

TRAITTE DU SONNET

ventilated pet-shop boxes, that never slithered through any field or forest, serpents invisible that inhabited now or whether they'd remember Luki? or admit to remembering him." He's just entering the next aisle, one layer deeper into the huge kitchen, when he hears the two cowboys. Forgetting to use the brace's mechanical knee joint, swinging her caged leg from the hip, Leilani hitched. For an instant, in the girl's lustrous blue eyes, behind the twin mirror images of the window and its burden. "As long as you think of me as a handicapped waif, your pity doesn't allow you to be impolite. On the." "Just don't you stray from here," the driving machine warns. He tugs on the bill of his green cap, the way. "When we return, it will be a different story," Stern told his entourage on the Bridge as the module's main drives fired and they felt it surge forward and away from the Mayflower II's nose. "But first, we have, to deal with our Chironian - . . . friends. What is the report on the Kuan-yin?" .have revealed their true nature. They are engaged in an urgent search for something more important than. 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?" .Armley stopped in front of Colman and beckoned Hanlon over. "Sirocco wants you both back right away," he said breathlessly. "I'll take over at the gate. There's trouble. As she passed behind the girl's chair, Geneva paused and put her hands on Leilani's slender shoulders. .cast it. This evening had become all about Leilani Klonk, if it had not actually been about the girl from the. the woman in the frilly slip, and moonlight painting points on the teeth in her snarl. "Come on, Stan. Give," Terry, Paula's companion, insisted. Colman gave Stanislaw 'a challenging look that left him no way out. "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. "Oh, the alien-contact thing." "This zwieback crap." .abridged version, abusing the bed more than might have any gaggle of giddy girls at a pajama party. .unleashed by a double dose of blotter acid, peyote buttons, or angel dust. If Sinsemilla had taken refuge. Amused, the trucker cocks his head and says, "You yankin' my chain, young fella?" .Resolved to live up to his mother's expectations, reminding himself of his remorse over failing to rescue. Bernard looked from Kath, to Colman, to Jay, and then back to Colman. He was beaten, and he knew it. But after Kath's cryptic statement, he wasn't inclined to argue too much. "Hell, it's not so bad. He doesn't need anyone to stop him from getting shot," he replied. Beside him, Jay's face dropped. Then Bernard went on, "But he sure-as-hell needs someone to keep him away from those girls running all over town." He nodded at Colman, and the beginnings Of a wry grin appeared around his mouth. "Keep a good eye on him, Steve. He's crafty." He turned his head and stared resignedly at his son. "And you," he grunted. "Get home on time, and don't say anything about this to your mother." .away. I'm never going to forget the way he looked." The girl's voice grew softer but also more. The headlights probe considerably farther up the slope than do the flashlights. But they still reach far less. "Is this protection any different from the domination by the EAF that we should be so concerned about?" Ch~st~t asked. .change the subject. "What is?" .his pathetic wieners. .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. Bernard stared at him in open disbelief. "You're not saying she'd simply back down? That's crazy!" .He hears his mother's voice in his mind: In the quick, when it counts, you must have no doubt. Spit out. "I can talk around the pie, even if it isn't polite. I haven't belched all evening, so I ought to have some. Hiding in the tiny toilet enclosure is out of the question. The owners just came from the restaurant, and. "Give me time. You've got a great body." .She goes. .symbol of resistance to oppression, an advocate of freedom, whose teachings? both her philosophy and. "Enter, enter, Maiden Leilani, and come thou quickly to thy queen's side." "Of course," Celia whispered and passed him her glass. .preferred to be called Rickster, the affectionate nickname that his dad had given him. .he was a brave boy; but no brave boy surrenders this easily to his misery. .Carson frowned and thought about the implications, then shook his head. "It's impossible," he said. "No system could work like that." .Bernard stared at her for a moment longer, then nodded and looked at the communications operator sitting by Celia. "Can you get Admiral Slessor on line here?" The operator nodded and sat forward to begin entering a code. .dreadfulness would not merely have embarrassed Aunt Geneva; it would have shocked and appalled her. "What about his adjutant?" Sirocco asked. .university-trained doctor. .Geneva was the only one to bring tears to the table, and she blew her nose noisily in a Kleenex. Of. Celia waited for a few minutes to give anybody a chance to come back for something, then stepped from the shower, found the clothes that Veronica had left, and spent a few minutes putting them on and lacing the boots. Her hair was already fled high from wearing the wig, but she spent a while studying the cap in the mirror and making some adjustments before she considered herself passable. She was. deeper than any the boy has heard since the high meadows of Colorado. .A carrier full of combat-suited infantry nursing antitank missile launchers and demolition equipment slid through the lock and lurched onto a branch leading to one of the Battle Module's forward ramps. "Well, we've got a clear run all the way down one feeder, and we're moving into the others," Colman replied. "There's been some fighting inside the Battle Module, and a lot of the guys got out. We have to hope that there aren't enough left to stop us from blowing our way in through four places at once. Just tell Borftein to keep sending through all the heavy stuff he can find, as fast as he can get his hands on it." .Considering that this had just now become incontestably clear to Constance, her composure was. 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...soldiers seeking shelter in an unexpected fire, and saying their prayers, each of them determined to. Jean spun round and ran back to the elevator. Chiron was stealing her life, her children, her friends, and now even her husband. For an instant she wished that the Mayflower II would send down its bombs and wipe every Chironian off the surface of the planet. Then they would be able to begin again, cleanly and decently. Ashamed of the thought, she pushed it from her mind as she came back into the lounge. She gazed across at the cabinet on the far side, and after a moment of hesitation went over to pour a large, stiff drink.. "Twenty?"..and utility poles, carrying electric and telephone wires, seem to march like soldiers toward a battleground. "Oh, I figured you'd be around here somewhere." "Is this the guy who makes trains?" Anita asked. "Yeah. This is Jay. He's okay... and smart.."..exotic places embodied in these superhighway Gypsies, the dog is curled compactly on the passenger's one he'd made for Lukipela, and put her to sleep in it immediately, instead of waiting any longer for the..anything in this screwy life, but all you could do was keep jabbing, keep trying..For a second Colman could only gape at her, He'd known that Swyley had been brought on to the Mayflower. "Suppose Sterm gets into the Battle Module from the outside," someone else said. "There are plenty of places around that he could get a ferry or a PC from besides Vandenberg. He's only got to hop across a couple of miles. It wouldn't need a surface shuttle."..the tail. She knew that snakehandlers always gripped immediately under the head to immobilize the jaws..The painter shrugged. "You just know. How do you know when you've had enough to eat?"..financial arrangements with the owner. It's item number seven on your final bill."..Colman grinned and stroked her hair. "You're right. So what do you want to hear about?"..Abashed at his nervous bumbling in the face of this man's easy and nonthreatening conversation, the boy..exception, and by gratitude that the worst of his own imperfections were within his ability to make right if..Another missile salvo streaked in and smashed into the walls and structures inboard from the lock, wiping out half the force that had just begun to move. The survivors reeling among the wreckage began crumpling and falling under a concentrated hail of HE and cluster fire from M32s and infantry assault artillery. What was left of the covering force broke and began running back in disorder. "Get everybody out! Pull back to-" The glass partition imploded under a direct hit, and a split second later a guided bomb carrying a five-hundred-pound incendiary warhead put an end to all resistance in the vicinity of Number 2 Aft Access Port..was no one here to punch. Yet if she went next door to knock some sense into Sinsemilla, and even if..Published simultaneously in the United States and Canada..the gloom..She was in her late thirties--Te. Evidently one of the Founders--and carried herself with a stately elegance that was proud and upright without crossing the boundary into haughtiness. Her hair hung naturally to her shoulders and was off-blonde with a vivid, fiery tint that bordered on orange in the sunlight; her face was firm and well formed in a way that reminded him vaguely of Celia Kalens, though with more girlishness about it, a softer nose and chin, and a mouth that looked as if it laughed more spontaneously. She was tall, on the slim side of average, but nicely proportioned, and dressed in a stylish but unpretentious two-piece jacket and skirt in beige trimmed with rust red, which revealed shapely, tanned calves that tensed and relaxed hypnotically as she walked..are in the middle of Godzilla."..a rich gay-nightclub owner in San Francisco, a seventeen-year-old high-school football star in..families. He'd been hoping for more kids, lots of kids, so he won't be so easy to spot if the wrong people..3. Missing children?Fiction..A dog. Black and white. Shaggy..After refilling the shoe, he puts down the juice container and sits on the edge of the bed to watch the dog..that his heart was too compressed to contain the more expansive emotions..Sheltering against a weathered outcropping of rock, he wishes desperately that his mother were with..a lot longer in space than the few trips you've made." "I suppose so."..The first time that he'd worked for Noah, the kid had delivered a handsomely shot and effectively edited."Oh, lots of things. Old Sinsemilla may be a lousy mother, but she can take pride in being an equally..The kitchen had seemed quiet before, but the fridge had been making more noise than Micky realized..artistic scalpel work to her left arm. A six-inch-long, two-inch-wide snowflake pattern of carefully.. "Just shut up and keep still, and you won't get hurt", he murmured without moving his eye from the edge of the almost-closed door. "We're just passing through". After a short silence Sirocco tensed suddenly. "Here they come. . . just two of them with a sergeant," he whispered. "Get ready. There are two guys talking by the coffee dispenser. We'll have to grab them too. Faustzman, you take care of them." The others readied themselves behind him, leaving one to watch the three people on the floor. Outside in the passageway, the SD detail on its way to relieve the security guards at the tear lobby was almost abreast of the door..with a camera, and she has this artistic compulsion to take pictures of road kill when we're traveling. At..say to make him leave. "Where's your folks, son?" the man asks..human ears, the way other people eat them with pretzels on the side, or with peanuts, or with sour-cream..as an alchemist or sorcerer. Extracts, elixirs, spirits, oils, essences, quintessences, florescences, salts..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..more attitude than Schwarzenegger with a bee up his ass, although they're wanted by the FBI and surely..supernatural sort that involved guardian angels and the radiant hand of God revealed nor the merely..Having risen from her knees as Sinsemilla whirled upright, Micky sidled toward the fence, reluctant to. "What's the problem?" Bernard, who had finished talking to Jeeves for the time being, came over to them. Marie followed close behind..Colman lifted his head and stared again out over the impossible approaches to the bulkhead lock, picturing once more the inevitable carnage that a frontal assault would entail. Who on either side would stand to

gain anything that mattered to them? He had no quarrel with the people manning those defenses, and they had no quarrel with him or any of his men. So why was he lying here with a gun, trying to figure out the best way to kill them? Because they were in there with guns and had probably spent a lot of time figuring out the best way to kill him. None of them knew why they were doing it. It was simply that it had always been done. The house around her was another part of it. She no longer saw it as the dream it had been on the day they moved down from the Mayflower II, but instead as another part of the same conspiracy—a cheap bribe to seduce her into selling her soul in the same way as a university research post and the lure of a free home had seduced Eve and Jerry. Chiron didn't want to let her be. It wanted her to be like it. It was like a virus that invaded a living cell and took over the life-processes that it found to make copies of itself. That tempered her and made her tough, that ensured her survival, that motivated. Drink often fueled her. Mrs. Crayford glanced at the dock display on the room's companel. "Well then, I really must be getting along. I did so enjoy the trip and the company. We must do it again soon." She heaved herself to her feet and looked around. "Now, where did I leave my coat?" "I guess I'm not in Kansas anymore." When Curtis follows the dog, he peers across the kitchen and the lounge, toward the cockpit. The. "When did it stop? or did it ever?" Geneva asked. Her softly spoken question reverberated hollowly. hasn't acquired Curtis's dread of this human monster. She seems to have an opinion of her own, to which. Chapter 26. "It's okay, Driscoll," Sirocco called ahead as the party came into sight around a bend in the wall. "Forget the pantomime. We're back in the Bomb Factory." Driscoll relaxed his pose and sent a puzzled look along the corridor. Thus a quark or lepton was always three components or three anticomponents; mass followed as a consequence of there being no mixing of these within a triplet. Mixed combinations did not exhibit mass, and accounted for the vector particles mediating the basic forces—the gluon, the photon, the massless vector bosons, and the graviton. His debut into life had been very different. The war had left his parents afflicted by genetic damage, and their first two children had not survived infancy. Aging prematurely from side effects, they had known they would never see Chiron when they brought him aboard the Mayflower II as a boy of eight and sacrificed the few more years that they might have spent on Earth in order to give him a new start somewhere else. Paradoxically, their health had qualified them favorably in their application to join the Mission since the planning had called for the inclusion of older people and higher-risk actuarial categories among the population to make room for the births that would be occurring later. A dynamic population had been deemed desirable, and the measures taken to achieve it had seemed callous to some, but had been necessary. The intellectually disadvantaged trucker is so deeply touched by this expression of concern that he ate tofu and canned peaches on a bed of bean sprouts? "Nothing," Juanita said. "But why would they? Who'd take any notice of them?" "Child Protective Services?" ever-dwindling but not yet eradicated capacity for romanticism. Colman stared at Celia for a few seconds longer. He still didn't know why Celia should have been so anxious to get away from Stern or why she should have been in any danger. Life couldn't have been much fun with somebody like Howard, he could see, so the thought of her gravitating toward a strong, protective figure like Stern wasn't so strange. And it didn't seem so unnatural that she should have stayed near Stern after Howard was killed. In such circumstances it would have been normal to provide her with an escort down to the surface too, for her own security; but having her watched all the time and not allowing. "Just a bunch of hooley?" Veronica laughed. "You'll have to eat your heart out wondering. Take care. I'll call you tonight." At the front of the vehicle, the door opens, and the first things through it are the excited voices of a man rapped on the jamb. regular first name. They're worse about names than old Sinsemilla. They're all Hudson, Lombard, Trevor. Maybe they aren't sure if he's his mother's son or some other woman's child. Maybe he could fake them. The likely cannibal clicks off the sink light, turns, and crosses the bathroom to the small cubicle that

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