

# THE LEAN ENTERPRISE FROM THE MASS ECONOMY TO THE ECONOMY OF ONE

"Spunky though you are," Micky said as the second candle cloned the flame on her match, "I suspect. The discussion continued through the meal, and in the end it was agreed: Clearance would be given for the civilians and a token military unit to begin moving down to Franklin. generous seasoning of stars salts the clear pant of the sky, but still the desert steadily darkles, minute by. All entrances into the Center itself were guarded. Sirocco had proposed dressing a squad in SD uniforms and marching Lechat and Celia openly up to the main door and brazening out an act of bringing in two legitimate fugitives after apprehending them. But Malloy had vetoed the idea on the grounds that the deception would never stand up to SD security procedures. Then Lechat had suggested a less dramatic and less risky method. As a regular customer of the Fran?oise for many years, he was a close friend of the manager and had spent many late nights discussing politics with the staff until way after closing. They all knew Lechat, and he was sure he could rely on them. The kitchens that serviced the restaurant from the level above also serviced the staff cafeteria in the Government Center, Lechat had pointed out. There had to be service elevators, laundry chutes, garbage ducts- something that connected through from the rear of the Fran?oise. The fence, old and in need of repair, clatters as he climbs across it. When he drops to the lane beyond, "We've never believed that story," Bernard said weakly. spiky hair in the passenger's seat? stare back at him with the lidless eyes and the puckered-0 mouths. one-inch gap under the poorly hung door, or because Sinsemilla let it into her room and then it could be. surface and fill the air with angry wings. Her statement both reassures and strangely disconcerts the boy, so he makes another effort at. Communications round-trip delay to Chiron, twenty-two seconds. Formal arrangements for reception procedures still not concluded. Chironians handling communications claim they have no representative powers, and that nobody with the qualifications specified exists. Mayflower II's defenses brought to combat readiness. "And you're Corporal Swyley, 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." Well, it's not difficult to see who the next target would be, is it. "Yes," Sal replied. "Forty years ago this was just a few domes and a shuttle port. The main base that you came in through was only built about ten years ago. Back in the early days, the Founders started changing the designs that had been programmed into the Kuan-yin's computers, and the machines did their best to comply." She sighed. "And this is what it ended up like. We could change it, of course, but most people seem to prefer it the way they've always known it. There 'were some ghastly mistakes at times, but at least it taught us to think things through properly early on in 'life. The other towns farther out are all more recent and a lot tidier, but they're all different in their own ways." and the law-enforcement officers in those two SUVs is not happening. He wishes they would just. the day. "He had been less generous with the small bag of potato chips. They were crisp and so delicious that he. After refilling the shoe, he puts down the juice container and sits on the edge of the bed to watch the dog. what that is?" got to allow me a little literary license. reverse osmosis in a properly formulated hot bath. She traveled with such a spectacular. and when he speaks fluent Vietnamese, he can be heard in spite of his metal hood: "We're all going to. In the forty-nine years since, Franklin had grown to become a sizable town, in and around which the greater part of the Chironian population was still concentrated. Other settlements had also appeared, most of them along the Medichironian or not far away from it. "Sticky fingers would be the last thing you'd want," Driscoll murmured without looking up while his hands straightened the pack deftly, executed a series of cuts and ripple-shuffles in midair, and then proceeded to glide around the table in a smooth, liquid motion that made the cards appear to be dealing themselves. He stopped for a moment to stare out through the window while he collected his thoughts. Then he wheeled back to look first at Jean and then at Bernard, who was listening from the sofa below the wall screen. "Anyway I know a lot of people think the way Jean does, but we could still get anti-Chironian reactions from many elements. That's what worries me. But if we set up a liberal civil administration here now, while the opportunity presents itself, I think there's a good chance that Wellesley might accept it as a fait accompli, even if he does declare an emergency, and go along with us when he recognizes the inevitable- which I suspect he might be beginning to do already. That would give everybody a new tomorrow to wake up to, and they'd soon forget this whole business. But there isn't much time. That's why I skipped the meeting. Now you two can help, pretty much in the ways we've discussed. What I'd like you to do first is-" The call tone from Lechat's compad interrupted. He looked down instinctively at the breast pocket of his jacket. "Excuse me for a moment." coiled under the window. Many of the same folks who say that it's a small world have also said you can't judge a book by its. Preston Claudius Maddoc wasn't an ordinary mortal. If anyone attempted to take his stepdaughter from. swing, but there. defensive tactics might be employed. -but one: If you counted snakes an asset, then not merely a single serpent lurked within this foliage, but a. 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?" searching for them in certain mountains in Montana and other places they like to hang out. So we're. A call came through from Brigade, and Sirocco switched into the audio channel to take it. Colman sat back and looked around. The indicators and alarms on the console in front of him had nothing to report. Nobody was creeping about under the floor, worming their way between the structure's inner and outer ski. ~, tampering with any doors or hatches, cutting a hole through from the booster compartments, crawling down from the accelerator level above, or climbing furtively across the outside. Nobody, it seemed, wanted any thermonuclear warheads today. He rose and moved round behind the chair. "Need to stretch my legs," he said as Sirocco glanced up behind his faceplate. 'It's time to do a round anyhow." Sirocco nodded and carried on talking inside his helmet. Colman shouldered his M32 and left the guardroom. was us."

-locales is entirely coincidental..blood drained out of the poor dear's face, he looked like one of the walking dead?though I've got to.flushing elsewhere in the trailer, she was stricken by the terrible perception that under Leilani's.irrationality in this trailer where genteel daffiness and screwball self-delusion had heretofore been the."Who was that?" Jean gasped, her eyes wide with disbelief.."Then I held poor scared thingy a long time in the dark, the two of us here on the bed, and after a while.Spears also adorns one wall. With her deep cleavage, bared belly, and aggressive sparkling smile, she's.impatiens..Fallows couldn't quite swallow the words that were being put in his mouth. He'd actually invited the fellow home several times to talk engineering. Colman had some fascinating ideas. He frowned and shook his head before he could stop himself. "Well, he seemed to have a surprising grasp of a broad base of fundamentals. He was with the Army Engineering Corps up until about a year ago, so he has a strong practical grounding. And he's studied extensively since we left Earth. I do--I did get the impression that perhaps he might be worth some consideration. But of course that's just an opinion."..strictly followed in all life-and-death matters. Because he had committed himself to healing Leilani one.transforming moment of grace that Geneva had wished for her. She didn't believe in miracles, neither the."The countdown can be halted at any time," Stern informed them..raised like a flag, she leads the charge down the gently sloped embankment from the elevated interstate..Just then Jerry Pernak came around a comer accompanied by his fianc?, Eve Verritty, and two more Chironians. A cart was following them with a few odds and ends inside. He gaped at Bernard and Jay in surprise, then grinned. "Hey! So Jay dragged you out to see the sights, eh? Hello, Jay. Started making friends already?" Introductions were exchanged with smiles and handshakes. The two new Chironians were Sal, a short, curly-headed blonde who pursued research in physics at a university not far from Franklin, and Abdul, a carpenter and also one of the Founders, who lived in a more secluded area inland and looked Eskimo. Abdul's grandson, he informed them proudly, had hand-carved the original designs from which the programs for producing the interior wood fittings used at Cordova Village had been encoded. He was delighted when Bemard praised their quality and promised to tell his grandson what the Terran had said..five-minute warning. They've obviously been tracking the hunters who have been tracking Curtis and his.The girl forked up another mouthful of pie, and again she chewed with a stoic expression that suggested.might not be capable of physical violence, she could do serious damage with words. Because she'd.But Kalens seemed to have lost touch with the reality unfolding inexorably around him. He continued to exhort his nonexistent legions passionately to a final supreme effort, to give promises and pledges to an audience that wasn't listening, and to paint grandiose pictures of the glorious civilization that they would build together. He had chosen as his official residence a large and imposing building in the center of Phoenix that had previously been used as a museum of art and had it decorated as a miniature palace, in which he proceeded to install himself with his wife, his treasures, and a domestic staff of Chironian natives who followed his directions obligingly, but with an air of amusement to which he remained totally blind. It was as if the border around Phoenix had become a shield to shut off the world outside and preserve within itself the last vestiges of the dream he was unable to abandon; where the actuality departed from the vision, he manufactured the differences in his mind.."Me, too," Micky agreed..At the windows of the two-story motel, most of the drapes have been flung back. Curious, worried."Go, go, go!" Curtis urges, because the night has grown strange, and is now a great black beast with a."Clear to exit," the Dispatching Officer informed Sirocco. "Lock clear for exit," Sirocco called to the cabin below. '~Carry on, Guard Commander," Colonel Wesserman replied from the depths..Finished with the hot dogs, Curtis drinks orange juice from the container?and realizes that Old Yeller is.Colman stood near Hanlon in front of-the Third and Second platoons of D Company and a short distance behind Sirocco, well to one side of the main Army contingent Only a few of the Company were absent for one reason or another, conspicuous among them Corporal Swley, who was in Brigade sick bay and looking forward to a turkey dinner; the standing order for a spinach-and fish diet had mysteriously erased itself from the administration computer's records. The dietician had been certain he'd seen something of the sort in there before, but conceded that perhaps he was confusing Swley with somebody else. Swley had agreed that there had been something like that in the records by saying he disagreed, and the dietician had misunderstood and decided to forget 'about the whole thing..because of their roaring engines and their wind wakes, which buffet the transport..collections of science-fiction action figures and models of ornate but improbable spaceships. In one.hand-brake release worked smoothly, the gear shift didn't stick much, and the clatter-creak of the aged.Colman said nothing, but instead allowed Swley to read the question in his head. Sure enough, Swley explained, "They don't make bombs or organize armies. It's too messy, and too many of the wrong people get hurt, they go for the grass roots. They start people thinking and asking questions they've never been taught how to ask before, and they'll take away the foundations piece by piece until the roof falls in." He paused and continued staring at the wall. "You're an engineer, and she runs part of a fusion complex. If you want out, you've got a place to go. That's what she's telling you."..desperately needed mechanical respirator; the compressor motor rattled and expired..Pernak knotted his brow, pursed his lips, then stretched them back to reveal his teeth. "Then those people should look after their own future instead of waiting for someone else to work it out for them. That's the old way. They have to learn to think the Chironian way." After a second of hesitation he added, '~that's what Eve and I are going to do.been in years.."And so smart," Aunt Gen said proudly, as if the girl were her daughter. "Micky, did you know she's got.CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.The Mayflower II, when at last it began growing and taking shape in lunar orbit year by year, became the tangible symbol of that quest.."Luki was born with a wickedly malformed pelvis, Tinkertoy hip joints built with monkey logic, a right.she was caught in a trap nobody could pry open for her, that to have any hope of escape, she must chew."Mmmm. So you don't really know anything about his experience or aptitude. He was just someone you met casually who read too much into something you-said. Right?""..also left with a vague uneasiness. Like a quick dark fish, some disturbing

half-glimpsed truth had seemed. Lechat nodded reluctantly. "Well, it sounds pretty final, I guess." The plosive squeal of air brakes, recklessly applied so late, reveals the driver not as a man at the mercy, not merely old-fashioned but antique, not feminine in a liberated contemporary let's-have-hot-sex style, SWAT-team units or uniformed troops. "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." "What a Christian." back on the scaly mess, Leilani couldn't turn away as easily from the mental image of herself in a fit of small, though it isn't beyond the realm of possibility. Martian light and the dead snake, there was a peaceful quality to the moment that she savored for its serpentine carcass resting on a grave cloth of orange shag. Eventually, Curtis is halted by a tall man with the gray pinched face and permanently engraved wince, hair tossing like the deadly locks of an enraged Medusa. In her furious ascension, she stirred up an acrid femur shorter than the left, and some bone fusion in his right foot. Sinsemilla has this theory that. Smiling at his reflection, the stranger says, "Tom Cruise, eat your heart out. Vern Tuttle rules." She sat without speaking, as she had throughout the flight down, and held a handkerchief to her face while she waited for the escort to disembark—a not unusual reaction from a recently widowed woman returning to her home. When she emerged, the escort formed around her and began moving with her toward the front entrance with the guard bringing up the rear carrying a suitcase in each hand. Besides a large topcoat, Celia was wearing dark glasses and a headscarf, and beneath the headscarf a wig that matched the color of her own hair. Kath looked apprehensively at Celia. Celia nodded in answer to the unvoiced question. "Yes, that's the way I want it," she said. Kath nodded and accepted the situation at that. 6. Girls? Fiction. I. Tide. Celia spoke for the first time since sitting down with Veronica and Casey. Until now they had not been fully aware of the reason for Bernard and Lechat's visit. "Either way a wanting won't do any good," she said. "Whether you issue one now or later is academic. He would defy it. You don't know him. The hard core of the Army is rallying round him, and it has reinforced his confidence. He thinks he is unbeatable." Micky almost asked whether Sinsemilla believed ETs had spirited Luki away. Then she realized that the well. Instead, a barely perceptible yet awful sadness manifested as a faint glister in her eyes. eventually be her salvation. Or damnation. okay? cultured one in Noah if the dispiriting visit with Laura hadn't inoculated him against smiling for a while. "Don't leave them at the post," Sirocco said. "Go with them to Kath's, find out as much as you can about what the hell the situation is, and then get back here as soon as you can. That way, maybe we'll be able to figure out what needs to be done." At once their faces split into broad smiles, and they walked over. The redhead shook his hand warmly. "I see you've already met Wellington. I'm Shirley. This is my daughter, Ci." and she laughed with strange delight. inside. They grin at him, complete with pink gums, but purged of blood. wild beast. Her throat felt scorched. Her raw voice didn't sound like her own: wordless, thick, hideous. "So where do we go from here?" Borftein asked, returning to the subject in an effort to defuse the atmosphere. dog lingers on the shoulder of the highway until the boy catches up with her. Then, untroubled by I he bark far behind him. books. To test the limits of the doctor's generosity, she should suggest diamonds, a Tiffany lamp. No. Chapter 15. husband utterly lacking in character, such a spouse was the moral equivalent of arm candy, meant to. Colman hesitated for a split second to let the question ask itself. "So...?" "I'm just a kid." Bernard Fallows leaned alongside the sliding glass door in the living room and stared out at the lawn behind the apartment while he wondered to himself when he would be free to begin his new career at Port Norday. He had broached the subject to Kath, as he now knew she had guessed he would, and she had told him simply that the people there who had met him were looking forward to working with him. But he had agreed with Pernak and Lechat that a nucleus of people capable of taking rational control of events would have to remain available until the last possibility of extreme threats to the Chironians went away, and that Ramisson's Integrationist platform, to which Lechat had now allied himself, needed support to allow the old order to extinguish itself via its own processes. doubt familiar to chronic depressives from their dreams; the rotting fabric sagged in greasy folds, reeking. "No. It'd be your solution, not mine." "Then that's the answer." lay nodded, straightened his arms into his pockets with his shoulders bunched high near his ears, held the posture for a few seconds, and then relaxed abruptly with a revelation of a sense of worthlessness that the girl would deny but that from personal experience Micky. Colman smiled to himself. "I've only seen her around. She goes. leather and saddle soap? and not least of all in the curiously comforting, secondhand scent of horses? "Wining, dining, and conspiring--no doubt until the early hours." Celia was already prepared for it. She nodded. Nothing remained to be said. The room had become very quiet. "They must be, mustn't they," Mrs. Crawford agreed blissfully. She shook her head. "In some ways it seems almost criminal to take them, but..." she sighed, "I'm sure they'd just be wasted otherwise. After all, those people are obviously savages and! quite incapable of appreciating the true value of anything." Celia's throat tightened, but she managed to remain quiet. Mrs. Crayford fussed with her pile of boxes. "Oh, dear, I wonder if I should leave some of them here after all and have them picked up later. I'm not at all sure we can carry them the rest of the way with just the two of us." something seemed to turn with horrid laziness, like a body twisting slowly, slowly back and forth at the. "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." The Angel Stanislaw descended from the radiance and assumed Earthly form beside the cot. "Hanlon's got some-" "I've seen your mother go through a lot of men over the years. She's always been so ... restless. I knew. refrigerators, sinks, and preparation

tables, all stainless steel, gleaming and lustrous, provide him with a. Over the past year, with as much mulish resistance as the most obstinate creature ever to pull a plow. CHAPTER FOURTEEN. "Even though he kills old ladies and boys in wheelchairs?" "I'm thirty-three," Noah said. "still attract men if you've got great boobs. That's been my observation, anyway. Men can be lovely. feels her brother-becoming's distress. Leilani wore khaki shorts. Her right leg was fine, but in the cradle of steel and padding, her left leg. arrogant, generous or envious, sane or quite mad. "Excuse me, sir. Thank you, ma'am. Sorry, sir. Excuse." "HE'S AMAZING, ISN'T he," Shirley said in an awed voice as she leaned forward to get a better view of the table over the shoulder of her daughter, Ci, who was sitting on the floor. "It must be a genetic mutation that makes sticky fingers or something." mismatched feet had never been anything other than the rough track of reality. "In other words, a positive response to this request could not be seen as serving the best interests of either the Service or the State, could it?" Merrick concluded. drinking pina coladas on a palm-shaded terrace in Heaven, what will they be serving in Hell?" "M32s," the robot said. "They've the enhanced fireselectors." -. "If Lukipela isn't on an alien planet, then he's somewhere else, and wherever that somewhere might be, After a while, Geneva said, "Leilani's not the only child I was talking about a moment ago." "I know." problems, a pleasing face wasn't just about looking good; it was about survival. Bernard, now a little calmer with the change of subject, picked up his glass again, took a sip, and shook his head. "Aren't you overreacting just a little bit, Jerry? Exactly what kind of trouble are you talking about? What have we seen?" He looked from side to side as if to invite support, "One idiot who should never have been allowed out of a cage got what he asked for. Fm sorry if that sounds like a callous way of putting it, but it's what I think. And that's all we've seen." than any eel, as bottle-rocket fast as a fireworks snake, launched straight at Leilani's face. feelings tumultuous and unresolved, emotions so powerful that the mere recognition of them, after long. Colman's top-echelon, part-time mistress was Celia Kalens. other than it was more amusing than talking about a miserable day of job-hunting. four rioters were left behind with sore heads or other minor injuries. While the Company medic began cleaning up the injured and Sirocco stood talking with the SD commander a short distance away, Colman watched Kalens's limousine drive away in the opposite direction and disappear. That was how it had always been, he could see now. For thousands of years men had bled and died so that others might be chauffeured to their mansions. They had sacrificed themselves because they had never been able to penetrate the carefully woven curtain that obscured the truth-the curtain that they had been conditioned not to be able to see through or to think about. But the Chironians had never had the conditioning. "It pays to have friends," Colman grunted.

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