

## SENTIMENTALISMO E HISTORIA

A round container, rather like a hatbox, stood on the bed; its red lid lay to one side. . . cease, the hum of traffic on the freeway, engines stroking and tires turning: an ever-approaching burr that. IN THE ARMCHAIR, Noah Farrel talked past the point where he bothered to listen to himself. bend, he sees a truck stopped on the shoulder of the highway. Headlights doused in favor of the parking. fabulous bulk will allow, bringing her face closer to his, and she whispers these teaberry-scented words: . . . Trying to be civilized and to get along with everybody was fine as long as it could be made to work, but eventually the only thing that made people take notice of the high-sounding words delivered across the negotiating table was the number of divisions--and warheads behind them--backing them up. And if, when all else failed, the only way left for a nation to look after its interests was to defend them by force, then the best chance for survival lay with ' promoting the cause totally and using every expedient that. dinner sometimes she likes to talk about what she saw squashed on the highway that day. And my. when he worked at the university, but I can't rely on him to educate me now, because it's impossible to. gloom untouched by the feeble light in the bathroom. To his left, two rectangular windows glimmer dimly. . . 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. . . When he trailed off, she finished for him: "Then screw it." The girl grew silent. . . because they've lost a job, or just because. Yet with discreet nods and gestures, the workers continue to. Fate possessed the sharper teeth, the stronger jaws. . . One day a would-be victim, impervious to Preston's dry charm and oily sympathy, would have a. wore the full-length embroidered slip with flounce-trimmed skirt that she had bought last month at a flea. After a while, Leilani shifted her gaze from November in Montana and met Micky's stare. "I knew then." "You do. Don't you like it when your team wins in the Bowl? Why do you work hard at school? You like science, sure, but isn't a lot of it proving to everybody that you're smarter than all the assholes who are dumber than you, and getting a kick out of it? Be honest. And when you were a kid, didn't you have gangs with special passwords and secret signs that only a handful of very special pals were allowed into? I bet you did." Leilani opened the door to her room and switched on the light. Her bed was as neatly made as the ratty. "I still don't like it," Borftein grumbled to Kalens after the meeting was over. "The way I see it, what we're trying to do is provoke an official acknowledgment from these bloody Chironians that we exist at all. If I had my way, I'd soon show them whether we exist or not." . . . control himself and to leave the grieving for safer times. . . "Yes, Frank Hoskins," Juanita said. "And that funny man who made the speech and led the act up in the Kuan-yin is in charge---Farnhill," corner TV cabinet. A pair of sliding mirrored doors probably conceal a wardrobe jammed full of too. shepherd Curtis toward escape. "It was one of our people," the major said. "That may be, but it's beside the point that I was trying to make," Merrick said. "Surely you're not condoning the rule by mobocracy that substitutes for law among these people. Are you saying we should expose our own population to the prospect of being shot down in the Street by anyone who happens to take a dislike to them? ". "Tell it to Merrick," Fallows said, making an effort ~lot to show the disapproval that he felt. Talking that way betrayed a sloppy attitude toward engineering. Even if they had only three weeks to go, there would still be no excuse not to fix a piece of equipment that needed fixing. The risk of catastrophic failure might have been vanishingly small, but it was present. Good practice lay with reducing possibilities like that to zero. He considered himself a competent engineer, and that meant being meticulous. Walters had a habit of being lax about some things--small things, admittedly, but laxness was still laxness. To be ranked equally irked Fallows. "Log change of watch duty, Horace," he said to the grille on the console. "Officer Fallows. gangs? was the injunction against settling grudges by committing violence on family members who. What followed was a General Foul-up. . . Sinsemilla snored softly. Having crashed from her chemical high, she was planted deeper than sleep. . . customer paying his check. . . in a miserable voice, Aunt Gen said, "It's never this bad in the movies." "I think so. I can find it anyway." . . her feet with such agitation that she seemed to flail herself erect: skirt flounce churning around her legs. "You're what? ". "Very probably it was," Kath replied. "The man you saw was probably having a relaxing day or two keeping his hand in. It's nice to have machines around to take care of things when they become chores." . . snake-driving mood! ". With cheerful sincerity, Aunt Gen said, "Oh, I don't know, Micky, I rather like Leilani Doom." . . for electricity. Now she'd be sticking her finger in a socket about ten times a day. She's an addictive." "Sure. It's on the lakes." . . but the only time he ever slung his willy out of his pants was when he needed to take a leak." . . films. . . and humiliation, although until this moment she would have angrily denied ever being anyone's victim, she. legs, baring his underwear. He kicks at her, but the shorts trammel him; he fails to land a foot in fur. "Luck," Micky clarified. "The angle of the shot was severe. The slug literally ricocheted off her skull." "Maybe," Leilani continued, "you think that would be interesting conversation, even if sort of gross, but. Just then, the door opened noisily, and several loud voices drowned out the conversations in the coffee shop. Colman recognized three faces from B Company, Padawski--a tall, wiry sergeant with harsh. . . thin lips and hard, bleek eyes set in a long, swarthy face---and two corporals whose names didn't come immediately to mind. They had been drinking, and Padawski

could be mean at the best of times. Colman's earlier friendship with Anita had developed at a time when she had taken to staying close to Colman and Hanlon because Padawski had been pestering her. Colman could look after himself when the need arose, and Hanlon, besides being the sergeant in charge of Second Platoon, was a hand-to-hand combat instructor for the whole of D Company, and good. The combination had. Maybe ordinary drivers, maybe not. poking through other people's underwear is definitely a sign that you are a pervert, and there seems to be. The man grumbles, turns on his side . . . but doesn't wake. task is to stop any SD's getting out and, more important, to stop Stern and his people from getting in if things go well and they realize they can't hold the rest of the ship. What we have to prevent at all costs is Stern and Stormbel get/ ting in there and detaching the module so that it can threaten the rest of the Mayflower II as well as the planet. income tax on it." eyes and saw where they were focused. Not on her daughter. On the nearest end of the makeshift. cruising at sixty miles per hour. "I thought it would be at least one ninety," Micky replied. even though He's God with all His resources, realizes what He's gotten Himself into by agreeing to those. It was after 0400 hours, local, when Colman returned to the room which he shared with Hanlon in the Omar Bradley Block, which in the system of twenty-four Chironian "long hours" day was about as miserable a time of day as it was on Earth. With the room to himself since Hanlon was on night duty, he crawled gratefully between the sheets without bothering to shower to make what he could of the opportunity to sleep undisturbed until his call at 0530. "Who was that?" Jean gasped, her eyes wide with disbelief. "If so, then Steve's section will have to try rushing it from the nose and taking it over inside. But that's only as a last resort, as I said." He looked across at Colman, who returned a heavy nod. The presidential suite was hers, not because she had booked the use of it, but because she owned the. Bernard nodded and seemed relieved, but his expression was still far from happy as he turned toward Kath, who had moved away from the others, and was watching curiously. Bernard seemed to want to say something that he didn't know how to begin. "What about the ameba?" he'll have a lifetime for anguish, loss, and loneliness. mildew-scented space was deserted and no worse of a mess than it had been when they moved in here. blood on the gauze pad. This isn't much blood, but the intruder has recently seen so much violence that. seen movies about serial killers. These human monsters collect souvenirs of their kills. Some keep. Enjoying the girl's perplexity, Micky shrugged. "I'm not sure I could have resisted him, either." Fulmire thought back for a moment, then leaned forward in his chair to pore over one of the open manuals. "That was under 'Emergency Situations,' not 'Security,'" he said after a few moments, without looking up. "Under the provisions for emergencies that might arise during the voyage, the Director can suspend Congressional procedures after declaring an emergency condition to exist." The boy promises himself that public toileting is a behavior he will never adopt, regardless of how wild. Exhibiting rhinoscerosian contempt for Mr. Hooper, Donella turns away from him. "Don't you pay any. roses. Monday, she might smell like oranges; Tuesday, like St.-John's-wort and celery root; Wednesday, Bernard fell silent for a few seconds. "Kath has to know something about it, or at least she must know people who do," he said. "After all, there aren't billions of people on Chiron. And Jerry said that she has. a lot to do with the people working on the antimatter project at the university. Let's start with her." Curtis hopes that he won't have to kick anyone in the sex organs, but he's prepared to do whatever is. level then, but I understood the implications, anyway. It was an amazing wedding, let me tell you, though. campground for an evening, and we never see them again. Sinsemilla long ago chopped loose her family. Thus there were two components, each of which had an "anticomponent." A quark or a lepton was formed by a triplet of either three components. or three anticomponents. There were eight possible combinations of two components taken three at a time and another eight possible combinations of two anticomponents taken three at a time, which resulted in the sixteen entities and antientities of the ground-state particle generation. tube top stretched so extravagantly that it might kill bystanders if it snapped, she was temptation. problems, a pleasing face wasn't just about looking good; it was about survival. "If you say so," Stanislaou said. ease out of his way, facilitate his passage, use their bodies to further block the cowboys' view of him, and. "If a chip can do the job, a man's life is probably better spent doing something else anyway." softly along a brass rod, as though the hanging skeleton, animated by sorcery, is flexing its bony fingers in. "To assume the proposition as a premise is not to prove it," the girl explained, looking up at the preacher. "Your argument, I'm afraid, is completely circular." Hiding in the tiny toilet enclosure is out of the question. The owners just came from the restaurant, and. "I'm not sure Lukipela's dad and mine are the same. Sinsemilla's never said. She might not know herself." "When did you see a shoddy piece of workmanship on Chiron a door that didn't fit, or a motor that wouldn't start?" Eve asked him. "Have you ever come across anything like that anywhere there? It makes what we're used to look like junk. I was at a trade show yesterday that some of our companies put on in Franklin to do some market research. The Chironians thought it was a joke. You should have seen the kids down there. They thought our ideas of design and manufacturing were hilarious. Our guys had to give it up as a dead loss." Curtis successfully resists the urge to water the pavement, too, but he counts himself fortunate to have. She brightened. "Hey, you probably got something there." Then her sigh vented volumes of. They stopped by a small open square, enclosed on three sides by buildings with striped canopies over their many balconies and flowery windows. A preacher from the Mayflower II, evidently anxious to make up for twenty years of lost time, was belaboring a mixed audience of Chironians from the corner of a raised wall surrounding a bank of shrubbery. He seemed especially incensed by the evidence of adolescent parenthood around him, existing and visibly imminent. The Chironians appeared curious but skeptical. Certainly there were no signs of any violent evangelical revivals about to take place, or of dramatic instant conversions among the listeners. it's crack cocaine and hallucinogenic mushrooms, much enhanced by old Sinsemilla's patented brand of. saturated with toxins. Klonk I was born with. You've got to be mad to be Mad-doc? that's what Luki and I used to say." THE FIRST BOMB exploded in the center of Canaveral City in the early hours of the morning, causing serious damage to the maglev terminal where

the spur line into the shuttle base joined the main through-route from Franklin out to the Peninsula. Subsequent investigations by explosives experts established that it had been carried in a car outward bound from Franklin. The only occupants at the time were eight Terrans returning from a late-night revel in town. They were killed instantly..She had a trick of locking her brace and pivoting on her steel-assisted leg. Even as she heard the hiss or.Colman hesitated for a split second to let the question ask itself. "So...?".On the threshold, gripping the doorknob, she glanced back to see if the snake pursued her. It remained."Ah, but think of the honor of it," Hanlon told them. "And won't every one of them poor SD fellas back in the shuttle be eating his heart out with envy and just wishing he could be out there with the same opportunity to risk himself for flag and country."..she now stands upon it, following Curtis's movements with curiosity, her tail wagging in expectation of.and being rude to nuns.."This isn't funny, Leilani."."I never said it had to make sense." Sirocco brought his elbows up level with his shoulders, stretched. for a few seconds, and sighed. After a short silence he cocked a curious eye in Colman's direction. "So... what's the latest with that cutie from Brigade?".resorts to the excuse that Burt Hooper, the waffle-eating trucker in Donella's restaurant, made for him.to his sister-becoming, he blunders after her into the waterless bog without adjusting his pace or step. He."How long were you up on the Kuan-yin before they moved you down to the surface, Kath?.lousy cook."..Colman sighed. "It's not anything like that. It's just--" Anita waved a hand in front of her face. "It's okay. You don't want me around... you don't want me around. It's okay." Her voice was staging to rise and fall singsong fashion. "Who says I need anybody to have a good time, anyhow? I'm fine, see. It's okay .... You and lay can go talk about brains and trains." She began to walk away, swaying slightly and swinging her pocketbook gaily by its strap through a wide arc..lattice-shaded sidewalks draped with yellow and purple bougainvillea. In spite of those inviting arbors, no.extra hole on Remus," Jay said at last. "I mean, we brought enough scientists with us, and they can access the Chironian records as easily as anyone else. The Chironians aren't exactly secretive about their physics."..For a while after listening to Lechat, she had -entertained a brief hope that his announcement might precipitate a landslide of opinion that would force a more enlightened official policy, but the hope had faded a mere two hours later when Eve and Jerry stopped by for a brief farewell before moving out to take up the Chironian way of living. Apparently many people were doing the same thing, and there were even rumors of desertions from the Army; Jean had been unable to avoid feeling that Eve and Jerry were somehow deserting her too, but she had managed to keep a pleasant face and wish them well. It was as if Chiron were conspiring against her personally to tear down her, world and destroy every facet of the life she had known..Ahead of them, Jarvis had positioned soldiers to cover all of the tunnel mouths, with the strongest force- concentrated around the outlet from the feeder ramps along which."For now," Sterm added. "The rest comes later."..plant food, in spite of the regular aeration of its roots and periodic treatment with measured doses of.On the roof of the SUV, a searchlight suddenly blazes, so powerful and so tightly focused that it appears.The pooled heat of August, like broth in a cannibal's pot, still cooked a thin perspiration from her, and."No, really."..Welcome Wagon gifts and valuable discount coupons that come with membership. Sinsemilla also buys.The thought of a shower was appealing; but the reality would be unpleasant. The cramped bathroom had.clatter and a fine mournful whistle.."Your comparison is quite invalid," a girl who was with the boy pointed out. "There are ample reasons, verified by universally corroborated experimental results, for postulating that entities possessing the properties ascribed to atoms do indeed exist. Whether or not they are detectable by the senses directly is immaterial. Where are your comparable data?".Hanlon detached himself from a group and sauntered over to Colman, Celia, and Lechat. Things had been so hectic that an opportunity for a few quick words with them had not presented itself since Colman's return. "Well, I see there's no need to ask how things went on your side, Steve. I take it that Veronica's in safe hands now."."I never said they'd do anything," the robot replied. "I just said that people telling them wouldn't bother them."..Jean looked away as she heard the front door open. A few seconds later Jay arrived. He had a brand-new-looking backpack slung across one shoulder end was carrying a framed painting of an icy, mountainous landscape with a background of stormy sky under one arm. His expression was vaguely perplexed..Sirocco shrugged noncommittally. "Can't say. I wouldn't worry too much about it. If you stick close to Steve and Bret and do what they tell you, you'll come through okay." Although they couldn't claim to be campaign veterans, Colman and Hanlon were among the few of the Mission's regulars who had seen combat, having served together as rookie privates with an American expeditionary unit that had fought alongside the South Africans in the Transvaal in 2059, the year before they had volunteered for the Mayflower II. The experience gave them a certain mystique-especially among the younger troops who had matured-in some cases been born and enlisted--in the course of the voyage..So with medical-kit alcohol, she dissolved and swabbed away the crusted blood in the punctures. She.might be an angel, considering that he holds a plastic-wrapped bundle of hot dogs, which he has just.personality, but she means well."."Where did you learn that, Stan?" Paula, one of the civilian girls, asked. She had a thin but attractive face made needlessly flashy by too much makeup. Her clothes were tight and provocative..furniture, dead-on for the snake. She struck again, again, again, furiously, burning her knuckles from.Currently, no vehicles are either entering or leaving the lot. No truckers are in sight across the acres of.She must deal with this, and fast; but nothing on the bed would be of help to her in a snake chase, snake.Jay grinned, just a trifle sheepishly. "Er.. . would you get mad if I asked Steve to come along too?".once more. He dare not call undue attention to himself, not with so many murderous hunters looking for.Now, from moonlight into darkling forest once more. The meadow behind him. The tangled maze of.else their suspicion draws them, even if they've searched those places before. And if not those same two.background?but Micky saw clearly the hopelessness of this situation. On the other hand, if only."I'm trying to find someone to confirm the rumors."..He breaks out of a run into a fast walk, striving to quiet both his footfalls and his breathing. Taking its.The word blue was so absurdly inadequate to describe the depths of Laura's misery that Noah almost.my

business, and you'd hustle me back to my own yard."out, pass for an ordinary baseball-loving, school-hating ten-year-old boy whose interests are limited.but doesn't follow.