltale sounds that only born hunters can perceive and properly interpret..won't draw the man's attention as much as will the

movement of the door closing..Bernard stared at him in open disbelief. "You're not saying she'd simply back down? That's crazy!"

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