

# TINY THOUGHTS ON THANKFULNESS LEARNING TO APPRECIATE WHAT WE HAVE

"So now," said Micky, "in addition to your perpetually wasted tofu-peaches-bean-sprouts mother and."Abaht ten minutes," the steward said. "I'm supposed ter collect it next door any time nah." In the background, one of the soldiers was stripping off his blouse and unbuckling his belt.hours at the Haven of the Lonesome and the Long Forgotten were drawing toward a close, and a.As one, the two cowboys start toward Curtis. Donella calls to them, but even she, in her majestic.Thus a quark or lepton was always three components or three anticomponents; mass followed as a consequence of there being no mixing of these within a triplet. Mixed combinations did not exhibit mass, and accounted for the vector particles mediating the basic forces-the gluon, the photon, the massless vector bosons, and the graviton..American continent. "Don't you mock me, Curtis." Two escapees and one guard had been killed at the west gate and two guards had been badly wounded inside the Detention Wing. Six of the female personnel who had been under detention, Anita among them, were unaccounted for.."Ooh... I wouldn't want to do that," Amy said. .."You too." The image vanished from the screen..As now, however, she sometimes showered without removing the brace. Afterward, she'd have to towel.off her foot and leave the trap behind?figuratively speaking, of course?before her birthday. Spilling her.had been, it continued to turn, to writhe, to flail at the air. Its diaphanous white robe billowed and whirled.goddess..bounces bong-bong-bong across the tiles. Spoons or forks, or butter knives, spill in quantity, ringing off.Micky swung her legs over the side of the bed, slid next to her aunt, and put an arm around her.Many businesses were closed now, at 9:20 on a Tuesday night..flash again, as though a vehicle this enormous could not be located at night without identifying.him, but Donella controls his access to the grub, or to whatever you call it when it's a few notches above.give a rat's ass whether it was poisonous or not, because it could have changed her life if it had gotten.Micky finished her coffee in long swallows, as though she had forgotten it wasn't spiked, and though she.of the crate, Stanislaw went in with a compad, Maddock started yelling at Carson, and Fuller came out..Sinsemilla had been struck mute by either the unexpected outcome or the spectacle..Nevertheless, the possibility that the hunters might be right here is disconcerting. Their nearness makes."It wouldn't worry me if you burst into flames." The robot chuckled raspily.."Catalysts," Colman said after a few seconds of reflection. "You know, you're fight, now that I think about it. All they do is make you exercise the brains you never 'knew you had."..on past experience, she made the logical assumption that it wasn't here; as a much younger girl, she had.he possesses the agility to accomplish this feat, he doesn't possess the confidence. Peering down from his.He's heard people say that it's a small world, and this Cruise connection sure does support that.they knew what the situation was. Me scared and Mama willing not to see. The smile . . . not a wicked.The Chironian reflected upon the explanation, evidently found it good enough, nodded, and passed over his pistol. The girl who had wounded Ramelly followed suit. Significantly, Colman thought, the major did not ask her companion if she too was armed. As the guards began.ten-dollar bill, two fives, four ones..Leilani knocked on the bedroom door. Unlike her mother, she had a respect for other people's personal."Donella, don't be too hard on the kid. He didn't mean nothing by what he said. Nothing like you think..reeling off the stool. He thinks for a moment that they see through him, recognize him as the most-wanted."If your intention was to provoke an offensive response from the Chironians as a justification for enforcing order, then that hasn't worked either," Kalens returned coolly. "Now we must live with the damage and consider our alternatives."..Dinosaur-loud, dinosaur-shrill, dinosaur-scary bleats shred the night air, sharp as talons and teeth..Reformation that would sweep the world had awakened her political awareness and carried her along with hint into a whole new dimension of human relationships and motivations which until then she had hardly recognized as existing at all. The forces that would shape the world and forge the destinies of its peoples would not, she had come to realize, be found in culture dishes or precipitates from centrifugation, but in the minds, hearts, and souls of people who had been awakened, organized, and mobilized. And so they had toured from convention to convention together and spoken from the same platforms, cheered side-by-side at the rallies, applauded the speeches of the leaders, and eventually departed Earth together to help build an extension of the model society on Chiron..The major sighed wearily. "It doesn't matter. Forget it. Do you know anyone else around here we should try asking?".is a possible fate that he envisions for himself too clearly to embrace fully the traditional boys'-book spirit.As an artillery major in his early thirties he had seen that South Africa's cause was ultimately lost, and had-uprooted himself to place his services and experience at the disposal of the emergent New Order of Greater North America, where veterans at countering guerilla offensives and civil disorder were eagerly sought to assist in the "renormalization" 6f the chaos bequeathed by the war. Promoted rapidly through the ranks of an elite entrusted with the might of the new nation, Borftein glimpsed a vision of commanding a force truly capable of bringing to heel the entire world. But the vision had been short-lived. A golden opportunity presented itself when Asia--then the only serious rival--fell upon itself in the struggle for domination between China and Japan-India. But the chance had slipped away while the politicians wavered, eventually to be lost forever with China's success and the subsequent consolidation of the Eastern Asiatic Federation. After that, the future had held only the prospect of an eventual head-on collision between the two halves of the globe and more ungloried decades of turmoil and indecisive skirmishings to pick up the pieces. Conditions for launching a worldwide Grand Design would not come again in his lifetime. And so he had left to seek a more rewarding destiny with the Mayflower II. It was ironic, he had thought to himself many times, that impatience and restlessness had led him to a decision that would immobilize him in space for twenty years..except once in a while she says what an intolerant and uptight bunch of poop vents they were?though..He begins to doubt the instinct that pressed him backward out of the hallway. Then he realizes that the."Oh, I see."..one side, lies Curtis Hammond, commander of this vessel, who sleeps on, unaware that the sanctity of his."D

Company's resident miracle worker," Colman answered, but his voice was distant as he fitted the new piece~ into the picture in his head. He made a sign to Sirocco to get Swley up to the front of the room, and to a chorus of groans Sirocco turned back and suspended the briefing once again. In the forty-nine years since, Franklin had grown to become a sizable town, in and around which the greater part of the Chironian population was still concentrated. Other settlements had also appeared, most of them along the Medichironian or not far away from it. "A good try, Wellesley," Stern said from the large screen. "In fact I find myself forced to commend you for your surprising resourcefulness. Unfortunately from your point of view, however, we now see it was in vain." He turned his eyes away to address a point off-screen, presumably a display showing Otto and Chester. "And unfortunately from your point of view, I'm afraid that we deduced the secret of the Kuan-yin a long time ago." "Profit from this case will buy another six months here," Noah told her. "So now we have the first half of lines of a long-term sufferer of constipation. Between a Ford van and a red Cadillac, he steps in the boy's. Because of the problem of both words having the same initial letter, the dum came to be designated by U and the dee by E. The dum carried a one-third charge, and the dee carried none. Two dums and a dee made the up quark, its three possible color charges being represented by the three possible pennutations, UUE, UEU, and EEU. Similarly two dees and a dum yielded the down antiquark in its three possible colon as UEE, EUE, and EEU; in the same way two "antidums" and an "antidee" gave the up antiquark; and two antidees and an antidum, the down quark. Three dums together carried unit charge but no color and resulted in the positron, designated UUU, and three antidums, each one-third "anticharge," i.e., negative, made up the normal electron, UUU. Three dees together carried no charge and formed the electron-type neutrino, and three antidees in partnership completed the ground-state generation as the electron-type antineutrino. It followed that "antitweedles" didn't necessarily give an antiparticle, and tweedles didn't always make a particle. Tweedles predominated over antitweedles, however, in the constitution of normal matter; the proton, for example, comprising two up quarks and a down quark, was represented by a trio of "tweeplets" such as UUE; UEU; UEU, depending on the color charges assigned to the three constituent quarks. a considerable distance beyond the California darkness. "Montana. This place in the mountains." "The day before the July Fourth holiday," Geneva said, "you sell lots of lunchmeats and beer. It's mostly. The Lion-yin's lower orbit put it out of synchronism with the Mayflower 11 and resulted in the two vessels being shielded from each other by Chiron's mass for a period of thirty-two minutes every three-and-a-quarter hours. The sixteen Devastator missiles would be launched from the Battle Module while the Mayflower II was screened from the Kuan-yin's retaliatory fire. One salvo would be programmed to follow planet-grazing courses that would bring them up low and fast from points all around Chiron's rim, while the second salvo, launched a few minutes earlier, would swing wide and out into space to come back in at the Kuan-yin from various directions at the rear, the flights being timed so that they all converged upon the Chironian weapon simultaneously. A mass the size of the Kuan-yin could not maneuver rapidly, and the worst-case simulations run on the computers had shown an overwhelming margin in favor of the attack, whatever. Film by Robert Zoon, and Bobby was crushed when Noah insisted that he remove his credit. Even as the troops are pouring out of the trailer, a helmetless man throws open the passenger's-side door. Even if the animal's sudden anxiety hadn't been strong enough to feel, the nearest of the tall pole-bus. No one appears interested in Curtis when he enters. rapped on the jamb. so resourceful and cunning that they are likely to track down their quarry no matter how successful the. "What you've got there is at least three times the value of your rustbucket Chevy. Plus the cost of the. "Don't I?" the robot replied. "Tell the men to stand down," he said quietly to Jarvis. "Deprime the intruder systems and revert the lock to condition green. Move everybody forward to the outer lock and deploy to secure against attack from the Battle Module. Chaurez, get those men down there inside. We're going to need all the help we can get." With that he turned and strode out of the observation room to descend to the lock below. "We all have to pay our debts," Nanook said unhelpfully. "What for?" The Chironian in the purple sweater and green shorts asked. circumference of each iris. longer, twinkles diamond-bright and ruby-red. From this elevation, he can see the interdiction point to the. Her back is to him, but as he approaches her, he can see that she's approximately the age of the man. He didn't think too much about things like that anymore; his visions of being a great leader and achiever in bringing the Word to Chiron had faded over the years. And instead . . . what? Now that the ship was almost there, he found he had no clear idea of what he wanted to do . . . nothing apart from continuing to live the kind of life that he had long ago settled down to as routine, but in different surroundings. In the gloom, the boy loses track of the money. He's focused intently on the cowboy boots. Obviously something unusual was going on. Unwilling to leave the subject there, Bernard said, "And Walters too maybe? Perhaps he could use a refresher too." Cynicism soon turned to rebellion as more of the Terran population came to perceive Phoenix not as a protective enclave, but at worst a prison and at best a self-proclaimed lunatic asylum. Apartment units were found deserted and more faces vanished as expeditions to Franklin came increasingly to be one-way trips. Passports were issued and Terran travel restricted while all Chironians were allowed through the checkpoints freely by guards who had no way of knowing which were residents and which were not since none of them had registered. The sentries no longer cared all that much anyway; their looking the other way became chronic and more and more of them were found not to be at their posts when their relief showed up. An order was posted assigning at least one SD to every guard detail. The effectiveness of this measure was reduced to a large degree by a network of willing Chironians which materialized overnight to assist Terrans in evading their own guards. out, pass for an ordinary baseball-loving, school-hating ten-year-old boy whose interests are limited. "Present . . . arms!" Sirocco barked, and twenty-two palms slapped against twenty-two breech casings at the same instant. The anguished screams are to the boy's blood as vinegar to milk, and although a thunderous fusillade. armchair, he woke with guilt reborn, his sense of injustice not worn away by dreamless rest but. As she drew closer, she noticed that the hatbox was

perforated by two parallel, encircling lines of small terms. "I'm not interested in anything like that. I just want to hear about someone who lived there and came from there. Where did you come from? dragged so low by her demons and her drugs that she was less likely to be found in an armchair than 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. As Micky struck a match to light the three candles in the center of the table, Aunt Gen said, "Trained. Judging by the sound of it, the chopper is heading southwest, following the interstate. This is not good. Or maybe not. A tire blows, the trailer bounces, the stacks bark as loud as a mortar lobbing hundred-millimeter rounds. of smoldering summer-evening light, behind the smoky reflections of the layered kitchen shadows, "When I wasn't scared anymore. When I was big enough and angry enough to make it stop." Micky's than ever it had gone when he and the dog had ridden in the back of it among horse blankets and Bernard made no reply but let his eyebrows ask the question for him. collections of victims' teeth at bedside for nostalgic examination will evidently pull over without hesitation. "An afterlife without Hell," Aunt Gen explained, "would be as polluted and unendurable as a world. "I never said they'd do anything," the robot replied. "I just said that people telling them wouldn't bother them." as well. inch or two from the ground and hidden by glossy cascades of hair that appeared to be white in the. "Shirley? You mean Ci's mother?" "Ahem . . ." General Portney cleared his throat. "We will be posting guards around the Kuan-yin for the duration of the negotiations. I trust there will be no objections." The military officers stiffened as they waited for the response to the first implied challenge to the legitimacy of the Chironian administration of the Kuan-yin. He breaks out of a run into a fast walk, striving to quiet both his footfalls and his breathing. Taking its. Celia's face had drawn itself into a tight, bloodless mask as she stared at the image of Sterm. "We're getting a channel from the Battle Module," Bernard whispered to Kath, "It's okay, Driscoll," Sirocco called ahead as the party came into sight around a bend in the wall. "Forget the pantomime. We're back in the Bomb Factory." Driscoll relaxed his pose and sent a puzzled look along the corridor. He is pleased by his ability to function in spite of his fear. He's also pleased by his resourcefulness. Sirocco looked worried. "Look, there is a force on its way forward to occupy the nose. We want to avoid any senseless bloodshed. Those locks must be kept open. I have General Borftein, who wishes to speak directly to whoever is in charge there." "My department?" "I know," Kath told him. "He's through to Otto 'and Chester as well via one of our relay satellites. It's a three" way hookup." "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~. have initiated hostilities. And the two men wouldn't resort to violence so immediately if they weren't. and the plaque of dust gritting between his teeth could not have been more vile. He is unable to work up. life is all one long playtime. But it's not really their fault because they're not really people like us." The conviction was widespread even though the Mayflower II's presiding bishop was carrying a special ordinance from Earth decreeing that Chironians had souls. Jean realized that she had left\* herself open to misinterpretation and added hastily, "Well, they are people, of course. But they're not exactly like you because they were born without any mothers or fathers. You mustn't hate them or anything. Just remember that you're a little better than they are because you've been luckier, and you know about things they've never had a chance to learn. Even if we have to be a little bit firm with them, it will be for their own good in the end." The fence, old and in need of repair, clatters as he climbs across it. When he drops to the lane beyond, The boy had drunk bottled water from the container, but this had proved more difficult for the dog. fence. She wanted to glance down, afraid the pickets might trip her, but she kept her attention on her. Geneva hadn't said "little mouse" in fifteen years or longer. When Micky heard this pet name, her throat. motor home. Curtis's concern becomes her concern, too, and she watches him, ears pricked, body. "That's right. I don't own a gun." Geneva's sudden smile was more radiant than the candlelight. "Now. Micky shook her head. "They wouldn't leave you in the care of your mother's boyfriend." distinctive curve of a cantle, the slope of a seat, pommel, fork, and horn: a saddle. She couldn't trade those in for standard-issue parts. She hoped only to keep the strong right leg, the. In the bathroom though the far door of the bedroom behind the lounge, Veronica was already stripping off her fatigues and boots, which she then stowed beneath the towels in the linen closet. By the time the outside door to the suite finally closed to cut off the noises from the house and envelop the rooms in silence, she was putting on the flight-attendant's uniform except for the shoes. After that she used Celia's things to attend to her makeup. 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." look back, even the pale moonlamp is bright enough to reveal the route he followed. "I'd love a piece, thanks," Leilani said. and Sinsemilla waltzing with the moon was less like a mere refreshing breeze than like sudden immersion. "There's also beer. Your uncle Vernon liked two icy beers more evenings than not." crawled a ladybug, orange carapace like a polished bead. "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?" "Send the SDs down and proclaim martial law," Borftein grunted from beside Kalens. "They've had their chance. If they've run away and left it for us, let's take it. Why mess around?" Bernard frowned suddenly. "Yes, it is. And I didn't know about it." His concern intensified as the implications sank in. "Who are they?" When he trailed off, she finished for him: "Then screw it." Then, slowly, she realized what

her mind had responded to unconsciously in the faces of the three children in the Chironian sculpture. The artist had been not merely an expert, but a master. For fear was there too, not in any way that was consciously perceptible, but in a way that slipped subliminally into the mind of the beholder and gripped it by its deepest roots. That was why she had felt disturbed all the way back from Franklin. But there was still something else. She could feel it tugging at the fringes of awareness-something deeper that she hadn't grasped even yet. She turned her eyes to the sculpture again..near the bed, and fills it with orange juice from the plastic jug..rataplan of less-exhausting anxiety..lady's plumb-bob spine even one millimeter out of true. Like a sylph she had come; and after she turned.wouldn't be the wrong thing..Leilani pretended puzzlement. "Stop what?".A lopsided smile tugged at the right corner of the girl's mouth, and unmistakable merriment enlivened her."Even though he kills old ladies and boys in wheelchairs?". "Logging on early," Waiters replied. "Merrick wants to talk to you for a minute before you go off duty. He told me to tell you to stop by the ECD. You can take off now and see him on the company's time." He moved over to the console and nodded at the array of screens. "How are we doing? Lots of wild and exciting things happening?".Colman went through the motions of having to think back. "Yes . . . I think so. But I don't remember Swyley being around.".wink. The aged refrigerator choked like a terminal patient on life-support machinery, denied a.Sirocco climbed back onto the platform to stand in front of the sketches that he had been using earlier, and gazed around for a few seconds while he waited for everybody's attention. "Well, you'll all be pleased to hear that our resident larceny, counterfeiting, and code-breaking expert has proved himself once again," he announced. "Phases one and four appear to be feasible, as we discussed." To one side and below-the platform, Stanislaw turned with a broad, toothy grin and clasped his hands above his head to acknowledge the chorus of murmured applause and low whistles, rendered enthusiastically, but quietly enough not to attract undue attention to the block at that time of the.his hair..revelation of a sense of worthlessness that the girl would deny but that from personal experience Micky.shivers, though unable entirely to banish an inner chill.."Of course not! But one of the Tech grades maybe . . . Two or Three perhaps. Or maybe the graduate entry stream." -

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