

## LEARNING TO LOVE ME CREATIVE WRITING JOURNAL

"On your way." One of the troopers nudged him in the ribs with a rifle butt and guided him toward the stairs behind Anita and Ramelly, who was being helped by the medic and another of the SD's. Colman watched until they had all left, then returned to the others. The Chironians had both complied with the Mayflower II's advance request for surface accommodation and anticipated their own future needs .at the same time by developing Canaveral City and its environs in the direction of Franklin to a greater degree than their own situation then required. So far about a quarter of the Mayflower II's population had moved to the surface, but the traffic was slowing down since they were not moving out into more permanent dwellings as rapidly as the Chironians had apparently assumed, mainly because the Directorate had instructed them to stay where they were. Room to house more was running out, and those left in the ship were, understandably, becoming restless..the anger. Anger's kept me going all my life, Aunt Gen. If I let it go, what do I have then?". "I'll have to keep that option open until we see how things shape up." Colman said. "But you're right-we've got enough men now to have a squad standing by and suited up." "And then what?" Swley said. "You've still got to bomb your way down the feeder ramps and get into the Battle Module. Even if you ended up with any guys left by the time you reached it, there'd be plenty of time for it to get up to flight readiness before you could blow the locks." "She should have grown drowsy, at least lethargic, but her mind hummed more busily than the traffic, and..At least she knew the excuse was a lie. She supposed that her inability to fully deceive herself might." "From what Jerry Pernak told us it must have to do with antimatter," Jay said. "The Chironians are into a whole new world of particle theory. That means they can produce lots of antimatter economically. With that they could make matter-antimatter annihilation bombs, superintense radiation sources, guided antimatter beams, maybe who knows? But it has to be something like that." "Driscoll didn't have a ready answer to that. Besides, he was too conscious of the desire for a cigarette to be philosophical. He turned his head to look first one way and then the other along the corridor, and then looked back at the robot. "Can you tell if any of our people are near here?" "Good enough?" Sirocco asked, cocking an eyebrow at Lechat..girl mean bidness!".useful or when you wanted paramedics. If you were on the road in unknown territory, you could pull.more than once this time. Her thin cold complaints melted into a moan of abject misery, and the moan quickly..them to the silken gloom and the suety glow of the candle flames..Here came that unsettling shift in the girl's eyes, like a sudden muddy tide washing through clean water,.Drying her hands on a dishtowel, she turned to the girl. "I don't have any suspicions. I'm just saying, if." "That's monumentally romantic, Mrs. D, but as my mother's proved with numerous doper boyfriends, it..Leaning forward from the pillows, old Sinsemilla Cleopatra spoke with a smiling insistence that Leilani..To many people, the face of a victim of severe Down syndrome inspired pity, embarrassment, disquiet..sort of the way college students go to Fort Lauderdale every spring break. And isn't it amazing, really,." "Girl, don't say such things!" Geneva admonished. "Someone will believe you. We were playing..stocked with a plastic tumbler and an ice bucket. In the bottom drawer of her small dresser, she kept a..whenever they need it. For the time being, however, they are spared the humiliation of committing..flourish..Jay nodded and smiled. "You're right. We did." "I remember him shooting Vernon. I wish I didn't, but] do." Earlier, sadness had cast a gray shadow." "Perhaps it would be of benefit if I were to summarize the situation that now exists," Stern suggested, "We com..The debate continued for some time, but Wellesley was still the Mission Direct6r 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."..borne out; and although her hope had grown stronger, perhaps her faith had not..Jay had turned pale and was sitting motionless~ Colman's eyes blazed up at Padawski. Padawski's leer broadened. With odds of three-to-one and Jay in the middle, he knew Colman would sit tight and take it. Padawski peered more closely at Jay and blew a stream of beefy breath across the table..In the hallway, he encountered a nurse pushing a stainless-steel serving cart: a petite raven-haired..the police..brutally murdered his family, come down through the mountains to the back door of the Hammond..herself, and honest enough to admit to the shame, though dishonest enough to try to avoid facing up to..I thought you might need a hand with these so I did them last night. If my hunch is right, things have probably gotten a bit difficult for you. There's no sense in upsetting people who don't mean any harm. Take it from me, he's not such a bad guy.. "I don't have any idea what you're talking around," Micky lied. "That's for you to tell me . . . when you're." "We'll have to keep the unit intact in case there's a showdown," Sirocco murmured. "And I suppose we'll have to play along with Stormbel for the time being if we want to be free to move." He turned away and moved toward the far wall to think silently for a few moments longer, then wheeled about and nodded. "Okay. Bret, you have to leave for the base right away. Just hope that that Veronica comes off that shuttle, and use your own initiative to get her out. That's all you have to worry about so, on your way." Hanlon nodded and disappeared back through the Orderly Room. "Steve," Sirocco said. "Pick anyone you want to send to Franklin, and wet just have to leave the rest of that side of things to Kath. You vanish when you've done that, and do whatever you have to do to get Celia out and over to the Fallowses' place. When you've collected the other two people from there, take them all to the post between the north checkpoint and the rear of the construction site by the freight yard. Maddock's section will be manning that sector from midnight to 0400. They know how to distract the SDs, and I'll make sure they're expecting you." Colman nodded and tuned to follow in the direction which Hanlon had gone. "Oh, and Steve," Sirocco called as a new thought struck him. Colman stopped at the door and looked back. "You say you know Fallows fairly well?". "I love your nasty mouth." "Now you're in a gang with a future." "Been having a

nice chat, have you?" Sirocco asked. "Well, yes, actually, I suppose, sir. How did you know?" Sirocco waved at the corridor behind him. "Because it's happening everywhere else, that's how. Carson's talking football, and Maddock is telling some kids about what it was like growing up on the Mayflower II." He sighed but didn't sound too ruffled about it. "If you can't beat 'era, then join 'era, eh, Driscoll... for an hour or so, anyway. And besides, they want to show Colman something in the observatory upstairs. I don't understand what the hell they're talking about." "I see . . ." Lechat couldn't pretend to be as surprised as he would have been ten minutes earlier. Micky said, "Some of your brother's problems ... It sounds like surgery could have helped at least a. Bernard stared at his glass for a few seconds, then shook his head again. "I can't buy it," he said. "We've never seen anything or heard any mention of anything to do with strategic weapons. Where are they supposed to be?" Communications between Earth and the Kuan-yin had been continuous since the robot's departure in 2020, although not conducted in real-time because of the widening distance and progressively increasing propagation delay. The first message to the Chironians arrived when the oldest were in their ninth year, which was when the response had arrived from Earth to the Kuan-yin's original signal. Contact had continued ever since with the same built-in nine-year turn-round factor. The Mayflower II, however, was now only ten light-days from Chiron and closing; hence it was acquiring information regarding conditions on the planet that wouldn't reach Earth for years. "Not if you don't want to, I guess." "Go ahead." "But you saw where the paths led." risk of being flattened by the speeding truck, because it would have to plow through too many. "Good pup." 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 colon, 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. He feels for the light switch and clicks it on and immediately off, just to get a glimpse of his surroundings. The woman stopped and ran her eye curiously over their faces for a moment while they shuffled and straightened up self-consciously. "You don't have to stand around out here like this as far as we're concerned, you know," she said. "You can come on inside if you want. How about a coffee, and maybe something to eat?" The faces turned instinctively toward Colman as he rejoined them. pale blue smoke and appear to stutter on the pavement. hot as her anger had been in the past, but it had the potential to quicken. The long day of rejection left her. her nook was a private place. But the snake won't allow even a pretense of privacy. She'll have no. "Dr. Doom. They've been together four and a half years now. See, there's even kismet for crackpots." "Stop this now," Borftein advised grimly. "How much of the Army do you think will follow you?" Reaper's robe. The truck passes too fast for the boy to see who is driving or if anyone is riding shotgun. "Tell the men to stand down," he said quietly to Jarvis. "Deprime the intruder systems and revert the lock to condition green. Move everybody forward to the outer lock and deploy to secure against attack from the Battle Module. Chaurez, get those men down there inside. We're going to need all the help we can get." With that he turned and strode out of the observation room to descend to the lock below. 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?" upbraiding from old Sinsemilla could escalate into a long bout of vicious hectoring. Although Mother. "It doesn't matter," Colman told him. "It's different in different places. It might be the best hunter in the village or the guy who's killed the most lions. It might be the way you paint your face. Through most of history it's been money. What you buy with it isn't important. What's important is that the things you buy say to all the other guys, 'I've got what it takes to earn what you have to, to buy all this stuff, and you haven't. Therefore I'm better than you.' That's what it's all about." supply of cheap lemon-flavored vodka. "I'm not sure... maybe fifty. We've left most of them back down the ramp covering the lock out of the cupola." Roughly 35 percent of Chiron's surface was land, the bulk of it distributed among three major continental masses. The largest of these was Terranova, a vast, east-west sprawling conglomeration of every conceivable type of geographic region, dominating the southern hemisphere and extending from beyond the pole {o cross the equator at its most northerly extremity. Selene, with its jagged coastlines and numerous islands, was connected to the western part of Terranova via an isthmus that narrowed to a neck below the equator; Artemis lay farther to the east, separated by oceans. "I say a lot of stuff. Not all of it means anything." At the gap in the broken fence, the girl stopped and. CHIRON WAS ALMOST nine thousand miles in diameter, but. corner a life-size plastic model of a human skeleton hangs from a metal stand, grinning as if death is great. pyrotechnics. "You've never been to New Orleans," Micky affectionately reminded her. "I still don't understand the politics behind it all though," he said to the two Chironians who were accompanying him and Jay toward the cafeteria in the Administration Building in front of the main reactor site, where they were due to have lunch. One of them was a young Polynesian named Nanook, who worked with control instrumentation; the other was a slightly younger, pale-faced

blonde called Juanita, who dealt with statistics and forecasts and seemed to be more involved with the economic side of the business. Kath herself had taken her leave earlier, explaining that she was expecting another party of visitors. Bernard spread his hands in an imploring gesture. "I mean... who owns the place? Who decides the policies for running it?" Bernard nodded grimly, but his expression did not contain the dismay that it might have. Evidently he had been half-prepared for the news. "Borftein's been checking on that possibility," he said. "It'll be forty minutes before the Kuan-yin goes behind the rim. Stern won't launch before then." The shower wasn't as safe as the tub. Whenever she took off her leg brace, she was hesitant to risk. "Probably this lemonade," said Leilani. Surprising the boy, she affectionately squeezes his right hand. "Whenever people think they're smarter. Picking up Micky's second can of Budweiser from the table, the girl said, "There's at least a million. SWAT squad, but more accurately a SWAT platoon. Shiny black riot helmets. Shatterproof acrylic face. When Noah leaned close to have a look, Rickster's hands parted hesitantly; a wary oyster, jealous of its. Do you believe in life after death?" "Oh, Mrs. D, I disagree. People dressing up in big weird animal suits where you can't see their top drawer on the nearest nightstand. Inside, among articles of no use to him, are a pair of white plastic. The restaurant employees are protesting less, maybe because the hunters' steely indifference to every. "It's not a story they'll hear from him. He says the ETs don't want publicity. This isn't just alien modesty. Bouncing on the bed, giggling prettily, old Sinsemilla relived the comic moment: "Snake goes boing!" "Oh, I see." fetal position. Wordless throughout her brother's monologue, she remained mute now. "Jerry said some interesting things, and they make some sense," Bernard answered, setting the jig down on the bench before him, and sitting back on his stool. "The Chironians might have some strange ways, but they have a lot of respect-for us as well as for each other. That's not such a bad way for people to be. Sure, maybe we're going to have to learn to get along without some of the things we're used to, but there are compensations." against the stable of his ribs. grass, she edged backward. Paula was looking at him impishly. "Do you think you could beat mine?" she asked in a curious voice. she was caught in a trap nobody could pry open for her, that to have any hope of escape, she must chew. comparatively genteel murderer, you nevertheless didn't want to be alone with him any more than you. that hope, that love and goodness? it's still inside you. No one can take the gifts God gave you. Only. "Well done, Stanislaw," Sirocco said. "Let's hope that the repeat performance will be as good later today." Micky hurried to her, knelt at her side. "What's wrong? Are you all right?" Corporal Swyley wasn't saying anything, which was significant because Swyley was usually a pretty good judge of what was what. His silence meant that he didn't agree with what was being said. When Swyley agreed with something, he said he didn't agree. When he really didn't agree, he said nothing. He never said he agreed with anything. When he had decided that he felt fine after the dietitian discovered the standing order for spinach and fish, the Medical Officer hadn't been able to accuse him of faking anything because Swyley had never agreed with anybody that he was sick; all he'd said was that he had stomach cramps. The M.O. had diagnosed that anybody with stomach cramps on his own time had to be sick. Swyley hadn't. In fact, Swyley had disagreed, which should have been obvious because he hadn't said anything. Sirocco tossed out a hand, signaling that he disclaimed responsibility. "Oh, he saw the way she was talking to you when you were on ceremonial at that July Fourth exhibition last year. That was one thing. Do you remember that?" "Toast done twice." "And I am on early duty tomorrow," Colman said. He grinned again, and she smiled back impishly, "So why are we still here?" they asked together. he'd drag us all along, as usual, but once he unhitched the SUV that we tow behind the motor home, he. The capsule arrived, and Jay fell silent while he digested what Pernak had said. As they climbed inside, Jay entered a code into the panel by the door to specify their destination in the Jersey module, and they sat down on an empty pair of facing seats as the capsule began to move. After a short run up to speed, it entered a tube to exit from Maryland and passed through one of the spherical intermodule housings that supported the Ring and contained the bearings and pivoting mechanisms for adjusting the module orientations to the ship's state of motion. For a brief period they were looking out through a transparent outer shell at the immensity of the Spindle, seemingly supported by a web of structural booms and tie-bars three miles above their heads, with the vastness of space extending away on either side, and then they entered the Kansas module where the scene outside changed to animal grazing enclosures, level upon level of agricultural traits, fish farms, and hydroponics tanks. alive for thirty-six years, she said, and she intended to hang around for fifty more or until human pollution. than halfway toward Curtis and Old Yeller. "Everything I've said is true," Jay insisted. "There's this big kinds market in town. It's got just about everything, and you just walk in and take what you want. We got talking to some Chironians, and they showed us what you do. I don't understand it either, but that's how things work here." "Ahem . . ." General Portney cleared his throat. "We will be posting guards around the Kuan-yin for the duration of the negotiations. I trust there will be no objections." The military officers stiffened as they waited for the response to the first implied challenge to the legitimacy of the Chironian administration of the Kuan-yin. her, hands on her bare shoulders. "Better late than never, I suppose," another commented, glancing at the painter, who was still there. The painter nodded but didn't reply. approached Micky. "Do you believe in life after death?" door on the truck cab and jumps to the pavement. Although he was riding shotgun position beside the. "Me, on the other hand? I've got one pretty name followed by a clinker like Klunk. Half of me is sort of. "Baby, baby," Sinsemilla said, "look at this, look, look. Baby, look, see, look." She extended her hand. "The Circle of Friends." Leilani didn't want to cross him by calling paramedics to clean and dress the snakebite. mottled as a boiled lobster, he at last clears his throat of food only to fill it with laughter, making such a. above, unsullied, hung a polished-silver moon. In the deep pure black above the lunar curve, a few stars. Kalens had argued a case to the effect that Wellesley could, which had been concocted by a couple of lawyers that he had spoken to a day previously. At the same time, however, the lawyers had cautioned that the issue would be subject to a ruling by the Judiciary, and Kalens had come in an endeavor to obtain in advance from Fulmire an intimation of the

likely verdict, hinting that a favorable disposition would not go forgotten in times to come. The endeavor' had backfired spectacularly.. 'CHANGE ISN'T EASY, Micky. Changing the way you live means changing how you think. Changing. 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--". Celia's eyes opened wide. "You're kidding!". "If you wish. Sir when you talk to me." The Chironian started to continue on his way, but one of the troopers sidestepped to block him.. "A city called Chicago, originally. Heard of it?". lady here must get a mite confused from time to time, bein' called a male name and a color she isn't". The closet door rattles. Probably just road vibration.. confidence, confidence above all else, because self-consciousness and self-doubt fade the disguise. He. Appalled, Geneva looked as though she might bring to the table the brandy that Micky had thus far. "Not all, I guess," Colman replied with a grin. He turned to Adam and then Kath. "You, er--you don't seem to have any religion here at all, at least, not that I've seen. Is that right?" Having grown up to accept it around him as a part of life, he hadn't been able to help noticing.. Micky leaned forward from the angled back of the lounge chair. "Leilani?". and the embarrassment of chronic dandruff, they don't want a bunch of ignorant rubes poking around.. the field here, which now seems likely, and possibly the CIA, as well? those guys won't sell out their. "We've been having a serious discussion.". 1. Physically handicapped children? Fiction.. people's bedrooms.". from a delicious dream.. must be clotting ahead of them.. "I'm with my dad. He's inside getting takeout, so we can eat on the road. They won't let our dog in, you. The scene inside the Bowry was busy and smoky, with a lot of uniforms and women visible among the crowd lining the long bar on' the left side of the large room inside the door, and a four-piece combo playing around the corner in the smaller room at the back. Coleman and some of D Company were sitting at one of the tables standing in a double row along the wall opposite the bar. Sirocco had joined them despite the regulation against officers' fraternizing with enlisted men, and Corporal Swley was up and about again after the dietitian at the Brigade sick bay had enforced a standing order to put Swley on spinach and fish. she'd fetch the brandy and drink that instead, regardless of Leilani's objections. Alcohol never soothed. lone defender of the castle, ceaselessly prowling the ramparts, at war with the world. But a constant state. black and fully armored. Bristling, fierce in every line, turbines screaming, this seems to be a military. ?I didn't see any of that myself. It's what I was told happened to Luki.". standing on it.. He is pleased by his ability to function in spite of his fear. He's also pleased by his resourcefulness.. "Boy, I've never seen a place like this.". "One of our units at the base is expecting her. They'll get her out, and the Chironians will have someone waiting to collect her from there.". 3. Missing children? Fiction.

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