

PLATO AND THE OTHER COMPANIONS OF SOKRATES VOLUME 1

Now came a slight but real risk of being heard inside: He pulled the trigger. The flat steel spring in the lock-release gun caused the pick to jump upward, lodging some of the pins at the shear line. The snap of the hammer against the spring and the click of the pick against the pin tumblers were soft sounds, but anyone near the other side of the door would more likely than not hear them; if she was one room removed, however, the noise would not reach her. ice bags. I almost laughed at his tendency to morbidity and self dramatization. The living dead had not come to get him: just some rubber ice bags. Once in a while, however, he reverted to his roots, to the food that gave him comfort. Thus, the cheeseburger and its decadent accoutrements. This saving spirit retreated, and in his place came a young paramedic in a black-and-yellow rain slicker over hospital whites. "Just want to be sure there's no spinal injury before we move you. Can you squeeze my hands?" Even Rudy, as huge as Big Foot and as amoral as a skink, was afraid of this woman. Anyway—and curiously—Industrial Woman increasingly looked to him like Scamp. As various abraded and inflamed mucous membranes constantly reminded him, he'd had more than enough of Scamp for a while. At last the day arrived: Friday, January 12. "You know where it comes from," her mother said with a yawn that betrayed her exhaustion after a night with no sleep and too much drama. The universe was vast and Barty small, yet the boy's immortal soul made him as important as galaxies, as important as anything in Creation. This Agnes believed. She couldn't tolerate life without the conviction that it had meaning and design, though sometimes she felt that she was a sparrow whose fall had gone unnoticed. Barty sat on the edge of the doctor's desk, legs dangling, holding Red Planet, his place marked by an inserted finger. A cold wind raised a haunting groan as it harried itself around and around in the bronze hollow of the bell atop the church steeple, shook dead needles from the evergreens, and resisted Paul's progress with what seemed to be malicious intent. Miles ago, between the towns of Brookings and Pistol River, he had decided that he wouldn't again walk this far north at this time of year, even if the guidebooks did claim that the Oregon coast was a comparatively temperate zone in winter. "Maria is coming by with Francesca and Bonita," Agnes said. "We might as well put all the extensions in the table. Barty, call Uncle Jacob and Uncle Edom and invite them for dinner." At nearly forty years of age, Edom still dreamed of that grim summer afternoon, although not as often as in the past. When it troubled his sleep these days, it was a nightmare that gradually metamorphosed into a dream of tenderness and hope. Until the last few years, he'd always awakened when the roses were being jammed into his mouth or when the thorns flicked through his eyelashes, or when Agnes began to strike their father with the Bible, thus seeming to assure worse punishment. This additional act, this transition from horror to hope before he woke, had been added when Agnes was pregnant with Barty. Edom didn't know why this should be so, and he didn't try to analyze it. He was simply grateful for the change, because he woke now in a state of peace, never with worse than a shudder, no longer with a hoarse cry of anguish. One worrisome problem: Neddy might be found in the container before it had been hauled away, instead of at the landfill that preferably would serve as his next-to-last resting place. If his body was discovered here, it must be at a distance from any trash bin used by the gallery. The less likely the cops were to connect Neddy to Greenbaum's art-sausage factory, the less likely they also were to connect the murder to Junior. Celestina circled him, half carrying but also half dragging the chair, either because her nerves were still ringing and her arms were weak—or because she was faking weakness in the hope of luring him to a reckless response. Junior circled her while she rounded oil him frantically trying to deal with the pistol without taking his eyes off his adversary. A nurse fussed over him as she helped him into bed, concerned about his paleness and his tremors. She was attentive, efficient, compassionate but she wasn't in the least attractive, and he wished she would. Too much clatter, drawing attention. No leisure for romance now, no chance for a two-sister score. just kill Celestina, kill Bartholomew, and go, go. He stepped to the front door, which was framed by curtained side lights. He drew one of the curtains aside and peered out. To see his newborn baby girl, Barty shared the sight of other Bartys, and he so adored this little wrinkled Mary that he sustained his vision all day, until a thunderous migraine became too much to bear and a sudden frightening slurring of speech drove him back to the comfort of blindness. 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." unwittingly oversell any strong reaction, striking a false note and raising suspicions. Using a three-step folding stool, he was able to get near enough to one of the vent plates in the living room to determine whether it might be the source of the song. just then the singing stopped. "Agnes," said the magician, "you better start meeting with that librarian now to record your own life. If you don't get started for another forty years, by then you'll need a whole decade of talking to get it all down." "Yes, you did, and it's exactly what experience has no doubt taught you to think. But I'm forty-seven and you're twenty." Agnes hadn't asked him to keep his strange feat a secret from his uncles. In truth, she had come home in such a curious state of mind that even as she'd worked with Jacob to prepare dinner and even as she'd overseen Edom's setting of the table, she hesitated to tell them what had happened on the run from Joey's grave to the station wagon. She fluctuated between guarded euphoria and fear bordering on panic, and she didn't trust herself to recount the experience until she had taken more time to absorb it. Junior couldn't see the lights of the nearest other houses. Either those structures were screened by trees or the neighbors weren't home. With the dead woman's guest on the way, minutes were precious. Attention to detail was essential, however, regardless of how much time was required to properly stage the little tableau that might disguise murder as a domestic accident. Unable to run, he raised his arms defensively, crossing them in front of his face, though the impact of the coins wasn't painful. Volleys flicked off his fingers, palms, and wrists. "Because He didn't want you to be a dog." She finished tying a bow in the drawstrings. "There. You look just like an M&M." Under other

circumstances, Agnes might have blushed, but now her apparently irrational fear of too much life insurance had been vindicated. Traumatized by the violence in her mother's bedroom, not fully aware of what happened to Wally, Angel had been tearful and anxious. A thoughtful physician gave her a glass of orange juice spiked with a small dose of a sedative, and a nurse provided pillows. Bedded down on two pillow-padded chairs, wearing a rose-colored robe over yellow pajamas, she gave herself as fully to sleep as she always did, sedative or not, which was every bit as fully as she gave herself to life when she was awake. Not all of the pins were knocked to the shear line with a single pull of the trigger. Three pulls were the minimum required, sometimes as many as six, depending on the lock. Unable to hold his breath or to quiet his miserable sobbing, Junior couldn't hear clearly enough to discern whether the sounds of the stalking sculpture were real or imagined. He knew that they had to be imaginary, but he felt they were real. The only bad moment in the evening came when the pianist played "Someone to Watch over Me." But Havnor is also the Great Isle, a broad, rich land; and in the villages inland from the port, the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is likely to be sung again. There old men at the tavern talk of Morred as if they had known him when they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives work and talk. This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from Havnor, from the upland farms of Onn and the woodlands of Faliern. A story may be pieced together from such scraps and fragments, and though it will be an airy quilt, half made of hearsay and half of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it there. He backed toward the hall door, watching as the fire spread. After lingering until certain that the house would soon be a seething pyre, he finally sprinted along the hall to the front door. On the counter beside the bathroom sink stood an open box of BandAids in a variety of sizes, a bottle of rubbing alcohol, and a bottle of iodine. "Naomi, are you in there?" Junior whispered again, peering into the windows of the girl's soul. This consequence of rape, the baby, was less baby to Celestina than cancer, a malignancy excised rather than a life delivered. She had been no more impelled to study the child than she would have been, charmed to examine the glistening gnarls and oozing convolutions of a freshly plucked tumor. Consequently, she could remember nothing of its squinched face. Phimie's stubbornly high blood pressure, the presence of protein in her urine, and other symptoms indicated her preeclampsia wasn't a recent development; she was at increased risk of eclampsia. Her hypertension was gradually coming under control-but only by resort to more aggressive drug therapy than the physician preferred to use. Toward the front of the house, along a hallway suddenly as dark as a tunnel, toward a vague light in the seething gloom. And here a window at the end of the hall. "I wish my Rico could have met your Harrison, too," Maria told Grace, referring to the husband who had abandoned her. "Maybe the reverend could've done with words what I couldn't do with my foot in Rico's trasero." No one was surprised by his proposal, her acceptance, and the wedding. Barty and Angel were both eighteen when they were married in June of 1983. "I want you to adopt the baby." Before they could react, she hurried on: "I won't be twenty-one for four months yet, and even then they might give me trouble about adopting, even though I'm her aunt, because I'm single. But if you adopt her, I'll raise her. I promise I will. I'll take full responsibility. You don't have to worry that I'll regret it or that I'll ever want to drop her in your laps and escape the responsibility. She'll have to be the center of my life from here on. I understand that. I accept it. I embrace it." "Wally gave her tests. She's got an exceptional understanding of color, spatial relationships, and geometric forms for a child her age. She may be a visual prodigy." Even Angel, mere wisp of a cherubim, couldn't squeeze through a seven-inch opening. Heinlein dreamed of traveling to far worlds. Prior to his death, John Kennedy had promised that men would walk on the moon before the end of the decade. Barty wanted nothing so grand, only to read a few stories, to lose himself in the wonderful private pleasure of books, because soon each story would be a listening experience only, no longer entirely a private journey. As hard of head as she was hard of heart, Victoria had not sustained serious brain damage, only a concussion. The dying-dove hands fluttered down Junior's arms, plucking feebly at his leather coat, and at last hung limp at Neddy's sides. 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. efficiency of a nurse, but as a courtesan might perform the task: smiling enticingly, a flirtatious glimmer in. "Holding fast to the boy's right foot, Jacob observed that one elevator might descend safely but that if they took two, one or the other was certain to crash to the bottom of the shaft, considering the unreliability of all machinery made by man. Just as Celestina snapped shut the latches on the suitcase and turned to the door, a nurse's aide entered, pushing a cart loaded with towels and bed linens. A floor-to-ceiling bookshelf was crammed with pulp magazines that had been published throughout the 1920s, '30s, and '40s, before paperback books supplanted them. The All-Story, Mammoth Adventure, Nickel Western, The Black Mask, Detective Fiction Weekly, Spicy Mystery, Weird Tales, Amazing Stories, Astounding Stories, The Shadow, Doc Savage, G-8 and His Battle Aces, Mysterious Wu Fang "That's the Oreo. After I ate it up, the cookie went smooosh--smooosh into my finger." Zedd taught in this world where dishonesty is the currency of social acceptance and financial success, you must practice some deceit to get along in life, but you must never lie to yourself, or you are left with no one to trust. Edom had turned away from the box of groceries that he was packing. Frowning at the pies, he said, "You don't think. . . Naked, dripping, he roamed the apartment. As on the night of December 13, the voice seemed to arise from thin air: ahead of him, then behind him, to the right, but now to the left. OF THE SEVEN NEWBORNS, none was fussing,

too fresh to the world to realize how much was here to fear..Commit and command. It doesn't matter so much whether the course of action to which you commit is prudent or hopelessly rash, doesn't matter whatsoever whether society at large thinks it's a "good" thing that you're doing or a "bad" thing. As long as you commit without reservation you will inevitably command, because so few people are ever willing to commit to anything, right or wrong, wise or unwise, that those who plunge are guaranteed to succeed more often than not even when their actions are reckless and their cause is idiotic..For each of them, Agnes put one scoop of vanilla ice cream in a tall glass of root beer, and after changing quickly into their pajamas, they sat together in Barty's bed, enjoying their treats, while she read aloud the last sixty pages of Starman Jones..II. Otter."I'm captivated more by painting than I am by most dimensional work," Junior explained. "Really, the only sculpture I've acquired is Poriferan's.".Celestina jammed the shaft of the crank into the casing socket. Wouldn't fit. Her hands were shaking. Steel fins on the shaft of the crank had to be lined up just-so with slots in the socket. She fumbled, fumbled..out of hand. "Well ... yes, I suppose so." Spineless, unethical quack bastard, Junior thought bitterly..Although Junior continued to feel threatened, continued to trust his instinct in this matter, he didn't devote his every waking hour to the hunt. He had a life to enjoy, after all. Self-improvements to undertake, galleries to explore, women to pursue..That night, in Barty's room, after Agnes had listened to his prayers and then had tucked him in for the night, she sat on the edge of his bed. "Honey, I was wondering.... Now that you've had more time to think, could you explain to me what happened?".Sitting on the edge of the bed, taking his hand, she stared at his sweet little bow of a mouth, whereas before she would have met his eyes. "Tell me..".You'll be out of ICU tomorrow, I bet. You'll have a phone, I'll call. And I'll come soon as I can..Still seeking some missing fact, some insight that would help him understand the maniac's Bartholomew obsession, Tom asked more questions until Celestina suddenly realized and revealed what might be the information that he sought: Cain's perverse insistence on playing the reverend's taped rough draft of "This Momentous Day" throughout his long assault on her sister..Junior was glad for the chance to eavesdrop, not only because he hoped to learn the nature and depth of Vanadium's suspicions, but also because he was curious-and concerned-about the cause of the disgusting and embarrassing episode that had landed him here..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..Tom Vanadium liked this man at once. Cop instinct told him that Damascus was honest and reliable. Priestly insight suggested even more impressive qualities..Heart racing, Tom produced another quarter from a pants pocket. For the benefit of the adults, he performed the proper preparation-a little patter and the ten-finger flimflam-because in magic as in jewelry, every diamond must have the proper setting if it's to glitter impressively..Swinging toward the open door, he saw that the dead detective was true to his word: He wasn't here..Every time Junior glanced back, Vanadium was following his wake through the throng. Stocky but almost gliding. Grim and grimmer. Hideous. And closer..Junior put the money on the desk. "Then get into the records of Family Services..".At the bed, he spread the garment across his pillow. Lying down, he pressed his face into the sweater. The sweet subtle scent of Naomi was as effective as a lullaby, and soon he dozed off..Oh," Celestina White replied, "yes, every day. I'm currently engaged on an entire series of works inspired by Bartholomew..".Chicane packed the ice against Junior's thighs. "Severe spasm causes inflammation. Twenty minutes of ice alternating with twenty minutes of massage, until the worst passes..".In the hall that served the two ground-floor apartments, they encountered Rena Moller, the elderly woman who lived in the unit across from theirs. She was polishing the dark wood of her front door with lemon oil, a sure sign that her son and his family were coming to dinner..Aware of the dangers of dehydration, he drank a bottle of water and put two half-gallon containers of Gatorade in the Suburban..So that my mind could move about among the years and centuries without getting things all out of order, and to keep contradictions and discrepancies at a minimum while I was writing these stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the first big map I drew of all the Archipelago and the Reaches, when I began to work on A Wizard of Earthsea over thirty years ago: I needed to know where things are, and how to get from here to there-in time as well as in space..Simon's a funny duck," Vanadium said, "but I like him more than a little and trust him implicitly. He wanted to know what he could do to help. Initially, my speech was slurred, I had partial paralysis in my left arm, and I'd lost fifty-four pounds. I wasn't going to be looking for Cain for a long time, but it turned out Simon knew where he was..".Now, twenty-four hours later, when Sparky answered his telephone and heard Tom Vanadium, he said, "You looking for a little company? I've got another bottle of Merlot where the last one came from..".Frowning, Panglo, said, "Terrible, you're right, so many terrible things happen, but I don't see why trains-".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..Junior closed his eyes at once and let his jaw sag, breathing through his mouth, feigning sleep..The odds against this phenomenal eleven-card draw must be millions to one, which seemed to give the predictions validity..Thus began the first day of the last weekend of their old lives. Maria visited on Saturday, sitting in the kitchen, embroidering the collar and cuffs of a blouse, while Agnes baked pies..done with it at last, he opens his mouth, lets the roses be shoved in, the bitter green taste of the juice crushed from.spades. Friday night, she had ripped the cards in thirds and had been carrying the twelve pieces with her since then, waiting for this quiet Sunday evening..Her voice as bright as her bed ensemble, spiritual sister to baby chicks everywhere, yellow Angel raised her head from the pillow and said, "Will you have a wedding?".Well, as years pass, they're going to be a financial burden, if nothing else, so I'm glad I've got a little surprise for you..The ninth piece

was not art, certainly not a work by Griskin, and could disturb no one half as much as it rattled Junior. Upon a black pedestal stood a pewter candlestick identical to the one that had cracked the skull of Thomas Vanadium and had added dimension to the cop's previously pan-flat face..Since childhood, he had been waiting for this moment-if indeed it was The Moment-and he had nearly lost hope that the much-desired encounter would ever come to pass. He had expected to find others with his perceptions among physicists or mathematicians, among monks or mystics, but never in the form of a three-year-old girl dressed all in midnight-blue except for a red belt and two red hair bows..Rowena loves you, Phimie had told him, briefly repressing the effects of her stroke to speak with clarity. Beezil and Feezil are safe with her Messages from his lost wife and children, where they waited for him beyond this life.."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..".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..In early May, he sought self-improvement by taking French lessons. The language of love..Standard decks of playing cards are machine packed, always in the same order, according to suits. You can absolutely count on the fact that each deck you open will be assembled in precisely the same order as every other deck you have ever opened or ever will open.."Even in an infinite number of worlds," Wally objected, "there's no place I was that stupid.".Bartholomew was an uncommon name, however, and logic suggested that if the baby was now called Bartholomew, he'd been named for his adoptive dad. Therefore, a search of the listings might be fruitful..Tom didn't understand Edom's comment or the smiles that it drew, but otherwise, he was impressed by the ease with which these people absorbed what he had said and by the imagination with which they began to expand upon his speculation. It was almost as though they had long known the shape of what he'd told them and that he was only filling in a few confirming details..Vanadium's smile, in that tragically fractured face, might have alarmed most people, but Kathleen found it appealing because of the indestructible spirit it revealed.

[The Art of Ready Player One](#)

[The Talmud A Biography](#)

[NIV Journal the Word Reference Bible Hardcover Black Red Letter Edition Comfort Print Let Scripture Explain Scripture Reflect on What You Learn](#)

[The Art Of Sea Of Thieves](#)

[Poetry for Historians Or W H Auden and History](#)

[Spider-man deadpool By Joe Kelly Ed McGuinness](#)

[The Odyssey A New Translation by Peter Green](#)

[Scheherezade \(1953\) Tales from the Thousand and One Nights](#)

[Coaching Psychology for Learning Facilitating Growth in Education](#)

[World Of Warcraft Chronicle Volume 3](#)

[Mitochondria in Health and Disease Personalized Nutrition for Healthcare Practitioners](#)

[The Unseen Voice A Cultural Study of Early Australian Radio](#)

[Napa The Story of an American Eden](#)

[AOA A-level Philosophy Year 2](#)

[Les couleurs du temps sur les murs 2019 Le temps qui passe cree des uvres dart](#)

[Jazz on sax 2019 Saxophone le souffle du jazz](#)

[Angel paintings 2019 Colourful angel paintings](#)

[Les chevaux du Maroc 2019 Balade dans les haras marocains](#)

[Petra The ancient capital of the Nabataeans 2019 A tour of the abandoned town of the Nabataeans](#)

[La region Bretagne 2019 Vision de la Bretagne une region de France](#)

[Les plus belles plages de Provence et de la Cote dAzur 2019 Une promenade photographique sur la cote mediterraneenne de Provence et de la Cote dAzur](#)

[LA FETE FORAINE 2019 Tableaux de peinture numerique sur le theme de la fete foraine](#)

[Arbre en Scene 2019 Larbre aux quatre saisons](#)

[Saint-Pierre et Miquelon a letat sauvage 2019 Un petit bout de France meconnu](#)

[Lake Maggiore 2019 Photographic impressions of the Lake Maggiore one of the Italian lakes](#)

[Dechainement de couleurs 2019 Pigmentez votre quotidien !](#)

[Mothers of earth- life can be so voluptuous 2019 The natural power and beauty of corpulent women!](#)

[On the road in Cuba \(UK-Version\) 2019 American classic cars from the 1950s still reality in the streets of Cuba](#)

[Entre Valais et Oberland bernois 2019 Paysages de Suisse](#)

[Beloved Buenos Aires 2019 Declaration of love to the wonderful city of Buenos Aires Argentina](#)

[Indian Summer Mont Tremblant Quebec 2019 Indian Summer at Mount Tremblant Lodge in Quebec Canada is known world-wide for its summer and winter leisure activities](#)

[Just Garden Birds 2019 Beautiful Birds in the UK Garden](#)

[My Parrots 2019 Coloured pencil drawings](#)

[Finnish nature 2019 Nature and wildlife photos from Finland](#)

[Nothing but Kindness 2019 Perspectives on animals life](#)

[Marrakesh Moroccos heartbeat 2019 13 looks at Moroccos oriental heart](#)

[During the sunset 2019 Photographic calendar of sunsets](#)

[Einfluss Von Determinanten Der Prinzipal-Agent-Theorie Auf Die Opportunistischen Verhaltensweisen Innerhalb Eines Franchisesystems](#)

[Preismanagement Kooperationen Strategische Analysemethoden Corporate Identity Digitalisierung](#)

[Haben Kryptow hrungen Das Potential Den Us- Dollar ALS Leitw hrung Abzul sen? Bitcoin Ripple Und Iota](#)

[Darstellung Von Qualit tszielen Und Deren Bedeutung F r Ein Erfolgreiches Qualit tsmanagement](#)

[Fetes maritimes dans le Finistere 2019 Voile traditionnelle et vieux greements](#)

[Contrasts - more than Black and White 2019 Black and White Shots](#)

[Augmented Reality Und Virtual Reality Welche Anwendungsbereich Gibt Es Im E-Business?](#)

[What Are Diversity and Diversity Management?](#)

[E-Commerce Und Unternehmensstrategie Bei Calzedonia](#)

[Sri Lanka Perspectives 2019 An enchanted island in the Indian Ocean](#)

[Natural Vistas 2019 A collection of British landscapes](#)

[E-Procurement Beschaffung iber Das Internet](#)

[Wie Wirksam Sind Fiskalpolitische Regeln?](#)

[Blueberry](#)

[Memories from My Daughters Childhood A Trilogy Part I A Message to Future Generations](#)

[LES VITRAUX 2019 Composition graphique de tableaux en peinture numerique sur le theme des vitraux](#)

[Checkmate](#)

[Coutelier 2019 Artisan coutelier](#)

[Reptiles Colorful beauties 2019 Cold-blooded beauties](#)

[Ancient treasure Temple of Kalabsha 2019 Wonderful ancient Temple of Kalabsha in Egypt](#)

[Effizienzsteigerung Und Die Grundlagen Des Marketingcontrollings in Unternehmen](#)

[Business Analytics Einsatzpotenziale Im Dienstleistungscontrolling](#)

[Turtles and Tortoises - Armored pacifists 2019 Oldest and most original of all reptiles](#)

[Scenes from the coast of North Yorkshire 2019 Beautiful coastal landscapes from Flamborough to Robin Hoods Bay](#)

[A travers lile de Skye 2019 Paysages de lile de Skye](#)

[Colours of Nature UK-Version 2019 Explore the wonderful colours of nature in 24 stunning photographs](#)

[lovely Teddys 2019 cute little teddybears](#)

[Wissembourg - Pearl of Alsace 2019 Town with French and German history](#)

[Discover Singapore 2019 On an expedition through Singapore](#)

[Textures automnales 2019 De pres ou de tres pres que des images dautomne](#)

[BIG BOLD AND BEAUTIFUL 2019 The Essential Heavy Horse](#)

[Just Bengal Tigers 2019 Magical Bengal Tigers Both Yellow and White with Stripes](#)

[A Journey With the Sea Turtles 2019 Everybody loves sea turtles Enjoy a wonderful journey with fantastic pictures out of our oceans](#)

[Grand Staircase Escalante 2019 The best kept secret in the American Southwest](#)

[Coquelicots 2019 Serie de tableaux de fleurs de coquelicot](#)

[Sunny Sark 2019 Images of the beautiful island of Sark](#)

[Best Beaches of Provence and the Cote dAzur 2019 Beautiful images of some of the best beaches of Provence and the Cote dAzur](#)

[Chevauchees a Deauville 2019 Chevauchees a Deauville en lever de soleil automnal](#)

[Al-Andalus Impressions from Andalusia 2019 Al-Andalus - Andalucia - Andalusia the Alhambra the Mezquita Ronda as well as the Costa del Sol attract millions of visitors every year](#)

[Isle of Skye 2019 Isle of Skye Scotland](#)

[La langue des images de Gisela Gruenwald 2019 Art individuel dans lachevement](#)
[Dangerous Dolls 2019 2019 A nice variety of semi-nude models armed to the teeth](#)
[Le Cap dAgde dans tous ses etats 2019 Entre ports et plages Le Cap dAgde est la capitale des vacances](#)
[Venice 2019 Venice never loses its capacity to enchant with its canals and palaces](#)
[LIndonesie 2019 Images fortes de Bali de Java et de Sumatra](#)
[Gdansk Colourful Streetlife 2019 Gdansk a world of pleasant alleys and historical churches with photographs in picturesque HDR Quality](#)
[Jamaica Sun and Beaches 2019 Jamaica Negril is known as the best beach in the Caribbean](#)
[London Images UK-Version 2019 Photos in black and white with contrasts of a special kind](#)
[Aupres de mon arbre 2019 Au travers des saisons larbre et ses changements](#)
[La Provence pittoresque 2019 Un voyage en photos en traversant les villages les villes et les paysages de Provence](#)
[Roses Romance Visual Music of Flowers 2019 Art Calendar - Macro photography of nature](#)
[Feuilles et Arbres 2019 Captive par les saisons](#)
[Regatta a Saint-Tropez 2019 Les voiles de Saint-Tropez au fil des saisons](#)
[Water in the Landscape 2019 Waterfalls cascades and close-ups of water in British landscapes](#)
[contrastes hommes 2019 2019 Calendrier mensuel en n b 14 pages dont 13 avec photos de nu artistique masculin](#)
[Norway 2019 A bike adventure 2019 Photos of a bike adventure through Norway](#)
[Sahara The Edge of Civilisation 2019 The edge of civilisation](#)
[Quelles mimiques ces chatons 2019 Un calendrier plein dhumour](#)
[Paris capitale 2019 Quelques images des monuments de Paris](#)
[watershapes 2019 The inverted world of reflections in moving water](#)
[Winter in Maidenhead 2019 Atmospheric shots of winter taken in and around Maidenhead](#)
[Drums On Stage - Lets Rock 2019 Fascinating concert photos of drums from different perspectives](#)
[French Riviera moments 2019 The Cote dAzur in 13 fascinating photographs](#)
