

THE CRANE THIRD READER

his reflection.. "It's an idea," Bernard said, looking up at Lechat. "But it needs more of what Kath said-impact."..many clothes to allow a boy and a dog to shelter among the shirts and shoes.. "Ah, well, it's not over yet," Hanlon said. His eyes twinkled for a second as he remembered something else. "Oh, by the way, there was another thing I was meaning to tell you," he said to Colman. "We made an arrest over at the shuttle base-just before midnight, it was, when we were about to be relieved.".. "Jay!" Jean exclaimed. "Did you find anywhere nice? -What are those things?".. "Read about him. You'll see.".. "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."..about. What we're dealing with here is Darth Vader with lots of Larry, Curly, and Moe blood in his handsome, so sensitive?"..created a vast wilderness in her mind, where she enjoyed blissful solitude whenever she required it.. "The video 'monitoring points around the ship are all activated at the moment, and I'm coupled into the net. I can see what's going on everywhere. Go ahead. It's okay. The round cover on the wall next to you is an inlet to a trash incinerator. You can use it as an ashtray."..discover a boy and his dog. Surprise freezes her in mid-chew, with her hand halfway to her mouth, and in a crop of fiery red hair snares Curtis by the shirt, nearly causing him to skid off his feet. "Hey, hey, hey!..Discreet, this weeping. The plate of homemade lasagna blurred in front of her, and hot tears slid down..wouldn't be the wrong thing..Pernak had short, jet-black hair, a broad, solid frame, and rubbery features that always fascinated lay with their seemingly endless variety of expressions. He had lectured on physics topics several times at lay's school and had proved popular as much for his entertainment value as for his grasp of the subject matter, which he always managed to make exciting with tantalizing glimpses inside black holes, mind-bending accounts of the first few minutes of the universe, and fantastic speculation about living in twisted spacetimes with unusual geometries. On one occasion he had introduced Feynman diagrams, which represented particles as "world lines" traversing a two-dimensional domain, one axis representing space and the other time. Mathematically and theoretically a particle going forward in time was indistinguishable from its antiparticle going backward in time, and Pernak had offered the staggering conjecture that there might be just one electron in the entire universe--repeating itself over and over by going forward as an electron and backward as a positron. At least, Pernak had pointed out, it would explain why they all had exactly the same charge and mass, which was something that nobody had ever been able to come up with a better reason for..Trying to regain control of his emotions, but still blubbing a little, he says, "I don't know why I offended..stop."..He started to grin automatically. "That's a nice thought, ma'am, but we're under orders and have to stay here. We appreciate it though." And then he frowned. It was happening again. She knew damn well they had to stay there..dog. By bursting into the restaurant with the animal at his side, he's drawn attention to himself when he.. "I will indeed. See you later." Hanlon left, and they heard him forming up the relief guard outside..The murmurs from across the street rose suddenly to catcalls and jeers, accompanied by waving fists and the brandishing of sticks that appeared suddenly from somewhere. Colman turned and saw the black limousine that Howard Kalens had had brought down from the Mayflower II appear at an intersection a block farther along the street and stop near a group of officers standing nearby. Major Thorpe detached himself from the group and walked across. Colman could see Kalens's silver-haired figure talking to the major from the rear seat. Somebody threw a rock, which landed short and clattered harmlessly along the pavement past the feet of the officers. More followed, and several Terrans moved forward threateningly..anger, and so she drank now in the service of Leilani.. "And you're a cop."..Kath laughed and rolled back to stare up at the ceiling. "You're just like us, aren't you," she said. "You don't know where you came from either."..From the highest bowers, a menacing whisper sifts down through branches. Maybe it is nothing more..Bantam Books are published by Bantam Books, a division of Random House, Inc. Its trademark.. "When I wasn't scared anymore. When I was big enough and angry enough to make it stop." Micky's.. "I'd love a piece, thanks," Leilani said..Major Lesley shook his head slowly and continued to stare ahead with a vacant look in his eyes. "This shouldn't be happening," he murmured. "They're not the enemy. They shouldn't be fighting each other.".. "maybe you'll realize your palm-shaded terrace isn't in Heaven."..That was why Colman had no doubt in his mind that the Chironians had had nothing to do with the bombings. He had talked to Kath, and she had assured him no Chironians would have been involved. It was an act of faith, he conceded, but he believed that she knew the truth and had spoken it. The Chironians had reacted to Padawski in the way that Colman had known instinctively that they would-specifically, with economy of effort, and with a surgical precision that had not involved the innocent.. "Does it do-that a lot?" Colman asked from his chair, which had been cleared of a pile of books and some stuffed birds to make room for him. when they had arrived an hour or so earlier..Leaving Colonel Oordsen peering out of the screen, Lesley rose and walked through the door in the steel wall..Sirocco didn't reply at once, then seemed to lose some internal battle with his better judgment. "Swyley thought you were screwing around with Kalens's wife back on the ship."..The second SUV proceeds a hundred yards farther west, and then turns north. A searchlight flares on..She blotted her hands on her shorts..would find courage in a bottle. To form a strategy and to follow through successfully with it, she would..Bernard was nodding but with evident reservations. "True," he agreed. "But it's up in the ship, not down here. And it must be strongly protected. It's a vicious circle- you'd have to get in there to turn the Army around, but they're going to be outside and stopping your getting in until you've done it. How can you break out of it?"..Although they're riding the Hannibal Lecter band bus and running from a pack of terminators who have..As she descended the back steps from Geneva's kitchen, Leilani regretted leaving Micky and Mrs. D so..didn't have any real passion left; drugs of infinite

variety had scorched away all her passion, leaving her. It took a second for Colman to realize what Sirocco was talking about. "Yes ... Why? What are you-." "You said fifty or a hundred thousand." "better if they thought the way the rules said they should, and no good if they didn't." "What do you think?" Bernard asked Colman after a short silence. "Could it be done?" He dries his hands thoroughly on paper towels, but then holds them under one of the hot-air blowers. "You want me to prevail upon Howard to prevent his destroying himself." Old Yeller? he follows the dog's example and holds his breath, the better to detect whatever noise. "We'll use candles later." To avoid brooding too much about her impotence in the matter of Leilani Klonk, Micky loaded the put it, but because of a self-destructive impulse. "She's real protective," the boy assures him. Jay shrugged again. "Protection, maybe." sink and tossed the can into the trash receptacle. "But the fact is that Dr. Doom would never touch me. Lechat agreed that the Chironian culture, far from being a naive and backward experiment that would be absorbed without difficulty into the Terran system, as had been assumed, was highly developed in its own unorthodox way and would not yield readily to changes. The two populations could not simply be left to collide with each other in the hope that an equilibrium would establish itself. Something, somewhere, would blow up before that happened. "Bernard," Kath said quietly from the console screen. Chapter 4. "I said you were in too much of a hurry," Jean said to Bernard. "Just think, all that work for nothing. We should have waited a bit longer for those Chironians to get round to us." eager to put some distance between himself and this complex of buildings. He unclipped the phone from his belt, called Bobby Zoon, and arranged for a ride home. "You could be right, but that's long-term," Lechat replied. "I'm more worried about what might happen in the shorter term. I need help to do something about it." "That's Jay. Jay, this is Bret--Bret Hanlon. He runs one of the other platoons and teaches unarmed combat. Don't mess with him." "Hey, you haven't asked me," Chang said. "I beat that." as though they had been abducted and then displaced in space or time by meddling extraterrestrials. all her strength, trying to hurt it, cut it in half, but again it writhed free, no easier to kill than a serpent of. Perhaps Curtis's ass, among others. "Worming your way into our hearts," Micky continued, because saying our instead of my seemed to. Her eyes rested momentarily on his chevrons. "Are you Sergeant Colman--the one who's interested in engineering?" resulting in splashed upholstery and wet fur. In the console between the seats were molded-plastic. CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT. taken from the open cooler behind him. pocket and held it in front where both of them could watch it, while Swyley deactivated his own. A few seconds later, the faces of Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat appeared on the tiny screen. Colman closed his eyes for a moment and breathed a long, drawn-out sigh of relief. "They made it," he whispered. "They're all in there." CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN. connected scars, as intricate as lacework, decorated or disfigured her forearm, depending on your taste. instinct for survival, traveling into an unknown land, toward an unknowable future. "She couldn't have known," Geneva said, but those four words were more of a question than they were. As she negotiated the fallen pickets and crossed the neglected sun-browned lawn next door, the faint. "The potential's there." anymore, and he kept talking until he was wrung dry of words. Standing at the counter in the near dark, pouring coffee with the care of a blind woman, Micky said, "So. The major sighed wearily. "It doesn't matter. Forget it. Do you know anyone else around here we should try asking?" but which seemed only impossibly difficult now. "So everyone becomes a law unto himself," Merrick concluded. sunshine, the heat, the rumble of the distant freeway traffic, the fragrances of cut grass and sweat-soured. you're in. "Someone is walking beside the trailer, approaching the back where the boy kneels." "Exactly, Jay. What you have is an ascending hierarchy of increasing levels of complexity. At each level, new relationships and meanings emerge that are functions of the level itself and don't exist at all in the levels beneath. For instance, there are twenty-six letters in the alphabet. One letter doesn't carry a lot of information, but when you string them together into words, the number of things you can describe fills a dictionary. When you assemble words into sentences, sentences into paragraphs, and so on up to a book, the variety is as good as infinite, and you can convey any meaning you want. Yet all the books ever written in English only use the same twenty-six letters." She might remain in this state for five or six hours, in rare cases even as long as eight or ten. "What?" Driscoll stared at them aghast. "I've never talked to classes of people. I wouldn't know how to start." "A good time to start practicing then," Ci suggested. He swallowed hard and shook his head. "I have to stay here. This conversation is enough to get me shot as it is." Ci shrugged but seemed content not to make any more of it. "Are you two, er... teachers here or something. like that?" Driscoll asked. of kindness, the kitchen staff might warm at once to him and point him toward his quarry. their bladders: a longer rest stop than they had planned. Yet he'll never elude his pursuers if he remains on. Knowing the creature was dead, she had nevertheless been unable to stop jabbing at it. Out of control. " ? but a bunch of hooey that maybe has a second and more serious purpose," Micky suggested. please don't forget the large bills under the drawer.' "INSIDE THE RESTAURANT, which must have the capacity to seat at least three hundred, the boy, caring staff and comforts, to be an unnatural condition for any form of life. 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?" OUTSIDE DAWN WAS creeping into the sky as Stanislaw sat before a portable communications panel in one corner of the mess hall of the Omar Bradley Block, frowning at the mnemonics appearing on the screen and returning coded commands with intermittent movements of his fingers. Sirocco was watching from below the platform that he had been using for the briefing, while the rest of I) Company, many of them in flak vests and fatigue pants, sat talking in groups or just waiting among the rows of seats scattered untidily to face the platform. The doors and approaches to the building were all covered by lookouts, so there was no risk of surprise interruptions. More tweedles than antitweedles would be projected into a normal universe, and more antitweedles than tweedles into an antiuniverse, and that, according to the Chironian version, was why the universe was composed of matter and not antimatter; the opposite, of course, held for the twin antiuniverse. The

way to obtain antimatter, they therefore reasoned, would be to make a small part of the universe look like an antiuniverse so that tweedlespace could be "fooled" into projecting antitweedles instead of tweedles into it. In other words, instead of expending enormous amounts of energy to create antitweedles from scratch, as was thought to be inescapable by most terrestrial scientists, could they "flip" tweedles into antitweedles in the matter they already had? However, were the bashing of the side window, Noah's eruption from the Chevy, and the gleeful capering. "For Christ's sake, that's TV fiction. She doesn't exist." Really--you just walk in and help yourself. That's how they do things here... for everything." "This July third, just passed, made eighteen years." Celia sank back into her seat and closed her eyes with a nod and a sigh of relief. One of the figures in the darkness wanted to know how come somebody called Stanislaw knew how to fly something like this; Another voice replied that his father used to steal them from the government. Veronica emitted a semi audible gasp as the glass slipped from her fingers and spilled down her coat. She snatched up her bag and straightened up from her seat in a single movement; the escorts merely raised their heads for a second or two as she hurried to the rear, holding her coat away from her body and brushing off the liquid with her hand. The matron did not rise from her seat just across the aisle; there was nothing aft but a few more seats, the restroom, and lockers used by the crew. The flight-attendant with short red hair who walked by with a blanket under her arm and disappeared into the forward cabin less than ten seconds later blended so naturally into the background that none of the escorts really even noticed her. Denial, knocked the breath out of her. "Not anymore," Micky said, surprised to hear herself reply at all, let alone so revealingly. 3. Missing children? Fiction. Farnhill looked uneasy and seemed a trifle awkward. "Well, as far as I could gather, a woman known as Kath seems to be in charge of a lot of it . . . as much as anybody's in charge of anything in this place. I haven't actually met her though." The aircraft touched down softly, and a pair of double doors slid open halfway along the side nearest to the reception party. A tall, burly, red-bearded Chironian wearing a dark parka with a thick belt buckled over it jumped out, followed by another, similarly clad but more slender and catlike. More figures became visible inside when the cabin light came on. Laid out neatly along the floor behind them were two rows of plastic bundles the size of sleeping bags. At least she knew the excuse was a lie. She supposed that her inability to fully deceive herself might. He grinned at the joke as he, turned to lead the way. Farnhill didn't seem to appreciate the humor. "A boy of twenty-three," Kalens had said a few minutes previously. "Who was entrusted to us as a child to be given a chance to live a life of opportunity on a new world free of chains and fetters . . . to live his life with pride and dignity as God intended-cut down when he had barely glimpsed that world or breathed its air. Bruce Wilson did not die yesterday. His life ended when he was three years old." - "It behooves us, therefore, to be mindful of these things as we address ourselves, with faith in our mission and confidence that comes with the knowledge that our cause is His will, to the task ahead of..." An SD sergeant interrupted from behind Lesley. "They're here sir. Carriers coming through the lock." They looked round to find the first vehicles crammed with troops, many of them in suits, and weaponry slowing down as they passed through the space between the lock doors, and then speeding up again without stopping as they were waved on through. More followed, their occupants looking formidable and determined, and Lesley gave orders for them to be directed between the remaining three feeder ramps to get close to the Battle Module at all four of its access points. 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. She glanced down at her feet. No snake. Too quickly, she might invite accusations of rudeness. Her mother imposed no rules or standards on her. supermarket. "This is an announcement of the gravest importance; it affects every member of the Mayflower II Mission," Wellesley began, speaking in a clear but ominous voice. "I am addressing you all in my full capacity as Director of this Mission. General Borftein is with me as Supreme Commander of all military forces. Recently, treason in its vilest and most criminal form has been attempted. That attempt has failed. But in addition to that, a deception has been perpetrated which has involved defamation - of the Chironian character, the fomenting of violence to serve the political ambitions of a corrupt element among us, and the calculated and cold-blooded murder of innocent people by our own kind. I do not have to remind you. have been smoothed out oilier crushed features and a plain profile constructed from the ruins. Insurance. force her to reveal her vulnerability before Sinsemilla. He remembered lay's mentioning a physicist from the labs in the Princeton module who said that human societies were the latest phase in the same process of evolution that had begun billions of years ago when the universe started to condense out of radiation. Evolution was a business of survival. Which would survive at all in the long run, he wondered the puppets who thought what they were told to think and killed each other over things they needn't have cared about, or the Corporal Swyleys who stayed out of it and weren't interested as long as they were left alone? Leilani's heart pumped, pumped the bellows of her lungs, and breath blew from her in quick hard gusts. Curtis finds the window latch and slides one pane aside. He thrusts his head out of the window, cranes and a scarlet cotton blouse covered the other. This quality of light flattered Sinsemilla. Bindles, kilos, eighteen-wheeler under his butt. As she drew closer, she noticed that the hatbox was perforated by two parallel, encircling lines of small. "A hundred?" anger might overwhelm her. She wanted to lash out at someone on Leilani's behalf, take a hard satisfying. Leading with her good leg, dragging her left, long-practiced grace abandoned, hard-won dignity lost. "I agree," Marcia Quarrey said. She looked at Borftein. "If that's the case, then sending in the SD's would only confirm their fears. It would be the worst thing we could do." "It's not subject to finite arithmetic," Pernak agreed. "But why does it have to be? Our ideas of currency are based on its being backed by a finite standard because that's all we've ever known. The gold-standard behind the Chironians' currency is the power of their minds, which they consider to be an infinite resource. Therefore they do their accounting with a calculus of infinities. You take something from infinity, and you've still got infinity left." He shrugged. "It's consistent. I know it sounds crazy to us, but it fits with the way they think". folks, but it's a warm bath for others. You'll find

work, sweetie."her spherical body, she boasts a colossal mass of lustrous auburn hair, twisted and braided and flared."Okay, so you track it all back to the Big Bang," Jay said at last. "Then where do you go?".followed seemed to be charged with some supernatural energy, as the aura of an elemental spirit might

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