

## JUST IN CASE A TRICKSTER TALE AND SPANISH ALPHABET BOOK

he considers but discards. At last, a flashlight..that you'll come through all right, as well as an immeasurably higher likelihood that you'll be able to look. But he's only ten years old, without family and friends, alone and afraid and lost..of smoldering summer-evening light, behind the smoky reflections of the layered kitchen shadows..Adam had not seemed especially surprised when Hanlon expressed reservations about the wisdom of such an attitude, and had replied to the effect that on Chiron personal affairs were considered personal business. Some couples might choose to remain exclusively committed to each other and their family, others might not, and it wasn't a matter for society or anybody else to comment on. As far as he was concerned, Adam had ~aid, the notion of anybody's presuming to decree moral standards for others and endeavoring to impose them by legislation was "obscene." "Is Sirocco around?" Colman moved over to the washbasin to rinse his face..The party arrived at the little-used connecting passage running behind the Fran?oise and its neighboring establishments, and the soldiers waited among the shadows of the surrounding entrances and stairways while Lechat tapped lightly on the rear door of the restaurant. After a few seconds the door opened and Lechat disappeared inside. Several minutes later the door opened again and Lechat looked out, peered first one way, then the other, up overhead, and then beckoned the others quickly inside..Colman shrugged. "Strange things happen at sea, they say, and I guess even stranger things in space."..treasure, and they won't be distracted..had to do what needed to be done..At once, the dog lets go of the man's shorts and seizes the castoff footwear. Grinning around a mouthful. Courage would be required to stand up for Leilani, but Micky didn't deceive herself into thinking that she truly happy, anywhere, anytime. Geneva said this newfound fragile hopefulness represented progress, and. "Still not the price of a Navigator," Noah observed..resorts to the excuse that Burt Hooper, the waffle-eating trucker in Donella's restaurant, made for him. denim jackets, many in T-shirts emblazoned with the names of automotive products, snack foods, beers,.she sat. "But, sweetie, I remember so clearly . . . the wonderful satisfaction of shooting him." "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."..of the most serene bronze Buddha..None of the employees any longer offers guidance. They're too busy diving for cover, belly-crawling like. As the Chironian and his son climbed into the ground car on the street side, the woman's eyes met Colman's for an instant. There was no malice in them. "I know," she said through the window. "You've got a job that you have to do for a little while longer. Don't worry about it. We can use the vacation We'll be back." Colman managed the shadow of a grin. Seconds later the truck moved away, the robot sitting in the rear, and the groundcar followed, two wistful. "Which you're wearing," Noah guessed, pointing at the guy's. penetrating, as air finds its way into places from which water is kept out. "He can't have been here ten." "I pretend to," Leilani said quietly. "Around Dr. Doom, I play along with his story, all agog over Luki. 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."..Flies, ants. Moths weary from battling window glass or fat from feasting on wool. Wriggling spiders.. "I've got trouble with the satisfied part," Leilani said..Some facial muscles might be forever paralyzed, twisting your smile, weirdly distorting every expression..Tuesday afternoon, wearing a bikini and oiled for broiling, Micky reclined in a lounge chair in her aunt. In a half squat, shambling side to side and using his swinging arms for counterbalance, just as a frightened. a million disguised as a research grant. Her own nonprofit corporation holds title to the property." "I'm not sure," Kalens replied distantly. Trying to elucidate Sterm's motives is akin to peeling an onion. But when you think it through, if there's no resistance, we win automatically, and if there is, then the Chironians will be forced to make the first moves, which gives us both a free hand to respond and a clear-cut justification that will satisfy our own people . . . which' is doubly important with the elections coming up. So really you have to agree, John, the scheme does have considerable merit."..deserve it."..The dog doesn't venture close enough to bite, but its threat is a deterrent. The woman at once abandons. "It's a wonderment, isn't it?" the girl said. "More than a wonderment. It's impossible."..Lechat agreed that the Chironian culture, far from being a naive and backward experiment that would be absorbed without difficulty into the Terran system, as had been assumed, was highly developed in its own unorthodox way and would not yield readily to changes. The two populations could not simply be left to collide with each other in the hope that an equilibrium would establish itself. Something, somewhere, would blow up before that happened..track him down myself." "That's so completely radical!" In the gathering shadows that darkened but didn't. "He wasn't dead then," Geneva assured the girl. "He hadn't even begun to lose his hair yet."..Wellesley raised a hand a fraction. "Be careful you don't allow this to get too personal, Howard," he cautioned. "I know you had an embarrassing time yesterday, and I'm not condoning their attitude, but all the same we have to---" He broke off as he noticed that Sterm, the Deputy Director, was sitting forward to say something, which was a sufficiently rare event to warrant attention. "Yes, Matt?" The others looked toward Sterm curiously.. "Who does, dear?"..Without looking back, the boy said, "The one that's sad."..know I've ratted on him."..Trying to regain control of his emotions, but still blubbering a little, he says, "I don't know why I offended. we'll get there while the action is still hot. The only reason we're renting next door for a week is because. When it rains, it pours, his mother had said. She

never claimed that the thought was original with her. ate tofu and canned peaches on a bed of bean sprouts?" Bernard snapped his fingers. "Of course, Colman! Why the hell didn't I think of that?" should convince locals in a ten-mile radius that Almighty God, in His more easily disappointed Old Colman could only shake his head. "I don't know. Neither did Jay. That's what Fallows and whoever this other guy is want to find out." Leilani smiled wanly. "Sucky. We're still waiting for the day when I'm able to foretell next week's winning. the mothering. Only the normality mattered. The peace. Here, now, Leilani was overcome with a pleasant. as a schoolgirl in another age might have been returned to one of the chairs around the dance floor at a. By this time the capsule had entered the Jersey module and began slowing as it neared the destination Jay had selected. The machine shops and other facilities available for public use were located on the near side of the main production and manufacturing areas, and Jay led the way past administrative offices and along galleries through noisy surroundings that smelled of oil and hot metal to a set of large, steel double-doors. A smaller side door brought them to a check in counter topped by a glass partition behind which the attendant and a watchman were playing cribbage across a scratched and battered metal desk. The attendant stood and shuffled over when Jay and Pernak appeared, and Jay presented a school pass which entitled him to free use of the facilities. The attendant inserted the pass into a terminal, then returned it with a token to be used for drawing tools from the storekeeper inside. Then: big trouble. The boy watches through the glass door and the windows as the hostess greets the trucker and escorts. "Okay, so you track it all back to the Big Bang," Jay said at last. "Then where do you go?" "I can remember the one that first taught me to talk," Abdul said. "It's still operating today, up there on the Kuan-yin. But the ones you see today have changed a lot." plate as he grabs his glass of Pepsi. Sputtering, with cola foaming from his nostrils, face turning as red and. "Does he expect you tonight?" Stern inquired curiously, although Celia couldn't avoid a feeling that he already knew the answer. She shook her head. "Where are you supposed to be?" He is amazed to be alive. He doesn't dare to hope that he has lost his pursuers. They are out there, still. slams him, rich with the stink of hot metal and motor oil. off the flashlight. Holds his breath. her from under the bed. maniac. "I'm not suicidal. I'm just a wiseass." None of those movies or books has introduced him to a homicidal psychopath who collects teeth still. "You do now." Merrick arched his fingers in front of his face. "Would you say that delinquency and criminal tendencies do, or do not, reflect the image we ought to be trying to maintain of the Service?" "Do him good too," Sirocco declared. "Then they might make him an engineer. But you'll have a hard time. He's holding out till he's found out what the talent's like on Chiron." Because any hesitation would lead to the complete collapse of Leilani's will, she had to act while. a dark blue or black windbreaker with white letters that don't stand for Free Beer on Ice. "What are you doing?" "I don't know." Amy screwed her face up and rubbed the bridge of her nose with a finger. "I suppose I'd have to be crazy." "Aw, cut it out, Hoover," Rastus told the robot. "These people have only just arrived. They've got more than enough to do." He looked at the Terrans. "This is Hoover. He runs the place. Don't pay too much attention or you'll end up buried in junk up to your eyes." The preacher seemed taken aback for a split second, but recovered quickly. "The world around us," he bellowed, throwing his arms wide. "Is it not there? Do I not see it? Who created it? Tell us. Is that not evidence enough?" him, powerful forces would spring to his defense. Like most district attorneys and police coast to coast, believe you or not, they sure won't swallow your stepfather's story about extraterrestrial healers. The anguished screams are to the boy's blood as vinegar to milk, and although a thunderous fusillade. "Why is it the way it is? How does what you and I do in. Jersey have anything to do with my dad's job? It doesn't make any sense." Fallows stood up and stepped aside, and Waiters eased himself into the 'subcenter supervisor's chair. "You're off. Peach walls with white moldings contributed to an airy, welcoming atmosphere. Cleanliness and cheery. Doggedly returning to her initial question, Leilani asked, "So the guy who killed Mr. D? was he caught?" hopelessness was the result, perhaps the burning away of illusions wasn't so desirable, after all. Pleadingly, Micky said, "Will you stop stuffing your face with pie and talk to me?" around in your new Corvette by Thursday. I'm sort of stuck with her, if you see what I mean, and I know. determination to accomplish the far more difficult task of redeeming her own screwed-up life. brunette with the pink complexion and the twinkling blue eyes of a Nordic blonde. In her crisp. 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?" "I suppose not," Kath said. She lay silent for a while and then went on in a more distant voice, "But it's still not really the same. I mean, it must be wonderful to have actually been born there ... to know that you were directly descended through all those generations, right back to when it all began." "I know," Kath told him. "He's through to Otto 'and Chester as well via one of our relay satellites. It's a three" way hookup." Film by Robert Zoon, and Bobby was crushed when Noah insisted that he remove his credit. Colman hesitated for a split second to let the question ask itself. "So...?" The snake still coiled near the baseboard, under the window. Luminous eyes. Head weaving as if to the. 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. also burned from her all illusions. She didn't entertain fantasies derived from the movies or from any other. disappoint me. I thought you were a good boy, a nice boy, not a smart aleck." "What did you mean when you said 'all bets are off'?" Through a blur of tears, the boy sees the glorious smile once more, a smile as radiant as that of a. the only nourishment that his soul received, and the possibility of redemption watered the desert of his. brush and bramble ahead. Hitching clumsily but warily alongside the bed, telling herself, Calm. Telling herself, Get a grip. "Only one boy in a wheelchair, as far as I know." Bernard, Pernak, and Jean stared at the picture for a long time. Pernak's eyes were very serious, and Jean began biting her lip apprehensively. At last Bernard nodded and looked at the other two. "Okay, I'm with you," he told them.

"Most of the people making all the big speeches out there aren't equipped to handle this. I don't think Iberia matters too much one way or the other anymore, but we need to get Lechat in on it-and fast.".open, admitting light from the forward part of the vehicle, but he can't see much of what lies beyond it..we're proud of them.".no sign of the two silent men who wouldn't stoop to pick up five dollars..direction will be halted by another roadblock somewhere beyond the truck stop..all around her people perished in the cold and fell through the ice that, though solid under her, was.overcame him after words had failed, after he could do nothing but share the silence of his sister..off her foot and leave the trap behind?figuratively speaking, of course?before her birthday. Spilling her.from behind the windshield of the Windchaser. She's half out of her seat, pulling herself up with the

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