

## OU CAUSERIES DE LA BONNE FEMME CONTES INSTRUCTIFS ET MORAUX POUR I

The strange barrage of lightning, putting an end to the rain rather than initiating it, had been a clue. The rapid clearing of the sky-indicating a stiff wind at high altitudes, while stillness prevailed at ground level-a sudden plunge in the humidity, and an unseasonable warmth confirmed the coming catastrophe..You struck a discord that can be heard, however faintly, all the way to the farthest end of the universe....."I could have been killed," Junior Cain repeated, suddenly so horrorstruck by this realization that an iciness welled in his gut, and for a while he wasn't able to feel his extremities..A pink spot in the center of Victoria's forehead marked the point of impact. Soon it would be an ugly bruise. The skull bone did not appear to have been cratered..No one could put him in prison because of his dreams. "I can't remember. Those are the worst, when you're not able to remember them-don't you think? They're always so silly when you can recall the details. When you draw a blank ... they seem more threatening..".When you cut Naomi's string, you put an end to the effects that I her music would have on the lives of others and on the shape of the future. YOU struck a discord that can be heard, however faintly, all the way to the farthest end of the universe..".Already, the girl had taken Barty's hand. The two kids descended from the porch into the rain. They didn't circle the oak, but stopped at the foot of the steps and turned to face the house..The detective wasn't the only person in the world who liked "Someone to Watch over Me." Anyone in the lounge might have requested it. Or maybe this number was part of the pianist's usual repertoire..KATHLEEN IN THE candlelight, her ginger eyes a glimmer with images of the amber flame. Icy martinis, extra olives in a shallow white dish. Beyond the tableside window, the legendary bay glimmered, too, darker and colder than Kathleen's eyes, and not a fraction as deep..Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following address:..Trembling and sweating, he turned his back to the view window. As he retreated from the creche, he expected the oppressive pall of fear to lift, but it grew heavier..Thrusting his finger toward the table with each repetition of the word, Barty happily insisted, "Pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie..".Neither Agnes nor Edom knew of Jacob's great skill with cards. He had been discreet about his apprenticeship with Obadiah, and for almost twenty years, he'd resisted the urge to dazzle his siblings with his expertise..He was a patriotic guy, and he preferred American rock to the British brand. He had nothing against the English, no prejudices against people of any nationality. Nevertheless, he believed that the American Top 40 ought to feature American music exclusively..Celestina slammed the door, pressed the lock button in the knob, shoved-rocked-muscled the dresser in front of the door, astonished by her own strength, and heard Angel speaking into the phone: "Mommy's moving furniture..".dropping on the conversation between Dr. Parkhurst and Vanadium, and later failing and respond to Vanadium's pointed accusations, his deception would inevitably be read as an admission of guilt in the murder..Shaking her head, Celestina said, "I can only pay for a studio apartment, something small..".On a shelf above one of the clothes rods stood a single piece of Mark Cross luggage, an elegant and expensive two-suiter. The rest of the high shelf was empty-enough space for as many as three more bags..Then Junior saw the blood on the right cuff of Vanadium's shirt. Blood dripping from his hand, too..Her hands were locked together in her lap, gripped so tightly for so long that the muscles in her forearms ached. "What's wrong?..".Let's roll 'em. out," Paul said, and he returned to the station wagon to ride shotgun beside Agnes..His breath was warm against her throat: "And I want to go back home to see some faces..".Chastened by these recent events, he vowed to stop meditating, to void all passive responses to the challenges of life. He must explore the unknown rather than flinch from it in fear. Besides, through his explorations, he would prove that the unknown was all just tapioca or applesauce, or whatever..Holding up his misshapen hands, knobby knuckles toward Agnes, Obadiah said, "How do you think they became like this?..".Fourteen. It's usually the family that's behind an expression of the calling at such a young age, but in my case, I had to argue my folks into it..".Of all the things I might be meant to do with my life," he told Agnes, "I believe nothing will matter more than the small part I've had in bringing together these two children..".Grace knew it, too, because she went limp with misery in his arms, ceased struggling against him..To achieve certain narrative effects, I've fiddled slightly with the floor plan and the interior design of St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco. In this story, the characters who work at St. Mary's are fictional and are not modeled after anyone on the staff of that excellent institution, either past or present..".Salt water would be too cumbersome anyway. He'd have to drink a lot of it shortly before he heaved, but he was surrounded by cops with good reason to keep an eye on him. Does ipecac come in capsule form?..".Someone named Bartholomew had adopted Seraphim's son and named the boy after himself Junior applied the patience learned through meditation to the task at hand, and instinctively, he soon evolved a motivating mantra that continuously cycled through his mind while he studied the telephone directories: Find the father, kill the son..Turning his attention to Barty, Obadiah broke into a smile, revealing a gold upper tooth. "Something here is sweeter than that lovely pie. What's the child's name?..".Angel was adamant: "Nope. I could learn that. Like dressing myself and saying thank-you..".In July, she went for a walk on the shore with Paul Damascus, expecting to do a little beachcombing, to watch the comical scurrying crabs. Somewhere between the seashells and the crustaceans, however, he asked her if she could ever love him..Darker than water, another stain spread across the lap and down the legs of the pants. It was the color of port wine when filtered through the gray fabric of the jogging suit, but even in her semi-delirious state, she knew that she was not the vessel for a miracle birth, was not bringing forth a baby in a flush of wine, but in a gush of blood..He closed his eyes again and seemed asleep, but then as she clicked off the lamp, he murmured, "You have your halo again..".Junior's body betrayed him as before, and also in new ways that terrified and humiliated him, involving every bodily fluid except cerebrospinal. For a while, inside that rocking ambulance, he wished that he were in a gondola upon the waters of the Styx, his misery at an end..".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 looked at the two cards following the four of clubs in the stack. Neither of these was a jack of spades, either, and both were what he anticipated. Earlier, the dirty-sheet clouds had been wrung dry. Now, the trees that overhung the house had finally stopped dripping on the cedar shingled roof. The night was so still that Agnes could hear the sea softly breaking upon the shore more than half a mile away. Ordinarily, a child of three would be too young to learn the use of a blind man's cane, but Barty wasn't ordinary. Initially, no cane was available for such a small child, so Barty began with a yardstick sawn off to twenty-six inches. By his last day, they had for him a custom cane, white with a black tip; the sight of it and all that it implied brought tears to Agnes just when she thought her heart had toughened for the task ahead. Indeed, even the distinct fragrance of pulp paper, yellow with age, was alone sufficient to start him fantasizing. HAVING COMPLETED HER English lesson, Maria Elena Gonzalez went home with a plastic shopping bag full of precisely damaged clothes and a smaller, paper bag containing cherry muffins for her two girls. Griskin, a former convict, had served eleven years for second-degree murder before the lobbying efforts of a coalition of artists and writers had won his parole. He possessed a huge talent. No one before Griskin had ever managed to express this degree of violence and rage in the medium of bronze, and Junior had long kept the artist's work on his short list of desired acquisitions. people that he was innocent and, in fact, constitutionally incapable of premeditated murder. "I didn't know it myself till I realized I was right in your neighborhood. I assumed your mother and Angel would be here, and I hoped you might be. If I'm intruding-". On October 15, Junior acquired a third Sklent painting: The Heart Is Home to Worms and Beetles, Ever Squirring, Ever Swarming, Version 3. Aware that his tension was building intolerably, Junior decided that he needed Scamp more than he dreaded her. He spent the remainder of Wednesday, until dawn Thursday, with the indefatigable redhead, whose bedroom contained a vast collection of scented massage oils in sufficient volume to fragrantly lubricate half the rolling stock of every railroad company doing business west of the Mississippi. If the detective believed that Seraphim had been raped, his natural desire to exact vengeance for his friend's daughter might motivate him to commit the relentless harassment that Junior had endured now for four days. When he held fast to his sanity, common sense eventually told him that the coin must have been left much earlier in the night, soon after he had set out for Victoria's house. In fact, in spite of the new locks, Vanadium must have stopped here on his way to see Victoria, unaware that he would meet his death in her kitchen-and at the hands of the very man he was tormenting. Junior's attorney-Simon Magusson--insisted upon full disclosure of maintenance records and advisories relating to the fire tower and to other forest-service structures for which the state and the county had sole or joint custodial responsibility. If a wrongful-death suit was filed, this information would have to be divulged anyway during normal disclosure procedures prior to trial, and since maintenance logs and advisories were of public record, Hisscus and Knacker and Nork agreed to provide what was requested. This seemed to be a statement of great mystery and beauty, and Agnes was still contemplating it when the last of the ice melted on her tongue. Instead of more ice, sleep was spooned into her, as dark and rich as baker's chocolate. From a cutlery drawer, Tom withdrew a knife. The largest and sharpest blade in the small collection. She nodded. And could not lift her gaze from her hands. Could not meet his eyes, afraid that his worry would feed her own, afraid also that the sight of his sympathy would shake loose her perilous grip on her emotions. He hadn't the slightest doubt that eventually he could romance Renee into marriage, regardless of her wealth and sophistication. He could shape women to his desire as easily as Sklent could paint his brilliant visions on canvas, easier than Wroth Griskin could cast bronze into disturbing works of art. The slow-motion death ballet, in which Bonnie and Clyde were riddled with bullets, was the worst moment Junior had ever heard in a film. He didn't see more than a brief glimpse of it, because he sat with his eyes squeezed shut. Nine days previously, at Google's instructions, Junior had rented boxes at two mail-receiving services, using the name John Pinchbeck at one, Richard Gammoner at the other, and then he had supplied those addresses to the papermaker. These were the two identities for which Google ultimately provided elaborate and convincing documentation. He'd been invited to a Christmas Eve celebration with a satanic theme, but he hadn't intended to go. The party was not being thrown by real Satanists, which might have been interesting, but by a group of young artists, all nonbelievers, who shared a wry sense of humor. Maria stood at the bedside, leaning with her forearms against the railing. A silver-and-onyx rosary tightly wrapped her small brown hands, although she was not counting the beads or murmuring Hail Marys. Her prayer was for Agnes's baby. "Even in an infinite number of worlds," Wally objected, "there's no place I was that stupid." The forger's crossed eyes glowed with reflected light from the screen. He licked his rubbery lips, and his prominent Adam's apple bobbed: "Like to drain my pipes in that Faye Dunaway, huh?" Instinctively, he knew he should not give massages to Negroes. He sensed that somehow he would be physically or morally polluted by this contact. Caesar Zedd recommended not merely seizing the day but devouring it. Chew it up, feed on the day, swallow the day whole. Feast, said Zedd, feast, approach life as a gourmet and as a glutton, because he who practices restraint will have stored up no sustaining memories when famine inevitably comes. This morning, Damascus had left the house early, before Vanadium came downstairs, which was perfect for Junior's purposes. While the maniac cop was finishing his shave and shower, Junior crept upstairs to check his room. He discovered the revolver in the second of the three places that he expected it to be, did his work, and returned the weapon to the nightstand drawer in precisely the position that he had found it. Narrowly avoiding an encounter with Vanadium in the hall, he retreated to the ground floor. After some fussing over the most effective placement, he left the quarter and the luggage-just as Vanadium, the human stump, clumped down the stairs. Junior experienced an unexpected delay when the detective spent half an hour making phone calls from the study, but then Vanadium went into the kitchen, allowing him to slip out of the house and complete his work. "Maybe because we didn't want to be called witches," said Obadiah with a smile, "and give folks one more reason to hang

us." Mrs. Lombardi had no visitors. She was alone in the world, her two children and her husband having passed away long ago. Hard experience had taught him, however, that killing someone he knew, while occasionally necessary, didn't release stress. Or if it did briefly release stress, then unforeseen consequences always contributed to even worse future stress. At first, he couldn't gather the nerve to return to the kitchen. He was crazily certain that in his absence, the dead detective would have risen and would be waiting for him. Thrilled by the music but unable to understand a word of the play, he arranged German lessons with a private tutor. Bartholomew had been able to focus his eyes much sooner than the average baby was supposed to be able to focus. To a surprising extent, he was already engaged in the world around him. Instinct, even reason, told him that some connection existed between this person, this Bartholomew, and Celestina. The name had terrified Cain in a bad dream, the very night of the day that he'd killed Naomi, and Vanadium therefore had incorporated it into his psychological-warfare strategy without knowing its significance to his suspect. As strongly as he sensed the connection, he couldn't find the link. He lacked some crucial bit of information. The revolving beacons dwindled, casting off blue-and-red pulses of light that shimmered-swooped through the diffusing fog, as if they were disembodied spirits seeking someone to possess. NOLLY WULFSTAN, private detective, had the teeth of a god and a face so unfortunate that it argued convincingly against the existence of a benign deity. She had put aside a half-finished pencil portrait of Phimie to develop several of Nella Lombardi. Nevertheless, being cautious even as he seized the day--or the night, in this case--he parked a short distance from his destination, on a parallel street. He walked the last three blocks. FOR JUNIOR CAIN, the Year of the Horse (1966) and the Year of the Sheep (1967) offered many opportunities for personal growth and self-improvement. Even if by Christmas Eve, '67, Junior would not be able to take a dry walk in the rain, this nevertheless was a period of great achievement and much pleasure for him. After following the blacktop fifty feet, Junior headed downhill through the close-cropped grass, between the tombstones. He switched on his flashlight and trod cautiously, for the ground sloped unevenly and, in places, remained soggy and slippery from the rain. "You did just fine, Tom, just fine," Agnes said in a consoling tone that she might have used with a boy whose performance, at a piano recital, had been earnest but undistinguished. "We were all quite impressed." Although she already knew that the answer could not be cheerily optimistic, Celestina wondered, "Is the baby likely to be . . . normal?" Handing Angel to Grace, Lipscomb said, "I own some investment properties. There's a two-bedroom unit available in one of them." "Too bad. You might have used that to bargain with." Murder itself was easy, but the aftermath was more draining than he had anticipated. Although the ultimate liability settlement with the state was certain to leave him financially secure for life, the stress was so great that he wondered, in his darker moments, if the reward would prove to be worth the risk. Dinner was cooking in the upper of the two ovens. He switched the bottom oven, setting it at warm, and dropped open the door. His thought had been that Reverend White might find in Agnes, Bright Beach's beloved Pie Lady, a subject who would inspire a sequel to the sermon that had so deeply affected Paul--who was neither a Baptist nor a regular churchgoer--when he had heard it on the radio more than three years ago. "The doctors," he continued, "needed to repair damage to the left frontal sinus, the sphenoidal sinus, and the sinus cavernous, which had all been partially crushed by that pewter candlestick. Frontal, malar, ethmoid, maxillary, sphenoid, and palatine bones had to be rebuilt to properly contain my right eye, because it sort of . . . well, it dangled. That was just for starters, and there was considerable essential dental work, as well. I elected not to have any cosmetic surgery." Instead, he encountered an elderly woman getting out of a red Pontiac with a fox tail tied to the radio antenna. A quick glance around confirmed that they were unobserved, so he clubbed her on the back of the head with the butt of his 9-mm pistol. On the nightstand waited a glass of water on a coaster and a pharmacy bottle containing several capsules of a potent painkiller. After arranging to have the gallery deliver his acquisition, Junior stopped in a nearby diner for lunch. The place specialized in superb heartland food: meat loaf, fried chicken, macaroni and cheese. In the refrigerator, he found a stick of butter in a container with clear plastic lid. He took the container to the cutting board beside the sink, to the left of the cooktop, and opened it. He sat on the edge of the bed and held her right hand. She had passed away such a short time ago that her skin was still warm. On the third of June, he found another useless Bartholomew, and on Saturday, the twenty-fifth, two deeply disturbing events occurred. He switched on his kitchen radio only to discover that "Paperback Writer," yet another Beatles song, had climbed to the top of the charts, and he received a call from a ea woman. "He's crafty, you say. Can you use him?" 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. Kid's room. Bartholomew's room. Furniture in cheerful primary colors. Pooh posters on the wall. With his empty sockets draped by unsupported lids, Barty rode home wearing padded eye patches under sunglasses, his cane propped against the seat at his side, as though he were costumed for a role in a play filled with a Dickensian amount of childhood suffering. She couldn't explain her anxiety to him, because he believed in the supremacy of laws, in the justice that might be delivered in this life, in a comparatively simple reality, and he would not comprehend the gloriously, frighteningly, reassuringly, strangely, and deeply complex reality Agnes occasionally perceived--usually peripherally, sometimes intellectually, but often with her heart. This was a world in which effect could come before cause, in which what seemed to be coincidence was, in fact, merely the visible part of a far larger pattern that couldn't be seen whole. She was also a cat lover, working with the Kitten Konservatory to save abandoned felines from death in the city pound. She was the charity's investment manager. Within ten months, Tammy grew twenty thousand in Konservatory funds into a quarter million by speculating in the stock of a South African firm that hit it big selling germ-warfare technology to North Korea, Pakistan, India, and the Republic of Tanzania, whose chief export was sisal. Then by ambulance to the hospital, whisked into surgery, and for a while, blessed unconsciousness. With a nervous twitch of his

avian head and a wary frown, the watcher broke eye contact and slipped into the chattering crowd, lost as quickly as a slender sandpiper skittering among a herd of plump seagulls. "That's enough?" "Silly man." "Cain looks like a movie star." "Does he have nice teeth?" she asked. "They're good. Not perfect." "So kiss me, Mr. Perfect." She must have sensed his assessment of her and realized that she had little chance of charming him, for she turned at once away and never looked in his direction again. Because Junior's right arm was encumbered by the bracing board and the intravenous needle, he tugged a mass of tissues from the box with his left hand. Even though the detective was on the wrong track, Junior was beginning to feel aggrieved. As any good citizen, he was willing, even eager to cooperate with responsible policemen who conducted their investigation by the book. This Thomas Vanadium, however, in spite of his monotonous voice and drab appearance, gave off the vibes of a fanatic. When Bartholomew first said "Kay-jub," and held out one hand toward his uncle, Jacob surprised Agnes by crying with happiness. If Vanadium appeared among these men, Junior would not only puke out the contents of his stomach, but also would disgorge his internal organs, every last one of them, and spew up his bones, too, until he emptied out everything within his skin. Ghosts. Sklent was an atheist, and yet he believed in spirits. Here's how that works: Heaven, Hell, and God do not exist, but human beings are as much energy as flesh, and when the flesh gives out, the energy goes on. "We're the most stubborn, selfish, greedy, grubbing, vicious, psychotic, evil species in the universe," Sklent explained, "and some of us just refuse to die, we're too hardass to die. The spirit is a prickly bur of energy that sometimes clings to places and people that were once important to us, so then you get haunted houses, poor bastards still tormented by their dead wives, and crap like that. And sometimes, the bur attaches itself to the embryo in some slut who's just been knocked up, so you get reincarnation. You don't need a god for all this. It's just the way things are. Life and the afterlife are the same place, right here, right now, and we're all just a bunch of filthy, scabby monkeys tumbling through an endless damn series of barrels." Frowning, Angel studied the tasty strip of meat pinched between her fingers, reevaluating everything she thought she knew about the source of bacon. 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. He was about to go in search of the canapes when he half heard one of the guests mention Bartholomew to the reverend's daughter. Only the name rang on his ear, not the words that surrounded it. Evidently, her face was knotted with the effort to remember what the child had looked like, for the physician said, "Yes? What's wrong?" Yet that evening, when she'd accepted his proposal and asked if he wasn't frightened, he said, "Not anymore." 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. Having been a volunteer instructor of English to twenty adult students over the years, having taught Maria Elena Gonzalez to speak impeccable English without a significant accent, Agnes was little needed as a teacher by her son. Even more than other children, he asked why with numbing regularity, why this and why that, but never the same question twice; and as often as not, he already knew the answer that he sought from her and was only confirming the accuracy of his deduction. He was such an effective autodidact, he schooled himself better than any college of professors that could have been assigned to him. Turning to face his four trailing escorts, all of whom were hunch shouldered and stiff-necked with tension, Barty said, "What's for dinner?" Tom didn't know what to make of this bit of information, so he said, "That's a lot." "That's obvious to us, but not always to others. Apparently, this would have been some years ago." Agnes returned home from a pie run with the usual team-grown to five vehicles, including paid employees-to find a gathering in the yard and Barty halfway up the oak. The short walk across the room, to the hero's table, looked more daunting to Paul than the trek he'd just completed. He was nobody, a small-town pharmacist who missed more work each month, who relied increasingly on his worried employees to cover for him, and who would lose his business if he didn't get a grip on himself. He had never done a great deed, never saved a life. He had no right to impose upon this man, and now he knew he hadn't the nerve to do so, either. He continued until four aces of hearts and four aces of diamonds were on the table in front of him. These eight draws he had prepared, and this effect was his intention. evening. She brought her daughters, seven-year-old Bonita and six year-old Francesca, who came with their newest Barbie dolls-Color Magic Barbie, the Barbie Beautiful Blues Gift Set, Barbie's friends. face looked familiar, and he sensed that he had seen it before in a disquieting context, although the man's identity eluded him. The wine tasted bitter, but Celestina knew that it was sweet. The bitterness was in her, not in the legacy of the grape. An IV rack stood beside the bed, dripping fluid into his vein, replacing the electrolytes that he had lost through vomiting, most likely medicating him with an antiemetic as well. His right arm was securely strapped to a supporting board, to prevent him from bending his elbow and accidentally tearing out the needle. against the operating table. The lights had grown painfully bright, and the air had. This room didn't face the street by which Cain would approach the building, so Vanadium switched on the lights. He spent fifteen minutes examining the mundane contents of the cupboards, searching for nothing in particular, merely getting an idea of how the suspect lived-and, admittedly, hoping for an item as helpful to a conviction as a severed head in the refrigerator or at least a plastic-wrapped kilo of marijuana in the freezer. She snatched the handset away from Angel, told Bellini, "He's here," threw the phone on the bed, told Angel, "Stay close to me," ran to the windows, and jerked the drapes out of the way. The guest room. Bring Grace to the window. Disengage the latch. No good. Warped or painted shut. Small panes, sturdy mullions too difficult to break out. "Well, with so much on His shoulders, He can't always watch us directly, you know, with His fullest attention every minute, but He's always at least watching from the corner of His eye. You'll be all right. I know you will." He had sworn this vow before. An argument could be made that he had broken it. Tom was alone. The place should be silent. Hanna Rey, the housekeeper, wasn't scheduled to arrive

until ten o'clock... So he calls it the King. If you find him his King, he'll treat you well. He's often here. Come on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent." Before he could replay the memory for further contemplation, Junior saw Ichabod exiting the house. The man returned to the Buick, seeming to float through the mist, like a phantom on a moor. He started the engine, quickly hung a U-turn in the street, and drove uphill to the house from which he had earlier collected Bartholomew. 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. "But what made you choose that life? You must have committed to the seminary awfully young." No hesitation preceded Grace's response. "That's very generous of you, Paul. And I, for one, accept. Is this the house where you lived with your Perri?" 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. Edom marveled at Agnes's ability to rise above the past and to transcend so many years of torment. She was able to see the house as simple shelter, whereas to her brothers, it was and always would be the place in which their spirits had been shattered. Even living within sight of it would have been out of the question if they had been employed, with options. 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. She struggled, wept, pretended disgust, faked shame, swore to bring the police down on him. Another man, not as highly skilled at reading men as Junior, might have thought the girl's resistance was genuine, but her charges of rape were sincere. Any other man might have backed off, but Junior was neither fooled nor confused. Antihypertensive drugs were administered intravenously, and Phemie was confined to bed, attached to a heart monitor. There was an otter in our brook. Besides, he didn't want the police in San Francisco to know that he'd been suspected, by at least one of their kind, of having killed his wife in Oregon. What if one of the locals was curious enough to request a copy of the case file on Naomi's death, and what if in that file, Vanadium had made reference to Junior waking from a nightmare, fearfully repeating Bartholomew? And then what if Junior eventually located the right Bartholomew and eliminated the little bastard, and then what if the local cop who'd read the case file connected one Bartholomew to the other and started asking questions? Admittedly, that was a stretch. Nevertheless, he hoped to fade from the SFPD's awareness as soon as possible and live henceforth beyond their ken. An SFPD patrol car swept past, its siren silent, the rack of emergency beacons flashing on its roof. Eventually she discovered within herself all the light that she needed to find her way through the crucial hours immediately ahead. At last she knew what she must do, but she was not certain that she possessed the fortitude to do it.

#### [Gaelic Poems](#)

[Letter of Hon R J Walker in Favor of the Reelection of Abraham Lincoln](#)

[The Kayles of Bushy Lodge An Australian Story](#)

[The Legend of the Nightingale and Other Poems](#)

[Historic Parallels in Jewish History A Discourse Delivered at the Anglo-Jewish Historical Exhibition 16th June 1887](#)

[Memphis Mose War Correspondent](#)

[The Fight at Dame Europas School Showing How the German Boy Thrashed the French Boy And How the English Boy Looked on](#)

[Melmoth the Wanderer A Melo-Dramatic Romance in Three Acts \(Founded on the Popular Novel of That Name\) Performed for the First Time at the Royal Coburg Theatre on Monday July 14th 1823](#)

[Glimpses Along the Canadian Pacific Railway](#)

[The Legislative Career of Justin S Morrill An Address Delivered at New Haven Connecticut November 14 1900 at the Request of the Executive Committee of the American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations I](#)

[Farm Arithmetic Contains Nothing about Longitude and Time Cube Root English Money or the Binomial Theorem But Devotes Its Time to the Sort of Arithmetic That the Farm Boy or Girl Will Use Every Day in Actual Life a Book of Real Problems for Farm](#)

[Resistance and Capacity of Coils at Radio Frequencies](#)

[National Preacher Volume 39 Issue 8](#)

[Bart Krakevitzii Progeusma Papokaisareias Sive Discursus Theologicus de Dominatu in Ecclesia Christi Politico](#)

[Diss Theol Vindicias Textus Graeci Novi Testamenti Contra Io Harduinum Exhibens](#)

[Kurz Und Doch Umstandlicher Bericht Wie in Der Wannerischen Causa Wider Die Canonicats Gesprochen Worden](#)

[Annual Report of the Attorney General to the Governor and Council](#)

[The Doctrine of Passive Obedience to Kings Contrary to Holy Scripture Remarks on Professor Puseys Sermon \[entitled Patience and Confidence the Strength of the Church\] Preached on the 5th of November 1837 by a Clergyman](#)

[The Attitude of the Church Towards War](#)

[An Account of an Inscription Found Near Trincomalee in the Island of Ceylon](#)

[The Kings Highway and the Pen\[n\]sauken Graveyard A Chapter in the Colonial History of West New Jersey](#)

[Biennial Report of the State Treasurer to the General Assembly of the State of Illinois](#)

[Minutes of the New Mexico Bar Association](#)

[A History of the Presbytery of Detroit](#)

[Promemoria Ueber Das Churbayerische Circularschreiben Ad Status Imperii Vom 2891743 Die Von Chur-Mainz Veranlasste Dictatur Der Kgl Boehmischen Erzherzog-Oesterreichischen Und Burgundischen Verwahrungsurkunden Betreffend](#)

[Report of the Commission on Site for Naval Observatory](#)

[Report Made to the Senate Relative to the Enlistment of Boys from the Reform School Into the Army of the United States](#)

[The Centennial Meditation of Columbia A Cantata for the Inaugural Ceremonies at Philadelphia May 10 1876](#)

[Annual Report of the Trustees of the Worcester State Hospital Volume 75](#)

[Tests of a School-System A Baccalaureate Sermon University of Wisconsin June 20 1880](#)

[Epistolographiae Metricae Exempla XXV](#)

[Diss Iur Inaug de Plagio Militari](#)

[Disp Theol de Phrasi Scripturae Qua Deus Dicitur Indurare Excoecare](#)

[Historical Account of the Laws Against the Roman-Catholics of England \[by C Butler With\] Appendix](#)

[Annual Report of the Fonda Johnstown and Gloversville Railroad Company](#)

[Annual Report Volume 14](#)

[Dissertatio Theologico-Philologica de Nisroch Idolo Assyriorum](#)

[Menschenaffen \(Anthropomorphae\) Vol 3 Studien Ueber Entwicklung Und Schadelbau III Kapitel Entwicklung Des Gibbon \(Hylobates Und Siamanga\)](#)

[Annual Reports of the Inspectors Warden and Subordinate Officers of the Maine State Prison](#)

[Annales de la Science Agronomique Francaise Et Etrangere 1900 Vol 1 Organe Des Stations Agronomiques Et Des Laboratoires Agricoles Publiees Sous Les Auspices Du Ministere de LAgriculture Sixieme Annee](#)

[Der Geigenmacher Von Cremona Oper in 2 Acten Le Luthier de Cremona Opera En 2 Actes](#)

[Historiam Davidis Georgii Eiusque Asseclarum](#)

[Bonerii Gemma Sive Boners Edelstein](#)

[Ex Argumento Juris Proedriae](#)

[So Ist Das Leben Schauspiel in Fünf Akten](#)

[Berichtigungen Einiger Aufgeworfnen Fragen Die Der Separat-Frieden Preussens Mit Frankreich Veranlasst Hat](#)

[Cigarrales de Toledo Los Recreacion Literaria Sobre Sobre Su Historia Riqueza y Poblacion](#)

[Fortgesetzter Anhang Zu Dem Poetischen Traume](#)

[A Method for the Qualitative Analysis of Musical Tone](#)

[Estrella de la Esperanza La Drama En Tres Actos y En Verso](#)

[de Commercio in S R Imperio Tempore Belli Interdicto Dissertatio](#)

[Edict Du Roy Sur La Pacification Des Troubles de Ce Royaume Leu Et Publie Ledit Seigneur Seant En Son Parlement Le Xiiij Jour de May 1576](#)

[Correspondence Between the Court of Directors of the East-India Company and the President of the Board of Control Regarding the Arrangement Proposed by Her Majestys Ministers for the Future Government of India](#)

[Observations Addressed to Lord John Russell And a Few Modest Questions Put to His Lordhsip \[sic\] Suggesting Reminiscences of the Course of Conduct Most Worthy of a Great Statesman](#)

[Major General Charles Devens Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts An Address Delivered Before the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States March 19 1891](#)

[de Togata Academicorum Militia Progr Leipz](#)

[Demons Thieves](#)

[Rhizokarpen Und Lycopodeen Organographisch Phytonomisch Und Systematisch Die](#)

[Bergpsalmen Dichtung](#)

[Ueber Lipome Der Mundhohle Inaugural-Dissertation Zur Erlangung Der Doctorwurde Bei Der Hohen Medicinischen Fakultat Der Rheinischen Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universitat Zu Bonn Eingereicht Am 11 Juli 1888](#)

[#699ateret Shalom #7806e-Emet Die Stimmen Der Ltesten Glaubwrdigsten Rabbinen Ber Die Pijutim](#)

[Your Book of Encouragement](#)

[Ueber Die Zahl Der Schauspieler Bei Plautus Und Terenz Und Die Vertheilung Der Rollen Unter Dieselben](#)

[Rachmones Poems of Compassion](#)

[Zur Geschichte Der Juden in Wien Der Alte Freithof Der Tempelhof](#)

[Uber Die Einwirkung Von Temperaturen Auf Die Zellen Des Vegetationspunktes Des Sprosses Von Vicia Faba Inaugural-Dissertation Zur](#)

[Erlangung Der Doktorwurde Bei Der Hohen Philosophischen Fakultat Der Rheinischen Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universitat Zu Bonn](#)

[Skizzen Aus Alt-Wien](#)

[Allgemeine Einleitung in Das Studium Der Schonen Kunst Des Altertums Vol 1](#)

[Annotazioni Alla Memoria Sui Diritti del Principato Sugli Antichi Edifizj Publici Sacri E Profani Dellavvocato D Carlo Fea Presidente Alle Antichiti Romane E Al Museo Capitolino](#)

[Sagen Und Schwnke](#)

[Staats-Credit Der Eine Kurze Darstellung Desselben in Seinen Manchfaltigen Formen Lterer Und Neuerer Zeit Insbesondere Zum Behufe Des Angehenden Historikers](#)

[Memoires Du Marechal de Saint-Paul Suivis de Documents Inedits Contemporains Publies D'apres Les Manuscrits](#)

[Bau-Und Kunstdenkmaler Von Westfalen Die](#)

[Mollusca](#)

[Zur Prosopographia Horatiana](#)

[Rckblicke Auf Die Preuische National-Versammlung Von 1848 Und Ihre Koryphen](#)

[Geschichte Der Marienlegende Von Beatrix Der Kusterin Die Inaugural-Dissertation Zur Erlangung Der Doktorwurde Der Hohen Philosophischen Fakultat Der Georg-Augusts-Universitat Zu Gottingen](#)

[Du Rang de LHypothèque Legale de la Femme Mariee These Pour Le Doctorat](#)

[Noticia de Las Fiestas En Honor Dela Marquesa de Denia Hechas Por La Ciudad de Sevilla En El Ano de 1599](#)

[Das Moderne Orchester in Seiner Entwicklung](#)

[The Opening of the Crystal Palace Considered in Some of Its Relations to the Prospects of Art](#)

[Records of Operative Surgery](#)

[Report by the Governor of Pardons Commutations Suspensions of Sentences and Remissions of Fines](#)

[The Butterflies Ball and the Grasshoppers Feast or Harlequin and the Genius of Spring A New Comic Christmas Pantomime Founded on Roscoes Popular Poem](#)

[The Currents at the Entrance of the Bay of Fundy and on the Steamship Routes in Its Approaches Off Southern Nova Scotia From Investigations of the Tidal and Current Survey in the Season of 1904](#)

[Report of the Proceedings of the Wyoming Commemorative Association on the Occasion of the Anniversary of the Battle and Massacre of Wyoming Volume 127 Part 1905](#)

[The Botany of Shakespeare A Paper Read Before the Contemporary Club Davenport Iowa 1899](#)

[Purposes of the Civil-Service Reform Association Together with Its Constitution](#)

[Commentatio Hist Philos Litt de Secta Monarchomachorum](#)

[Sketch of the Irish Code Entitled Laws to Prevent the Growth of Popery But Really Intended and with Successful Effect to Degrade Debase and Enslave the Roman Catholics of Ireland and to Divest Them of Their Estates With a Brief Notice of](#)

[Surrey Local Names A Paper Read Before Charterhouse Science and Art Society](#)

[The Dominion Philatelist Published Monthly in the Interests of Stamp Collecting Volume 3](#)

[Report of the Annual Meeting of the Survivors Association of the 187th Regiment PVI](#)

[Essay on the History and Modern Use of the Verbal Forms in -Ing in the English Language](#)

[The Possibility of Spiritual Science A Criticism of Materialism and Exclusive Phenomenalism](#)

[Public Spirit Oration Delivered Before the City Council and Citizens of Boston on the One Hundred and Fourteenth Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence July 4 1890](#)

[The Early Portuguese School of Painting with Notes on the Pictures at Viseu and Coimbra Traditionally Ascribed to Gran Vasco](#)

[Love to Souls the Mainspring of Ministerial Usefulness A Sermon Preached at the Ordination of the Rev Lyman Colman \[iE Coleman\] as Pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in Belchertown Mass Oct 19 1825](#)

[The Cream Separator on Western Farms](#)

[The History of the House That Jack Built Illustr by EM Cox](#)

---