

# MOEGISCHE AUSWIRKUNGEN AUF DIE SOZIALISATION UND IDENTITATSBILDUNG

didn't feel wounded by this exposure, as she would have expected, didn't feel mortified or in the least. Curiously, here in the gloom with her nose to the crack in the door, Old Yeller still wags her tail. She. "Old Sinsemilla. Who else? She's psychotic. As they say when they commit people to the psychiatric. Then Leilani would be alone with Dr. Doom. "She couldn't have known," Geneva said, but those four words were more of a question than they were. cruising at sixty miles per hour. After refilling the shoe, he puts down the juice container and sits on the edge of the bed to watch the dog. this bed. For bleak periods of her life, she'd been unable to entertain enough optimism to believe anyone might be. "I'm always working on a screenplay in my head. In film school, they teach you everything's material, and. The driver doesn't apply the brakes, but allows the Windchaser's speed to fall steadily. Not good, not. Regardless of its object, however, hot anger is sustainable only by irrational or stupid people. Micky. searching for him in attic, closets, cellar. promise of the red neon. "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. he shudders. He does not touch the coins. Although the boy is mortified by this discovery, he's also still unable to get a grip on the tossing reins of. The girl grew silent. Film by Robert Zoon, and Bobby was crushed when Noah insisted that he remove his credit. But although Curtis is sometimes fooled by appearances, he's perceptive enough to see that this is a man. spitting, the dog seems to be saying, Teeth? You want teeth? Take a look at THESE teeth, go. Between a Chevy pickup and a Volkswagen, a jolly-looking man with a freckled face and a clown's. saturated with toxins. and woman whose voices he heard earlier? are still in the cockpit, hashing over the excitement at the. flying bullets? On the other hand, although she provides a convenient target, her fantastic bulk no doubt. think, What a sad little crippled girl she is, with her little twisted leg and her little gnarled hand and her. The soft knock wasn't opportunity, but Micky said, "Come in." "To whom do I have to justify anything? Those rules belong to Earth. I make my own." Lechat nodded reluctantly. "Well, it sounds pretty final, I guess." In the D Company Orderly Room in the Omar Bradley barracks block, Hanlon secured his ammunition belt, put. Rickster, liberator of ladybugs and mice, stood in the middle of his room, in bright yellow pajamas. "Bret's an unarmed-combat instructor with the Army," Tim explained. "I had already come to that conclusion," Leon replied. - His expression had softened now that they were speaking alone and the business matters had been attended to. He stared out at Kath for a few seconds, then said, "You're looking as well as ever. Are the children keeping fine too?". The divine Donella glares at Burt with the expression of a perturbed rhino, lacking only the threat of a. They're dead serious about it. He says if we tell anyone about them, they'll never bring Luki back. They. So how did people like Howard Kalens feel about Chiron? Colman wondered. Did they think they could possess a whole planet? Was that why they erased kids minds and turned them into Stromboli puppets who'd think what they were told to, and into civilians who would say it was okay? But why did the people let them do it? Most people didn't want to own a planet; they just wanted to be left alone to be engineers or run their farms. Because they played along with the rules that said they were. few there. She was with different men, too, some doing drugs, selling, all looking for a big easy score of. "I'm thirty-three," Noah said. we'll get there while the action is still hot. The only reason we're renting next door for a week is because. the closet contained only a cluster of unused wire coat hangers that jangled in the influx of air when. Leilani didn't actually make sense of those words, and she was saved only because she met her mother's. "We're using a camera and special film with exceptional ability to record clear images in a minimum of. In afterthought, the ladybug liberator called to him: "Laura's not here a lot today. Gone off in one of. course, she might be flashing back to some tender moment she believed that she'd shared with Clark. a rattle of words raps out of him between guffaws: "Oh, damn . . . I'm splat... in the middle . . . of Forrest. of The X-Files, kid." As one, the customers exiting the building had been paralyzed in midflight by the arrival of this scowling. "So Dr. Doom is a UFO nut," Micky pressed. Maddock picked himself up as the smoke began clearing to find that Merringer was dead and two others had been hit. The only hope for safety now was to make it to the front lobby before Hanlon was forced to close it, assuming Hanlon had got in. "Go first with four men." Woody Alien. himself is a truck driver and knows that he himself is eating chicken and waffles, but he doesn't know that. Old Yeller turns her attention from Curtis to the closet. She issues a low growl. "It could open up possibilities that'll blow your mind," Pernak resumed. "Suppose, for instance, that we could get to understand those laws and. create our own concentrations on a miniature scale to inject energy from .... let's. call it a hyperrealm, into our own universe--in other words make 'small bangs'--mini white holes. Think what an energy source that would be. it'd made fusion look like a firecracker." Pernak waved his hands about. "And how about this, Jay. It could turn out that what we're living in lies on a gradient between some kind of hypersource that feeds mass-energy into our universe, and some kind of hypersink that takes it out again--such as black holes, maybe. If so, then the universe might not be a closed thermodynamic system at all, in which case the doom prophecies that say it all has to freeze over some day might be garbage because the Second Law only applies to closed systems. In other words we might find we're flame people living in a match factory." "Where to?" Colman asked her. Curtis is relieved to see that this co-killer is encumbered by a safety harness that secures her to the. corner formed by banks of tall cabinets. The kitchen worker is apparently paralyzed by panic. bred anger, because inevitably anger left her tossing sleepless in the sheets. of sassy and the wrong kind was tricky, but if you pulled it off, you would never leave them thinking. Then came the question of what to do with the rest of the evening. "Tim's been telling us about the martial arts academy that he and his young lady here belong to," Hanlon said. "It sounds like quite a place. I've a suspicion that Jay's hankering to have a look at it, and I'm thinking I might just go along there with him." Bernard stopped, frowned, and looked around. The store was moderately busy; people strolled about

examining things rather than acquiring very much. An exception was a couple on the far side whom he recognized as Terms from the Mayflower II, conspicuous for the three carts trailing them in convoy and loaded with everything imaginable. The couple were lower-echelon office workers, and Bernard acknowledged their presence from afar with a faint nod. "She's been blue all day," said Wendy Quail. "way?" Micky. "Maybe it'll settle our nerves, dear." side in the midst of warfare, after all. Leilani said, "He comes from a family of Ivy League academic snots. Nobody in that crowd has a. Suspecting that Rickster might be a little afraid of the night, Noah said, "Do you want me to take her. At that moment one of the Chironian girls from the group in the corner took Swyley lightly by the arm. "I thought you were getting some more drinks," she said. "We're all drying up over there. I'll give you a hand. Then you can come back and tell us more about the Mafia. The conversation was just getting interesting." jammed in the bottleneck at the restaurant's front door, not in danger of trampling one another like. mode, though her tail continues to wag gently. The Chironians replied readily enough to questions about their population growth and distribution, about growth and performance of the robot-operated mining and extraction industries and nuclear-driven manufacturing and processing plants, about the courses being taught in their schools, the researches being pursued in their laboratories, the works of their artists and composers, the feats of their engineers and architects, and the findings of their geological surveys of places like the sweltering rain forests of southern Selene or the far northern ice-subcontinent of Glace. "I pretend to," Leilani said quietly. "Around Dr. Doom, I play along with his story, all agog over Luki. The only thing trickier than an amateur using a psychologist's techniques was an amateur trying to." Astrology and cosmic forces. She wanted to know what sign I was born under. I told her MATERNITY WARD." Colman made a sour face. "Hell, why should I have to humor people all the time?" "Healing technology," Leilani corrected. "An alien species, having mastered interstellar travel and the narcissists, which was where old Sinsemilla and the psychologists definitely could shake hands. Mother in. The dog's Hanks shudder, striking sympathetic shivers in the boy. Punctuating its panting are pitiful. "How much?" Paula asked. ankle to above the knee. Colman's eyebrows arched in surprise. "True, but-wow! I had no idea that anything here was that advanced." Experiments and research into harnessing the potential energy release of antimatter had been progressing on Earth since the first quarter of the century, primarily in connection with weapons programs. The attraction was the theoretical energy yield of bringing matter and antimatter together- one hundred percent conversion of mass into energy, which dwarfed even thermonuclear fusion. For bombs and as a source of radiation beams, the process had devastating possibilities, and it had been appreciated for a long time that such a beam would offer a highly effective means of propelling a spacecraft. "If I were you, I wouldn't invite him to dinner. By the way, he doesn't know I'm here. He wouldn't allow." "I don't know. We haven't tried it yet," Bernard answered. He raised his voice a fraction. "Anybody home? What do we have to do to get a computer in this place?" No response. "Very well," he said. "Stanislau has had his encore. Now let's get back to business.. weren't in the business. Wives and children were untouchable. And sisters. fantastic and unlikely, might be waiting for you in a closet. "You provide rationality?" Micky rinsed the last of the dishes. "Just when was the last time you actually." "It's up to you. Just let us how," Murphy said and dismissed the subject with a slight shrug. "So, have you come back for something else?" Bernard's concern changed to a deep, uneasy, suspicion as he listened. Waiters and Hoskins were his equals in rank and duties; this could only mean that he had been left out of something deliberately. He fell quiet and said little more throughout the meal while he brooded and wondered what the hell could be going on. Although Terranova appeared solid and contiguous at first glance, it was almost bisected by a south-pointing inland sea called the Medichironian, which opened to the ocean via a narrow strait at its northern end. A high mountain chain to the east of the Medichironian completed the division of Terranova into what had been designated two discrete continents--Oriena to the east, and Occidena to the west. her face.. wound to keep it clean. Nanook rubbed his chin and looked dubious. "That situation sounds very farfetched," he said after a few seconds. "I can't see how anyone else could walk in with the same experience. But if it did happen, and it was true... then I suppose Kath would have to agree with him. She'd be indebted by that amount. And -that would decide it for everyone else." Eventually, Curtis is halted by a tall man with the gray pinched face and permanently engraved wince. 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. porch roof at the Hammond farmhouse, surely the mutt can clear the truck entirely, avoiding the vertical. eyes and saw where they were focused. Not on her daughter. On the nearest end of the makeshift. "The Chironians didn't kill Howard," Celia said. "I did." A silence descended like steel doors slamming down around the room. Those two simple words had extinguished, all thoughts of the Kuan-yin, weapons, and antimatter instantly. Every head turned disbelievingly to Celia as she sat staring ahead. Lechat rose from his chair and walked slowly across to stand beside the table; after some hesitation the others followed one by one. Celia started talking just as Lechat was about to say something, her voice toneless and distant, and her eyes unmoving as if she were speaking to the cup in her hands. "I couldn't have spent my life with a man who had closed his mind to reality. You can't know what it was like. He had manufactured his own fantasy, and I was supposed to share it and help him sustain it. It was impossible." She paused to gulp some of the coffee. "So, the thing with Sterm." "Held it very tight, very tight," Sinsemilla continued, "even though it squirmed something fierce. Took a." "They're messing us around," General Johannes Borftein, Supreme Commander of the Chiron

Expeditionary Force--the regular military contingent aboard the Mayflower II--told the small group that had convened for an informal policy discussion with Garfield Wellesley in the Mission Director's private conference room, located in the upper levels of the Government Center in the module known as the Columbia District. His face was sallow and deeply lined, his hair a mixture of grays shot with streaks of black, and his voice rasped with a remnant of the guttural twang inherited from his South African origins. "We've got two years to get this show organized, and they're playing games. We don't have the time. We haven't seen any evidence of a defense program down there. I say we go straight in with a show of strength and an immediate declaration of martial law. It's the best way." "What made you sign up for the trip?" .another what's-happening-what's-up-what's-this-all-about..Pernak waited for a moment longer, then put down his fork and leaned across the table. "On Chiron, wealth is competence!" he said. "Haven't you noticed--they work hard, and whatever they do, they do as well as they know how--and they try to get better all the time. It doesn't matter so much what they do as long as it's good. And everybody appreciates it. That's their currency--recognition, as you said . . . recognition of competence." He shrugged and spread his hands. "And it makes a lot of sense. You just told us that's what everyone wants anyway. Well, Chironians pay it direct instead of indirectly through symbols. Why make life complicated?" Whatever the answers might turn out to be, he couldn't fathom what they might have to do with making model steam locomotives and his father's solemn pronouncement that it really wouldn't be a good idea for him to continue his friendship with Steve Colman. But there had been no point in making a fuss over it, so he had lied about his intentions without feeling guilty because the people who told him not to be dishonest hadn't given him any choice. Well, they had technically, but that didn't count because there were things they didn't understand either . . . or had forgotten, maybe. But Steve would understand..The bathroom door has drifted half shut behind him, so he can't see the owners. They can't see him.At last Kath looked around for a way of relieving the heaviness in the air. "How will you get them up to the ship?" she asked Colman..The dog sits up straighter and pricks her ears, as if to say that she, too, is well informed about such.For a while after listening to Lechat, she had -entertained a brief hope that his announcement might precipitate a landslide of opinion that would force a more enlightened official policy, but the hope had faded a mere two hours later when Eve and Jerry stopped by for a brief farewell before moving out to take up the Chironian way of living. Apparently many people were doing the same thing, and there were even rumors of desertions from the Army; Jean had been unable to avoid feeling that Eve and Jerry were somehow deserting her too, but she had managed to keep a pleasant face and wish them well. It was as if Chiron were conspiring against her personally to tear down her, world and destroy every facet of the life she had known..okay, too..gait..slap-slap-slap of his sneakers echoes between the bank and the trees, slap-slap-slap, a spoor of sound."She gets eighty-six thousand a year," Noah said..Exhaling explosively, inhaling in great ragged gasps, the woman flung herself toward exhaustion, whether.men, then two others. Or four. Or ten. Or legions..down the detonation plunger, not on all these issues, but on enough of them to have assured an explosion.With her deformed hand, Leilani pointed at Micky's untouched serving of pie. "Are you going to eat.He thought it as he and Sirocco sat entombed in their heavy-duty protective suits behind a window in the guardroom next to the facility's armored door, staring out along the corridors that nobody had come along in twenty years unless they'd had to. Behind them PFC Driscoll was wedged into a chair, watching a movie on one of the companel screens with the audio switched through- to his suit radio. Driscoll should have been patrolling outside, but that ritual was dispensed with whenever Sirocco was in charge of the Bomb Factory guard detail. A year or so previously, somebody in D Company had taken advantage of the fact that everyone looked the same in heavy-duty suits by feeding a video recording of some dutiful, long forgotten sentry into the closed-circuit TV system that senior officers .were in the habit of spying through from time to time, and nobody from the unit had done any patrolling since. The cameras were used instead to afford early warning of. unannounced spot checks..cheeseburgers for Old Yeller."..Then gunfire..Mrs. D and Micky were also worried about Dr. Doom. Of course he was a more serious case than old.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.The pacifist laughed knowingly. When the waitress approached, he waved her away. Then he produced."Dr. Doom. They've been together four and a half years now. See, there's even kismet for crackpots.."You could be right, but that's long-term," Lechat replied. "I'm more worried about what might happen in the shorter term. I need help to do something about it."..Well, I--I can't pretend to know anything about that side of things, sir"..allowed to go free. Not ever..fang-to-fang with ME, you psychotic bitch, and see how much you still like teeth when I?M done with.table manners and a little gluttony were cause for embarrassment, but neither was sufficient reason for

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