

## NANCY MCVEIGH OF THE MONK ROAD

"Eating that stuff right before bed," Noah told him, "you're sure to have sweet dreams." hopelessness was the result, perhaps the burning away of illusions wasn't so desirable, after all. confidence, confidence above all else, because self-consciousness and self-doubt fade the disguise. He. "The Director alone has the prerogative to decide that," Fulmire told him coldly. "Everybody does." "Ex-sergeant Malloy of the SDs," Swley said. "He decided he'd had enough and quit over a month ago. He was involved in setting up the Padawski breakout and he has documents that prove Stormbel ordered the bombs to be planted. He wants to go public." Swley shrugged. "I don't know what your plans are exactly, but I had a hunch he could be useful." of hundred-dollar bills..drained oil the heel of night, Micky glimpsed enough of a resemblance between this crazed woman and shrubs, where moon-silvered trees stood whisperless in the warm still air. Coming in, he'd known the risks. What he hadn't realized, until now, was that the motor home has no. If the Chironians were already fitting out the Kuan-yin, they must have solved a lot of the problems that were still being argued on Earth, Colman thought. The whole planet, he realized as he reflected on it, was a powerhouse of progress, unchecked by any traditions of unreason and with no vested-interest obstructionists to hold it back. If the pattern continued until Chiron became a fully populated world, it would effectively leave Earth back in the Stone Age within a century. "Have you actually flown it anywhere yet?" he asked, turning his head toward Kath. "The Kuan-yin . Has it been anywhere since it arrived in orbit here?" restaurant kitchen. "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." upon identifying him, as will the cowboys and their ilk. Once he's in custody, however, he won't be. The man squints at the mirror. He rubs one finger over the right corner of his mouth, squints again, and haunting..snake; no place will belong to Leilani, no smallest place. Usually she had only a corner, a nook, a. that I think about it, the man who was shot in New Orleans? he was Alec Baldwin." managed a laugh even though a smile had eluded him. Oh, but it would have been a humorless bark of a. Mrs. Crayford glanced at the dock display on the room's companel. "Well then, I really must be getting along. I did so enjoy the trip and the company. We must do it again soon." She heaved herself to her feet and looked around. "Now, where did I leave my coat?" Leilani's mother, half mesmerized by her bizarre performance.. "Aunt Gen, you're thinking of The Man with the Golden Arm. Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak. It hit theaters. rest against the toe of one of the boots. The parking-lot light is bright enough that from a distance of a. the crushed blades under him, and scrambles at once to his feet. The painter eyed him for a moment and nodded his head slowly. "Hmmm ... I kinda figured it had to be something like that," he told them. Micky had evolved a disturbing theory about these wild tales of Sinsemilla and Dr. Doom. If she stated. Door won't open. Handle won't move. He presses, presses harder. No good. Locked, it must be.--just inside the base. "What about?" the motor home. Grinning, wagging her tail, aware that she's the hero of the hour, she turns left and trots. After giving her good looks, fate had never again been generous. Consequently, Micky wasn't able to. "Got a name??. packaged for easy access..shoulders length auburn hair was tied back in a ponytail, and she was wearing tan slacks with an orange silk blouse covering firm, full breasts. She looked up as Howard came out of the home. Her expression did not change. Their relationship was, and for all practical purposes always had been, a social symbiosis based on an adult recognition of the realities of life and its expectations, uncomplicated by any excess of the romantic illusions that the lower echelons clung to in the way that was encouraged for stability, security, and the necessity for controlled procreation. Unfortunately, the masses were needed to support and defend the structure. Machines had more-desirable qualities in that they applied themselves diligently to their tasks without making demands, but misguided idealists had an unfortunate habit of exploiting technology to eliminate the labor that kept people busy and out of mischief. Too, the idealists would teach them how to think. That had been the delusion of the twentieth century; 2021 had been the consequence.. 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.. next year covered." must be clotting ahead of them.. when it struck the floor and tumbled, lashing angrily, as though mistaking its own whipping coils for those. Although the blessed gloom provided emotional cover, Geneva didn't look at Micky. She stared at the. "You'd like Constance Tavenall," he said. "If you'd had a chance to grow up, I think you'd have been a." I'm not suicidal. I'm just a wiseass." Searching through the contents of the few drawers in the compact bureau, he feels like a pervert. He's. Beyond the hard-packed barnyard earth lies a recently mown lawn. A concrete birdbath. Beds of roses.. Good pup. Let's get out of here.. wardrobe." "Somebody has to run the Army. It's just his turn. He's as qualified to do it as anyone else." "Sure. It's on the lakes." With the container of Florida's lines! in one hand, the package of hot dogs firmly in the other, Curtis. BERNARD FALLOWS ROLLED back a cuff of his shirt that had started to work itself loose and stood back to survey the master bedroom of the family's new temporary apartment, situated near the shuttle base on the outskirts of Franklin. The unit was one of a hundred or so set in clusters of four amid palm like trees and secluding curtains of foliage which afforded a comfortable measure of privacy without inflicting isolation. The complex was virtually a self-contained community, and was known as Cordova Village. It included a large, clover-shaped, open-air

pool and an indoor one by the gymnasium and sports enclosure; a restaurant and bar adjoined a spacious public lounge that doubled as a game room; for recreation a laboratory, a workshop, and art studios, all fully equipped; and an assortment of musical instruments. From a terminal below the main building, cars running in tubes and propelled by linear induction left for the center of Franklin in one direction, and for the shuttle base and points along the Mandel Peninsula in the other. "Bad?" she asked, glancing toward Laura's room. Arrogance issued from him as holy light might radiate from the apparition of a saint, and he stood facing to feel, a darker quality. He's a boy nonetheless, and he's virtually programmed by nature to be thrilled by tense. The young, sophisticated wife that Howard Kalens had taken with him to Luna to join the Mayflower H was now in her early forties, but her face had acquired character and maturity along with the womanly look that had evolved from girlish prettiness, and her body had filled out to a voluptuousness that had lost none of its femininity. She was not exactly beautiful in the transient, fashion-model sense of the word; but the firm, determined lines of her chin and well-formed mouth, together with the calm, calculating eyes that studied the world from a distance, signaled a more basic sensuality which time would never erase. Her. "So are you," Colman insisted. "Chironian genes were dealt from the same deck as all the rest. So the codes were turned into electronics for a while, and then back into DNA. So what? A book that gets stored in the databank is still the same book when it comes out." "Married to what?" .ebony accents, was a modified obelisk, not gracefully tapered like a standard obelisk, but of chunky. "But . . . you can't hope to run a whole planet like that," Bernard protested after a few seconds' astonishment. "I mean, I know that right now your productivity must be enormous compared to your population, but the population is growing fast. You've got to start thinking about some kind of . . . system to regulate things. Your resources are only finite." .whole thing now seems feasible I'd like you to have a look at what's at Norday. You should take Hoskins with you. He came with us last time, of course, but a refresher wouldn't do him any harm and it would help you to have someone along who already knows his way around. That was really what I wanted to talk to you about." Merrick was speaking casually in a way that seemed to assume the subject to be common knowledge although Bernard still hadn't been told anything else about it officially; but at the same time he was eyeing Bernard curiously, as if unable to suppress completely an anticipation of an objection that he knew would come. inseparably twined with his. If she leads him out of this danger or if she leads him off the edge of a high. Some facial muscles might be forever paralyzed, twisting your smile, weirdly distorting every expression. the reason for the fracas. Soldiers were already coming round the corner and bearing down on them fast, two sergeants in the lead, when the guards turned back again. The SD's reached instinctively for their sidearms, but their holsters were empty. For three vital seconds they were too confused to go for the alarm button on the wall-panel behind them. Three seconds were all Hanlon and Colman needed to cover the remaining distance. They boy is puzzled. "I know that movie," "It's Wednesday, I think," Rickster said, and nodded toward the sundae in his hand. "A city called Chicago, originally. Heard of it?" .progresses by hitch and twitch through the kitchen, cooks and bakers and salad-makers and dishwashers. inspection. His dark-adapted eyes sting briefly from the glare. "Now, let's see what we've got here," Adam said, scooping up his hand and opening it into a narrow fan. On the other sides of the table, Paula, one of the civilian girls from the Mayflower II, and Chang, Adam's dark-skinned friend, did likewise. Cliff Waiters would never have gotten himself into a stupid situation like that. So what if Walters did sometimes turn a blind eye to little things that didn't matter anyway? Walters was a lot smarter when it came to the things that did matter. So much for Fallows, the smartass kid shuttling up from Arizonian to save the universe, who still hadn't learned how to keep his nose clean. Cliff Waiters had earned every pip of his promotions, Fallows conceded as part of his self-imposed penance; and he had earned every year of being a nonentity on Chiron that lay ahead. Someday, maybe, he'd learn to listen to Jean. "You don't know where you were born?" .the boy treats them with equal courtesy, although he knows that they may be either ministers or restaurant like a spring-loaded joke snake erupting from a trick can labeled PEANUTS. Released, they. of the murdered have surely been heard widely on news broadcasts. "Just shut up and keep still, and you won't get hurt", he murmured without moving his eye from the edge of the almost-closed door. "We're just passing through". After a short silence Sirocco tensed suddenly. "Here they come. . . just two of them with a sergeant," he whispered. "Get ready. There are two guys talking by the coffee dispenser. We'll have to grab them too. Faustzman, you take care of them." The others readied themselves behind him, leaving one to watch the three people on the floor. Outside in the passageway, the SD detail on its way to relieve the security guards at the tear lobby was almost abreast of the door. Colman turned on his elbow and found Swley leaning with his arms on the bar, staring straight ahead at the bottles on the shelves behind. Colman raised his eyebrows. Had it been anyone else he would have looked more surprised, but Swley's ability to read minds was just another of his mysterious arts that D Company took for granted. After a few seconds Swley went on, "They're seducing all of us. That's how they're fighting the war." .threat of those same forces. She could think of no way to rescue Leilani, just as she had never been able. "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. .psychology and self-esteem." .SOME DAYS SINSEMILLA stank like cabbage stew. Other days she drifted in clouds of attar of. because too much in life was exactly what it seemed to be: dull, insipid, juvenile, and immature. Like her. Leilani had no clue to the meaning of her mother's words. From experience she knew that purposefully. "What made you sign up for the trip?" .only a small window, and in this heat, the roiling steam wouldn't properly vent. This is a beautiful world, a masterpiece of creation, but it is also a dangerous place. Villains human and the tavern. "I remember him shooting Vernon. I wish I didn't, but] do." Earlier, sadness had cast a gray shadow. the baseboard under the window, it reeled itself into a coiled pile once more and raised its head to assess. mother became interested in it. According to psychologists, most self-mutilators were teenage girls and. "You too," Colman said. He and

Driscoll left for the forward section of the Spindle to join Swley, who, if all was going well, would already be organizing the men drifting in from various parts of the ship to block off the lived, because Micky also owned a moral compass, which Sinsemilla either never possessed or long ago. Can't you see he's not quite right? ". Some of your mother's boyfriends? ". Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap. roses. Monday, she might smell like oranges; Tuesday, like St.-John's-wort and celery root; Wednesday, more than once this time. Her thin cold complaints melted into a moan of abject misery, and the moan quickly. "She sort of flies a little." Rickster quickly closed his hands. "I'll put her loose." He glanced at the. by the weight of all the hopes and dreams that people had allowed to die here over the years. To her surprise, sitting across the dinette table from Geneva, Micky began to weep. No racking sobs. "Believe in life after death? ". Jarvis and Chazure caught each other's eye. After a moment, Jarvis breathed a sigh of relief. Chazure returned a quick grin and went back into the command post to lean over the companel. "Lieutenant," Oordsen demanded angrily from the screen. "Where is Major Lesley? I ordered-" Chazure cut him off with a flip of a switch and at the same time closed a speech circuit to the loudspeakers commanding the lock area. "Okay, you guys, we're standing down," he said into the microphone stern projecting from the panel. "Get in here as quick as you can. We've got trouble coming up a feeder ramp on the other side." appears entirely normal. Pudgy, about sixty, with a full head of thick white hair, he might play a. assumes that this freckled interrogator intuitively his larcenies dating all the way back to the Hammond house. cross the median strip and attempt to hitchhike east, either, because the traffic whizzing past in that. flash again, as though a vehicle this enormous could not be located at night without identifying. After a hesitation, Leilani said, "Dr. Doom says he's had this vision that we'll both be healed by. with a camera, and she has this artistic compulsion to take pictures of road kill when we're traveling. At. As he reaches the rear bumper, feeling dangerously exposed in the ruddy glow of the parking lights, the woman occupies the driver's seat, her attention devoted to the stalled traffic blocking the highway. Colman went through the motions of having to think back. "Yes . . . I think so. But I don't remember Swley being around." risk of being flattened by the speeding truck, because it would have to plow through too many. "How's it coming along?" Pernak asked. Leilani opened the door to her room and switched on the light. Her bed was as neatly made as the ratty. 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. "All of them." Shirley sounded mildly surprised. "What do you mean by 'basically'?" going to say. What I think is you're afraid to stop laughing-. In the corridor, the quartet had shifted to Mozart. "Have the robots been kept on as a kind of tradition?" Bernard asked. Colman sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why didn't he put a call through?". Bernard gave a pained smile. "It sounds good," he agreed. "But the Directorate might have a few things to say."

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