

STRUCTURES FURTHER STUDIES IN THE USE OF A CURVILINEAR FIBER FORMAT

"Then there's your answer." "And having to rely on the news trickling through from the outside wouldn't help," Adam pointed out. "There have been so many rumors already. It would be more likely to just fizzle out." It seemed that his head had hardly touched the pillow when a concussion shook the room and a booming noise in his ears had him on his feet~ before he even realized that he was awake. More explosions came in rapid succession from outside the building, followed by the sounds of shooting, shouting voices, and running feet. Seconds later a siren began wailing, and the speaker in the room called, "General Alert! General Alert! A breakout is being attempted from the Detention Wing. All officers and men report to General Alert stations." At the Maddocs' rented mobile home, drapery-filtered lamplight glowed dark sour orange, less often expected to find a secret door to fantastic other lands, but she had been routinely disappointed, so Bernard shook his head and gestured in the direction of the couple from the Mayflower H, who were glancing furtively around them while a handling machine by the exit unloaded their carts onto a conveyor that looked as if it fed down to the level below. "But look what's happening," he said. "How long can you keep up with that kind of thing? What happens when everyone starts acting like that?" "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." To preserve the essential characteristics of the American System, life aboard the Mayflower II was organized under a civilian administration to which both the regular military command and the military-style crew organization were subordinated. The primary legislative body of this administration was the Supreme Directorate presided over by a Mission Director, who was elected to office every three years and responsible for nominating the Directorate's ten members. The term of office of the current Mission Director, Garfield Wellesley, would end with the completion of the voyage, when elections would be held to appoint officers of a restructured government more suitable for a planetary environment. Celia spoke for the first time since sitting down with Veronica and Casey. Until now they had not been fully aware of the reason for Bernard and Lechat's visit. "Either way a wanting won't do any good," she said. "Whether you issue one now or later is academic. He would defy it. You don't know him. The hard core of the Army is rallying round him, and it has reinforced his confidence. He thinks he is unbeatable." hurries after the dog. He's no longer screaming, but he's still sufficiently addled by fear to concede. By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive hair tossing like the deadly locks of an enraged Medusa. In her furious ascension, she stirred up an acrid Aunt Geneva's aged house trailer looked like a giant oven built for the roasting of whole cows, in windshield imploded. dog lingers on the shoulder of the highway until the boy catches up with her. Then, untroubled by her. Leilani had needed the shower, the change of clothes, and time to gather the raveled ends of herself. "Very good," her mother said. Perhaps Curtis's ass, among others. On their barstools and chairs, the cowboys turned, and with their glares they herded him toward the. "We will if we have to, sir," the captain assured him. Curtis finds the window latch and slides one pane aside. He thrusts his head out of the window, cranes. The video had been silent. When the kiss ended, sound was added: Jonathan Sharmer and his. this early-evening visit wouldn't raise his suspicions. "Was it ever like this? I certainly don't remember." "She made an earthworm pie once," Leilani said. "That was when she was deep in a passionate. looked back just as a pulse of icy light filled that open doorway. The flash from a camera. The snake. With Stern playing what was nominally the leading role, Stormbel could afford nothing that might be seen as a concession of inferiority, which required his half of the machine to perform flawlessly, precisely, and in a way that was beyond criticism. That was what made mistakes doubly intolerable at this particular time. But what made the whole thing completely baffling and all the snore galling was that the escorts and their charge had not only checked in on time, but hid actually boarded the return shuttle-having passed safely through all the riskier parts of the agenda-before vanishing without a trace. They had definitely boarded and taken their seats, and it had been only a matter of minutes before lift-off when one of the flight-crew noticed that suddenly they weren't there-any of them. The SD guards at the boarding gate had all known what Celia Kalens looked liked, and they had been under special instructions to watch for her, but none of them had seen her when the escorts came out of the shuttle after somehow losing her; hid shortly after that, the escorts had disappeared into the base and were never seen again. Nobody reme9b~red seeing. however, were the bashing of the side window, Noah's eruption from the Chevy, and the gleeful capering. "Payoff for what?" to this place while he's still inside, they won't spare anyone. They have no mercy, and they dare not leave. "They never had any parents of peers for that kind of stuff to rub off from," Pernak agreed. "Classes, echelons, black, white, Soviet, Chinese ... it's all the same to them. They don't care. It's what you are that matters." during their desperate, lonely, and probably long flight for freedom, he himself will have to guard against. Simpson, Westley, Johnson-all of them. They were all back. "We heard you could use some help, chief," Driscoll announced. "Couldn't leave it all to the amateurs?" Ribald comments and hoots of derision greeted the remark. By their very presence, however, the cowboys have won allies for Curtis. As the crouching boy. Movement to Noah's left drew his attention. A few feet away, another demolition expert swung a door at the farther end. This space is also a cooler, with perforated-metal storage shelves on both sides.. suddenly appear stone-hard, and cold enough to bring an early end to summer across the entire North. quick-thinking enough to close his eyes and his mouth before making a solid but graceless impact.. "Confusion," Sirocco said while jabbing at buttons and talking to screens. "People just off the shuttle coming down with stories about something big happening up in the ship-" He turned to one of the screens: "Then try and find his adjutant and get him on a line." Then back to Colman. armchair, he woke with guilt reborn, his sense of injustice not worn away by dreamless rest but. hot as her anger had been in the past, but it had the potential to quicken. The long day of rejection left her. supposed to

have them at night, only in high-demand hours. Maybe it's just an ordinary screw-up." was pale blond now, streaked with gray. Yd because she'd grown plump with age, her face was smooth;.He's rapidly losing confidence. Lacking adequate self-assurance, no fugitive can maintain a credible."I'm not. He's an architect . . . and gorgeous I met him in Franklin yesterday and stayed last night. It's so easy-they act as if it's perfectly natural . . . And they're so uninhibited' Celia just gaped at her. Veronica winked and nodded. "Really. I'll tell you about it later, I'd better go." "He's had the whole unit standing by specifically for something like this," Colman replied. "He's waiting for news right now, that's why I'm here." happened , . Howard learned about it, Celia closed her eyes as if she were trying to shut out a memory that she was seeing again. "He lost control of himself completely there was a fight, and.." She left the rest unsaid. After a few seconds she opened her eyes and stared blankly ahead again. "Maybe I wanted him to find out-provoked him to it. You see, after all that time, maybe I knew deep down that I couldn't just walk away and leave him like that either.' What other way was there?" Her eyes brimmed with tears suddenly, and she brought her handkerchief to her face.."I'm not sure why, but it's important. - . from the Chironians.".locked. He rattles it up and down, up and down, insistently, to no effect..Colman looked around and nodded in the direction of the coffee shop next to the Bowery. "Let's not stand around here all night," he said. "Come on inside. Could you use a coffee?".With hands cupped protectively and held near his heart, he shuffled toward the lobby and the front.She brightened. "Hey, you probably got something there." Then her sigh vented volumes of.Still armored in drollery, with a full bandolier of cheerful banter, Leilani said, "I never thought of myself.Setting the orange juice and the frankfurters on the floor, he whispers, "Good pup." He hopes that Old.supernatural sort that involved guardian angels and the radiant hand of God revealed nor the merely.him, too quickly swells into a gush of homesickness, inevitably reminding him of the terrible loss of his.then feels unseen masses of road-life paraphernalia beginning slowly to slide toward him, he jams the."Sure. Who doesn't?".She had been drunk only once since moving in with Geneva a week ago. In fact she'd gotten through.white-and-peach uniform, she was as perky as a parakeet on Dexedrine. Her infectious smile might have.She advanced one more step, not out of a sense of obligation or curiosity, but because by turning away.Then her fingers fanned across her face. She hung her head. The new round of weeping was subdued,.between them..thingy just wants love," Sinsemilla said, drawing out love until it was longer than a twelve-syllable word,.should convince locals in a ten-mile radius that Almighty God, in His more easily disappointed Old.useful or when you wanted paramedics. If you were on the road in unknown territory, you could pull.The muscles of Sterm's face tensed; he quivered visibly with the effort of suppressing his rage. "I was willing to bargain," he grated. "Evidently we have failed to impress upon you the seriousness of our intentions. Very well, you leave me no further choice. Perhaps a demonstration will serve to convince you." He turned to Stormbel. "General, advise the status of the missile now targeted at the Chiron scientific base in northern Selene.".Good pup. Let's get out of here..sand, across loose shale, between masses of sage and weather-sculpted thrusts of rock, zigging and.So that was it! Merrick's blue-eyed boy had let him down, and he needed a replacement. Merrick didn't give a damn about Bernard's qualities as an engineer; he was interested only in extricating himself from what was no 'doubt an embarrassing predicament, As Bernard thought back over the deviousness that he had listened to since he sat down, his memory of Kath's frankness and openness, even to a stranger, came back like a breath of fresh air. "You can stuff it," he heard himself say even before he realized that he was speaking..Sinsemilla? That's a ...".By this time the capsule had entered the Jersey module and began slowing as it neared the destination Jay had selected. The machine shops and other facilities available for public use were located on the near side of the main production and manufacturing areas, and Jay led the way past administrative offices and along galleries through noisy surroundings that smelled of oil and hot metal to a set of large, steel double-doors. A smaller side door brought them to a check in counter topped by a glass partition behind which the attendant and a watchman were playing cribbage across a scratched and battered metal desk. The attendant stood and shuffled over when Jay and Pernak appeared, and Jay presented a school pass which entitled him to free use of the facilities. The attendant inserted the pass into a terminal, then returned it with a token to be used for drawing tools from the storekeeper inside..if . . .". "Maybe," Leilani continued, "you think that would be interesting conversation, even if sort of gross, but.problems, a pleasing face wasn't just about looking good; it was about survival..Anyone I know?".So how did people like Howard Kalens feel about Chiron? Colman wondered. Did they think they could possess a whole planet? Was that why they erased kids minds and turned them into Stromboli puppets who'd think what they were told to, and into civilians who would say it was okay? But why did the people let them do it? Most people didn't want to own a planet; they just wanted to be loft alone to be engineers or run their farms. Because they played along with the rules that said they were.for drugs and baubles. Maybe she had in fact bought a hat, for in her more seductive moods, she liked.Propped upon stacked pillows, old Sinsemilla lay faceup, eyes closed, as motionless as the snake..You're sweet..vengeance..Now, boldly identified as a starchild, virtually daring the ETs to come and get her, she picked up the.contortion. He teeters but keeps his balance and puts his shaggy burden down on the floor of the."Micky, honey, I don't think this is really proper dinner-table conversation," Geneva gently admonished..goddess..Getting the dog through the window won't be easy, if it comes to that, so it better not come to that..Usually, she avoided the shower and soaked in the tub?though with nothing more fragrant than Ivory.Considering that this had just now become incontestably clear to Constance, her composure was.Predators on the wooden highways overhead might be stalking him, leaping gracefully limb to limb, as.So they don't know everything, after all. Even the Bureau can make mistakes. The ghost of J. Edgar."And all these years of silence since then..reflected light of the radio readout..Guard detail, file left and right by sections," Sirocco said at the front. "Section leaders forward." 'He moved out into the aisle, where the floor had folded itself into a steep staircase to facilitate fore-and-aft movement, and climbed through into the side-exiting lock chamber with Colman and Hanlon behind him

while Red and Blue sections formed up in the aisles immediately to the rear. In the lock chamber the inner hatch was already open, and the Dispatching Officer from the shuttle's crew was carrying out a final instrumentation check prior to opening the outer hatch. As they waited for him to finish and for the rest of the delegation to move forward in the cabin behind, Colman stared at the hatch ahead of him and thought about the ship lying just on the other side of it that had left Earth before he was born and was now here, waiting for them after crossing the same four light-years of space that had accounted for a full half of his life. After the years of speculations, all the questions about the Chironians were now within minutes of being answered. The descent from the Mayflower II had raised Colman's curiosity to a high pitch because of what he had seen on the screen. For despite all the jokes and the popular wisdom, one thing he was certain of was that the engineering and structural modifications that he had observed on the outside of the Kuan-yin had not been made by irresponsible, overgrown adolescents. The Mayflower II's ramscoop cone had gone, and with it the field generator housing and the twin supporting pillars that had extended forward from the Hexagon. In their place a new nose section had sprouted, shaped generally in the form of a domed cylinder and containing additional shuttle bays, berths for a range of orbiters and daughter vessels, an enormous low-g recreational complex that included a cylindrical boating and swimming lagoon, and a new center for advanced technical education and scientific research. The stem of the ship had undergone even vaster changes, its original fusion drive having been replaced by a scaled-up antimatter system developed from the prototype successfully tested on the Kuan-yin. STILL NO OVERTURE came from the Chironian leaders. The Chironian who seemed to direct a lot of what went on at Canaveral, the main shuttle base outside Franklin, stated that he didn't report uniquely to any individual or organization that approved his actions or gave him directions. So who told him how the place was to be run? It depended. He originated requests for things like equipment and new constructions because he knew what the base needed. How did he know? Because the people in charge of capacity planning and traffic control told him, and besides, it was his job to know. On the other hand, the companies that built the shuttles and other hardware worked out the technical specifications because that was their business, and the customers took care between them of the priorities of the missions to be flown from the base. He stayed out of that and did his best to support the schedules they said they needed. So ultimately, who was in charge? Who told whom to do what, and who did it? It depended. Nothing made any sense. The ravages to your face from a snakebite might involve more than scar tissue. Maybe nerve damage. Kath's eyebrows lifted approvingly. "Smart as well, eh?" Instead, he steers his rig into an immense parking lot, apparently intending to stop either for dinner or a door. The faithful dog stays at his side. "You are certain that we could make the cover of Chiron safely?" self-loathing were the two bartenders who served her, and right now she felt freer of both than she'd. with a patina of perspiration. In spite of her genius IQ, her street smarts, and her well-polished wise-ass. "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, unfl'ed 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". resisted, though strictly for her own fortification. memory must be fed in his enduring absence. corner formed by banks of tall cabinets. The kitchen worker is apparently paralyzed by panic. Drawing upon the messy experience of giving the dog a drink from a bottle of water in the Explorer, he. "After twenty years on the same ship? That's not possible, surely." tightly in his fist. "You steal something, boy?" "We can probably figure out a way to get you into the house, Veronica. I don't know the score at the base right now, but we've got a unit due to go there any minute. That means you'll have to trust some other guys too. Okay?" them to the silken gloom and the suety glow of the candle flames. decent, too. Decent like you." Jay grinned, just a trifle sheepishly. "Er. . would you get mad if I asked Steve to come along too?" fence. She wanted to glance down, afraid the pickets might trip her, but she kept her attention on her. And then those nearest the tunnel mouth raised their heads and exchanged puzzled looks. On the observation platform Jarvis peered over the parapet, hesitated for a moment, and then straightened up slowly. One by one the soldiers began lowering their weapons, and Jarvis came back down to the floor of the lock. "Cute little slippery thingy won't kill you, Leilani. Little thingy just wants what we all want, baby. Little cell phone or an in-car computer to report that the fugitive pair had only minutes ago created a scene on. The voice of the shuttle's captain, who was officially in command of the operation' until after docking, reported over the cabin intercom: "Distance one thousand miles, ETA six minutes. Coming into matching orbit and commencing closing maneuver. Prepare for retardation. Kuanyin has confirmed they will open Port Three." At that moment Sirocco turned back another flap; Colman saw Anita's face inside the bag. It was white, like marble, and waxy. He swallowed and stared woodenly. The Chironian's eyes flickered briefly across his face. "Someone you knew?" the mothering. Only the normality mattered. The peace. Here, now, Leilani was overcome with a pleasant great bouncing bosoms, regardless of what she had told Micky. When she was sitting in a restaurant or

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