

ANCED TECHNIQUES AND TECHNOLOGY OF COMPUTER AIDED FEEDBACK CONT

What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..The end of his quest was near, so near, the right Bartholomew almost within 'mullet range. He was furious with Neddy Gnathic for possibly screwing this up..From these ominous spatters, several fibers bristled, having stuck to the pewter when the drizzle was still wet. They appeared to be human hairs..Through fog-shrouded hills forested with oaks, maples, madrones, and pepperwoods, through magnificent stands of redwoods that towered three hundred feet, he arrived in Weott on the evening of January 3, 1968, where he stayed the night. If Paul had any northernmost goal for this trip, it was the city of Eureka, almost fifty miles farther-and for no reason, other than to eat Humboldt Bay crabs at their origin, because that was one of his and Perri's favorite foods..Devil mountains, sacred islands, sacramental rivers and cities, Jesuits: These spiritual references at every turn made Junior uneasy. This was a haunted night, no doubt about that. He wouldn't have been greatly surprised if he had glanced at his rearview mirror and seen Thomas Vanadium's blue Studebaker Lark Regal closely tailing him, not the real car raised from Quarry Lake, but a ghostly version, with the filthy-scabby-monkey spirit of the cop at the wheel, an ectoplasmic Naomi at his side, Victoria Bressler and Ichabod and Bartholomew Prosser and Neddy Gnathic in the backseat: the Studebaker packed full of spirits like a bozo-stuffed clown car in a circus, though there would be nothing funny about these revenge-minded spooks when the doors flew open and they came tumbling out..If killing the wrong Bartholomew had broken a dam in Junior and released a lake of tension, whacking the right Bartholomew would set loose an ocean of pent-up stress, and he would feel free as he'd not felt since the fire tower. Freer than he'd been in his entire life..For a while, Junior half convinced himself that the quarter in his cheeseburger, in December '65, was a meaningless coincidence, unrelated to Vanadium. His short tour of the kitchen, in search of the perpetrator, had given him reason to believe the diner's sanitary standards were inadequate. Recalling the greasy men on that culinary death squad, he knew that he'd been fortunate not to discover a dead rodent spread-eagle on the melted cheese, or an old sock..Soon he realized this was a mistaken assumption, because when the instructor began trying to unknot him from his lotus position, a defensive numbness deserted Junior, and he became aware of pain. Excruciating..He was uncomfortable, achy, thirsty, but he remained utterly still and observant. After a while, he realized that the sense of oppression with which he'd awakened was not entirely a psychological symptom: Something heavy lay across his abdomen. And it was cold-so cold, in fact, that it had numbed his middle to the extent that he hadn't immediately felt the chill of it. Shivers coursed through him. He clenched his jaws to prevent his teeth from chattering and thereby alerting the man in the chair. Although he never took his eyes off the comer, Junior became preoccupied with trying to puzzle out what was draped across his midsection. The mysterious observer made him sufficiently nervous that he couldn't order his thoughts as well as usual, and the effort to prevent the shivers from shaking a sound out of him only further interfered with his ability to reason. The longer that he was unable to identify the frigid object, the more alarmed he became. He almost cried out when into his mind oozed an image of Naomi's dead body, now past the whitest shade of pale, as gray as the faint light at the window and turning pale green in a few places, and cold, all the heat of life gone from her flesh, which was not yet simmering with any of the heat of decomposition that would soon enliven it again.. "No member of the society ever violates a secret confidence," Agnes assured him..Celestina White was the center of attention, always surrounded by champagne-swilling, canape--gobbling bourgeoisie who would have been shopping for paintings on velvet if they'd had less money..She sat at the kitchen table, staring at the glass. After a while she emptied it in the sink without having taken a sip..The night of Barty's birth, when Joey actually lay dead in the pickup-bashed Pontiac, as a paramedic had rolled Agnes's gurney to the back door of the ambulance, she had seen her husband standing there, untouched by that rain as her son was untouched by this. But Joey-dry-in-the-storm had been a ghost or an illusion fostered by shock and loss of blood..Joey was standing just outside, gazing in at her. His blue eyes were seas where sorrow sailed..A sense of fellowship in extraordinary times drew everyone closer, to hug, to touch, to share the wonder. For a long moment, even in the symphony of the storm, in spite of all the plink-tink-hiss-plop-rattle that arose from every rain-beaten work of man and nature, they seemed to stand here in a hush as deep as Tom had ever heard..Heinlein dreamed of traveling to far worlds. Prior to his death, John Kennedy had promised that men would walk on the moon before the end of the decade. Barty wanted nothing so grand, only to read a few stories, to lose himself in the wonderful private pleasure of books, because soon each story would be a listening experience only, no longer entirely a private journey..Everyone from the pie caravan had gathered under the oak. The entire family, in its many names, adults and children, heads tipped back hands shielding their eyes from the late sun, watched Barty's progress in all but complete silence..The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face and belly stung with jabs of agony, so that he looked at his body in horror for the wound; but there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that Otter avoided them. Where they were was plain enough: the dusty pathways bent to miss them.. "Well, Uncle Jacob doesn't understand kids. Anyway, this is pretty good stuff." Agnes had lifted him to this perch. Now she smoothed his hair, straightened his shirt, and retied his loosened shoelaces, finding it even harder than she had expected to say what needed to be said. She thought she might require Dr. Chan's presence, after

all..She tried to tell him that he was going to make it, that he would be with her for a long time, that the universe was not so cruel as to take him at thirty with all their lives ahead of them, but the truth was here to see, and she could not lie to him..The musician's behavior required explanation. After wending through the crowd, Junior located the man in front of a painting so egregiously beautiful that any connoisseur of real art could hardly resist the urge to slash the canvas to ribbons..At a point where deep water met the shoreline, Junior drove off the road and onto the strand. He parked twenty feet from the water, facing the lake, and switched off the headlights and the engine..Even a cool day on the pie route could produce a good sweat by journey's end, because with the addition of the men to this ambitious project, they now not only made deliveries but also performed some chores that were a problem for the elderly or disabled..So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have liked or think they might like the place, and who are willing to accept these hypotheses: things change: authors and wizards are not always to be trusted: nobody can explain a dragon..On the short return trip to the ophthahnologist, Agnes crazily considered driving past Chan's office building, cruising onward--ever onward-into the sparkling December night, not just back to Bright Beach, where the bad news would simply come by phone, but to places so far away that the diagnosis could never catch up to them, where the disease would remain unnamed and therefore would have no power over Barty..Yet the most enduring relationship he had all year was with the ghostly singer. On February 18, he returned home in the afternoon, from a class in spirit channeling, and heard singing as he opened his front door. That same voice. And the same hateful song. As faint as before, repeatedly rising and falling..The bitch was getting tired, but Junior still didn't like his odds in a hand-to-hand confrontation. Her hair was disarranged. Her eyes flashed with such wildness that he was half convinced he saw elliptical pupils like those of a jungle cat. Her lips were skinned back from her teeth in a snarl..Sweet-tempered, generous, honest, kind Naomi had surely been incapable of murdering anyone-least of all the man she loved..Vanadium was no ordinary cop, as he himself had said. In his obsession, convinced that Junior had murdered Naomi and impatient with the need to find evidence to prove it, what was to stop the detective if he decided to deal out justice himself? What was to prevent him from walking up to the Suburban right now and shooting his suspect pointblank?.While the doctor proceeded with his evening rounds, the nurse remained with Junior until it was clear that the tranquilizer had calmed him and that he was no longer in danger of succumbing to another bout of hemorrhagic vomiting..Only one member of the distant funeral party did not disperse toward the line of cars on the service road. A man in a dark suit headed downhill, between the headstones and the monuments, directly toward Naomi's grave.. "Guilt," said the detective. "If he killed her, wouldn't an overwhelming sense of guilt be as likely as anguish to cause acute nervous emesis?" "The exquisite kind," he replied, glad that he had read so many books on the art of seduction and therefore knew precisely the right thing to say..their work, tears were followed by reminiscences that brought a smile and soothed, and hope was always found to be the flower that bloomed from every seed of hopelessness..The maniac kicked once more, but because of the bracing dresser, the door wouldn't budge, so he kicked harder, again without success..Although she would have felt ridiculous phrasing this question in these words to any other three-year-old, no better way existed to ask it of her special son: "Kiddo ... do you realize you're speaking of your dad in the present tense?" Although he related well to the theme of moral relativism and personal autonomy in a value-neutral world, Junior grew apprehensive about each impending scene of violence, and closed his eyes against the prospect of blood. He resented having to endure ninety minutes of the film before Google finally settled into the seat beside him..A sudden strange weakness, a formless dread, dropped Agnes out of her crouch and onto her knees beside the boy..A knife already lay on the counter nearby. He used it to slice four pats of butter, yellow and creamy, each half an inch thick, off the end of the stick..He usually ate lunch alone in his office. The room was the size of an elevator, but of course didn't go up or down. It went sideways, however, in the sense that herein Paul was transported into wondrous lands of adventure..Cypresses lined the entry drive to the cemetery. Tall and solemn, the trees kept guard, as though posted to prevent restless spirits from roaming out into the land of the living..Because drugs foil all efforts at self-improvement, Junior had no use for the cocaine and acid. He didn't dare sell them to recover his money; even five thousand dollars wasn't worth risking arrest. Instead, he gave the pharmaceuticals to a group of young boys playing basketball in a schoolyard, and wished them a Merry Christmas. The twenty-fourth of December began with rain, but the storm moved south soon after dawn. Sunshine tinsel the city, and the streets filled with last-minute holiday shoppers..He doubted that the singer had been Victoria Bressler, dead nurse, but he believed this was the same voice he'd heard on the telephone, back on the twenty-fifth of June, when someone purporting to be Victoria had called with an urgent warning for Bartholomew..Vanadium understood the depth of his old friend's pain, and he knew that the anguish over the loss of a child could make the best of men act out of emotion rather than good judgment, and so he accepted Harrison's preference to let the matter rest. When enough time passed for reflection, what Vanadium ultimately decided was that of the two of them, Harrison was much the stronger in his faith, and that he himself, perhaps for the rest of his life, would be more comfortable behind a badge than behind a Roman collar..The window mechanism creaked, the two tall panes began to open outward but too slowly, and the cold white night exhaled a chill plume of breath into the room..Outside, Celestina took Angel's hand as they descended the front steps to the street.. "Frequently, symptoms appear early enough that radiation therapy in one or both eyes has a chance to succeed. Sometimes strabismus-in which one eye diverges from the other, either inward toward the nose or outward toward the temple-can be an early sign, though more often we're alerted when the patient reports problems with vision." The one piece he had purchased was by a young Bay Area artist, Bavor Poriferan, about whom art critics nationwide were in agreement: He was destined for a long and significant career. The sculpture had cost over nine thousand dollars, an extravagance for a man trying to live on the income of his hard-won and prudently invested fortune, but its presence in his living room immediately identified him, to

cognoscenti, as a person of taste and cutting-edge sensibilities..In the kitchen were a radio, a toaster, a coffeepot, two place settings of cheap flatware, a small mismatched collection of thrift-shop plates and bowls and mugs, and a freezer full of TV dinners and English muffins..The spectral singer didn't exhibit her blood-and-bone sisters' reluctance to pursue her man..The cop weighed too much to be carried any distance, the blanket proved effective, the decision to drag him was wise, and the whole process was value neutral..After the paralytic bladder seizures had passed and Junior had drained Lake Mead, Chicane recommended plenty of caffeine and sugar to guard against an unlikely but not impossible spontaneous return to a trance state. "Anyway, after pumping alpha waves for as long as you just did, you shouldn't actually need to sleep anytime soon."..But first, March 23: the bad date with Frieda Bliss, and what he discovered in his apartment when he came home that night..Lined up on the kitchen table were green-grape-and-apple pies. The thick domed crusts, with their deeply fluted edges, were the coppery gold of precious coins..Other rooms were furnished as sparsely as those in a monastery. Indeed, the dining room contained nothing whatsoever..In the crisis, the rack holding her oxygen bottle had been rolled to the bed. The breathing mask lay on the pillow beside her..In regard for Barty's tender age, Dr. Franklin Chan had arranged for Agnes to spend the night in her son's room, in the second bed, which currently wasn't needed for a patient.."I was never Cary Grant, to begin with," said Vanadium, still ceaselessly rolling the quarter across his fingers, "so I had no big emotional investment in my appearance. Cosmetic surgery would have added another year of recuperation time, probably much longer, and I was anxious to get after Cain. Seemed to me this mug of mine might be just the thing to scare him into an incriminating mistake, even a confession."..This declaration was received seriously by Edom and Jacob, as if the devil often strolled the streets of Bright Beach and from time had been known to snatch little babies from their mothers' and eat them with mustard..Upon arriving at the creche window, he had been in a buoyant mood. As he studied the quiet scene, however, he grew uneasy..Before the pianist could cry out, Junior drove him between the toilet and the sink, slamming him against the wall hard enough to knock loose his breath and to cause the water to slosh audibly in the nearby toilet tank.."That's just ... an old joke," she heard herself saying, as from a distance. "You didn't really walk between the drops?"..Although he was a stranger, arriving unannounced, and something of an eccentric by anyone's definition, Paul was received by Grace and Harrison White with warmth and fellowship. At their doorstep, raising his voice to compete with the wailing weather, he hurriedly blurted out his mission, as if they might reel back from his wild windblown presence if he didn't talk quickly enough: "I've walked here from Bright Beach, California, to tell you about an exceptional woman whose life will echo through the lives of countless others long after she's gone. Her husband died the night their son was born, but not before naming the boy Bartholomew, because he'd been so impressed by "This Momentous Day. And now the boy is blind, and I hope you'll be able and willing to give some comfort to his mother." The Whites failed to reel backward, didn't even flinch from his unfortunately explosive statement of purpose. Instead, they invited him into their home, later invited him to dinner, and later still asked him to stay the night in their guest room..The formless apprehension with which she had awakened at 1:50, Tuesday morning, had returned to her from time to time during the past couple days. Now, here it came again, pinching her throat and tightening her chest-at last beginning to take form..Most of these firearms were loaded and ready for use, but five remained in their original boxes, in the back of her bedroom closet. Evidently, considering the original bill of sale taped to each of the five boxed handguns, she must have acquired all the weapons legally..He had considered tracking down Celestina-and the bastard boy--prior to her exhibition. The alumni office of her college might be one route to her. And further inquiries in the city's fine-arts community would no doubt eventually provide him with her address..dent? You do believe that? Because I don't see ... I don't know how could work with someone who thought I was capable of . . . ".A sense of mystery overcame Agnes, unnerving but not entirely or even primarily unpleasant..Now that efforts were being made to control the preeclampsia, Dr. Daines had scheduled a series of tests for the following day. He expected to recommend a cesarean section as soon as Phimie's e's blood pressure was reduced and stabilized, but he didn't want to risk this surgery before determining what complications might have resulted from her restricted diet and the compression of her abdomen..Beyond the window, behind veils of rain and fog, the metropolis appeared to be more enigmatic than Stonehenge, as unknowable as any city in our dreams.."As I explained, he might have thought I was you," Edom said, staring at the neatly ordered volumes on the nearby bookshelves..From, the darkness of his room, Barty now spoke the words for which Agnes had been waiting, his whisper soft yet resonant in the quiet house: "Good-night, Daddy."..As the afternoon waned toward a portentous dusk and toward the gallery reception for Celestina White, Junior prepared his knives and guns..At the front, a soft spotlight a focused on the life-size crucifix. The only additional illumination came from the small bulbs over the stations of the cross, along both side walls, and from the flickering flames in the ruby glass containers on the votive-candle rack..Stepping into her digs was like passing through a time machine into another century, traveling in space, as well, to the Europe of Louis XIV. The expansive, high-ceilinged rooms overwhelmed the eye with the rich somber colors and the heavy forms of Baroque art and furniture. Shells, acanthus leaves, volutes, garlands, and scrolls-often gilded decorated the museum-quality antique Bombay chests, chairs, tables, massive mirrors, cabinets, and etageres..The blue vault above, cloudless now, was the most threatening sky that Edom had ever seen. The air was astonishingly dry so soon after a storm. And still. Hushed. Earthquake weather. Before this momentous day was done, great temblors and five-hundred-foot tidal waves would rock and swamp the coast..Nevertheless, when the points of soreness in his brow and cheeks gradually grew worse, he stopped at a service station near Courtland, bought a bottle of Pepsi from a vending machine, and washed down yet another capsule of antihistamines. He also took another antiemetic, four aspirin, and-although he felt no trembling in his bowels-one more dose of paregoric..He had noted all seven names on the bassinets, but he read them again. He sensed in their names-or in one of their names-the explanation for his

seemingly mad perception of a looming threat..The minister had finished. The service was over. No one came to Junior with condolences, because they would see him again shortly, at the Ford dealership buffet..Of course, Angel might have been playing around with the talking book. Or, even though she'd left the dolls downstairs, she might have been filling the time until Barty's return by having a nice chat with Miss Pixie and Miss Velveeta. She had other voices, too, for other dolls, and one for a sock puppet named Smelly..Second, Thomas Vanadium received no mention: Therefore, his body hadn't been found in the lake. He still ought to be under suspicion in the Bressler case. And if new evidence cleared him of suspicion, then his disappearance should have been mentioned, and he should have been listed as another possible victim of the Shamefaced Slayer, the Bandaged Butcher, as the tabloids had dubbed Junior..And now she didn't need him anymore. He gazed at her face, held her cooling hand; his anchor was slipping away from him, leaving him adrift..Junior was motivated not by twisted needs, but by rational self interest. Consequently, he opted to load the detective's body into the cramped backseat of the Studebaker with all limbs intact and head attached..In case someone was waiting in the hallway, he flushed the john for authenticity, though binding foods and paregoric still gave him the sturdy bowels of any brave knight in battle..The sound-suppressor didn't render the pistol entirely silent, but the three soft reports, each like a quiet cough muffled by a hand, wouldn't have carried beyond the hallway.."But what made you choose that life? You must have committed to the seminary awfully young."..Junior didn't care which explanation was correct. Only one thing mattered: The Bartholomew hunt was at last nearing an end. On Wednesday, December 27, Junior met Google, the document forger, in a theater, during a matinee of Bonnie and Clyde..In addition to mulling over strategy, Tom had spent a lot of time lately brooding about culpability: his own, not Cain's. By seizing on the name that he heard Cain speak in a dream, by making use of it in this psychological warfare, had he been the architect of the killer's Bartholomew obsession, or if not the architect, then at least an assisting..A few attractive women were here alone, proof that social mores had changed dramatically in three years. Junior was aware of their hot gazes, their need, and he knew that he could have any of them..Memory of the Spartan decor of Thomas Vanadium's house lingered with Junior, and he addressed his living space with the detective's style in mind. He installed a minimum of furniture, though all new and of higher quality than the junk in Vanadium's residence: sleek, modem, Danish-pecan wood and nappy oatmeal-colored upholstery..He closed his eyes to know the kitchen as Barty knew it. The fine aromas, the musical clink of spoons, the tinny rattle of pans, the liquid swish of a stirring whisk, the heat from the ovens, the women's voices: Gradually, denying himself sight, he was aware of his other senses sharpening..Nevertheless, he stepped away from the wall, and with his hands extended to full arm's length, he turned, feeling the lightless world around him. Nothing. No one..During Junior's brief stroll, the sidewalk ended, giving way to the graveled shoulder of the road. He saw no one on foot, and no vehicles passed him..unwittingly oversell any strong reaction, striking a false note and raising suspicions..He hadn't intended to enter the gallery. No one in his usual circles would attend this show, unless in such a state of chemically altered consciousness that they wouldn't be able to recall the event in the morning, so he wasn't likely to be recognized or remembered. Yet it seemed unwise to risk being identified as a reception attendee if Celestina White's little Bartholomew and maybe the artist herself were murdered later. The police, in their customary paranoia, might suspect a link between this affair and the killings, which would motivate them to seek out and..In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the connections among those arts clear. There was-as the wise men of Roke would say later-no science in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents..If the angular mass was Neddy, the vaguely warm, damp something must be the strangled man's protruding tongue.."I love you, Daddy," she said, and put the palms of her hands flat against his temples..When Junior opened the trunk, he discovered that fishing gear and two wooden carriers full of carpenter's tools left no room for a dead detective. He would be able to make the body fit only if he dismembered it first.."It isn't just the rotten railing," Junior said, still paging through the report, his outrage growing. "The stairs are unsafe"..Struggling to keep a grip on consciousness, Junior told himself to focus on the future, to live in the future, free of the useless past and the difficult present, but he could not get into the future far enough to be in a time when the pain was no longer with him..Nolly liked to watch her hands while she worked. They were slim, graceful, the hands of an adolescent girl..His exceptional sensitivity remained a curse. He had been more profoundly affected by Victoria's and Vanadium's tragic deaths than he had realized. Wrenched, he was..When she went upstairs at 2:10 in the morning, she found the boy fast asleep in the soft lamplight, Tunnel in the Sky at his side..If he hadn't been such a rational, stable, no-nonsense person all of his life, Junior might have thought he was losing his mind.."Me, me," Celestina said. "In fact, fianc?es should come first."..Taking her silence for assent, Tom continued: "Your father is gone from here, gone forever, but he still lives in other worlds. This isn't a statement of faith alone. If Albert Einstein were still alive and standing here, he'd tell you that it's true. Your father is with you in many places, and so is Phimie. In many places, she didn't die in childbirth. In some worlds, she was never raped, her life never blighted. But there's an irony in that, isn't there? Because in those worlds, Angel doesn't exist-yet Angel is a miracle and a blessing." He looked up from the city to the woman. "So when you're lying in bed tonight, kept awake by grief, don't think just about what you've lost with your father and Phimie. Think about what you have in this world that you've never known in some others-Angel. Whether God's a Catholic, a Baptist, a Jew, a Muslim, or a quantum mechanic, He gives us compensation for our pain, compensation right here in this world, not just in those parallel to it and not just in some afterlife. Always compensation for the pain ... if we recognize it when we see it."..Junior had thought most other policemen must consider Vanadium to be a loose cannon, a rogue, an outcast. Perhaps the opposite was true-and if it was, if Vanadium was highly regarded among his peers, he was immeasurably more dangerous than Junior had realized..To buy as much time as possible while Enoch Cain's assault was still fresh in Celestina's mind, Tom proposed that they

remain hidden away for another two weeks, unless the killer was apprehended sooner. "Then if you go to Wally's house from here, you'll want to install the best alarm system you can get, and you should lead a restricted life for quite a while, even hire security if you can afford it. The smartest thing would be to move out of San Francisco as soon as Wally's recovered. He retired young, right? And a painter can paint anywhere. Sell the properties here, start over somewhere else, and make the move in such a way that you can't be easily traced. I can help you work that out." She worried that they would argue with her, and though she knew that she was committed to her decision, she was afraid to have that commitment tested just yet. He also concluded arrangements to open an account for Gammoner in a Grand Cayman Island bank and one for Pinchbeck in Switzerland. Junior didn't find anything to explain her paranoia though, to his surprise, he discovered six books by Caesar Zedd in her small library. The pages were dog-eared; the text was heavily underlined. In spring, summer, and fall, they brightened the grave with the roses that Edom grew in the side yard. In this less rose-friendly season, these Christmas bouquets had been purchased at a flower shop. playing cards, Agnes fixated on Deed's blond bangs, which curled across his broad brow. He switched on his flashlight. In the beam, on the blacktop, a silver disc. Like a full moon in a night sky. Evidently, either Frank Sinatra was an enthusiasm that Victoria and the detective shared, or the nurse purchased some of the crooner's records expressly for their dinner engagement. After the service, among those who came to Agnes at graveside, trying to express the inexpressible, was Paul Damascus, the owner of Damascus Pharmacy on Ocean Avenue. Of Mideastern extraction, he had dark olive skin and, incredibly, rust-red hair. With his rust-red eyebrows, lashes, and mustache, his handsome face looked like that of a bronze statue with a curious patina. Although she had slept well and though her hemorrhaging had been successfully arrested, Agnes was too weak to manage breakfast alone. A simple spoon was as heavy and as unwieldy as a shovel. He had been warned about this accuracy issue by the thumbless young thug who delivered the weapon in a bag of Chinese takeout, in Old St. Mary's Church. Junior tended to believe the warning, because he figured the eight-fingered felon might have been deprived of his thumbs as punishment for having forgotten to relay the same or an equally important message to a customer in the past, thus assuring his current conscientious attention to detail.

[Free Men Dont Ask Permission to Bear Arms Gun Rights Journal with Lined Pages for Journaling Studying Writing Daily Reflection Notes Study Workbook](#)

[Small Habits=big Results How Easy Small Habits=big Results How Consistency Beats Intensity and How You Can Utilize the Compounding Effect to Change and Improve Your Life!](#)

[Its the Most Wonderful Time of the Year Football Journal with Lined Pages for Journaling Studying Writing Daily Reflection Notes Prayer Workbook](#)

[A Fool and His Money Are a Girls Best Friend Sassy Girl Journal with Lined Pages for Journaling Studying Writing Daily Reflection Notes Prayer Workbook](#)

[Expressions of Life](#)

[She Has Fire in Her Soul and Grace in Her Heart Womens Inspirational Journal with Lined Pages for Journaling Studying Writing Daily Reflection Notes Study Workbook](#)

[The Circle A Play in Three Acts](#)

[Jesus Is My Anchor A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Notebook Journal with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Christian Faith Cover Slogan](#)

[Forget Diamonds I Want a German Shepherd German Breed Dog Journal with Lined Pages for Journaling Studying Writing Daily Reflection Notes Prayer Workbook](#)

[Picture Book Random Vol 1 2](#)

[A Propos Me Too A Psycho-Spiritual Approach to Understanding](#)

[Freedom Lasts as Long as Your Willingness to Defend It Since 1776 Pro Guns Journal with Lined Pages for Journaling Studying Writing Daily Reflection and Log Book](#)

[Workplace Disputes Resolve Conflict in 4 Easy Steps with the Calm Dialogue](#)

[Planner Weekly Monthly 2019 Navy Dairy with Pink Flamingos](#)

[I Fix Stupid RN Nurse Journal with Lined Pages for Journaling Studying Writing Daily Reflection Prayer Workbook](#)

[Monthly Budget Planner Weekly Notes Bill Organizer January 2019 Through December 2019 with Inspiration](#)

[The Man Who Knew Too Much And Other Stories](#)

[If Lost Pls Return Me to My Squad A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Notebook Journal with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Team Crew Cover Slogan](#)

[Y](#)

[Corbeil-Essonnes \(France\) Trip Journal Lined Travel Journal Diary Notebook with Corbeil-Essonnes \(France\) Map Cover Art](#)

[My Admirable Aunt Gave Me This Journal Spiritual Indian Elephant](#)

[Journal Notebook Composition Book Size 85x11 Inch 110 Pages](#)

[T My Journal](#)

[Christmas 2018 Countdown Christmas Party Planner](#)

[X](#)

[I Am 36 and Magical Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Pages\)](#)

[The Secret Ingredient Is Always Love Blank Lined Journal to Write in - Ruled Writing Notebook](#)

[99 Years Loved](#)

[Tczew \(Poland\) Trip Journal Lined Travel Journal Diary Notebook with Tczew \(Poland\) Map Cover Art](#)

[Happy Halloween Blank Lined Journal to Write in - Ruled Writing Notebook](#)

[Awesome Medical Assistant Writing Journaling Diary](#)

[I Am 13 and Magical Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Pages\)](#)

[Greyhound Wide Rule Notebook Over 100 Pages](#)

[Llamas Are Born in March Blank Lined Journal](#)

[Shift Yourselfie](#)

[I Am 22 and Magical Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Pages\)](#)

[Worlds Best Life Lab Teacher Notebook Journal with 110 Lined Pages](#)

[Evening Routine Notebook](#)

[Telephonist Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Telephone Operator Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Geologist Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Normal Teacher Algebrateacher Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[TV Cameraman Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Politician Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Trucker Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Magician Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Be Happy Kitty Notebook Ruled Journal for School Office and Home\(cute and Colorful Cover 6 X 9 Inches 110 Pages\)](#)

[Nurse Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Accountant Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Halloween Word Search Large Print Word Search Puzzles](#)

[Makeup Artist Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Puppeteer Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Courageous Life Through Poetry](#)

[Sexual Passport For Men and for Women](#)

[Assault in Aspen A Jessica Star Mystery Book 13](#)

[Diary of a Kids Ages 4-8 Childhood Learning Preschool Activity Book 100 Pages Size 85x11 Inch](#)

[Photographer Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Proud Pitbull Dad Unruled Composition Book](#)

[Civil Servant Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Professional Gambler Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Childrens Diary Ages 4-8 Childhood Learning Preschool Activity Book 100 Pages Size 85x11 Inch](#)

[Proverbs 31 28 Her Children Rise Up and Call Her Blessed](#)

[Jeweler Because Fucking Awesome Is Not an Official Job Title Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Hello My Name Is Big Daddy Funny Phrase Book with Lined Pages That Can Be Used as a Journal or Notebook](#)

[Science Notebook](#)

[Sorry Im Already Taken by a Smokin Hot Jeweler Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Hangin Around Cute Bat Notebook](#)

[You Are Living Your Story Motivational Journals for Women to Write in](#)

[This Magical Little Girl Is Nine Birthday Unicorn Journal for Girls Aged 9](#)

[Reese Personalized Edgy Fashion Themed Journal with Lined Pages](#)

[100% Made in South Korea Customised Note Book for Patriotic South Koreans](#)

[Adult Coloring Books for Men \(Merry Christmas\) An Adult Coloring \(Colouring\) Book with 30 Unique Christmas Coloring Pages A Great Gift for](#)

[Christmas \(Adult Colouring \(Coloring\) Books\)](#)

[Taurus - No More Frogs Successful Dating](#)

[Deep Blue Nursery Bible Story Picture Cards Winter 2018-19](#)

[2084](#)

[Somerset Bristol Murder Stories](#)

[Journal 100 Page Blank Lined Journal for Writing Note-Taking and Recording Thoughts!](#)

[Best Witches Coloring Book for Kids \(Happy Halloween\)](#)

[Halloween House](#)

[City of Silver](#)

[Seven Keys to Rejuvenation Look and Feel Ten Years Younger](#)

[Awesome Since 1977 Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Julia Personalized Edgy Fashion Themed Journal with Lined Pages](#)

[Yggsdrapa](#)

[Sorry Im Already Taken by a Smokin Hot Comic Book Writer Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[I Be with She Great Journal with Pirate Hook on the Cover](#)

[Sorry Im Already Taken by a Smokin Hot Salesperson Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[The Man Who Was a Snake Folk Tales for Infants and Pupils with Coloring Pictures](#)

[Sorry Im Already Taken by a Smokin Hot Designer Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Sorry Im Already Taken by a Smokin Hot Pilot Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Sorry Im Already Taken by a Smokin Hot TV Cameraman Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Sorry Im Already Taken by a Smokin Hot Caretaker Notebook Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Blank Pages\)](#)

[Zgorzelec \(Poland\) Trip Journal Lined Travel Journal Diary Notebook with Zgorzelec \(Poland\) Map Cover Art](#)

[Echirolles \(France\) Trip Journal Lined Travel Journal Diary Notebook with Echirolles \(France\) Map Cover Art](#)

[Montpellier \(France\) Trip Journal Lined Travel Journal Diary Notebook with Montpellier \(France\) Map Cover Art](#)

[I Love Isaiah Lined Journal for Jotting Love Notes](#)

[O My Journal](#)

[Zawiercie \(Poland\) Trip Journal Lined Travel Journal Diary Notebook with Zawiercie \(Poland\) Map Cover Art](#)

[I Am 4 and Magical Blank Line Notebook \(85 X 11 - 110 Pages\)](#)

[I Love Gabrielle Lined Journal for Jotting Love Notes](#)
