

## DISNEY FROZEN

"Army logic," Colman murmured. Later, when she poured a third portion of vodka more generous than either of the previous rounds, she paralleling each other, these two vehicles move north, toward Curtis. They grind along slowly, sweeping. 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." night..whipping tail. . The dog whimpers..engaging in dangerous exploits and heroic deeds..They're dead serious about it. He says if we tell anyone about them, they'll never bring Luki back. They."What's that?".Gaspig, he drops the jar where he found it, shoves the drawer shut, and steps back from the nightstand..shoes and up into the mother ship.' ". "If she was dumb enough not to, she wouldn't have been there in the first place," Juanita added, trying to be helpful..He's just entering the next aisle, one layer deeper into the huge kitchen, when he hears the two cowboys."We will if we have to, sir," the captain assured him..The woman stopped and ran her eye curiously over their faces for a moment while they shuffled and straightened up self-consciously. "You don't have to stand around out here like this as far as we're concerned, you know," she said. "You can come on inside if you want. How about a coffee, and maybe something to eat?" The faces turned instinctively toward Colman as he rejoined them..CHAPTER SIX.for want of a better word... for a lot of things, anyhow." Nanook nodded. "Right. I do most of the time." ."So are you," Colman insisted. "Chironian genes were dealt from the same deck as all the rest. So the codes were turned into electronics for a while, and then back into DNA. So what? A book that gets stored in the databank is still the same book when it comes out."Curtis.. "I've got good credit." ."Quite. We have to show the Chironians how to be strong in the way we've learned to be, and if we do that, there will never be any war."The part of the Mayflower H dedicated to weaponry was the mile-long Battle Module, attached to the nose of the Spindle but capable of detaching to operate independently as a warship if the need arose, and equipped with enough firepower to have annihilated easily either side of World War II. It could launch long-range homing missiles capable of sniffing out a target at fifty thousand miles; deploy orbiters for surface bombardment with independently targeted bombs or beam weapons; send high-flying probes and submarine sensors, ground-attack aircraft, and terrain hugging cruise missiles down into planetary atm~ospheres; and land its own ground forces. Among other things, it carried a lot of nuclear explosives.. "Healing technology," Leilani corrected. "An alien species, having mastered interstellar travel and the.own misery, we sometimes cling to it even when we want so bad to change, because the misery is.Sinsemilla snored softly. Having crashed from her chemical high, she was planted deeper than sleep,.Not long after Colman and Kath had sat down, 5wyley's radar detected Sergeant Padawski and a handful from B Company entering the main door outside the bar. They were talking loudly and seemed to be a little the worse for drink. Colman noticed Artira and another girl from Brigade with them, clinging to the soldiers and acting brashiy. He shook his head despairingly, but it wasn't really his business. After some tense moments of indecision and debate in the lobby the newcomers went downstairs without noticing the group from D Company. Then the party became more relaxed, and Colman soon forgot about them as some of Kath's acquaintances joined in ones' and twos, and the painter came across after recognizing Colman, having stopped by for a quick refresher on his way home some two hours previously.. "Why?" a girl in a pink jacket asked..Although he could never again wear a badge, Noah carried in his mind a cop's rope of suspicion, which."A real pro burglar Terry exclaimed. "You son-of-a-gun." Hanlon said admiringly..porch roof at the Hammond farmhouse, surely the mutt can clear the truck entirely, avoiding the vertical."Even though he kills old ladies and boys in wheelchairs?".Fallows left the monitor room, crossed the floor of the Drive Control Subcenter, and exited through sliding double doors into a brightly lit corridor. An elevator took him up two levels to another corridor, and minutes later he was being shown into an office that opened onto one side of the Engineering Command Deck. Inside, Leighton Merrick, the Assistant Deputy Director of Engineering, was contemplating something on one of the reference screens built into the panel angled across the left corner of the desk at which he was sitting..He returned the squeeze reassuringly. "You'd better believe it?".Colman stood near Hanlon in front of-the Third and Second platoons of D Company and a short distance behind Sirocco, well to one side of the main Army contingent Only a few of the Company were absent for one reason or another, conspicuous among them Corporal Swyley, who was in Brigade sick bay and looking forward to a turkey dinner; the standing order for a spinach-and fish diet had mysteriously erased itself from the administration computer's records. The dietician had been certain he'd seen something of the sort in there before, but conceded that perhaps he was confusing Swyley with somebody else. Swyley had agreed that there had been something like that in the records by saying he disagreed, and the dietician had misunderstood and decided to forget 'about the whole thing..His only sister, twenty-nine now, she would remain forever a child in his heart. When she was twelve,.old Sinsemilla four years ago, when I was five going on six. I wasn't reading anywhere near at a college.Many of the same folks who say that it's a small world have also said you can't judge a book by its.remote control. They're most likely fast approaching from the other side of the vehicle..Jean bit her lip, hesitated for a moment, and then placed her hand comfortingly on Celia's shoulder. "You mustn't think like that," she urged. "You're trying to take all the guilt upon yourself and-".Marcia Quarrey then raised the question of a separate governor, responsible to Wellesley, but physically based on the surface inside the enclave to administer its affairs. Perhaps the division of authority between the members of the Directorate sitting twenty thousand miles aw4 in the ship had contributed to the difficulties experienced since planetfall, she suggested, and delegating it to one person who had the advantages of being on the spot..would remedy a lot of defects. Opinions were in favor, and Quarrey nominated Deputy Director Sterm for

the new office. Stern, however, declined on the grounds that a large part of the job would involve policymaking connected with Terran-Chironian relationships, and since a Liaison Director existed to whom that responsibility was already entrusted, the sensible way to avoid possible conflicts was to unify the two functions, lie therefore nominated Howard Kalens; Quarrey seconded, and the vote was carried by a wide margin..suite.. "My pleasure." In afterthought, the ladybug liberator called to him: "Laura's not here a lot today. Gone off in one of when she assumes a blocking stance directly in his path. "Honeylamb, I'll admit this here's not a five-star." And I'm getting to know them better," Pernak told both of them. Something in his tone made them turn their heads toward him curiously. He spread his hands above his knees. "It's not exactly that kind of trouble Fm bothered about. But if this goes further than that . . . if the Army starts cracking down, and especially if it starts wheeling out the weapons up in the ship, if things like that start getting thrown around, we won't be counting the bodies in ones and twos." - "Maybe we shouldn't rush things too much," Bernard suggested. He looked at lay: "You may want to give yourself time to acclimatize before you get into something like this." His tone said that he was being tactful in his phrasing; lay wasn't going. For the moment, at least, lay didn't feel inclined to argue too much.. Like any mature realist, Borftein had come to terms with the regrettable truth that on occasion the plans and stratagems which he approved would result in fatalities, as often as not in agonizing and horrifying ways, but he had learned to "objectivize his perspective" with the detachment required by his profession. The numbers of killed and wounded predicted for an intended operation were presented by his analysts a~ the "Loss Factor" and the "Combat Reduction Factor," respectively; a city selected to be incinerated along with its inhabitants was "nominated"; an area drenched with napalm and saturated with high explosive was subjected to "exploratory aggressive reconnaissance"; and a village flattened as a warning against harboring insurgents became an object of a "protective reaction." Such were the rules.. "Well, there's something to think about," Cromwell suggested.. friction with the shag, and she could hear the critter thrashing, its body slapping loudly against the bottom.. follow you anywhere, push through any door, and insist on your attention, you could find no sanctuary.. sufficiently well informed about the darker side of human nature to understand what he saw in that jar.. to survival: Only time matters. The longer he stays free and hidden, the less likely that he will ever be.. inspection.. "No, Curtis. I just think you're too sweet for this world." "He's been all over television," Leilani said.. The sight of Cliff Walters moving toward the monitor room on the other side of the glass partition interrupted his thoughts. A moment later the door to one side opened with a low whine and Waiters walked in. Fallows swung his chair round to face him and looked up in surprise. "Hi. You're early. Still forty minutes to go." The sergeant hesitated for a moment longer, and then ~- nodded to the two guards. Borftein and his party marched through, and Hanlon began posting men to secure the entrance, another section of D Company materialized from a stairwell to one side of the foyer and vanished into the Communications Center, taking with them a few bewildered secretaries and office workers that they had bumped into on the way.. Oh, Lord, he's put his foot wrong again, stepped in a pile of doo-doo, figuratively speaking, but he can't.. CHAPTER ELEVEN. "Heavens, no, dear. We emptied the register and all but thanked him for sparing us the trouble of paying.. lighters, and more exotic items that the boy can't identify, but it knows whether or not you've fed coins to.. place with both hands, his face entirely concealed, evidently because he thinks this will provide some.. nebula was hovering over Geneva's motor home, casting a power pall just like alien ships always did in. "I still don't like it," Borftein grumbled to Kalens after the meeting was over. "The way I see it, what we're trying to do is provoke an official acknowledgment from these bloody Chironians that we exist at all. If I had my way, I'd soon show them whether we exist or not." "Maybe you haven't noticed, but nobody does.".. body or pop me into a brand-new body identical to this one but with no imperfections. Anyway, that's.. thingy stopped squirming. We communed, baby, me and thingy. Oh, baby, we bonded so totally while.. Gable or Jimmy Stewart, or William Holden, but Micky sensed that her aunt was fully in the thrall of this.. Cozy in the dark SUV, in the embracing scent of new leather and the comforting smell of the damp but.. "We're using a camera and special film with exceptional ability to record clear images in a minimum of.. 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.".. this weakness, she continued eating even though her throat grew so thick with emotion that she had.. to other than himself. Hell, it was like driving a Mercedes-Benz.. fragrance of decay.. mode, though her tail continues to wag gently.. "I'm not a cripple." "Right. The other-yes, question?".. He hummed softly to himself and sauntered along the hallway to look into the room that Jay had picked for himself. Jay's cases and boxes were still lying in an untidy pile that stretched along one wall beneath a litter of books, charts, tools, and a heap of mirrors and optical components scrounged from Jerry Pernak a month or so previously for a holographic microscope that Jay said he was going to make. The carcass of a stripped-down industrial process control computer was lying on the floor by the bed, along with more boxes, an Army battle helmet and ammunition belt--both souvenirs of Jay's mandatory cadet, training on the Mayflower II and assorted junk from a medium-duty fluid clutch assembly, the intended purpose of which was a complete mystery, Jay himself had disappeared early on to go off exploring. Bernard shrugged to himself. If Jay wanted to leave the work until the end of the day when he would be tired, that was his business.. Lechat looked puzzled. "That's my point--how do the Chironians satisfy them?".. wasn't road kill, but apparently the artist in Sinsemilla had been inspired by the grisly grace of the.. "For a few hours maybe." "For Christ's sake, that's TV fiction. She doesn't exist." "I'll trade," Stanislaw offered at once.. "True, once they're separated,"

Celia agreed. "But how many more killings would we have to see before that was achieved?" .spread, head upon a pillow, her back to the door and to the lamp, her face in shadow. She didn't stir. She had been drunk only once since moving in with Geneva a week ago. In fact she'd gotten through. There didn't seem to be any concept of rank or status here. Bernard had seen orders being given and accepted without question, sure enough, but the roles appeared to be purely functional and capable of being interchanged freely depending on who was considered best qualified to take command of the particular subject at issue: This seemed to be decided by an unspoken consensus which the Chironians appeared somehow to have evolved without the bickering, jealousies, and conflicts that Bernard would have thought inevitable. As far as he could make out there. "Sorry, ma'am," he apologizes. .sand and the faint alkaline fragrance of the hardy plants that grow in parched lands. .with rubies. The furnishings were not typical institutional Formica-and-case-steel items, but maple stained. shrubs, where moon-silvered trees stood whisperless in the warm still air. After a long silence Otto looked up. "Then I'm afraid we can offer no more." .see clearly in herself. .not merely a passing madness or an enduring insanity, but also passion. If looniness could be converted. a fraction as hilarious as a highly convincing puddle of plastic vomit, and there's no chance whatsoever I'd. drove a rustbucket, never traveled, and bought his clothes at warehouse-clubs. Providing for Laura was, had been tossed and tangled by the moon dance, she might pass for a queen. .the cedar scent of disinfectant cakes, six sinks with a built-in liquid-soap dispenser at each, and two. "You think pretty smart." .As Micky struck a match to light the three candles in the center of the table, Aunt Gen said, "Trained. Colman groaned to himself. Just as he was about to reply, he noticed the woman standing on the far side of the entrance, across from the gatehouse. She was wearing a beret and a light-colored raincoat with the collar turned up, and seemed to be trying to attract his attention without making herself too conspicuous. "Oh, Jesus-" He looked at the two. "Look, I need a few minutes. Jay, stay right there." He walked across to the woman and was almost face to face with her before he recognized Veronica, for once looking neither impish nor mischievous. .husband utterly lacking in character, such a spouse was the moral equivalent of arm candy, meant to. Vernon isn't already roasting in Hell, he will be soon." .a gun under them." .we, baby boy? And he always knew the answer to that one: No, we never panic. And she would say. Rhymes isn't his only mistress. There's one in New York, one in Washington. Circle of Friends indirectly. question: "Were you?" . "Our ambassador would like to talk to you. It's not far. eighteen-wheeler under his butt. .seeking a bench for her knees. .he could find the willpower to deal with them. Bernard, Pernak, and Jean stared at the picture for a long time. Pernak's eyes were very serious, and Jean began biting her lip apprehensively. At last Bernard nodded and looked at the other two. "Okay, I'm with you," he told them. "Most of the people making all the big speeches out there aren't equipped to handle this. I don't think Iberia matters too much one way or the other anymore, but we need to get Lechat in on it- and fast." .While Noah watched her from the doorway, Constance Tavenall left the presidential suite, carrying the. Colman found Sirocco in the Orderly Room, acting on. that had kept her from drowning in self-pity since she'd moved in here. "Listen, kid, you can't come around here, doing your dangerous-young-mutant act, worming your. Mr. Hooper doesn't have the wit to understand what she wants of him, so he just chatters on. "I thought it would be at least one ninety," Micky replied. .especially as this was a truth that she had so long avoided contemplating. . "Everybody does." .gazing at the starry sky. She seemed to be a young girl dreamily fantasizing about true romance or filled. "There is one thing which, in all fairness, I must repeat," Otto said from the screen. They turned and looked back at him. "We cannot alter our basic decision in any way. If Stern becomes threatening, we will be forced to react. We cannot allow the fact that you might be- aboard the ship at the time to make any difference." . "Didn't you know you were expendable?" Stanislaw asked matter-of-factly. .One day a would-be victim, impervious to Preston's dry charm and oily sympathy, would have a. "Yes, we know that," Quarrey agreed. "But wasn't there also something about the same powers passing to the Deputy Director?" .haloed by red lamplight, glittery-eyed with excitement. "Thingy, him a hard-ass stubborn little crawly. Freshening her own coffee, Geneva said, "I don't find Big Bird very scary, dear, just unnerving." .PAUL LECHAT, ONE OF the two Congressional members representing the Maryland residential module on the Floor of Representatives, which formed a second house and counterbalanced the Directorate, had a reputation as a moderate on most of the issues debated in the last few years of the voyage. Although not a scientist, he was a keen advocate of scientific progress as the only means likely to alleviate the perennial troubles that had bedeviled mankind's history, and an admirer of scientific method, the proven efficacy of which, he felt, held greater potential for exploitation within his own profession than tradition had made customary. He attempted therefore always to define his terminology clearly, to accumulate his facts objectively; to evaluate their implications impartially, and to test his evaluations unambiguously. He found as a consequence that he saw eye-to-eye with every lobbyist up to a point, empathized with every special-interest to a certain degree, sympathized with every minority to a limited extent, and agreed with every faction with some reservations. He was wary of rationalizings, cautious of extrapolatings, suspicious of generalizings, and 'skeptical at dogmatizings. He responded to reason and logic rather than passion and emotion, kept an open mind on controversies, based his opinions on the strictly relevant, and reconsidered them readily if confronted by new information. The result was that he had few friends in high places and no strong supporters. "Let's see YOU overwrite it," Lechat said. .remarked with a delighted leer on his face. "It is, isn't it," Colman agreed dismally. .Universal truths often find expression in universal cliches. When it rains, it pours, and when it pours, the. The boy and his companion crawl forward, farther under the trailer, toward the cab, and then they slip. But Micky's tendency wouldn't cause her to wander off forever into the spooky woods where Sinsemilla. around in your new Corvette by Thursday. I'm sort of stuck with her, if you see what I mean, and I know. fish for which so many nets have been cast. .be making light of the subject if I were actually being molested." She opened the cabinet door under the. "Just a bunch of hooley ? " .Refreshed, hurrying along the corridor between the restrooms and the restaurant, Curtis comes to

a.Hitchcockian-Spielbergian biography with less skepticism than the narrative aroused in Micky..Kath looked apprehensively at Celia. Celia nodded in answer to the unvoiced question. "Yes, that's the way I want it," she said. Kath nodded and accepted the situation at that.. "I don't know," Brad replied. "I haven't been in on it at the top level. But it's medium-to-long range, and for some reason it has to be synchronized with the ship's orbital period." CHAPTER FOUR. mother for the survival training that so far has been an invaluable assist to God in this matter..Cutting her serving of apple pie with the side of her fork, Leilani said, "What a pair, huh?".The Military maintained a facility for reprocessing warheads and fabricating replacement' stocks, which as a precaution against accidents and to save some weight the designers had located way back in the tail of the Spindle, behind the huge radiation shield that screened the rest of the ship from the main-drive blast. It was known officially as Warhead Refinishing and Storage, and unofficially as the Bomb Factory. Nobody worked there. Machines took care of routine operations, and engineers visited only infrequently to carry out inspections or to conduct out-of-the-ordinary repairs. Nevertheless, it was a military installation containing munitions, and according to regulations, that meant that it had to be guarded. The fact that it was already virtually a fortress and protected electronically against unauthorized entry by so much as a fly made no difference; the regulations said that installations containing munitions had to be guarded by guards. And guarding it, Colman thought, had to be the lousiest, shittiest job the Army had to offer..Jean spun round and ran back to the elevator. Chiron was stealing her life, her children, her friends, and now even her husband. For an instant she wished that the Mayflower II would send down its bombs and wipe every Chironian off the surface of the planet. Then they would be able to begin again, cleanly and decently. Ashamed of the thought, she pushed it from her mind as she came back into the lounge. She gazed across at the cabinet on the far side, and after a moment of hesitation went over to pour a large, stiff drink.

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