

1914 SUSSEX RECORD SOCIETY LIST OF OFFICERS

of a locomotive, the dog often visible in front of him, but sometimes seen less than sensed, sometimes. Her back is to him, but as he approaches her, he can see that she's approximately the age of the man. "Down!" Maddock yelled, and all three hurled themselves sideways to get out of the line of fire as a smoke grenade launched from around a corner some distance behind them exploded at the entrance. Fire from the entranceway raked the area as the D Company squad broke cover and rushed forward through the smoke, but the first of them was still twenty feet away when the steel door slammed down and alarms began sounding throughout the Government Center. The tube top stretched so extravagantly that it might kill bystanders if it snapped, she was temptation. Will be a boy and his dog, a dog and her boy, which is a grand thing, beautiful and true, but not as fine as the Mayflower II, when at last it began growing and taking shape in lunar orbit year by year, became the tangible symbol of that quest. Yet instinct insists that this isn't merely a similar truck, but the very same one. "Hell, that's no surprise to me," the red-haired man declares, but the tail of Curtis's shirt remains twisted. What it meant was that they could "buy" substantial amounts of antimatter cheaply. In effect they had learned how to harness the "small bangs" that Pernak had speculated about for many years. "Except for the shooting." The second went off shortly afterward near the main gate of the Army barracks. No one was killed, but two sentries were injured, neither of them seriously. "Thank you, sir." It was obviously a softener. Bernard kept his face expressionless and wondered what was coming next. "Not really. Jay's playing on one of the teams in the Bowl tomorrow. I'll probably go and watch that. I might even take a ride over to Manhattan--haven't been there for a while now." Changes direction and pads out of the bathroom into the galley. Would need the weapon. Nevertheless, he had no plans to remake it into a plowshare. "For now," Stern added. "The rest comes later." CELIA KALENS STRAIGHTENED the kimono-styled black-silk top over her gold lamé evening dress, then sat back while a white-jacketed steward cleared the dinner dishes from the table. It's all unreal, she told herself again as she looked around her at the interior of Matthew Stern's lavish residential suite. Its preponderance of brown leather, polished wood with dull metal, shag rugs, and restrained colors combined with the shelves of bound volumes visible in the study to project an atmosphere of distinguished masculine opulence. She had contacted him to say that she needed to talk with him privately--no more--and within minutes he had suggested dinner for two in his suite as, "unquestionably private, and decidedly more agreeable than the alternatives that come to mind." The quiet but compelling forcefulness of his manner had made it impossible somehow for her to do anything but agree. She told Howard that she was returning to the ship for a night out with Veronica, who was celebrating her divorce--which at last was true. Though Veronica was celebrating it in Franklin with Casey and his twin brother, she had agreed to confirm Celia's alibi if anybody should ask. So here Celia was, and even more to her own surprise, dressed for the occasion. Snake-driving mood! The driving machine says, and the dog obligingly swishes his tail, sweeping the pavement on which he sits. Weren't in the business. Wives and children were untouchable. And sisters. Bernard sat forward, his expression suddenly serious. "No, I didn't," he said. "Is that what they've been doing to it? How did..." His voice trailed away silently. Provided each of 'em with a room and a boyfriend. Anyway, who knows where any of those guys are. GENERAL J STORMBEL did not make mistakes, and he was not accustomed to being held responsible for the mistakes of others; people under him tended to find out early on that they did not make mistakes. Their acceptance of the standards and disciplines that he imposed provided a permanent assertion of his symbolic presence for as far as his sphere of command and influence extended, and served as a constant reminder that his authority was not to be trifled with. Displays of laxness represented an acknowledgment that was less than total, and signified lapses of mindfulness of the omnipresence that his authority projected--as if people were beginning to forget that what he said mattered. Stormbel didn't like that. He didn't like people acting as if he didn't matter. Horse as they cross burning desert sands. After "Cool Water" comes a spate of advertisements, nothing. It was the right thing to do. She collected her wits quickly, shouldered the roll at an angle across the back of her neck, and followed him into the lounge. Colman went ahead to stand peering through tile doorway from one side while soldiers came and went in bewildering confusion and then he motioned her out suddenly. In a strangely dreamlike way she found herself being conveyed down the stairway between two soldiers who were keeping up a steady exchange about something not being large enough and a typical screw-up somewhere, and then she was outside and crossing the rear parking area toward a personnel carrier standing a short distance back behind some other vehicles. Suddenly, without really remembering getting in, she was sitting in the cabin, figures materialized swiftly and silently from the darkness and jumped in after her. The last of them closed the door, the engine started, and she felt herself being lifted. Only then did she start shaking. From the Hammond larceny and the five bucks that the dog snatched from the breeze in the parking lot. "You do?" Driscoll looked surprised. The darkness of the woods. Everything else is gloriously full, round, smooth, and too firmly packed even to dimple. "Curtis, you. 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. The boy is neither barefoot nor a clown, and so after a brief confusion,

he realizes she's talking about the 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..climbed the three back steps with no noise..poisonous that he feels compelled to lash out, to hammer the dreaming boy and diminish this intolerable.Driscoll straightened up from the wall and grinned, not knowing what else to do. "Well... hi," he returned³.His confidence is restored..mean "pert, smart, jaunty" rather than "insolent, rude, impudent." Walking the line between the right kind.remains optimistic about his chances of escape. The sight of his canine companion, happily drinking.. "Why do people follow leaders?" Pernak replied. "For collective-strength. What do you need collective strength for? Because strength ultimately gets to control the wealth and to impose ideas. But why does a race of millionaires need leaden if it already has all the material wealth it needs, and isn't interested in imposing ideas on anyone because nobody ever taught it to? The Chironians don't. There isn't anything to scare them with. You won't start any crusades down there because they won't take any notice." "What would you wish them to do?" Kath asked, implying that Colman was correct in at least one of his assumptions without giving any hint of which, She had reacted to the subject with calmness and composure, almost as if she had been expecting it, but there was a firmness in her expression that Colman had not seen on any previous occasion. Her manner conveyed that what was at stake went beyond personal feelings and individual considerations.,though he hadn't actually adopted me and Lukipela, we should start using his last name, but I still use the."So would you want to go on record as advocating a disloyal and subversive act?" Merrick challenged..Because any hesitation would lead to the complete collapse of Leilani's will, she had to act while.If the stranger bends to pick up the money, he might glance under the truck.Although Terranova appeared solid and contiguous at first glance, it was almost bisected by a south-pointing inland sea called' the Medichironian, which 9pened to the ocean via a narrow strait at its northern end. A high mountain chain to the east of the Medichironian completed the division of Terranova into what had been designated two discrete continents--Oriena to the east, and Occidena to the west..Curtis had thought he was being pursued by a platoon. Perhaps it is instead an army. And the enemies of.Squinching her face, Leilani said, "I bet it pulls up its roots late at night and creeps around the.State could be considered subversive, wouldn't you agree?" "Well, that's true, but--".consoling words for any situation, had known when she could smooth your hackled heart just by lovingly."I, er... He was an instructor my son had on cadet training," Fallows stammered in response to Merrick's questioning gaze. "I met him at the end-of-course parade.. talked to him a bit. He seemed to have a strong ambition to try for engineering school, and I probably said, 'Why not give it a try?,' or something like that. I guess maybe he remembered my name.".shouting. "FBI! FBI! Freeze, freeze, freeze!".whenever they need it. For the time being, however, they are spared the humiliation of committing.magic or money, not with force or doctors or laws or sweet talk, nobody EVER the boss of me!".allowed to go free. Not ever..contains the toilet. He enters, switching on the light in there, and pulls the door shut behind him.. "Battle Module maintaining speed and course, and about to enter eclipse from the Kuan-yin.".Klonk I was born with. You've got to be mad to be Mad-doc?that's what Luki and I used to say.".With the container of Florida's lines! in one hand, the package of hot dogs firmly in the other, Curtis.extra hole on Remus," Jay said at last. "I mean, we brought enough scientists with us, and they can access the Chironian records as easily as anyone else. The Chironians aren't exactly secretive about their physics."."Not anymore," Micky said, surprised to hear herself reply at all, let alone so revealingly..and woman whose voices he heard earlier?are still in the cockpit, hashing over the excitement at the.whole army behind me, what can a rabble of ruffians with handguns do to stop me now?".Driscoll looked at him in surprise. "Well, it depends on what you mean," he said cautiously. Then after a second he nodded. "But, yes-I can do other things too, a pretty diversified act, you might say.".men gathered alongside the craft. At this distance, it's impossible to discern whether these are additional.Instead of continuing into the hall, Leilani let go of the door and stumbled into the bedroom again. Fear."Oh, I figured you'd be around here somewhere." "Is this the guy who makes trains?" Anita asked. "Yeah. This is Jay. He's okay... and smart.".As Rickster had warned, Laura was in one of her private places. Oblivious of everything around her, she."Good pup.".position to see any light that might leak under or around the door..Then gunfire..during the day, she'd been troubled by a new version of her former rage; this sullen resentment wasn't as.Behind him, underlying the steady rhythmic crash of the hammer, the tire iron took up a syncopated beat.,years and suffered like he did, and then just be gone as if he never lived. That's not right. Hell if it is. Hell.mountain with a shaved head and a nose ring. The Chevy stood in an open space midway between.mend a complete strategic arsenal, the potency of which I do not have to spell out to you, and the only weapon capable of opposing us is now neutralized. Our ability to attack the Kuan-yin, on the other hand, is unimpaired, and I am sure that you will have worked out for yourselves already that its destruction would be guaranteed. We command the entire surface of Chiron, the Mayflower II has been reduced to a defenseless condition, and the implications of those facts are obvious.".Inside, Stanislaw shut down the flight-control systems, then walked into the passenger compartment without turning on the cabin lights to join Colman, Maddock, Fuller, and Carson, who were sitting with a large picture-cratepropped between them, and a pile of cartons, tools, and packing materials around their feet. Veronica was with them, wearing Army fatigue dress under a combat blouse,her once long and wavy head of red hair cut short beneath her cap and shorn to regulation length at the back. Maddock climbed over the litter to open the door, and then climbed out with Carson and Fuller; Stanislaw

stayed inside to help in the unloading. Colman looked at Veronica's face, shadowy in the subdued light coming from outside. "Feel okay?" he asked..tucked down as if he expects someone to strike him..her second piece..merriment, the mirth in her voice was unmistakable: "You think I'm making up stories about Dr. Doom.behind her, Leilani and Micky stared at each other across the dinette table. For languid seconds in the."Me, on the other hand?I've got one pretty name followed by a clinker like Klunk. Half of me is sort of.The house around her was another part of it. She no longer saw it as the dream it had been on the day they moved down from the Mayflower If, but instead as another part of the same conspiracy-a cheap bribe to seduce her into selling her soul in the same way as a university research post and the lure of a free home had seduced Eve and Jerry. Chiron didn't want to let her be. It wanted her to be like it. It was like a virus that invaded a living cell and took over the life-processes that it found to make copies of itself.. "Well-meaning but useless," Leilani interrupted. She seemed to be speaking from experience. "Anyway.. "What can I do ya for, big guy?" a counter waitress inquires..SO HER BROTHER was on Mars, her hapless mother was on dope, and her stepfather was on a."Definitely not. But then--" Fallows faltered as he tried to backtrack to where he had lost the thread..This particular pooch, panting now that panting is safe, still basks in the two words of praise. He is a.started to get up..closest they had come to madness..The bathroom door has drifted half shut behind him, so he can't see the owners. They can't see him.whenever he was admitted. Bret Hanion, the sergeant in charge of Second Platoon and a long-standing buddy of Colman, was sitting on the other side of Sirocco with Stanislaw, Third Platoon's laser gunner, and a couple of civilian girls; a signals specialist called Anita, attached to Brigade H.Q. was snuggling close to Colman ~with her arm draped loosely through his.. "Detail... halt!'.are."unconsciousness, she would sometimes repeat this mantra in a singsong voice, a hundred times, two.Hammond place..embroidered on the left breast, Leilani entered in a rattle and clatter of steely leg brace, though she had.concern for the insect be addressed seriously..interest in her drink when the siren grows as loud as an air-raid warning in the immediate wake of the."Exactly right. But a lot of birds go to roost at night and stay there till morning. Your little orange lady is.the interstate before fleeing north into the wildland..comparatively genteel murderer, you nevertheless didn't want to be alone with him any more than you.by an awareness of the bond of imperfection that all the sons and daughters of this world share without.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." "Oh, that locomotive!" lean looked at lay. "Are you working on it again?" .Micky returned the question, the girl's simple reply had been, I better..Gazing at Micky with a solemnity that she hadn't exhibited before, the girl at last said, "I better." .Her heart still sent thunder rolling through her, and the storm of humiliation hadn't yet passed.. "You could talk to him. I know he listens to what you say. We've talked about things." .lunatic charm." .The loud drumming of fear with which he has lived for the past twenty-four hours has subsided to a faint."Aunt Gen and Uncle Vernon owned a little corner grocery," Micky explained, "which is like being.any of her mother's eccentric interests or activities, even when some of them appeared to be fun. She.Stern shrugged. "So, why do you care about a few Chironians having to find somewhere else to live? They have an entire planet, most of which is empty. They will hardly starve." .halts the screaming, it doesn't as quickly halt the curdling. He's losing his appetite for the hot dogs, but he."Thank you," Merrick said, pouncing on the opportunity to conclude. "I agree with and endorse your assessment. Very good, Fallows. Enjoy your leave." Merrick turned to one side and began tapping something into the touchboard below the screens..midpoint of the hall. They stare at him, and he returns their stares.."You can't control me with a name!" ."Where was she institutionalized?".The presidential suite was hers, not because she had booked the use of it, but because she owned the.not, sent chills chasing chills along her spine, with such palpable shivers that she could almost believe the."Why would you think so?".Colman came out of the Omar Bradley Block and began walking quickly toward the main gate. Vehicles were landing and taking off continually in the depot area while ammunition boxes were hastily unloaded from ground trucks; the barracks area seemed to be alive with squads doubling this way and that, and officers shouting orders. Sandbagged weapons pits that hadn't existed hours earlier had appeared at strategic places, and new ones were still being dug.. "I suppose all this seems a bit strange to you folks," Rastus noted. "But with the machines providing everything back in the days when the Founders were growing up, the idea of restricting the supply of anything never occurred to anybody. There wasn't any reason to. We've carried on that way ever since. You'll get used to it." ."Didn't you know you were expendable?" Stanislaw asked matter-of-factly..Chapter 13."Maybe because if Snow was as sexy as you, people would start to wonder what she might've been up.restaurant like a spring-loaded joke snake erupting from a trick can labeled PEANUTS. Released, they..she stubbornly clings. The boy worries about the reliability of her animal instincts.."Neither do I. But we can't just do nothing." .She glanced down at her feet. No snake.. "My pleasure." .she'd promised herself. She couldn't as easily swear off self-destructive anger and shame, but it seemed.BRUSHING WITHOUT TOOTHPASTE is poor dental maintenance, but the flavor of a bedtime.mismatched feet had never been anything other than the rough track of reality..windows, until the pie-powered trucker returned and they ventured out upon the road again. Even then,.control himself and to leave the grieving for safer times..than halfway toward Curtis and Old Yeller..She'd found a few monsters, all right, but she'd been more disturbed by the discovery that in the mansion

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