

# LOYOLA BOOK OF VERSE WITH BIOGRAPHICAL EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL NOTES

Over his glass, Colman watched as three Special Duty troopers made their way to the bar. They stood erect and intimidating in their dark olive uniforms, cap-peaks pulled low over their faces, and surveyed the surroundings over, hard, jutting chins. Nobody met their stares for long before looking away. One of them murmured an order to the bartender, who nodded and quickly set up glasses, then grabbed bottles from the shelf behind. The SD's were the elite of the regular corps, handpicked for being the meanest bastards in the Army and utterly without humor. They reminded Colman of the commando units he had seen in the Transvaal. They provided bodyguards for VIPs on ceremonial occasions--there was hardly any reason apart from tradition in the Mayflower II's environment--and had been formed by Borftein as a crack unit sworn under a special oath of loyalty. Their commanding officer was a general named Stormbel. D Company made jokes about their clockwork precision on parades and the invisible strings that Stormbel used to jerk them around, but not while any of them were within earshot. They called the SD's the Stromboli Division. "Lucky you feel that way," Donella replies, "because that's not actually a choice you have." program of classic Western tunes? at the moment, "Ghost Riders in the Sky"? as they sail through the. didn't have any real passion left; drugs of infinite variety had scorched away all her passion, leaving her. The most senior of the group couldn't have been past his late thirties, but he looked older, with a head that was starting to go thin on 'top, and a short, rotund figure endowed with a small paunch. He was wearing an open necked shirt of intricately embroidered blues and grays, and plain navy blue slacks held up with a belt. His features looked vaguely Asiatic. With him were a young man and a girl, both apparently in their mid to late twenties and clad in white lab coats, and a younger couple who had brown skin and looked like teenagers. A six-foot-tall, humanoid robot of silvery metal stood nearby, a tiny black girl who might have been eight sitting on its massive shoulders. Her legs dangled around its neck and her arms clasped the top of its head. Lechat, who had been thinking hard while he was listening, moved round to a point where he could address both the room and the screen. "Perhaps there is something else we can do," he said. Everybody looked at him curiously and waited. He raised his hands briefly. "The whole thing that's given Sterm an extra lease on life is the death of Howard Kalens, isn't it? Enough people in high places, especially some among the top ranks in the Army, believe it was the work of the Chironians and that they could be next in line. So they're clustering around Sterm for mutual preservation. But there has been another unexpected outcome as well, which gives us a chance to strip the last of that support away." "Listen, Aunt Gen, one of the things that kept me from going nuts all those years was you, just the way. Donella's stern expression softens slightly, though she still won't give the enchanting smile with which she. "It's a wonderment, isn't it?" the girl said. "More than a wonderment. It's impossible." "She's right," Celia agreed simply. holes. For a moment this seemed like mere decoration, and Leilani didn't deduce the function of the holes. In a crouch, he crosses the roof to the brink. When he looks back again, the mutt whines beseechingly. Enjoying the girl's perplexity, Micky shrugged. "I'm not sure I could have resisted him, either." Before one of them comes back here to take a leak, Curtis opens the last door and steps into more. 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. "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. "Do you deny that by exposing civilians you hoped to precipitate an incident that would have justified sending in troops?" Noah shrugged. "I never liked her anyway." "Where's Tony Driscoll tonight?" Paula asked, straightening up in her chair to scan the bar. "I don't see him around anywhere." had been, it continued to turn, to writhe, to flail at the air. Its diaphanous white robe billowed and whirled. squeaks softly, as do the hinges, and the door swings outward. 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. Micky closed her eyes against the sight of her aunt's perfect and unconditional love, which brought her to. Noah spoke her name, but as he expected, Laura didn't respond. half a mile ahead, at the top of a rise, traffic has come to a complete stop. "Cut it," Colman grated. "You leave him out of it. If it's me you want, I'll take the three of you, but some other place. He's got nothing to do with this." Although it seemed unrelated to Leilani Klonk, Micky recalled something that her aunt Geneva had said. care. Already separated from Luki forever, she would be willing to risk a foster home, but this wouldn't. saddles to a rodeo or a show arena. They might have become part of the net that is closing around him, "And what's the logic, callin' this beauty Old Yeller, when there's not one yellow hair from nose to tail. her mother dissolved so often in tears, which was scary because it implied a degree of delusion that made. 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?" "Yeah, well, she's a mouse." dislike her had given way to admiration. She wore her beauty with humility, but more impressively, 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.. "What About her?" Micky had drawn herself to the unpleasant conclusion that her life to date had been wasted and that she. In the days ahead, if any of Congressman Sharmer's Circle of Friends couldn't resist a little payback, on his way to watch over? rather than torment? coal miners in deep dangerous tunnels.. want to make a life's work out of swabbing up puke and urine, but she could do what needed to be done. Discreet, this weeping. The plate of homemade lasagna blurred in front of her, and hot tears slid down. cries out and lets go of Curtis, but Old Yeller isn't as quick to release the shorts. She pulls them down his. Drinking the melted ice in the plastic tumbler, she swore off the second double shot of vodka that earlier. Colman nodded thoughtfully to himself and conceded the point. "Any ideas?" Lesley and the major obviously knew each other. "Brad," Lesley said. "What in hell's happened? We were expecting a fight." burnt umber, with a filigree of chrome-yellow. Sinuous body, flat head, glittering black eyes, and a. Curtis.. Reliably off-center, Aunt Gen waved gaily, as though the trailer were an ocean liner about to steam out. The Chironians traded in respect, Colman was beginning to understand as he listened to the talk around him. They respected knowledge and expertise in every form, and they showed it. Perhaps, he thought to himself, that was how the first generation had sought to compete and to attain identity in their machine-managed environment, where such things as parental status, social standing, wealth, and heritage had had no meaning. And they had preserved that ever since in the way their culture had evolved.. Geneva left the door half open behind her. She sat on the edge of the bed, sideways to her niece.. "So suppose someone else showed up who thought he knew just-as much. What if half the people around here thought so too, and the others didn't? Who decides? How would you resolve something like that?" turn her back on this neighbor from the wrong side of Hell.. Slick it was, wet-slick and therefore injured, but still lively enough to wriggle fiercely in a quest for. house.. The motor-home horn blares. In fact the noisy night sounds like a honk-if-you-love-Jesus moment at a. Following the dog hasn't brought Curtis to disaster yet, so he bolts after her once more. As he races. the advertising copy on boxes of cornflakes, or in the patterns made by flocks of birds in flight.. Micky and Mrs. D tried to delay Leilani's departure. They were afraid for her. They worried that her. contains the toilet. He enters, switching on the light in there, and pulls the door shut behind him.. "I'm glad I wasn't alive then," Marie said from behind him. "I can't imagine whole cities burning. It must have been horrible." These people form a gauntlet of sorts through which Curtis and Old Yeller must pass. Twisting, dodging, Preston Claudius Maddoc wasn't an ordinary mortal. If anyone attempted to take his stepdaughter from. "Of course not," Rastus said. "But everyone values what they have. I said the mind was an infinite resource, but only if you don't squander it. Don't you think that makes an interesting paradox?" Tail wagging, the pooch pads into the bathroom? and straight toward the toilet cubicle.. Backlit by the westering sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart. far end of the adjacent living room, a ginger-jar lamp with a rose damask shade went dark with a pink. "Who are they?" Jay asked as he sensed Colman's tensing up.. university-trained doctor.. because her circumstances had given her so much time for contemplation that she couldn't avoid shining a. on a forty-eight, that right?" Waiters asked. "Uh-huh." "Any plans?" A smiling waitress. The cashier at the register, looking over a pair of half-lens reading glasses. A. "You never asked me," Swyley answered over his shoulder.. He climbs onto a stool and watches two short-order cooks tending large griddles. They're frying bacon.. "But we don't even know which Chironians to talk to," Lechat pointed out.. The inverted logic that had puzzled him had not been something peculiar to the military mind; it was just that the military mind was the only one he had ever really known. The inversions came from the whole insane system that the Military was just a part of- the system that fought wars to protect peace and enslaved nations by liberating them; that turned hatred and revenge into the will of an all benevolent God and programmed its litanies into the minds of children; that burned and tortured its heretics while preaching forgiveness, and made a sin of love and a virtue of murder; and which brought lunatics to power by demanding requirements of office that no balanced mind could meet. A lot of things were becoming clearer now as the Chironians relentlessly pulled the curtain away.. Leilani didn't want to cross him by calling paramedics to clean and dress the snakebite.. telling them what to do? ""Why should they?" The hot dogs are useless as a weapon. His mother's self-defense instructions never involved sausages of. Leilani appeared to be surprised. "Don't you read newspapers?" Clump-Clump!. "They're okay," Corporal Swyley's disembodied voice ? whispered from no definable direction. "We're making ourselves look like jerks." Getting the dog through the window won't be easy, if it comes to that, so it better not come to that.. okay?" want to meet at night in a lonely corner of a parkin' lot." Sound returned to the tape. Over a background crash-and-clatter of Chevy-bashing, the directional. An awkward silence hung over the room. Then Celia said, "Because I killed him. The rest was faked after I left the house. Only Sterm knew about his death." 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.. that hope, that love and goodness? it's still inside you. No one can take the gifts God gave you. Only. "iTener cuidado, muchacho!" "Sorry to hear that." considerable thought during the lonely hours of the night.. took things from you that you never-ever wanted to give, the proper authorities weren't there for you." Some grandmothers!" Terry exclaimed. "Did anybody see the news today? Some scientist or

other thinks the Chironians could be building bombs. There was an interview with Kalens Wo. He said we couldn't simply take it for granted that they're completely rational down there." place with both hands, his face entirely concealed, evidently because he thinks this will provide some. though his aren't as big and sharp as those of the dog, and unlike his four-legged companion, he doesn't. twenty-four-hour help-line number. One more blot. You didn't want slippery hands in a slippery situation. January 5, 2081. Escape-with-canine isn't a feat that can be accomplished in a flash, while the startled owners stand gaping. else their suspicion draws them, even if they've searched those places before. And if not those same two. convention of Christian road warriors. "Too bad. How come?" "No, we can't. I've got to think." Pernak tossed up his hands. "I've been to take a look at their university and what they do there. You wouldn't believe it. And I've already got a position if I want it, for no other reason than that people already there say it's okay. You get a house, for nothing . . . a good one. Or they'd build you one however you want it. How can you say no? We're going to become Chironians. And so will everybody else when they've gotten over the voyage. Then people like Kalens can yell all they want, but what can they do if there's nobody left to take any notice? It's as I said-you have to start thinking like Chironians." "This isn't like having a big schnoz. I'm either a mutant or a cripple, and I refuse to be a cripple. People. The drone of traffic now seemed like the muffled buzzing of insects, as though the interior of the earth. possibility of capture or snakebite, frisky with the prospect of new terrain and greater excitement, tail. Through a blur of tears, the boy sees the glorious smile once more, a smile as radiant as that of a. A currency was introduced and declared the only recognized form of tender. All goods brought into Phoenix were subjected to a customs tariff equal to the difference between their purchase cost and the prevailing price of Terran equivalents plus an import surcharge, which meant that what anybody saved in Franklin they paid to the government on the way home. Terran manufacturers thus lost the advantage of free Chironian materials but gained a captive market, which they needed desperately since their wares hadn't been selling well; and the market could be expected to grow substantially when the whole of Franklin came to be annexed, which required no great perspicacity to see had to be not very much further down Kalens's list of things to bring about. The Terran contractors and professionals were less fortunate and raised a howl of protest as Chironians continued cheerfully to fix showers, teach classes, and polish teeth for nothing, and an additional bill had to be rushed through making it illegal for anyone to give his services away. In response to this absurdity the skeptical Terran public became cynical and proceeded to deluge the courts, already brought to their knees by Chironians queuing up in grinning lines of hundreds to be arrested, with a flood of lawsuits against anyone who gave anyone a helping hand with anything, and a group of lawyers' wives staged their own protest by drawing up a list of fees for conjugal favors. percent of all life on the planet, whichever came first. "Some human beings are mean enough without crocodile blood in their veins," Geneva said. short-sleeved top. On the back of the shirt, a cool yellow-and-red logo said ROSWELL, NEW. "You're what?" drawers. No way. Otherwise, only the closet remains unexplored. Movies and books warn that closets. an achievable goal to give up booze without a Twelve Step program. Fulmire thought back for a moment, then leaned forward in his chair to pore over one of the open manuals. "That was under 'Emergency Situations,' not 'Security,'" he said after a few moments, without looking up. "Under the provisions for emergencies that might arise during the voyage, the Director can suspend Congressional procedures after declaring an emergency condition to exist." 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. Noah half expected to hear ominous music building toward the assault on the Chevy. Once in a while. The farmhouse is silent, and the finger-filtered beam of the flashlight reveals no one in the upstairs hall. CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE. for him. "And how about this?" Pernak said. "Sal says the university's crying out for somebody with a background in nonlinear phase-space dynamics and particle theory. She as good as said I could get a job there, and that a job like that pays tops around here. What do you think of that for a break?" the SD's from the Battle Module were approaching, and he had retired to a sheltered observation platform from which he could direct operations with a clear view into the tunnel. Lesley, Colman, and Swley moved behind a stanchion where Driscoll and a couple more? from D Company were crouched with their weapons. A few seconds later the soldiers all around tensed expectantly. Armley stopped in front of Colman and beckoned Hanlon over. "Sirocco wants you both back right away," he said breathlessly. "I'll take over at the gate. There's trouble. added a soundtrack only where we've got conversation that'll ruin him." The shower wasn't as safe as the tub. Whenever she took off her leg brace, she was hesitant to risk. "Not all, I guess," Colman replied with a grin. He turned to Adam and then Kath. "You, er--you don't seem to have any religion here at all, at least, not that I've seen. Is that right?" Having grown up to accept it around him as a part of life, he hadn't been able to help noticing. Worse: If he's in custody, those vicious hunters who killed his family? and the Hammond family. my business, and you'd hustle me back to my own yard." dreamed it, she twisted around in time to see the "treasure out of Eden" as it raveled in a long arc to the. "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~. At last Kath looked around for a way of relieving the heaviness in the air. "How will you get them up to the ship?" she asked Colman. blurred, and she heard vintage feeling wash through her words. "I could hope . . . one day I might be

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