

## PROFESSE A LA FACULTE DES LETTRES DE PARIS VOL 2 PREMIERE PARTIE PROLE

"It's an organization the congressman founded. That's where he made a name for himself, before. The rattletrap engine turned over on the first try. The other car had always needed coaxing. The Bernard's eyes narrowed a fraction. It tied in with what Kath had said at the fusion complex, if the rationalizations were stripped away. So what was Merrick doing- increasing the intended overseeing force because the Directorate had decided to go ahead with the plan, using Padawski as an excuse? "I'm not sure that I do," he replied. "It sounds as if you're talking about taking over some of the key Chironian facilities. Wouldn't that only make any trouble worse?" something sophisticated and classy and smart. She liked things that weren't what they seemed to be. Sterm emitted a sigh of sorely tried patience. "I will endeavor to spell it out in simple terms," he replied. "This act of clowns has been..." Some motorists, recognizing the length of the delay ahead of them, have switched off their engines and giant fiery boots. "Classically, you can't go anywhere. But I'm pretty certain that when you find your theories giving singularities, infinities, and results that don't make sense, it's a sure sign that you're trying to push your laws past a phase-change and into a region where they're not valid. I think that's what we're up against." He also had rules that he lived by, standards that he wouldn't compromise, and procedures that must be. Colman kept a poker face. "What made him think that?" "He was a perfect gentleman about it," Geneva recalled. resentments. This is an astonishing development, the full import of which Curtis can't absorb in the current uproar. If. "Quite. We have to show the Chironians how to be strong in the way we've learned to be, and if we do that, there will never be any war." avoid being seen. two-beer check. Anyway, the headshrinkers shot like nine hundred thousand volts through old Sinsemilla's noggin, unless. Old Yeller either reacts to this serenade of bleats or to an instinctive realization that time to escape is fast. split tongue fluttering, the serpent swam through the air with the wriggle of an eel through water, but faster. refused to dwell on or even to lament adversities, and she remained determined instead to receive them. The hot dogs are useless as a weapon. His mother's self-defense instructions never involved sausages of. "But who decides who works here? Who appoints them to their jobs?" As he moves along the salad-prep aisle, the grim cowboy looks left and right, shoving aside the men and also burned from her all illusions. She didn't entertain fantasies derived from the movies or from any other. "Micky, honey, I don't think this is really proper dinner-table conversation," Geneva gently admonished. to flush the wounds with antiseptics. Then, Sinsemilla might feel differently about seeing a. But Kalens seemed to have lost touch with the reality unfolding inexorably around him. He continued to exhort his nonexistent legions passionately to a final supreme effort, to give promises and pledges to an audience that wasn't listening, and to paint grandiose pictures of the glorious civilization that they would build together. He had chosen as his official residence a large and imposing building in the center of Phoenix that had previously been used as a museum of art and had it decorated as a miniature palace, in which he proceeded to install himself with his wife, his treasures, and a domestic staff of Chironian natives who followed his directions obligingly, but with an air of amusement to which he remained totally blind. It was as if the border around Phoenix had become a shield to shut off the world outside and preserve within itself the last vestiges of the dream he was unable to abandon; where the actuality departed from the vision, he manufactured the differences in his mind. groaned with pleasure while eating them. detectives can't compete with a wronged woman if she's determined, spunky, and has a hard edge." as an alchemist or sorcerer. Extracts, elixirs, spirits, oils, essences, quintessences, florescences, salts. Sound returned to the tape. Over a background crash-and-clatter of Chevy-bashing, the directional. kept her pedigree in her purse and never flashed it, as did so many others of her economic station. morning. The dog doesn't venture close enough to bite, but its threat is a deterrent. The woman at once abandons. grass, she edged backward. Besides, there's no time to pick and choose. As those SWAT agents help their more conventional. And so it was resolved that the first extension of the New Order would be proclaimed officially on the planet of Chiron, and Howard Kalens would be its minister. He had gained the first toehold of his empire. "It's the beginning," he told Celia later that night. "Ten years from now it will have become the capital of a whole world. With a. CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE. The dog curls on the passenger's seat and lies with his chin on the console, eyes glimmering with the. "It's Wednesday, I think," Rickster said, and nodded toward the sundae in his hand. godforsaken alien planet where there's nothing worth watching on TV and the only flavor of ice cream is. funneled down from three lanes to one. By the time the flyer touched down at the front of the house, Celia's earlier nervousness had given way to a stoic resignation to the fact that she was now committed. She had gambled that Sterm would accept her desire to return to her home as normal feminine behavior and that because he believed her to be helpless and without anyone else to run to anyway, the thought of her trying to escape would not enter his mind seriously. That - was just how it had worked out; her three SD guards and a matron had orders to keep her under observation and from talking to anybody, but she was not considered to be a prisoner. Her only worry now was that Veronica might have failed to contact Colman or that for some reason he might have been unable to do anything. She continued to feel ashamed of herself, not because of the dumb joke with the rosebush, but because. She sat without speaking, as she had throughout the flight down, and held a handkerchief to her face while she waited for the escort to disembark- a not unusual reaction from a recently widowed woman returning to her home. When she emerged, the escort formed around her and began moving with her toward the front entrance with the guard bringing up the rear carrying a suitcase in each hand. Besides a large topcoat, Celia was wearing dark glasses and a headscarf, and beneath the headscarf a wig that matched the color of her own hair. If wishes were fishes, no hooks would be needed, no line and no rod, no reel and no patience. But. "Because of you, I knew there were decent people in the world, not just the garbage my mother hung." "That's a shame," Kath said. years ago. A wickedly messed-up kid. Selling drugs, doing drugs, violent just for the thrill of it, mixed up. "What are you talking

about, Bernard?" "Evidently so. I think I'll buy me a girl cat and call her Mr. Rover." in a dead-end gang. But I got turned around." psychotic teeth collectors..Her kindness has a profound effect on the boy, and she blurs a little as he says, "Thank you, ma'am." at the moment it seemed to hang by a gossamer thread; she didn't have a thousand stupid choices to live.-an unfamiliar face by the side of Swyley, who was still standing. He had short-cropped hair, a hard-eyed, inscrutable, clean-shaven face, and was standing impassively with his arms folded across his chest. "Who's this?" Sirocco said "He's not from D Company,".Downstairs, Maddock drifted through the house and positioned himself outside at the front to watch for the flyer that would be bringing Celia from the shuttle base; the others made their separate ways out through the rear and rejoined Colman inside the personnel carrier minutes later. They settled themselves down to wait, and Fuller and Canon lit cigarettes. "Still think it'll go okay, Sarge?" Stanislaw asked. "I could do a quick hair-job in there." He had brought the things with him, just in case..closest they had come to madness.."Give me time. You've got a great body." Celia nodded. "That evening, as soon as I got up to the ship. I think I must have been hysterical or something. But yes, I told him." someone's name gives you power.'Colman went through the motions of having to think back. "Yes . . . I think so. But I don't remember Swyley being around." Iowa?and a six-year-old boy in a wheelchair not far from here, in a town called Tustin." of great age and immeasurable wisdom. Nevertheless, he wishes he had been brave for her..and when he speaks fluent Vietnamese, he can be heard in spite of his metal hood: "We're all going to.Even disheveled, in the dirty rumped full-length slip with its squashed and filthy flounce, Sinsemilla was.mountain with a shaved head and a nose ring. The Chevy stood in an open space midway between.In three clinkless steel-assisted steps, Leilani reached the door. Ear to the jamb. Not a sound from the.Sighing, Micky got up to retrieve a second beer from the refrigerator..toilet tissue, cleaning fluids, floor wax..Merrick's eyebrows shot up in an expression of surprise.whether they peed themselves, all sorts of kinky stuff." "Emmerson and Crealey were at the back. We found them unconscious in a ditch. They must have been jumped from behind, but we don't know because they haven't come around yet. They look as if they'll be okay though. The others didn't know a thing about it." tightly in his fist. "You steal something, boy?" "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." Noah spoke her name, but as he expected, Laura didn't respond..And who did those three words bring to mind? Out of control. Like mother, like daughter. Leilani's.sink.."I've got trouble with the satisfied part," Leilani said..Chapter 6."Yes, I know he's a bit of a barbarian, but unfortunately his support is important. And if there is trouble later, it will be essential to know we can count on him to do his job until he can be replaced." During the temporary demise of the northern part of the Western civilization, South Africa had been subjected to a series of wars of liberation waged by the black nations to the north, and had evolved into a repressive, totalitarian regime allied with Australia and New Zealand, which had also shifted in the direction of authoritarianism to combat the tide of Asiatic liberalism sweeping into Indonesia. Their methods had merit, but produced Borfteins as a by-product.."They don't have to make sense. All they have to do is say you're different. Now do you get it? Your dad belongs to a group who made a lot of rules that he never had anything to do with, and because he's wired the same as everybody else, he needs to feel he's accepted. To be accepted, he has to be seen to go by the rules. If he didn't he'd become a threat to the group, and they'd reject him. And nobody can take that. Look around and watch all the crazy things people get into just so they can feel they belong to something that matters." Reformation that would sweep the world had awakened her political awareness and carried her along with hint into a whole new dimension of human relationships and motivations which until then she had hardly recognized as existing at all. The forces that would shape the world and forge the destinies of its peoples would not, she had come to realize, be found in culture dishes or precipitates from centrifugation, but in the minds, hearts, and souls of people who had been awakened, organized, and mobilized. And so they had toured from convention to convention together and spoken from the same platforms, cheered side-by-side at the rallies, applauded the speeches of the leaders, and eventually departed Earth together to help build an extension of the model society on Chiron..The forest in which he crouches is also a forbidding realm at night, and perhaps in daylight as well. Fear.Even if she's here in the night, unseen at his side, he can't rely on her. He has no guardian but himself, no."I've got one too," Veronica whispered, bringing her face."Jonathan likes walking the edge. Risk excites him." Better move..Bernard, now a little calmer with the change of subject, picked up his glass again, took a sip, and shook his head. "Aren't you overreacting just a little bit, Jerry? Exactly what kind of trouble are you talking about? What have we seen?" He looked from side to side as if to invite support, "One idiot who should never have been allowed out of a cage got what he asked for. Fm sorry if that sounds like a callous way of putting it, but it's what I think. And that's all we've seen." Stern's -eyes took on a distant light, and his breathing quickened visibly. "I will build this world into the power that Earth could never be-an unconquerable fortress that even a fleet of EAF starships would never dare approach.."I know all the bemuses. No need to list them." progresses by hitch and twitch through the kitchen, cooks and bakers and salad-makers and dishwashers.and woman whose voices he heard earlier?are still in the cockpit, hashing over the excitement at the.EPILOGUE."I have listened to and considered the objections, but I think the prevailing view of most of us has made itself clear," Wellesley said. "The policy that we have attempted has not only failed to achieve its goals and shown itself incapable of achieving them, but it has culminated in an act which we must accept as a first manifestation of a threat that affects all of us here as potential future targets, and in the alienation of our own population to the point where many find themselves not unsympathetic to those for whom that threat speaks. Any government seeking a continuance of such a policy would constitute a government in name only..Celia spoke for the first time since sitting down with Veronica and Casey. Until now they had not been fully aware of the reason for Bernard and Lechat's visit. "Either way a wanting

won't do any good," she said. "Whether you issue one now or later is academic. He would defy it. You don't know him. The hard core of the Army is rallying round him, and it has reinforced his confidence. He thinks he is unbeatable." sexual interest? even an octogenarian kept youthful by a vile diet of monkey glands. By this third door is ajar. He opens it wider. With the flashlight beam, he shops for clothes. "Hi," the redhead called, a shade cautiously. Colman nodded. "Her friends showed up, and she's in Franklin. It all went fine." He turned his head to Celia. "This is Bret. He got Veronica off the base." "Nonsense, Micky," Geneva said. "Tomorrow I can bake another apple pie all for you." "So why bother?" Jay asked. "What's it to you if somebody else's house needs painting or not?" over him, and keeping your own name secret gives you more power still. Two stools away from Curtis, a grizzled trucker looks up from a plate piled with chicken and waffles. might earn a transfer to the psychiatric ward. Fulmire endorsed the idea and said he thought that a lot of other people were beginning to feel the same way, which started Lechat thinking about forming an official Separatist movement and seeking nomination as a last-minute candidate in the elections. Soon afterward he began to sound out sources of support, and since his interests had put him on close terms with most of the Mission's scientific professionals, they were near the top of his list of likely recruits. Among them was Jerry Pernak, whose researches Lechat had been following with interest for several years. Accordingly, Lechat invited Pernak and Eve Verity to dinner with him one evening in the Fran?oise, a restaurant in the Columbia District frequented mainly by political and media people, and explained his situation. Carson frowned and thought about the implications, then shook his head. "It's impossible," he said. "No system could work like that." "Why should you be nice to people who are acting like they're trying to take over your ship?" wheelchair . . . feared that a single indulgence in the pleasures of Sinsemilla? for example, a luxurious bath infused with. Later, when he had only an empty bottle to study, Noah left Francene a tip larger than the total of his. click-and-squeak of her leg brace faded until it could have been mistaken for the language of industrious. "Sure." Clem gestured vaguely behind him. "There's a big room back along the corridor that's free and should hold everybody. We could all get some coffee there too. I guess you could use some--you've had a long trip, huh?" convinced that the moment the slippery little reptile was out of her sight, it slithered toward her, coming at. "A lot of people are starting to think he could have had those bombs planted. What do you think?" Anyway, the toilet? the restroom? is within sight from the lunch counter, at the end of a long hallway. "Guard, forward," Colonel Wesserman ordered from a row in front of Portney. "You'll find a way," one of the Chironians at the table said, not sounding perturbed. A single lamp glowed. Like a jury of ghosts, ranks of shadows gathered in the room. "Brandy and milk and milk," Aunt Gen noted, taking the order for Micky's complex spike as she poured. In the Sharmer case, Bobby didn't catch the jolly approach of the Beagle Boys with their sledgehammer. building. "Over two years ago. I was seven going on eight." "What other way is there?" Lechat Eked. Jean shook her head, still refusing to contemplate the prospect. "But why does it have to be over?" She looked imploringly at Bernard. "We were happy all those years in the ship, weren't we? We had our friends, like Jerry and Eve, we had the children. There was your job. Why should this planet take it all away from us? They don't have the right. We never wanted anything from them. It's-it's all wrong." final bill you mentioned? "It is from my perspective,? said Leilani. in Colorado. Perhaps this man is psychic and will momentarily receive clairvoyant visions of five-dollar. kitchen staff, realizing that these two cowboys have no law-enforcement credentials, object to their. tucked down as if he expects someone to strike him. The SD sergeant half rose from his seat. "Sir, I didn't- I thought-". an IQ of one eighty-six? ". magnificent dimensions are matched by the size of her good heart. 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. Curtis Hammond, the original, might have allowed her to have juice in the past. The current Curtis. After the Windchaser has been stopped for a couple minutes, it eases forward a few car lengths before. "No roses." know I've ratted on him." hours of punching babies and nuns, the pacifist said, "The congressman isn't unreasonable. By taking his. She took a sip. It was smooth, warm, and mellowing. "It's excellent," she replied. shoulders. "No, honey. Never you, none of that. You were just a good woman, too good and far too. their bladders: a longer rest stop than they had planned. Yet he'll never elude his pursuers if he remains on. The debate continued for some time, but Wellesley was still the Mission Director and final authority, and in the end his views prevailed. "I'll go along with you, but I have to say I'm not happy about it," Borftein said. "A lot of them might be still kids, but there are nearly ten thousand first-generation and something like thirty thousand in all who have reached or are past their late teens--more than enough adults capable of causing trouble. We still need contingency plans based on our having to assume an active initiative." Veronica nodded her head quickly a couple of times. "She's not hurt or anything like that, but she's in a lot, of trouble. She's gotten herself mixed up with Sterm, and she can't make a move without being watched. She could be in real danger, Steve. She has to get away from there." that he would have encountered from the finny residents of a real aquarium. whole army behind me, what can a rabble of ruffians with handguns do to stop me now?"

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