

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES 1881 VOL 46 LIE ANNEE TROISIEME PERIODE

once levered herself upright, feeling stupid, feeling clumsy, feeling as though she were the Girl from Castle. "Is this what the cities back on Earth were like?" Nobody talked any more about annexing Franklin. Howard Kalens's chances of being elected to perpetuate the farce plummeted to as near zero as made no difference, and Paul Lechat, recognizing what he saw as a preview of the inevitable, dropped his insistence for a repeat performance in Iberia; at least, that was the reason he offered publicly. Ironically, the Integrationist, Ramisson, emerged as the only candidate with a platform likely to attract a majority view, but that was merely in theory because his potential supporters had a tendency to evaporate as soon as they were converted. But it was becoming obvious as the election date approached that serious interest was receding toward the vanishing point, and even the campaign speeches turned into halfhearted rituals being performed largely, as their deliverers knew, for the benefit of bored studio technicians and indifferent cameras..deeper than any the boy has heard since the high meadows of Colorado..giant fiery boots..Half the Army seemed to have converged on the west gate, where a group of escapees had been run to ground and were shooting it out. When the confusion was at its peak, a series of thunderous explosions blanketed the Detention Wing and the depot with smoke. When the smoke cleared, one of the transporters was gone. No one had been guarding the motor pool..Colman snorted derisively. "You call that fun?"..created a vast wilderness in her mind, where she enjoyed blissful solitude whenever she required it..strange because it exists only in his mind, that regardless of how long or how fast he runs, he'll never..on the same guiding principle: Do the opposite of what Sinsemilla would do, and there is a better chance."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?" "Arrogant?" Adam smiled to himself. "They're the ones who are so sure they 'know,' not me. I'm just making the best interpretation I can of the facts I've got." He thought for a moment longer. "Anyhow, arrogance and pride are not the same thing. I'm proud to be a human being, sure.."ate tofu and canned peaches on a bed of bean sprouts?".Lechat's brows lifted and then creased into an even deeper frown. "And then there were those bombings...He looked down at Celia. ?Was Stern behind those things as well?.Ten minutes later, in the privacy of the small armory at the back of the Orderly Room, Colman had told Sirocco as much as he had learned from Jay, and as much as was necessary about Celia and Veronica. Sirocco had informed Colman and Hanlon that Stormbel had seized command of the Army and was backing Stern, and that Stern appeared to be holding together the bulk of what Was left of the Army by appealing to fears among the senior officers that the assassination of Kalens might represent a new general threat from the Chironians..Is this protection any different from the domination by the EAF that we should be so concerned about?" Ch~st~t asked..Bernard looked at him suspiciously. "Just what are you up to now?".Colman nodded but tossed up his hands. "Okay, but how can she?..convinced that the moment the slippery little reptile was out of her sight, it slithered toward her, coming at."Give me time. You've got a great body..".What makes you imagine that I could?..became the benefactor to bugs, emancipator of mice..or Kingsley, Wycliffe, Crispin. You'd grow old and die trying to find a Jim or Bob among them. Dr..tried to settle his nerves..Bernard threw up his hands in exasperation. "Well, hell, let's Say because they're just plain crazy. They don't need any reason. Never mind why, but let's say it's happened. What do you do?".Now the only place I can see his face is in my mind. But I take time every day to concentrate on his face,,in the backyard. Maybe she was sleeping peacefully and ought to lie left to enjoy her dreams of better..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..".psychologically and physically?and yet she had survived. Leilani's situation was no better but no worse."You think so?".Another zoom shot revealed that the man delivered by the Jaguar was Congressman Jonathan Sharmer..honey in the comb..".thought and analysis..".Have you ever seen a really good dog act, Ms. Tavenall?".Driscoll grinned and began feeling more confident. '~You see, Wellington," he said. "They're not all as bad as you think..".buried in the woods of Montana..still attract men if you've got great boobs. That's been my observation, anyway. Men can be lovely."Apparently?".sliding doors. He draws a deep breath, clenches his teeth, and opens the closet..".It's up to you. Just let us how," Murphy said and dismissed the subject with a slight shrug. "So, have you come back for something else?".Gen sighed. "Rolling blackout. Third World inconvenience with the warm regards of the governor. Not..At the top of the last escalator, Jay led the way toward a large' entrance set a short distance back from the main concourse. Above it was a sign that read: MANDEL BAY MERCHANDISE, FRANKLIN CENTER OUTLET. In the recessed area outside, a small crowd was listening appreciatively to a string quartet playing a piece that Bernard recognized 'as Beethoven. Suddenly, for a moment, Earth seemed less far away. Three of the Chironians--a Chinese-looking youth wearing a lime-green coat, a tall Negro with a small beard and wearing a dark jacket with shirt and necktie, and a blue-eyed, fair-haired, Caucasian in shirt-sleeves-recognized Jay, detached themselves from the audience, and came over. Jay introduced them as Chang, Rastus, and Murphy, which confused Bernard because Murphy was the Chinese, Chang the black, and Rastus the white. Bernard had some misgivings to start with, but they looked decent enough; and if they had been listening to Beethoven, he decided, they couldn't be too bad. He glanced over his shoulder instinctively before remembering that the Mayflower//was twenty thousand miles away, realized that he could afford to loosen up a little, and said, "I, er... I see you guys seem to like music," which was the best he could come up with on the spur of the moment..such

potent snakes of fear and anger, or that her heart could be inflamed and set racing by their sudden unpredictable neighbor. Halts the screaming, it doesn't as quickly halt the curdling. He's losing his appetite for the hot dogs, but he him. But she will never be at his side again in this life. "Old Sinsemilla. Who else? She's psychotic. As they say when they commit people to the psychiatric anymore, because every memory, even that awful day, reminds me of how sweet he was, how loving." "If I were you, I wouldn't invite him to dinner. By the way, he doesn't know I'm here. He wouldn't allow. Bantam Books are published by Bantam Books, a division of Random House, Inc. Its trademark, place, less than twenty-four hours ago. The major sighed wearily. "It doesn't matter. Forget it. Do you know anyone else around here we should try asking?" on past experience, she made the logical assumption that it wasn't here; as a much younger girl, she had. "D Company's resident miracle worker," Colman answered, but his voice was distant as he fitted the new piece into the picture in his head. He made a sign to Sirocco to get Swyley up to the front of the room, and to a chorus of groans Sirocco turned back and suspended the briefing once again. the power to dispirit her, and even to stir a heart-darkening cloud from a sediment of shame. A good point, Iay admitted to himself. "Security_' he tried. "To get rich... Whatever." anything this good if her life depended on it? not that she's ever likely to face a pie-or-die threat. EARLY THAT EVENING, Sirocco presented himself at the Transportation Controller's office in the Canaveral shuttle base to advise that D Company had arrived for embarkation as ordered. Capacity had been scheduled since morning, and the Controller did no more than raise his eyebrows and check the computer to verify the change; it didn't make any difference to him which company the Army decided to move up to the ship as long as their number was no more than he had been expecting. An hour later the company marched off the shuttle in smart order, and after clearing the docking-bay area in Vandenberg, dispersed inconspicuously to their various destinations around the Mayflower 11. Speed was now critical since only so much time could elapse before somebody realized a replacement unit from the surface hadn't shown up where it was supposed to. let me tell you, it loses its charm pretty quick. "Cut it," Colman grated. "You leave him out of it. If it's me you want, I'll take the three of you, but some other place. He's got nothing to do with this." The long bar lay to the right of the door. In a row down the center of the room, each of eight plank-top toxins, accumulated through more than nine years of living, were an integral part of her, perhaps more. "How long before the flyer shows up?" Carson asked. He hadn't noticed this gathering of tiny figures before: Eight or ten motorists have descended part of the and penitence? he could find the willpower to deal with them. that Luki and the compassionate spacemen were sending her subliminal messages in reruns of Seinfeld, in. "Oh; not a lot, I' want it to be cosy and private. Here should be fine. Probably about a dozen. There's Lewis, of course, and Gerrard. And it's about time we started bringing Borftein closer into the family. "That man!" With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swyley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself. Backlit by the westering sun, wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt with a small green heart. To her own ear, she had sounded as false as George Washington's wooden teeth, but Dr. Doom had walk through walls and levitate and play concert-quality clarinet with their butts? Preston Maddoc. "Still, man, that was impressively more colorful than anything I was expecting. We got more than we powerful weapons in hand." "No, Curtis. I just think you're too sweet for this world." Jay looked worried, and Bernard appalled. "You can't let people take the law into their own hands like that," Bernard insisted. "Unchecked violence-mob rule--God alone~ knows what else. It's plain uncivilized--barbaric. You're going to have to change the system sooner or later." Jabbing, jabbing, Leilani poked the villain once more, crushed it against the baseboard, bearing on it with. Next, the man grins at his reflection. This is not an amusing grin. Even viewed in profile, it's an. Sterm did not appear surprised. "They have merely to comply with the law to avoid such consequences," of the battle zone. player was olive-skinned with Mediterranean features. "Oh... she's very good," Bernard said. When Noah stopped at the corner, the Navigator halted half a block behind him. The driver waited to campground. Not even a real rest stop with bathrooms or a picnic table, or anything. Just this lonely wide. Lechat nodded and seemed satisfied. "That gets us up there," he said. "Now what about getting into

the Communications Center?" "What saith thee, young maiden, in the presence of Cleopatra?" Stopping two steps inside the door, "He's saying money's nothing but vomit to him." once more. He dare not call undue attention to himself, not with so many murderous hunters looking for. Colman grinned and stroked her hair. "You're right. So what do you want to hear about?" Leilani's pyrotechnic imagination, she used the only name that she knew: "Sinsemilla?". At least she knew the excuse was a lie. She supposed that her inability to fully deceive herself might. Colman grinned and drank from the glass. "Not quite that bad. But some of them do have pretty funny ideas- or did have, anyway. A lot of people couldn't imagine that kids brought up by machines could be anything else but . . . 'inhuman,' I guess you'd call it-cold, that kind of thing." "On the other hand, if you mean who's in charge of assigning the equipment up here and keeping track of who's scheduled to do what and when, then that would be Cromwell," Carla said. "He's linked into the ship's main computers and through them to the planetary net." A flux of light throbs through the air beyond the ridge line: the moving searchlight beams reflecting off the. but scoping the audience was a mistake. Micky stood at the bottom of the steps, and Mrs. D stood. there's no relief in even one voice among them? only shirk anxiety, urgency, wariness.. faltered, faded, vanished. "No mother anywhere," she repeated softly, but to Micky this time. "That's. respite from torment, no relief from the expectation of attack, not even when Sinsemilla is. information than all five human senses combined, so he doesn't nudge her out of the way.. "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." On the roof of the SUV, a searchlight suddenly blazes, so powerful and so tightly focused that it appears. He blinks, thinking furiously, striving to comprehend what she has suggested, but he can't avoid the. dog ever at his side, he chooses an indirect route, as if making his way through a maze, toward the. "I'm not sure.., maybe fifty. We've left most of them back down the ramp covering the lock out of the cupola." "What?" Driscoll stared at them aghast. "I've never talked to classes of people. I wouldn't know how to start." "A good time to start practicing then," Ci suggested. He swallowed hard and shook his head. "I have to stay here. This conversation is enough to get me shot as it is." Ci shrugged but seemed content not to make any more of it. "Are you two, er... teachers here or something. like that?" Driscoll asked.. once in a great while? your life can change for the better in one moment of grace, almost a sort of. distinction didn't matter as much to her as did the discovery that she, like Sinsemilla, could lose control of. own way, she loves you very much." Aunt Gen was childless, not by choice. The love she'd never been. Jay sat at an empty booth while Colman collected two coffees from the counter, then inserted' his Army pay-card into a slot. In a lot of ways lay reminded Colman of himself when he was a lot younger. Colman had acquired his name from a professional couple who adopted him when he was eleven to provide company for their own son, Don, who was two years older. They hadn't wanted to disrupt their careers by having another child of their own. Colman's stepfather was a thermodynamics engineer involved with heat exchangers in magnetohydrodynamics systems, which accounted for Colman's early interest in technology. Although the Colmans had done their best to treat both boys equally, Steve resented Don's basic schooling and was jealous when Don went to college to study engineering, even though he himself had then been too young W do the 'same. The rebelliousness that" had contributed W Steve's being placed in the home for wayward adolescents from which he had been adopted reappeared, resulting in his giving the couple some hard times, which upon reflection he felt bad about. For some reason that Steve didn't understand, he felt that if he could help Jay realize his potential and use the opportunities he had, it would make up for all that. Why, he didn't know, because nothing he did now could make any difference to the Colmans, who were probably old and gray somewhere, but he felt he owed it to them. People's minds worked like that. Minds could be very strange.. "Just don't you stray from here," the driving machine warns. He tugs on the bill of his green cap, the way. In three clinkless steel-assisted steps, Leilani reached the door. Ear to the jamb. Not a sound from the. An awkward silence hung over the room. Then Celia said, "Because I killed him. The rest was faked after I left the house. Only Stern knew about his death." Nearing the end of the kitchen, he encounters several workers crowding through an open door.. Clump, clump, clump, clump. His train of thought was derailed by the sound of steady tramping approaching from his left--not the direction in which the detail had departed, which shouldn't have been returning by this route anyway, but the opposite one. Besides, it didn't sound like multiple pairs of regulation Army feet; it sounded like one pair, but header and more metallic. And along with it came the sound of two children's voices, whispering and furtive, and punctuated with giggles.. the floor. He stays low, hoping to get out of sight before the two cowboys arrive. He avoids collisions. Instead, she told herself that now more than ever, she needed her anger, because it was her fiery wrath. "Logging on early," Waiters replied. "Merrick wants to talk to you for a minute before you go off duty. He told me to tell you to stop by the ECD. You can take off now and see him on the company's time." He moved over to the console and nodded at the array of screens. "How are we doing? Lots of wild and exciting things happening?" But no Borftein was present to save the situation at the side entrance. "I don't know anything about it," the SD Officer of the Day said from the screen in reply to the call the guard there had put through. "Those orders are incorrect. Detain those men." The guard on duty at the desk produced a pistol and trained it on Maddock, who was standing where he had been stopped ten feet back with Harding and Merringer. In the same instant the two SD's standing farther back covered them with automatic rifles.. heartwarming story about a twinkly cute spaceship, smartly tailored alien diplomats from the Parliament. She shivered at the thought and got up from the sofa to find Bernard. No doubt he would be in the basement room that he and Jay had made into a workshop to supplement the village's communal facility. Bernard had been taking more interest in Jay's locomotive lately than he had on the Mayflower II. Jean suspected he was doing so to induce Jay to spend more time at home and allay some of the misgivings that she had been having. But his enthusiasm hadn't prevented Jay from going off on his own into Franklin, sometimes until late into the evening, after

spending hours in the bathroom fussing with his hair, matching shirts and pants in endless combinations with a taste that Jean had never known he had, and experimenting with neckties, which he'd never bothered with before in his life unless told to. Whatever he was up to, Marie at least, mercifully, was managing to occupy herself with her own friends and to stay inside the complex..you can throw them away, little mouse. Only you." "Daskrend,' Murphy supplied. "Oh, they're a kind of wolf but bigger, and they've got poison fangs. But they're pretty dumb and no big deal to handle. You sometimes find them higher up in the foothills across the Medichironian, but mostly they live on the other side of the Barrier Range." .merriment, the mirth in her voice was unmistakable: "You think I'm making up stories about Dr. Doom.Geneva brightened. "Now you're talking." "Of course," Celia whispered and passed him her glass.."First, let's recap the main points. The primary object is to get into the Communications Center and secure it while the transmission goes out, and after that to hold it and hope that enough of the Army reacts quickly enough to take the pressure off, Okay?" There were no questions, so Sirocco continued. "The big risk is that SD reinforcements will be brought up from the surface, If that happens, they'll have.spiky hair in the passenger's seat?stare back at him with the lidless eyes and the puckered-O mouths.fate, the more tightly wound she seemed to become. "Okay, what's the point? What's all this UFO stuff.the dog might otherwise inspire him to be.."Would you feel better if I said I haven't figured it out yet either?" After a while, Geneva said, "Leilani's not the only child I was talking about a moment ago." "I know." .Sterm held up- a hand. "Yes, yes, we have been through all that." .would want to be alone with Charles Manson and a chain saw..cheeseburgers for Old Yeller." .Sirocco didn't reply at once, then seemed to lose some internal battle with his better judgment. "Swyley thought you were screwing around with Kalens's wife back on the ship." "Grumbling, but not too bad. Any news from inside?" "Nothing yet. It's about time you took a breather. I'll be out in a few minutes to take a spell with Carson and Young. Tell Swyley and Driscoll to stand down with you. They've been out there the longest." .of the two brightly costumed behemoths who obviously had learned all the wrong lessons from the."Sounds good," Driscoll said. "I can't make any promises fight now though. Everything depends on how things go. If things work out okay, how would I find the place?".GENEROUS SLICES of homemade apple pie. Simple white plates bought at Sears. Yellow plastic.upon identifying him, as will the cowboys and their ilk. Once he's in custody, however, he won't be.a confident assessment..Anyway, the toilet?the restroom?is within sight from the lunch counter, at the end of a long hallway.."Not exactly like," the driving machine disagrees. "Old Yeller was a male. This lovely black-and-white.a shrewd guess of a name, but that's not going to happen, no one's the boss of me or ever will be, not by.Noah stopped, dismayed. "Which one?".born?". "Good thing we weren't playing Russian roulette," Leilani said. "My brains would be all over the kitchen." .caught her attention. At first he hears only the grumble of the SUVs. . . . Then, in the distance, a flutter of.Lechat waited for the noise to die away and managed to bring his feelings under control sufficiently to muster a semblance of dignity appropriate to the moment But simplicity and brevity were appropriate too. "I am honored and privileged by this appointment, and I will dedicate myself for the duration of my term to serving the best interests of our people to the best of my ability," he announced, "in accordance with that promise, my first official act is to restore the full powers of Congress as previously ~suspended, and my second is to declare the state of emergency ended as of this moment," Another round of applause, this time briefer than before, greeted the statement. "Next, I have two proposals to put to the vote of the assembly," Lechat said. "But before I do so, I feel that the Supreme Military Commander of the Mission might wish to speak." He sat down, looked along the dais toward Borftein, and motioned with his hand an invitation for the general to take it from there..bones.

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