

LETZTE GANGE

Tom stared down into the oceanic depths of the city, through the reefs of buildings, to the lamp-fish cars schooling through the great trenches..He had learned many things about himself on this momentous day--that he was more spontaneous than he had ever before realized, that he was willing to make grievous short-term sacrifices for long-term gain, that he was bold and daring-but perhaps the most important lesson was that he was a more sensitive person than he'd previously perceived himself to be and that this sensitivity, while admirable, was liable to undo him unexpectedly and at inconvenient times..Assuming this criticism was amusing hyperbole, Junior laughed, but Sklent squinted those virtually colorless eyes, and Junior's laugh withered in his throat. "Well, maybe that's how it'll work out," he said, wanting to be on Sklent's good side, but he was at once sorry he'd spoken those words in front of witnesses..He hurried into the bedroom and switched on the nightstand lamp, without concern for whether the light might be seen from the street..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.."I knew," said Wally, braking for a red traffic light, "that you'd be thinking of Phimie now, and thinking of her would lead you to your father's words, because as short as her life might have been, Phimie was a Bartholomew. She left her mark.".With a prayer to the Holy Mother, Maria held one third of a knave of spades to the bright flame of the first candle. When it caught fire, she dropped the fragment into the votive glass, and as it was consumed, she said aloud, "For Peter," referring to the most prominent of the twelve apostles..During the past three years, he'd suffered much because of these sisters, including most recently the humiliation in the Dumpster with the dead musician, Celestina's pencil-necked friend with a propensity for postmortem licking. The memory of that horror flared so vividly-every grotesque detail condensed into one intense and devastating flash of recollection-that Junior's bladder suddenly felt swollen and full, although he had taken a long satisfying leak in an alleyway across the street from the restaurant at which the postcard-painting poseur had enjoyed a leisurely dinner with Ichabod..Another small pane of glass burst. A dismaying crack of wood. His back to her, the maniac raged at the window with the snarling ferocity of a caged beast..As the nurse gave Junior the injection, Parkhurst said, "You're an exceptionally sensitive man, Enoch. That's a quality to be much admired in an often unfeeling world. But in your current condition, your sensitivity is your worst enemy."."There must be something important I'm supposed to do here that I don't need to do everywhere I am, something I'll do better if I'm blind."."He's a wonderful boy, so very bright, so very full of life. Blindness will be hard, but it won't be the end. He'll cope without the light. It'll be so difficult at first, but this boy ... eventually he'll thrive."."For half an hour he studied Barty's eyes with various devices and instruments. Thereafter, he arranged an immediate appointment with an oncologist, as Joshua Nunn had predicted.."You'd never cheat me. I know you. We'd have Christmas twice a year and parties for half birthdays."."At home again, in the safety of the family, Barty collapsed in exhaustion from the sustained effort to see with eyes that he didn't possess. Abed for ten days, feverish, afflicted with vertigo and migraine headaches, nauseated, he lost eight pounds before his recovery was complete..Fourth and last, he was surprised that Kickmule was a legitimate surname. This information wasn't of immediate importance to him, but if ever his Gammoner and Pinchbeck identities were compromised and he required false ID in a new name, he would call himself Eric Kickmule. Or possibly Wolfgang Kickmule. That sounded really tough. No one would mess with a man named Kickmule..Junior reached the window seat and stared down at her. "I don't believe that's true."."A cheer went up from family and friends, and Agnes could only imagine what it must feel like to be Barty, both blind and blessed, his heart as rich in courage as in kindness..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..As Celestina and her mother loaded the last of the pies into the ice chests in the Suburban, Paul and Agnes came back from her station wagon at the head of the caravan..By mid-March, he had exhausted the possibilities of Bartholomew as a surname. By the time that he shot himself in September, he had combed through the first quarter million listings in the directory in search of those whose first names were Bartholomew..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 cop had unzipped the top of her jogging suit and pulled up the roomy T-shirt.Nolly adored her laugh, so musical and girlish. He would have made all sorts of a fool out of himself, anytime, just to hear it..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?"".By the time the family was ushered out, protesting, at the end of evening visiting hours, Junior hadn't succumbed to their pressure. If his conversion was to appear convincingly reluctant, he would have to resist them for at least another few days.."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."."On Thursday, December 28, employing forged driver's licenses and social-security cards as identification, Junior

opened small savings accounts and also rented safe-deposit boxes for Pinchbeck and Gammoner at different banks with which he'd never previously done business, using the mailing addresses that he'd established earlier. The wink startled and baffled Edom. Oddly, he thought of the mysterious, disembodied, and eternally unwinking eye in the floating pinnacle of the pyramid that was on the back of any one-dollar bill. Barty's reading and writing skills appeared to be related to his talent for math, as well. To him, language was first phonics, a sort of music that symbolized objects and ideas, and this music was then translated into written "syllables using the alphabet-which he saw as a system of math employing twenty-six digits instead of ten. Raising his revolver, Tom squeezed off two shots, but the gun didn't discharge. Scamp was a multitalented woman, with smoother skin than a depilated peach, with more delicious roundnesses than Junior could catalog, but she proved not to be the remedy for his tension. Only Bartholomew, found and destroyed, could give him peace. By the time he got back to Spruce Hills, the early night had fallen. The pearly, waxing moon floated over a town that glimmered mysteriously among its richness of trees, flickering and shimmering as though it were not a real town, but a dreamland where a multitude of Gypsy clans gathered by the lambent amber light of lanterns and campfires. He could have killed Vanadium while the cop slept; however, that would be far less satisfying than engaging in a little psychological warfare and leaving the devious bastard alive to suffer remorse when two more children died under his watch. On the morning of November third, Barty asked Maria to inquire of Agnes what she would like to have read to her. "Then when she answers you, just turn and leave the room. I'll take it from there." As Junior stood at Seraphim's grave, his breath smoked from him in the still night air, as though he were a dragon. This time, he vowed never to kill again, except in self-defense, regardless of the provocation. This tougher condition pleased him. No one achieved significant self-improvement by setting low standards for himself. We know a dozen different Arthurs now, all of them true. The Shire changed irrevocably even in Bilbo's lifetime. Don Quixote went riding out to Argentina and met Jorge Luis Borges there. Plus c'est la meme chose, plus fa change. 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. Here, now, came the anaconda smile. "Did you argue about the baby, Enoch? Maybe she wanted it, and you didn't. Guy like you--a baby would cramp your style. Too much responsibility." "Lock it anyway. And don't hang up. Stay on the line until the patrolmen get there." Perhaps he would not have leaped along this chain of conclusions if he'd not been an admirer of Caesar Zedd, for Zedd teaches that too often society encourages us to dismiss certain insights as illogical, even when in fact these insights arise from animal instinct and are the closest thing to unalloyed truth we will ever know. In a rocking chair, holding her tiny son in her arms, Agnes cried quietly. Often, Barty slept through her weeping. Awakened, he smiled or squinched his face into a puzzled frown. "I didn't know her well. She didn't hang out or party much--especially after the baby." The white padded eye patches rebuffed her, and she realized how profoundly the boy's double enucleation would affect how easily she could read his moods and know his mind. Here was a littler loss until now shadowed by the greater destruction. Denied the evidence of his eyes, she would need to be better at noting and interpreting nuances of his body language--also changed by blindness--and his voice, for there would be no soul revealed by hand-painted, plastic implants. even allow himself as much as a lascivious wink or a quick caress of Victoria's hand. The restaurant wasn't fancy. A coffee shop. Aromatic bacon sizzling, eggs frying. The warm cinnamony smell of fresh pastries, the bracing scent of strong coffee. Clean, bright surroundings. 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." 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. Junior kept both forged driver's licenses in his wallet, in addition to the one that featured his real name. He stowed everything else in Pinchbeck's and Gammoner's safe-deposit boxes, along with the emergency cash. He wasn't afflicted with parenthood envy. A baby was the last thing he would ever want, aside from cancer. Children were nasty little beasts. A child would be an encumbrance, a burden, not a blessing. force open Edom's mouth. "Eat your sin, boy, eat your sin!" Edom resists eating his sin, but he's afraid for his eyes. She lived with her parents then. They had converted the dining room to a bedroom for her. 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." "Wouldn't dream of asking you to make it a habit. Just this one time. If anguish, why not guilt?" There were effective actions and ineffective actions, socially acceptable and unacceptable behavior, wise and stupid decisions that could be made. But if you wanted to achieve maximum

self-realization, you had to understand that any choice you made in life was entirely value neutral. Morality was a primitive concept, useful in earlier stages of societal evolution, perhaps, but without relevance in the modern age..Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn that bush into the seeming of a tree," he said, and promptly Otter did so. Illusion came so easy to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's..Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their action to violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth-telling to sentimental platitude. Heroes brandish their swords, lasers, wands, as mechanically as combine harvesters, reaping profits. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable..Crossing Spruce Hills with John, Paul, George, Ringo, and dead Thomas, Junior headed back toward Victoria's place, where Sinatra was no longer singing..The attorney's admission surprised Junior. This was probably as close as Magusson would ever get to saying, Maybe you didn't kill your wife, after all, but he was by nature a nasty prick, so even an implied apology was more than Junior had ever expected to receive..With the same surprising ease that she had gotten a plane out of San Francisco on a one-hour notice, Celestina booked two return seats on an early-evening flight from Oregon, as though she had a supernatural travel agent..Looking up at the mirror above the sink, he saw reflected not the self-improved and fully realized man that he'd worked so hard to become, but the pale, round-eyed little boy who had hidden from his mother when she had been in the deepest and darkest end of one of her cocaine-assisted, amphetamine-spiced mood swings, before she traded cold reality for the warm coziness of the asylum. As if some whirlpool of time was spinning him backward into the hateful past, Junior felt his hard-won defenses being stripped away..Agnes had the craziest notion that he was counting them, when at his age, Of course, he would have no concept of numbers..Edom carried the honey-raisin pear pie, and Agnes toted Barty across the neatly cropped yard, to the front door. The bell push triggered chimes that played the first ten notes of "That Old Black Magic," which they heard distinctly through the glass in the door..Junior's throat wasn't half as sore as it had been the previous afternoon, and to these men, his soft, coarse voice must have sounded not abraded, but raw with emotion. "I don't care what's customary. I don't want anything. I don't blame anyone. These things happen. If you have a liability release with you, I'll sign it right now." Junior hadn't noticed when the detective stopped turning the coin across his knuckles.."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."..impress the hell out of the hoity-toity types, take their money, and get famous."..Every nerve in Junior's body was a tautly strung trigger wire. If something set him off, he might explode so violently that he'd blow himself into a psychiatric ward..In either case, printing the name in blood was a ritualistic act, and ritualism of this nature was an unmistakable symptom of a seriously unbalanced mind. Evidently, the wife killer would be easier to crack than expected, because his shell was already badly fractured..The following day, Wednesday, December 27, his mother drove him to the library, where he checked out two Heinlein titles recommended by the librarian: Red Planet and The Rolling Stones. Judging by his excitement, on the way home in the car, his response to previous mystery-novel series had been a pleasant courtship, whereas this was desperate, undying love..With a nimbleness and an alacrity that a lemur would have admired, the girl ascended to the first crotch.."You sounded as though you were in a lot of distress. You were frightened of this Bartholomew."..Junior leaned forward and slid the packet of cash across the desk, toward the detective. "There's more where this came from."..She tried to raise her right hand, but it flopped uselessly and would not respond..As though giving voice to her worst fear had made it come true, Agnes was seized by a contraction so painful that she cried out and clutched the paramedic's hands tightly enough to make him wince. She felt a peculiar swelling within, then an awful looseness, pressure followed at once by release..For a moment, none of them spoke. The silence was as flawless as the preternatural hush reputed to precede the biggest quakes..In his smooth whiteness, Junior felt a pressure on his eyes, and then came visual hallucinations, disturbing his deep inner peace. He felt someone peel up his eyelids, and Bob Chicane's worried face-with the sharp features of a fox, curly black hair, and a walrus mustache-was inches from his.."Couldn't carry these three ladies," he said. "Svelte as they are, they still weigh more than a backpack."..Walking rather than riding was now nothing more than a matter of habit. And by walking, he could delay his arrival at a house that had grown strange to him, a house in which every noise he made, since Monday, seemed to echo as if through vast caverns..The stress that he currently felt wasn't the same that he so often relieved with women. This was an energizing tension, a not-unpleasant tightening..of the nerves, a delicious anticipation that he wanted to experience to its fullest-until the gallery reception for Celestina, on the evening that her show opened, January 12. This tension could not be released by intercourse, but only by the killing of Bartholomew, and when that long-sought moment arrived, Junior expected the relief he experienced would far exceed mere orgasm..She could have gone at him with the chair once more, but it was falling apart. Instead, she abandoned furniture for the promise of a firearm, dropped to her knees, and snatched the

discarded pistol magazine off the floor..When finally he found his voice, it was rough-sawn with a blade of grief. "My wife. Perri. Perris Jean." Kid's room. Bartholomew's room. Furniture in cheerful primary colors. Pooh posters on the wall..THE SANDMAN WAS powerless to cast a spell of sleep while Junior spent the night flushing away enough water to drain a reservoir..He was immensely weary, limp. He felt oppressed, as though a great weight were piled on him. Even keeping his eyes open was tiring..In the foyer again, about six feet inside the front door, he stood the wineglass on the floor. He placed the bottle of Merlot beside the glass, the red rose beside the bottle..The only bad moment in the evening came when the pianist played "Someone to Watch over Me."..As one, those around the table raised their eyes to the ceiling and smiled at the sound of the downpour. Barty, with patches over his empty sockets, also looked up with a smile..He'd wanted to give Celestina more help than she would accept. She continued working nights as a waitress for two years, while she completed classes at the Academy of Art College, and she quit her job only when she began to sell her paintings for enough to equal her wages and gratuities..Over generous slices of Black Forest cake and coffee, Jacob at first held forth on the explosion of a French freighter, carrying a cargo of ammonium nitrate, at a pier in Texas City, Texas, back in 1947. Five hundred and seventy-six had perished..In spite of its dazzle and power and comfort, however, the car was not able to lift his spirits as he cruised the hills of the city. Somewhere along these darkly glistening streets, in these houses and high-rises clinging to steep slopes awaiting seismic sundering, the boy was sheltered: half Negro, half white, full doom to Junior Cain.."You must be thinking of someone else," she said, pushing a wad of bills into his hand. "Me, I'm a jellyfish in high heels."..He pointed at his feet. "Toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes."..Maria fished another chip from the sweating carafe, rejected it, and scooped out a larger piece. She hesitated, staring at it for a moment, and then spooned it between Agnes's lips. "Water can't be broken if it will be first made into ice."..In Room 724, standing alone at her sister's bedside, watching the girl sleep, Celestina told herself that she was coping well. She could handle this unnerving development without calling in either of her parents..But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with caution, locking them away to keep them harmless or giving them to a wizard in his hire to do with as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of lore a wizard or his prentice might record a plague, a famine, a raid, a change of masters, along with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain..Turning his patched eyes in the general direction of his mother, Barty said, "Oops."..The painkiller was not morphine-based, and it did not signal its presence in the system by inducing sleepiness or even a faint blurring of the senses. After forty minutes, however, he was sure that it must be effective, and he put the book aside..which was tied a gift tag bearing a hand-printed message: With our compliments. Thanks for your business..RED SKY IN THE morning, sailors take warning; red sky at night, sailors delight.."I never spoke with God--Nor visited in Heaven--Yet certain am I of the spot--As if the Checks were given."..The dining table could accommodate six, and Agnes instructed Maria to set two places on each of the long sides, leaving the ends unused. "It'll be cozier if we all sit across from one another."..Vanadium arrived and stood beside Junior. His black suit was cheap, but it fit better than Rudy's..could not be a person of the best intentions. Doctors and nurses wouldn't monitor their patients with the lights off..Shrieking like carrion-eating birds waiting for their wounded dinner to die, the Hackachaks twice drew stern warnings from nurses. They were told to quiet down and respect the patients in neighboring rooms..Choking fumes, blinding soot. A licking heat told him that slithering fire had followed the smoke up the stairs and now coiled perilously close in the murk..Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the story of Ged and Tenar had reached its happily-ever-after, I gave the book a subtitle: "The Last Book of Earthsea."..Busily, earnestly, with great satisfaction, Junior redirected his anger at Celestina and at the man with her. These two were, after all, guardians of the true Bartholomew, and therefore Junior's enemies..After a little silence Otter said, "Thanks." And he looked up at Hound, one brief, questioning, judging glance..After two years of rehabilitation, Tom had been pronounced as fit as ever, a miracle of modern medicine and willpower. But right now he seemed to have been put back together with spit and string and Scotch tape. Arms pumping, legs stretching, he felt every one of those eight months of coma in his withered-and-rebuilt muscles, in his calcium depleted-and-rebuilt bones..the floor, on a silk-covered pillow filled with goose down. With a sigh " he assumed the lotus position: spine straight, legs crossed, hands at rest with the palms up..Although weak, he was no longer in danger of spewing bile and blood like a harpooned whale. The siege had passed..Holding the mug in his right hand, Tom picked up the coin and rolled it across the knuckles of his left. Paul's quarter, after all. A two-bit temptation to panic. As gifted with physical grace as with good looks, Junior stepped into the bedroom doorway, lithely and with feline stealth. He leaned against the jamb..Impressed by the sureness and swiftness with which the blind boy negotiated the steps and set off across the lawn, Tom didn't initially notice anything unusual about his stroll through the deluge.."There's nothing here for you," she said, stepping back from the door in order to close it.."Oh, it doesn't mean you're nervous in that sense. Nervous in this case means psychologically induced. Grief, Enoch. brief and shock and horror-they can have profound physical effects."..In his light backpack, he carried one change of clothes, spare socks, candy bars, bottled water. He planned his journeys to be in a town every nightfall, where he washed one set of clothes and donned the other..Earlier, after sprinting down the fire road, he had been breathing hard when he reached his Chevy, and by the time that he'd raced to Spruce Hills, the nearest town, he had spiraled down into this strange condition. His driving became so erratic that a black-and-white had tried to pull him over, but by then he was a block from a hospital, and he didn't stop until he got there, taking the entry drive too sharply, jolting across the curb, nearly slamming into a parked car, sliding to a stop in a no-parking zone at the emergency entrance, lurching like a drunkard as he got out of the

Chevy, screaming at the cop to get an ambulance..Her mother and father still resided in a world where Phimie was alive. Bringing them from that old reality to this new one would be the second-hardest thing Celestina had ever done..With a bark of pain, chest to chest with defeat, the killer was borne downward by the fragrant weight, in a clink and clatter of brass handles..So it became dangerous to practice sorcery, except under the protection of a strong warlord; and even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be destroyed. And if a wizard let down his guard among the common folk, they too might destroy him if they could, seeing him as the source of the worst evils they suffered, a malign being. In those years, in the minds of most people, all magic was black.."My little girl," she said, and belatedly she realized that this might not be a policeman, after all, but someone trying to determine if she and Angel were alone in the apartment..It's unsettling. For all our delight in the impermanent, the entrancing flicker of electronics, we also long for the unalterable..Agnes discovered that watching her child be totally consumed by a new enthusiasm was an unparalleled delight. Through Barty, she had a tantalizing sense of what her own childhood might have been like if her father had allowed her to have one, and at times, listening to the boy exclaim about the space-faring Stone family or about the mysteries of Mars, she discovered that at least some part of a child still lived within her, untouched by either cruelty or time..people that he was innocent and, in fact, constitutionally incapable of premeditated murder..After taking a minute to steel himself, Junior squatted next to the dead detective..As he edged closer, to better hear the conversation, he became aware of someone staring at him. He looked up into anthracite eyes, into a gaze as sharp as that of any bird, set in the lean face of a thirty something man thinner than a winter-starved crow..Incredibly, the thief left behind the most valuable items: the collection of hardcover first editions of Caesar Zedd's complete body of work. The box stood open, its contents having been explored in haste, but not a single volume was missing..Abruptly, Junior Cain turned away from the tower, from the body of his lost love, dropped to his knees, and vomited. Vomited more explosively than he had ever done in the depths of the worst sickness of his life. Bitter, thick, grossly out of proportion to the simple lunch that he had eaten, up came a dreadfully reeking vomitus. He was untroubled by nausea, but his abdominal muscles contracted painfully, so tightly that he thought he would be cinched in two, and up came more, and still more, spasm after spasm, until he spewed a thin gruel green with bile, which surely had to be the last of it, but was not, for here was more bile, so acidic that his gums burned from contact with it--Oh God, please no--still more. His entire body heaving. Choking as he aspirated a piece of something vile. He squeezed his watering eyes shut against the sight of the flood, but he could not block out the stench..His throat was still so raw from the explosive vomiting, seared by stomach acid, that he sounded like a character from a puppet show for children on Saturday-morning television, hoarse and squeaky at the same time. If not for the pain, he would have felt ridiculous, but the hot and jagged scrape of each word through his throat left him unable to..Animal instinct told Junior that the business with the quarter in the diner and now these quarters in his living room were related to his failure to find Bartholomew, Seraphim White's bastard child. He couldn't logically explain the connection; but as Zedd teaches, animal instinct is the only unalloyed truth we will ever know.

[With Stanleys Rear Column](#)

[The Poetical Works of Mrs Hemans](#)

[A History of Russian Literature](#)

[Introductory Lectures on Political-Economy Delivered at Oxford in Easter Term MDCCCXXXI With Remarks on Tithes and on Poor-Laws and on Penal Colonies](#)

[The Works of Charles Lamb Vol 3 Adventures of Ulysses Guy Faux Etc](#)

[Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences 1918-1926 Vol 2 Part Two](#)

[Bulletin of the New York Public Library Astor Lenox and Tilden Foundations Vol 1 January to December 1897](#)

[Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for January 1870](#)

[Silex Scintillans](#)

[The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society Vol 10 March 1909-December 1909](#)

[The North British Review Vol 3](#)

[On National Government Vol 2 of 2 First Part](#)

[A General History of Scotland Vol 3 From the Earliest Accounts to the Present Time](#)

[Dictionary of National Biography Vol 47 Puckle-Reidford](#)

[A Cordial for Low Spirits Vol 1 of 3 Being a Collection of Curious Tracts](#)

[Transactions of the Indiana State Medical Association 1904 Fifty-Fifth Annual Session Held in Indianapolis Indiana Thursday and Friday May 19-20 1904](#)

[Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History 1894 Vol 6](#)

[Oeuvres Completes de Victor Hugo Vol 13 LHomme Qui Rit II](#)

[Judah P Benjamin](#)

[The Works of Richard Hurd D D Lord Bishop of Worcester Vol 4](#)

[Notes Critical Explanatory and Practical on the Book of Psalms Vol 2 of 3](#)
[Collections of the New-York Historical Society for the Year 1876 Publication Fund Series](#)
[The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal Vol 25 August 1841 to February 1842](#)
[The Novels Stories Sketches and Poems of Thomas Nelson Page Vol 2 Gordon Keith](#)
[The Genesee Farmer 1862 Vol 23 A Monthly Journal Devoted to Agriculture and Horticulture Domestic and Rural Economy](#)
[Italy Past and Present Vol 2](#)
[Romances of the French Revolution Vol 1](#)
[The Colonial Records of the State of Georgia Vol 6 Compiled and Published Under Authority of the Legislature Proceedings of the President and Assistants from October 12 1741 to October 30 1754](#)
[Transactions of the Obstetrical Society of London Vol 12 For the Year 1870 With a List of Officers Fellows Etc](#)
[History of the Church of England Vol 5 From the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction Elizabeth A D 1558 1563](#)
[Transactions of the Medical Association of Georgia 1908 Fifty-Ninth Annual Session](#)
[Vistas The Gypsy Christ and Other Prose Imaginings](#)
[The Literary News 1887 Vol 8 An Eclectic Review of Current Literature](#)
[The Independent Corps of Cadets of Boston Mass at Fort Warren Boston Harbor in 1862](#)
[Dichtungen Und Dichter Essays Und Studien](#)
[A Select Collection of Old English Plays Vol 2 Originally Published by Robert Dodsley in the Year 1744 Now First Chronologically Arranged Revised and Enlarged with the Notes of All the Commentators and New Notes](#)
[Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science 1856 Vol 4 With Illustrations on Wood and Stone](#)
[Rhinology Laryngology and Otology and Their Significance in General Medicine](#)
[Geology of the Boston Basin Vol 1 Part III the Blue Hills Complex](#)
[Making the Office Pay Tested Office Plans Methods and Systems That Make for Better Results from Everyday Routine Secured from the Offices of the Hundreds of Successful Business Men Who Are Using Them to Increase Profits by Cutting Costs](#)
[Sixth Annual Report of the Secretary of State of the State of Michigan Relating to the Registry and Return of Births Marriages and Deaths for the Year 1872](#)
[The Critical Review or Annals of Literature 1763 Vol 16](#)
[Miss Forrester A Novel](#)
[The Illinois Teacher 1861 Vol 7 Devoted to Education Science and Free Schools](#)
[The British Museum Its History and Treasures A View of the Origins of That Great Institution Sketches of Its Early Benefactors and Principal Officers and a Survey of the Priceless Objects Preserved Within Its Walls](#)
[Natural Science Vol 13 A Monthly Review of Scientific Progress July December 1898](#)
[The Commentaries Upon the Aphorisms of Dr Herman Boerhaave the Late Learned Professor of Physic in the University of Leyden Vol 14 Concerning the Knowledge and Cure of the Several Diseases Incident to Human Bodies](#)
[The American Journal of Science and Arts Vol 92 Nos 124 125 126 July September November](#)
[The Critical Review or Annals of Literature Vol 32 July 1771](#)
[Transactions of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom Vol 10 Session 1889-90 with List of Officers Members Etc](#)
[Transactions of the Pathological Society of London Vol 51 Comprising the Report of the Proceedings for the Session 1899-1900](#)
[Histoire de L'Universite Depuis Son Origine Jusqua Nos Jours](#)
[A Short History of the English People Vol 3](#)
[The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal 1824 Vol 22 Exhibiting a Concise View of the Latest and Most Important Discoveries in Medicine Surgery and Pharmacy](#)
[Le Comte de Serre Vol 1 Sa Vie Et Son Temps](#)
[Famous Paintings from the Paris Salon The Storm](#)
[Discours Sur Les Rapports Entre La Science Et La Religion Revelee Prononcee a Rome](#)
[The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal Exhibiting a View of the Progressive Discoveries and Improvements in the Sciences and the Arts July-October 1830 To Be Continued Quarterly](#)
[Acts and Proceedings of the General Assemblies of the Kirk of Scotland for the Year 1560 Vol 3 Collected from the Most Authentic Manuscripts 1593-1618](#)
[Reports of Cases Determined in the Supreme Court of the State of Nevada During the Year 1869 Vol 5](#)
[The Common School Journal of the State of Pennsylvania 1844 Vol 1 Published Under the Supervision of the Superintendent of Common Schools](#)

[The New York Speaker A Selection of Pieces Designed for Academic Exercises in Elocution](#)
[The Weber Collection Vol 3 Part I Greek Coins Asia Bosphorus Colchis Pontus Paphlagonia Bythynia Mysia Troas Aeolis Lesbos Ionia Caria Lydia](#)
[The Mission Field 1886 A Monthly Record of the Proceedings of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Home and Abroad](#)
[The Mystery of Iniquity Unveiled Or Popery Unfolded and Refuted and Its Destination Shown in the Light of Prophetic Scripture in Seven Discourses](#)
[The New York Lancet Vol 1 January-June 1842](#)
[The Law of Ejectment or Recovery of Possession of Land With an Appendix of Statutes and a Full Index](#)
[The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences Vol 34 Being a Practical and Analytical Digest of the Contents of the Principal British and Continental Medical Works Published in the Preceding Six Months July-December 1861](#)
[The Quarterly Journal of the University of North Dakota Vol 6 1915-1916](#)
[Constitution of the State of Texas Adopted by the Constitutional Convention Begun in the City of Austin Texas on September 6th 1875 and Finished November 24th 1875](#)
[The Jurisprudence of the Privy Council Containing a Digest of All the Decisions of the Privy Council Since the Publication of the First Volume in 1891 The Amendments to the Constitution of the Judicial Committee and the New Rules of Practice And Also](#)
[The Catholic Educational Review Vol 17 January-May 1919](#)
[The Practitioner January 1873](#)
[Code Civil Du Bas Canada Quatrieme Et Cinquieme Rapports](#)
[A French Eton or Middle-Class Education and the State To Which Is Added Schools and Universities in France Being Part of a Volume on Schools and Universities on the Continent Published in 1868](#)
[The Canada Educational Monthly and School Magazine Vol 18 January to December 1896](#)
[Rectorial Addresses Delivered Before the University of Edinburgh 1859 1899](#)
[Papers Relating to the Treaty of Washington Vol 6 Washington Arbitration and General Appendix](#)
[Cecilia or Memoirs of an Heiress Vol 3 of 3](#)
[Central Society of Education Papers](#)
[Conflicting Civil Cases in the Texas Reports Vol 3 From Supreme Volumes 94 to 102 Inclusive Southwestern Reporter Volumes 65 to 137 Inclusive Civil Appeals Volumes 25 to 52 Inclusive And Cases in Prior Volumes Which Have Been Held in Conflict](#)
[In the Service of Youth Chapters on Certain Phases of the Teaching of English in Junior and Senior High Schools](#)
[The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences Vol 32 Being a Practical and Analytical Digest of the Contents of the Principal British and Continental Medical Works Published in the Preceding Six Months July-December 1860](#)
[A Practical Treatise on Sexual Disorders of the Male and Female](#)
[On Diseases of the Skin Vol 2 Including Exanthemata](#)
[Public Libraries 1899 Vol 4 A Monthly Review of Library Matters and Methods](#)
[The Miscellaneous Works of Lord Macaulay Vol 3](#)
[Principles of Government or Meditations in Exile](#)
[United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit Vol 12 Transcript of Record The United States of America Appellant vs William A Clark Appellee Testimony Pages 5809 to 6208 Inclusive](#)
[Proceedings of Meetings of the Central Traffic Association and Its Committees and Circulars 1886](#)
[Aircraft Year Book 1919](#)
[Speeches of the Late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan Vol 3 Several Corrected by Himself](#)
[Rhopalocera Europae Descripta Et Delineata Vol 1 The Butterflies of Europe Described and Figured Text](#)
[History and Description of the Ancient City of York Vol 2 of 2 Comprising All the Most Interesting Information Already Published in Drakes Eboracum Enriched with Much Entirely New Matter from Other Authentic Sources and Illustrated with a Neat Pla](#)
[The House of Cromwell and the Story of Dunkirk A Genealogical History of the Descendants of the Protector with Anecdotes and Letters](#)
[On Rheumatism Rheumatic Gout and Sciatica Their Pathology Symptoms and Treatment](#)
[The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery Vol 4 A Journal Published Monthly in the Interest of Medicine and Surgery July to December 1898](#)
[Transactions of the Kansas Academy of Science Vol 22 Contains List of Officers and Past Presidents Membership List January 1 1909 Minutes of Forty-First Annual Meeting Presidents Address Memorial Tributes to Professor Snow and Some Papers Read](#)
[The Peoria Medical Monthly 1881-1882 Vol 2 A Journal Devoted to Medicine and Surgery](#)
[Select Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero With Explanatory Notes and a Special Dictionary](#)
