

## E ET LITTERAIRE REVUE BLEUE VOL 50 29 ANNEE 2 SEMESTRE 2 JUILLET AU 31

Colman hesitated for a second as he contrasted Adam's philosophy with the dogmas he was more used to hearing. "I, ah--I know a few people who would say that was petty arrogant," he ventured.. "Got a name??" "Sure." Sirocco tossed up a gauntleted hand as if the answer were obvious. "Guys who don't like it but have to do it get mad. They can't get mad at the people who make them do it, so they take it out on the enemy instead. That's what makes them good. But the guys who like it take too many risks and get shot, which makes them not so good. It's logical." "She's my father's sister, so she was part of the deal." "Even if we assume that I know what you mean, I don't think you'd expect me to answer." So now they both knew, and knew that the other knew. Each had tested the other's discretion, and both of them respected what they had found. Nothing more needed to be said.. "Technically you're right," Kath agreed. She raised her head to look at the pictures of her children on the wall with a faraway look in her eyes. "They might be scattered all over the planet, and the way they live might be a little strange compared to what you're used to, but it's a happy family in its own way," she murmured. "But it's still not really the same. It doesn't really feel as if any part of it has any link to anything that happened before fifty years ago. Don't you think it's ... oh, I don't know, kind of a shame somehow?". Drawing upon the messy experience of giving the dog a drink from a bottle of water in the Explorer, he. "Who said that originally? Thomas Jefferson? Abe Lincoln?". "I'm not afraid of him." After another short silence Lechat said, "It's a strange system of currency though, isn't it. I mean, it's not additive at all, or subject to any laws of arithmetic. You can pay what you owe and still not be any poorer yourself. It sounds --I don't know impossible somehow." "That's a word I never know whether to be embarrassed about." "I know what you think and why. You think Dr. Doom diddles little girls, because that's what experience." "It certainly puts a new light on things," Lechat conceded. He sat back again, looked from one to the other, and spread his hands resignedly. "So am I to take it that I shouldn't assume your Support in the matter I talked about earlier?". than the one he'd suppressed. 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. What troubled Fulmire was the specter of Kalens's emerging from the midst of it all as a virtual dictator, with Borftein supporting him and straining to be let off the leash. Every faction would see such a concentration of power as a potential battering ram to be harnessed exclusively for the advancement of its own cause, and even more as an instrument to be denied at all costs to its rivals. In an explosive situation like that anything could happen, and Fulmire had visions of the whole Mission tearing itself apart in internecine squabbling with a strong possibility of bloodshed at the end of it all when frustrations boiled over. The only force that he could see with any potential for exerting a stabilizing influence was the more moderate consensus as represented by the Mayflower I/s population as a whole; and Lechat, possibly, could provide a means of mobilizing it before things got out of hand. They are here to kick ass.. inexpressibly melancholy, so quiet that the lament drifted to Micky as might the voice of a real ghost: the five-minute warning. They've obviously been tracking the hunters who have been tracking Curtis and his. Gen sighed. "Rolling blackout. Third World inconvenience with the warm regards of the governor. Not. So instead of saying, " 'Tis I, Princess Leilani, inquiring after m'lady's welfare," she said, "It's me. You. One door remained.. As might be expected in an ancient and fully furnished mobile home available for by-the-week rental, the. Not even a major city, with a fat budget and crime-busting mayor, could turn out a force of this size and. about. What we're dealing with here is Darth Vader with lots of Larry, Curly, and Moe blood in his." "It's impossible!" Avery Farnhill protested to a full meeting of the Directorate in the Mayflower II's Government Center. "They know we're acting with our hands tied and they're taking advantage by being deliberately evasive. The only way we'll get anywhere is if you allow us to get tougher." As a youth he had daydreamed about becoming an entertainer--a singer, or a comic, maybe--but he couldn't sing and he couldn't tell jokes, and somehow after his parents died within two years of each other halfway through the voyage, he had ended up in the Army. So now, though he still couldn't sing a note or tell a joke right, he knew just how to use an M32 to demolish a small building from two thousand yards, could operate a battlefield compack blindfolded, and was an expert at deactivating optically triggered anti-intruder personnel mines.. restaurant kitchen.. A fly line of panic casts a hook into the boy's heart, and he clutches the edge of the counter to avoid. handsome, so sensitive?". At that moment Sirocco turned back another flap; Col~ man saw Anita's face inside the bag. It was white, like marble, and waxy. He swallowed and stared woodenly. The Chironian's eyes flickered briefly across his face. "Someone you knew?". "So what about the nuts?" Jay asked. "What do you do about people who insist on being as unreasonable and oh= noxious as they can, just for the hell of it?". Above this group, on the interstate, a larger crowd? forty or fifty strong? has formed along the. drinking pina coladas on a palm-shaded terrace in Heaven, what will they be serving in Hell?". Fifteen minutes later, inside an office that opened onto a passageway to the rear lobby of the Communication Center, an indignant office manager and two terrified female clerks were sifting on the floor with their hands clasped on the top of their heads, under the watchful eye of one of the soldiers who had burst in suddenly brandishing rifles and assault cannon. "What do you think you're trying to do?" the manager asked in a voice that was part nervousness and part trepidation. "We don't want to get mixed up in any of this." .. funneled down from three lanes to one.. people's bedrooms." .. survival, he must forget, at least for now, that particular terror, that unbearable loss.. What-". "Am I supposed to feel that way?". children, gave them the freedom of her indifference; yet she was sensitive to any indication that her. rub the backs of their necks, roll their shoulders, arch their spines, and crack their

knuckles, they ask one. Leilani's hard-pounding heart seemed to clunk as arrhythmically and as awkwardly as a panicked girl to which the two cowboys had belonged to which they still belong if they survived the fire-fight in the. "Hanlon wants me at the gate for something," Colman said. "Talk to you in a few minutes." "Yeah, Dr. Doom," Leilani confirmed. deception. Perfect poise is the key to survival. Mom always said so, and Mom knew her stuff. his master's side. especially as this was a truth that she had so long avoided contemplating. freedom. "I'll have to keep that option open until we see how things shape up." Colman said. "But you're right-we've got enough men now to have a squad standing by and suited up." Good pup. Stern did not appear surprised. "They have merely to comply with the law to avoid such consequences," "Astrology and cosmic forces. She wanted to know what sign I was born under. I told her MATERNITY WARD." Colman made a sour face. "Hell, why should I have to humor people all the time?" By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive would actually tighten up a notch. she had rudely presumed to monitor and restrict Micky's use of alcohol. Such meddling required. Jay and Colman stared at each other as they both came to the same, obvious conclusion at the same time. "That's it," Jay murmured. what the coroner will certify as the cause of his death. CLUMP, CLUMP, CLUMP, clump, clump, clump, clump, clump. "I still don't understand the politics behind it all though," he said to the two Chironians who were accompanying him and Jay toward the cafeteria in the Administration Building in front of the main reactor site, where they were due to have lunch. One of them was a young Polynesian named Nanook, who worked with control instrumentation; the other was a slightly younger, pale-faced blonde called Juanita, who dealt with statistics and forecasts and seemed to be more involved with the economic side of the business. Kath herself had taken her leave earlier, explaining that she was expecting another party of visitors. Bernard spread his hands in an imploring gesture. "I mean... who owns the place? Who decides the policies for running it?" roadblock is still a considerable distance ahead, beyond the top of the hill and not yet in sight, but this. Responding in Vietnamese, Curtis passes along some of his mom's wisdom, which he hopes will give. Colman nodded to himself and wiped his mouth with a napkin from the dispenser on the table while he tried to form the right answer. He was stuck in the Army but wanted to become a professional engineer; Jay could walk into being an engineer but thought he wanted to be in the Army. There would be no point in being scornful and listing all the reasons why it might not be such a good idea-Jay knew all those and didn't want to hear about it. with. "Micky tried to keep her wetter emotions bottled in the cellar of her heart, safe storage that she'd. insecticide, the bush remained as scraggly and as blighted as any specimen watered with venom and fed. straining the dry sea of the desert for the sole survivor of the massacre in Colorado. "They'll say he never existed, that I'm just disturbed and invented him, like an imaginary playmate." reeling off the stool. He thinks for a moment that they see through him, recognize him as the most-wanted. The Orderly Room was chaotic as Sirocco, Maddock and Sergeant Armley from First platoon were trying to put out what looked like a fire of flashing lamps on the emergency companel when Colman stuck his head round the door less than half a minute later. "What the hell's going on?" he asked them. York City Ballet, considering her options as she rotates. Then she sprints around the front of a nearby. Reluctant to be responsible even for this animal, but resigned to? and even somewhat grateful for? its. The next part was going to be the trickiest. The information obtained by Stanislaw had confirmed that the outside entrances to the complex, which had already been bypassed, were the most strongly guarded, and the three inner access points to the Communications Center itself-the main foyer at the front, the rear lobby, and a side entrance used by the staff-were covered by less formidable, three-man security teams. The problem with these security teams lay not so much with the physical resistance they might offer, but with their ability to close the Communications Center's electrically operated, armored doors and raise the alarm at the first sign of anything suspicious, which would leave Sirocco's force shut with no hope of achieving their objective and facing the bleak prospect of either fighting it out or surrendering to the guard reinforcements that would show up within minutes. On the other hand, if Sirocco could get his people inside, the situation would be reversed. Startled, but too polite to return insult for insult, Curtis scrambles onward. slippery thingy, not a monster! stocked with strange fish. The fish? actually a man with a buzz cut behind the wheel, a brunette with. that hope, that love and goodness? it's still inside you. No one can take the gifts God gave you. Only. In the night, brake lights on scores of vehicles flash across all three of the westbound lanes. More than. "I know all the bemuses. No need to list them." Colman kept a poker face. "What made him think that?" Enjoying the girl's perplexity, Micky shrugged. "I'm not sure I could have resisted him, either." as a quiver of light. sand and the faint alkaline fragrance of the hardy plants that grow in parched lands. Windchaser motor home at the very moment when two loud beeps blare from it. The headlights flash. had three and only three possible permutations. It explained why leptons were "white" and did not react to the strong force: There was only one possible permutation of UUU or EEE. And it explained why the electrical charges on quarks and leptons were equal: They were carried by the same tweedles. Also, further studies of "tweedledynamics" enabled the first speculations about what had put the match to the Big Bang. Amused, the trucker cocks his head and says, "You yankin' my chain, young fella?" gotten out of their cars to stretch their legs. Not all have fled the showdown at the truck stop; and as they. comparatively genteel murderer, you nevertheless didn't want to be alone with him any more than you. whenever he was admitted. Bret Hanion, the sergeant in charge of Second Platoon and a long-standing buddy of Colman, was sitting on the other side of Sirocco with Stanislaw, Third Platoon's laser gunner, and a couple of civilian girls; a signals specialist called Anita, attached to Brigade H.Q. was snuggling close to Colman ~with her arm draped loosely through his. "They just looked at me," Micky said, "and smelled the chance. If I saw this certain smile, then I knew. Lechat was up in the Mayflower II, and Pernak was reluctant to visit there since as a "deserter" he was uncertain of what kind of reception to expect from the authorities. The Military had been sending out squads of SD's to return Army defectors; rumor had it that not all the SD's detailed to such missions came back again. So, something approaching panic could well be

breaking out at high levels. However, neither did he feel it prudent to entrust the things he wanted to discuss to electronic communications. But Eve had said something about Jean Fallows becoming very active as a Lechat supporter and campaign organizer. . . That would be a good place to begin..Fulmire moved his head to check another clause, and after a while nodded his head reluctantly. "If the Director becomes incapacitated or otherwise excluded from discharging the duties of his office, then the Deputy Director automatically assumes all powers previously vested in the Director," he stated..control himself and to leave the grieving for safer times.. "Oh, Christ Wearily, Colman brought a hand up to his brow. "Okay. Look, as soon as I can-" Footsteps approaching at the double interrupted and made him look around. It was Sergeant Armley, from the Orderly Room..say?"..steering wheel, the better to see him. From here, she might be mistaken for an innocent and kindly.The Chironian, by contrast, saw a rich, bright, vibrant universe manifesting at every level of structure and scale of magnitude. The same irresistible force of self-ordering, self-organizing evolution that had built atoms from plasma, molecules from atoms, then life itself, and from there produced the supreme phenomenon of mind and all that could be created by mind. The feeble ripples that ran counter to the evolutionary current were as incapable of checking it as was a breeze of reversing the flow of a river; the promise of the future was new horizons opening up endlessly toward an ever-expanding vista of greater knowledge, undreamed-of resources, and prospects without limit. Far from having probed the beginnings of all there was to know, the Chironian had barely begun to learn..were damp, sure, and your hands were cold, all right, and your mouth was dry, but nevertheless you had.She'd seen the pajamas on the recent tour through the saucer sites of New Mexico, and it had seemed.crop of fiery red hair snares Curtis by the shirt, nearly causing him to skid off his feet. "Hey, hey, hey!.Face to glass, nose flattened a millimeter short of fracture, he peers into the car as if into an aquarium."I told her more than once. She punished me for lying. But she knew it was all true..Although the blessed gloom provided emotional cover, Geneva didn't look at Micky. She stared at the.The Chironian rubbed his chin dubiously. "I'm not at all sure that I could be much help. Government of what in particular?". "He ought to be given a chance to go and look at it," Borftein agreed with a nod. "What would be the best way to arrange something like that?".when it struck the floor and tumbled, lashing angrily, as though mistaking its own whipping coils for those.Micky opened her eyes again and squinted at the ET wannabe. "You've been watching too many reruns.Earlier Noah had loaded the tape in the VCR. Now he pushed PLAY on the remote control..JEAN FALLOWS WAS beginning to hate Chiron, the Chironians, and everything to do with the lawless, godless, alien, hostile place. After twenty years of the familiar day-today and month-to-month routine of life aboard the Mayflower Ii, she missed the warmth and protectiveness that she had grown to know and yearned to be back amid the sane, civilized surroundings that she understood. She understood a way of life in which budget and necessity decided priorities of need, in which clear rules set limits of behavior, and where tried and trusted protocols defined role and function-her own as well as everybody else's; she did not understand, or even want to understand, the swirling ocean of anarchy in which she now found herself, in which individuals were expected to flounder helplessly like paper boats tossed in a tempest, with no charted shores, no havens of anchor, and no guiding stars. She had no place in it, and she desired no place in it. Secretly she dreamed of a miracle that would turn the Mayflower Ii around and embark her on another twenty-year voyage, back to Earth..Hitchcockian-Spielbergian biography with less skepticism than the narrative aroused in Micky.. "I've never been much good at relationships . . . but I'm willing to try."..dip..except once in a while she says what an intolerant and uptight bunch of poop vents they were?though,.The killers are exceptionally well trained in stalking, using both their natural skills and electronic support,.place mats from Wal-Mart. The homey glow of three unscented candles that had been acquired with."He is a murderer?isn't he??just as your mother turned out to be the way you said she was..".mutant..".you can throw them away, little mouse. Only you..".Some facial muscles might be forever paralyzed, twisting your smile, weirdly distorting every expression..transforming moment of grace that Geneva had wished for her. She didn't believe in miracles, neither the.Hesitantly, the intruder follows the mutt into Starship Command Center..chemicals: Scores of mammoth rigs, headlights doused but cab-roof lights and marker lights colorfully.thinks they're all just breeding grounds for legionnaires' disease and that gross flesh-eating bacteria,.few there. She was with different men, too, some doing drugs, selling, all looking for a big easy score of.Jay drank some more of his coffee, stared at his cup in silence for what seemed a long time, then said without looking up, "I've been thinking on and off... you know, I think I'd like to get into the Army. What would be the best way of going about it?".moment and in the firm grip of the real..he had them. Being Curtis Hammond requires a remarkable amount of energy..Jay nodded and smiled. "You're right. We did..".her brain. Micky was better than that. Yeah, sure, all right, Micky did indeed harbor the tendency to.potential wound..side in the midst of warfare, after all..Adam threw up his hands again. "The kids won't let me! They say it wouldn't be the same any other way. What can you do?'.On the bed, so still that the chenille spread was undisturbed, Laura remained cataleptic, curled in the."Who did you live with while she was hospitalized?".After spending a few years as a systems design engineer, he transferred into selling and later joined the computer industry as a salesman, working with ITF, Honeywell, and Digital Equipment Corporation. He also worked as a life insurance salesman for two years ". . . to have a break from the world of machines and to learn something more, about people..".but one: If you counted snakes an asset, then not merely a single serpent lurked within this foliage, but a

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