



## Patrimony (Adventures of Pip & Flinx Book 13)

By Alan Dean Foster

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In this Pip & Flinx thriller, Alan Dean Foster displays the brilliance that has made him one of the brightest lights in science fiction. In *Patrimony*, fans will learn more about their favorite redhead—with emerald eyes, uncanny powers, and a poisonous minidrag—than they ever dreamed possible.

“I know who your father is . . . Gestalt.” A shocked Flinx hears these dying words from one of the renegade eugenicists whose experiments with humans twenty-odd years ago shocked the galaxy . . . and spawned Flinx. So Flinx and his minidrag, Pip, venture to Gestalt, an out-of-the-way planet perfect for someone who never wants to be found—disregarding the advice of those who think Flinx could make better use of his time locating the ancient, sentient weapons platform that could be the galaxy’s only chance of stopping the exterminating scourge that’s fast approaching. Flinx might agree with them—but the quest for patrimony wins out. (Sorry, galaxy!)

Could Gestalt supply the key to Flinx’s shadowy past and strange powers? An eccentric loner in a remote area could be the father Flinx has never stopped searching for, perhaps the only person who can unravel the mystery of his birth and his amazing, agonizing powers. An eccentric loner in a remote area of the distant planet could be the father Flinx has never stopped searching for, perhaps the only person who can unravel the mystery of Flinx’s birth and his amazing, agonizing powers.

Unfortunately for Flinx, Gestalt also hosts a resident bounty hunter who’s just learned about the stupendous reward offered for a certain dead redhead. Flinx gets a chance to test his adversary’s skills when our hero’s skimmer is blasted out of the sky and into a raging river in the middle of nowhere—a nowhere of impassable terrain and ravenous, carnivorous beasts.

But hey, what’s one more impossible challenge for someone who’s spent his life defying the odds and escaping the inescapable? Flinx has one thing going for him . . . plenty of experience.

*From the Hardcover edition.*

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### Editorial Review

From Publishers Weekly

The whimsical adventures of sometime thief and con artist Flinx and his empathetic pet minidrag, Pip, are winding to a close in this penultimate installment (after 2006's *Trouble Magnet*) of their 35-year-old series. When not helping Bran Tse-Mallory and the Eint Truzenzuzex save the galaxy, Flinx has spent much of his life wondering about the identity of his father. Now he's traced his origins to the planet Gestalt, thanks to the dying words of a survivor from the Merliorare Society, a renegade eugenicist group. As if the native dangers of Gestalt weren't enough, Flinx is also being hunted by an assassin hired by the mysterious Order of Null. Flinx and Pip will have to survive ambushes, accidents and a deadly feud between rival groups of philosophers before they eventually find the information Flinx is after. Their breakneck journey will entertain the duo's many fans. (Oct.)

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### About the Author

Alan Dean Foster has written in a variety of genres, including hard science fiction, fantasy, horror, detective, western, historical, and contemporary fiction. He is the author of the New York Times bestseller *Star Wars: The Approaching Storm* and the popular *Pip & Flinx* novels, as well as novelizations of several films including *Transformers*, *Star Wars*, the first three *Alien* films, and *Alien Nation*. His novel *Cyber Way* won the Southwest Book Award for Fiction in 1990, the first science fiction work ever to do so. Foster and his wife, JoAnn Oxley, live in Prescott, Arizona, in a house built of brick that was salvaged from an early-twentieth-century miners' brothel. He is currently at work on several new novels and media projects.

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### CHAPTER 1

*Make the right moves.*

Easy for an Ulru-Ujurrian to say, Flinx re?ected as the *Teacher* maintained its approach to the world that lay at the end of the decelerating KK-drive craft's present course. Easy for an Ulru-Ujurrian to do. But then, everything was easy for an Ulru-Ujurrian to say and do. Unimaginably powerful, preposterously playful, and possessed of talents as yet unmeasured—and quite possibly unmeasurable—they went about their daily activities without a care in the world—short of keeping busy by way of the unfathomable playtime that involved moving their planet closer to its sun.

Even that bit of outrageous astrophysics seemed simpler to Flinx than unraveling the mystery of his origins.

He had been given a clue. For the ?rst time in many seemingly interminable years, a tangible clue. And even more than that, he had been provided with a destination. It lay before him now, a world he had never considered before, lying the same distance from his present position as his homeworld of Moth or, in a different direction, New Riviera and Clarity Held.

Clarity, Clarity. Under the pro?cient ministrations and attentive guardianship of his old friends Bran Tse-Mallory and Truzenzuzex, she would be recovering from the injuries she had sustained during the ?ght that had allowed him to successfully ?ee New Riviera, also known as Nur. While his love was healing physically, perhaps he could ?nally heal the open wound of his unknown origins. These chafed and burned within him as

intensely as any cancer.

*Gestalt.*

A word bursting with meaning. Perhaps also a *world* full of meaning, as it was the name of the globe his ship was rapidly approaching. An undistinguished colony world, H Class VIII, with a single large moon whose orbit the *Teacher* was presently cutting. Home to a native species called the Tlel, as well as to a modest complement of human colonists. Rather eccentric human colonists, if the details contained within the galographic he had perused were to be believed. Not that he expected to interact very much with the general population. He was here to ?nd something speci?c. Something for which he had been searching a long, long time, without any real hope of ever ?nding it. Now, for the ?rst time in years, he had hope.

That is, he did if what he had been told was not a cynical dying man's ?nal provocation—a last lie intended to exact a ?nal measure of revenge on the youth responsible for his death.

*I know who your father is*, Theon al-bar Cocarol had wheezed on Visaria just prior to dying. Self-proclaimed sole unmindwiped survivor of the renegade, edicted eugenist Meliorare Society, he had dubbed Flinx *Experiment Twelve-A* before gasping out *Gestalt!* and then inconveniently expiring. *Experiments are not supposed to have knowledge of their biological progenitors*, he had coldly insisted earlier.

To the Great Emptiness with that, Flinx had decided immediately. In his lifelong search for his origins he had pursued more than his share of dead ends. It would only be one more irony in a life ?lled to bursting with them if a lead supplied by a dying outlaw turned out to be the right one.

Equally important had been the expiring scientist's choice of words. *I know who your father is*, Cocarol had declaimed before gasping his last. Penultimate breath or not, Flinx had not confused the tense. Cocarol had clearly and unmistakably said “is.” Not *was*, but *is*. So small a word, so full of promise. Was it possible, Flinx had been unable to keep himself from musing ever since that critical, piercing moment, that he might not only ?nally learn the identity of his father, but actually ?nd him alive? It was too much to hope for.

So he did not hope. He had been disappointed too often before. But he allowed himself, had to allow himself, space in which to wish.

Intent on the fate of the galaxy and every one of its inhabitants civilized or otherwise, his mentors Bran Tse-Mallory and the Eint Truzenzuzex would almost certainly not have sympathized with his present detour. Much as she loved him, Clarity might not have sympathized, either. But she would have understood. Even with the fate of so much and so many at stake, there were private demons that had to be put to rest before Flinx could fully focus on external threats, no matter how vast in extent they might be. Save the inner universe ?rst, he kept telling himself, and you're likely to be in better condition to make a stab at saving everything else.

Sprawled like a length of pink-and-green rope below the *Teacher*'s foreport, Pip lifted her head to glance across at him. Epitomizing the empathetic bond that existed between them, the minidrag's attitude re?ected her friend and master's anguish.

“Am I sel?sh?” he asked the ship, after explicating his disquiet aloud.

“Of course you are.” The *Teacher*'s ship-mind had been programmed for many things. Subtlety was not to be counted among them. “The fate of a galaxy rests in your hands. Or rather, in lieu of a cheap analogy, in your

mind.”

“Uh-huh. Assuming I exist in this hypothetical position to do anything at all about it, notwithstanding what Bran and Tru seem to think.”

“In the absence of an alternative specifically encouraging, they seek surcease in the exploration of remote possibilities. Of which you are, like it or not, ostensibly the most promising.”

Flinx nodded. Rising from the command chair, he strolled over to the manual console and absently ran his hand down the length of Pip’s back. The *?ying* snake quivered with pleasure.

“What do *you* think?” he asked softly. “*Am I* the last hope? Am I the key to something bigger, something more powerful, that visits me in dreams? Or whatever you want to call that perversely altered state of consciousness in which I sometimes unwillingly *?nd* myself.”

“I do not know,” the *Teacher* told him honestly. “I serve, without pretending to understand. I can take you wherever you wish to go, except to comprehension. That destination is not programmed into me.”

Mechanical soul, Flinx thought. Not designed to pronounce judgment. In lieu of the advice of a superior intellect, he would have to judge himself. With a sigh, he raised one hand and gestured toward the port. Soon they would need to announce themselves to planetary control with an eye toward taking up orbit.

“What about this change of course? What do you think of my putting aside the hunt for the Tar-Aiym weapons platform in order to search for my father here, based on what the dying Meliorare told me?”

Understanding of certain matters might not have been programmed into the *Teacher*’s ship-mind, but contempt was. “An insupportable waste of time. I have run a number of calculations based on the facts and variables available to me. The results are less than promising. Consider: the human Cocarol may have simply been enjoying a *?nal*, embittered joke at your expense. Or he may not have known what he was talking about. If he did, circumstances may have changed since he was last conversant with the issue at hand. Since then, any knowledge he may have possessed concerning the identity or location of your male parent may have changed radically.

“Meanwhile, whatever lies behind the Great Emptiness continues this way. It is my opinion that your time would be better spent searching for the absent, ancient Tar-Aiym weapons platform that represents the only hope, thus far, of a device even theoretically powerful enough to counter the oncoming danger. A device with whom only you have had, and can initiate, mental contact.” The silken yet tart mechanical voice paused briefly. “Have I at least succeeded in instigating within you a modicum of guilt?”

“The attempt is redundant,” Flinx snapped. “No need to refresh that which never leaves me.”

“That realization, at least, is encouraging,” the ship replied. “Since logic and reason are having no effect, I search for that which *will* work.”

In some respects chatting with the *Teacher* was easier than engaging in conversation with a human. For example, the ship never raised its voice, and if Flinx so wished, he could terminate the discussion with a simple command. On the other hand, unlike with another person, he could not turn away from it. The ship-mind was everywhere around him.

“As soon as I’ve settled this question, I’ll resume the search. I promise.” Pip looked up at him quizzically. The ship responded, “What makes you so certain that you will settle it here? This is a question the answer to which you have sought on many worlds. As I have commented repeatedly, the dying human could have perished with a falsehood on his lips. It would not be overmuch to expect of one who had so long lived a lie himself.”

“I know, I know.” A pensive Flinx raised his gaze once more to the cloud-swathed new world looming steadily larger in the foreport. As he stared, the port continuously adapted to the changing light outside the ship. Another new world in a long list of those that instead of answers had thus far provided him with only more questions. “But after all these years, it’s the most promising lie that I’ve been told.”

Though Gestalt’s human population numbered only in the millions, he was still surprised at the informality that infused the exchange of arrival formalities. According to the *Teacher*, the orbiting station-based automatic electronic protocol...

## Users Review

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This Patrimony (Adventures of Pip & Flinx Book 13) book is just not ordinary book, you have it then the world is in your hands. The benefit you receive by reading this book is actually information inside this publication incredible fresh, you will get information which is getting deeper an individual read a lot of information you will get. This kind of Patrimony (Adventures of Pip & Flinx Book 13) without we comprehend teach the one who looking at it become critical in imagining and analyzing. Don't be worry Patrimony (Adventures of Pip & Flinx Book 13) can bring once you are and not make your carrier space or bookshelves' come to be full because you can have it with your lovely laptop even cellphone. This Patrimony (Adventures of Pip & Flinx Book 13) having great arrangement in word along with layout, so you will not really feel uninterested in reading.

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