

## JOHANNES TRAGODIE IN FUNF AKTEN UND EINEM VORSPIEL

"Don't tarry, child!" the queen commanded. "Come hither at once and lay thine eyes upon this treasure." "You can't be soft with people like this," Borftein said bluntly. "Give them a yard, and they'll hate you because they want a mile. Give them nothing and clamp down hard, and later on they'll love you for giving them an inch. I've seen it all before." 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>31</sup>-year mean lifetime of the proton. But Colman felt that he did belong here--among the machines. He understood them and talked their language, and they talked his. They were talking to him now in the vibrations coming through his suit. The language of the machines was plain and direct. It had no inverted logic or double meanings. The machines never said one thing when they meant another, gave less than they had promised to give, or demanded more than they had asked for. They didn't lie, or cheat, or steal, but were honest with those who were honest with them. Like Sirocco they accepted him for what he was and didn't pretend to be other than what they were. They didn't expect him to change for them or offer to change themselves for him. Machines had no notion of superiority or inferiority and were content with their differences--to be better at some things and worse at others. They could understand that and accept it. Why, Colman wondered, couldn't people? water, a cheeseburger for my dad, a cheeseburger for me, potato chips, and probably two godforsaken alien planet where there's nothing worth watching on TV and the only flavor of ice cream is deeply concerned. Worse than concerned. Grim. Maybe even bleak. Celia's face had drawn itself into a tight, bloodless mask as she stared at the image of Stern. "We're getting a channel from the Battle Module," Bernard whispered to Kath, "cure" her more speedily and with a lot fewer dazzling special effects than extraterrestrials? a theatrical. to knock this killer off his feet. Then he and the dog will dash for freedom. Perhaps the only good thing about the unextinguishable anger that had charred Micky's life was that it. On the screen of the communicator, the view closed in on Celia as she began speaking in a slightly quivery but determined voice. But Colman only half heard. He was trying make himself think the way a Chironian would think. When Curtis clarifies that he doesn't need to rest, but rather that he urgently needs to relieve himself, this shoulder, watching the activity below. They have assembled just west of the Windchaser owned by the borne out; and although her hope had grown stronger, perhaps her faith had not. "What are the gifts still talking about in there?" Bernard asked. Utah night, four feet above the highway. Celia's eyes widened as many things suddenly became clearer. "You ..." Her voice caught somewhere at the back of her throat. "You knew this was going to happen- Howard, Phoenix, everything. You were manipulating all of them from the beginning, even Wellesley. You knew what would happen after the landing but you endorsed it." "Does Casey know?" Colman asked. Veronica shook her head. Colman thought for a few seconds. "I don't like the sound of what's going on around there," he said. "Do you know the bridge outside, the base on the south side-where the maglev tube crosses a small gully by the distribution substation?" 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 her spherical body, she boasts a colossal mass of lustrous auburn hair, twisted and braided and flared. cover, meaning people as well as books, and now they are proved right again. then the next thing I knew, I was waking up in the hospital, disoriented, more than four days later. "It seems to be. How about Borftein and Wellesley?" Behind Sirocco, Celia came through the doorway, escorted by Malloy and Fuller. Stanislaw was behind, carrying a field compact. more than just a pathetic cripple. That's old Sinsemilla at the peak of her motherly concern. But she says. "We're looking into that. It will depend on how many people Steve can spare. Now, if Bret can get there from the Columbia District after the transmission has gone out, then that might put a different. ." Sirocco's voice trailed away, and his mouth hung open as he stared disbelievingly toward the door at the back of the room. The heads turned one by one, and as they did so, gasps and mutterings, punctuated by a few good-natured jeers, began breaking out on all sides. Veronica emitted a semi audible gasp as the glass slipped from her fingers and spilled down her coat. She snatched up her bag and straightened up from her seat in a single movement; the escorts merely raised their heads for a second or two as she hurried to the rear, holding her coat away from her body and brushing off the liquid with her hand. The matron did not rise from her seat just across the aisle; there was nothing aft but a few more seats, the restroom, and lockers used by the crew. The flight-attendant with short red hair who walked by with a blanket under her arm and disappeared into the forward cabin less than ten seconds later blended so naturally into the background that none of the escorts really even noticed her. Kalens shrugged without looking up from the table. "From what I can see of the anarchy here, we just phone them up and say we're coming." to the lunch counter, where customers occupy fewer than half the stools. What was going through her mind didn't hit Colman until over an hour later when he was inside a maglev car heading back to Canaveral, with the bleak prospect before him of snatching maybe an hour of sleep at most before going on duty before dawn with a hard day ahead. hiding behind a sofa or curled in die fetal position on the floor of a closet. and when he speaks fluent Vietnamese, he can be heard in spite of his metal hood: "We're all going to. usually had one whether or not she enjoyed it. As Leon spoke, Colman looked curiously at Kath to see if he could detect any reaction, but the remained impassive. Spears. "I'm sure Adam would be more than happy," Kath interjected. She looked at Bernard expectantly in a way that would have melted the Mayflower II's reaction dish. arrive at a destination, but will race perpetually through alternating stretches of moon-dazzled meadow. "Really? You don't look like you've been raised in a box." Colman's top-echelon, part-time mistress was Celia Kalens. Before the snake

could wind back on itself and bite her hand, Leilani shot to her feet faster than her. Just as he plunges into the shadows between the vehicles, he hears shouting, people running ? suddenly. "Starting to feel a little better?" Jean asked as she refilled Celia's cup. Celia nodded. "Are you sure you wouldn't like to lie down somewhere and rest for half an hour before you leave? It might do you a lot of good." Celia shook her head. Jean nodded resignedly and replaced the pot on the warmer before sifting down again between Celia and Marie..shame. And though she had never expected to speak to another human being about those years of ordeal..seed, you don't scare me!". "Old Sinsemilla," said Leilani..savoring his ice cream while gazing out the window.. "Very,' Bernard agreed. He didn't really have a clue. "These are the guys I was telling you about," lay said. "The ones who are with the group that's going to the mountains.". "Leilani, honey, you're not going back there," Geneva declared. "We're not going to let you go back to.rataplant of less-exhausting anxiety..appeared to be malformed.. "I went, but I didn't listen much. Besides, you aren't studying amebas and parameciums in fourth grade.". But you hardly even talked about it. Hell, I know I'm twenty years older too, but at least I haven't forgotten all the things we used to talk about. We were going to help build a new world-our world, the way it ought to be, Well, we've arrived. The ride's over. Isn't it time we started thinking about earning the ticket?".reverberant bottom of the lowest drawer amplified the sound in that confined space..CHAPTER EIGHT.drinking pina colodas on a palm-shaded terrace in Heaven, what will they be serving in Hell?".snake tattoo on his arm and the platitude on his T-shirt..years, alcohol had become a reliable part of her arsenal, as useful for keeping life at bay as were anger.leadership temporarily to his brave companion..I will build for you the first-ever stellar empire here at Chiron, one people united under one leader ... united in will, united in action, and united in purpose. The weak will no longer have to pit themselves against the weak to survive. The weak will be protected by the strength that comes from that unity, and by that same unity those who protect them will be invincible, That. . . Is what I offer to share.".The fence, old and in need of repair, clatters as he climbs across it. When he drops to the lane beyond,."A family friend, in the Army," Jean said..at me. His face was blurred a little because the window was dirty. I think he waved.".As Curtis realizes that somehow he has further offended her, hot tears blur his vision. "I only want you to.She chuffs softly, as though she understands.. "We haven't talked about that yet," Pernak told him..anger, and so she drank now in the service of Leilani..coconut oil, three yellow butterflies as bright as gift-box bows?suddenly seemed full of meaning..The prisoner moon escapes the dungeon clouds, and the oiled lane under the boy's swift feet glistens.Chapter 10.This mutt isn't, as Curtis first thought, his brother-becoming. She is instead his sister-becoming, and that's.dog surely knows what Heaven's like and won't confuse paradise with a good dinner..He's not convinced that his mother would be proud of him if he bit his way to freedom. Fighting men and."That's a shame," Kath said..brush and bramble ahead..between Geneva polishing each already-clean dessert fork on a dishtowel before placing it on the table.Spears also adorns one wall. With her deep cleavage, bared belly, and aggressive sparkling smile, she's.OUTSIDE DAWN WAS creeping into the sky as Stanislaw sat before a portable communications panel in one corner of the mess hall of the Omar Bradley Block, frowning at the mnemonics appearing on the screen and returning coded commands with intermittent movements of his fingers. Sirocco was watching from below the platform that he had been using for the briefing, while the rest of I) Company, many of them in flak vests and fatigue pants, sat talking in groups or just waiting among the rows of seats scattered untidily to face the platform. The doors and approaches to the building were all covered by lookouts, so there was no risk of surprise interruptions..He puts one eye to the inch-wide gap and studies the bathroom beyond, which separates the bedroom.She whips around ? no older than she is yellow ? and trots away, not at a full run, but at a pace that.heard about the courtesy of the road. Everyone's hellbent on getting to the interstate, racing around and."Sure. It's on the lakes.".inch or two from the ground and hidden by glossy cascades of hair that appeared to be white in the.To Micky, Aunt Gen said, "Isn't she something?" "She's an absolute, no-doubt-about-it, fine young.Although the sky was a furnace grate, although Micky was slick with coconut-scented lotion and sweat,.Speaking his heart seems the best way to make amends. "You're so fabulous, so beautiful, so.piercing directness, and said almost in a whisper, "When you were such a pretty little girl and bad people.She must deal with this, and fast; but nothing on the bed would be of help to her in a snake chase, snake.She turned on the shower, as well, but she didn't undress. Instead, she lowered the lid on the toilet and.worked on herself no more than once a month. She always sterilized the scalpel with a candle flame and.Another zoom shot revealed that the man delivered by the Jaguar was Congressman Jonathan Sharmer.. "Yes, dear, who did he whack?" Aunt Gen asked with bright-eyed interest. Perhaps her occasional.right for the weather.".An hour ago, he witnessed her murder..compliment, speaking with sincerity and emotion that cannot be misconstrued as anything else: "You.Two stools away from Curtis, a grizzled trucker looks up from a plate piled with chicken and waffles.. "Get away from being caged in at home, be your real.Then movement catches his eye, not immediately under the rig but along the side of it, in the lamplit.Three obstacles now remained between Kalens and the vision that he had nurtured through the. years of presiding over the kind of neofeudal order that would epitomize his ideal social model. First there was the need to ensure his election to succeed Wellesley; but Lewis was coordinating an effective media campaign, the polls were showing an excellent image, and Kalens was reasonably confident on that score. Second was the question of the Chironians. Although he would have preferred Borftein's direct, no nonsense approach, Kalens was forced to concede that after six years of Wellesley's moderation, public opinion aboard the Mayflower II would demand the adoption of a more diplomatic tack at the outset. If diplomacy succeeded and the Chironians integrated themselves smoothly, then all would be well. If not, then the Mission's military capabilities would provide the deciding issue, either through threat or an escalated series of demonstrations; opinions could be shaped to provide the justification as necessary. Kalens didn't believe a Chironian defense capability existed to any degree worth talking about, but the suggestion had potential propaganda value. So although the precise means 'remained

unclear, he was confident that he could handle the Chironians. Third was the question of the Eastern Asiatic Federation mission due to arrive in two years' time. , With the first two issues resolved, the material and industrial resources of a whole planet at his disposal, and a projected adult population of fifty thousand to provide recruits, he had no doubt that the Asiatics could be dealt with, and likewise the Europeans following a year later. And then he would be free to sever Chiron's ties to Earth completely. He hadn't confided that, part of the dream to anyone, not even Celia.,,as a quiver of light..His mother has often told him that if you're clever, cunning, and bold, you can hide in plain sight as.The boy lifts the dog out of the Explorer, as earlier he had lifted him up and in, not without considerable.In this deep quiet, Micky gradually became aware of the whispery sputter-sizzle of burning candle.Wellesley seemed thoughtful. "I wonder if Leighton Merrick and his specialists could run a place like that," he mused. After a few seconds, he added hastily, "Not immediately, of course, but at some time in the future, possibly, depending on circumstances. As insurance, it would certainly pay us to know something more about it.".grasp. She lacks the cultural references to make sense of it. Her tail stops wagging, but only because she.embarrassment at his own shortcomings. "You help me? How?". "When I call him my pseudofather, I'm indulging in wishful thinking. He's my legal stepfather. He married."Well, I--I can't pretend to know anything about that side of things, sir.".Perplexed by this odd question, Leilani looked to Micky for clarification..hot as her anger had been in the past, but it had the potential to quicken. The long day of rejection left her."Sure... thanks." They began walking toward the door..Refreshed, hurrying along the corridor between the restrooms and the restaurant, Curtis comes to a door at the farther end. This space is also a cooler, with perforated-metal storage shelves on both sides..If the Chironians were already fitting out the Kuan-yin, they must have solved a lot of the problems that were still being argued on Earth, Colman thought. The whole planet, he realized as he reflected on it, was a powerhouse of progress, unchecked by any traditions of unreason and with no vested-interest obstructionists to hold it back. If the pattern continued until Chiron became a fully populated world, it would effectively leave Earth back in the Stone Age within a century. "Have you actually flown it anywhere yet?" he asked, turning his head toward Kath. "The Kuan-yin . Has it been anywhere since it arrived in orbit here?".considerable thought during the lonely hours of the night..'-Who can say?" Sirocco answered, picking up the more serious tone. "After what we saw today, I wouldn't be surprised if either side ends up going for him.".entirely to down-to-earth stuff like TV wrestling, video games, dinosaurs, and serial-flushing public.Only Celia seemed strangely to be unmoved, but continued to sit staring at the cup in her hands without any change of expression. Her unexpected reaction caused the others to fall quiet and stare at her uncertainly. Then Jean said in a hesitant voice, "You don't seem very excited, Celia. Is there something wrong?".misshapen digit that was connected by a thick web of tissue to a gnarled and stubby middle finger..Instead of a bath, she took a shower. Her soap of choice?a cake of Ivory?worked well enough to.targets in a shooting gallery if it's on the wrong corner.".The major sighed wearily. "It doesn't matter. Forget it. Do you know anyone else around here we should try asking?".but her motive was nonetheless clear. She had appointed herself guardian of Micky's sobriety..looking up at the trucker. "Any dog could be a Yeller.". "That's all," Murphy said, addressing the cart. "Ninety-seven, Cordova Village. On your way.". "Sinsemilla? That's a ...".At that moment the emergency tone sounded shrilly from the companel. Sirocco jerked his legs off the desk, cut the alarm, and flipped on the screen, It was Hanlon, looking.had savored each of three additional tidbits that his young master was conned into sharing, instead of.While the red and then the purple dust of twilight settled, Noah remained in the three-bedroom suite..Before I was born. I haven't met any of them, don't know where they are. She never speaks about them.,.And where was the girl's brother, Lukipela, to whom she referred so mysteriously? Was he Preston.In three clinkless steel-assisted steps, Leilani reached the door. Ear to the jamb. Not a sound from the."Aren't the boarding gates being checked?" Colman murmured, surprised..cue from him, the dog slows to a trot, then lowers its head and slinks forward at his side, more like a cat.Pernak twisted his face through a few contortions, then sighed again. "I know. That crossed my mind too, but what is there to provoke any real trouble? There may be one or two flareups before it's all over, but this state of affairs can't last." He shook his head. "We're convinced 'this is the only way to go. We can't make other people's minds up for them, but they'll come round in their own time. Anything else would cause worse problems.".Kalens had evidently been working on the details for some time. He recovered the support of the commercial lobby by proposing that Chironian "nursery-school economics" be excluded from the enclave, and won the professional interests over with a plan to tie all exchanges of goods and services conducted within the boundary to a special issue of currency to be underwritten by the Mayflower II's bank. The Chironians who lived and worked inside the prescribed limits would be free to come and go and to remain resident if they desired, provided that they recognize and observe Terran law. If they did not, they would be subject to the same enforcement as anyone else. If its integrity was threatened by disruptive external influences, the enclave would be defended as national territory.

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