

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT A MAN I KNEW

He got everything he ordered—full value, and more. When he lifted off the top of the bun to squeeze mustard onto the burger, he discovered a shiny quarter pressed into the half-melted cheese. His previous plan to create a tableau—butter on the floor, open oven door—to portray Victoria's death as an accident was no longer adequate. A new strategy was required. Houses made settling noises all the time. That was one reason why he couldn't rely much on sound to guide him through the darkness. A noise he thought had been made by the weight of his tread might as easily have been produced by the house itself as it adjusted to the. With the salt and pepper shakers, Tom walked them through the why-I'm-not-sad-about-my-face explanation that he'd given to Angel ten days previously. Mary had a yellow vinyl ball of the type Koko would happily chase all day and, if allowed, chew all night, keeping the house awake with its squeaking. "Want this?" she asked Koko. Koko wanted it, of course, needed it, absolutely had to have it, and leaped into action as Mary pretended to throw the ball. One of the most unnerving aspects of life in southern California was that earthquake weather came in so many varieties. As many days as not, you got out of bed, checked the sky and the barometer, and realized with dismay that conditions were indicative of catastrophe. "Even when I was a young boy," Tom continued, "the world felt a lot different to me from the way it looked to other people. I don't mean I was smarter. I've got maybe a little better than average IQ, but nothing I could brag about. Flunked geography twice and history once. No one would ever confuse me and Einstein. It's just, I felt ... such complexity and mystery that other people didn't appreciate, such layered beauty, layers upon layers like phyllo pastry, each new layer more amazing than the last. I can't explain it to you without sounding like a holy fool, but even as a boy, I wanted to serve the God who had created so much wonder, regardless of how strange and perhaps even beyond all understanding He might be." If the wife killer had cut himself accidentally, his writing on the wall indicated a hair-trigger temper and a deep reservoir of long-nurtured anger. From her reading, she knew that amniotic fluid should be clear. A few traces of blood in it should not necessarily be alarming, but here were more than traces. Here were thick red-black streams. With that thought, he made himself laugh. Unfortunately, his laughter was high-pitched and shaky, and it scared the hell out of him. unwittingly oversell any strong reaction, striking a false note and raising suspicions. The only bad moment in the evening came when the pianist played "Someone to Watch over Me." With only a faint twinge of sentimental longing, he drove away from the house that had been his and Naomi's love nest for fourteen blissful months. Convinced he was alone and unobserved, Junior leaned into the car and shifted it out of park. He released the hand brake. After poring through enough sensational newspaper accounts to be convinced that the curse-casting reverend was undeniably dead, Junior had acquired four pieces of surprising information. Three were of vital importance to him. While Jacob had shuffled, Agnes had taken little Barty from his bassinet into her arms. She was surprised and discomfited to discover that the baby was to have his fortune told first. 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. "At the back of the second gallery, on the left, there's a corridor. The rest rooms are at the end of it, beyond the offices." Could any spell of magic make, Harrison and Grace had welcomed him in spite of the fact that a friend and parishioner had died on Thursday, leaving them both bereft and with church obligations. He got behind the wheel of the Studebaker, started the engine, did a hard 180-degree turn, using more lawn than driveway, and cried out in terror when Vanadium moved noisily in the backseat. She took a deep breath. She lifted her head, straightened her shoulders, and went inside, where a new life waited for her. And in time, the surgeon did appear, bearing the good news that neither of the malignancies had spread to the orbit and optic nerve, but he had no greater miracle to report. The rough massage had only just begun to bring a little relief to Junior's legs when Sparky returned with six stoppered rubber bags full of ice. "This was all the bags they had down at the drugstore." If he woke, however, and saw her sitting vigil, Barty would understand how terrible his condition might be. Having been an object of Thomas Vanadium's fixation, Junior felt fortunate to have survived. He shuddered. The rich aromas on the air would have thwarted the will of the most devout monks on a fast of penitence. Instinctively, he knew he should not give massages to Negroes. He sensed that somehow he would be physically or morally polluted by this contact. "For one thing, jurors might conclude that the authorities never really suspected you and tried to frame you for murder to conceal their culpability in the poor maintenance of the tower. By far, most of the cops think you're innocent anyway." Putting an arm around Paul's shoulders, Dr. Salk walked with him along a street lined with eucalyptuses and Torrey pines, to a nearby pocket park. They sat on a bench in the sunshine and watched duck waddle on the shore of a man-made pond. "I love you, Daddy," she said, and put the palms of her hands flat against his temples. Hunched over his desk, leaning forward conspiratorially, his piggy eyes glittering like those of an ogre discussing his favorite recipe for cooking children, Nolly said, "I've been able to confirm your suspicions. Although the only light on the back porch came from the pale beams that filtered out through the curtains on the kitchen windows, all these faces seemed luminous, almost preternaturally aglow, like the kiln-fired countenances of saints in a dark church, lit solely by the flames of votive candles. The rain—a music of sorts, and the jasmine and incense, and the moment sacred. Junior strove to appear properly mortified. "Thought I heard something. Searched the apartment." Although Vanadium had been morally certain about the identity of his assailant, intuition without evidence was not sufficient to stir the authorities into action—not against a man on whom the state and county had settled \$4,250,000 in the matter of his wife's mortal fall. They would appear either to be incompetent in the investigation of Naomi Cain's death or to be pursuing Enoch in the new matter out of sheer vindictiveness. Without stacks of evidence, the political risks of acting on a policeman's instinct were too great. This soiling of Naomi's memory was a sadness so poignant, so terrible, that he wondered if he could endure it. He felt his mouth

tremble and go soft, not with the urge to throw up again, but with something like grief if not grief itself. His eyes filled with tears..At Thanksgiving dinner, again at the three tables set end to end, in the year of the triple zero, Mary Lampion, now fourteen years old, made an interesting announcement over the pumpkin pie. In her travels where none but she could go, after seven fascinating years of exploring a fraction of all the infinite worlds, she said she sensed beyond doubt that, as Barty's mother had told him on her deathbed, there is one special place beyond all the ways things are, one shining place.. "It's even worse," Junior rasped, convinced that he was losing some indefinable advantage if the cop left without playing out this moment as it would usually unfold in an intellectual television crime drama like Perry Mason or Peter Gunn..After the stupid bastards read a newspaper or smoked a few cigarettes, they finally broke down the door. Satisfyingly dramatic: the crack of splintering wood, the crash..He had time to think of quite a few, because he drove five miles per hour below the posted speed limit. He couldn't risk being stopped for a traffic violation when Thomas Vanadium, the human stump, was dead and bundled in the back.. "Not that trains are any better. Look at the Bakersfield crash back in '60. Santa Fe Chief, out of San Francisco, smashed into an oil-tank truck. Seventeen people crushed, burned in a river of fire.. "From his first birthday to his third, Barty made worthless all the child-care and child-development books that a first-time mother relied on to know what to expect of her offspring, and when. Barty grew and coped and learned according to his own clock..An unfortunately bumpy ride for the deceased: along the hallway, through the foyer, across the entry threshold, down the porch steps, across a lawn dappled with pine shadows and yellow moonlight, to the graveled driveway. No complaints..She wasn't listening closely to him. Numb. She felt as though she were half anesthetized. She was looking past him, at nothing, and his Voice seemed to be coming to her through several layers of surgical masks, though he now wore none at all..The reverend said, "I'm sure you underestimate my parishioners, Celestina. They won't be scandalized. They'll open their hearts.. "Sobbing desperately, he dropped the telephone handset on the secretary, seized the dishtowel. He wrapped the cloth tightly around the shattered stump, applying pressure to diminish the bleeding..Her brothers' solemnity irritated Agnes. They appeared to be taking this reading seriously, as though it were far more than just a little after-dinner entertainment..As beautiful as they were, none of these women satisfied him as profoundly as Naomi had satisfied him.. "When I couldn't get enough nightclub and theater bookings for my magic act anymore ... I turned to gambling.. "Junior didn't make the mistake of thinking that Magusson's new conciliatory attitude meant they were friends, that confidences could be shared or truths exchanged. The money-grubbing toad's only real friend would always be the one he saw in a mirror. If he discovered that Junior was having a great time post-Naomi, Magusson would store the information until he found a way to use it to his advantage..If Junior had realized that they were driving only a block and a half, he wouldn't have followed them in the Mercedes. He would have gone the rest of the way on foot. When he pulled to the curb again, a few car lengths behind the Buick, he wondered if he had been spotted..Although she already knew that the answer could not be cheerily optimistic, Celestina wondered, "Is the baby likely to be . . . normal? ". "Those were Rowena's affectionate names for the boys when they were babies. Her private nonsense names for them, because she said they were like two beautiful little elves and ought to have elfin names.. "Getting out of the stuffy car into air much chillier than it had been when he'd left this place, Junior stood unsteadily as the police and the paramedics gathered around him. Then he led them through the wild grass to Naomi, moving haltingly, stumbling on small stones that the others navigated with ease..He was, admittedly, surprised that Nurse Bressler was strongly compelled to come on to him even though she had read his patient file and knew that he'd recently been a veritable geyser of noxious spew, that during the violent seizure in the ambulance, he had also lost control of bladder and bowels, and that he might at any moment suffer an explosive relapse. This was a remarkable testament to the animal lust he inspired even without trying, to the powerful male magnetism that was as much a part of him as his thick blond hair..One apartment to the right, one to the left. Junior went to the right, to Apartment 1, where he'd seen the lights come on behind the curtained windows..He heard her explain that the title of the exhibition had been inspired by one of her father's sermons, which aired on a nationally syndicated weekly radio program more than three years ago. This wasn't a religious program, per se, but rather one concerned with a search for meaning in life; it usually broadcast interviews with contemporary philosophers as well as speeches by them, but from time to time featured a clergyman. Her father's sermon received the greatest response from listeners of anything aired on the program in twenty years, and three weeks later, it was rerun by popular demand..This is, of course, the purpose of art: to disturb you, to leave you uneasy with yourself and wary of the world, to undermine your sense of reality in order to make you reconsider all that you think you know. The finest art should shatter you emotionally, devastate you intellectually, leave you physically ill, and fill you with loathing for those cultural traditions that bind us and weigh us down and drown us in a sea of conformity. Junior had learned this much, already, from his art appreciation course..Certain disbelief insulated her against immediate surprise. She shook her head. "That's not possible.. "Recently, Wally administered to Angel a set of apperception tests for three-year-olds, and the results indicated that she might not ever be a math whiz or a verbal gymnast, but that she might be highly talented in other ways. Her appreciation of color, her innate understanding of the derivation of secondary hues from the primary colors, her sense of spatial relationships, and her recognition of basic geometric forms regardless of the angle at which they were presented were all far beyond what was exhibited by other kids her age. Wally said she was visually, rather than verbally, gifted, that she would undoubtedly exhibit increasing precociousness in matters artistic, that she might follow Celestina's career path, and that she might even prove to be a prodigy..A supply of ammunition lined the bottom of all the dresser and bureau drawers, concealed by underwear and other garments. Junior appropriated a box of 9-mm. cartridges..He must begin by learning as much as possible about ghosts, hauntings, and the vengeance of the dead. During the remainder of 1966, only two apparently paranormal events occurred in

Junior Cain's life, the first on Wednesday, October 5..Frustrated again, she said simply, "Whenever Edom and Jacob talk about these things, I want you to be sure always to keep in mind that life's about living and being happy, not about dying."He managed to hold the towel around his foot, but it grew dark red and disgustingly mushy..Wally and Celestina went to dinner at the Armenian restaurant from which he'd gotten takeout on the day in '65 that he rescued her and Angel from Neddy Gnathic. Red tablecloths, white dishes, dark wood paneling, a cluster of candles in red glasses on each table, air redolent of garlic and roasted peppers and cubeb and sizzling soujouk-plus a personable staff, largely of the owners' family-created an atmosphere as right for celebration as for intimate conversation, and Celestina expected to enjoy both, because this promised to be a most momentous day in more ways than one.."Me too." He closed the ring box. Took a deep breath. Opened the box again. "Celestina, when I met you, my heart was beating but it was dead. It was cold inside me. I thought it would never be warm again, but because of you, it is. You have given my life back to me, and I want now to give my life to you. Will you marry me?""One hour," he announced, establishing a countdown. In sixty minutes, his internal clock would rouse him from a meditative state.."Oh, Wally, I am worried. I'm deeply worried. My mama is going to buy herself a first-class ticket to the fiery pit if she doesn't stop this prevaricatin'".To be fair, with her exceptional beauty, she would have been the center of attention even in a gathering of real artists. Junior had little chance of getting at Seraphim's bastard boy without going through this woman and killing her as well; but if his luck held and he could eliminate Bartholomew without Celestina realizing who had done the deed, then he might yet have a chance to discover if she was as lubricious as her sister and if she was his heart mate..While Jacob ate, he browsed through a new coffee-table book on dam disasters. He talked more to himself than to Barty and Angel, as he spot-read the text and looked at pictures. "Oh, my," he would say in sonorous tones. Or sadly, sadly: "Oh, the horror of it." Or with indignation: "Criminal. Criminal that it was built so poorly." Sometimes he clucked his tongue in his cheek or sighed or groaned in commiseration..She was a duplicitous bitch, too. After coming on to him, after teasing a reaction out of him, she had run off and gossiped about him as though he had instigated the seduction. Worse, to make herself feel important, she had told the police her skewed version, surely with much colorful embellishment..The following April, when he proposed to her, she wouldn't have him. "You're sweet, Paul, but I can't let you throw your life away on me. You're this ... this beautiful ship that will sail a long way, to fascinating places, and I'd only be your anchor."Junior had the picture now. Clear as Kodachrome. Victoria was in a relationship, and she had come on to him in the hospital not because she was looking for more action, but because she was a tease. One of those women who thought it was funny to get a man's juices up and then leave him stewing in them..The 9-mm pistol rested in the complementary shoulder holster, under Junior's leather coat. But the sound-suppressor hadn't been attached; it was in one of his coat pockets. The extended barrel, too long to lay comfortably against his left side, would most likely have hung up on the holster when drawn..Vanadium nodded. "And I'd like to hear about Cain's reactions in more detail. I've read your reports, of course, and they've been thorough, but necessarily condensed. There'll be lots of subtleties that only reveal themselves in conversation. Often, the apparently insignificant details are the most important to me when I'm devising strategy."Clenching his right hand around the quarter, waving left hand over right, he intoned, "Jingle-jangle, mingle-jingle." Opening his right hand, he revealed that the coin had vanished..One manly woman. Several womanly men. But no blocky figure that could have been the crazed cop even in disguise..Neither customers nor staff could be found in the first of the three large rooms. Only cheaper galleries were crowded with browsers and unctuous sales personnel. In an establishment as upscale as Coquin, the hoi polloi were discouraged from gawking, while the high value and extreme desirability of the art were made evident by the staff's almost pathological aversion to promoting the merchandise..This was not the same card he'd found at his bedside, under two dimes and a nickel, on the night following Naomi's funeral. He had torn that one and had thrown it away..Although Junior felt honor-bound to give Victoria first shot at him, he certainly didn't owe her monogamy. Eventually, when he had shaken off suspicion as finally as he had shaken off Naomi, he would be in the mood for a dessert buffet, romantically speaking, and one éclair would not satisfy..and proceeded to turn it across his knuckles as swiftly and smoothly as he had with his right hand..Not incidentally, the project served as a vehicle by which some older citizens, in financial crisis, could receive money in a way that spared their dignity, gave them hope, and repaired their damaged self esteem. Agnes asked Obadiah to enrich the project by accepting a one year grant to record the story of his life with the help of the head librarian..Sometimes Angel seemed troubled by what she'd been told about her grandfather, and at those moments she appeared downcast, somber. But she was just three, after all, too young to grasp the permanence of death. She would probably not have been surprised if Harrison White had walked through the door in a little while, during *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* or *The Lucy Show*..Suddenly so many of Zedd's greatest maxims seemed to conflict with one another, when previously they had together formed a reliable philosophy and guide to success..Fascinated by this strange new realm, Angel returned to her chair periodically, between explorations, to sip apple juice and to reveal her latest discoveries: "They got yellow shelf paper. They got potatoes in a drawer. They got four kinds of pickles in the refrigerator. They got a toaster under a sock with pictures of birds on it."What didn't come as a surprise to Paul was Agnes's determination that the Whites, during their period of lying low, should stay with her and Barty.."July 6, 1944, in Hartford, Connecticut, a fire broke out in the great tent of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus at two-forty in the afternoon, while six thousand patrons watched the Wallendas, a world-famous high-wire troupe, ascend to begin their act. By three o'clock, the fire burned out, following the collapse of the flaming tent, leaving one hundred sixty-eight dead. Another five hundred people were badly injured, but one thousand circus animals-including forty lions and forty elephants-were not harmed."Sliding one hand lightly along the railing, the boy quickly descended the short flight of steps and walked onto the soggy lawn, into the rain.."There's a valuable lesson in that," Agnes said. "Others can learn

from it if you care to share. But if you want to record your life only up to the card cheating, that's okay, too. Even that far, it's a fascinating journey, a story that shouldn't be lost with you when you pass on. Libraries are packed with biographies of movie stars and politicians' most of them not capable of as much meaningful self-analysis as you'd get from a toad. We don't need to know more about celebrities' lives, Obadiah. What might help us, what might even save us, is knowing more about the lives of real people who've never made it even medium but who know where they came from and why." "Too few," said Maria, "might mean you made an admirably small number of moral mistakes but also that you failed to take reasonable risks and didn't make full use of the gift of life." As he said cards, the magician turned a knowing look toward Edom, eliciting from him a responding frown of puzzlement..Junior spoke the three words aloud and felt a strange resonance between them and his dim memories of Reverend White's voice on that long-ago night. Yet the link, if any actually existed, remained elusive..She leaned against the apartment door for a long moment, holding on to the doorknob and to the thumb-turn of the second deadbolt, as though she were convinced that if she let go, she would float off the floor like a cloud-stuffed child..Why Cain, even if he was the father, should be interested in the little girl was a mystery to Tom Vanadium. This totally self-involved, spookily hollow man held nothing sacred; fatherhood would have no appeal for him, and he certainly wouldn't feel any obligation to the child that had resulted from his assault on Phimie..Saturday morning, Paul made himself useful by assisting Grace with food preparation and by setting out the plates, flatware, and glasses on the dining-room sideboard..face looked familiar, and he sensed that he had seen it before in a disquieting context, although the man's identity eluded him..The various flavors of canned soda were always racked in the same order, allowing Barty to select what he wanted without error. He got orange for Angel, root beer for himself, and closed the refrigerator..Paul realized that the kitchen had fallen silent, that the women had turned to the two children and now stood as motionless as figures in a waxworks tableau.."We do look somewhat alike," Edom said, shifting his attention to Jacob's left ear..Occasionally, when Junior returned home from a day of gallery hopping or an evening at a restaurant, Industrial Woman-the artist's title-scared away his mellow mood. More than once, he'd cried out in alarm before realizing this was just his prized Poriferan..According to his wristwatch, the time was 9:05 in the morning on this momentous day.."You may be eating yourself into an early grave, Vinnie, but poor Jacob has murdered his own soul, and that's infinitely worse." "I'm not sad," Tom said, "because though I have this face here in this world, I know there's another me-in fact, lots of other Tom Vanadiums-who don't have this face at all. Somewhere I'm doing just fine, thank you." As early as this evening, here at her son's bedside, Agnes began dimly to sense that certain of these amusing conversations with Barty might not be as fanciful as they seemed, that he was expressing in a childlike way some truth that she had assumed was fantasy..She felt that she had failed her sister. She didn't know what more she could have done, but if she'd been wiser and more insightful and more attentive, surely this terrible loss would not have come to pass..He'd listened to the message and thought it incomprehensible, of no import. Suddenly, tardy intuition told him that it could not have been any more important to him if it had been dead Naomi calling from beyond the grave to leave testimony for the detective..As though stirred by static electricity, the fine hairs on the backs of Tom's hands quivered, and a current of expectation coursed through him..Perhaps this particular worry was not ordinary maternal concern. If a sixth sense is at work in all of us, then perhaps subconsciously Apes was aware of the tragedy to come: the tumors, the surgery, the blindness.."After the war, for a while, I was able to get more mainstream work. Racially ... things were changing. But I was getting older, too, and the entertainment business is always looking for someone young, fresh. So I never made it big. Lord, I never even made it medium, but I got along okay. Until ... by the early 1950s, my booking agent found it harder and harder to line up good dates, good clubs." Wednesday, with a swiftness that confirmed its eagerness to make a deal, the state supplied records on the fire tower. For five years, a significant portion of the maintenance funds had been diverted by bureaucrats to other uses. And for three years, the responsible maintenance supervisor filed an annual report on this specific tower, requesting immediate funds for fundamental reconstruction; the third of these documents, submitted eleven months prior to Naomi's fall, was composed in crisis language and stamped urgent..Babies of unwed mothers-especially of dead unwed mothers, and especially of dead unwed mothers whose fathers were ministers unable to endure public mortification-were routinely put up for adoption. Since Seraphim had given birth here, the baby would be-no doubt already had been-adopted by a San Francisco-area family.."That's kind of you," Panglo stammered, "but I have little time for reading, very little time." After the detective returned the box to the nightstand, the coin began to turn again..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?.One of the coin seekers knocked against Junior, jarring him loose of his paralysis, but when he stumbled out of the line of fire of the second vending machine, a third machine shot quarters at him..As though frightened of the gentle certainty in Celestina's eyes, the doctor turned away from he, and toward the window once more.."Seems like," Vanadium agreed. "So a man like Cain obsesses on one thing after another-sex, money, food, power, drugs, alcohol, anything that seems to give meaning to his days, but that requires no real self-discovery or self-sacrifice. Briefly, he feels complete. However, there's no substance to what he's filled himself with, so it soon evaporates, and then he's empty again." During the cleaning, installation of new carpet, and painting that had followed the removal of the diarrhetic pig set loose by one of Cain's disgruntled girlfriends, the wife killer had spent a few nights in a hotel. Nolly took advantage of the opportunity to bring his associate James Hunnicolt--Jimmy Gadget-onto the premises to provide a customized, undetectable, exterior window-latch release..During the past few years, he had discovered that a lousy few million could buy even more freedom than he had thought when he'd shoved Naomi off the fire

tower. Great wealth, fifty or a hundred million, would purchase not only greater freedom, and not just the ability to pursue even more ambitious self-improvement, but also power. "I see. Sometimes. Just quick. For like a blink. Like when you stand between two mirrors. You know?" He was still her boy. As always, her boy. Bartholomew. Barty. Her sweetie. Her kiddo. In the front seat, Edom and Jacob murmured agreement with the narrator's sentiments. Monday night, Edom and Jacob booked adjoining units in a motel near the hospital. They called Barty's room to give Agnes the phone number and to report that they had inspected eighteen establishments before finding one that seemed comparatively safe. 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. A plate-size piece of the door had been blasted away. Because of the light shining through from the room beyond, Junior could see that no part of the lock remained intact. In fact, he peered through the hole in the door to the back of a piece of furniture that was jammed against it, whereupon the nature of the problem became clear to him. She worried that her anxiety would prove contagious, that when her fear infected her boy, he would be less able to fight whatever hateful thing had taken seed in his right eye. After tucking the flashlight under his belt, he grabbed the lip of the Dumpster with both hands. The metal was gritty, cold, and wet. His first overnight journey, in June of '65, was to La Jolla, north of San Diego. He carried too large a backpack and wore khaki pants when he should have worn shorts in the summer heat. When Frieda finished retching and passed out in a heap, Junior left her on the floor and immediately set out to explore her rooms. Paul watched as Barty hopped down from his chair and crossed the busy kitchen in a straight line to the wall phone, without one hesitant move. But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage. "Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because the fishermen can't pay us." He slapped her hands, knocking the sharpener and the pencil out of her grasp. They clattered against the window, fell onto the window-seat cushions. So quick, this violence, over even as it began. Because he had no interest in aftermath, however, Junior suffered no disappointment at the briefness of the thrill. The past was past, and as he closed the front door and stepped around the body, he focused on the future. Celestina almost begged off, almost told him that she had no interest in whatever curiosity of medicine or physiology he might have witnessed. The only miracle that would have mattered, Phimie's survival, had not been granted. Bressler but no Vanadium. A girl named Angel. Something was wrong here. Something was rotten. Elsewhere in the cemetery, about 150 yards away, another interment service-with a much larger group of mourners-had begun prior to this one for Naomi. Now it was over, and the people were dispersing to their cars. "Maybe it's not where the heart is," Wally corrected himself. "Maybe it's where the buffalo roam." He'd acted boldly, recklessly, without scoping the territory to be sure Prosser was alone. The accountant lived by himself, but a visitor might be present. Head lowered, as if his visit to Jacob were a weight that bowed him, his attention was on the ground. Otherwise, he might not have noticed, might not have been halted by, the intricate and beautiful pattern of sunlight and shadow over which he walked. She bit her lower lip, held her breath, repressed the sob that sought release, and said, "I know." Agnes's chilled bones. Pushing a tangle of wet hair away from her face, she realized that her hands were shaking. madness or a brilliant deductive insight: Naomi, the hateful bitch, she poisoned me! They were as gracious as any people he had ever met, but they also seemed genuinely interested in his story. He wasn't surprised that Agnes rubbed noses with him again, kissed him, and rose from the edge of the bed. He stood at a window, staring down into the street, his profile to her, and in his silence he searched for the words to describe the "something extraordinary" that he had mentioned earlier. Junior kept a file on each man, nevertheless, in case instinct later told him that one of them was, in fact, his mortal enemy. He could have killed all of them, just to be safe, but a multitude of dead Bartholomews, even spread over several jurisdictions, would sooner or later attract too much police attention. This Monday morning in Oregon was bleak, with the swollen, dark bellies of rain clouds swagging low over the cemetery, a dreary send-off for Naomi, even though rain was not yet falling. Heaven, and his words touched a tenderness in her, overlaying an arc of pain across the curve of her smile.

[The Adventures of Captain Pamphile and Delaportes Little Presents](#)

[Projects for the High School Sample Materials for Junior and Senior High School](#)

[Robin Goodfellow and Other Fairy Plays for Children](#)

[Drydens Opera of King Arthur](#)

[In the Beginning Some Greek Views on the Origins of Life and the Early State of Man](#)

[Goodbird the Indian His Story](#)

[Historical Records of the 1st Kings Own Stafford Militia Now 3rd and 4th Battalions South Staffordshire Regiment](#)

[The Rover or the Banishd Cavaliers A Comedy with the Alterations as It Is Now Revivd and Acting at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden](#)

[A Handbook Marine Aquarium Instructions for Constructing Stocking and Maintaining a Tank and for Collecting Plants and Animals](#)

[Journals of Henry Dearborn 1776-1783](#)

[The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning A Manual for Housekeepers](#)

[Henri de Navarre of Queen Margot](#)

[James Mott Of Dutchess County N Y and His Descendants](#)

[Discourse in Commemoration of the Glorious Reformation of the Sixteenth Century Delivered Before the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of West Pennsylvania](#)

[City Residential Land Development Studies in Planning Competitive Plans for Subdividing a Typical Quarter Section of Land in the Outskirts of Chicago](#)

[Huit Contes Choisis](#)

[Easy Latin for Sight Reading for Secondary Schools Selections from Ritchies Fabulae Faciles](#)

[The Scottish Terrier and the Irish Terrier Their History Characteristics and Development to the Present Standard Etc](#)

[Address to Army Associations and Miscellaneous Papers Relating to Civil and Spanish Wars](#)

[Growing Gold or a Treatise on the Cultivation of British Oak](#)

[Geography of the British Isles](#)

[Heritage of the Prairie A History of Leroy and of Empire and West Townships McLean County Illinois](#)

[A Guide to Kenilworth Containing a Brief Historical Account of the Castle Priory and Church With a Particular Description of the Present State of the Castle and Notices of the Priory Ruins and the Church](#)

[A Series of Articles on Speech-Defects as Localizing Symptoms from a Study of Six Cases of Aphasia](#)

[Hoher ALS Die Kirche](#)

[Colour Harmony in Dress](#)

[Les Timbres-Poste Ruraux de Russie Nomenclature Ginirale de Tous Les Timbres Connus Jusqua Ce Jour Avec Leurs Prix De-Vente Pricidi dUne](#)

[Introduction Sur LHistoire Des Postes Rurales Avec Notes Giographiques Et Historiques](#)

[A Soldiers Journal](#)

[The True Aaron Burr A Biographical Sketch](#)

[The Gospel of the Incarnation Two Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Princeton Theological Seminary October 9 and January 8](#)

[The Force of Truth An Authentic Narrative](#)

[de LOrdre Des Mots Dans Les Langues Anciennes Comparees Aux Langues Modernes Question de Grammaire Generale](#)

[The Boys Account of It A Chronicle of Foreign Travel by an Eight-Year-Old](#)

[Etude Nouvelle Sur LHedite Accompagnee DUn Recueil de Nombreux Exemples Avec Dessins de LAuteur](#)

[Giorgione Studio](#)

[History of the 91st Aero Squadron Air Service U S a](#)

[Choix Splendide de Preceptes Cueillis Dans La Loi Petit Manuel de Droit Immobilier Suivant Les Deux Rites Musulmans Orthodoxes de la Regence de Tunis](#)

[La Navigation Atmospherique](#)

[Cases of Conscience or Lessons in Morals For the Use of the Laity Extracted from the Moral Theology of the Romish Clergy](#)

[Memory Poems of War and Love](#)

[Rabelais Legiste Testament de Cuspidius Et Contrat de Vente de Culita Traduits Avec Des Eclaircissements Et Des Notes Et Publies Pour La Premiere Fois DAprès L'edition de Rabelais](#)

[On the Theories on Usury Adopted or Enforced by the Ecclesiastical and Secular Authorities in Europe During the Period 1100-1400 A D as Compared with the Provisions of the Mosaic Law](#)

[The Avoidance of Fires](#)

[Hand Book of Kentucky](#)

[A Note on Color For Teachers of Elementary Schools](#)

[Calendar of Dalhousie College and University Halifax Nova Scotia 1906-07](#)

[The Old Sergeant and Other Poems](#)

[Committee on Labour Centres Report on Labour Colonies](#)

[The Legend of Saint Francis By the Three Companions Now First Translated Into English](#)

[Correlation of Studies Report of Sub-Committee of the Committee of Fifteen With Annotations](#)

[Investigation of Sand-Lime Brick Thesis for Degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering College of Engineering University of Illinois Presented June 1905](#)

[The Easy Shorthand Or Benedict System of Phonography](#)

[Manifesto of the Communist Party](#)

[Foot-Prints of Temperance Pioneers](#)

[Evolution Or the Power and Operation of Numbers in the Statement the Calculation the Distribution and the Arrangement of Quantities Linear Superficial and Solid](#)

[In Pennsylvania-German Land 1928-29](#)

[Outlines of the Half-Course in Natural History 4 With References to Danas Manual of Geology and Notes](#)

[L W L Life Vol 13 June 1927](#)

[Photographic Printers Assistant](#)

[A Biographical Sketch of the REV Thomas Davies A M Missionary of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts in Several of the Towns of Litchfield County Conn from the Year 1761 to the Year 1766](#)

[The Widowd Wife a Comedy As It Is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane by His Majestys Servants](#)

[The Treatment of Philosophy and Philosophers by the Greek Comic Poets A Dissertation Presented to the Board of University Studies of the Johns Hopkins University for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy](#)

[The Taranaki Rifle Volunteers A Corps with a History Being a Chronicle of the Formation and Achievements of the First British Volunteer Corps to Become Engaged with an Enemy in the Field from 1859 to 1909](#)

[The Juvenile Instructor Vol 64 August 1929](#)

[Love Poems](#)

[The True Christian Theology of the Early Friends An Essay Read Before the Professors and Students of Earlham College Richmond Ind Fifth Month 15th 1880](#)

[Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam the Astronomer Poet of Persia](#)

[Devenish \(Lough Erne\) Its History Antiquities and Traditions](#)

[The Golden Book of King Edward VII Wise and Kindly Words of His Majesty](#)

[The Short Method Calculator](#)

[The Fifty-Fourth Annual Report of the American Madura Mission For 1888](#)

[Rose Des Vents](#)

[Aunt Phebe Uncle Tom and Others Character Studies Among the Old Slaves of the South Fifty Years After](#)

[Jesus Myth Man or God or the Popular Theology and the Positive Religion Contrasted](#)

[The Paradox of Acting](#)

[Christian Monasticism in Egypt To the Close of the Fourth Century](#)

[A Description of Vaux-Hall Gardens Being a Proper Companion and Guide for All Who Visit That Place](#)

[The Birch and the Star And Other Stories](#)

[The Pearl of the Antilles A View of the Past and a Glance at the Future](#)

[Pre-Paliolithic Man](#)

[The Distribution and Functions of Mental Imagery](#)

[The Maple Sugar Industry in Canada](#)

[The Washington-Crawford Letters Being the Correspondence Between George Washington and William Crawford from 1767 to 1781 Concerning Western Lands](#)

[A Short History of Coins and Currency Vol 2](#)

[Many Gods](#)

[Mental Arithmetic Vol 2 Percentage and Its Applications Various Rules General Analysis](#)

[Die-Casting Machines Hand-Operated and Automatic Machines for Making Pressure Castings](#)

[Magnetos for Automobilists How Made and How Used A Handbook of Practical Instruction in the Manufacture and Adaptation of the Magneto to the Needs of the Motorist](#)

[Sinn Fein An Illumination](#)

[The Expeditions of Zebulon Montgomery Pike Vol 3 of 3 To Headwaters of the Mississippi River Through Louisiana Territory and in New Spain During the Years 1805-6-7](#)

[Project of a New System of Arithmetic Weight Measure and Coins Proposed to Be Called the Tonal System with Sixteen to the Base](#)

[The Aborigines of New South Wales](#)

[Memoirs of a Stomach](#)

[The Last Age of the Church](#)

[Memoir of the Distinguished Mohawk Indian Chief Sachem and Warrior Capt Joseph Brant Compiled from the Most Reliable and Authentic Records Including a Brief History of the Principal Events of His Life with an Appendix And Portrait](#)

[Pictures of the Patriarchs and Other Poems](#)

[Journal of a Voyage from Okkak on the Coast of Labrador to Ungava Bay Westward of Cape Chudleigh Undertaken to Explore the Coast and Visit the Esquimaux in That Unknown Region](#)

[Memoirs Relative to the Duke dEnghien](#)

[Frederick Engels His Life His Work and His Writings](#)

[On the Forestry Conditions Northern Wisconsin](#)
