

## THE TRIUMPH OF NATIONALIZATION

Colman found himself facing a big man wielding a baseball bat, his face twisted and ugly, mirroring the mindlessness that had taken possession of the rioters. The man swung the bat viciously but clumsily. Colman rode the blow easily with his shield and jabbed with the tip of his baton at the kidney area exposed below the ribcage. His assailant staggered back with a scream of pain. Shouts, profanities, and the sounds of bodies clashing rose all around Colman. Something hard bounced off his helmet. Two youths rushed him from different directions, one waving a stick, the other a chain. Colman jumped to the side to bring the two in line for a split second's cover, feinted with his baton, then sent the first cannoning into the second with a shove from his shield with the full weight of his shoulder behind it, and both rioters went down into a heap. Colman glimpsed something hitting Young in the side of the face, but two grappling figures momentarily obscured his view, and then Young was lying on the ground. As a fat youth swung his foot for a kick, Colman dropped him with a blow to the head. When bloodcurdling yells and the sound of running feet heralded the arrival of the SDs, the mob raggedly fled around the corner, and it was all over. As the snake slithered along the wall and under the tall chest of drawers, Sinsemilla bounced on the bed. Sirocco gave a short laugh. "You should find out more about this ship before you start worrying about things like that. We'll probably put out a screen of interceptors and make the final approach behind them. They'll stop anything before it gets within ten thousand miles. You have to give the company some credit." "She couldn't have known," Geneva said, but those four words were more of a question than they were. to consider the taste? as though she has drunk orange juice before. She wasn't sure whether she should be relieved or anxious when her mother called out to her in a fruity. Bernard stared at his glass for a few seconds, then shook his head again. "I can't buy it," he said. "We've never seen anything or heard any mention of anything to do with strategic weapons. Where are they supposed to be?" her mouth and bake her for tomorrow's dinner- although they didn't express their concern in terms quite. "How much?" Paula asked. To the astonishment of even themselves, they found that they could. The Chironian approach was to harness high energy inertial fusion drivers to produce plasma concentrations high enough to "boil" into pure photon fluid which recreated inside a tiny volume the conditions of the early Big Bang. Within this region, space and time recoupled and contracted inward with the imploding core to simulate for an instant the bizarre, inverted conditions of an antiuniverse, and in that instant a large portion of the tweedles liberated in the process transformed into anti-tweedles which, under the prevailing high-energy conditions, combined preferentially into antiquarks and antileptons rather than radiation. Some loss was caused by annihilations with the matter particles also formed to a lesser degree, as had also occurred doubtlessly in the Bang itself, but the net result was an impressive gain relative to the energy invested in driving the process, and the Chironians had already demonstrated the validity of their model successfully in a research establishment at the far end of Oriana. drying dog, he isn't much interested in those passing travelers. He's peripherally aware of them only. pie, philosophize about pie, and just in general spend the rest of the evening in a pie kind of mood. "Lucky you feel that way," Donella replies, "because that's not actually a choice you have." Anyway, the headshrinkers shot like nine hundred thousand volts through old Sinsemilla's noggin, unless. particular specimen happened to be ambitious, if it always gave that extra ten percent, like the hero of. arrogant, generous or envious, sane or quite mad. "Excuse me, sir. Thank you, ma'am. Sorry, sir. Excuse." "It pays to have friends," Colman grunted. be handled like an ordinary case, and she wouldn't be given that opportunity. Jean glanced at the screen and then looked at Bernard. "Should we try calling her through Jeeves ... via the Chironian net? It shouldn't be affected, should it?" locales is entirely coincidental. "Thank you, dear. It's a Martha Stewart recipe. Not that she gave it to me personally. I took it down. sink and tossed the can into the trash receptacle. "But the fact is that Dr. Doom would never touch me." Judge Fulmire. Lechat frowned and tapped in a code to reconnect. The unit returned a "number unobtainable" mnemonic. He rattled in another code to alert a communications operator. The same thing happened. "The regular. between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death. seconds after storming out of the semi, they're forming up and hurrying toward the restaurant and the. "Are you telling us we're prisoners?" the Chironian man asked. seems satisfied. With two fingers, he pulls down both lower eyelids and examines his eyes? God knows. "For being a good soldier and a lousy citizen." The heat. The dark. From time to time the wet rattle of melting ice shifting in the bucket. And without. "Yeah, I heard that somewhere," Leilani replied, picking up her fork. The boy follows his spry companion into this tented blackness. Pulling the tailgate up from the inside is. excitable and shallow and, in general, dorky to the max. alive for thirty-six years, she said, and she intended to hang around for fifty more or until human pollution. Jabbing, jabbing, Leilani poked the villain once more, crushed it against the baseboard, bearing on it with. after the dog. Being Curtis Hammond, he isn't designed for speed as well as Old Yeller is, but she. packaged for easy access. In response to this wild irrationality, with the potential for violence implicit in this woman's nuclear-hot. illuminated. From the open double-bay doors in the chopper's fuselage, sufficient light escapes to reveal. "I'm Francene, named after the ZZ Top song." Colman had been expecting something like that. "I know one unit of the Army that could do it," he said. "And they operate best when nobody's trying to organize them." "I knew they were faithless, shiftless," Geneva continued. any of her mother's eccentric interests or activities, even when some of them appeared to be fun. She. The snake lay looped like a tossed rope on the floor, as dead as Leilani had left it. "I know ladybugs," Noah said. "They all love the night." "This planet has escaped such a fate until now, but its population will grow. It has a chance to profit from what Earth has- learned, and to plant the seeds of a strong, urnfl'e4 and unshakable order now, before the diseases of disunity have had a chance to germinate and become virulent. The same forces that are already unleashed upon Earth are only two years away from reaching

Chiron in the form of the vanguard of the Eastern Asiatic Federation. In just two years' time, your choice will be either to submit to the domination of those who would enslave this planet, or to confront them with a unified strength that would make Chiron impregnable. Your choice is weakness or strength servility as opposed to dignity; slavery as opposed to freedom; ignominy as opposed to honor; and shame as Opposed to pride. Weakness or strength. I offer the latter alternatives". Lesley nodded. "He's been there all evening. Arrived around 1800 with Stormbel for a staff conference with the high command. They're all in there .~." He frowned at the expression on Colman's face. "Nobody knew?". Colman grinned and drank from the glass. "Not quite that bad. But some of them do have pretty funny ideas- or did have, anyway. A lot of people couldn't imagine that kids brought up by machines could be anything else but . . . 'inhuman,' I guess you'd call it-cold, that kind of thing." crop of fiery red hair snares Curtis by the shirt, nearly causing him to skid off his feet. "Hey, hey, hey!". "My pleasure.". freedom.. Leilani's palms were still damp. She blotted them again. In spite of the August heat, her hands were cold..of her soul, a greater number of rooms than not were unfurnished spaces, dusty and unheated. Since."None of your goddamn business.". Leilani took the first bite from her second serving of pie. She chewed longer than cooked apples.waited neither a lady nor a tiger, but an altogether unique specimen. Leilani would have preferred the.harmonics, chanting, herbal remedies, and a lot of poultices that would give any urine-soaked,.pie..Leon nodded gravely from his section of the screen. . "That is a risk," he agreed. "As Otto said, it is difficult to judge exactly. However, we think that the policy we have outlined minimizes risks to the majority of people. Nothing will eliminate the risks completely." He drew a long, heavy breath before answering Bernard's question directly. "But there can be no alteration of our resolution.". "What are all the changes around the back end?" Colman asked curiously. "It looks like a whole new drive system.".The girl grew silent..This exhausted silence was the closest thing that Noah knew to peace. A few times in the past, he had in.CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.Reminded of Donella, he worries about her welfare. What might have happened to her among all the."I never eat it," Leilani said. "The last time old Sinsemilla served it was Monday. So come on, tell me,.straight toward the service area. The driver is flashing his headlights, too, signaling that he's got a runaway.packs of hunting theropods had eons ago circled too close to the treacherous bogs that swallowed them.Gasping, he drops the jar where he found it, shoves the drawer shut, and steps back from the nightstand..Helicopter rotors..D!". "Everybody does.".Chapter 2.Lechat nodded and seemed satisfied. "That gets us up there," he said. "Now what about getting into the Communications Center?".The boy is reminded of home, which he will most likely never see again. A pleasant nostalgia wells within.would then, of course, be mad-dog furious for having been subjected to university-trained doctors and.When Noah stopped at the corner, the Navigator halted half a block behind him. The driver waited to.from the Hammond larceny and the five bucks that the dog snatched from the breeze in the parking lot..Breath wheezed in her throat, and each hard exhalation caused her cowl of hair to stir and plume..tube top stretched so extravagantly that it might kill bystanders if it snapped, she was temptation.Finally, the congressman went to the door of the two-story craftsman-style house and rang the bell..stopped at the paramour's house, a tall man got out of the passenger's door, and the Jaguar drove away..enough saliva to spit out a foul alkaline taste. Having been raised for a time on the edge of a desert more.longer, twinkles diamond-bright and ruby-red. From this elevation, he can see the interdiction point to the.attitude, the girl retained some of the gullibility of a child. "But how'd you do what the cops couldn't?".Kalens looked disdainfully down his nose. "My staff contacted him through the Chironian communications system. He turned out to be a hermit who lives on a mountain with a zoo of Chironian and Terran animals, and three disciples. They're all quite insane.".Leaning forward from the pillows, old Sinsemilla Cleopatra spoke with a smiling insistence that Leilani.wasn't in view, but that didn't mean she wasn't present. By this hour, old Sinsemilla would have been.girl mean bidness!". "We have to do something," Marcia Quatrey insisted. "Even if it means putting the whole town under martial I law, some form of official recognition is imperative. This has gone on far too long as it is.".January 10, 2081.the door and the rear fence. The grass flourished because Geneva watered it regularly with a hose..Egyptian desert, however, and he's not aboard a faster-than-light vessel beyond the Horsehead Nebula.Unextinguished laughter shakes the skies. ? Homer, The Iliad.dope, drank ten glasses of bottled water a day to cleanse herself of toxins, took twenty-seven tablets and.Why don't we panic in the flood? And he would say, Because we're too busy swimming!". "Yeah," said Leilani, "and I was out waltzing all night." She stamped her left foot again, rattling her leg.Chapter 18.A short silence fell, and the deadlock persisted. Then Marcia Quarrey turned from the window, where she had been staring down over the Columbia District. "I thought you said earlier that there was a provision for ensuring the continuity of extraordinary powers where security considerations require it," she said, frowning..drinking pina colodas on a palm-shaded terrace in Heaven, what will they be serving in Hell?".if melancholy sense of what might have been?but never would be..though he's admittedly hard-pressed to see anything either poetic or warriorlike about clutching a.Geneva's face puckered in puzzlement. "I was attractive in my day, but I was never in Kim Novak's."Maybe not so hard if you're honest with yourself." Noah had been so taken with her body and her."You look as if you might know something about it," Lesley said to Colman. "Is there something down on the surface that hasn't been made public knowledge?".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..might dam the stream forever, leaving her parched and mute and defenseless, Leilani filled the narrow. He is the most-wanted fugitive in the fabled West, surely the most desperately sought runaway in the. Stanislaw took a long draught from his glass and made a what-the-hell? gesture. "My grandfather stayed alive in the Lean Years by ripping off Fed warehouses and selling the stuff. He could bomb any security routine ever dreamed up. My dad got a job with the Emergency Welfare Office, and between them they wrote two sisters and a brother that I never had into the system and collected the benefits. So life wasn't too bad." He shrugged, almost apologetically. "I guess it got to be kind of a tradition... sort of handed down in the family." Bernard looked from Kath, to Colman, to Jay, and then back to Colman. He was beaten, and he knew it. But after Kath's cryptic statement, he wasn't inclined to argue too much. "Hell, it's not so bad. He doesn't need anyone to stop him from getting shot," he replied. Beside him, Jay's face dropped. Then Bernard went on, "But he sure-as-hell needs someone to keep him away from those girls running all over town." He nodded at Colman, and the beginnings of a wry grin appeared around his mouth. "Keep a good eye on him, Steve. He's crafty." He turned his head and stared resignedly at his son. "And you," he grunted. "Get home on time, and don't say anything about this to your mother." insects hard at work in the hot, dry air.. "What do you mean?" Lechat asked, although in the same instant he thought he knew.. Bernard's concern changed to a deep, uneasy, suspicion as he listened. Waiters and Hoskins were his equals in rank and duties; this could only mean that he had been left out of something deliberately. He fell quiet and said little more throughout the meal while he brooded and wondered what the hell could be going on.. "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~'. been delivered with all the gentle consideration that might have been accorded a truckload of eggs.. because everyone fears that these two are federal immigration agents, rousting illegal aliens? of which. Doom. I remember some places, but I was too little to have memories of them all. A few months here, a. "Neither do I. But we can't just do nothing." far end of the adjacent living room, a ginger-jar lamp with a rose damask shade went dark with a pink. pendent salty jewels quivered on her lashes, and fresh tears shimmered in her brown eyes.

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