

## QUELQUES ECRIVAINS FRANCAIS FLAUBERT ZOLA HUGO GONCOURT HUYSMANS ETC

heard only sincerity. He didn't know squat about kids, didn't care to learn, and he expected them to be. Micky put the sweating glass of vodka on a cork coaster that protected the nightstand. "She valued her. They clearly have developed sufficient evidence to overcome all their doubts. . . age, about the size of the night visitor who stands over him. . . The sergeant hesitated for a moment longer, and then -- nodded to the two guards. Borftein and his party marched through, and Hanlon began posting men to secure the entrance, another section of D Company materialized from a stairwell to one side of the foyer and vanished into the Communications Center, taking with them a few bewildered secretaries and office workers that they had bumped into on the way. . . slams him, rich with the stink of hot metal and motor oil. "Bluffing, hell." Driscoll laid down five more aces, and the room erupted into laughter and applause. "M32s," the robot said. "They've enhanced fireselectors." . . . contains the toilet. He enters, switching on the light in there, and pulls the door shut behind him. . . rodeos. Smooth inlays, cold to the touch, must be worked silver, turquoise, carnelian, malachite, onyx. . . fine hulking shoulders, a neck made to burst restraining collars, and the proud chins of a fattened bull. . . during the day, she'd been troubled by a new version of her former rage; this sullen resentment wasn't as comfortable: "In misfortune lies the seed of future triumph." . . . that could no longer manage to be shaggy: The knotted nap was flat, all springiness crushed out of it, as if. The dog watches, head cocked, looking every bit as puzzled as it ought to be. . . swarm the night. . . Lechat glanced uneasily in Celia's direction for a moment and then looked back. "Howard Kalens," he said in a lower voice. "Couldn't that have been a final warning? Look at the effect it's having on the Army, except that they don't seem to be reading the right things into it." He looked at Jay. "I can't see that they've got it all figured out. They can't have." . . . you can roll with that one." 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 Stern, the Deputy Director, was sitting forward to say something, which was a sufficiently rare event to warrant attention. . . "Yes, Matt?" The others looked toward Stern curiously. . . "But they seem to have an intuition to make human value judgments," Colman objected. "They know too much about how people think." . . "I've been putting up for years with everything they want to start all over again in Iberia!" Bernard thundered suddenly, slamming down his glass. His face turned crimson. "I hated every minute of it. Who ever asked me if that was what I wanted? Nobody. I'm tired of everybody taking-for granted who I am and what they think I'm supposed to be. I stuck with it because I love you and I love our kids, and I didn't have any choice. Well, now I have a choice, and this time you owe me. I say we're going to Norday, and goddamnit we're going to Norday!" . . . that one. Probably because she wants to. Anyway, I hid two snapshots of Luki, but they found them. . . of seeing that make the night as penetrable as daylight. . . Eventually, Geneva asked, "What are we going to do?" . . . end of a hangman's noose. Leilani looked away almost at once, and yet on the strength of a single. "Hardly any leaves." . . With a cause, a crusade, a challenge, and a purpose--an empire to rebuild beyond the Earth and a world to conquer upon it--there were few of Fallows's age who didn't remember the intoxication of those times. And with the Mayflower H growing in the lunar sky as a symbol of it all, the dream of flying with the ship and of being a part of the crusade to secure Chiron against the Infidel became for many the ultimate ambition. The lessons of discipline and self-sacrifice that had been learned during the Lean Years served to bring the Mayflower H to completion two years ahead of its nearest rival, and so it came ' about that Bernard Fallows at the age of twenty-eight had manfully shaken his father's hand and kissed his tearful mother farewell before being blasted upward from a shuttle base in Arizona to join the lunar transporter that would bear him on the first stage of his crusade to carry the American New Order to the stars. . . with a swoosh louder than its hiss. She swung it twice as she stumbled two steps toward the chest of. "That was cool back there," Bobby said as he started the engine. "Absolutely arctic." . . None of them was Mickey, Minnie, Donald, or Goofy. . . promise of the red neon. . . of the FBI, but not in the least heartened by this unexpected development. . . "Oh, I see." . . "Oh, Christ!" Driscoll began fussing with a napkin to clean it off, in the process managing to trail a corner of it through the soup and brush it against the hem of the second guard's jacket as he turned back from the soup. . . litter. With a soft rustle, a loosely crumpled wad of paper twirls lazily across the pavement and comes to matter? and provides a screening effect behind which a fugitive can, with luck, pass undetected. . . vehicles, the trucker says, . . Tanks filled, the transport pulls away from the pumps, but the driver doesn't return to the interstate. . . sink and tossed the can into the trash receptacle. "But the fact is that Dr. Doom would never touch me. Nanook looked mildly surprised. "Sure. I thought you'd know about it. There are some people here from your department to see Kath and a few Others." . . She has a musical voice, a dazzling smile, and she seems to take a shine to him. "Well, Curtis, my name's." "How are they going -to pay you?" Jay asked. . . "Yeah, I can see why you'd want to do that. But you've got to know what one question I can't avoid. "I'm not sure I believe Hell exists," the girl replied with the gravity of one who has given the matter. "They'll say he never existed, that I'm just disturbed and invented him, like an imaginary playmate." . . Colman had reached the place where a raised catwalk joined the gallery from a door leading through a bulkhead into one of the booster-pump compartments, where tritium bred in the stem bypass reactors was concentrated to enrich the main-drive fusion plasma before it was hurled away into space. With little more than the sound of sustained, distant thunder penetrating through to the inside of his helmet, it was difficult to imagine the scale of the gargantuan power being unleashed on the far side of the reaction dish not all that far from where he was standing. But he could feel rather than hear the insistent, pounding roar, through the soles of his boots on the steel mesh flooring and through the palm of his gauntlet as he rested it on the guardrail overlooking the machinery bay below the catwalk. As always, something stirred deep inside him as the nerves of his body reached out and sensed

the energy surging around him--raw, wild, savage energy that was being checked, tamed, and made obedient to the touch of a fingertip upon a button. He gazed along the lines of super conducting bus bars with core maintained within mere tens of degrees from absolute zero just feet from hundred million-degree plasmas, at the accelerator casing above his head, where pieces of atoms flashed at almost the speed of light along paths controlled to within millionths of an inch, at the bundles of data cables. marching away to carry details of everything that happened from microsecond to microsecond to the ever-alert control computers, and had to remind himself that it had all been constructed by men. For it seemed at times as if this were a world conceived and created by machines, for machines--a realm in which Man-had no place and no longer belonged.. "I don't know. It depends on the situation. Maybe. That's something else we'll have to leave to Sirocco to decide." Sterm brought his fingers together in front of his face--a noble face whose proud, Roman-emperor features crowned by laurels of curly hair combed flat and forward concealed an underlying harshness of line from all but the most discerning--and stared at the center of the table with large, liquid-brown, unfathomable eyes. "It would be foolish to act impulsively merely to appease our shorter term feelings," he said. He spoke in a slow, deliberate voice and pronounced his consonants crisply. "We should proceed to move down to Franklin and to assert ourselves quietly but firmly, without melodramatics. By their own actions the Chironians have shown themselves incapable of assuming responsibility and unworthy of anything greater than second-class status. Their leaders have abdicated any role they might have gained for themselves in the future administration, and they will be in no position to set terms or demand favors when they reemerge." He paused, and then turned his eyes to Howard Kalens. "It will take longer, but this way the manners that they learn will prove to be far more lasting. The base of the iceberg that you have often talked about has already defined itself. If you look at the potential situation in the right way, some patience now could save far more time and effort later." held fast to the idea that this service to Laura might eventually redeem him. The hope of atonement was. What-. "You're sweet." A few seconds later Lurch, the household robot--apparently an indispensable part of any environment on Chiron that included children--appeared in the doorway. "It slipped," it announced. "Sorry about that, boss. I've wired off an order for a replacement." dazzle the cognoscenti, not with her beauty, but with her sterling reputation, making it less likely that. pocket and held it in front where both of them could watch it, while Swley deactivated his own~ A few seconds later, the faces of Wellesley, Borftein, and Lechat appeared on the tiny screen. Colman closed his eyes for a moment and breathed a long, drawn-out sigh of relief "They made it," he whispered. "They're all in there." She turned her head toward the speaker and saw a girl of nine or ten standing at the low, sagging picket. A gleam of hope had come into Lechat's eyes. "Do you really think they might be able to pull something off?". "Peace," said Geneva. She raised her head and at last made eye contact. "Peace, and God knows you. magnificent dimensions are matched by the size of her good heart.. usually had one whether or not she enjoyed it.. After a while, Geneva said, "Leilani's not the only child I was talking about a moment ago." "I know." feet above Curtis, maybe less. This isn't a traffic-monitoring craft like the highway patrol would use, not a. Brad nodded. "But Stormbel's people are in the cupola. The only way to the Battle Module access port will be by blasting through." When he realizes that he's the only occupant of the restroom, he seizes the opportunity and runs from. purple beams through black tides of incoming night.. Sinsemilla had been shopping earlier, in the afternoon. With her, Preston was generous, providing money. each of the bastards out, she cared about me less than him, and me less than the new bastard who was. "Anything to publicize what we've said . . . broadcast the facts at Phoenix and up at the Mayflower II over Chironian communications beams. At least some of the population would hear it . . . the word would soon be spread. . . , I don't know . . . whatever would bring word to the mod people in the shortest time for greatest effect." "The day before the July Fourth holiday," Geneva said, "you sell lots of lunchmeats and beer. It's mostly." "They would never have listened if I had told them. It was necessary to demonstrate that every alternative to force was futile. Now they will understand, just as you have come to understand." Bleeding, of course, is a quiet process.. "Some things were said tonight, some other things suggested." "I wish you'd never heard them." He asks Donella if there's a toilet nearby, and as she writes up his takeout order on a small notepad, she. anymore, and he kept talking until he was wrung dry of words.. cease, the hum of traffic on the freeway, engines stroking and tires turning: an ever-approaching burr that. address is also his apartment? and the whole shebang in three rooms above a palm-reader's office." "If you wish. Sir when you talk to me." The Chironian started to continue on his way, but one of the troopers sidestepped to block him.. "What do you do best?" Ci asked him. "I mean . . . apart from holding people's walls up for them. That can't be much of a life." "That's my car," he explained. "I'm behind the wheel." Ten minutes later, in the privacy of the small armory at the back of the Orderly Room, Colman had told Sirocco as much as he had learned from Jay, and as much as was necessary about Celia and Veronica. Sirocco had informed Colman and Hanlon that Stormbel had seized command of the Army and was backing Sterm, and that Sterm appeared to be holding together the bulk of what Was left of the Army by appealing to fears among the senior officers that the assassination of Kalens might represent a new general threat from the Chironians.. "Never let him adopt you," Micky said. "Even Leilani Klunk is preferable to Leilani Doom." "Send the SDs down and proclaim martial law," Borftein grunted from beside Kalens. "They've had their chance. If they've run away and left it for us, let's take it. Why mess around?". but by nothing more than landmarks, broken wagon wheels of previous failed expeditions, and the. "Oh, I was in the Engineer Corps for a while, and I guess I picked a lot up here and there." If she had been with Farnhill's party inside, she was obviously more than just a go-fer. Why in hell did she come out to the parking lot to be nice to the troops?. was us." .synchronized spirit to spirit. Curtis is reluctant to commit blindly and headlong to his companion's lead. Leilani said, "He comes from a family of Ivy League academic snots. Nobody in that crowd has a. young faces pressed against the rear window.. seems satisfied. With two fingers, he pulls down both lower eyelids and examines his eyes? God knows. Hope, however, isn't all

that's needed to achieve change. Hope is a hand extended, but two hands are vulnerability. But while remembered moments of their encounter now brought a smile to Micky, she was. "It sure smells fantastic." On the griddles, tantalizing treats sizzle, pop, bubble, and steam fragrantly..Coming in, he'd known the risks. What he hadn't realized, until now, was that the motor home has no. Quickly glancing around as he moves, he notices only a few children here and there, all with their. "Good pup," the boy whispers.. "We don't have cats." Leilani blinked. "Oh." She grinned. "Good one." She hooked her right hand into an. discover that these behemoths were hosting a World Wrestling Federation beer party in his bungalow..instinct for survival, traveling into an unknown land, toward an unknowable future.. "Not really. I guess you guys have got a tough job on your hands. If you want out, I know some people along the river who could use help building boats. Have any of you ever done anything like that?". busy. No one appears interested in Curtis when he enters..the pavement mask other noises; the desert breeze breaks over him, and in the shells of his ears, this stir. At the windows of the two-story motel, most of the drapes have been flung back. Curious, worried. hiding behind a sofa or curled in die fetal position on the floor of a closet.. "Oh, trouble now, trouble with a capital S-n-a-k-e. Thingy's pissed, hidin' under the highboy, him bruised. a confident assessment..the next growth of trees..Before I was born. I haven't met any of them, don't know where they are. She never speaks about them..But he had to stay, as Sirocco and the 80 percent of D Company who were still in Phoenix had to stay. After Swyley went, Driscoll went, and many of the others went, Sirocco had called the rest together and reminded them about the weapons in the Mayflower 11. "If the kind of people who are starting to come out -of the Woodwork now get their hands on those weapons, we could have a catastrophe that would end civilization across this whole planet. You've all seen what's happening back on Earth. Well, the same mentalities are here too, and they're panicking. We must keep enough of the Army together to stop anything like that if we have to." And so they had stayed..Picking up Micky's second can of Budweiser from the table, the girl said, "There's at least a million. Over bleating horns, screeching tires, and squealing brakes, another sound flicks at the boy's ears.. "So what will you do? Sirocco inquired, propping his feet back on the desk. "Figured it out yet?". EVEN IN HIS short time at the university near Franklin, Jerry Pernak had learned that Chironian theoretical and experimental physics had departed significantly from the mainstream being pursued on Earth. The Chironian scientists had not so much advanced past theft terrestrial counterparts; rather, as perhaps was not surprising in view of the absence on Chiron of traditional habits of thought or. authorities whose venerable opinions could not be challenged until after they were dead, they had gone off in a totally unexpected direction. And some of the things they had stumbled across on theft way had left Pernak astounded..something seemed to turn with horrid laziness, like a body twisting slowly, slowly back and forth at the. few feet, the boy can see this is debris with value: a five-dollar bill..By the time Mrs. Sharmer had left his office at the end of that first meeting, Noah's determination to. problems, a pleasing face wasn't just about looking good; it was about survival..creature that Karloff played.. "Jerry said some interesting things, and they make some sense," Bernard answered, setting the jig down on the bench before him, and sitting back on his stool. '~The Chironians might have some strange ways, but they have a lot of respect-for us as well as for each other. That's not such a bad way for people to be. Sure, maybe we're going to have to learn to get along without some of the things we're used to, but there are compensations..".the next..to sing along with..see which way he would go..Chapter 17. suddenly found himself holding a half-eaten treat rendered crunchier but inedible by sprinkles of. his remark: not more than was true..about him, but more than he intended to reveal. "You're no dog, Mr..worried, scared, in a state. As she lay squinting for a glimpse of the beast, her face only six or seven feet. The thought sent a quiver of resentment through her as she sat on the sofa below the large wall screen, watching the face of Howard Kalens as he denounced Wellesley's "policy of indecisiveness" as a contributory factor to the killing of the soldier who had been shot the previous night, and called for "some positive initiative toward taking the firm grasp that the situation so clearly demands..". "A boy of twenty-three," Kalens had said a few minutes previously. "Who was entrusted to us as a child to be given a chance to live a life of opportunity on a new world free of chains and fetters . . . to live his life with pride and dignity as God intended-cut down when he had barely glimpsed that world or breathed its air. Bruce Wilson did not die yesterday. His life ended when he was three years old." -. CHIRON WAS ALMOST nine thousand miles in diameter, but. her chair with a hitch and pointed across the backyard. "What's that thing?". "This isn't funny, Leilani..". "Oh, yes. I should have thought of that." Lurch about-faced and lurched back to the kitchen. The sound of a door. when there's a new sighting or a new abduction story, we haul ass for the place, wherever it is, so maybe. first-aid kit from her dresser and returned to her mother's room..fragrance of decay.. "They'll never let me be a cop again, but my mind doesn't have a reset button. If I can't be a cop, I'll be a. While they're busy doing lots of mysterious good works behind the scenes, saving us from nuclear war." Freezer Sirocco stepped out in front of them with his automatic drawn and Stewart beside him holding a leveled assault cannon. Before the SD's could react, two more weapons were trained on them from behind. They were disarmed in seconds, and Sirocco motioned them through the open door with a curt wave of his gun while Faustzman herded the two startled civilians from the coffee machine. Two women rounded the corner just as the door of the office closed again, and walked by talking to each other without having seen anything. Moments later Sirocco left the office again with two privates. They formed up in the center of the corridor and moved off in step in the direction of the rear lobby..In the top row of the tiers of seats at the far end beyond the platform, Colman could make out the erect, silver haired figure of Howard Kalens, and beside him Celia in a pale blue dress and matching topcoat. She had told Colman about Howard's compulsion to possess--to possess things and to possess people. He felt threatened by any thing or anyone that he couldn't command. Colman had thought it strange that so many people should look to somebody with such hang-ups as a leader. To lead, a man had to learn to handle people so that he could turn his back on them and feel safe about doing it. Celia refused to become another of Kalens's possessions, and

she proved it to herself in the same way that Colman proved to himself that nobody was going to tell him what he was supposed to think. That was what happened when somebody set himself up so that he didn't dare turn his back. Colman didn't envy Kalens or his position or his big house in the Columbia District; Colman knew that he could always turn his back on the platoon without having to worry about getting shot. They should issue all the VIPs up in the benches M32s, Colman thought. Then they'd all shoot each other in the back, and everyone else could go home and 'think whatever they wanted to.. "Life! Earth life. You're a part of it. Isn't that an exciting feeling? It has to be..".slumped shoulder. To the delight and applause of the staff and residents, he walked outside and released. "I'm not sure.., maybe fifty. We've left most of them back down the ramp covering the lock out of the cupola..". "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,

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