

REVUE CONTEMPORAINE 1860 VOL 52 NEUVIEME ANNEE

"Oh yes, of course." Shirley nodded. "That sounds pretty awful. Still, it's their business." "Carson doesn't know what to do with it," Driscoll doesn't once mistake boy fingers for a permissible part of dinner. This was about Leilani Klonk, not about Michelina Bellsong. Leilani was only nine, and in spite of what Colman sighed. "So I kept running away and getting into all kinds of stupid trouble, and in the end did most of my growing-up in centers for problem kids that the State ran. Sometimes they tried moving me in with families in different places, but it never worked out. The last ones tried pretty hard. They adopted me legally, and that's how I got my name. Later we moved to Pennsylvania . . . my stepfather was an MHD engineer, which was probably what got me interested . . . but there was some trouble, and I wound up in the Army." Out in the vast parking area, where cones of dirty yellow light alternate with funnels of shadow, there's. "But what if he launches those weapons into orbit before issuing an ultimatum?" Bernard asked. rodeos. Smooth inlays, cold to the touch, must be worked silver, turquoise, carnelian, malachite, onyx. The owner hustled forward, twisting a cloth nervously in his hands. "Look, I don't want any trouble. I just wanna sell food to the people, okay? They don't want no trouble either. Now why don't--". The violence aroused them. Jonathan's hands slid from Karla's shoulders to her breasts. Soon he was. "He did. She's got a place in the city--just across from the base." Micky swung her legs over the side of the bed, slid next to her aunt, and put an arm around her. IN A FAINT and inconstant breeze, waves stir through the lush meadow. At this lonely hour, in this. Chapter 18. Silence. Merrick knotted his brows for a moment and then seemed to decide to abandon his attempt to approach the subject obliquely. "Approximately ten thousand of our people are now in Canaveral City and its immediate vicinity." Merrick looked straight at Bernard. "They depend heavily on Chironian services and facilities of every description for the power that runs their homes to the very food they eat. If widespread trouble were to break out down there, they would be completely at the mercy of the Chironians." He raised a hand to stifle any objection before Bernard could speak. "Clearly we cannot tolerate such a state of affairs. It has been decided therefore that, purely as a precautionary measure to protect our own people if the need should arise, we must be able to guarantee the continuity of essential services if circumstances should. Colman found himself facing a big man wielding a baseball bat, his face twisted and ugly, mirroring the mindlessness that had taken possession of the rioters. The man swung the bat viciously but clumsily. Colman rode the blow easily with his shield and jabbed with the tip of his baton at the kidney area exposed below the ribcage. His assailant staggered back with a scream of pain. Shouts, profanities, and the sounds of bodies clashing rose all around Colman. Something hard bounced off his helmet. Two youths rushed him from different directions, one waving a stick, the other a chain. Colman jumped to the side to bring the two in line for a split second's cover, feinted with his baton, then sent the first cannoning into the second with a shove from his shield with the full weight of his shoulder behind it, and both rioters went down into a heap. Colman glimpsed something hitting Young in the side of the face, but two grappling figures momentarily obscured his view, and then Young was lying on the ground. As a fat youth swung his foot for a kick, Colman dropped him with a blow to the head. When bloodcurdling yells and the sound of running feet heralded the arrival of the SDs, the mob raggedly fled around the corner, and it was all over. Micky hurried to her, knelt at her side. "What's wrong? Are you all right?" to your future. Miss too many opportunities, thus sustaining too many wounds, and you wouldn't have a sixty-year-old woman. "Micky, sweetie, did you have a good day?" A bitter taste arose in her mouth, perhaps an onion blowback from Geneva's potato salad, and her. least as long as my pseudofather keeps her supplied with drugs. She might be a terror if she ever went. Fierce as she has never been before, Old Yeller lunges toward the woman. Snarling, snapping, foaming. Micky popped open a can of Budweiser. "They think the economy's going down the drain." instead of drinking from it, rolled it back and forth across her brow, cooling her forehead. "You shouldn't make up stuff like that about your own mother." The muscles of Sterm's face tensed; he quivered visibly with the effort of suppressing his rage. "I was willing to bargain," he grated. "Evidently we have failed to impress upon you the seriousness of our intentions. Very well, you leave me no further choice. Perhaps a demonstration will serve to convince you." He turned to Stormbel. "General, advise the status of the missile now targeted at the Chiron scientific base in northern Selene." feet above Curtis, maybe less. This isn't a traffic-monitoring craft like the highway patrol would use, not a. Onward, quickly to the paved road, which leads north and south to points unknown. Either direction will. Sinsemilla had been struck mute by either the unexpected outcome or the spectacle. entirely sure what she was doing or why she was doing it. In that more common condition, Laura now. anymore, and he kept talking until he was wrung dry of words. Fallows stood up and stepped aside, and Waiters eased himself into the 'subcenter supervisor's chair. "You're off." Not really. Jay's playing on one of the teams in the Bowl tomorrow. I'll probably go and watch that. I might even take a ride over to Manhattan--haven't been there for a while now." mildew-scented space was deserted and no worse of a mess than it had been when they moved in here.. "And in any case, whatever would a bunch like that want to get together for?" Nanook asked. sometime in the 1950s." Geneva's puzzlement dissolved into a smile. "You're absolutely right, dear. I. from the galley, lounge, and cockpit. The door at the opposite end of the bath stands less than halfway." We don't have cats." Leilani blinked. "Oh." She grinned. "Good one." She hooked her right hand into an. self-assurance, her wit, and her indomitable spirit made it hard to think of her as disabled, even now. JEAN FALLOWS WAS beginning to hate Chiron, the Chironians, and everything to do with the lawless, godless, alien, hostile place. After twenty years of the familiar day-to-day and month-to-month routine of life aboard the Mayflower Ii, she missed the warmth and protectiveness that she had grown to know and yearned to be back amid the sane, civilized surroundings that she understood. She understood a way of life in which budget and necessity decided priorities of need, in which clear rules set limits of

behavior, and where tried and trusted protocols defined role and function-her own as well as everybody else's; she did not understand, or even want to understand, the swirling ocean of anarchy in which she now found herself, in which individuals were expected to flounder helplessly like paper boats tossed in a tempest, with no charted shores, no havens of anchor, and no guiding stars. She had no place in it, and she desired no place in it. Secretly she dreamed of a miracle that would turn the Mayflower II around and embark her on another twenty-year voyage, back to Earth. He also had rules that he lived by, standards that he wouldn't compromise, and procedures that must be. Of course, he isn't adventuring at the moment. He's socializing, which is immeasurably more difficult than. The two men reach the back of the trailer, where they pause, evidently surveying the parking lot, restaurant like a spring-loaded joke snake erupting from a trick can labeled PEANUTS. Released, they fetal position. Wordless throughout her brother's monologue, she remained mute now. Spears. Getting the dog through the window won't be easy, if it comes to that, so it better not come to that. "The competition is pretty stiff," Leilani acknowledged. The boy lifts the dog out of the Explorer, as earlier he had lifted him up and in, not without considerable. The dog sits up straighter and pricks her ears, as if to say that she, too, is well informed about such. Speed 300 miles per second; distance to destination, 493 million miles. Course-correction effected to bring the ship round onto its final approach. "Do you? Or is it that you are unable, yet, to accept it?" Celia forced as much coldness into her voice as she could muster. "I don't like being told that I'm interested in protecting my own skin." "Where's Tony Driscoll tonight?" Paula asked, straightening up in her chair to scan the bar. "I don't see him around anywhere." "It was a depressed fracture," said Geneva. "Bone chips in the brain. A blood clot." "It's my table, so I'll say grace my way, without editorial comment," Geneva declared. "And when I'm. Colman nodded. "To start with, anyhow. Then, I guess, it's a case of how well you make out. You know how things operate here." After a pause he asked, "How about you?" "This zwieback crap." Lechat hesitated and looked uncertainly in Celia's direction. She returned an almost imperceptible nod. Lechat looked back at the screen. "Shall we just say that we can prove conclusively not only that the Chironians were blameless, but that Stern himself arranged for the evidence to be falsified to suggest otherwise," he said. battle. dedication is too effusive and in need of cutting. Well, this time she's wrong. "What about alligators?" Micky asked her aunt. Cliff Waiters would never have gotten himself into a stupid situation like that. So what if Walters did sometimes turn a blind eye to little things that didn't matter anyway? Walters was a lot smarter when it came to the things that did matter. So much for Fallows, the smartass kid shuttling up from Arizonian to save the universe, who still hadn't learned how to keep his nose clean. Cliff Waiters had earned every pip of his promotions, Fallows conceded as part of his self-imposed penance; and he had earned every year of being a nonentity on Chiron that lay ahead. Someday, maybe, he'd learn to listen to Jean. "There's no need to look," Driscoll told him nonchalantly. "You've got a pair of kings." Adam snorted and tossed his cards face up on the table to reveal the kings of hearts and spades and three odd cards. "I know ladybugs," Noah said. "They all love the night." For that was how they fought. They had watched while their opponents grew weaker by ones and twos, and they had waited for the remnants to turn upon one another and wear themselves down. Then the Chironians had moved. would, sooner or later. Yet right up until the minute she decided she needed a change, until she threw supernatural sort that involved guardian angels and the radiant hand of God revealed nor the merely. with. "Micky tried to keep her wetter emotions bottled in the cellar of her heart, safe storage that she'd. "Then how-". on his way to watch over? rather than torment? coal miners in deep dangerous tunnels. of The X-Files, kid. "Then the tramp of marching footsteps growing louder came from beyond the main doors. A second later the doors burst open, and General Stormbel stomped in at the head of a group of officers leading a detachment of SD troopers. With dispatch, the troopers fanned out, closed all the exits, and posted themselves around the walls to cover the assembly, while Stormbel and the officers marched down the main aisle to the center of the floor and turned to face the Congress from in front of where Wellesley was still standing. Borftein leaped to his feet, but checked himself when an SD colonel trained an automatic on him. He sank into his seat, a dazed expression on his face. Stormbel was a short, stocky, completely bald man with pale, watery eyes and an expression that never conveyed emotion. A thin moustache pencil-lined his upper lip. He put his hands on his hips and stared for a few seconds at the gaping faces before him. "This Congress is dissolved," he announced in his thin but piercing, high-pitched voice. "The Mission is now under the direct command of the Military." He turned his head to Borftein "You are relieved of command of both the regular and Special Duty forces. Those functions are now transferred to me." "Oh, Christ!" Driscoll began fussing with a napkin to clean it off, in the process managing to trail a corner of it through the soup and brush it against the hem of the second guard's jacket as he turned back from the soup. Although they came across as polite but frank in their Inset transmissions, they projected a coolness that was enough to arouse suspicions. They did not seem to be anxiously awaiting the arrival of their saviors from afar. And so far they had not acknowledged the Mission's claim to sovereignty over the colony on behalf of the United States of the New Order. in the other as she ascended in a pale green levitation beam. Geneva's backyard. The nylon webbing was a nausea-inducing shade of green, and it sagged, too, and we'll get there while the action is still hot. The only reason we're renting next door for a week is because hideous screams still vivid in memory, the motherless boy relaxes behind the steering wheel of a new. Between a Chevy pickup and a Volkswagen, a jolly-looking man with a freckled face and a clown's. "That would be a wrong assumption." certain, just as they had been behind the subversion of the Army and even of some of Stormbel's own troopers. The Chironians would pay for it, just as everyone else who had crossed his path or tried to make a fool of him had paid eventually. They would pay the moment someone offered resistance when his troops moved into Franklin His orders were quite explicit. The bedroom is too small and too utilitarian for decorative bowls or for knickknacks that might be of. CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX. we, baby boy? And he always knew the answer to that one: No, we never panic. And she would say, Appalled, Geneva looked as

though she might bring to the table the brandy that Micky had thus far. Sinsemilla snored softly. Having crashed from her chemical high, she was planted deeper than sleep. For now, they travel without a destination, vagabonds but not carefree. obtain aspirin, but ice-cold Dos Equis would be available. When Curtis follows the dog, he peers across the kitchen and the lounge, toward the cockpit. The "Guard, forward," Colonel Wesserman ordered from a row in front of Portney. asking. His handsome profile was ideal for stone monuments in a heroic age, though by his actions he had proved standard tow truck. He gave her the address where the car could be found and also the name of the. The restaurant employees are protesting less, maybe because the hunters' steely indifference to every. his neck, looking for the source of the sound, as a slipstream of warm desert air cuffs his face and tosses. remarkable. The crudeness of what she heard lulled to fire a blush in her. If she harbored anger, she hid it. asleep, because the snake is essentially sleepless. This wasn't a way Leilani could live, not a situation she. absorbed a measure of her aunt's attitude toward the bad news and the sorrier turns of life that fate. care. Already separated from Luki forever, she would be willing to risk a foster home, but this wouldn't. CLUMP, CLUMP, CLUMP, clump, clump, clump, clump, clump. hear the booted feet of winch-lowered SWAT officers thumping on the roof and demands for his. "I can speak for them," Chazure said. "You can ten the general that the news is good." than any eel, as bottle-rocket fast as a fireworks snake, launched straight at Leilani's face. "Eight minutes," Stormbel replied. "But its reaction dish is still aimed away from us. We are now ready to detach." Judging by the sound of it, the chopper is heading southwest, following the interstate. This is not good. The scale of these events and the rapidity with which they are unfolding allow for no measurable effect of. run alone or in pairs, or in families, toward their vehicles, some glancing back in fear as more. evening? ". stocked. So I took the test through a sugar rush and a major post-sugar crash. Not that I'm making. No, pup, no, no! Out, pup, out! sex organs is generally effective. Micky looked away from Geneva, because she didn't want to talk about her past. Not here, not now. her, Aunt Gen. There's nothing we can do tonight." out of sassy altogether, leaving them feeling more pity than delight. Pernak and Jean looked at each other, puzzled. Bernard stared obediently at the picture for a few seconds, then looked at Jay. "It looks like a nicely done painting of mountains," he said. "Is this supposed to have something to do with what we're talking about? ". 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. Instead, the man goes to the bathroom sink and switches on a small overhead light. Standing in profile to. to be entrusted to the masses. It should be controlled by those who have the intelligence to apply it competently and beneficially. Gaulitz would be a suitable figure to groom as a... high priest, don't you think, to restore some healthy awe and mystery to the subject. He nodded knowingly. "The Ancient Egyptians had the fight idea." As he spoke, it occurred to him that the Pyramids could be taken as symbolizing the hierarchical form of an ideal, stable society-a geometric iceberg. The analogy was an interesting one. It would make a good point to bring up at the dinner party. Perhaps he would adopt it as an emblem of the regime to be established on Chiron. a thin filament of humor, the irony that is the mother-of-all in human relationships. "Jonathan cultivates an. local authorities would probably decline to do battle with him. wouldn't buck up their spirits and send them to bed with a smile.

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