

DOMINANCE OF ENGLISH FOR SPECIFIC PURPOSES WITHIN ADULT ENGLISH LANGUAGE TEACHING

rubbing soot from a window, might facilitate the passage of a thin but precious light into the darkness. seeking a bench for her knees. December 31, 2080. thirsty, too. How peculiar the world had grown if now life with Aunt Gen had become the sterling standard of. "Sometimes," Shirley answered. "Ci teaches English mainly, but mostly down on the surface. That is, when she's not working with electronics or installing plant wiring underground somewhere. I'm not all that technical. I grow olives and vines out on the Peninsula, and design interiors. That's what brought me up here--Clem wants the crew quarters and mess deck refitted and decorated. But yes, I teach tailoring sometimes, but not a lot." "She got tied up over lunch trying to answer questions about superhorns and quasars," Francine explained. "Detail... halt!". "A good try, Wellesley," Stern said from the large screen. "In fact I find myself forced to commend you for your surprising resourcefulness. Unfortunately from your point of view, however, we now see it was in vain." He turned his eyes away to address a point off-screen, presumably a display showing Otto and Chester. "And unfortunately from your point of view, I'm afraid that we deduced the secret of the Kuan-yin a long time ago." "I didn't know we were in a rotten-dad contest." By the time Micky's vision cleared and her plate was clean, she was able to say, "I can do what I need. The metals-extraction sub complex made use of the high fusion temperatures available on-site to reduce seawater, common rocks, and sands, and all forms of industrial and domestic waste and debris to a plasma of highly charged elementary ions which were then separated cleanly and simply by magnetic techniques; it was like an industrial scale mass spectrometer. In the chemicals sub complex a range of compounds such as fertilizers, plastics, oils, fuels, and feedstocks for an assortment of dependent industries were also formed primarily by recombining reactants from the plasma state under conditions in which the plasma radiation~ was tuned to peak in a narrow frequency band that favored the formation of desired molecules and optimized yields without an excess of unwanted by-products; which was far more efficient than using broad-band thermal sources of combining energy. The plasma method did away with most of the vats and distilling towers of older technologies and, moreover, enabled bulk reactions, which in the past would have taken days or even weeks, to proceed in seconds--and without requiring catalysts to accelerate them." "Not anymore," Micky said, surprised to hear herself reply at all, let alone so revealingly..eighteen-wheeler under his butt..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..sand, across loose shale, between masses of sage and weather-sculpted thrusts of rock, zigging and.Frowning, Geneva said, "Maybe it was Las Vegas."..and bristling blind-dark forest..broom to the blacktop, sweeping along puffs of dust, spidery twists of dry desert grass, and scraps of."The planet... Chiron. Who runs it?" "You want people to be afraid of you?" "An afterlife without Hell," Aunt Gen explained, "would be as polluted and unendurable as a world.player was olive-skinned with Mediterranean features. "Oh... she's very good," Bernard said..whipping tail. . The dog whimpers..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, 10³¹-year mean lifetime of the proton..Kath laughed again. "Do they? They don't really, you know. If you listen closely, they don't originate much at all, apart from objective, factual information. They turn round what you say and throw it back at you as questions, but you don't hear it that way. You think they're telling you something that they're not." "Depends on your definition of child." "Anyone twelve or younger." Lechat hesitated and looked uncertainly in Celia's direction. She returned an almost imperceptible nod. Lechat looked back at the screen. "Shall we just say that we can prove conclusively not only that the Chironians were blameless, but that Stern himself arranged for the evidence to be falsified to suggest otherwise," he said..The suggestion was too extraordinary for Lechat to respond instantly. He looked from Pernak to Eve and back again, then laid his fork on his plate and sat back to digest the information.."I might just do that," Fallows said, nodding slowly. "Yeah I could use being out and about for a few hours. Thanks for the tip."..sound arises, faint but unmistakable: helicopter rotors beating the thin desert air..astute..Lechat's brows lifted and then creased into an even deeper frown. "And then there were those bombings...He looked down at Celia. ?Was Stern behind those things as well?.INSIDE THE LOCAL command post behind the Hexagon's armored bulkhead, Major Lesley of the Special Duty Force was still too stunned by what he had heard to be capable of a coherent reaction for the moment. He stared at the companel where a screen showed a view from the Columbia District, where the SD guard commander had entered the Communications Center under a truce flag some minutes previously to talk with Borftein, and tried to separate the conflicting emotions in his head. Captain Jarvis, Lesley's adjutant officer, and Lieutenant Chazurez watched in silence while around the command post the duty staff averted their eyes and occupied themselves with their own thoughts. His dilemma was not so much having to choose between conflicting orders for the first time in his life, for their order of precedence was plain enough and he had no duty to serve somebody who had usurped rank and criminally abused the power of command, but deciding which side he wanted to be on. Though Borftein was waving the credentials, Stormbel was holding the

gun.. "Love yourself, love your brothers and sisters, love nature." Jay appeared more reassured, and his eyes brightened a fraction with the relief of having been spared long explanations. "It's all screwed up," he replied simply.. The boy's mother used to say that a wasted opportunity wasn't just a missed chance, but was a wound. turn her back on this neighbor from the wrong side of Hell. Chapter 1. York City Ballet, considering her options as she rotates. Then she sprints around the front of a nearby. wasn't any longer able to make sense of her mother's words, she figured the woman's sympathies were. Now, from moonlight into darkling forest once more. The meadow behind him. The tangled maze of. Abashed at his nervous bumbling in the face of this man's easy and nonthreatening conversation, the boy. "Why do people follow leaders?" Pernak replied. "For collective-strength. What do you need collective strength for? Because strength ultimately gets to control the wealth and to impose ideas. But why does a race of millionaires need leaden if it already has all the material wealth it needs, and isn't interested in imposing ideas on anyone because nobody ever taught it to? The Chironians don't. There isn't anything to scare them with. You won't start any crusades down there because they won't take any notice." "It's a wonderment, isn't it?" the girl said. "More than a wonderment. It's impossible." wide and shining with fear. The posture of a fright-buckled child: tensed body, hunched shoulders, head. "Come over for a second. I want to ask him something." Sirocco led Colman, and Hanlon followed. The conversation stopped as they approached, and heads turned toward them curiously. "Do you just do tricks with cards," Sirocco asked Driscoll without any preliminaries, "or are you into other things too?". mad, insane. There's a lot of that going around. Dressed in sandals and baggy plaid shorts and a T-shirt. Colman grinned and drank from the glass. "Not quite that bad. But some of them do have pretty funny ideas- or did have, anyway. A lot of people couldn't imagine that kids brought up by machines could be anything else but . . . 'inhuman,' I guess you'd call it-cold, that kind of thing." When the others had gone, Ceilia sank back in her chair and started brooding again. For the first time in twenty years she felt lonely and truly far from Earth. As a young girl growing up during the rise of the New Order in the recovery period after the Lean Years, she had escaped the harsh realities of twenty-first century politics and militarism by immersing herself in readings and fantasies about America in the late Colonial era. Perhaps as a reflection of her own high-born station in life, she had daydreamed herself into roles of newly arrived English ladies in the rich plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas, with carriages and servants, columned mansions, and wardrobes of dresses for the weekend balls held among the fashionable elite. The fantasies had never quite faded, and that was probably why, later, she had found a natural partner in Howard, who in turn had identified her with his own ideals and beliefs. In her private thoughts in the years that had passed since, she often wondered if perhaps she had seen the Mission to Chiron as a potential realization of long-forgotten girlhood dreams that could never have come true on Earth.. door. The faithful dog stays at his side.. the advertising copy on boxes of cornflakes, or in the patterns made by flocks of birds in flight.. "You do?" Driscoll looked surprised.. embroidered on the left breast, Leilani entered in a rattle and clatter of steely leg brace, though she had. and cat-free sanctuary of the care home.. "From what Jerry Pernak told us it must have to do with antimatter," Jay said. "The Chironians are into a whole new world of particle theory. That means they can produce lots of antimatter economically. With that they could make matter-antimatter annihilation bombs, superintense radiation sources, guided antimatter beams, maybe who knows? But it has to be something like that." Dark with clotted blood, the holes no longer oozed.. CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT. once more. He dare not call undue attention to himself, not with so many murderous hunters looking for. hallway as though not quite touching the floor, tall and slim, wearing a platinum-gray silk suit, as graceful. to any significant degree.. ahead was the room that her mother shared with Preston.. "Hell, that's no surprise to me," the red-haired man declares, but the tail of Curtis's shirt remains twisted. "When we return, it will be a different story," Stern told his entourage on the Bridge as the module's main drives fired and they felt it surge forward and away from the Mayflower II's nose. "But first, we have, to deal with our Chironian - . . friends. What is the report on the Kuan-yin?" "Girl, don't say such things!" Geneva admonished. "Someone will believe you. We were playing." "Now that's a hard question." pie-baking neighbors, all you would get for trying to charm a snake was your eye on the end of a fang.. Colman's top-echelon, part-time mistress was Celia Kalens.. Farrel.. "I don't think it ever did. What I was afraid of was in my own head. None of it was out there." She took in the sight of her husband-his arms tanned and strong against the white of the casual shirt that he was wearing, his face younger, more at ease, but more self-assured than she could remember seeing for a long time-propped loosely but confidently against the frame of the door, and she smiled. "Kalens may have to hide himself away in a shell," she said. "I don't need mine anymore." "Aha!" The preacher made an appealing gesture to the audience. "Is there any difference, my friends? Can we see atoms? Is this not arrogant insolence?" He looked back at the boy and jabbed an accusing finger at him. 'Do you claim to have seen atoms? Tell us that you have, and I will say that you lie/' Another appealing flourish. "And is this therefore not faith any the less, and yet this person proclaimed to have no need of faith. Does he not, therefore, contradict himself before us?" each of the bastards out, she cared about me less than him, and me less than the new bastard who was. "No. It'd be your solution, not mine." "Then that's the answer." lay nodded, straightened his arms into his pockets with his shoulders bunched high near his ears, held the posture for a few seconds, and then relaxed abruptly with a. "Enter, enter, Maiden Leilani, and come thou quickly to thy queen's side." Jean forced a smile. "Just remember that," she said.. comparatively genteel murderer, you nevertheless didn't want to be alone with him any more than you. Curtis pushes away from the car and turns just as Old Yeller, no longer barking savagely, leaps out of. "Oh, little mouse, what's wrong with me that I let the child go back there?" "There is one thing which, in all fairness, I must repeat," Otto said from the screen. They turned and looked back at him. "We cannot alter our basic decision in any way. If Stern becomes threatening, we will be forced to react. We cannot allow the fact that you might be- aboard the ship at the time to make any difference." "Just indigestion," she murmured with self-derision, because she knew that she was

the same shiftless, clenched with such rage that she couldn't release the pole, she made her bid for being Quasimodo. The only thing trickier than an amateur using a psychologist's techniques was an amateur trying to. Marcia Quarrey, the Director of Commerce and Economic Policy, didn't look too happy at the suggestion as she sipped her cocktail. "Obviously that would be possible," she said, setting down her glass. "But would it serve any useful purpose? The contingency plans were made to allow for the possibility of opposition. Well, there hasn't been any opposition. What's the sense in throwing good business and growth prospects away by provoking hostilities needlessly? We can acquire Franklin simply by walking in. We don't have to make a demonstration out of it." "Look, I think Jay probably wants to talk about things you wouldn't be interested in," Colman said to Anita. "Why." "I still don't understand the politics behind it all though," he said to the two Chironians who were accompanying him and Jay toward the cafeteria in the Administration Building in front of the main reactor site, where they were due to have lunch. One of them was a young Polynesian named Nanook, who worked with control instrumentation; the other was a slightly younger, pale-faced blonde called Juanita, who dealt with statistics and forecasts and seemed to be more involved with the economic side of the business. Kath herself had taken her leave earlier, explaining that she was expecting another party of visitors. Bernard spread his hands in an imploring gesture. "I mean... who owns the place? Who decides the policies for running it?" "Bernard," Kath said quietly from the console screen..with nothing but dreary need..Bleeding, of course, is a quiet process..The shriek again: longer this time, tortured, shot through with fear and jagged with misery.."But doesn't this kind of thing upset the kids when it happens?" Hanlon had asked uneasily..CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.a polite cowboy in the movies will sometimes tug on the brim of his Stetson, an abbreviated tipping of the. The dog goes straight for the shorts. No bark, no growl, no warning, in fact no evident animosity: Almost.A pair of men's walking shoes appear new. He takes one of these from the closet, puts it on the floor.Colman looked unconsciously toward Kath for her opinion.."You don't have to do this." Geneva beamed. "That's so sweet, Leilani. Would you like some fresh lemonade?"..twenty-eight, but who sometimes felt ancient..They're dead serious about it. He says if we tell anyone about them, they'll never bring Luki back. They." "He did. She's got a place in the city--just across from the base."..would then, of course, be mad-dog furious for having been subjected to university-trained doctors and.Sirocco tweaked his moustache pensively. "It's a problem knowing where to start. You know the kind of thing I'd like to get out and see the whole planet. The Barrier Range is as big as the Himalayas, there's Glace . . . a Grand Canyon out in Oriena . . . there's so much of it. But you have to do something useful, I suppose, as well as just go off enjoying yourself. But I think there's a lot of survey work waiting to be done yet. What I might try and do is get in touch with that geographical society that Swyley was taking such an interest in before he and Driscoll pulled their vanishing act." Sirocco stared at his feet for a second as if trying to make up his mind whether or not to mention something. "And then of course there's Shirley," he added nonchalantly..going to say. What I think is you're afraid to stop laughing-"..mishap and calamity, she had added supplies to the basic kit. She kept it always near at hand..Most of the adults he knew--the ones over twenty-five or so, anyway--seemed to feel an obligation to be sympathetic toward people like him, who had never experienced life on Earth. From what he had seen he wasn't sure that he'd missed all that much. Life on the Mayflower II was comfortable and secure with plenty of interesting things to do, and ahead lay the challenge and the excitement of a whole new unknown world. Certainly that was something no one back on Earth could look forward to.."I wish I'd heard them back when I could've helped you." "That was all a long time ago, Aunt Gen." He beams, for he and the waitress are clearly connecting now. "That's exactly right."..Before him, past this final line of trees, the meadow waits. Waits. Too bright under the fat moon..Sterm was unperturbed, as if he had been expecting such an answer. "I made no mention of your wanting to save yourself physically. I have already pointed out that we are both realists, so there is no need for you to feel any obligation to pretend that you misunderstood." He paused as if to acknowledge her right to reply, but gave the impression that he didn't expect her to. She raised her glass to her lips and found that her hand was trembling slightly. Sterm resumed. "The dream has crumbled away, hasn't it, Celia. I know it, you know it, and a part of Howard's mind knows it deep down inside somewhere while the rest is going insane. You expected to share a world, but instead all you stand to share is a cell with a madman. The world is still out there but you cannot accept it as it is, and Howard will never be able to change it now." Sterm extended a hand expressively. "And the future awaits you." He paused again, watched as Celia lowered her eyes, and nodded. "Yes, I could persuade Wellesley to overrule the eviction orders, or arrange for Borftein to reinforce the Phoenix garrison, put SDs around the house so that you would never have need to fear for your safety. But is that what you want me to do?"..combing this part of the West in close coordination with the cowboys, then these FBI agents must also." "A rosebush."..cries out and lets go of Curtis, but Old Yeller isn't as quick to release the shorts. She pulls them down his.Colman was becoming irritated again. No one on the ship had met a Chironian yet, but everyone was already an expert. All anybody had seen were edited transmissions from the planet, accompanied by the commentators' canned interpretations. Why couldn't people realize when they were being told what to think? He remembered the stories he'd heard in Cape Town about how the blacks in the Bush raped white women and then hacked them to pieces with axes. The black guy that their patrol had interrogated in the village near Zeerust hadn't seemed the kind of person to do things like that. He was just a guy who wanted to be left alone to run his farm, except by that time there hadn't been much left of it. He'd begged the Americans not to nail his kids to the wall--because that was what his own people had told him Americans did. He said that was why he had fired at the patrol and wounded that skinny Texan five paces ahead of Hanlon. That was why the white South African lieutenant had blown his brains out. But the civilians in Cape Town knew it all because their TV's had told them what to think..ABOUT THE AUTHOR.The two men walk westward from the back of the semi?in the general direction of the automobile.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." beyond the next door, he finds logic rewarded. A warm breeze, free of kitchen odors and the smell of ventilated pet-shop boxes, that never slithered through any field or forest, serpents invisible that inhabited. Pernak's contention, that the Big Bang represented not an act of absolute creation but a singularity marking a phase-change from some earlier-if that term could be applied-epoch in which the familiar laws of physics along with the very notions of space and time broke down, was representative of the general views held on Earth at that time. Indeed, although the bizarre conditions that had reigned prior to the Bang could not be described in terms of any intuitively meaningful conceptual model, a glimmer of some of their properties was beginning to emerge from the abstract symbolism of certain branches of theoretical mathematical physics..Pernak glanced at Eve for a moment. She slipped her hand through his arm, squeezed it reassuringly, and smiled. They both looked back at Lechat. "What everybody else will do when they've figured out how it is," Pernak said. He grinned, almost apologetically. "That's why we won't be able to help much, Paul. You see, we're leaving." Maybe dogs aren't capable of feeling humiliated. The boy's never had a dog before. He knows their." Guard detail, file left and right by sections," Sirocco said at the front. "Section leaders forward." He moved out into the aisle, where the floor had folded itself into a steep staircase to facilitate fore-and-aft movement, and climbed through into the side-exiting lock chamber with Colman and Hanlon behind him while Red and Blue sections formed up in the aisles immediately to the rear. In the lock chamber the inner hatch was already open, and the Dispatching Officer from the shuttle's crew was carrying out a final instrumentation check prior to opening the outer hatch. As they waited for him to finish and for the rest of the delegation to move forward in the cabin behind, Colman stared at the hatch ahead of him and thought about the ship lying just on the other side of it that had left Earth before he was born and was now here, waiting for them after crossing the same four light-years of space that had accounted for a full half of his life. After the years of speculations, all the questions about the Chironians were now within minutes of being answered. The descent from the Mayflower II had raised Colman's curiosity to a high pitch because of what he had seen on the screen. For despite all the jokes and the popular wisdom, one thing he was certain of was that the engineering and structural modifications that he had observed on the outside of the Kuan-yin had not been made by irresponsible, overgrown adolescents..Doggedly returning to her initial question, Leilani asked, "So the guy who killed Mr. D?was he caught?".Bernard sat back and drew a long breath. He was just about to say something when Jeeves interrupted to announce an incoming call on the Chironian net. It was Kath, calling from her place in Franklin. "I've heard from Casey," she said when Bernard accepted. "He's collected his package with Adam, and they're on their way home with it. I just thought you'd like to know."..Communications between Earth and the Kuan-yin had been continuous since the robot's departure in 2020, although not conducted in real-time because of the widening distance and progressively increasing propagation delay. The first message to the Chironians arrived when the oldest were in their ninth year, which was when the response had arrived from Earth to the Kuan-yin's original signal. Contact had continued ever since with the same built-in nine-year turn-round factor. The Mayflower II, however, was now only ten light-days from Chiron and closing; hence it was acquiring information regarding conditions on the planet that wouldn't reach Earth for years..Film by Robert Zoon, and Bobby was crushed when Noah insisted that he remove his credit.."Do him good too," Sirocco declared. "Then they might make him an engineer. But you'll have a hard time. He's holding out till he's found out what the talent's like on Chiron."..whole army behind me, what can a rabble of ruffians with handguns do to stop me now?". "Oh, Mother's far too terribly smart to put any faith in Western medicine. She relied on crystal..Bernard made no reply but let his eyebrows ask the question for him..know why you can't, too, and that's all right."

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