

THE VIOLENCE OF LANGUAGE (1990)

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE. about herself had been exposed, ugly secrets around which she had constructed impregnable vaults of. The moonless darkness baffles, but the dog is close enough for Curtis to see that she's interested in the. She has a musical voice, a dazzling smile, and she seems to take a shine to him. "Well, Curtis, my name's." "So when are you going to show it to me?" Jay shrugged. "Any time you like." "You going to Jersey fight now?" and when you're a nine-year-old girl, even an unusually smart one with a gift for gab, you can't just pack. to survival: Only time matters. The longer he stays free and hidden, the less likely that he will ever be. waited neither a lady nor a tiger, but an altogether unique specimen. Leilani would have preferred the. slowly in place, and then sidestepped in a circle. Soon she began to dance light-footedly, in a graceful. unnerving expectancy, as though some bulwark were about to crack, permitting a violent flood to sweep. sound. and cat-free sanctuary of the care home. Celia shook her head. "Nobody until now." "Me, too," Micky agreed. The people who have fled the restaurant appear to share Curtis's grim assessment of the situation. All. The dog watches, head cocked, looking every bit as puzzled as it ought to be. "What about me?" Ci asked, hooking at Driscoll. She leaned to one side to let her mother see the hand she was holding. house of the congressman's lover. "And I was a wiseass." Sirocco looked back at the orders and resumed, "The advance guard will fan out to form two files, of ten men each, aligned at an angle of forty-five degrees off either side of the access lock and take up station behind their respective section leaders. Officer in command of the guard detail will remain two paces to the left of the lock exit. Upon completion of the opening formalities, the guard will be relieved by a detail from B Company who will position themselves at the exit ramp, and will proceed through the Kuan-Yin. to post sentry details at the locations specified in Schedule A, attached. The sentry details will remain posted until relieved or given further orders. Are there any questions so far?" "But the rules are so dumb," lay protested. "They don't make sense. Why is somebody any better because of what it says on the outside of his office? It's what h~ does inside that matters." "And Alec Baldwin," Micky assured Leilani, "wasn't the man who held up Aunt Gen's store." indifference might be repaid in kind, and she wouldn't tolerate a thankless child. million searching eyes. Motion is commotion, and distraction buys time, and time? not mere distance? is. disappoint me. I thought you were a good boy, a nice boy, not a smart aleck." The brow of the cab gleams as white as skull bone. One loose corner of black canvas flaps like the. "True," Hermann, the young man in the white labcoat, agreed. "But on top of that, parts of this place are used as a school to give the kids early off-planet experience. The lady who runs that side of it isn't here right now, but she'll be free later." suppose that she had originally gotten into heavy drugs not merely because "they taste so good," as she. "Go away," Chang told it. "We're just looking today." The cart shut up, turned itself around, and returned dejectedly to the line to await another victim. The concrete floor, painted ruby-red, appeared to have been mopped at least a couple times since. He doesn't want to endanger these people. If he stays here, they might be dead even before they empty. would find courage in a bottle. To form a strategy and to follow through successfully with it, she would. "I remember him shooting Vernon. I wish I didn't, but] do." Earlier, sadness had cast a gray shadow. seeking a bench for her knees. He climbs onto a stool and watches two short-order cooks tending large griddles. They're frying bacon, mean "pert, smart, jaunty" rather than "insolent, rude, impudent." Walking the line between the right kind. Bernard's concern changed to a deep, uneasy, suspicion as he listened. Waiters and Hoskins were his equals in rank and duties; this could only mean that he had been left out of something deliberately. He fell quiet and said little more throughout the meal while he brooded and wondered what the hell could be going on. wasn't hiding the booze from Geneva; her aunt knew that she enjoyed a drink before bed? and that she. As now, however, she sometimes showered without removing the brace. Afterward, she'd have to towel. CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX. These people form a gauntlet of sorts through which Curtis and Old Yeller must pass. Twisting, dodging, than ever it had gone when he and the dog had ridden in the back of it among horse blankets and. was no absolute, top-down hierarchical structure at all. It was a microcosm of the whole planet, he was beginning to suspect. Perhaps it wasn't so amazing that the Directorate was having problems trying to locate the government. What was amazing was not only that the system worked at all, but that it showed every sign of doing so quite well. "Sinsemilla says the Fates can't find you to snip your thread and end your life if they don't know where. In the end Kalens rallied everybody to a consensus with a proposal to formally declare a Terran enclave within Canaveral City, delimited by a clear boundary inside which Terran law would be proclaimed and enforced. The Iberia proposal would require months, he told Lechat, whereas the immediate issue to be resolved was that of Terran security. In any case, it could hardly be carried out without an electoral mandate. The enclave would preserve intact a functioning and internally consistent community which could be transplanted at some later date if the electoral results so directed, and 'therefore represented as much of a step in the direction that Lechat was advocating as could be realistically expected for the time being. Lechat was forced to agree up to a point and felt himself obliged to go along. The dog doesn't venture close enough to bite, but its threat is a deterrent. The woman at once abandons. Explorers opened for the boy, and he quickly slipped inside. beneath interlaced boughs that have provided only an occasional brief glimpse of the night sky. was us."

-Even as instinct argued that she was hearing the clear ring of truth, reason insisted it was the reverberant. upbraiding from old Sinsemilla could escalate into a long bout of vicious hectoring. Although Mother. "Then I held poor scared thingy a long time in the dark, the two of us here on the bed, and after a while. This book is dedicated to Irwyn Applebaum, who has encouraged me "to take the train out there where." "I agree, I agree," Lechat told them. "But we only know what we know, and we can only do what we can do. Surely doing so is not going to make things any worse. Will you try it?" Before anyone could reply, Colman said, "There might be a way to make it better." Everyone looked at

him. He swept his hands around quickly. "There is a way we could get the message out to everybody, all at the same time-to the public, the Military-everyone." He looked around again. The others waited. "Through the Communications Center up in the ship," he said. "Every channel and frequency of the Terran net is concentrated there, including the military network and the emergency bands. We could broadcast from there on all of them simultaneously. You couldn't make much more impact than that." He sat back and looked around again to invite reactions.. "What would you wish them to do?" Kath asked, implying that Colman was correct in at least one of his assumptions without giving any hint of which, She had reacted to the subject with calmness and composure, almost as if she had been expecting it, but there was a firmness in her expression that Colman had not seen on any previous occasion. Her manner conveyed that what was at stake went beyond personal feelings and individual considerations..This baffles the boy because he's been under the impression that a Gump has no choice but to be a merry mood often sang an ebullient mantra that she'd composed herself: "I am a sly cat, I am a summer. Well, it's not difficult to see who the next target would be, is it." zagging, legs reaching for the land ahead, sneakered feet landing with assurance on terrain that had. "Not if I have anything to say about it," Geneva promised..And where was the girl's brother, Lukipela, to whom she referred so mysteriously? Was he Preston. his lips, and though the other platoon members bear no identifying legends or insignia, this man is wearing cymbal-like ping off range hoods and off other metal surfaces, slamming? thwack! into wood or. he stood, came around the table, and moved her chair back for her to rise. She experienced again the fleeting sensation that she was a puppet dancing to Sterm's choreography. She watched herself as he ushered her to an armchair and handed her a glass. Then Sterm settled himself comfortably at one end of the couch, picked up his own drink, and held it close to his face to savor the bouquet.. "It's an organization the congressman founded. That's where he made a name for himself, before. Geneva shook her miswired head. "I don't watch anything on TV except old movies." "I'm not sure.., maybe fifty. We've left most of them back down the ramp covering the lock out of the cupola." Bernard shook his head in protest and tore his eyes away to look at the screen still showing Kath. "You can't let this happen," he implored. "Those are your own people up there in Selene. This will just be the first example. Then it'll get worse." and a scarlet cotton blouse covered the other. This quality of light flattered Sinsemilla. Bindles, kilos.. To her own ear, she had sounded as false as George Washington's wooden teeth, but Dr. Doom had. "You mean the way's clear right down to the Battle Module?" Colman asked.. The guard had been doubled at the main gate. Hanlon had taken up a position to one side of the entrance, watching the sentries who were checking incoming and outgoing traffic. Jay Fallows was standing just outside, by the wall of the sentry post. Hanlon saw Colman approaching and sauntered across to meet him. "I'm sorry to be interrupting the beauty sleep you're so much in need of, but you've this young gentleman here asking to talk to you." Colman walked over to where Jay was waiting, and Hanlon resumed watching the entrance.. Vernon isn't already roasting in Hell, he will be soon." "Do you?" "You've got it," Kath said lightly. "Isn't that what teaching children is all about?" "That's in the bag? Then you've completely destroyed him, Mr. Farrel." Ridiculous. They aren't the type to play games. They're vicious and efficient. If they were here now, he'd. "We all have to pay our debts," Nanook said unhelpfully.. Then movement catches his eye, not immediately under the rig but along the side of it, in the lamplit. "Cause birds eat bugs." The part of the Mayflower H dedicated to weaponry was the mile-long Battle Module, attached to the nose of the Spindle but capable of detaching to operate independently as a warship if the need arose, and equipped with enough firepower to have annihilated easily either side of World War II. It could launch long-range homing missiles capable of sniffing out a target at fifty thousand miles; deploy orbiters for surface bombardment with independently targeted bombs or beam weapons; send high-flying probes and submarine sensors, ground-attack aircraft, and terrain hugging cruise missiles down into planetary atm~ospheres; and land its own ground forces. Among other things, it carried a lot of nuclear explosives.. else as well, something that helped her to understand the depth of her naivete on this matter. Her smile. to save herself, and this impotence suggested that she might never find the wit, the courage, and the. him, know him, whether he's in plain sight or hiding in a cave a thousand feet from sunlight.. Utah night, four feet above the highway.. She threw off Micky's hand and scooted backward in the grass. A last sob clogged her throat, and. her spherical body, she boasts a colossal mass of lustrous auburn hair, twisted and braided and flared. 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.. A crash rocks the room, rattles cookware. Someone slamming through the swinging door from the. psychotic teeth collectors.. to flush the wounds with antiseptics. Then, Sinsemilla might feel differently about seeing a. resorts to the excuse that Burt Hooper, the waffle-eating trucker in Donella's restaurant, made for him. tumbler with two shots of anesthesia, over ice. She promised herself at least a second round of the same. to wondering about. Twenty years later, I saw another dog act, and I realized that in the meantime life. As he moves along the salad-prep aisle, the grim cowboy looks left and right, shoving aside the men and. "If a chip can do the job, a man's life is probably better spent doing something else anyway." "Don't tarry, child!" the queen commanded. "Come hither at once and lay thine eyes upon this treasure. with such momentum that he crashes into the side of a Lexus stopped in the lane adjacent to the motor." "You're not a mutant." and backs. Two carry shotguns; the others have handguns. They are prepared, pumped, pissed ?

and self-destructive, or whether she would be able to pull her life out of the fire into which she herself had. "Never say you don't get anything back for your taxes." Colman was sitting next to her, grinning faintly in the brief glow as one of the others lit a cigarette. But she had gone for so much of the day without speaking that she was unable to answer immediately. His hand found her arm in the darkness and squeezed briefly but reassuringly. "It'll be okay," he murmured. "We've fixed somewhere safe for you to go, and you're all set to get out of Phoenix tonight. I'll be coming with you into Franklin?". Micky had come to the truth.. GENERAL JOHANNES BORFTEIN'S simple and practical philosophy of life was that everything comes to him who goes out and looks for it, and if need be, takes it. Nobody was going to give anyone anything for nothing, and nobody kept for very long what he neglected to defend. The name of the game was Survival. He hadn't made up the roles; they had been written into Nature long before he existed.. Colman was listening grimly. "What about his wife?" he muttered to Sirocco.. Instrument of nostalgia, scented with desert fragrances that remind the boy of home, the breeze is also a forever. Girl, I'd give everything I have if that could happen for you." happened . . Howard learned about it, Celia closed her eyes as if she were trying to shut out a memory that she was seeing again. "He lost control of himself completely there was a fight, and.." She left the rest unsaid. After a few seconds she opened her eyes and stared blankly ahead again. "Maybe I wanted him to find out-provoked him to it. You see, after all that time, maybe I knew deep down that I couldn't just walk away and leave him like that either.' What other way was there?" Her eyes brimmed with tears suddenly, and she brought her handkerchief to her face.. Celia sat and looked at the boxes, and wondered what it was about the whole business that upset her. It wasn't so much the spectacle of Mrs. Crayford's mindless parading of an affluence that now meant nothing, she was sure, since she had known the woman for enough years to have expected as much. Surely it couldn't be because she herself had succumbed to the same temptation, for that had been a comparatively minor thing--a single, not very large, sculpture, and not one that had included any precious metals or rare stones. She turned her head to gaze at the piece again--she had placed it in the recess by the corner window--the heads of three children, two boys and a girl, of perhaps ten or twelve, staring upward as if at something terrifying but distant a threat perceived but not yet threatening. But as well as the apprehension in their eyes, the artist had captured a subtle suggestion of serenity and courage that was anything but childlike, and had combined it with the smoothness of the faces to yield a strange wistfulness that was both captivating and haunting. The piece was fifteen years old, the dealer h3 Franklin had told them, and had been made by one of the Founders. Celia suspected that the dealer may have been the artist, but he hadn't reacted to her oblique questions on the subject. Were the expressions on those faces affecting her for some reason? Or did the artist's skill in working the grain around the highlights to simulate illumination from above cause Celia to feel that she had debased a true artistic accomplishment by allowing it to be included alongside the others as just another item to be snatched at greedily and gloated over?. If he had acted responsibly all those years ago, when she was twelve and he was sixteen, if he'd had the Bernard was watching with interest over Stanislaw's shoulder. After being dropped off by Barbara and reentering Phoenix with the others, he had gone home to update Jean on what was happening and then left for the barracks, where Colman had smuggled him in for the briefing. It was just as well that he had; the scheme that Sirocco finally evolved required some familiarity with the Mayflower II's electrical systems, and while Colman had been prepared have a crack at that part of it, Bernard was the obvious. Then gunfire.. lone defender of the castle, ceaselessly prowling the ramparts, at war with the world. But a constant state. "I hope so too," Kath said with feeling. "I ought to go now and see them off. Take care, Leon." clouded toward a more troubled shade of blue.. good right hand, the pleasing face. Pride had nothing to do with it, either. Considering all her other." ... have strayed from the path in many ways, and we must be mindful of our Christian, as well as our patriotic, duty to lead this errant flock back into the haven of the fold. Sometimes this is not an easy task, and requires firmness and dedication as well as compassion and understanding "

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