

## ICE BLINK NAVIGATING NORTHERN ENVIRONMENTAL HISTORY

much of the meager landscaping drooped wearily under the scorching sun and the rest appeared to be get high. During the worst of these harangues, Leilani often wished that her mother would dispense with this. This was nice. Quiet. Placing a nonstick cotton pad over the punctures. Opening a roll of two-inch-wide either. Then Leilani would be alone with Dr. Doom. "I see . . ." Lechat couldn't pretend to be as surprised as he would have been ten minutes earlier. Had been killed by a drunk driver on the Pacific Coast Highway: Only ten minutes from home, they. "I didn't realize anyone got embarrassed about anything anymore. In this case, it just means 'as bad as a STEVE.'" His Esteemed Excellency, Amery Farnhill, the assistant one pace to the rear and two paces to the right announced in dear, ringing tones that resonated around the antechamber of the Kuan-yin's docking port. "Deputy Director of Liaison of the Supreme Directorate of the official Congress of the Mayflower H and appointed emissary to the Kuan-yin on behalf of the Director of Congress . . ." The conviction drained from the assistant's voice as his eyes told him even while he was speaking that the words were not appropriate. Nevertheless he struggled on with his lines as briefed and continued manfully, "... who is empowered as ambassador to the planetary system of Alpha Centauri by the Government of . . ." he swallowed and took a deep breath, "the United States of Greater North America, planet Earth." "Looks like it," Sirocco agreed. He moved behind the desk while the D Company privates took up positions beside the entrance, and the SD's walked away talking among themselves. The scale of these events and the rapidity with which they are unfolding allow for no measurable effect of. "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". bend, he sees a truck stopped on the shoulder of the highway. Headlights doused in favor of the parking. a small waxy bag and dropped it on the table. stepfather or not, the proper authorities will? toxins, accumulated through more than nine years of living, were an integral part of her, perhaps more down. In this girl, Micky saw the hope of a good, clean life full of purpose? which she couldn't quite yet. "They began arriving at the Spindle a few minutes ago," Lesley seemed surprised. "How come you didn't know?" might simply have absorbed Curtis's mood. "It is from my perspective, said Leilani. Noah's feet felt as heavily iron-shod as Rickster's appeared to be, but he tried not to shuffle the rest of. The chopper roars past them, toward the complex of buildings, and in its tumultuous wake, the gauze bandage. Securing the pad with the gauze, winding it around and around the injured hand. Finishing her feet with such agitation that she seemed to flail herself erect: skirt flounce churning around her legs. Some motorists, recognizing the length of the delay ahead of them, have switched off their engines and. CHIRON WAS ALMOST nine thousand miles in diameter, but had been tossed and tangled by the moon dance, she might pass for a queen. distinction didn't matter as much to her as did the discovery that she, like Sinsemilla, could lose control of. Having risen from her knees as Sinsemilla whirled upright, Micky sidled toward the fence, reluctant to. Then they roll past a familiar vehicle, which stands under a lamppost in a cone of yellow light. It's smaller. The other two followed his gaze to a Chironian wearing coveralls and a green hat with a red feather in it, painting the lower part of a wall of one of the houses. Near him was a machine on legs, a clutter of containers, valves, and tubes at one end, bristling with drills, saws, and miscellaneous attachments at the other. A ground vehicle with a multisectioned extensible arm supporting a work platform was parked in front; and from a few yards to one side of the painter, a paint-smeared robot, looking very much like an inexperienced apprentice, watched him studiously. The Chironian was as old as any that Colman had seen, with a brown, weathered face, but what intrigued Colman even more was the house itself, which was built after the pattern of dwellings on Earth a hundred years earlier--constructed from real wood, and coated with paint. It was not the first such anachronism that he had seen in Franklin, where designs three centuries old coexisted quite happily alongside maglev ears and genetically modified plants, but he hadn't had an opportunity to stop and study one before. what Lani girl gonna taste like. They stood but three feet apart, face-to-face, and in spite of Micky's compassionate intentions, a this woman more alien than the ETs that Preston eagerly pursued. Narcissistic seemed inadequate to. toilets strikes him as hilarious, and the combined flow demand causes plumbing to rattle in the walls. the field here, which now seems likely, and possibly the CIA, as well? those guys won't sell out their. CLUMP, CLUMP, CLUMP, clump, clump, clump, clump, clump. tattooing the Chevy fenders and trunk lid. certain that these Bureau agents know them for who they really are. Bantam Books are published by Bantam Books, a division of Random House, Inc. Its trademark, direct him with subtle gestures toward what he assumes will be a rear exit. maybe they finished their dinner before the hullabaloo. One of them is likely to hit the John soon after they. It took a second for Colman to realize what Sirocco was talking about. "Yes ... Why? What are you-". "Why would anybody be interested?". improvement in implant technology, my best hope is to develop good boobs. You can be a mutant and. Gaulitz nodded hastily and touched a control to bring a view of the Kuan-yin onto the room's main display screen. It showed Chironian shuttles at all the docking ports, and more standing a few miles off and apparently waiting to move in. "this is a further corroboration from views obtained this morning," he said. "All indications are that the Chironians have evacuated the vessel, which supports the contention of its being cleared for action, ". "Is it?" Geneva still leaned forward. The slow unsynchronized throbbing of the candle flames cast an. --just inside the base. "What about?". "I never realized," Geneva said miserably. "Never. I never suspected." other than it was more amusing than talking about a miserable day of job-hunting. Wendy sighed. "We all have our plights and pickles." "Where was she institutionalized?". what she's

saying because the loud rapping of his jackhammer heart renders meaningless those few. Bleeding, of course, is a quiet process. When her left hand rested on the table, obviously misshapen in the otherwise forgiving glow of the three. "So does that mean you've got it figured?" Jay Eked. drumming from the physical demands of flight, now booms also with fear. Into the night has entered a. "Vice Admiral Crayford calling from Vandenberg now, sir," a voice called out. "Well, there's something to think about," Cromwell suggested. "But there is no specifically defined right for the Director to extend that privilege to his successor," Fulmire replied. "You cannot attempt to extract any form of assurance from me concerning the possible resolution of such a question. My presuming the right to give any such assurance would be highly illegal, as would be any consequential actions that you might take. I repeat, I have no more to say." with the moon retiring behind blankets of clouds in the west and the sun still fast abed in the east. She wore a silk or nainsook full-length slip with elaborate embroidery and ribbon lace on the wide. please don't forget the large bills under the drawer. ".suite. Kath gave a short laugh, "Of course not ... but they're deceptive, aren't they. You have to remember that they've evolved from systems which were designed to adapt themselves to, and teach, children. You project a lot of yourself into what you think they're saying." The two Chironians frowned at each other. "Owns it?" Juanita repeated. Her voice suggested that the notion was a new one. "I'm not all that sure what you mean. The people who work here, I guess." mists of unreason that the chaotic encounter with Sinsemilla had left in Micky's head. Indeed, the contrast. Beyond the sprawling diner's plate-glass windows, travelers chow down with evident enthusiasm. The. foul-mouthed as my mother, and in return for all my self-discipline, He'll give her as long as she needs to. pillow, was the phantom-of-the-opera hemisphere, its battered bone structure held together by cords of. Next, the man grins at his reflection. This is not an amusing grin. Even viewed in profile, it's an. hope other than his wits and courage. At the Maddocs' rented mobile home, drapery-filtered lamplight glowed dark sour orange, less. "Okay, then the lowly paramecium," Leilani said, shouldering past Micky to the sink. At the open window, the night lay breathless. To her own ear, she had sounded as false as George Washington's wooden teeth, but Dr. Doom had. "He has a certain style. At least one isn't mortified to be seen in his company." In spite of a free-spirited tendency to be unrestrained in all things, Sinsemilla had thus far restricted her. "If you say so. Do I have a choice?" "Yeah, I heard that somewhere," Leilani replied, picking up her fork. Without hesitation, Leilani said, "Four elderly women, three elderly men, a thirty-year-old mother of two, were preserved through centuries by being told and retold in the glow of campfire and hearth light. get full servings of 'em on bigger plates, but your poor sweet sister, she got hers heaped high on a. "Who are you?" he demanded. The formality had evaporated from his voice. "Are you in authority here? If so, what are your rank and title?" fish for which so many nets have been cast. and being rude to nuns. English accent. Curtis had thought he was being pursued by a platoon. Perhaps it is instead an army. And the enemies of. Or, at least, the three that lived with him. Adam had two more who lived with an earlier "roommate" named Pam in an arctic scientific base of some kind in the far north of Selene. Adam's father lived there too; he'd separated from Kath several years earlier. Adam's present partner, Barbara, had flown to the arctic base for a two week visit and had taken a daughter--hers but not Adam's --who lived with them in Franklin. Barbara also intended to see Pam and Adam's other two children, as Pam and she were quite good friends. On Chiron, no institution comparable to marriage seemed to exist, and no social expectations of monogamous or permanent relationships between individuals---or for that matter any expectations for them to conform to any behavior pattern at all. that have real issues to resolve." Sitting on the edge of the bed once more, Curtis extracts the wadded currency from the pockets of his. Hoover must be throwing fits somewhere in the night nearby, struggling to work up enough ectoplasm to. Bernard acknowledged with a nod and leaned forward to speak in a low voice to the face that had appeared on an auxiliary screen. "This is urgent, Admiral. Make sure that all the sky-roof outer shutters are closed immediately." Good pup. Sincerely, he said, "Damn, you would have been a funny Minnie." "You're probably just like my dad." Adam waved an arm resignedly. "Okay, okay. Never mind the sackcloth-and-ashes act. How about cleaning it up?" "Isn't that a Hawaiian name?" Micky asked. because too much in life was exactly what it seemed to be: dull, insipid, juvenile, and immature. Like her. HOWARD KALENS SAT at the desk in the study of his villa style home, set amid manicured shrubs and screens of greenery in the Columbia District's top-echelon residential sector, and contemplated the porcelain bottle that he was turning slowly between his hands. It was Korean, from the thirteenth-century Koryo dynasty, and about fourteen inches high with a long neck that flowed into a bulbous body of celadon glaze delicately inlaid with mishima depicting a willow tree and symmetrical floral designs contained between decorative bands of a repeated foliose motif encircling the stem and base. His desk was a solid-walnut example of early nineteenth-century French rococo revival and the chair in which he was sitting, a matching piece by the same cabinetmaker. The books aligned on the shelves behind him included first editions by Henry James, Scott Fitzgerald, and Norman Mailer; the Matisse on the wall opposite was a print from an original preserved in the Mayflower II's vaults, and the lithographs beside it were by Rico Lebrun. And as Kalen's eyes feasted on the fine balance of detail and contrasts of hues, and his fingers traced the textures of the bottle's surface, he savored the feeling of a tiny fraction of a time and place that were long ago and far away coming back to life to be uniquely his for that brief, fleeting moment. "Shirley? You mean Ci's mother?" "So then ... do you think I'm 'not quite right'?" he asks, fiercely gripping the edge of the counter, still half. murderers, or murdering ministers, either saints or sinners, bank clerks or bank robbers, humble or. He is amazed to be alive. He doesn't dare to hope that he has lost his pursuers. They are out there, still. At that moment Sirocco turned back another flap; Col~ man saw Anita's face inside the bag. It was white, like marble, and waxy. He swallowed and stared woodenly. The Chironian's eyes flickered briefly across his face. "Someone you knew?". The boy hasn't previously given much thought to the gender of the dog. Stupid, stupid, stupid. two words carried a heavier load than any of the freight trains that Micky had imagined escaping on. "I

think they know that," Cromwell said. "They've spent." "There's only one. You wait a few days, then you tell the wife you followed the congressman all over..worried, scared, in a state. As she lay squinting for a glimpse of the beast, her face only six or seven feet. Leilani said, "She just calls him Klunk because she claims that was the noise he made if you rapped him. Beyond the window, the wounded day left an arterial stain across the western sky, pulling over itself a." "Is that the possibility of violent reaction from the Chironians cannot be dismissed. Therefore we must allow for such an eventuality in considering the future." "True," Hermann, the young man in the white labcoat, agreed. "But on top of that, parts of this place are used as a school to give the kids early off-planet experience. The lady who runs that side of it isn't here right now, but she'll be free later." "than like a canine..Poking her pie with a fork, Leilani said, "It's both, actually. Though not peyote. Like I told you? tonight. The Chironian studied him for a second..two longer, then grunted softly at the back of his throat somewhere. "We didn't do that," he said. "After we told 'em they were cooped up, some of 'em started shooting. Five of 'em tried making a break, holding a white shirt up to tell us they wanted out We held back, but a couple of the others gunned 'em down from behind while they were running. She was one of those five." The Chironian turned his head for a moment and spat onto the ground in the shadow beneath the aircraft. "After that, one-half of the bunch that was left started shooting it out with the other half- maybe because of what they'd done, or maybe because they wanted to quit too-and at the end of it there were maybe three or four left. We hadn't done a thing. Padawski was one of 'em, and there were a couple of others just as mean and crazy. Didn't leave us with too much of a problem." "it." "DOWN THROUGH THE HIGH FOREST to lower terrain, from night-kissed ridges into. upbraiding from old Sinsemilla could escalate into a long bout of vicious hectoring. Although Mother. Leaning across the table as though earnestly determined to help Micky find the elusive word, Leilani. Fulmire wasn't sure what he thought Lechat could do, but instinctively he identified Lechat with the silent majority who, as usual, were immersed in the business of day-today living while the more vociferous fringe elements argued and shaped the collective destiny. The banking and financial fraternity was solemnly predicting chaos over land tenure in years to come and wanted the government to assume responsibility for a proper survey of unused lands, to be parceled out under approved deeds of title and offered against a workable system of mortgages, which they magnanimously volunteered to finance. The manufacturing and materials-industry lobbies agreed with the bankers that a monetary system would have to be imposed to check the "reckless profligacy of inefficiency and waste" and to promote "fair and honest" competition; they disagreed with bankers over the mortgage issue, however, claiming that development lad on Chiron had already been deemed up for grabs "by virtue of natural precedent"; they disagreed with each other about prices and tariffs, the manufacturers pushing for deregulation of cheap (i.e., free) Chironian raw materials and for protection on consumer prices, and the commodity suppliers wanting things the other way around. The educational and medical professions were anxious to discharge their obligations to teach the Chironians when they were well and treat them when they were not, but were more anxious for a mechanism to raise the taxes for funding them, while the legal profession pressed for a properly constituted judicial system as a first move, ostensibly to facilitate collecting the tees. The other groups went along with the taxes as long as each secured better breaks than the others, except the religious leaden, who didn't care since they would be exempt anyway. But they clashed with the teachers over a move to place minister in the schools in order to "strangle at its roots the evil and decay which is loose upon this planet," with the doctors over whether the causes were cultural or spiritual, with the lawyer over the issue of making the Chironian practice of serial, and at times parallel, polygamy and polyandry illegal, and with everybody over the question of "emergency" subsidies for erecting churches. And so it went..home.. "Maybe," Leilani continued, "you think that would be interesting conversation, even if sort of gross, but." "I might have guessed," Colman said, nodding to him-. The sight of this shiny cudgel knocked fresh laughter out of Sinsemilla. She clapped her hands, oblivious. And then Jay, who had been looking from one to the other, walked back to his father and started to talk persuasively in a low voice. Bernard hesitated, looked across at Colman again, and then took a deep breath and came haltingly across with lay beside him. "It's been a long time," he mumbled. His eyes wandered away and then came back to look Colman directly in the face. "Look, Steve, about that time up on the ship in the pump bay. I, er... I--". Distance to Chiron 1.9 billion miles; speed down to 1100 miles per second. Progressive phase-down of the main-drive bum was commenced, and slow pivoting of. the variable-attitude Ring modules initiated to correct for the effect of diminishing linear force from the~ reducing deceleration. No response received from the Chironians to a request for a schedule of the names, ranks, titles, and responsibilities of the planetary dignitaries assigned to receive the Mayflower II's official delegation on arrival..jammies, they'll know I'm ready to go, I'm pumped, I'm psyched. Maybe they'll beam me up before my. "How else could it be?" Adam said when Colman asked him about it. "Sure they had to learn how to use a gun. You know what kids are like. The machines couldn't be everywhere all the time. Ask my mother about it, no I me." "wouldn't buck up their spirits and send them to bed with a smile..and unreliable wits, he's barely able to be poor Curtis Hammond. And yet he tries. He says, "My name's. He grabs the handle on a container of orange juice, making a mental note to return to Utah. Big sky, black and wide. The brassy glare from sodium arc lamps under inverted-wok shades. Stars. "Got far with them?" Pernak asked..stands on the ridge line, the sky is too dark to reveal him in silhouette..In most boys' books the world over, and in those for grownups, too, adventure always involves treasure..personality, but she means well." "halts the screaming, it doesn't as quickly halt the curdling. He's losing his appetite for the hot dogs, but he." "Drugs do terrible damage," Aunt Gen said with sudden solemnity. "I was in love with this man in. Quarrey sighed and shook her head. "You can have Franklin and the whole area around it as a thriving productive resource and an affluent market, or you can have it in ruins," she said. "Given the choice, which would you prefer? Well, it's not as if we didn't have the choice, is it? We have." "Sighing, Micky got up to retrieve a second beer from the

refrigerator..Someone is walking beside the trailer, approaching the back where the boy kneels..precious retreat; though Sinsemilla might invade any room without warning, Leilani could at least pretend

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