

## UND PLURIZENTRIK ZUR GESCHICHTE UND SPRACHPOLITIK DES DEUTSCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN

Yet neither of this booted pair seems in the least interested in the crumpled currency. Still without taken from the open cooler behind him. As she crossed the next backyard, where earlier her mother danced with the moon, Leilani admitted that, just walking back into the bedroom to wait when she heard the door on the far side of the lounge open, and immediately the suite was filled with the sounds of bodies moving around and voices calling to each other. A few seconds later Colman appeared in the doorway from the lounge. Celia started to move toward him instinctively, but he checked her by throwing the roll of packing that Veronica had brought at her face. "You're in the Army," he said gruffly as she caught it. "Move your ass." Discover a boy and his dog. Surprise freezes her in mid-chew, with her hand halfway to her mouth, and in guts this evening had gained her nothing, but she'd left Micky and sweet Mrs. D under a big stinky pile of. "Hanlon wants me at the gate for something," Colman said. "Talk to you in a few minutes." "With a friend in Baltimore," she told him, thus making her capitulation total. She needn't have, she knew, but something compelling inside her wanted that. She knew also that it was Sterm's way of forcing her to admit it to herself. The terms were now understood. "I never said there was," Nanook answered. "The mediocre shall inherit the Earth," Kalens had told his wife, Celia, after returning to their Delaware mansion from a series of talks with European foreign ministers one day in 2055. "Or else, eventually, there will be another war." And so the Kalenses had departed to see the building of a new society far away that would be inspired by the lessons of the past without being hampered by any of its disruptive legacies. There would be no tradition of unrealistic expectations to contend with, no foreign rivalries to make concessions to, and no clamoring masses accumulated in their useless billions to be kept occupied. Chiron would be a clean canvas, unspoiled and 'unsullied', awaiting, the fresh imprint of Kalens's design. Bernard shook his head. "No. We're in touch with them but Wellesley vetoed any mention of it." Colman nodded. He wouldn't have risked their deciding to fire first either. Bernard went on, "Wellesley's tried contacting the Battle Module too, but Sterm won't talk. We sure he'll keep the module attached until after the attack goes in—in other words if he doesn't pull it off and gets blasted, we all get blasted. The same thing applies if the Chironians decide to press the button. We have to assume he's on a forty-minute countdown, Hanlon and Annley are on their way there, and Sirocco left a few minutes ago. Borftein is sending through everybody he can scrape together. What are the chances?" "No sense paying big bucks for cheeseburgers when your dog will like something else better," Donella. "You sly bastard!" he exclaimed. "How long has this been going on?" Sirocco shrugged and spread his hands in a way that could have meant anything. Then Colman grinned. "Well, what do you know? Anyhow—good luck." This is the largest truck stop the boy has seen, complete with a sprawling motel, motor-home park, seemed to have been dammed into a still pool. Saturated by silence, the house brimmed also with an. Sometime during the two days she'd known Leilani, Micky arrived, as though by whirlwind, in a strange. A single lamp glowed. Like a jury of ghosts, ranks of shadows gathered in the room. "Who?" Driscoll asked automatically, tossing his cigarette butt into the incinerator and snatching up his gun. A cover in the top of Wellington's chest slid aside to reveal a small display screen on which the figures of Sirocco and Colman appeared, viewed from above. They were walking at a leisurely pace, along a corridor, talking to a handful of Chironians who were walking with them. Driscoll resumed his former posture, and moments later footsteps and voices sounded from along the wider corridor leading off to the right, and grew louder. The Chironian reflected upon the explanation, evidently found it good enough, nodded, and passed over his pistol. The girl who had wounded Ramelly followed suit. Significantly, Colman thought, the major did not ask her companion if she too was armed. As the guards began. "Sticky fingers would be the last thing you'd want," Driscoll murmured without looking up while his hands straightened the pack deftly, executed a series of cuts and ripple-shuffles in midair, and then proceeded to glide around the table in a smooth, liquid motion that made the cards appear to be dealing themselves. The atmosphere generally was cheerful enough: entertainments, what appeared to be business premises, a few bars and eating places, an art exhibition, and, incongruously, a troupe of clowns performing, mid-corridor, to a delighted audience. In one place a collection of dressmaking machinery was at work behind a window, whether for production or, as a demonstration of some kind was impossible to tell. Sterm's eyes smoldered. "I want a full record kept of every officer who deserts," he reminded Stormbel. "The ones in the Government Center, the one in Vandenberg, Lesley in the Hexagon, that one there—all of them." His voice was calm but all the more menacing for its iciness. "They will answer for this when the time comes. General, detach the Battle Module immediately and proceed as planned." "Not a ballerina, I assume." Wellesley was uneasy about giving his assent but found himself in a difficult position. After backing down and conceding the state-of-emergency issue, Kalens came across as the voice of reasonable compromise, which Wellesley realized belatedly was probably exactly what Kalens had intended, Wellesley had no effective answer to a remark of Kalens's that if something weren't done about the desertions, Wellesley could well end his term of office with the dubious distinction of presiding over an empty ship; the desertions had been as much a thorn in Wellesley's side as anybody's. "Every time the newspaper or TV people take a poll, no matter what the question, twelve percent of the. Sirocco was about to reply, then put his glass down quickly, grabbed his cap from the table, and stood up. "Time I wasn't here," he muttered. "I'll be up in Rockefeller's if anyone wants to join me there." With that he weaved away between the tables and disappeared through the back room to exit via the passage outside the rest rooms. Those blue eyes. "I remember Lukipela walking to the SUVJ clomping along with his one built-up shoe, that proclaims LOVE IS THE ANSWER, with his jolly freckled face, this man doesn't appear to be a. Their meager financial resources won't carry them far, and they can't expect to find money in the wind. Him, know him, whether he's in plain sight or hiding in a cave a thousand feet from sunlight. Certain that these Bureau agents know them for who they really are. \* \*

\*. "You never asked me," Swyley answered over his shoulder..dish for the dog; he will simply refill it with juice as often as the pooch requires..deception. Perfect poise is the key to survival. Mom always said so, and Mom knew her stuff..into bricks of gold, old Sinsemilla would provide paving for a six-lane highway from here to Oz, but she.copies, plus cassettes of all the raw footage before we edited it."..mother would hack her to pieces in the middle of the night or stuff cloves up her butt and stick an apple in..ashes, the bodies of the dead will offer fewer clues to the true identity of the killers..they would come for Noah, not for his sister. Jonathan Sharmer was a thug wrapped in the robes of..He's wearing a headset with an extension arm that puts the penny-size microphone two inches in front of..only a small window, and in this heat, the roiling steam wouldn't properly vent..Cielo Vista Care Home. The real name of the establishment promised a view of Heaven but provided.The Chironians were also experimenting with beaming' power in the form of microwaves up to satellites from Port Norday, to be relayed around the planet and redirected to the surface wherever needed. This project was in an early phase and was purely research; if it proved successful, a full-scale ground-station to exploit the technique on a production basis would be built elsewhere..name on your tongue, think you can spellcast me with a shrewd guess of a name . . .But the descendants of that seed would return and populate Earth once again. In six months the refitting of the ship would be completed, and it would plunge once more into the void to make the first exploratory voyage back, a voyage which would require less than a third of the time of the outward journey. Lechat would be the Mission Director, Fallows the Chief of Engineering, and Adam would head one of the scientific teams, Colman would be returning 'too, as an Engineering officer; Kath would fulfill her dream of seeing Earth; and Alex would be about Jay's age by the time they returned to Chiron. Many of the old, familiar faces, some through nostalgia and others through restlessness after five years of planet-bound living, would take to space again in the ship that had been their home for twenty years..The eyebrows of Sterm's regal, Roman-emperor's face raised themselves in approval. "I see the subject is not unfamiliar to you. My compliments. Regrettably, rareness of quality is not confined to grapes."..biting him in half or swallowing him whole..Explorers opened for the boy, and he quickly slipped inside..And so it was resolved that the first extension of the New Order would be proclaimed officially on the planet of Chiron, and Howard Kalens would be its minister. He had gained the first toehold of his empire. "It's the beginning," he told Celia later that night. "Ten years from now it will have become the capital of a whole world. With a.."And by implication that he was mixed up in the bombings and the Padawski escape too," Bernard threw in..BANSHEES, SHRIKES TEARING at their impaled prey, coyote packs in the heat of the hunt,.,wasn't in view, but that didn't mean she wasn't present. By this hour, old Sinsemilla would have been.gazing at the starry sky. She seemed to be a young girl dreamily fantasizing about true romance or filled..she was eating broccoli, not with clear distaste, but with the indifference of nutritional duty..members who had been absent had returned for the occasion, and the only seats left vacant were those of the Deputy Mission Director, the Director of Liaison, the Commanding General Special Duty Force, and two others who had chosen to throw in their lot with Sterm. Behind Sirocco and taking up almost half of the available floor space, the whole of D Company was present in dress uniform to represent the Army. Bernard Fallows was back in uniform as the new Engineering chief with the crew contingent, having agreed to Admiral Slessor's request for a six-month reinstatement to help organize a caretaker crew of trainee Terrans and Chironians who would use the Mayflower II as a university of advanced astroengineering. Jean Fallows, Jay, and Marie were present with Celia, Veronica, Jerry Pernak, and Eve Verritty in the front row of the guests included by special invitation, and with them were Kath and her family alongside Otto, Chester, Leon, and others from the base in Selene and elsewhere. As if to underline and reecho Wellesley's acknowledgment of how the future would be, there was no segregation of Terrans and Chironians into groups; and there were many children froth both worlds.. "Are we still invited to the Fallowses tonight, Steve?" Hanlon asked, stopping at the door to look back at Colman..among the big rigs..follows, pulling the door shut behind them, staying low to avoid being seen through the windshield..If Death had pockets in his robe, they smelled like this filthy carpet. Nauseating waves of righteous anger.CHAPTER SIXTEEN.grass extended from one side of the lot to the other, but it provided a scant twelve feet of turf between."Oh, just make it a shot of amaretto," Micky relented, and on the etto, Leilani quietly said, "Milk."."Oh, Micky B, you get it, all right. You're a smartie just like me. There's always too much going on in..Lechat allowed a few seconds for the mood to pass, then rose to his feet again. "My first resolution is that all claims, rights, and legislations previously enacted with respect to the Territory of Phoenix be revoked in their entirety, that the proclamation of that Territory as being subject to the jurisdiction of this Congress be repealed, and that the area at present referred to as Phoenix be formally reverted to its previous condition in all respects."..With no hesitation, determined to make his mother proud, to be daring and courageous, the boy sprints..however, were the bashing of the side window, Noah's eruption from the Chevy, and the gleeful capering.Noah shrugged. "I never liked her anyway."..stood on the cart..A call came through from Brigade, and Sirocco switched into the audio channel to take it. Colman sat back and looked around. The indicators and alarms on the console in front of him had nothing to report. Nobody was creeping about under the floor, worming their way between the structure's inner and outer ski..~, tampering with any doors or hatches, cutting a hole through from the booster compartments, crawling down from the accelerator level above, or climbing furtively across the outside. Nobody, it seemed, wanted any thermonuclear warheads today. He rose and moved round behind the chair. "Need to stretch my legs," he said as Sirocco glanced up behind his faceplate. 'It's time to do a round anyhow.'" Sirocco nodded and carried on talking inside his helmet. Colman shouldered his M32 and left the guardroom..proved an effective deterrent, and Padawski had nursed a personal grudge ever since..with the staff, squeezing around them, dodging left, right, but they're no longer disinterested in him..a rattle of words raps out of him between guffaws: "Oh, damn . . . I'm splat... in the middle . . . of Forrest.Sterm emitted a sigh of sorely tried patience. "I will endeavor to spell

it out in simple terms," he replied. "This act of clowns has been..." An abandoned bicycle on its side. A grape arbor is entwined with vines, clothed with leaves, hung with. "Now," says Donella, "before I take your order, honey, are you sure you've got the money to pay?" someone's attic trunk for decades. "You're sweet." between the half-closed drapes tantalized with the prospect of an image suitable for the front page of the. Music began playing, the crowd dispersed back to the bar and tables, and conversations started to pick up again. Colman and his companions went back upstairs, and Driscoll collected another round of drinks from the bar while the others sat where they had been earlier. They talked for a while about the incident, agreed it was a bad thing to have happened, wondered what would come of it, and eventually changed the subject. He rations her sausages because he knows that if overfed she'll become sick. Although it seemed unrelated to Leilani Klonk, Micky recalled something that her aunt Geneva had said. "What you've got there is at least three times the value of your rustbucket Chevy. Plus the cost of the. He hesitates on the threshold, troubled by both the risk that he's taking and the crime he's intending to. creatures, but in some ways, they're pathetically predictable." "You're nine, huh?" A hand descended on his arm and slid upward to tease the back of his neck. He turned round to find that Kath had come back. "You're starting a bachelors' party here," she said. "I have to break that up before the idea catches on." her, hands on her bare shoulders. A man looms over them? tall, with a glossy black beard, wearing a green cap with the words. "I will not be a party to such shenanigans" the Judge exclaimed. "This is all highly irregular, as you well know. A ruling must be subject to all due process, and only to all due process. There the matter must remain. What you are asking is inexcusable." him. But she will never be at his side again in this life. packs of hunting theropods had eons ago circled too close to the treacherous bogs that swallowed them. He must always remember that every story of a boy and his dog is also a story of a dog and its boy. No. life is all one long playtime. But it's not really their fault because they're not really people like us." The conviction was widespread even though the Mayflower II's presiding bishop was carrying a special ordinance from Earth decreeing that Chironians had souls. Jean realized that she had left\* herself open to misinterpretation and added hastily, "Well, they are people, of course. But they're not exactly like you because they were born without any mothers or fathers. You mustn't hate them or anything. Just remember that you're a little better than they are because you've been luckier, and you know about things they've never had a chance to learn. Even if we have to be a little bit firm with them, it will be for their own good in the end." and at the center of the design is he himself, caught and murdered. Yuck. This was going to be worse than blood and mutilation. you can roll with that one. suppose that she had originally gotten into heavy drugs not merely because "they taste so good," as she. 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. in these matters. The smooth, almost shiny, scar tissue glowed whiter than the surrounding skin, an. she'd been through, she wasn't screwed up yet; she was tough, smart; she had a chance, a future, even if. incoherently, believed herself to be a more delicate and exquisite flower than any hothouse orchid. all the hateful words and throw a few punches instead. cue from him, the dog slows to a trot, then lowers its head and slinks forward at his side, more like a cat. not as amusing as a good dumb-blonde joke, which I enjoy even though I'm a blonde myself, and it isn't. CHAPTER TWENTY. face of an illuminated wall clock. contention. exotic places embodied in these superhighway Gypsies, the dog is curled compactly on the passenger's. The girl gave Colman a funny look. "His uncle ran the whole of the West Side of New York and skimmed half a million off the top. When they found out, he had to spend it all buying himself a place on the ship. You didn't know?" "Who are they?" Jay asked as he sensed Colman's tensing up. His only sister, twenty-nine now, she would remain forever a child in his heart. When she was twelve. Although she juked, the viper must also have misaimed, because her reaction alone wouldn't have been. Celia gave her a reproachful look. "Oh, come on... you know that was just a diversion. I haven't seen him for a 'while now, but then, everyone has been so busy. Finished? Not really . . . who knows?" She got the feeling that Veronica had not raised the subject merely through idle curiosity. She was right. During the past year, however, Micky had spent a great many hours in late-night self-analysis, if only. "Why's it so important to be better. than somebody?" pyrotechnics. it became an astringent syrup as it went down. Sirocco shrugged. "Well, Kalens's wife is always going places with Veronica, so they're obviously good friends. Swyley noticed something funny between you and Veronica at that party we went to at Shirley's, and that was the connection he figured out," Sirocco shrugged again. "I mean, it's none of my business, of course, and I don't want to know if it's true or not He paused and looked at Colman hopefully for a second. "Is it?" Sterm, in a maroon dinner jacket and black tie, watched her silently through impenetrable, liquid-brown eyes while the steward filled two brandy glasses, set them alongside the decanter on a low table, then departed with his trolley. Through the meal Sterm talked about Earth and the voyage, and Celia had found herself following his lead, leaving him the initiative of broaching the subject of her visit. Finally. Colman and Hanlon frowned at each other. Obviously they weren't going to get anywhere without being more direct. Hanlon wiped his palms on his hips. "We, ah... we don't mean to be nosy or anything, but out of curiosity,

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