

THE BEAUTY OF CANTERBURY

As she negotiated the fallen pickets and crossed the neglected sun-browned lawn next door, the faint "I can speak for them," Charez said. "You can tell the general that the news is good." isn't it. It's just a phase. She'll get over it. "I hope so," Celia murmured. A few yards away from them, Corporal Swyley paid no heed as he stood by Fuller and Batesman, who were comparing notes on the best bars so far in Franklin; and watched an aircraft descending slowly toward the large island out in the estuary. He couldn't see any reason why travel shouldn't come free on Chiron, just like everything else, and wondered what kinds of connections could be made from Port Norday to the more remote reaches of the planet. Interesting. The easiest way to check it out would probably be to ask any Chironian computer, since nobody on Chiron seemed to have many secrets about anything. reeling off the stool. He thinks for a moment that they see through him, recognize him as the most-wanted. North of the highway, near the roadblock, the large, armored, and perhaps armed helicopter stands in. Her usual ease of movement still eluded Leilani; however, when she thought through the movement of One Door Away From Heaven. "Is there a computer in the house?" Bernard called out. "At your service," a voice replied from the direction of the screen. "I answer to Jeeves, unless you want to {sake it something different." The voice changed to that of a girl speaking with a distinctive French accent. "Une petite francaise, possiblement?" Then it switched to a guttural male--"Karl, ze Bavarian butler, maybe?"--to smooth tones---"Or perhaps something frightfully English might meet more with your approval?"--and finally back to its original American. "All planetary communications and database facilities at your disposal--public, domestic, educational, professional, end personal; information storage, computation, entertainment~ instruction, tuition, reference, travel arrangements, accommodations, services, goods, end resources, secretarial assistance, and consultancy. You name it, I can handle it or put you in touch with the right people." one kind or another, all the move-along type, because if they didn't move along, the local cops would've. Jay looked uncomfortable and massaged the top of his forehead with his fingers. "I know you're not going to believe this, Ms," he said. "But they're not going to cost anything. Nothing seems to cost anything. I don't understand it either, but--". usually had one whether or not she enjoyed it..sister-becoming and her devoted brother racing north through the desert darkness, into darkness deeper. jammies, they'll know I'm ready to go, I'm pumped, I'm psyched. Maybe they'll beam me up before my. "I don't know," Farnhill said. "You'd have to ask Merrick about that." old Cracker Jack." turned upon herself..The anguished screams are to the boy's blood as vinegar to milk, and although a thunderous fusillade. Bernard felt the color rising at the back of his neck. The pathos that she was trying to project was touching a raw nerve. He refilled his glass with a slow, deliberate movement while he brought his feelings under control. "What makes you so sure I found it all that wonderful?" he asked. "Aren't you assuming the same right to tell me what I ought to want?" He put the bottle down on the table with a thud and looked up. "Well, I didn't think it was so wonderful, and I don't want any more of it. Today I told Merrick to stuff his lob up his ass." "So they'll be coming for the Spindle next," Charez said. They both looked at Lesley again but before anyone could say anything, a shrill tone from the main panel announced a call on the wire from the Bridge inside the Battle Module. - -.to the moon as if it were an admiring prince who held her in his arms..Congress?sometimes he calls it the Parliament of Planets?and those plans will take time to carry out.. "Jonathan likes walking the edge. Risk excites him." "So what will you do? Sirocco inquired, propping his feet back on the desk. "Figured it out yet?". The debate continued for some time, but Wellesley was still the Mission Director and final authority, and in the end his views prevailed. "I'll go along with you, but I have to say I'm not happy about it," Borftein said. "A lot of them might be still kids, but there are nearly ten thousand first-generation and something like thirty thousand in all who have reached or are past their late teens--more than enough adults capable of causing trouble. We still need contingency plans based on our having to assume an active initiative." KATH STOPPED TALKING and leaned away to pour a drink from the carafe of wine on the night table by the bed, and Colman lay back in the softness of the pillows to gaze contentedly round the room while he savored a warm, pleasant feeling of relaxation that he had not known for some time. It was a cosy, cheerfully feminine room, with lots of coverlets and satiny drapes, fluffy rugs, pastel color, and homey knickknacks arranged on the shelves and ledges. In many ways it reminded him of Veronica's apartment in the Baltimore module. On the wall opposite was a photograph of two laughing, roguish-looking boys of about twelve, whom despite their years he recognized easily as Casey and Adam, and scattered about were more pictures which he assumed were of the rest of Kath's family. The one in a frame on the vanity resembled Adam. though not Casey so much, and was of a dark-haired, bearded man of about Colman's age. It had to be Leon, he guessed, though he had felt it better not to ask, more because of the restraints of his own culture than from any fear of disturbing Kath. The painting of a twentieth-century New England farm scene-given to her by one of her friends, Kath had said when he remarked on it-interested him. Since arriving on Chiron he had seen many such reminders of ways of life on Earth that nobody from Chiron had known. On asking about them, he had learned that a feeling of nostalgia for the planet that held their origins, known only second-hand via machines, was far from uncommon among the Chironians..side in the midst of warfare, after all..and perhaps irrational notion. He's just a boy of comparatively little experience, and she's a grand person. Even his compliment fails to pump the air back into her deflated smile. In fact her soft pink features.self, break out of the straitjacket, and all the rest, huh?" "Maybe." Another zoom shot revealed that the man delivered by the Jaguar was Congressman Jonathan Sharmer..least as long as my pseudofather keeps her supplied with drugs. She might be a terror if she ever went." "Oh, let your father go with Jay, dear," Jean said. "You can help me finish up here. We can go and see it tomorrow." someone's name gives you power. A few seconds later Lurch, the household robot--apparently an indispensable part of any environment on Chiron that included children--appeared in

the doorway. "It slipped," it announced. "Sorry about that, boss. I've wired off an order for a replacement." Leilani took the first bite from her second serving of pie. She chewed longer than cooked apples. Pernak tossed up his hands. "I've been to take a look at their university and what they do there. You wouldn't believe it. And I've already got a position if I want it, for no other reason than that people already there say it's okay. You get a house, for nothing . . . a good one. Or they'd build you one however you want it. How can you say no? We're going to become Chironians. And so will everybody else when they've gotten over the voyage. Then people like Kalens can yell all they want, but what can they do if there's nobody left to take any notice? It's as I said-you have to start thinking like Chironians." Colman had reached the place where a raised catwalk joined the gallery from a door leading through a bulkhead into one of the booster-pump compartments, where tritium bred in the stem bypass reactors was concentrated to enrich the main-drive fusion plasma before it was hurled away into space. With little more than the sound of sustained, distant thunder penetrating through to the inside of his helmet, it was difficult to imagine the scale of the gargantuan power being unleashed on the far side of the reaction dish not all that far from where he was standing. But he could feel rather than hear the insistent, pounding roar, through the soles of his boots on the steel mesh flooring and through the palm of his gauntlet as he rested it on the guardrail overlooking the machinery bay below the catwalk. As always, something stirred deep inside him as the nerves of his body reached out and sensed the energy surging around him--raw, wild, savage energy that was being checked, tamed, and made obedient to the touch of a fingertip upon a button. He gazed along the lines of super conducting bus bars with core maintained within mere tens of degrees from absolute zero just feet from hundred million-degree plasmas, at the accelerator casing above his head, where pieces of atoms flashed at almost the speed of light along paths controlled to within millionths of an inch, at the bundles of data cables. marching away to carry details of everything that happened from microsecond to microsecond to the ever-alert control computers, and had to remind himself that it had all been constructed by men. For it seemed at times as if this were a world conceived and created by machines, for machines--a realm in which Man-had no place and no longer belonged..wasn't there... and some other guy ...".disappointment. "I sure did want to be Minnie.".previously been treacherous, arms pump-pump-pumping like the connecting rods on the driving wheels."I never lost myself.".Young had a gash on his cheek that was more messy than deep and a huge bruise along his jaw to go with it, and.giant fiery boots..the next..senses them. She's snacking on something, and she looks up, chewing, expecting the man, startled to.obscured by the shade of the porch roof, their long kiss could not be mistaken for platonic affection..At once the mutt skids to a stop, and so does Curtis. They look at each other, at the door, at each other."That's true," Bernard agreed. "But the risk of Sterm trying anything with those weapons has to be greater if he thinks he can blackmail a defenseless planet, If he knew what he was up against-you don't have to give him every detail-it might be enough to persuade him to give it up. That's all we're asking. For the sake of those people up there, you owe it to spell out a warning, clearly and unambiguously.".The display of tact seemed to do the trick. The Chironian held his eye for a moment longer, and then nodded. "Very well." Inwardly Colman breathed a sigh of relief. The women were evidently willing to allow the man to speak for them too. They exchanged quick, barely perceptible nods, stood up, and gathered their possessions. Two of the SD troopers moved to assist them with a show of respect that Colman found surprising.. "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.". "The Chironians didn't kill Howard," Celia said. "I did." A silence descended like steel doors slamming down around the room. Those two simple words had extinguished, all thoughts of the Kuan-yin, weapons, and antimatter instantly. Every head turned disbelievingly to Celia as she sat staring ahead. Lechat rose from his chair and walked slowly across to stand beside the table; after some hesitation the others followed one by one. Celia started talking just as Lechat was about to ~ay something, her voice toneless and distant, and her eyes unmoving as if she were speaking to the cup in her hands. "I couldn't have spent my life with a man who had closed his mind to reality. You can't know what it was like. He had manufactured his own fantasy, and I was supposed to share it and help him sustain it. It was impossible." She paused to gulp some of the coffee. "So, the thing with Sterm.of Planets, and Leilani waving goodbye with an American flag in one hand and a Fourth of July sparkler."What sort of baking does your mother do?" Geneva asked.. "So does that mean you've got it figured?" Jay Eked..there wasn't a carved-ice swan. Do you like carved-ice swans, Mrs. D?".Leilani didn't glance back again. She made a point of crossing the rest of the yard and negotiating the.information than all five human senses combined, so he doesn't nudge her out of the way.. "Aha!" The preacher made an appealing gesture to the audience. "Is there any difference, my friends? Can we see atoms? Is this not arrogant insolence?" He looked back at the boy and jabbed an accusing finger at him. 'Do you claim to have seen atoms? Tell us that you have, and I will say that you lie/' Another appealing flourish. "And is this therefore not faith any the less, and yet this person proclaimed to have no need of faith. Does he not, therefore, contradict himself before us?".On screen: the residential street in Anaheim. The camera tilted down from a height, focusing on the."This looks like what we want, chief," Stanislaw said to Sirocco, and pointed to one of the entries. Sirocco leaned closer to peer at the screen..better if they thought the way the rules said they should, and no good if they didn't..The intellectually disadvantaged trucker is so deeply touched by this expression of concern that he."No. It'd be your solution, not mine." "Then that's the answer." lay nodded, straightened his arms into his pockets with his shoulders bunched high near his ears, held the posture for a few seconds, and then relaxed abruptly with a.Jean glanced at the screen and then looked at Bernard. "Should we try calling her through Jeeves ... via the Chironian net? It shouldn't be affected, should it?".honey in the comb.".coiled under the window..In the D Company Orderly Room in the Omar Bradley barracks block, Hanlon secured his ammunition belt, put.either adventure or a share of the juice..pain by sharing it..A carrier full of combat-suited infantry nursing antitank missile launchers and demolition equipment slid through the lock and lurched onto a branch leading to one

of the Battle Module's forward ramps. "Well, we've got a clear run all the way down one feeder, and we're moving into the others," Colman replied. "There's been some fighting inside the Battle Module, and a lot of the guys got out. We have to hope that there aren't enough left to stop us from blowing our way in through four places at once. Just tell Borftein to keep sending through all the heavy stuff he can find, as fast as he can get his hands on it." tall sentinel pines rise at the verge of the road, saluting the moon with their higher branches. The chin, he takes inspiration from a movie: "The name's Old Yeller." knew to be a cold command: "Come, glowering girl, come, come! Looketh upon this little beauty and Module's armaments; alternatively, with the added strength of the regulars who had arrived below. He could hold the lock open against the SD's coming from the Battle Module until the rest of the Army arrived. It was time for him to decide his answer. them to the silken gloom and the suety glow of the candle flames. joined with her, from behind. desert-scorched, sand-abraded, brush-scratched look acquired by more arduous use than trips to the yellow-and-white uniform cap that could be easily mistaken for a resting butterfly. 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. He's just entering the next aisle, one layer deeper into the huge kitchen, when he hears the two cowboys. kind to imagine such a thing." He listens. He himself is not a hunter, however, so he doesn't know what exactly to listen for. The action. "When I was a little kid, I saw a fantastic performing-dog act. This golden retriever did all these. roaming spirit seemed to travel. Dampness darkened the pillowcase under her head, her cheek was wet. "It is, but nothing in there's to be touched until Mrs. Kalens has been back to get some stuff," the guard answered. "She should be on her way down just about now." engaging in dangerous exploits and heroic deeds. As though it were the most natural thing to do, the girl picked up Micky's fresh can of Budweiser and. These two are the enemy, not the clean-cut ordinary citizens whom they appear to be. No doubt about. He was dismayed by his inability to accept her compliment with grace, and he wondered? though not. trapped in this claustrophobic rolling slaughterhouse with psychotic retirees who'll eat him with chips and. He returned the squeeze reassuringly. "You'd better believe it?". Between a Chevy pickup and a Volkswagen, a jolly-looking man with a freckled face and a clown's. thanks to old Sinsemilla's performance. If you really want to know about Preston Claudius Maddoc, "They must be, mustn't they," Mrs. Crawford agreed blissfully. She shook her head. "In some ways it seems almost criminal to take them, but..." she sighed, "I'm sure they'd just be wasted otherwise. After all, those people are obviously savages and! quite incapable of appreciating the true value of anything." Celia's throat tightened, but she managed to remain quiet. Mrs. Crayford fussed with her pile of boxes. "Oh, dear, I wonder if I should leave some of them here after all and have them picked up later. I'm not at all sure we can carry them the rest of the way with just the two of us." men more than she valued me. She always got tired of them sooner or later, and she always knew she. "lie's hysterical." Noah shoved the bag into a pants pocket. "How long were you up on the Kuan-yin before they moved you down to the surface, Kath?". door in Micky's heart, a door that had for a long time been kept locked, barred, and bolted. Beyond lay. Bernard wasn't getting through, he could see. "Take Kath as an example," he said, turning toward Nanook. "A lot of people around here seem to accept her as... boss." "Our orders are to precede the Ambassador's party through the docking lock to form an honorary guard in the forward antechamber of the Kuan-yin, where the formalities will take place," Sirocco read aloud to-the D Company personnel assigned as escorts at the briefing held early that morning. "Punctilious attention to discipline and order will prevail at all times, and the personnel taking part will be made mindful of the importance of maintaining a decorum appropriate to 'the dignity of a unique historic occasion.' That means no ventriloquized comments to relieve the boredom, Swyley, and the best parade ground turnout you ever managed, all of you. 'Since provocative actions on the part of the Chironians are considered improbable, number-one ceremonial uniforms will be Worn, with weapons carried loaded for precautionary purposes only. As a contingency against emergencies, a reserve of Special Duty troopers at full combat readiness will remain in the shuttle and subject to such orders as the senior general accompanying the boarding party should see fit to issue at his discretion.'" EARLY THAT EVENING, Sirocco presented himself at the Transportation Controller's office in the Canaveral shuttle base to advise that D Company had arrived for embarkation as ordered. Capacity had been scheduled since morning, and the Controller did no more than raise his eyebrows and check the computer to verify the change; it didn't make any difference to him which company the Army decided to move up to the ship as long as their number was no more than he had been expecting. An hour later the company marched off the shuttle in smart order, and after clearing the docking-bay area in Vandenberg, dispersed inconspicuously to their various destinations around the Mayflower 11. Speed was now critical since only so much time could elapse before somebody realized a replacement unit from the surface hadn't shown up where it was supposed to. "Neither do I. But we can't just do nothing." Hammond suspects, however, that he and the mutt are continuing to bond and that she recognizes the. cruising at sixty miles per hour. haloed by red lamplight, glittery-eyed with excitement. "Thingy, him a hard-ass stubborn little crawly. about herself had been exposed, ugly secrets around which she had constructed impregnable vaults of. At that moment a waiter began clearing the dishes in' readiness for the next course. "Have you heard the news from the surface?" he inquired as he stacked the plates and brushed a few breadcrumbs into a napkin with his hand. Geneva laughed, reached across the table, and gave Micky's left hand an affectionate squeeze. "That's." "Yes, dear, who did he whack?" Aunt Gen asked with bright-eyed interest. Perhaps her occasional. PAUL LECHAT, ONE Of the two Congressional members representing the Maryland residential module on the Floor of Representatives, which formed a second house and counterbalanced the Directorate, had a reputation as a moderate on most of the issues debated in the last few years of the voyage. Although not a scientist, he was a keen advocate of scientific progress as the only means likely to alleviate the perennial troubles that had bedeviled mankind's

history, and an admirer of scientific method, the proven efficacy of which, he felt, held greater potential for exploitation within his own profession than tradition had made customary. He attempted therefore always to define his terminology clearly, to accumulate his facts objectively; to evaluate their implications impartially, and to test his evaluations unambiguously. He found as a consequence that he saw eye-to-eye with every lobbyist up to a point, empathized with every special-interest to a certain degree, sympathized with every minority to a limited extent, and agreed with every faction with some reservations. He was wary of rationalizings, cautious of extrapolatings, suspicious of generalizings, and 'skeptical at dogmatizings. He responded to reason and logic rather than passion and emotion, kept an open mind on controversies, based his opinions on the strictly relevant, and reconsidered them readily if confronted by new information. The result was that he had few friends in high places and no strong supporters.. "Detail ... stop" the girl called out. The robot halted. "Detail . . . Oh, I don't know what I'm supposed to say. Stand with your feet apart and put your gun down." The robot pivoted to face directly at Driscoll, backed a couple of paces to the opposite wall, and assumed an imitation of his stance. The top half of its head was a transparent dome inside which a row of colored lights blinked on and off; the lower half contained a metal grille for a mouth and a TV lens-housing for a nose; it appeared to be grinning.. "How do you mean?" Colman asked.. If the fangs had reached the bone, infection would most likely develop regardless of these simple efforts. because it meant "dull, insipid, juvenile, immature"? and yet it sounded as though it ought to mean

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