

JUSTINIAN CAIRE AND THE SANTA CRUZ ISLAND THE RISE AND FALL OF A CALIFORNIA DYNASTY

the plan we've been operating on for about four years now." Colman grinned. "Okay, chief. I will." A short silence fell while they both thought about the same thing. "How long do you think it'll be?" Colman asked at last. dealership to which it should be delivered. "Tomorrow morning's soon enough. Better not send anyone." Over two years ago. I was seven going on eight." They pass behind eight semis and are at the back of a ninth when a low growl from the dog halts the. Colman said nothing, but instead allowed Swley to read the question in his head. Sure enough, Swley explained, "They don't make bombs or organize armies. It's too messy, and too many of the wrong people get hurt, they go for the grass roots. They start people thinking and asking questions they've never been taught how to ask before, and they'll take away the foundations piece by piece until the roof falls in." He paused and continued staring at the wall. "You're an engineer, and she runs part of a fusion complex. If you want out, you've got a place to go. That's what she's telling you." a heart-stopping dose of his own poison. He would return home sooner or later, smelling of one kind of. "I hope they're not going to start shooting each other up here. It would be pretty scary in orbit. They could decompress the whole ship." door like two drunk kangaroos in a three-legged sack race!". She hated searching for her mother like this. She never knew in what condition Sinsemilla would be. sound arises, faint but unmistakable: helicopter rotors beating the thin desert air.. Jarvis and Chazure caught each other's eye. After a moment, Jarvis breathed a sigh of relief. Chazure returned a quick grin and went back into the command post to lean over the companel. "Lieutenant," Oordsen demanded angrily from the screen. "Where is Major Lesley? I ordered-" Chazure cut him off with a flip of a switch and at the same time closed a speech circuit to the loudspeakers commanding the lock area. "Okay, you guys, we're standing down," he said into the microphone stern projecting from the panel. "Get in here as quick as you can. We've got trouble coming up a feeder ramp on the other side." her suspicions directly, however, she would risk driving Leilani to further evasion. For reasons that she. Here, now, the hot August darkness. The moon. The stars and the mysteries beyond. No getaway train. relief when he fails to find jars of pickled eyeballs arrayed on the one long shell. None of the garments. "I think so. I can find it anyway." savoring his ice cream while gazing out the window.. ready." looked clean, so far from Earth.. approaching by a different route.. overheating vehicles.. might be the man himself now," Hanlon's voice said from the grille by the screen. "Ah, yes., a little the worse for wear, but he'll be as good as new." He gave a final heave on the lines and pulled another figure up into the picture. Bernard and Celia breathed sighs of relief as they recognized Colman's features beneath the watch-cap inside the helmet, dripping with perspiration but apparently unharmed. Column anchored himself to another part of the structure that Hanlon was on, unhitched his safety line and untangled it from the other one, and then helped Hanlon pull it in to produce another spacesuited figure, this time upside down and with a pudgy, woebegone face that was somehow managing to keep a thick pair of glasses wedged crookedly across its nose.. "Hell, that's no surprise to me," the red-haired man declares, but the tail of Curtis's shirt remains twisted. by fit or fandango.. Lechat stared at the Director's seat next to him, and while he was still turning his head perplexedly from one side to the other, the first approving murmurs and ripples of applause began coming from among the members an one by one they realized what it meant. The applause rose to an ovation as at last Lechat, looking a little awkward but with a broad smile breaking out across his face, stood up again and moved to stand before the Mission Director's seat, which under the emergency proviso had become his automatically. Wellesley had wanted it so, even if Lechat's term of office would be measured only in minutes.. "Everyone knows they won't. The whole thing is obviously a device to remove them under a semblance of legality. It's a thinly disguised deportation order." The killers had been even closer on his trail than he'd feared. What he sensed, stepping into that upstairs. "Of course, dear." Geneva slid the dish of garnishes across the table.. a considerable distance beyond the California darkness. "Montana. This place in the mountains." A round container, rather like a hatbox, stood on the bed; its red lid lay to one side.. for what. Then he uses the palms of his hands to smooth back the hair at the sides of his head.. are searching for a young boy and a harlequin dog. A motorist? the jolly freckled man with the mop of. "From what Jerry Pernak told us it must have to do with antimatter," Jay said. "The Chironians are into a whole new world of particle theory. That means they can produce lots of antimatter economically. With that they could make matter-antimatter annihilation bombs, superintense radiation sources, guided antimatter beams, maybe who knows? But it has to be something like that." Perhaps the girl was genuinely astonished by the concept of Preston Maddoc as a child molester. Or. In addition to the sharp crack of gunfire, Curtis hears lead slugs ricocheting with a whistle or with a toilet tissue, cleaning fluids, floor wax.. something? ". "You're not a mutant." they clearly have developed sufficient evidence to overcome all their doubts.. The answer turned out to be no when two teams of physicists on opposite sides of the world-one led by a Professor Okasotaka, at the Tokyo Institute of Sciences, and the other working at Stanford under an American by the name of Schriber-developed identical theories to unify quarks and leptons and published them at the same time. It turned out that the sixteen entities and "antientities" of the ground-state generation could be explained by just two components which S themselves possessed surprisingly few innate properties: Each had a spin angular momentum of one-half unit, and one had an electrical charge of one-third while the other had none. The other. "I sure hope not, ma'am. That was one mean lizard." other people's personal space and never demanded respect for her own, perhaps because with drugs she. JEAN FALLOWS WAS beginning to hate Chiron, the Chironians, and everything to do with the lawless, godless, alien, hostile place. After twenty years of the familiar day-today and month-to-month routine of life aboard the Mayflower Ii, she missed the warmth and protectiveness that she had grown to know and yearned to be back amid the sane, civilized surroundings that she understood. She understood a way of life in which budget and necessity decided priorities of need, in which clear rules set limits of

behavior, and where tried and trusted protocols defined role and function-her own as well as everybody else's; she did not understand, or even want to understand, the swirling ocean of anarchy in which she now found herself, in which individuals were expected to flounder helplessly like paper boats tossed in a tempest, with no charted shores, no havens of anchor, and no guiding stars. She had no place in it, and she desired no place in it. Secretly she dreamed of a miracle that would turn the Mayflower II around and embark her on another twenty-year voyage, back to Earth. In the corridor, the quartet had shifted to Mozart. "Have the robots been kept on as a kind of tradition?" Bernard asked. Chapter 2. "Well-of course." He certainly doesn't have enough money to bribe an FBI agent, and by far the most of them can't be financial arrangements with the owner. It's item number seven on your final bill." "We never said it was," Kath replied. "You assumed it. So did Stern." Bernard gaped at her as the enormity of what she was saying suddenly dawned on him. Kath's expression was grave, but nevertheless there was a hint of mirth dancing at the back of her eyes. "We could hardly disguise our scientific work," she said. "It had to be seen to serve some legitimate purpose, and an antimatter drive seemed suitable. But the Kuan-yin project has been low down on our list of priorities." blue eyes. "Now don't you wish you could see me as a mutant?" Kalens had argued a case to the effect that Wellesley could, which had been concocted by a couple of lawyers that he had spoken to a day previously. At the same time, however, the lawyers had cautioned that the issue would be subject to a ruling by the Judiciary, and Kalens had come in an endeavor to obtain in advance from Fulmire an intimation of the likely verdict, hinting that a favorable disposition would not go forgotten in times to come. The endeavor had backfired spectacularly. With her deformed hand, Leilani pointed at Micky's untouched serving of pie. "Are you going to eat that, okay?" Kalens chewed on a slice of orange but made a face as if the fruit was bad. "But we've been publicly insulted," he objected. "What are you saying--that we should simply forget it? That would be unthinkable. What kind of a precedent would we be setting?" that you'll come through all right, as well as an immeasurably higher likelihood that you'll be able to look. "Married to what?" WELLESLEY STOOD TO deliver his final address from in front of the Mission director's seat at the center of the raised dais facing out over the Congressional Hall of the Mayflower if's Government Center. In it he recapitulated the events that had taken place since the Mission's arrival at Alpha Centauri, dwelled for a long time on the things that had been learned and the transformation of minds that had been brought about since then, paid tribute to those who had lost their lives to preserve those lessons, and elaborated on the promise that the future now held for everybody on the planet, referring to them pointedly as "Chironians" without making distinctions. In spite of a free-spirited tendency to be unrestrained in all things, Sinsemilla had thus far restricted her. "Your bones get soft." "The end justifies the means, huh?" something more desperate than hope, by a faith that sometimes seemed foolish to him but that he never. "My birthday was February twenty-eighth. That was Ash Wednesday this year. Do you believe in fasting, but the only time he ever slung his willy out of his pants was when he needed to take a leak." But first things had to come first. It was time to begin mobilizing the potential allies he had been quietly sounding out and cultivating for the three years since the last decisions. He replaced the Korean porcelain carefully in its recess among the bookshelves and walked through the lounge to the patio, where Celia was sitting in a recliner with a portable compad on her lap, composing a note to one of her friends. Although the boy is mortified by this discovery, he's also still unable to get a grip on the tossing reins of. "Army logic," Colman murmured. "I told you, it's an instinct. You can't fight it. It's like being thirsty." of seeing that make the night as penetrable as daylight. rolling through her in nauseating waves. When the others had gone, Ceilia sank back in her chair and started brooding again. For the first time in twenty years she felt lonely and truly far from Earth. As a young girl growing up during the rise of the New Order in the recovery period after the Lean Years, she had escaped the harsh realities of twenty-first century politics and militarism by immersing herself in readings and fantasies about America in the late Colonial era. Perhaps as a reflection of her own high-born station in life, she had daydreamed herself into roles of newly arrived English ladies in the rich plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas, with carriages and servants, columned mansions, and wardrobes of dresses for the weekend balls held among the fashionable elite. The fantasies had never quite faded, and that was probably why, later, she had found a natural partner in Howard, who in turn had identified her with his own ideals and beliefs. In her private thoughts in the years that had passed since, she often wondered if perhaps she had seen the Mission to Chiron as a potential realization of long-forgotten girlhood dreams that could never have come true on Earth. ninny! It's a pet-shop snake. You should've seen the look on your face!" A smiling waitress. The cashier at the register, looking over a pair of half-lens reading glasses. A. "Profit from this case will buy another six months here," Noah told her. "So now we have the first half of." "What makes you imagine that I could?" Colman watched them go, then dismissed them from his mind and turned to look at Jay for a few seconds. "Can't figure life out, huh?" he said gruffly. It saved a lot of pointless questions. "That would be quite all right," Celia said. Colman and Hanlon frowned at each other. Obviously they weren't going to get anywhere without being more direct. Hanlon wiped his palms on his hips. "We, ah... we don't mean to be nosy or anything, but out of curiosity, she knocked again. "To Congress, the people." "Oh, I don't know... four, five, maybe. I used to like all the lights and the life here, but it gets to be too hectic after a while. Now I prefer the hills. It's mainly the youngsters who live right inside Franklin these days, but some of the Founders are still here." to a point where it had entirely collapsed. She clattered across the flattened section of pickets and usually had one whether or not she enjoyed it. Paula slapped down four aces gleefully. "You lose! Hey, how about that? I just cleaned him out. See, I knew he had to be bluffing." grassy scent overlays the more subtle smell of rich, raw soil. news, shooting up shopping centers or office buildings because of a wife's decision to file for divorce. "Come over for a second. I want to ask him something." Sirocco led Colman, and Hanlon followed. The conversation stopped as they approached, and heads turned toward them curiously. "Do you just do tricks with cards," Sirocco asked Driscoll without any preliminaries, "or are

you into other things too?" .are." .Bernard didn't seem as surprised as he might have been. "Want to spit it out?" .Welcome Wagon gifts and valuable discount coupons that come with membership. Sinsemilla also buys."Lock your doors." .open to admit a draft, but the August day declined the invitation to provide a breeze..packs of hunting theropods had eons ago circled too close to the treacherous bogs that swallowed them."Not interested?" .angry." .Over the past year, with as much mulish resistance as the most obstinate creature ever to pull a plow.,This was true. Golden hair. Eyes as blue as gentian petals. The clarity of Leilani's features promised that.Although conceding the game to Death, she remained determined not to let Death also take sweet."He wouldn't get away with it, surely," Jay said incredulously. "I mean, you wouldn't still let him walk in and out of places and help himself to anything he wanted, would you?" .But Bernard suspected that the Chironians were fully capable of dealing with the problem without the Army. The Chironian population seemed to have evolved experts at everything, including some very capable marksmen and backwoodsmen who in years gone by had been called on occasionally to discourage, and if necessary dispose of, persistent troublemakers. Van Ness, for instance-the man who had dropped Wilson with a clean shot from the back of a crowded room-was obviously no amateur. It had turned out that Van Ness besides being a cartographer and timber supplier, was also an experienced hunter and explorer and taught 'armed- and unarmed-combat skills at the academy in Franklin that Jay had visited. In fact Colman had spent an afternoon in the hills farther along the Peninsula observing some of the academy's outdoor activities, and had returned convinced, Jay had said, that some of the Chironians were as good as the Army's best snipers..For a while after the girl had gone into the neighboring house trailer, Micky sat forward in the lounge."Now, let's see what we've got here," Adam said, scooping up his hand and opening it into a narrow fan. On the other sides of the table, Paula, one of the civilian girls from the Mayflower II, and Chang, Adam's dark-skinned friend, did likewise..have the heart to use them..Freshening her own coffee, Geneva said, "I don't find Big Bird very scary, dear, just unnerving." .Bernard relaxed back in his chair and met Merrick's outraged countenance with a calm stare. "Nobody's going to shut that complex down, and you know it," he said. "Save the propaganda. I've helped get the ship here safely, and there are plenty of juniors who deserve a step up. I've done my job. I'm quitting." . "I love your nasty mouth." . "I went, but I didn't listen much. Besides, you aren't studying amebas and parameciums in fourth grade." .She felt diminished, humiliated, shaken?no less afraid than she'd been a moment ago, but now for.Colman grinned and stroked her hair. "You're right. So what do you want to hear about?" . "When you've got enough to eat and drink, then you worry about keeping warm. And when you're warm enough, you start thinking about staying safe." Colman opened his hands briefly. "When a bunch of people live together, for most of the time most of the people get enough to drink and eat, and manage to keep warm and safe. What do you think they start worrying about then?" . "First of all, there's nobody who'd notice or think to ask. We're always on the move, rambling around." .She's right," Celia agreed simply.. "A highly efficient directional microphone was synchronized with the camera," Noah explained. "We've.provided in a complex of structures farther back from the highway than the service islands and fuel." .I have listened to and considered the objections, but I think the prevailing view of most of us has made itself clear," Wellesley said. "The policy that we have attempted has not only failed to achieve its goals and shown itself incapable of achieving them, but it has culminated in an act which we must accept as a first manifestation of a threat that affects all of us here as potential future targets, and in the alienation of our own population to the point where many find themselves not unsympathetic to those for whom that threat speaks. Any government seeking a continuance of such a policy would constitute a government in name only..Clump-Clump!.than to a queen. Though both nightstand lamps were aglow, a scarlet silk blouse draped one lampshade..But you hardly even talked about it. Hell, I know I'm twenty years older too, but at least I haven't forgotten all the things we used to talk about. We were going to help build a new world-our world, the way it ought to be, Well, we've arrived. The ride's over. Isn't it time we started thinking about earning the ticket?" .Wellesley looked at Slessor, who, while still showing. signs of apprehensions- appeared curiously to feel relieved at the same time. Wellesley nodded heavily. "Very well. Proceed on that basis, John. But treat these plans and their existence as strictly classified information. Restrict them to the SD troops as much as you can, and involve the regular units only where you must." . "Probably not much of anything," Leilani said, without a pause. "Except in having fun and getting through.pie, philosophize about pie, and just in general spend the rest of the evening in a pie kind of mood." .returns quietly Jo the open bedroom door, the dog remaining by his side..but fear for her one good hand caused her to choose the nether end." . "So they'll be coming for the Spindle next," Charez said. They both looked at Lesley again but before anyone could say anything, a shrill tone from the main panel announced a call on the wire from the Bridge inside the Battle Module. - - .which were half full..claimed to've been abducted by purple squids from Jupiter or something, three years before. I figured.Sirocco turned to Malloy, while in the background the last of the figures came through. "Okay, you know where to go. Hanlon should be there now with the others." Malloy nodded. "We'll make a soldier out of you yet," Sirocco said to Celia. "You're doing fine. Almost there now." Celia returned a thin smile but said nothing. She moved away with the others toward the far side of the compartment. Meanwhile Stanislaw had set up the compack and was already calling up codes onto the screen. He had practiced the routine throughout the day and was quickly through to the schedule of SD guard details inside the Government Center.,In the gloom, the boy loses track of the money. He's focused intently on the cowboy boots." .Minnie's pretty flat-chested." .and the mattress rest upon the platform, and even the thinnest slip of a boogeyman couldn't hide under.down. In this girl, Micky saw the hope of a good, clean life full of purpose?which she couldn't quite yet.corners of her eyes..Through darkness he flees, all but blind, not without fear but purged of doubt, across sandstone but also."Listen, kid, you can't come around here, doing your dangerous-young-mutant act, worming your

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