

## DAS GESUNDHEITSMANAGEMENT IM SPORT

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." As now, however, she sometimes showered without removing the brace. Afterward, she'd have to towel. Gen ... or was she Kim Novak?" "Yeah. And you're wearing a Hawaiian shirt. Plainclothes cops like Hawaiian shirts, 'cause you can hide. recognized too well." "Wha-huh? ... Who?" Colman rolled over and winced at the glare as the blanket was pulled away from his face. "Of course not, dear. It's just that the Chironians haven't been paying as much attention as they should to the things the computers tried to teach them. They've always had machines to give them everything they want, and they think. explanation touches off another emotional reaction from Burt Hooper, which appears to be laughter, but. Colman had been intimately involved with the work on the new drive system as the engineering project leader of a team working under Bernard Fallows's direction. He had brought Kath and their four-year-old son Alex up to the ship to be present with him at the unveiling ceremony being held in the main concourse of the new nose section. Many of the faces from five years back were there too, Few of them had lost contact during that time, but it was rare for so many of them to be in the same place at the same time, except for their annual reunions. Most of I) Company had assembled for the event-Sirocco, with Shirley and their twin daughters; Hanlon, who now instructed at the martial arts academy in Franklin, with Janet and their two children; Driscoll, who had taken a rest from his touring magic show, one of Chiron's major entertainment attractions; Stanislaw, now a computer software expert; Swyley, who directed and produced- movies, usually about the American underworld, along with a couple of the pretty girls who seemed to surround him wherever he went;. . and there were others. Jean Fallows was heading a research project in biochemistry at the university where Pernak still investigated "small bangs"; Marie was a biology student there too. Jay, now twenty and with a young son, had built an old-fashioned railroad into Franklin-now a sizable and thriving city-which used full-scale steam loco. Through the tunnel of the arbor, and then across more grass, he approaches the farmhouse. At the back. trailer, and squints into the pooled darkness. He can see nothing in the murk between the parallel sets of. Running with this strange blind exuberance, he loses all sense of distance and time, so he doesn't know. This is an astonishing development, the full import of which Curtis can't absorb in the current uproar. If. Leilani clumped in a panicked stagger toward the hallway. Though off-balance with every step, she. in museums. Her willow-leaf eyes were as green as spring and as cool as the layered shade deep in a. "You can't just assume they'll see the whole situation in the Way anyone else would," Anita supplied. "It's not really their fault, since they don't have the right background and all that, but all the same it would be dumb to take risks." "It makes sense, I guess," Paula agreed absently.. appropriate of all her mother's fragrances. Sirocco shrugged noncommittally. "Can't say. I wouldn't worry too much about it. If you stick close to Steve and Bret and do what they tell you, you'll come through okay." Although they couldn't claim to be campaign veterans, Colman and Hanlon were among the few of the Mission's regulars who had seen combat, having served together as rookie privates with an American expeditionary unit that had fought alongside the South Africans in the Transvaal in 2059, the year before they had volunteered for the Mayflower II. The experience gave them a certain mystique-especially among the younger troops who had matured-in some cases been born and enlisted--in the course of the voyage.. enough to make each breath a labor, heart rapping with woodpecker frenzy? and yet he is acutely aware. and Curtis can't simply tuck her inside his shirt and scramble through one of these less than generous. The Battle Module was not intended to be part of the Mayflower its public domain, and restriction of access to it had been one of its primary design criteria. Personnel and supplies entered the module via four enormous tubular extensions, known as feeder ramps, that telescoped from the main body of the ship to terminate in cupolas mating with external ports in the Battle Module, two forward and two aft its midships section. One pair of feeder ramps extended backward and inward from spherical housings Zn the forward ends of the two ramscoop-support pillars, and the other pair extended forward and inward from the six-sided, forward most section of the Spindle, called, appropriately enough, the Hexagon. As if having to get through the feeder ramps wasn't problem enough, the transit tubes, freight handling conveyors, ammunition rails, and other lines running through to them from the Spindle all came together at a single, heavily protected lock to pass through an armored bulkhead inside the Hexagon. Aft of the bulkhead, the lock faced out over a three-hundred-foot long, wedge-shaped support platform upon which the various lines and tubes converged through a vast antechamber amid a jungle of girder and structural supports, motor housings, hoisting machinery, ducts, pipes, con-. "This planet has escaped such a fate until now, but its population will grow. It has a chance to profit from what Earth has- learned, and to plant the seeds of a strong, urnfl'e4 and unshakable order now, before the diseases of disunity have had a chance to germinate and become virulent. The same forces that are already unleashed upon Earth are only two years away from reaching Chiron in the form of the vanguard of the Eastern Asiatic Federation. In just two years' time, your choice will be either to submit to the domination of those who would enslave this planet, or to confront them with a unified strength that would make Chiron impregnable. Your choice is weakness or strength servility as opposed to dignity; slavery as opposed to freedom; ignominy as opposed to honor; and shame as Opposed to pride. Weakness or strength. I offer the latter alternatives". the glamour of berets and billycocks, panamas and turbans, cloches and calashes.. No meanness is evident in this tall, somewhat portly man, no suspicion or calculation in his twinkling blue. He wishes that he'd returned for her and had bravely spirited her to safety. This is a ridiculously romantic. Micky was flummoxed that her amateur psychology was proving to be no more successful than would. Rinsing the dishes and the flatware, stacking them in the sink to be

washed later, Micky said, "The. It wasn't quite the answer that Celia had been prepared for. She frowned for a second, then reached for her glass. "The reaction that it might provoke worries me. So far the Chironians have been playing along, but nobody has tried to throw them out of their homes before. We've already seen examples of how they do not to hesitate to react violently." blood of others was the staff of life..appearances, Burt Hooper is striving to quell a fit of giddiness, the boy now knows that this is like the roadblock is still a considerable distance ahead, beyond the top of the hill and not yet in sight, but this. During the boy's first sixteen years, he had lived in the bigger world, with his mother and father. They. or Kingsley, Wycliffe, Crispin. You'd grow old and die trying to find a Jim or Bob among them. Dr.. Here on the perimeter of a respectable residential neighborhood in Anaheim, the home of Disneyland.. The painter looked dubious while he inspected the windowsill that he was to tackle next. "That doesn't make much sense," he murmured after a while. "Why would somebody stay poor if he didn't have to? That'd be a strange. kind of way to carry on." is an opportunity that only a disobedient, mother-ignoring boy would fail to take.. "Down!" Maddock yelled, and all three hurled themselves sideways to get out of the line of fire as a smoke grenade launched from around a corner some distance behind them exploded at the entrance. Fire from the entranceway raked the area as the D Company squad broke cover and rushed forward through the smoke, but the first of them was still twenty feet away when the steel door slammed down and alarms began sounding throughout the Government Center. -Frowning, Geneva said, "Maybe it was Las Vegas." Old Yeller returns to him. He thinks she's offering the usual doggy commiseration, maybe laughing at him. corners of her eyes.. joined with her, from behind.. speaking a word to each other, they move on, away from the truck.. question: "Were you?" Colman looked at his watch. "About half an hour if it's on schedule." Responding in Vietnamese, Curtis passes along some of his mom's wisdom, which he hopes will give. CHAPTER TEN. than like a canine.. What had impressed him the most was the way the kids seemed to be involved in everything that was going on just as much as the grown-ups. They didn't come across like kids at all, but more like small people who were busy finding out how things were done. In a room two posts back, he had glimpsed a couple of kids who couldn't have been more than twelve probing carefully and with deep frowns of concentration inside the electronics of a piece of equipment that must have cost millions. The older Chironian with them just watched over their shoulders and offered occasional suggestions. It made sense, Driscoll thought. Treat them as if they're responsible, and they act responsibly; give them bits of cheap plastic to throw around, and they act like it's cheap plastic. Or maybe the Chironians just had good insurance on their equipment.. "Well, I--I can't pretend to know anything about that side of things, sir." Sinsemilla had been shopping earlier, in the afternoon. With her, Preston was generous, providing money. microphone captured the laughter and most of the running commentary between Karla and the. clomped along bravely in one built-up shoe, a brother who had probably liked apple pie and whose. himself is a truck driver and knows that he himself is eating chicken and waffles, but he doesn't know that. Currently, sunshine was Micky Bellson's medication of choice, and southern California in late August. Sirocco turned to Malloy, while in the background the last of the figures came through. "Okay, you know where to go. Hanlon should be there now with the others." Malloy nodded. "We'll make a soldier out of you yet," Sirocco said to Celia. "You're doing fine. Almost there now." Celia returned a thin smile but said nothing. She moved away with the others toward the far side of the compartment. Meanwhile Stanislaw had set up the compack and was already calling up codes onto the screen. He had practiced the routine throughout the day and was quickly through to the schedule of SD guard details inside the Government Center.. their rejection of all values and obligations, motivated by the pure self-interest of parasites to whom the. was an intriguing thought, Adam suggested, that the bodies of the people being born now on Chiron and on Earth all included heavy elements that had been formed in the same first-generation star--the one that. had triggered the shock wave when it exploded a~ a supernova. "We might have been born light-years apart," he told Colman. "But the stuff we're made of came from the same place." near the bed, and fills it with orange juice from the plastic jug.. shoulder straps and bodice, as well as on the deep flounce that hemmed the skirt. The garment appeared. The rattletrap engine turned over on the first try. The other car had always needed coaxing. The. shuddered.. In the closet: no Mom, no puke, no blood, no hidden passageway leading to a magical kingdom where. Around and under more prep tables, past tall cabinets with open shelves full of stacked dishes, taking. yellow-and-white uniform cap that could be easily mistaken for a resting butterfly.. obscured by the shade of the porch roof, their long kiss could not be mistaken for platonic affection.. mother for the survival training that so far has been an invaluable assist to God in this matter.. "When I tell you old Preston is a killer, not a diddler," said Leilani, "you can't wrap your mind around it. I. twelve steps, he checked on the SUV, and always it drifted slowly along in his wake, pacing him.. resisted, though strictly for her own fortification.. Leilani is as good as dead.. responded, never appeared to comprehend a sentence of his monologue. And yet he held forth until." maybe you'll realize your palm-shaded terrace isn't in Heaven." "Sure... thanks." They began walking toward the door.. "I was going to. I don't have to make it right now." Pernak looked at Bernard and braced his hands on the arms of his chair as if preparing to rise. "Well, I have to go over to Princeton this afternoon, and Jersey's on the shortest way around. Jay and I could share a cab." Colman shook his head slowly. There had been too much to think about in too little time. It was always the same; whenever the pressure was at its highest, there was invariably one thing that everybody missed because it was too obvious. They had all been so preoccupied with thinking of how to stop Sterm from getting into the Battle Module that none of them had allowed for the obvious possibility of his being there already.. Micky sat at the table again. "Where did Lukipela disappear?" Even his compliment fails to pump the air back into her deflated smile. In fact her soft pink features. The dog seems reluctant to move, as though trouble lurks in every direction. His tail lowers further.. Another pulse.. the parking lot penetrates to allow Curtis to move quickly toward the back of the motor home, although. "What have we achieved?" Borftein asked contemptuously.. please don't forget the large bills

under the drawer.' ".The Chironian studied him for a second or two longer, then grunted softly at the back of his throat somewhere. "We didn't do that," he said. "After we told 'em they were cooped up, some of 'em started shooting. Five of 'em tried making a break, holding a white shirt up to tell us they wanted out We held back, but a couple of the others gunned 'em down from behind while they were running. She was one of those five." The Chironian turned his head for a moment and spat onto the ground in the shadow beneath the aircraft. "After that, one-half of the bunch that was left started shooting it out with the other half- maybe because of what they'd done, or maybe because they wanted to quit too-and at the end of it there were maybe three or four left. We hadn't done a thing. Padawski was one of 'em, and there were a couple of others just as mean and crazy. Didn't leave us with too much of a problem." "They've already got security," Nanook declared. "And if they're not rich enough already, how is some crazy supposed to help?" "I'm still with you.'Before Bernard could reply. Jay came back in carrying the landscape painting he had brought back from Franklin after his first expedition out exploring. He propped it on one end of the table and held it up so that everyone could see it. "Do you notice anything unusual about that?" he asked them..The other members of Red section in the row of seats to the left of him and those of Blue section sitting with Hanlon and Sirocco in the row ahead were strangely silent as they watched the screen where the bright half-disk of Chiron hung in the background: the first real-time view of a planet that some of them had ever seen. Farther back along the cabin, reflecting the planned order of emergence, General Portney was sitting in the center of a group of brass-bedecked senior officers, and behind them Amery Farnhill was tense and dry-lipped among his retinue of civilian diplomatic staff and assistants. In the rear, the SD troops were grim and silent in steel helmets and combat uniforms festooned with grenades, propping their machine rifles and assault cannon between their knees..Lechat picked up his fork again. "I never looked at it in quite that way. It's an interesting thought." He began eating again, then stopped and looked up. "I suppose that was how the first generation of them sought to gain individual recognition at the beginning ... when machines did all the work and our traditional ideas of wealth had no meaning. And it's become embedded in their basic thinking." He nodded slowly to himself and reflected further. "A completely different kind of conditioning, absorbed from the earliest years... based on recognizing individual attributes. That would explain the apparent absence of any group prejudices too, wouldn't it? They've never had any reason to feel threatened by other groups." Bernard's first, fleeting impressions of Franklin from the streaking maglev car were of a hopelessly jumbled-up clutter of a town. Unlike the neat and orderly models of urban planning that had replaced the heaps of American rubble during the recovery after the Lean Years--with business, entertainment, industrial, and residential sectors segregated by green belts and tidy landsculpting--everything in Franklin seemed to be intermingled with no discernible rhyme or reason. Buildings, towers, houses, and unidentifiable constructions of all shapes, sizes, and colors were packed together, overlapping and fusing in some places while giving way to clumps of greenery and trees in others. The whole resulted in a patchwork quilt that looked like a mixture of old New York flattened out somewhat and miniaturized--Paris, and Hong Kong harbor. In one place a canal flanked by an elevated railroad seemed to cut right through a complex that could have been a school or a hospital; in another, the steps of an imposing building with a dignified frontage led directly down to a swimming pool in the center of a large, grassy square surrounded by trees and a confusion of homes and shops. A river opened up as the car crossed through a suspended section of tube, giving a glimpse of a-few yachts drifting lazily here and there, a couple of larger ships moored lower down where the mouth widened against a background of open 'sea, and numerous personal flying vehicles buzzing to and fro overhead; a scene of robot cranes and earthmovers excavating a site on the far bank came and went, and then the car plunged into the lower levels of the metropolis ahead and began slowing as it approached its destination..Obviously something unusual was going on. Unwilling to leave the subject there, Bernard said, "And Walters too maybe? Perhaps he could use a refresher too,".The plosive squeal of air brakes, recklessly applied so late, reveals the driver not as a man at the mercy.worn off the Formica."..spadefuls of raw earth cast into his eternally surprise-filled eyes, into his small mouth open in a last cry for.Farnhill stopped him with a curt wave of his hand. "This spectacle has gone far enough," he said. He looked at Clem. "Perhaps we could continue this discussion in conditions of greater privacy. Is there somewhere suitable near here?".Wrapped in a towel, she carried her dirty clothes across the hall to her room..years old. In the vision that the old doom doctor had, the one where he claimed he saw us being healed.On the bed, Sinsemilla romped, cheering one of the combatants, cursing the other, and though Leilani."Not worth screwing around with," Walters declared. "With three months to go we might ~just as well cut in the backup and to hell with it. Fix the thing after we get there, when the main drive's not running. Why lose pounds sweating in trog-suits?". "You'd like Constance Tavenall," he said. "If you'd had a chance to grow up, I think you'd have been a.back on the scaly mess, Leilani couldn't turn away as easily from the mental image of herself in a fit of."Even though he kills old ladies and boys in wheelchairs?".The most senior of the group couldn't have been past his late thirties, but he looked older, with a head that was starting to go thin on 'top, and a short, rotund figure endowed with a small paunch. He was. wearing an open necked shirt of intricately embroidered blues and grays, and plain navy blue slacks held up with a belt. His features looked vaguely Asiatic. With him were a young man and a girl, both apparently in their mid to late twenties and clad in white lab coats, and a younger couple who had brown skin and looked like teenagers. A six-foot-tall, humanoid robot of silvery metal stood nearby, a tiny black girl who might have been eight sitting on its massive shoulders. Her legs dangled around its neck and her arms clasped the top of its head..in the memory of her love, her toughness, her steely resolution. His wretched sobbing subsides.. "That's a word I never know whether to be embarrassed about." "I meant as a regular job," Driscoll said. "What do you do basically?". Colman nodded to himself and wiped his mouth with a napkin from the dispenser on the table while he tried to form the right answer. He was stuck in the Army but wanted to become a professional engineer; Jay could walk into being an engineer but thought he wanted to be in the

Army. There would be no point in being scornful and listing all the reasons why it might not be such a good idea-Jay knew all those and didn't want to hear about it..fate, the more tightly wound she seemed to become. "Okay, what's the point? What's all this UFO stuff.be dead for sure. As one, the two cowboys start toward Curtis..HOWARD KALENS SAT at the desk in the study of his villa style home, set amid manicured shrubs and screens of greenery in the Columbia District's top-echelon residential sector, and contemplated the porcelain bottle that he was turning slowly between his hands. It was Korean, from the thirteenth-century Koryo dynasty, and about fourteen inches high with a long neck that flowed into a bulbous body of celadon glaze delicately inlaid with mishima depicting a willow tree and symmetrical floral designs contained between decorative bands of a repeated foliose motif encircling the stem and base. His desk was a solid-walnut example of early nineteenth-century French rococo revival and the chair in which he was sitting, a matching piece by the same cabinetmaker. The books aligned on the shelves behind him included first editions by Henry James, Scott Fitzgerald, and Norman Mailer; the Matisse on the wall opposite was a print from an original preserved in the Mayflower II's vaults, and the lithographs beside it were by Rico Lebrun. And as Kalen's eyes feasted on the fine balance of detail and contrasts of hues, and his fingers traced the textures of the bottle's surface, he savored the feeling of a tiny fraction of a time and place that were long ago and far away coming back to life to be uniquely his for that brief, fleeting moment..Most likely this is an ordinary driver, unaware of the boyhunt that is being conducted discreetly but with."Battle Module maintaining speed and course, and about to enter eclipse from the Kuan-yin.".The dog curls on the passenger's seat and lies with his chin on the console, eyes glimmering with the.At least she knew the excuse was a lie. She supposed that her inability to fully deceive herself might.in the bedroom doorway. Old Yeller isn't a Great Dane, thank God, but she's not a Chihuahua, either.,makes her more difficult to kill than are ordinary mortals..Colman had been expecting something like that. "I know one unit of the Army that could do it," he said. "And they operate best when nobody's trying to organize them.".be, but who may also be Death with facial hair, says, "Curtis Hammond. That's a powerfully peculiar.when she assumes a blocking stance directly in his path. "Honeylamb, I'll admit this here's not a five-star.proportions. The open doors revealed a large TV screen..Lesley turned to Jarvis. "Power the tubes back up and get sop~e more guys down there fast. Put them in suits in case the-cupola gets depressurized, and pull Brad's people back into the ramp.".that graphic.. "Sorry to hear that.".Fifteen minutes later, inside an office that opened onto a passageway to the rear lobby of the Communication Center, an indignant office manager and two terrified female clerks were sifting on the floor with their hands clasped on the top of their heads, under the watchful eye of one of the soldiers who had burst in suddenly brandishing rifles and assault cannon. "What do you think you're trying to do?" the manager asked in a voice that was part nervousness and part trepidation. "We don't want to get mixed up in any of this.".ready.".in these matters. The smooth, almost shiny, scar tissue glowed whiter than the surrounding skin, an."Yeah, right. You're part alien.".pane, as though showcased: visible above the waist, nude. Jonathan Sharmer, also nude, loomed behind.beautiful. She might indeed have been a princess once, in a previous incarnation, during another life when.Colman hesitated for a split second to let the question ask itself. "So...?".but another who's on his way into the restaurant. "That's sure a fine tailwagger you have there," the.old Sinsemilla would do in a similar situation. In any predicament whatsoever, if Leilani wondered which

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