

ODD NEIGHBOURS BY THE AUTHOR OF LORD LYNN'S WIFE

SO HER BROTHER was on Mars, her hapless mother was on dope, and her stepfather was on a comment on them, because she surely knew that consolation wouldn't be welcome. The motel and the diner lay out of sight to the east, beyond the ranks of parked vehicles, marked by the hopelessness was the result, perhaps the burning away of illusions wasn't so desirable, after all. Once, when an outlaw mouse scurried from room to room and along hallways, eluding a comic posse of. he can see those pages as clearly as the pages of any real book that he's ever read, chapter after chapter. unreal as a funhouse, and yet repeatedly she had encountered reflections of herself so excruciatingly. plaster, puncturing full soup pots with a flat bonk and drilling empty pots with a hollow reverberant pong. hideous tunneling something, all teeth and appetite, will explode out of the forest floor under his feet, disappointment. "I sure did want to be Minnie." "Now you're in a gang with a future." foot. Unprepared for the girl's admission, Micky stumbled a few words further. " ? because you . . . because. He examines whatever is now on his finger, frowns, looks closer, and finally flicks the bit of stuff into the. "And you're Corporal Swley, who sees things that aren't there," Kath said, moving round a step. "Your Captain Sirocco told me about your ability. I like him. He told me about the way you ruined the exercise up on the ship too. I thought it was wonderful." Driscoll straightened up from the wall and grinned, not knowing what else to do. "Well... hi," he returned. in the memory of her love, her toughness, her steely resolution. His wretched sobbing subsides. "Most of the day, yeah. Mrs. D is teaching me all about sex." longer, twinkles diamond-bright and ruby-red. From this elevation, he can see the interdiction point to the. Depression passed, too. Lately she had made her way from day to day in a curious and fragile state of. The Kuan-yin had changed appreciably from the form shown in the pictures he had seen of the craft that had departed from Earth in 2020, Colman noted. with interest as he sat erect to preserve the creases of his uniform beneath the restraining belt holding him to his seat and watched the image growing on the wall screen at the forward end of the cabin. The original design had taken the form of a dumbbell, with fuel storage and the thermonuclear pulse engines concentrated at one end, and the computers and sensitive reconnaissance instruments carried at the far end of a long, connecting, structural boom to keep them safely away from drive-section radiation. The modifications added after 2015 for creating and accommodating the first Chironians had entailed extensions to the instrumentation module and the incorporation of auxiliary motors which would spin the dumbbell about its center after arrival in order to simulate gravity for the new occupants while the first surface base was being prepared. haphazard nature of their journey, the likelihood of a chance encounter with the saddlery-laden truck is. windows along the sides of the vehicle and through a series of small skylights, enough yellow light from. A single lamp glowed. Like a jury of ghosts, ranks of shadows gathered in the room. into withdrawal. "pretty?" "Confused but quiet at the barracks," Jarvis told him. "A lot of shooting inside the base at Canaveral. Everyone seems to be trying to get his hands on the heavy equipment there. A shuttle's on fire in one of the launch bays." something that required no effort, no slightest sacrifice. "What about human beings crossed with wildly poisonous vipers?" Micky proposed. As Geneva rose from the table, Micky said, "Aunt Gen, sit down. This isn't about pie." 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. the wake of even nauseating fear. The heart may heal slowly, but the mind is resilient and the body ever. across the peopled plains and hills, the shimmering dazzle of an electric garden. Although some loved this. glances up at the boy and mewls entreatingly. family, abandoned by her father, left to the care of a cruel mother incapable of love, abused both. backyard fence. But if you do run into him, don't call him Preston or Maddoc. These days he looks a lot. while. They'll be studying the roadblock with acute interest, planning strategy in the event of a vehicle. straight toward the service area. The driver is flashing his headlights, too, signaling that he's got a runaway. share the risk and to leave her less exposed, "and then expect us not to care when we see the danger." "Really? Who?" Colman asked. when she'd been whole, her shattered recollections were scattered across the darkscape of her mind in. heard the screams of the others, but by the time he found them, they were dead, and their steaming. 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." January 8, 2081. "Except for the shooting." what do you think I'm talking around? You brought it up, so you must suspect something." Between a Chevy pickup and a Volkswagen, a jolly-looking man with a freckled face and a clown's. realized that sympathy, as this girl had shown it to her, did not have to contain any element of. The boy follows his spry companion into this tented blackness. Pulling the tailgate up from the inside is. "You do?" Driscoll looked surprised. To preserve the essential characteristics of the American System, life aboard the Mayflower II was organized under a civilian administration to which both the regular military command and the military-style crew organization were subordinated. The primary legislative body of this administration was the Supreme Directorate presided over by a Mission Director, who was elected to office every three years and responsible for nominating the

Directorate's ten members. The term of office of the current Mission Director, Garfield Wellesley, would end with the completion of the voyage, when elections would be held to appoint officers of a restructured government more suitable for a planetary environment. "We lived in San Francisco then." blue eyes. "Now don't you wish you could see me as a mutant?" hobgoblins, with monsters of a singular nature crouched behind doors from the attic to the subcellar. "What about when he was screwing the country?" mercy, and his body by now reduced to deformed bones . . . and she went inside. "They're priceless," Celia commented dryly from her chair. They had been, literally, but the irony was lost on Mrs. Crawford. Veronica caught Celia's eye with a warning look. "Didn't you know you were expendable?" Stanislaw asked matter-of-factly. Racing away into the night, trying to outrun the screams and the guilt that they drill into him, the boy. Backlit by the westering sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart. Celia sat and looked at the boxes, and wondered what it was about the whole business that upset her. It wasn't so much the spectacle of Mrs. Crawford's mindless parading of an affluence that now meant nothing, she was sure, since she had known the woman for enough years to have expected as much. Surely it couldn't be because she herself had succumbed to the same temptation, for that had been a comparatively minor thing--a single, not very large, sculpture, and not one that had included any precious metals or rare stones. She turned her head to gaze at the piece again--she had placed it in the recess by the corner window--the heads of three children, two boys and a girl, of perhaps ten or twelve, staring upward as if at something terrifying but distant a threat perceived but not yet threatening. But as well as the apprehension in their eyes, the artist had captured a subtle suggestion of serenity and courage that was anything but childlike, and had combined it with the smoothness of the faces to yield a strange wistfulness that was both captivating and haunting. The piece was fifteen years old, the dealer h3 Franklin had told them, and had been made by one of the Founders. Celia suspected that the dealer may have been the artist, but he hadn't reacted to her oblique questions on the subject. Were the expressions on those faces affecting her for some reason? Or did the artist's skill in working the grain around the highlights to simulate illumination from above cause Celia to feel that she had debased a true artistic accomplishment by allowing it to be included alongside the others as just another item to be snatched at greedily and gloated over? Lechat pursed his lips for a second, and then nodded curtly. "It do it," he said simply. He averted his eyes for a moment longer, and then looked across at Celia. The others had read, the same thing and followed his gaze, knowing what they were asking her to do. Colman could see the torment in her eyes as she looked back at Lechat. After all that had happened, she would have to leave the safety and security of Franklin to return to Phoenix, from there to the shuttle base, and then all the way back up to the Mayflower II. There was no other way. Those sagacities and uncounted others are from Mother's Big Book of Street-Smart Advice for the. Lesley turned to Jarvis. "Power the tubes back up and get some more guys down there fast. Put them in suits in case the cupola gets depressurized, and pull Brad's people back into the ramp." a rattle of words raps out of him between guffaws: "Oh, damn . . . I'm splat... in the middle . . . of Forrest. upon identifying him, as will the cowboys and their ilk. Once he's in custody, however, he won't be. was." model? except for all the sweat and your face puffy with a hangover." commotion. Half the Army seemed to have converged on the west gate, where a group of escapees had been run to ground and were shooting it out. When the confusion was at its peak, a series of thunderous explosions blanketed the Detention Wing and the depot with smoke. When the smoke cleared, one of the transporters was gone. No one had been guarding the motor pool. telltale sounds that only born hunters can perceive and properly interpret. put it, but because of a self-destructive impulse. Shot dinnerware explodes in noisy disharmonious chords; bullet-plucked metal racks produce jarring. the woman in the frilly slip, and moonlight painting points on the teeth in her snarl. They're dead serious about it. He says if we tell anyone about them, they'll never bring Luki back. They. wife as a client, you declared that you were his enemy. But he's such a good man, he wants to make you. have initiated hostilities. And the two men wouldn't resort to violence so immediately if they weren't. 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." "I dissociate myself from responsibility for this fiasco entirely," he announced, giving Wellesley an angry look. "I was against fraternization from the beginning, and now we see the results of it. We should have enforced strict segregation until proper relationships were established." hundred yards to the west. Hurrying, he has covered less than half that distance when he hears the dog. He stays away from the restaurant proper, with its tables and red vinyl booths. Instead he goes directly. "Well, I--I can't pretend to know anything about that side of things, sir." Bernard frowned uncomprehendingly. "Yes . . . Why." "Oh, just make it a shot of amaretto," Micky relented, and on the etto, Leilani quietly said, "Milk." dinner sometimes she likes to talk about what she saw squashed on the highway that day. And my. his right nostril. jeans. He smooths the bills and sorts them. Not much to sort. He counts his treasury. Not much to count. "With a friend in Baltimore," she told hint, thus making her capitulation total. She needn't have, she knew, but something compelling inside her wanted that. She knew also that it was Stern's way of forcing her to admit it to herself. The terms were now understood. Ordinarily, nothing made Micky bristle with anger or triggered her stubbornness more quickly than being. "I wish I'd heard them back when I could've helped you." "That was all a long time ago, Aunt Gen." and then even more solid, a whoosh and a thump combined, as a blade might sound if it could slice off. foul-mouthed as my mother, and in return for all my self-discipline, He'll give her as long as she needs to. "What About her?" all the hateful words and throw a few punches instead. "Sure, I know," the girl said, lowering her gaze to her plate, but hesitating with her fork poised over the. The preacher seemed taken aback for a split second, but recovered

quickly. "The world around us," he bellowed, throwing his arms wide. "Is it not there? Do I not see it? Who created it? Tell us. Is that not evidence enough?" Now a flush of happiness pinked her features, and she smiled. "Vernon was a wonderful man, as sweet as. Perhaps Curtis's ass, among others.. seemed to have been dammed into a still pool. Saturated by silence, the house brimmed also with an. "Oh. Yeah. My dog," the boy says, feeling stupid and dismally incompetent at this. As now, however, she sometimes showered without removing the brace. Afterward, she'd have to towel. 81354?dc21 2001049952. The plosive squeal of air brakes, recklessly applied so late, reveals the driver not as a man at the mercy. Sparks seem to fly from rock formations as the steely light reflects off flecks of mica in the stone.. along which terror will come, hissing and smoking, to a sudden detonation.. In spite of a free-spirited tendency to be unrestrained in all things, Sinsemilla had thus far restricted her. no sign of the two silent men who wouldn't stoop to pick up five dollars.. basic Tightness of the world, in the existence of meaning, required courage, because with it came the. the motor home is in the shop for an overhaul, and Dr. Doom won't stay in a hotel or motel because he. confidently as in the most remote and well-disguised bolt-hole. Neither geography nor distance is the key. hateful serpent had slipped under the collar of her T-shirt and along the small of her back.. "Oh, Jay, don't be silly. Come on now--tell me where all this came from..". "But it's there, just the same. And I think maybe ... I was afraid if I ever talked about it, I might let go of..". "Not worth screwing around with," Walters declared. "With three months to go we might ~just as well cut in the backup and to hell with it. Fix the thing after we get there, when the main drive's not running. Why lose pounds sweating in trog-suits?. dinner, and she'll repay you with emotional devastation! Serve her chicken sandwiches, and she'll give..". "It wouldn't have worked," Wellesley countered. "We'd simply have remained shut up behind a fence, ignored, and looking ridiculous..". eventually be her salvation. Or damnation.. "On what I'm doing." The Chironian looked apologetic. "I could talk to him about the marine biology on the east coast of Artemia, putting roofs on houses, or Fermat's theorems of number theory," he offered. "Do you think he might be interested in anything like that?..". makes her more difficult to kill than are ordinary mortals.. Stanislaw touched in some commands, and immediately all references to C Company were replaced by references to D Company. Because the computer said so, D Company was now scheduled for transfer to the ship that evening, and C Company could have an undisturbed night in bed. Stanislaw promptly reset the references to their original forms. The best time to make the switch permanently would be later in the day, with less time for the wrong people to start asking wrong questions.. '~You got it wrong,'" Colman told them. "It's not the little ones at all." He widened his eyes in a parody of lewd anticipation and grinned. "Think of all those grandmothers." Terry and Paula laughed.. fantasy and fairy lore, though always a benign version: a kindly troll or perhaps a good-hearted kobold. what I've always thought. If I'd ever realized differently, I wouldn't have just. . . stood by..". were preserved through centuries by being told and retold in the glow of campfire and hearth light.. Beyond the hard-packed barnyard earth lies a recently mown lawn. A concrete birdbath. Beds of roses.. good. After fleeing the truck stop, these two people wouldn't already be pulling over to rest again. Traffic. treasure, and they won't be distracted.. people are homicidal tooth fetishists.. A gangly, fair-haired figure that had been leaning against a column and idly kicking an empty carton to and fro straightened up as Colman looked at him, then moved toward where they were standing. He stopped with his hands thrust deep in his pockets and grinned awkwardly. Colman stared at the boy in surprise. It was lay Fallows. "What the hell are you doing here?..". establishment, but we still say no to barefoot bozos and all four-legged kind, regardless of how cute they. Worse: If he's in custody, those vicious hunters who killed his family? and the Hammond family.. Leilani in the house of Sinsemilla. Leilani limping ever closer to a bomb-clock birthday, ticking toward. Paul Lechat paced back and forth in agitation across the lounge of the Fallowses' apartment in Cordova Village. "I didn't think the Chironians would go that far." he said. "I thought they would react only against direct violence. Why couldn't they have just let everything die a natural death?..". astonishingly clever tricks. When I saw what potential dogs possess, how smart they can be, I wondered. Sadness found a surprisingly easy purchase in Geneva's smooth, fair, freckled face. "He was so." "Yeah," said Leilani, "and I was out waltzing all night." She stamped her left foot again, rattling her leg. 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..". telling them what to do?"" "Why should they?"" "I said you can stuff it." Suddenly the feeling of intimidation that had haunted Bernard for years was gone. The role that he had allowed himself to be twisted and bent into shriveled and fell away like an old skin being sloughed off. For the first time he was--himself, and free to assert himself as an individual. And on the far side of the desk before him, the granite cathedral cracked apart and collapsed into rubble to reveal . . . nothing inside. It was a sham, just like all the other shams that he had been running from all his life. He had just stopped running.. The pitiable tremor in his voice should be an embarrassment to any self-respecting boy of adventure.. Getting the dog through the window won't be easy, if it comes to that, so it better not come to that.. each of the bastards out, she cared about me less than him, and me less than the new bastard who was. Word by word, the girl quieted almost to a whisper, yet her soft voice had the power to hammer open a. Colman was becoming irritated again. No one on the ship had met a Chironian yet, but everyone was already an expert. All anybody had seen were edited transmissions from the planet, accompanied by the commentators' canned interpretations. Why couldn't people realize when they were being told what to think? He remembered the stories he'd heard in Cape Town about how the blacks in the Bush raped white women and then hacked them to pieces with axes. The black guy that their patrol had interrogated in the village near Zeerust hadn't seemed the kind of person to do things like that. He was just a guy who wanted to be left alone to run his farm, except by that time there

hadn't been much left of it. He'd begged the Americans not to nail his kids to the wall--because that was what his own people had told him Americans did. He said that was why he had fired at the patrol and wounded that skinny Texan five paces ahead of Hanlon. That was why the white South African lieutenant had blown his brains out. But the civilians in Cape Town knew it all because their TV's had told them what to think.. "You wouldn't believe some of the things I can remember," Abdul grunted as they began walking again. "Darned machines... always did just what we told 'em. For a time we thought they were pretty stupid; but it turned out it

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