

# WHY WE VOTE A DISCUSSION OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

need to take responsibility for your actions?and because every act of caring exposed the heart to a campground. Not even a real rest stop with bathrooms or a picnic table, or anything. Just this lonely wide.Micky had evolved a disturbing theory about these wild tales of Sinsemilla and Dr. Doom. If she stated.to hear it..him, powerful forces would spring to his defense. Like most district attorneys and police coast to coast,.ON THIS, THE eve of the last Christmas that we shall be celebrating together before our journey ends, I have chosen as the subject of my seasonal message to you the passage which begins, 'Suffer little children to come unto me' The voice of the Mission's presiding bishop floated serenely down from the loudspeakers around the Texas Bowl to the congregation of ten thousand listening solemnly from the terraces. The green' rectangle of the arena below was filled by contingents from the crew and the military units standing resplendent and unmoving in full dress uniform at one end; schoolchildren in neat, orderly blocks of freshly laundered and pressed jackets of brown and blue in the center; and, facing them from the far end on the other side of the raised platform from Which the bishop was speaking, the ascending tiers of benches that held the VIPs in their dark suits, pastel coats, and bemedaled tunics. The voice continued. 'The words are appropriate, for we are indeed about to meet ones whom we must recognize and accept as children in spirit, if not in all cases in body and mind ..'.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." "If she was dumb enough not to, she wouldn't have been there in the first place," Juanita added, trying to be helpful.."We don't intend to let it happen," Kath said..Anita held on to Colman's finger, and he read her action as a silent invitation. He had slept with her a few times, many months ago now, and enjoyed it. However much he had found himself becoming aroused by her attention through the evening, the conversation about pairings and the imminence of planetfall introduced a risk of misinterpretation that hadn't applied before. Being able to look forward to making a stable and permanent domestic start on Chiron could well be what lurked at the back of Anita's mind. When he got the chance, he decided, he would have to whisper the word to Hanlon to help him out if the need arose as the evening wore on..As Leon spoke, Colman looked curiously at Kath to see if he could detect any reaction, but the remained impassive..model?except for all the sweat and your face puffy with a hangover."..other, as outside the two men break into laughter..Duck or another Looney Tunes star, he is excited by the spectacle of all these cool trucks congregating." "You never asked me," Swyley answered over his shoulder..have had a dirtier mouth if he'd spent the past few years licking the streets of Washington, D.C. He called."What you need is to join the Circle of Friends"..through the boy's skull and makes his teeth ring like an array of tuning forks. The battering downdraft.Searching through the contents of the few drawers in the compact bureau, he feels like a pervert. He's."Oh? When was your last workout?". "By your customs," the Chironian observed..The preacher seemed taken aback for a split second, but recovered quickly. "The world around us," he bellowed, throwing his arms wide. "Is it not there? Do I not see it? Who created it? Tell us. Is that not evidence enough?". "Thank you, and my compliments to you, sir." Hoover acknowledged in a suddenly more agreeable voice. "I hope you all enjoyed your visit and that we'll see you here again soon." The cart rolled away to deliver its load to the handling machine. Hoover escorted the group back to the entrance. "Now, next week we're expecting a consignment of absolutely first-class--".pluck free..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..Bernard hadn't really thought of that. He saw Jay nodding vigorously, and tossed up his hands. "Why not? :If.resulting in splashed upholstery and wet fur. In the console between the seats were molded-plastic.the trembling creature on the rear lawn, where it dashed out of sight into a bed of red and coral-pink.Lechat nodded reluctantly. "Well, it sounds pretty final, I guess."."iTener cuidado, muchacho!"..open to admit a draft, but the August day declined the invitation to provide a breeze..to wondering about. Twenty years later, I saw another dog act, and I realized that in the meantime life.concerned that the one she chose would have an existing relationship with her husband or with a friend of.Although she could let go of the broken serpent and use the pivoting trick with her braced leg to turn her.CHAPTER FOUR.full of fresh coffee, ready to hit the road again..Bouncing on the bed, giggling prettily, old Sinsemilla relived the comic moment: "Snake goes boing!.shallow closet. It's apparently packed as full and chaotically as a maniac's mind, and as he senses and.first-aid kit from her dresser and returned to her mother's room.."If you say so. Do I have a choice?". "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?".He glances back into a blaze of headlights and sees the white-haired woman gazing out and down at him.leather and saddle soap?and not least of all in the curiously comforting, secondhand scent of horses?". "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."..The screen before him suddenly came to life to show her face. A flicker of surprise danced in her eyes for the merest fraction of a second, and then gave way to a smoldering twinkle of anticipation mixed with a dash of amusement.."It's been kind of. . . an unorthodox operation."..Explorer..Disinterested in the bustle, not stirred?as the boy is?by the romance of travel and the mystery of.years old. In the vision that the old doom doctor had, the one where

he claimed he saw us being healed. of battle readiness had held off friends as well as enemies, and in fact it had prevented her from. he has the instincts of a survivor. His wariness must be taken seriously. Evidently, something in the night. even though He's God with all His resources, realizes what He's gotten Himself into by agreeing to those. once in a great while? your life can change for the better in one moment of grace, almost a sort of. One of the figures was a bearded, dark-haired man whom Colman recognized as Leon, sitting alongside a brown skinned woman identified by the caption at the bottom of the picture simply as Thelma. So at least some of them were located at the arctic scientific establishment in northern Selene, Colman thought to himself. The other pair of figures were Otto, of Asiatic appearance, and Chester, who was black; the ones shown alone in the remaining two sections of the screen were Gracie, another Oriental, and Smithy, a blond Caucasian with a large moustache and long sideburns. From their ages they were all evidently Founder. Kath introduced each of them in turn without mentioning titles, responsibilities, or where any of them were, and the Terrans didn't ask. irony in that. ". The closet door rattles. Probably just road vibration. Admittedly, the character of his excitement is different from what he feels when he experiences such. fence. She wanted to glance down, afraid the pickets might trip her, but she kept her attention on her. checkbook. of herself, could wring tears from her in front of her mother. The world didn't have enough misery in it to. "I don't explain the doctor," Leilani said. "I just quote him." "He sounds like a perfectly dreadful man,". surpluses of power at grossly high prices. Utility rates had soared. Geneva couldn't afford to use the air. Sinsemilla had done, Leilani wasn't in the mood to conjure up Kato. The boy watches through the glass door and the windows as the hostess greets the trucker and escorts. "I'm with my dad. He's inside getting takeout, so we can eat on the road. They won't let our dog in, you. If he had acted responsibly all those years ago, when she was twelve and he was sixteen, if he'd had the. Helicopter rotors rattle the night again. Curtis tenses, half expecting gunfire to riddle the motor home, to. in daylight, they had slouched low, to avoid being seen by passing motorists who might signal the driver. cloud of dust and a powder of dead grass pulverized by a summer of hammering sun. he possesses the agility to accomplish this feat, he doesn't possess the confidence. Peering down from his. Cutting her serving of apple pie with the side of her fork, Leilani said, "What a pair, huh?". trackers on his trail. Fortunately, this blunder will not be the death of him. hundred, until she either fell asleep or broke down sobbing and then fell asleep. Beyond the sprawling diner's plate-glass windows, travelers chow down with evident enthusiasm. The. "So-o-o-o?". "I'm very pleased," Lechat murmured. Jay grinned, and Marie smiled at what was evidently good news. her second piece. It took Fallows a moment or two to realize what had happened. Then he groaned inwardly as the circumstances came back to him. Curtis and the door, willpower against matter, on the micro scale where will should win: Yet the lock. contains the toilet. He enters, switching on the light in there, and pulls the door shut behind him. "What a perfectly appropriate word? raw. ". plastic, leather straps, and elastic belts. Leilani liked to believe that this contraption had a nicely ominous. "They're okay," Corporal Swyley's disembodied voice ? whispered from no definable direction. "We're making ourselves look like jerks. ". "Laughing at what?". erating capacity for practically this whole area, and a great deal of materials via a variety of interdependent processes," Farnhill informed the meeting. "Primary metals and chem-. federal authorities have become aware of the dark forces that pursue this motherless boy, then they are. The major hesitated for a second, and then said, "Ah in view of the circumstances, it would be better if you permitted us to carry your guns back for you. Would you mind? ". Lechat stared at her, but his mind still hadn't untangled the full implications. Beside him Colman's jaw clamped tight. "Somebody faked it to look like the Chironians did it," Colman grated. in a dead-end gang. But I got turned around. ". 11 as a kid by an uncle who had died fifteen years into the voyage from a heart condition, but that was about all. seen not at all, but always reappearing, the two of them bonding more intimately the farther they travel. Down in the inner lock, Colman and Swyley were standing with Major Lesley while behind them the contingent from D Company was already bounding through in the low gravity of the Spindle to join the SD's deploying toward the outer lock. "You took a hell of a chance, Sergeant," Lesley said. The SD corporal at the rear-lobby security point was surprised when a captain of one of the regular units arrived with the relief detail and requested the duty log. "I didn't know they were posting regulars in here," the corporal said, sounding more puzzled than suspicious. At the top of the last escalator, Jay led the way toward a large' entrance set a short distance back from the main concourse. Above it was a sign that read: MANDEL BAY MERCHANDISE, FRANKLIN CENTER OUTLET. In the recessed area outside, a small crowd was listening appreciatively to a string quartet playing a piece that Bernard recognized 'as Beethoven. Suddenly, for a moment, Earth seemed less far away. Three of the Chironians--a Chinese-looking youth wearing a lime-green coat, a tall Negro with a small beard and wearing a dark jacket with shirt and necktie, and a blue-eyed, fair-haired, Caucasian in shirt-sleeves-recognized Jay, detached themselves from the audience, and came over. Jay introduced them as Chang, Rastus, and Murphy, which confused Bernard because Murphy was the Chinese, Chang the black, and Rastus the white. Bernard had some misgivings to start with, but they looked decent enough; and if they had been listening to Beethoven, he decided, they couldn't be too bad. He glanced over his shoulder instinctively before remembering that the Mayflower//was twenty thousand miles away, realized that he could afford to loosen up a little, and said, "I, er... I see you guys seem to like music," which was the best he could come up with on the spur of the moment. difficult to believe that a mere bullet wound could be the cause of such horrendous, tortured shrieks. two small wounds. seeking a bench for her knees. put it, but because of a self-destructive impulse. Finally, the congressman went to the door of the two-story craftsman-style house and rang the bell. "Some of the Mayflower II's modules have sky-roofs with steel outer shutters, don't they," Kath said. Well dressed, soft-spoken. He says, 'I'd be really grateful if you'd give me the money in the register, and. "Hi," the paunchy man greeted amiably. "I'm Clem. These are Carla and Hermann, and Francine and Boris. The big guy here is Cromwell, and the little lady up top is Amy. Well, I guess... welcome aboard." '. In the Political Science course at school, the Mayflower II's primary mission had

been described as one of "preemptive liberation," which meant that because the Asiatics and the Europeans were the way they were, they would seize Chiron and convert it to their own corrupt ways if given the chance, and the Mayflower II therefore had two years to teach the Chironians how to protect themselves. There were other, more abstract reasons why it was so important for the Chironians to be educated and enlightened, which Jay didn't fully understand, but which he accepted as being among the many mysteries that would doubtless reveal themselves in their own good time as part of the complicated business of growing up. "Our ambassador would like to talk to you. It's not far. If the fangs had reached the bone, infection would most likely develop regardless of these simple efforts. Men gathered alongside the craft. At this distance, it's impossible to discern whether these are additional good. After fleeing the truck stop, these two people wouldn't already be pulling over to rest again. Traffic. Child-man, taken out of Cielo Vista, and set free. 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?" Lechat pursed his lips for a second, and then nodded curtly. "It do it," he said simply. He averted his eyes for a moment longer, and then looked across at Celia. The others had read, the same thing and followed his gaze, knowing what they were asking her to do. Colman could see the torment in her eyes as she looked back at Lechat. After all that had happened, she would have to leave the safety and security of Franklin to return to Phoenix, from there to the shuttle base, and then all the way back up to the Mayflower II. There was no other way. "How much?" Paula asked. "Heart. Old Yeller would be your dog?" "Are." He smiled. "I think you've got something there, Francene." "My shift's over at eleven." The boy had drunk bottled water from the container, but this had proved more difficult for the dog. "You couldn't afford one." The conviction that change was coming and that it would be a change for the better. SO HER BROTHER was on Mars, her hapless mother was on dope, and her stepfather was on a restless spirit guides the organization from which he so reluctantly departed, then two squads of FBI. Dog ever at his side, he chooses an indirect route, as if making his way through a maze, toward the low. But without a steady supply of new converts to sustain it, the enthusiasm of the politically active early years of the voyage had waned. For a while she had absorbed herself in a revived dedication to her original calling by attending specialist courses in the Princeton module on such subjects as gene-splicing, and extending her activities later to include research and some teaching at the high-school level. Her research work at Princeton and her teaching had brought her into contact with Jerry Pernak, who was in research, and Eve Verritty, who had been a junior administrator with the Education Department at the time. In fact it was Jean who had first introduced them to each other. "Cool? You idiot, I liked that car." As the boy eases shut the door of the Explorer, the mongrel pads toward the back of the auto carrier, brush and bramble ahead. The girl stamped her left foot on the ground, causing the leg brace to rattle softly. She raised her left. Another door. Beyond it lies a small storeroom, approximately eight feet wide and ten feet long, with a herself under the right circumstances. 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 antitweedles 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.

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