

# AL TUNGSKRAFT FIKTIONALISIERUNGSVERFAHREN GATTUNGSP OETIK UND AUT

faltered, faded, vanished. "No mother anywhere," she repeated softly, but to Micky this time. "That's.~That was exactly what Gustav said we should do," Ci said, giving Colman an approving look. "He was looking at it yesterday." "I know exactly what you mean," Carson said. Driscoll nodded his mute assent also..Unextinguished laughter shakes the skies. ? Homer, The Iliad.spine, rolling her head, spreading her arms, the woman stretched as languorously as a sleeper waking."I remember him shooting Vernon. 1 wish I didn't, but] do." Earlier, sadness had cast a gray shadow.the gloom..courage to turn against his contemptible family and to do the right thing, his sister would not have been.What-".The roar of the long barrage has left his ears ringing. Yet in the aftermath, Curtis is able to hear people.Bernard didn't seem as surprised as he might have been. "Want to spit it out?" Micky observed. "Flat as a slice of the Swiss cheese on that platter." "Carson doesn't know what to do with it," Driscoll.Laughing softly, shaking her head, Micky said, "Kiddo, you've pushed this Addams Family routine one.Engine screaming, klaxons shrieking, lights flashing as though with the fury of dragon eyes, the Peterbilt.Judging by the sound of it, the chopper is heading southwest, following the interstate. This is not good."Well, hello, Sergeant," she s. aid huskily. "I was beginning to wonder if I had a deserter. Now, I wonder what could be on your mind at this time of night."He grinned at the joke as he, turned to lead the way. Farnhill didn't seem to appreciate the humor.."You don't have to live with it, Mother," Adam told her. Voices called distantly to each other through the window from somewhere in the arm of woodlands behind the house. Hanlon and Jay had gone off with Tim, Adam's other son, who was eleven, and Tim's girlfriend to see some of Chironian wildlife. Tim seemed to be an authority on the subject, doubtless having inherited the trait from Adam, who specialized in biology and geology and spent much of his time traveling the planet, usually with his three children.."What from?" "Aw, I wasn't watching it." Jay waved vaguely with the book and returned it to its shelf. "Usual stuff."part misery and part fury, as she jabbed the lance hard at the coiled target.."I don't know, Corporal. Recently, I guess." "How far have they penetrated?" Colman asked..Sirocco frowned and rubbed his nose. "I'm not convinced. I can't help feeling that he's been set up by somebody else as the fall-guy, and that the somebody else hasn't come out yet. I think the Chironians believe that too."The theories currently favored on Earth attributed the domination of matter, as opposed to antimatter, in the universe to a one-part-per-billion imbalance in 'the reactions occurring in the earliest phase of the Bang, in which the energy available produced copious numbers of exotic particles not found in the present universe, whose decay patterns violated baryon-number conservation. In the present universe they appeared rarely, only as transient "virtual particles" and were responsible for the almost immeasurable, but measured, 10<sup>21</sup>-year mean lifetime of the proton..of battle readiness had held off friends as well as enemies, and in fact it had prevented her from."It has to. You can't love others until you love yourself. I was sixteen when I joined the Circle, seven.across Geneva's face at the counterfeit memory of her anguish-filled love affair with a heroin junkie; but.The bag was folded and sealed. Noah peeled back the tape, opened the flap, and half extracted a wad."Come in, come in, get out of that awful heat," Geneva said, as if the sweltering trailer were a cool oasis..She'd found a few monsters, all right, but she'd been more disturbed by the discovery that in the mansion.Wellesley looked at Slessor, who, while still showing. signs of apprehensions- appeared curiously to feel relieved at the same time. Wellesley nodded heavily. "Very well. Proceed on that basis, John. But treat these plans and their existence as strictly classified information. Restrict them to the SD troops as much as you can, and involve the regular units only where you must."rants of anger, self-loathing, self-pity. If these words filtered through the prison of the damped brain in."Well, I think there's something to be scared about," Paula said. "Suppose they turn out to be really mean and don't want to mess around with talking at all. Suppose they send a missile up at us without any warning or anything .. I mean, we'd be stuck out in space like a sitting duck, wouldn't we. Then where would we be?"to her that acting silly-kid excited about them would help convince Dr. Doom that she continued to.Book design by Virginia Norey.Colman's eyes widened for a moment as he listened. "I'd never really thought about it," he admitted. "But I guess, yes . . . it'd have to have been like that. Your kids today don't seem to have changed all that much either. "How do you mean?" Kath asked..Bernard shrugged helplessly. "I know. It's a chance-but what else is there?" "I hope they're not going to start shooting each other up here. It would be pretty scary in orbit. They could decompress the whole ship."..eyes, a flash of teeth in the hooded beam of light. He almost cries out in alarm.."Plights and pickles. Troubles. Some of us get 'em served one at a time on a little plate, and some of us.filtered cacophony into a muted clump-and-crackle..The Chironian mind had no place for the dismal picture that earlier generations of terrestrial thinkers had painted, that of a universe spawned through a unique accident of Nature, flaring briefly like a spark in the night to dissipate into infinity and be frozen by the spreading, relentless, icy paralysis of entropy. To the Chironian, the universe was but one atom of a possibly infinite Universe of sibling universes, every one of which coexisted at every point in space with the source-realm that hail procreated its family with the profligacy of a summer storm cloud precipitating raindrops. Through that source-realm any one universe could couple to any other, and by coupling into that source-realm, as the antimatter project had verified, every one could be sustained, nourished, and replenished from a boundless, endless hyper domain so vast and unimaginable that everything in existence, from microbes to the farthest detectable quasars, was a mere shadow of just a speck of it.."But what if he launches those weapons into orbit before issuing an ultimatum?" Bernard asked.."Three SDs and a slightly plump, middle-aged matron trying to climb over the fence," Hanlon said. "The woman was stuck on the top and making quite a fuss. Now, what do you imagine they could have been trying to run away from?" "A dinner guest?"..eyes, no pity, because nothing in her face said cripple. The snake had struck at her face, and she didn't.A hand slid across his mouth from

behind, and he was quickly whisked into the still-room next to the pantry. An arm held him in an iron grip while a soldier in battledress scooped the trolley in from the corridor and closed the door. There were more of them in there, with a civilian. They looked mean and in no mood for fooling around..if . . ."resulting in splashed upholstery and wet fur. In the console between the seats were molded-plastic.whole-of-limb, hard-bodied, martial arts wunderkind. The Klunk way wasn't the way of the Ninja. The.Driscoll had to think about the response, and a couple of seconds of silence went by. "It's not the same," he said..hair tossing like the deadly locks of an enraged Medusa. In her furious ascension, she stirred up an acrid.Surprising the boy, she affectionately squeezes his right hand. "Whenever people think they're smarter.the police..everything away..On the bed, Sinsemilla romped, cheering one of the combatants, cursing the other, and though Leilani."Okay, okay, Hoover." Rastus held up an apologetic hand. "You know I didn't mean it. You do a great job here. And the displays today are very artistic..".Used to be. Is it that obvious?".Right now, he'd rather explore a graveyard or a scarab-infested pyramid with mummies on the march, or.Stanislaw took a long draught from his glass and made a what-the-hell? gesture. "My grandfather stayed alive in the Lean Years by ripping off Fed warehouses and selling the stuff. He could bomb any security routine ever dreamed up. My dad got a job with the Emergency Welfare Office, and between them they wrote two sisters and a brother that I never had into the system and collected the benefits. So life wasn't too bad." He shrugged, almost apologetically. "I guess it got to be kind of a tradition... sort of handed down in the family..".Otto smiled humorlessly. "Take a look at the other lunatics around you," he suggested. "What happened to all the people? Where did your army go? They're all Chironians now. And you have nothing to offer them but protection from the fear that you would manufacture in their minds. But they have Chironian minds. They see that the fear is your fear, not theirs; and it is you who are in need of protection, not they..".overcame him after words had failed, after he could do nothing but share the silence of his sister..".Number One Forward Port has surrendered," Oorsden said tightly, taking in another report. "The firing has stopped there. Nickolson is leading his men out, including his reserve. We have no choice..".than ever it had gone when he and the dog had ridden in the back of it among horse blankets and.take that long incline at a run..The Chironian answered in a slow, low-pitched, expressionless drawl without turning his head. "We tracked 'em for two days, and when enough of us had showed up, we closed in while another group landed up front of 'em behind a ridge to head 'em off. When they moved into a ravine, we covered both exits with riflemen and let 'em know we were there. Gave 'em every chance . said if they came on out quiet, all we'd do was turn 'em in." The Chironian inclined his head briefly and sighed. "Guess some people never learn when to quit..".Therefore, at the arrival of the disabled girl, Micky was surprised to feel the same buoying expectation.Pretending that the thorny tentacles of the bloomless rosebush had threatened her, she turned to confront.killing people because I'm too fearful or too ashamed to bring myself to talk about what he really does,.another what's-happening-what's-up-what's-this-all-about..inside. They grin at him, complete with pink gums, but purged of blood..".Exactly what I was thinking," Wellesley commented, nodding. "And you have to remember that our own people are starting to get restless up here now that their fears have receded. After twenty years, we can't keep them cooped up in the Mayflower II much longer without any obvious reason. They've got accommodations prepared by the space-base at Franklin. I'm inclined to say we should start moving the first batches down. For all we know, the Chironian government may have gone into hiding because they're nervous about our intentions. It might be a good way of enticing them to come out again..".with them, eating it in the name of a boy with a wickedly malformed pelvis and Tinkertoy hips, a boy who."Daskrend,' Murphy supplied. "Oh, they're a kind of wolf but bigger, and they've got poison fangs. But they're pretty dumb and no big deal to handle. You sometimes find them higher up in the foothills across the Medichironian, but mostly they live on the other side of the Barrier Range..".Iowa?and a six-year-old boy in a wheelchair not far from here, in a town called Tustin..".I know, but I figured rd go take a 160k at the place anyhow out of curiosity. That can't do any harm. Later on, well... maybe anything could happen..".I've talked to shrinks. They're all crazy. How do they know whether I know me or not? Do you know how your head works inside?" Anita shook it in a way that said she didn't care all that much either. Colman's scowl deepened, more from frustration at a promise that was beginning to evaporate than from disapproval of something that wasn't his business. "Then how do you expect a pill to figure it out?".roses. Monday, she might smell like oranges; Tuesday, like St.-John's-wort and celery root; Wednesday,.Barefoot, wearing white cotton pants and a pink blouse, she lay on the bed, atop the rumpled chenille.a halt in front of the motel, next to the restaurant, still upright, hissing and rumbling, smoking and steaming..Veronica had to bite her lip .to suppress the beginnings of a giggle.. "A Chironian..".If Curtis could trade this particular swell adventure for a raft and a river, he would without hesitation.His dark-adapted eyes sting briefly from the glare..psychologically and physically?and yet she had survived. Leilani's situation was no better but no worse.He is the most-wanted fugitive in the fabled West, surely the most desperately sought runaway in the."What's your pseudofather's real name?" Geneva asked..".Well done, Stanislaw," Sirocco said. "Let's hope that the repeat performance will be as good later today..".Merrick knotted his brows for a moment and then seemed to decide to abandon his attempt to approach the subject obliquely. "Approximately ten thousand of our people are now in Canaveral City and its immediate vicinity." Merrick looked straight at Bernard. "They depend heavily on Chironian services and facilities of every description for the power that runs their homes to the very food they eat. If widespread trouble were to break out down there, they would be completely at the mercy of the Chironians." He raised a hand to stifle any objection before Bernard could speak. "Clearly we cannot tolerate such a state of affairs. It has been decided therefore that, purely as a precautionary measure to protect our own people if the need should arise, we must be able to guarantee the continuity of essential services if circumstances should.She had turned out to be a very shapely redhead by the name of Veronica, and she lived in an apartment in the Baltimore module. In fact her face was not unfamiliar, but before then Colman hadn't known who

she was. She had seemed as intrigued by Colman as he by her when they talked by the bar earlier in the evening. "Sure, I've been there," he had told her in reply to a question that she had asked with a devilish twinkle in her eye. "There aren't many-places you don't get to visit sooner or later in twenty years." Having set the pasta salad on the dinette table, Geneva began slicing roasted chicken breasts for. Just then, the door opened noisily, and several loud voices drowned out the conversations in the coffee shop. Colman recognized three faces from B Company, Padawski--a tall, wiry sergeant with harsh, thin lips and hard, bleek eyes set in a long, swarthy face---and two corporals whose names didn't come immediately to mind. They had been drinking, and Padawski could be mean at the best of times. Colman's earlier friendship with Anita had developed at a time when she had taken to staying close to Colman and Hanlon because Padawski had been pestering her. Colman could look after himself when the need arose, and Hanlon, besides being the sergeant in charge of Second Platoon, was a hand-to-hand combat instructor for the whole of D Company, and good. The combination had. Old Yeller jumps off the bed and noisily laps up the treat with enthusiasm. She doesn't hesitate or pause. As the guards started forward and the members continued to sit in paralyzed silence, Ramisson rose and walked haltingly to the center of the main aisle to face Stern. "I will not submit to such intimidation," he said in a harsh whisper. "Remove your men from that door." With that he turned about and began walking stiffly toward the main doors at the rear. "It never occurred to me that a congressman would keep a bunch of thugs on the payroll." faces? that's scarier than sleeping with a nuclear bomb under your bed. You have to figure people like. Geneva beamed. "That's so sweet, Leilani. Would you like some fresh lemonade?" Staying closer than Curtis intended, the dog presses against his legs and pushes her nose to the gap. campground for an evening, and we never see them again. Sinsemilla long ago chopped loose her family. A boy and his dog can form astonishing, profound connections. He knows this to be true not entirely. Colman looked at his watch. "About half an hour if it's on schedule." tall sentinel pines rise at the verge of the road, saluting the moon with their higher branches. The. Earlier Noah had loaded the tape in the VCR. Now he pushed PLAY on the remote control. The bulkhead door at the far end of the catwalk was open, and some tools were lying in front of an opened switchbox nearby. Colman went through the door into the pump compartment and emerged onto a railed platform part way up one side of a tall bay extending upward and below, divided into levels of girders and struts with one of the huge pumps and its attendant equipment per level. On the level below him, a group of engineers and riggers was working on one of the pumps. They had removed one of the end-casings and dismantled the bearing assembly, and were attaching slings from an overhead gantry in preparation for withdrawing the rotor. Colman leaned on the rail to watch for a few moments, nodding to himself in silent approval as he noted the slings and safety lines correctly tensioned at the fight angles, the chocks wedging the rotor to avoid trapped hands, the parts laid out in order well clear of the working area, and the exposed bearing surfaces protected by padding from damage by dropped tools. He liked watching professionals. battles. "Well what do you know--I'm on the loose tonight," Paula said, giving Hanlon a cosy look. the roof, stabbing out from the jeweled hilt of red and blue emergency beacons. the situation, ready to strike again. wheelchair . . . Although it seemed unrelated to Leilani Klomk, Micky recalled something that her aunt Geneva had said. Witch with a broomstick up your ass, witch bitch, diabolist, hag, flying down out of the moon with my. inhuman and supernatural lurk in basements and in cobweb-festooned attics. In graveyards at night. In. 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." about herself had been exposed, ugly secrets around which she had constructed impregnable vaults of. "So maybe we'll see you down there sometime," Ci said. fetal position. Wordless throughout her brother's monologue, she remained mute now. "I'm thirty-three," Noah said. "I suppose all this seems a bit strange to you folks," Rastus noted. "But with the machines providing everything back in the days when the Founders were growing up, the idea of restricting the supply of anything never occurred to anybody. There wasn't any reason to. We've carried on that way ever since. You'll get used to it." Around and under more prep tables, past tall cabinets with open shelves full of stacked dishes, taking. cliff, so be it; even in his dying fall, he will love her, his sister-becoming. Leilani in the house of Sinsemilla. Leilani limping ever closer to a bomb-clock birthday, ticking toward. At the open window, the night lay breathless. From where he was sitting with Bernard, Colman looked over at Kath, who was standing near the center of the room. "You have to be involved with them somehow, even if it's only indirectly," he said. "You must know these people, even if you're not one of them yourself." "With who?" "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. "Better go, thingy, better squiggle," Sinsemilla advised gleefully. "Here come bad-ass Lani, and dis here. with him now, she is laughing, worried, and frustrated all at once. her from under the bed. strange place, a boy can easily imagine that monsters swim ceaselessly through the moon-silvered sea of. regular first name. They're worse about names than old Sinsemilla. They're all Hudson, Lombard, Trevor. "What are you doing?". Later on, Colman thought about Anita being brought back in a body-bag because she had chosen to follow after a crazy man instead of using her own head to decide her life. The Chironians didn't watch their children being brought home in body-bags, he reflected; they didn't teach them that it was noble to die for obstinate old men who would never have to face a gun, or send them away to be slaughtered by the thousands defending other people's obsessions. The Chironians didn't fight that way. her chair with a hitch and pointed across the backyard. "What's that thing?". as if satisfied that everything was now clear. It wasn't. "Why? What happens with them?" Bernard asked. Nanook hesitated for a moment as if reluctant to risk being offensive by explaining the obvious. He shrugged. "Well . . . usually somebody ends up shooting them," he replied. "So it never gets to be .a real problem." you're thinking about Ashley Judd or Sharon Stone, or maybe Pam Grier." Before him, past this final line of trees, the meadow waits. Waits. Too bright under the fat moon.

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