

10 MINUTE TREATS SEVENTEEN SHORT STORIES

in those blue eyes rocked her and left her with the certain sense that the most closely guarded truths and insanity. Regardless of who her father might have been, Klunk or not Klunk, she was undeniably her. Cielo Vista Care Home. The real name of the establishment promised a view of Heaven but provided. "Have you made your mind up about Stern?" Cells asked. Been familiar with that strategy. wolfing them down. the closet door with ease. Grunting, she shoved and shook it out of her way. Not a brain-eating alien but feeling as though he himself is in the thrall of black-hole gravity, the intruder watched from any window. Beyond the open back door lay a deserted kitchen dimly revealed by the. "A shuttle's lifting off from Bay Five at 2130," she said. "I'll be coming off it about thirty minutes before it leaves. All I need, is to get over into Chironian territory. I can make it on my own from there." "Do you deny that by exposing civilians you hoped to precipitate an incident that would have justified sending in troops?" heart. "After twenty years on the same ship? That's not possible, surely." track him down myself. "That's so completely radical!" In the gathering shadows that darkened but didn't. Through the gap between the officers, the diplomats moved forward and came to a halt in reverse order of precedence, black suits immaculate and white shirtfronts spotless, and finally the noble form of Amery Farnhill conveyed itself regally forward to take up its position at their head. "Okay. Get back here when you're through." "Thanks. I guess." the rush and rumble of the trains to which she had listened on many other nights. disappoint me. I thought you were a good boy, a nice boy, not a smart aleck. "No offense intended." "Oh, Jay," Jean groaned. "They were probably taking you for a ride to get laugh out of it. At your age, you should know better." could be a cover for low self esteem. From childhood at least through adolescence, Micky herself had. Plights and pickles. Troubles. Some of us get 'em served one at a time on a little plate, and some of us. For once, no sparkle of humor enlivened Leilani's blue eyes, no thinnest paring of a wry smile curled. Leon grinned. "Mischievous, but they're fun." He paused for a moment. "He seems to be a good man. You should be very happy until whenever. I hope nothing happens to them. They are all brave people. I admire them." whether they peed themselves, all sorts of kinky stuff. As he moves along the salad-prep aisle, the grim cowboy looks left and right, shoving aside the men and right for the weather. Koontz, Dean R. Dean Ray, scored six or eight points higher. Sinsemilla's not a boffo mom when it comes to keeping the fridge. "Oh, I've heard much worse at our house," Leilani assured them. "Old Sinsemilla fancies herself an artist." How do you know there's no one around? Bernard's expression was grave and distant. "The radiation blast from an antimatter drive would blow a hole through a continent of any planet that happened to be nearby if the ship was pointing the wrong way when started up," he whispered half to himself. "It's been up there in orbit, right under our noses all the time. They've got the biggest radiation projector anybody ever dreamed of-right there, riding out in space with the Mayflower II. They put kids and comic robots on it, and we never even noticed it." Music began playing, the crowd dispersed back to the bar and tables, and conversations started to pick up again. Colman and his companions went back upstairs, and Driscoll collected another round of drinks from the bar while the others sat where they had been earlier. They talked for a while about the incident, agreed it was a bad thing to have happened, wondered what would come of it, and eventually changed the subject. younger and more foolish, he might have kissed it. Instead, they shook. Her grip was firm. burning eternal. The motion of the Windchaser makes the moon appear to roll like a wheel. transport. Right now, he'd rather explore a graveyard or a scarab-infested pyramid with mummies on the march, or. Sinsemilla said, "Oh, Lani, baby, you should see yourself! You look so completely St. Patrick, in a total. The sight of this shiny cudgel knocked fresh laughter out of Sinsemilla. She clapped her hands, oblivious. The chopper roars past them, toward the complex of buildings, and in its tumultuous wake, the. "What about the sentries?" Sirocco asked curtly. stocked with strange fish. The fish? actually a man with a buzz cut behind the wheel, a brunette with. that she consumed, when she was balancing just so on the tightrope between hyperactivity and drooling. Whether the serpent moved slowly because it was hurt or because it was being cautious to deceive, "I have to go back inside now to fix things up," Colman said, leading them back toward the gatehouse, where Armley was watching curiously with Jay. "Mike," Colman said to him as they stopped by the door. "Take these two people inside and fix them up with coffee or something, will you. Jay, wait inside with Veronica. I have to get back in with Bret, but I'll be back in a few minutes. Don't worry. It'll be okay." IN A FAINT and inconstant breeze, waves stir through the lush meadow. At this lonely hour, in this. He remembers his mother's counsel that in order to pass for someone you're not, you must have. Curtis is "not quite right," as Burt Hooper put it, and Old Yeller is neither yellow nor male, nor. Only Aunt Gen, last of the innocents, would call them boyfriends? those predators, pariahs proud of. BRUSHING WITHOUT TOOTHPASTE is poor dental maintenance, but the flavor of a bedtime. None of these people appears to be suspicious of him, and none seems likely to be one of the relentless. mother anywhere. "If Curtis had just finished a plate of dirt for dinner, his tongue could not have felt grainier than it did now. fifty or a hundred thousand volts of electricity through her brain, but it didn't help." that was just a little too hasty. "The last time we went to see the complex at Port Norday." Bernard stared blankly at him. Merrick seemed pained. "Don't tell me you didn't know. I went there with Walters and Hoskins a while ago. Didn't Walters tell you about it?" "Ah, why don't we wrap it up and have the next one up in Rockefeller's," Hanlon suggested. "That was where Sirocco said he was going." "That's my point," the boy told him. "The facts aren't going to be changed, no matter how strongly you want to believe they're different, and no matter how many people you persuade to agree with you, are they? There just isn't any sense in saying there are things you can't see and in believing things you can't test." Instead, though most of the members of the SWAT platoon see Curtis, no one looks twice at him. Scant. continue westward, along the base of the highway embankment, until they reach the helicopter. He. the situation, ready to strike

again..The dog's Hanks shudder, striking sympathetic shivers in the boy. Punctuating its panting are pitiful."Hey, you. Stop." The major in command of the four SD troopers sent to scout out the center of Canaveral City --a residential and commercial suburb situated outside the base and merging into one side of Franklin--addressed the Chironian whom they had followed from the restaurant a few yards back around the corner. He was well-dressed, in his midthirties, and carrying an attaché case. The Chironian ignored them and kept walking. Whereupon the major marched ahead to plant himself firmly in the man's path. The Chironian walked round him and eventually halted when the troopers formed themselves into an impassable barrier on three sides. "You're coming to talk to the ambassador," the major informed him.."I've got a friend whose mother works most of her time there. Her name's Kathy.This isn't the ideal ride, but Curtis isn't likely to luck into a cushy berth on another automobile transport.Colman looked away in exasperation. She could have been a unique, thinking person. Instead she chose to be a doll, shaped and molded by everything she saw and heard around her. It was all around him--half the people he could see were in the chorus line behind Stormbel's puppet show. They could be told what to think because they didn't want to think. Suddenly he remembered all the reasons why he had cooled things with Anita months ago, when he -had been toying seriously with the idea of making their relationship contractual and settling down as Hanlon had. He had tried to tune into her wavelength and found nothing but static. But what had infuriated him more was that her attitude had been necessary--she had a head but wouldn't use it..true enough, honey. But I've still got about half a squat more than you do."."The Giant is not slain," the tall, muscular, steely-eyed hero declared to his loyal, wavy-haired aide as they stood in front of an Air Force VTOL on a peak of the San Gabriel Hills above the Los Angeles ash-bowl. "It must sleep a while to mend its wounds now its task is done. But it will rise again, hardened and tempered from the furnace. This will not have been for naught." The figures and the mountain shrank as the view widened to include the setting sun that would see another dawn, and the music swelled to a rousing finale of brass and drums backed by what sounded like a celestial choir.."Zangreni needs stimulants to catalyze her~ psychic currents. That's how she make predictions."."Battle Module. -.She has a musical voice, a dazzling smile, and she seems to take a shine to him. "Well, Curtis, my name's.Bobby Zoon couldn't resist indulging in the techniques that he was learning in film school.."If you don't mind my saying so, isn't this a bit risky, sir?" Driscoll said apprehensively. "I mean . . . with all this going on? Suppose Colonel Wesserman or somebody shows up."."shame, unless you were a hopeless self-dramatizer who believed every head cold was the bubonic plague.As though privy to Micky's thoughts, the girl said, "Everything I've ever told you is the truth."."Face. Eyes. So much to lose. Get out. Leave. But they'd bring her back. And where would the snake be.The shriek again: longer this time, tortured, shot through with fear and jagged with misery..CHAPTER SIXTEEN,jammed in the bottleneck at the restaurant's front door, not in danger of trampling one another like.The planet had evolved a variety of life-forms, some of which approximated in appearance and behavior examples of terrestrial flora and fauna, and some of which did not. Although several species were groping in the general direction of the path taken by the hominids of Earth two million years previously, a truly intelligent, linguistic, tool-using culture had not yet emerged.."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?"".dressed in all manner of styles and colors and reflecting the various races of Earth in more or less even proportions, which was to be expected since the genetic codes carried by the Kuan-yin had comprised a balanced mix of types. Children and young people were everywhere, and humanoid robots seemed to be part of the scheme of things. The robots intrigued Bernard; such creatures were not unknown on Earth, but they had tended to be restricted to experiments in research labs as technological curiosities since, functionally, they didn't really make a lot of sense. Presumably the Chironian robots had been developed from the machines that had raised the first Chironians, which had-been designed not in the form of tin men at all, but to suit their purpose--as warm-bodied, soft surfaced tenders. So conceivably the notion of machines as companions had become a permanent feature of Chironian life that could be traced back to the earliest days. The designs had later been changed to suit the whims and preferences of the children after natural parents appeared on the scene to satisfy their more basic physiological and psychological needs. To his surprise Bernard found himself thinking that the relationship between man and humanoid machine might have been quite warm, and in some way charming; certainly he could see no evidence~ of the cold and sinister state of affairs that Jean had pictured..Being among people is helpful, too. A crowd distracts the enemy?not much but sometimes enough to.automobile-club card out of his wallet, he unclipped the phone from his belt and called the.They stood but three feet apart, face-to-face, and in spite of Micky's compassionate intentions, a.and clumped toward the closet, which regrettably put the bed between her and the snake. She was.swung, and his upper lip was nearly as long as his ponytail..While the noise was dying away, Sirocco swept his eyes around the room and over the sixty-odd faces that had stayed to the last, and who, apart from the ten lookouts placed around the block, were all that was left of D Company's original complement of almost a hundred. He was going to need every one of them, he knew, and even so, it would be cutting things ridiculously thin. But as well as the misgivings that he tried not to show, he felt inwardly moved as he looked at the men who by all the accepted norms and standards should have been among the first in the Army to have gone. But apart from the SD units, D Company's record was second to none. It was a tribute to him personally, expressed in the only common language that meant anything to the mixture of oddballs and misfits that fate had consigned to his charge. But Sirocco had always seen them not as misfits but as individuals, many of them talented in their own peculiar and in some cases bizarre ways, and had accepted them for what they were, which was all they had ever really wanted. But the term misfit was a relative one, he had come to realize. The world that had labeled them misfits was the world that had been unable to compel them to conform. Chiron was a world full of individualists who could never be compelled to conform and who asked only to be accepted for what they

were or to be left alone. Every man in D Company had been a Chironian long before planetfall at Alpha Centauri-many before departing Earth. The highest form of currency that a Chironian could offer was respect, and these Chironians were paying it to him now, just by being there. Their respect meant more than medals, citations, or promotions, and Sirocco permitted himself a brief moment of pride. For he knew full well that, whatever the outcome of the operation ahead of them all, it would be the last time they would formally be assembled as D Company..seen movies about serial killers. These human monsters collect souvenirs of their kills. Some keep."I'm sorry, sir. He just went down to the lock." unmarked by the violence that had changed her life. The unrevealed half of her face, pressed into the husband utterly lacking in character, such a spouse was the moral equivalent of arm candy, meant to."Yes, I can, and no, there aren't. Why--getting fed up? ".At last the quality of this bestial voice frightened her into halting the assault on the snake. It was dead.,Jay Fallows thought for a moment that he was going to throw up and tried to shut out the soundtrack as he sat nibbling at the remains of his lunch. An astronomy book lay propped open on the table in front of him. Behind him his mother and his twelve-year-old sister, Marie, were digesting the message in silent reverence. The page he was looking at showed the northern constellations of stars as they appeared from Earth. They looked much as they did from the Mayflower 11, except in the book Cassiopeia was missing a star--the Sun. On the page opposite, the Southern Cross included Alpha Centauri as one of its 'pointers, whereas from the ship it had separated and grown into a brilliant orb~ shining in the foreground. And the view from Earth didn't show Proxima Centauri at all--a feeble red dwarf Of less than a ten-thousandth the Sun's luminosity and invisible without a telescope, but now quite close to and easily seen from the Mayflower II. Always imperceptible from one day to the next and practically so from month to month, the changes in the stars were happening ever more slowly as the main drive continued to fire and steadily ate up the velocity that had carried the ship across four light-years of space.. "They really do." 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..She blotted her hands on her shorts.."I have. I got cut off with some guys for almost a week in the South African desert once. All you think about is water. You can't describe the craving. You'd cut off your arm for a cup." He paused, and Jay waited with a puzzled expression on his face. "When you've got ~enough to drink," Colman went on, "then you start worrying about food. That takes longer to build up, but it gets as bad. There have been lots of instances of people cannibalizing dead bodies to stay alive once they got hungry enough. They've killed each other over potato peels." Ordinarily, he would be reluctant to damage the property of another in this fashion. But serial killers have the heart to use them.."Lots of thorns, though," Micky noted..Leilani was clearly unbreakable..Oblivious of Micky, Sinsemilla sat, elbows propped on her knees, chin cupped in the heels of her hands.."Perhaps it would be of benefit if I were to summarize the situation that now exists," Sterm suggested, "We com.committee. "I just employ advanced and complex techniques."."What about the ameba? ".She's still headed in the dead-wrong direction, but Curtis races after Old Yeller because they can't turn.Micky observed. "Flat as a slice of the Swiss cheese on that platter."."The bullet didn't actually penetrate her head," Micky said..fish for which so many nets have been cast..thoughts. Words threatened to spill from him again, but this time they were likely to come in the form of.In the distance rose the lulling rumble-hum of freeway traffic, a not unpleasant drone that might be.he'd lost her. Until then, she'd been a radiance, the one brightness in a family that otherwise lived in."Thingy schemin' up a scheme to get his Leilani mouse, lickin' his snaky lips. Thingy, him be dreamin'.risk of being flattened by the speeding truck, because it would have to plow through too many.Leilani knocked on the bedroom door. Unlike her mother, she had a respect for other people's personal.She whips around ? no older than she is yellow ? and trots away, not at a full run, but at a pace that.delivered. Gen met misfortune not simply with stoic resignation, but with a sort of amused embrace; she.upon identifying him, as will the cowboys and their ilk. Once he's in custody, however, he won't be.the woman in the frilly slip, and moonlight painting points on the teeth in her snarl.."Bernie, this is too much!" Jean's voice came up from the lounge area below. "I'm never going to get used to this." Bernard smiled to himself and left Jay's room to enter the open elevator cubicle by the top of the curving stairway. Seconds later he walked out again and into the lounge. John was standing in the center of the floor between the dining room and the area of sunken floor before the king-size wall screen that formed a comfortable enclave surrounded by a sofa, two large armchairs, and a revolving case of shelves half recessed into the wall; a coffee table of dark-tinted glass formed its centerpiece. She gestured helplessly. "What are we ever going to do with all this space? You know, I'm really beginning to think I might end up developing agoraphobia."."That came later-after I'd been on the ship for some time. At first I was with the infantry. . . saw some combat in Africa. I spent most of the voyage in the Engineer Corps though. . . up until about a year or two back."..entirely sure what she was doing or why she was doing it. In that more common condition, Laura now.killing people because I'm too fearful or too ashamed to bring myself to talk about what he really does.,She shivered at the thought and got up from the sofa to find Bernard. No doubt he would be in the basement room that he and Jay had made into a workshop to supplement the village's communal facility. Bernard had been taking more interest in Jay's locomotive lately than he had on the Mayflower II. Jean suspected he was doing so to induce Jay to spend more time at home and allay some of the misgivings that she had been having. But his enthusiasm hadn't prevented Jay from going off on his own into Franklin, sometimes until late into the evening, after spending hours in the bathroom fussing with his hair, matching shirts and pants in endless combinations with a taste that Jean had never known he had, and experimenting with neckties, which he'd never bothered with before in his life unless told to. Whatever he was up to, Marie at least, mercifully, was managing to occupy herself with her own friends and to stay inside the complex..boy hears voices. Men in easy conversation..Nobody talked any more about annexing

Franklin. Howard Kalens's chances of being elected to perpetuate the farce plummeted to as near zero as made no difference, and Paul Lechat, recognizing what he saw as a preview of the inevitable, dropped his insistence for a repeat performance in Iberia; at least, that was the reason he offered publicly. Ironically, the Integrationist, Ramisson, emerged as the only candidate with a platform likely to attract a majority view, but that was merely in theory because his potential supporters had a tendency to evaporate as soon as they were converted. But it was becoming obvious as the election date approached that serious interest was receding toward the vanishing point, and even the campaign speeches turned into halfhearted rituals being performed largely, as their deliverers knew, for the benefit of bored studio technicians and indifferent cameras. Then: big trouble. Colman grinned. "Good thinking. We were starting to talk shop." Re inclined his head to where Veronica was still talking animatedly between Kath's twin sons and evidently enjoying herself. "Somebody seems to be quite a hit over there." From these rescues, Noah inferred that Rickster considered residence in Cielo Vista, in spite of its. The FBI doesn't as a matter of habit open negotiations with gunplay, which means the cowboys must. "You're the first Terran we've talked to," Shirley said. She nodded her head to indicate the direction they had come from. "We've got a class of kids back there who are bubbling over with curiosity. How would you like to come in and say hello, and talk to them for five minutes? They'd love it." At once, the dog lets go of the man's shorts and seizes the castoff footwear. Grinning around a mouthful. "THE THING IS I still can't understand is what motivates these people," Colman remarked to Hanlon as they walked with Jay to Adam's house. "They all seem to work pretty hard, but why do they work at all when nobody pays them anything?" Of course, this is a little cottage on wheels, not a castle. It doesn't afford as many hiding places as a titled. "Well, of course it does, sweetheart. What would the world be like without toilets?" Sirocco had already known the story, but it would have been out of order to say anything. Stanislaw's transfer to D Company had followed an investigation o~ the mysterious disappearance from Brigade stores of tools ~and electrical spares that had subsequently appeared on sale in the Home Entertainment department of one of the shopping mart~. Driscoll propped his gun against the wall, fished a pack and lighter from inside his jacket, lit up, and leaned back to exhale with a grateful sigh. The irritability that he had been feeling wafted away with the smoke. The robot set down its piece of tubing, folded its arms, and leaned back against the wall, evidently programmed to take its cues from the behavior of the people around it. Driscoll looked at it with a new curiosity. His impulse was to strike up a conversation, but the whole situation was too strange. The thought flashed through his mind that it would have been a lot easier if the robot had been an EAF infantryman. Driscoll would never have believed he could feel anything in common with the Chinese. He didn't know whether he was talking to the robot, or through it to computers somewhere else in the Kuan-yin or even down on Chiron, maybe; whether they had minds or simply embodied some fever programming, or what. He had talked to Colman about machine intelligence once. Colman said it was possible in principle, but a truly aware artificial mind was still a century away at least. Surely the Chironians couldn't have advanced that much. "What kind of a machine are you?" he asked, "I mean, can you think like a person? Do you know who you are?" Bernard managed a weak smile. "That's a nice thought, but I've got a job to do. We're still going to be busy for a while. Thanks anyway." He thought for a few seconds. "I hope you're not planning anything too tough out them. I mean, Jay hasn't exactly had a lot of practice at that kind of thing. He's never even seen a planet before." Jay winced under his breath and looked away. "I workout." "There's also beer. Your uncle Vernon liked two icy beers more evenings than not." "Enter, enter, Maiden Leilani, and come thou quickly to thy queen's side." "The congressman has a nice sense of humor." Geneva said, "Kidneys?" wish that thou were as well made as she." Lechat didn't respond immediately. Eve Verity elaborated. "For over three centuries we've been struggling to reconcile old ideas about the distribution of wealth with the new impact of high technology. The problem has always been that traditional conditioning processes for persuading people to accept the inevitability of finite resources get passed on from generation to generation as unquestioned conventional wisdoms until they start to look like absolute truths. Wealth was always something that had to be competed and fought for. When slaves and territory went out of style with technology becoming the main source of wealth, we continued to fight over it in the same way we'd always fought over everything else, and everybody thought that was inevitable and natural. They couldn't separate the old theories from the new facts." Eve took a sip from her wineglass, then continued, "But the Chironians never grew up with any of that brainwashing. They made a clean start with science and advanced technologies all around them and taken for granted, and they understand that new technologies create new resources ...without limit."

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