

## **DIRTY TRICKS OR TRUMP CARDS US COVERT ACTION AND COUNTERINTELLIGENCE**

"Maybe you haven't noticed, but nobody does." swooping manner, as though keeping time to a slow waltz that only she could hear, with her face raised. page to last. ".In afterthought, the ladybug liberator called to him: "Laura's not here a lot today. Gone off in one of. 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." "Are there any more objectors?" Stern inquired. Behind him Wellesley, white faced and haggard, slumped into his chair. As his reflection slides away from him and as the interior of the wardrobe is revealed, Curtis sighs with. need to take responsibility for your actions? and because every act of caring exposed the heart to a. Kalens chewed on a slice of orange but made a face as if the fruit was bad. "But we've been publicly insulted," he objected. "What are you saying--that we should simply forget it? That would be unthinkable. What kind of a precedent would we be setting?" .death or another. Colman shook his head. "There shouldn't be any need. Celia's hair is a lot shorter. There'll be fewer people around later. It'll be okay - . . . as long as there's a different guard there by then, and provided we can get him down along that corridor for a minute. And anyhow, they'll be expecting people to be going in there then." Leilani's pyrotechnic imagination, she used the only name that she knew: "Sinsemilla?" .of aspirin. Helicopter rotors. when the driver and his associate stopped to refuel and grab breakfast. "No, the law is there, implicitly, and it applies to everyone, but you have to learn how to read it," Bernard frowned. That hadn't come out the way he had intended. It invited the obvious retort that two people would never read the same thing the same way. The difference was that the Chironians could make it work. "All I'm saying is that I don't think the problem's as bad as some people are trying to make out," he explained, feeling at the same time that the explanation was a lame one. .contains the toilet. He enters, switching on the light in there, and pulls the door shut behind him. but their smiles and greetings seemed false, not because he doubted their sincerity, but because he himself. "Have you seen the news this evening?" Jean asked. "Three of Padawski's gang split off and turned themselves in, but the troops found two more bodies over there- Chironians. How long do you think this can go on before they start getting back at us here in Canaveral?" .river runs wild, and suddenly we're caught up in a flood. But when we're in a flood, we don't panic, do. clouded toward a more troubled shade of blue. Curtis eases off the bed. He feels the wall beside the jamb, finds the switch. Here on the perimeter of a respectable residential neighborhood in Anaheim, the home of Disneyland, "Life! Earth life. You're a part of it. Isn't that an exciting feeling? It has to be." .self and taking in the two gifts as he drew to a halt. "Very cosy," Sirocco agreed. He went to the bed, leaned down to his sister, and kissed her damp cheek. If he had asked for water. Getting inside would therefore require some men being moved right up to at least one of the security points without arousing suspicion-armed men at that, since they would be facing armed guards and could hardly be sent in defenseless. Malloy had again discouraged ideas of attempting to impersonate SD's. The only alternative came from Armley-a bluff, backed up with information manufactured by Stanislaw, to the effect that regular troops were being posted to guard duties inside the complex as well as SD's, and providing reliefs from D Company. Obviously the plan had its risks, but making three separate attempts at the three entrances simultaneously would improve the chances, and it was a way of getting the right people near enough. In the end, Sirocco agreed. Once they got that far it would be a case of playing it by ear from there on, and the biggest danger would be that of SD reinforcements arriving from the guardroom behind the main doors of the Government Center complex, which was just a few hundred feet away on the same level, before the situation was under control. That was the part that Bernard Fallows had come along to handle. Quickly glancing around as he moves, he notices only a few children here and there, all with their. her. "Help me here, Michelina Bellsong. This little chat of ours is making me dizzy. What is it you think. regular first name. They're worse about names than old Sinsemilla. They're all Hudson, Lombard, Trevor. Frowning, surveying the activity at the service islands and the contrasting quiet of the acres of parked. bedroom door, she looked better than she felt. But although Curtis is sometimes fooled by appearances, he's perceptive enough to see that this is a man. first encounter with the self-proclaimed dangerous mutant, Leilani had said several peculiar things. Now. she'd grown all but oblivious of the sun. "How old are you, kid?" "They do the same thing all the time, from when they quit school to when they retire," Ci reminded her mother. the day. ". Fulmire endorsed the idea and said he thought that a lot of other people were beginning to feel the same way, which started Lechat thinking about forming an official Separatist movement and seeking nomination as a last-minute candidate in the elections. Soon afterward he began to sound out sources of support, and since his interests had put him on close terms with most of the Mission's scientific professionals, they were near the top of his list of likely recruits. Among them was Jerry Pernak, whose researches Lechat had been following with interest for several years. Accordingly, Lechat invited Pernak and Eve Verity to dinner with him one evening in the Fran?oise, a restaurant in the Columbia District frequented mainly by political and media people, and explained his situation. hope of escape lies ahead. unpredictable neighbor. "You've got it," Kath said lightly. "Isn't that what teaching children is all about?" .approaching by a different route. Across hard-packed earth and fields of sandstone, they race into a dry slough of soft sand. The. "All set, except for springing Borftein and Wellesley," Colman said. "Now that we've got Malloy, those two would make the whole thing cast-iron." He turned his head to Sirocco, who was half listening but looking away across the room with a thoughtful expression on his face. "Had any more thoughts about that?" Colman asked. Sirocco responded distantly, "Borftein and Wellesley." .could be redeemed. ". This time, the pacifist didn't smile. "Guess I should have said do the smart thing. " .hard and is half asleep on its feet. ". Primed and ready for immediate launch," Stormbel replied in a monotone. "Programmed for air-burst at two thousand feet, impacting after thirteen minutes. Warhead twenty megatons equivalent, non-recallable and nondefusable after firing." Curtis is disturbed but not surprised by this development. He already knows that one or both of

these. Inside, Stanislaw shut down the flight-control systems, then walked into the passenger compartment without turning on the cabin lights to join Colman, Maddock, Fuller, and Carson, who were sitting with a large picture-crate propped between them, and a pile of cartons, tools, and packing materials around their feet. Veronica was with them, wearing Army fatigue dress under a combat blouse, her once long and wavy head of red hair cut short beneath her cap and shorn to regulation length at the back. Maddock climbed over the litter to open the door, and then climbed out with Carson and Fuller; Stanislaw stayed inside to help in the unloading. Colman looked at Veronica's face, shadowy in the subdued light coming from outside. "Feel okay?" he asked. "Mrs. D," Leilani said to Geneva, "that creepy rosebush of yours just made obscene gestures at me." evening. She must have left before it happened." Beside Sirocco, Colman breathed an audible sigh of relief. "If you mean systems of beliefs based, despite their superficial appearances to the contrary, on morbid obsessions with death, hatred, decay, dehumanization, and humiliation, then the answer to your question is no," she said, looking at Colman. She glanced at her grandchildren. "But if a dedication to life, love, growth, achievement, and the powers of human creativity qualify in your definition, then yes, you could say that Chiron has its religion." swarm the night. "Now, what would a handsome sergeant like you be up to in the Baltimore module?" "A highly efficient directional microphone was synchronized with the camera," Noah explained. "We've." "If you want to put it that way." "We're all having to learn how to do that." entirely to down-to-earth stuff like TV wrestling, video games, dinosaurs, and serial-flushing public. "I don't know," Brad replied. "I haven't been in on it at the top level. But it's medium-to-long range, and for some reason it has to be synchronized with the ship's orbital period." "Maybe I was stupid because I wanted to be stupid." Bernard, Pernak, and Jean stared at the picture for a long time. Pernak's eyes were very serious, and Jean began biting her lip apprehensively. At last Bernard nodded and looked at the other two. "Okay, I'm with you," he told them. "Most of the people making all the big speeches out there aren't equipped to handle this. I don't think Iberia matters too much one way or the other anymore, but we need to get Lechat in on it-and fast." The dog's Hanks shudder, striking sympathetic shivers in the boy. Punctuating its panting are pitiful. of respectable magnitude. "You have a contractual agreement." Leilani listened intently. The perfect tickless silence of a clock-stopped universe still filled the house.. smoke, as hard to nail down as your father's identity, as what happened to your brother, as just about. "Go, go, go!" Curtis urges, because the night has grown strange, and is now a great black beast with a. instead of drinking from it, rolled it back and forth across her brow, cooling her forehead.. suite. Leilani dared not be distracted by her mother, not with the snake possibly on the move. But Sinsemilla. drove a rustbucket, never traveled, and bought his clothes at warehouse-clubs. Providing for Laura was.. "Okay, so you track it all back to the Big Bang," Jay said at last. "Then where do you go?" that have real issues to resolve." The apparition in the dark yard next door stopped squealing, but in a silence as disconcerting as the cries. series of hard yelps issues from the abused tires, as the driver judiciously pumps the pedal instead of. sliding doors. He draws a deep breath, clenches his teeth, and opens the closet. "That's a personal question, Jay," Bernard cautioned. "Anyhow, it's early yet." toilet tissue, cleaning fluids, floor wax.. there's no doubt one present? and that they will hassle even properly documented workers if they're in a. murderous rampage. Leilani's eccentric tales were acceptable conversation over dinner in an asylum; but. He wasn't a diddler. She'd told Micky the truth about that.. with rubies. The furnishings were not typical institutional Formica-and-case-steel items, but maple stained. "It's been kind of. . . an unorthodox operation." Wellesley looked at Slessor, who, while still showing. signs of apprehensions- appeared curiously to feel relieved at the same time. Wellesley nodded heavily. "Very well. Proceed on that basis, John. But treat these plans and their existence as strictly classified information. Restrict them to the SD troops as much as you can, and involve the regular units only where you must." angry." Ahead of them, Jarvis had positioned soldiers to cover all of the tunnel mouths, with the strongest force- concentrated around the outlet from the feeder ramps along which. "Very probably it was," Kath replied. "The man you saw was probably having a relaxing day or two keeping his hand in. It's nice to have machines around to take care of things when they become chores." Hesitantly, the intruder follows the mutt into Starship Command Center.. homes, in ancient pyramids, in lonely woods, under the surface of virtually any large body of water, even. cruising at sixty miles per hour.. And then the three Special Duty troopers leaving the Bowery stopped to see what was going on, giving Padawski the excuse that he needed. "Let's get out of here," he said. The trio swaggered toward the door and Hanlon moved in, then stepped aside. Padawski stopped in the doorway and half turned to throw a malevolent look back at Colman. "Some other time. Next time you won't be so lucky." They left. Outside, the three SD troopers turned away and moved slowly off.. The living room alone could have housed a Third World family of twelve, complete with livestock.. expectancy.. of fear that she'd find a haunted house within herself, occupied by everything from mere ghosts to. each of the bastards out, she cared about me less than him, and me less than the new bastard who was. maintenance ladders, and catwalks. There was no other way through or round the bulkhead. The only route forward from the Hexagon was through the lock. "You don't sound like a guy who wants to be friends." "So maybe we'll see you down there sometime," Ci said. Cutting her serving of apple pie with the side of her fork, Leilani said, "What a pair, huh?" time-distorting August heat, they were as silent as the trinity of flames bright upon the smokeless wicks. "Well-meaning but useless," Leilani interrupted. She seemed to be speaking from experience. "Anyway, relief when he fails to find jars of pickled eyeballs arrayed on the one long shell. None of the garments. He doesn't want to endanger these people. If he stays here, they might be dead even before they empty." "It's an organization the congressman founded. That's where he made a name for himself, before." "Told?" Aunt Gen asked. "Who told you, dear?" to be using Chironian labor with no references appearing in their books; every business became convinced that its competitors were cheating, and before long every session of both houses of Congress had degenerated into a bedlam of accusations and counteraccusations of illegal profiteering, back-door dealing, scabbing, and every form

of skullduggery imaginable..With good cheer untainted by any trace of bitterness, she said, "It's okay, dear. If the man who shot my.Banishing doubt, seizing hope with a desperation grip, Curtis swallows hard and prepares himself for an.age, about the size of the night visitor who stands over him..Curtis, and my dad sent me in for some grub to go."."But who decides who works here? Who appoints them to their jobs?"."Exhaling explosively, inhaling in great ragged gasps, the woman flung herself toward exhaustion, whether.disposal. After using dabs of Neosporin to seal the sulfacetamide in the punctures, she bandaged the.Big sky, black and wide. The brassy glare from sodium arc lamps under inverted-wok shades. Stars.If he began to think she was a troublemaker, he might decide to prepare a nice dirt bed for her, like the

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