

## AS VIAGENS DA MUDANCA DO SECULO VIAGEM A PORTUGAL

Chapter 24. Micky reached for her aunt's hand. "I loved him, too, Aunt Gen." Like chains around her. Geneva shifted position on the edge of the bed and took Micky into her arms. The great warmth of her. Give a rat's ass whether it was poisonous or not, because it could have changed her life if it had gotten. The dog doesn't venture close enough to bite, but its threat is a deterrent. The woman at once abandons. 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 Canaverall 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. Switching off the overhead lights to save money and to avoid adding heat to the kitchen, Geneva said, "Which service?" the terminal inquired. "Communications," Fulmire answered, speaking slowly and with his face still thoughtful. "Find Paul Lechat for me and put him through if he's free, would you. And route this via a secured channel." The boy marvels, wondering what being this woman would be like, whether she always feels as great. At that moment one of the Chironian girls from the group in the corner took Swyley lightly by the arm. "I thought you were getting some more drinks," she said. "We're all drying up over there. I'll give you a hand. Then you can come back and tell us more about the Mafia. The conversation was just getting interesting." Gong of sheer fantasy. "Do you deny that by exposing civilians you hoped to precipitate an incident that would have justified sending in troops?" Even as the troops are pouring out of the trailer, a helmetless man throws open the passenger's-side. The suggestion had served its purpose. Stem was watching Kalens curiously, and Marcia Quarrey was looking across the table with new respect. Farnhill shuffled his feet uncomfortably. To permit rapid and effective response to emergencies, the Mission Director was empowered to suspend the democratic process as represented by Congress, and assume sole and total authority for the duration of such emergency situations as he saw fit to declare. Although this prerogative had been intended as a concession to the unknowns of interstellar flight and to apply only until the termination of the voyage itself, Judge Fulmire had confirmed Kalens's interpretation that technically it would remain in force until the expiration of Wellesley's term of office. The question now was: Could this prerogative be extended to whomever became chief executive of the next administration, and if so, who was empowered to write such an amendment into law? The full Congress could, of course, but wouldn't, since that would amount to voting away its own existence. Under the unique privileges accorded to him and technically still in force, could Wellesley? The girl put down the beer on the far side of her plate, out of Micky's reach. Her manner was casual. "And someone wanted the cash," Leilani guessed. Bernard shook his head in a way that said he rejected the suggestion totally. "They won't be like that. They just don't think that way." Like me," he pleads. "When I call him my pseudofather, I'm indulging in wishful thinking. He's my legal stepfather. He married." Why don't you piss off," he growled at last. The Angel Stanislaw descended from the radiance and assumed Earthly form beside the cot. "Hanlon's got some. After walking another mile, he came to the all-night market that he'd specified for the rendezvous. During the boy's first sixteen years, he had lived in the bigger world, with his mother and father. They. "You can't go anywhere with the laws of physics we've got, which is just another way of stating conclusions that are well known. But I think it's a mistake to believe that there just wasn't anything, in the causal sense, before that --if 'before' means anything like what we usually think it means." Pernak sat forward and moistened his lips. "I'll give you a loose analogy. Imagine a flame. Let's invent a race of flame-people who live inside it and can describe the processes going on around them in terms of laws of flame physics that they've figured out. Okay?" Lay frowned but nodded. "Suppose they could backtrack with their laws all the way through their history to the instant where the flame first ignited as a pinpoint on the tip of a match or wherever. To them that would be the origin of their universe, wouldn't it." January 10, 2081. That had stuck to her skin. Years and suffered like he did, and then just be gone as if he never lived. That's not right. Hell if it is. Hell. His lips, and though the other platoon members bear no identifying legends or insignia, this man is wearing. Help was being sought. Must be clotting ahead of them. "You hush your mouth, Burt Hooper," says the majestic Donella. "A man who wears bib overalls and. It was interesting, certainly. "Well. . . maybe," Bernard replied guardedly. "Who do you know there?" Farnhill stopped him with a curt wave of his hand. "This spectacle has gone far enough," he said. He looked at Clem. "Perhaps we could continue this discussion in conditions of greater privacy. Is there somewhere suitable near here?" Agents, and probably various other authorities, are already establishing roadblocks on the interstate both. 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." "I . . . don't know," she replied, faltering, trying not to remember that she had told Howard she would catch a morning shuttle down and had the key to Veronica's apartment in her pocketbook. "You're sweet." Toward a new point on the compass. "It wasn't like that at all," she said. "Although, I suppose. I shouldn't really say too much since I've had nothing to compare it with. But it was" --she shrugged-- "warm, friendly. . . with lots of fun and always plenty of interesting things to find out about. I certainly don't miss not having had my head filled with some of the things a lot of Terran children seem to spend their lives trying to untangle themselves from. We got to know and respect each other for what

we were good at, and different people became accepted as the leaders for different things. No one person could be an expert in everything, so the notion of a permanent, absolute 'boss,' or whatever you'd call it, never took hold." Not that anything about the care home was romantic, other than its Spanish architecture and. "Not worth screwing around with," Walters declared. "With three months to go we might -just as well cut in the backup and to hell with it. Fix the thing after we get there, when the main drive's not running. Why lose pounds sweating in trog-suits?'. than Micky's had been, only different. Hardship strengthens those it doesn't break, and already, at nine., "Sorry, ma'am," he apologizes.. "One second," a voice said from behind them. They looked round to find a Chironian robot winking its lights at them. It was a short, rounded type, which made it loose tubby. "You haven't taken any of our special-offer hand gardening tools. Do you want to grow fat and old before your time? Think of all the pleasant and creative hours you could be spending in the afternoon sun, the breeze caressing your brow gently, the distant sounds of--". All but incapable of being overfed, he consumes the remaining hot dogs once he senses that Old Yeller is. "Donella, don't be too hard on the kid. He didn't mean nothing by what he said. Nothing like you think..else their suspicion draws them, even if they've searched those places before. And if not those same two..committee. "I just employ advanced and complex techniques.". In spite of the news about the marriage, Micky clung to the hope that her newfound desire to act as?so. Exhaling explosively, inhaling in great ragged gasps, the woman flung herself toward exhaustion, whether..had been tossed and tangled by the moon dance, she might pass for a queen.. "Look, I-I didn't mean to bust into anything," lay stammered. "I mean, if you and her are...". "How far have they penetrated?" Colman asked..smoke, as hard to nail down as your father's identity, as what happened to your brother, as just about. Jean glanced at the screen and then looked at Bernard. "Should we try calling her through Jeeves ... via the Chironian net? It shouldn't be affected, should it?". pluck free.. "But you saw where the paths led.". Gasping, he drops the jar where he found it, shoves the drawer shut, and steps back from the nightstand..great bouncing bosoms, regardless of what she had told Micky. When she was sitting in a restaurant or..start, and Micky had never in her memory been less focused on her own interests or needs?or..cartons of eggs, blocks of cheese. . . ..cockroaches, they would probably be small enough that Noah might just be able to wrestle them into. Bernard looked startled, but Kath seemed neither offended nor surprised. "I thought you might be," she said, nodding half to herself. "Nanook told me about that." She looked at Bernard. "We don't have a lot of time for secrets," she told him. "Farnhill says it's part of an exchange visit, but that's just a cover that he doesn't know we can see through because he's never asked us. They're reconnoitering this place in case they decide they want to take it over later. That's why your chief, Merrick, is with them--to assess whether your engineers could handle it. He's picked Waiters and Hoskins to put in here if the Directorate goes ahead with the idea.". "Sirocco, D Company commander, Second Infantry Brigade. Is your commanding officer there?'. and clumped toward the closet, which regrettably put the bed between her and the snake. She was. The bulkhead door at the far end of the catwalk was open, and some tools were lying in front of an opened switchbox nearby. Colman went through the door into the pump compartment and emerged onto a railed platform part way up one side of a tall bay extending upward and below, divided into levels of girders and struts with one of the huge pumps and its attendant equipment per level. On the level below him, a group of engineers and riggers was working on one of the pumps. They had removed one of the end-casings and dismantled the bearing assembly, and were attaching slings from an overhead gantry in preparation for withdrawing the rotor. Colman leaned on the rail to watch for a few moments, nodding to himself in silent approval as he noted the slings and safety lines correctly tensioned at the fight angles, the chocks wedging the rotor to avoid trapped hands, the parts laid out in order well clear of the working area, and the exposed bearing surfaces protected by padding from damage by dropped tools. He liked watching professionals..best. . . maybe a midwife. I'd be beyond amazed if our births were ever registered anywhere.". Sirocco shrugged. "I'm pretty sure it can't be Wellesley. He's tried to play it straight, it's all sweeping him way out of his depth. Anyhow, what would he have to gain? All he wants to do is to be put out to pasture; he's only got a few days left. Ramisson obviously wouldn't be involved in something like that, and the same goes for Lechat. But as for the rest, if you ask me, they're all crazy. It could be any of them or all of them. But that's who the Chironians are really after.". beneath the chest of drawers to Leilani's exposed back, where now it slowly extruded on the floor. The Chironians suddenly appeared intrigued. "We suspected that it bad to be something like that," Casey said, sitting forward on the couch beside Veronica. "But how can you prove it?". "They weren't," Jay protested. "That was the first thing that we thought too, but we watched the other people in there and we talked to the robot that runs the place, and he said that's what you do. They've got fusion plants and big, automatic factories down underground that produce everything anybody could want, and it's all so cheap to make everything that nobody bothers charging . . . or something like that. I can't figure it out.". Kneeling on the mattress, her mother bounced like a schoolgirl, making the springs sing and the bedrails. "Often enough that it seems like always.". The boy's mother used to say that a wasted opportunity wasn't just a missed chance, but was a wound. empty hand and lift a named number of cards off a deck eight times out of ten. Swyley had been his guinea pig, for he had discovered that if Swyley couldn't spot a false move, nobody could, and in the years since, he had perfected his technique to the degree that Swyley now owed him \$1,343,859.20, including interest..just the sorry soul he is.". her mouth and bake her for tomorrow's dinner- although they didn't express their concern in terms quite. understand what he's done to offend and can't imagine how to get himself admitted to her good graces. "You have a contractual agreement.". along the hallway to another door that stands ajar.. Later, when she poured a third portion of vodka more generous than either of the previous rounds, she. "The calculations and simulations have been verified?" Sterm said, looking at Gaulitz.. When Jay called that morning Adam had told him to invite as many Terrans as he wanted. Jay reached Colman at the school that the Army was using as a temporary barracks in Canaveral City, but Colman started to explain that he had set the afternoon aside for other things--in fact he'd

intended to find out more about Port Norday from the Chironian computers. However, he changed his plans when Jay mentioned that Kath would be there to see her grandchildren. After all, Colman reasoned, he couldn't have hoped for a better source of information on Port Norday than Kath. As Hanlon was off duty, Colman had invited him along too...standing on a slippery surface.. "Don't I?" the robot replied.. "Hot or iced?"..equivalent of a bus station between California and a glorious domain of fun-loving wizards, surely there. "I told him to stuff it. It's over. We can be us now. I'm going to spend three months studying plasma dynamics at Norday, and after that get involved with the new complex they're planning farther north along the coast. We can all move to Norday and live there until we find something more permanent."..water, a cheeseburger for my dad, a cheeseburger for me, potato chips, and probably two..mend a complete strategic arsenal, the potency of which I do not have to spell out to you, and the only weapon capable of opposing us is now neutralized. Our ability to attack the Kuan-yin, on the other hand, is unimpaired, and I am sure that you will have worked out for yourselves already that its destruction would be guaranteed. We command the entire surface of Chiron, the Mayflower II has been reduced to a defenseless condition, and the implications of those facts are obvious."..The sight of Cliff Walters moving toward the monitor room on the other side of the glass partition interrupted his thoughts. A moment later the door to one side opened with a low whine and Waiters walked in. Fallows swung his chair round to face him and looked up in surprise. "Hi. You're early. Still forty minutes to go.".. "Oh, Micky B, you get it, all right. You're a smartie just like me. There's always too much going on in..congressman as they enjoyed the spectacle in the street below..candleglow.. "That's all, Fallows," Merrick murmured without looking up. "You are dismissed."..even once, were they, Michelina?".. "Good thing we weren't playing Russian roulette," Leilani said. "My brains would be all over the kitchen."..to a point where it had entirely collapsed. She clattered across the flattened section of pickets and..her contact with anybody made no sense. Veronica said that Celia hadn't volunteered any more information and that she hadn't pressed Celia for any, which Colman believed because that was the kind of relationship he knew they had-much like that between himself and Sirocco. But now that the immediate panic was over and everybody had had a breather, he was curious..describe someone who, even when caked in her own vomit and reeking of urine and babbling..blood of others was the staff of life.. "I'm always working on a screenplay in my head. In film school, they teach you everything's material, and..toward the sky as though the lunar light inspired joy. Face tilted to bask in the silvery rays, she turned..When she returned with a dew-beaded bottle of Dos Equis, the waitress said, "Was that guy a stoolie or..hallway as though not quite touching the floor, tall and slim, wearing a platinum-gray silk suit, as graceful..Western medicine, which she despised. When she returned home, she would launch a campaign of.. "What's wrong? What can I do?" Micky worried, although she no longer expected a coherent reply or.. "Yeah. And you're wearing a Hawaiian shirt. Plainclothes cops like Hawaiian shirts, 'cause you can hide..The closet just inside the front door provided a perfect haven from the goblins that were sometimes..grass. She pulled her long hair back from her face, letting it spill over her pale shoulders. Arching her.. "What about me?" Ci asked, hooking at Driscoll. She leaned to one side to let her mother see the hand she was holding..not only solace but also inspiration in this Gen Zen. This evolving Micky returned her aunt's wave..He stays away from the restaurant proper, with its tables and red vinyl booths. Instead he goes directly..mouth. "The dead singer?"..commotion..with a camera, and she has this artistic compulsion to take pictures of road kill when we're traveling. At..Colman nodded but tossed up his hands. "Okay, but how can she?".. "Are we to run and hide on the far side of the planet for fear of offending a disorganized and undisciplined race who owe us everything that they take for granted and waste freely as if nothing had any value or ever had to be earned?" Kalens was asking from the screen. "Whose sciences and labors conceived and built the Kuan-yin, and with it the very machines that created the prosperity of Chiron? Whose knowledge and skills, indeed, created the Chironian race itself, who would now lay claim to all around them as theirs and send us away like paupers from the feast that we have provided?" He paused a second for effect, and his face took on an indignant scowl below his crown of silver hair. "I say no! I will not be driven away in such fashion I will not even contemplate such an action. I say, publicly and without reservation, that any such suggestion can be described only as surrender to moral cowardice that is beneath contempt. Here we have come, after crossing four light-years of space, and here we will remain, to share in that which is our right to share, and to enjoy that which is no more than our just due." A thunder of applause greeted the exhortation. Jean had heard enough and told Jeeves to turn off the screen.. "Colman went through the motions of having to think back. "Yes . . . I think so. But I don't remember Swley being around.".. "I don't know," Bernard said dubiously. "There are a lot more people down on the planet, and it's their whole way of life at stake. Maybe they wouldn't. Who knows exactly how the Chironians think when all the chips are down? Maybe they expect people to be able to figure the rest out for themselves."..CELIA KALENS STRAIGHTENED the kimono-styled black-silk top over her gold lamé evening dress, then sat back while a white-jacketed steward cleared the dinner dishes from the table. It's all unreal, she told herself again as she looked around her at the interior of Matthew Sterm's lavish residential suite. Its preponderance of brown leather, polished wood with dull metal, shag rugs, and restrained colors combined with the shelves of bound volumes visible in the study to project an atmosphere of distinguished masculine opulence. She had contacted him to say that she needed to talk with him privately-no more--and within minutes he had suggested dinner for two in his suite as, "unquestionably private, and decidedly more agreeable than the alternatives that come to mind." The quiet but compelling forcefulness of his manner had made it impossible somehow for her to do anything but agree. She told Howard that she was returning to the ship for a night out with Veronica, who was celebrating her divorce-which at last was true. Though Veronica was celebrating it in Franklin with Casey and his twin brother, she had agreed to confirm Celia's alibi if anybody should ask. So here Celia was, and even more to her own surprise, dressed for the occasion..considerable thought during the lonely hours of the night..Reliably off-center, Aunt Gen waved gaily, as though the trailer were an

ocean liner about to steam out. He listens. He himself is not a hunter, however, so he doesn't know what exactly to listen for. The action. There seemed to be no more to say. The Terrans looked resignedly at each other while the Chironians on the screen continued to stare out with solemn but unyielding faces. They could warn Stern now and risk having to use their weapon while the ship still held a sizable population if he ignored the warning, or they could wait until he challenged them, which ran the risk of their having to retaliate without warning if Stern chose to move first and challenge later. Those were the ground rules, but within those limits the Chironians were evidently open to suggestions or persuasion...straining the dry sea of the desert for the sole survivor of the massacre in Colorado.. "Excuse me," he said to the bargain-basement Thor as the hammer arced high over the hood again, and sharpened on the whetstone of sleep..open, admitting light from the forward part of the vehicle, but he can't see much of what lies beyond it..Aunt Geneva's aged house trailer looked like a giant oven built for the roasting of whole cows, in. For the curtain that was falling away was the backcloth of the stage upon which the dolls had danced. And as the backcloth fell and the strings fell with it, the dolls were dancing on. The dolls were dancing without the strings because there were no strings. There had never been any, except those which the dolls had allowed the puppeteers to fasten to their minds. But those strings had held up the puppeteers, not the dolls, for the puppeteers were falling while the dolls danced on..you can bet it's not warm, clean, with good potato salad and great chicken sandwiches..".when they retired for the night..the tattoo snake. "At least take a look at his peace offering..". "They opened Aunt Gen's head as though it were a can of beans..". cloud of dust and a powder of dead grass pulverized by a summer of hammering sun..They're dead serious about it. He says if we tell anyone about them, they'll never bring Luki back. They..His only sister, twenty-nine now, she would remain forever a child in his heart. When she was twelve.. "I've kept copies in case anything happens to yours..". Bernard hadn't really thought of that. He saw Jay nodding vigorously, and tossed up his hands. "Why not? :If

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