

## **SAGE BRUSH LEAVES BY HENRY R MIGHELS**

"That's unusual, too, and I wish the etiology of this disease, which is exceedingly well understood, gave us reason to hope based on the transience of the symptoms ... but it doesn't." 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..Junior didn't care which explanation was correct. Only one thing mattered: The Bartholomew hunt was at last nearing an end. On Wednesday, December 27, Junior met Google, the document forger, in a theater, during a matinee of Bonnie and Clyde..Too much had happened in those rooms. They were stained dark with family history, and in the night, when either Edom or Jacob slept under that gabled roof, the past came alive again in dreams..Turning around in his seat, watching with amusement as Celestina fumbled nervously with the currency, the cabbie said, "You're not scared, not you. Sitting back there so silent most all the way, you weren't thinking about being famous. You were thinking about that girl of yours." "What wound? Junior wanted to ask, but he recognized bait when he heard it, and he did not bite.."Oh, yes, I recall it now. Polar bears eating tourists in Union Square, wolf packs prowling the Heights."..being careful to place the point of impact precisely where the bottle had struck her..Yes, she did, she had one, but not much of one, and compared to the McIntosh in Google's throat, this was just a bitty crab apple, easy to overlook, not excessive for a woman..EVERY MOTHER BELIEVES that her baby is breathtakingly beautiful. She will remain unshakably convinced of this even if she lives to be a centenarian and her child has been harrowed by eight hard decades of gravity and experience..Indeed, Junior suspected that they might be here at Vanadium's urging. The cop would be interested in determining how avaricious the mourning husband would prove to be when presented with the opportunity to turn his wife's cold flesh into cash..He planned, as soon as they took him out of his cell, to use the old Changers spell of self-transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into—a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking that he wanted to make sure he got his rest..Breath held, Celestina confirmed what she had suspected about the child since the quick glimpse she'd had in the surgery. Its skin was cafe au lait with a warming touch of caramel..During the past week, he had ferreted out what he could about the nurse. She was thirty, divorced, without kids, and lived alone..With that thought, he made himself laugh. Unfortunately, his laughter was high-pitched and shaky, and it scared the hell out of him..hands as she had seen surgeons do in movies, and she could almost believe that she was still at home, in bed, in the fevered throes of a terrible dream..Junior intended to pack only a single bag, leaving most of his clothes behind. He could afford a fine new wardrobe.."Maybe," said Angel. "Or maybe to The Monkees ... or maybe to where you didn't get run down by the rhinosharush."..In Junior's estimation, this was not the way that a normal person lived. This was the home of a deranged loner, a dangerously obsessive man..On the fourth floor, at Dr. Klerkle's suite, the hall door stood ajar. Past office hours, the small waiting room was deserted...An exceptionally attractive woman, alone at the bar, stirred his desire. Glossy black hair: the tresses of night itself, shorn from the sky..He would have liked to take Industrial Woman, as well, but she weighed a quarter ton. He couldn't manage her alone, and he dared not hire a day worker, not even an illegal alien, to assist him, and thereby compromise the Pinchbeck van and identity..They had not come to Junior yesterday in their grief, if in fact they had thought to grieve..wickedly sharp silver scimitar suspended by a filament more fragile than a human hair..Copyright (c) 1997 by Ursula K. Le Guin..The quarter, surely. The one that had not been in his robe pocket where it should have been, the previous Friday..Between new women and needlepoint pillows, he participated in s'ances, attended lectures given by ghost hunters, visited haunted houses, and read more strange books. He even sat for the camera of a famous medium whose photographs sometimes revealed the auras of benign or malevolent presences hovering in the vicinity of her subject, though in his case she could discern no telltale sign of a spirit..In spring, summer, and fall, they brightened the grave with the roses that Edom grew in the side yard. In this less rose-friendly season, these Christmas bouquets had been purchased at a flower shop..Jacob trusted no one but Agnes and Edom. He'd trusted Joey Lampion, too, after years of wary observance. Now Joey was dead, and his corpse was in the embalming chamber of the Panglo Funeral Home..because even to cry in pain will invite more vicious discipline than the pummeling he's already endured. His father: "Well, sure," said Mary, "without dying first. That would be the easy way to get there. I'm a Lampion, aren't I? Do we take the easy way, if we can avoid it? Did Daddy take the easiest way up the oak tree?"..Likewise, she wasn't prepared to deal with a monster like the father, if one day he came for Angel. And he would come. She knew. In these events as in all things, Celestina White glimpsed a pattern, complex and mysterious, and to the eye of an artist, the symmetry of the design required that one day the father would come. She wasn't prepared to deal with the creep now, but by the time that he arrived, she would be ready for him..CLOUDS SWARMED THE late-afternoon sun, and the Oregon sky grew sapphire where still revealed. Cops gathered like bright-eyed crows in the lengthening shadow of the fire tower..Pecan cakes, cinnamon custard pies boxed in insulated coolers, gifts wrapped with bright paper and glittery ribbons. Agnes Lampion made deliveries to those friends who were on her list of the needful, but also to friends who were blessed with plenty. The sight of each beloved face, each embrace, each kiss, each smile, each cheerfully spoken "Merry Christmas" at every stop fortified her heart for the sad task awaiting her when all gifts were given..His patience exhausted, the pianist wrenched his hand out of Junior's grip. He glanced around nervously, certain that they must be the center of attention, but of course the reception guests were lost in their witless conversations, or they were gaga over the maudlin

paintings, and no one was aware of this quiet little drama. He knew the titles that he wanted: "Tunnel in the Sky, Between Planets, Starman Jones. ". During the girl's final appointment, Junior discovered she would be home alone that same night, her parents at a function she wasn't required to attend. She appeared to reveal this inadvertently, quite innocently; however, Junior was a bloodhound when it came to smelling seduction, regardless of how subtle the scent. Smiling, pulling the blanket more tightly around herself, she said, "You look after your old mom, don't you?". Spruce Hills, but also those in the entire county, maybe seventy or eighty thousand. Because his lacrimal glands and tear ducts were intact, Barty could cry with his plastic eyes. Consequently, it didn't seem all that much more incredible to be seeing with them. The paramedic snatched the oxygen feed from his patient's nose and quickly elevated his head, providing a purge towel to catch the thin ejecta. Like the chicken egg. As weary as she was, Agnes could not at once puzzle out the meaning of those four words. Then: "Oh. He's in an incubator." He couldn't remember on what principle he'd considered firing Magusson. In spite of his faults, the attorney was highly competent. Barty sat at the kitchen table, reading *Between Planets*. From time to time, Agnes discovered him watching her at work or studying Maria's face and her dexterous hands. There would be lots of aftermath with three at once, especially if he took them out with point-blank head shots, but Junior was pumped full of reliable antiemetics, antidiarrhetics, and antihistamines, so he felt adequately protected from his traitorous sensitive side. In fact, he wanted to see a significant quantity of aftermath this time, because it would be proof positive that the boy was dead and that all this torment had come at last to an end. As he passed the living-room archway, he said, "Watch out for tidal waves, Uncle Jacob." Nolly shook his head, setting a cotillion of warts and moles adance on his pendulous cheeks. "Ask any adoptee who, as an adult, has tried to team the names of his real parents. Easier to drag a freight train up a mountain by your teeth." MONDAY MORNING, January 17, Agnes's lawyer, Vinnie Lincoln, came to the house with Joey's will and other papers requiring attention. "I'll never forget it," Dr. Salk promised. With his attention still on Perri's pictures, he said, "But I'm afraid you give me far too much credit. I'm no superman. I didn't do the work alone. So many dedicated people were involved." Adding new growth to his forest of frustration, Tom got up from the study desk, fetched the newspaper from the front doorstep, and went to the kitchen to make his morning coffee. He boiled up a pot of strong brew and sat down at the knotty-pine table with a steaming mug full of black and sugarless solace. "It's not a specific brand you can't have, it's the whole idea of a candy bar." When he closed his eyes, he saw a bowling pin, a leftover image from his with-seed days. In less than a minute, he was able to make the pin dematerialize, filling his mind with featureless, soundless, soothing, white nothingness. Among themselves, the authorities spoke more often than not in murmurs. Or perhaps Junior was too distracted to hear them clearly. Over potato soup and an asparagus salad, the dinner conversation got off to a promising start: a discussion of favorite potato dishes, observations on the weather, talk of Mexico at Christmas. "Oh, dear God," she whispered, and although she had always been a strong woman who stood on a rock of faith, who drew hope as well as air with every breath, she was as weak now as the unborn child in her womb, sick with fear. "It's an uncommon reaction," the physician acknowledged, "but not so uncommon as to be rare." Then he looked up at the massive limbs overhead, and the mood changed: A sense of impending insight at once gave way to the fear that an unsuspected fissure in a huge limb might crack through at this precise moment, crushing him under a ton of wood, or that the Big One, striking now, would topple the entire oak. With his sister's financial backing, Edom purchased a flower shop in '71, after ascertaining that the strip mall in which it was located had been even more soundly constructed than the earthquake code required, that it didn't stand on slide-prone land, that it did not lie in a flood plain, and that in fact its altitude above sea level ensured that it would survive all but a tidal wave of such towering enormity that nothing less than an asteroid impact in the Pacific could be the cause. In '73, he married Maria Elena (that boy-girl thing, after all), whereupon she became Agnes's sister-in-law in addition to having long been a full sister in her heart. They bought the house on the other side of the original *Lampion* homestead, and another fence was torn down. IN NEED OF OIL, the hand crank squeaked, but the tall halves of the casement window parted and opened outward into the alleyway. Six captain's chairs encircled the big round table, one for everybody, including Agnes, but only Paul and Barty stayed seated. In fact, attorneys for the potential plaintiffs felt that Nork, Hisscus, and Knacker were too willing to reach an accommodation, and they met the trio's conciliation with high suspicion. Naturally, the state didn't want to defend against a claim involving the death of a beautiful young bride and her unborn baby, but their willingness to negotiate so early, from such a reasonable posture, implied that their position was even weaker than it appeared to be. Even above the piston-knock of her heart and the bellows-wheeze of her breath, Celestina heard wood crack, a small pane of glass explode, and metal torque with a squeal. The creep was going to get away. Had Kathleen Klerkle been a man, she would have enjoyed larger quarters in a newer building in a better part of town. She was more gentle and respectful of the patient's comfort than any male dentist Nolly had ever known, but prejudice hampered women in her profession. Two staff members were at the front desk, when last he'd seen them, out of sight now and too far away to hear the crooning. Junior had been waiting at the doors when the library opened, and thus far he'd encountered no other patrons. "It's just that you never know what anyone's hand has been up to recently," Jacob explained. "That respectable banker down the street might have thirty dismembered women buried in his backyard. The nice church-going lady next door might be sleeping in the same bed with the rotting corpse of a lover who tried to jilt her, and for a hobby she makes jewelry from the finger bones of preschool children she's tortured and murdered." "Did they rush you straight in here or did you arrange all the insurance matters at reception, Mr. Pinchbeck?" "He was born yesterday, not today," Edom said glumly. "When the thousand-year quake hits, skyscrapers will pancake, bridges crumble, dams break. In three minutes, a million people will die between San Diego and Santa Barbara." So here it came again, the hateful past, returning when Junior thought he was shed of it. This tall, lanky, Celestina-humping son of a bitch, guardian of

Bartholomew, had driven away, gone home, but he couldn't stay in the past where he belonged, and he was opening his mouth to say Who are you or maybe to shout an alarm, so Junior shot him three times..He still had a sour taste in his mouth, although it was not as disgusting as it had been. All the odors were wonderfully clean and bracing--antiseptics, floor wax, freshly laundered bedsheets--without a whiff of..At eight o'clock in the evening, Junior parked two blocks past the target house. He walked back to the Prosser residence, gloved hands in the pockets of his raincoat, collar turned up..support as he had only pretended to need it previously. He felt as if he had become the mere shell of a man and that the right note would shatter him as a properly piercing tone can shatter crystal..A half bath downstairs. Two bedrooms and a full bath on the upper floor. All deserted..even allow himself as much as a lascivious wink or a quick caress of Victoria's hand..Soon he dispensed with picture books and progressed to short novels for more accomplished readers, and then rapidly to books meant for young adults. Tom Swift adventures and Nancy Drew mysteries captivated him through the summer and early autumn..But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to hide his gift..Fathoms of silence flooded the line. Still, she listened. He sensed her there, though as if at a great depth..She removed a temporary cap from the second bicuspid on the lower left side and replaced it with the porcelain cap that had been delivered by the lab that morning..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..He used the kitchen phone, at the comer secretary. The blood had been cleaned up long ago, of course, and the minor damage from the ricocheting bullet had been repaired..The moonlight had faded and the gentle waves had ebbed out of his mind's eye. He concentrated, trying to force the phantom sea to flow back into view, but this was one of those rare occasions when a Zedd technique failed him".Tom Vanadium, on the other hand, was certain that Cain, having prepared for the possibility that something would go wrong during his assault on Celestina, wouldn't be easy to locate or to apprehend. In Vanadium's view, the maniac either had a bolt-hole waiting in the city or was already out of the SFPD's jurisdiction..Two cranks operated the winch.. The mortician and his assistant turned the handles in unison, and as the mechanism creaked softly, the casket slowly descended into the hole..Grace declined food, but Tom ordered for her, anyway, selecting those things that by now he knew Celestina liked, guessing that the mother's taste had shaped the daughter's..glasses off the table. He seized one of the pewter candlesticks, as well, knocking the candle out of it..This was one of many things about Agnes that amazed Edom. If he had dared to make a list of all the qualities that he admired in her, he would have sunk into despair at the consideration of how much better she had coped with adversity than either he or Jacob..Unsupervised meditation without seed, in sessions longer than an hour, entails risk. To his horror, Junior would discover some of the dangers in September..Returning the newborn to the nun, Celestina asked for the use of a phone, and for privacy..Angel didn't want to go, maybe because the boogeyman schemed beneath the bed in some of her nightmares..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..He would never allow himself to be bankrupted and made poor again. Never. His fortune had been won at enormous risk, with great fortitude and determination. He must defend it at any cost..She woke weeping from the dreams, and she wanted no witnesses. She wasn't embarrassed by her tears. She just didn't want to share them with anyone but Barty..The Spruce Hills Police Department was far too small to have a full-blown Scientific Investigation Division. And if the tableau presented to them appeared convincing enough, they might accept the death as a freak accident and never turn to the state police for technical."Stop it, stop it!" Agnes, only ten years old, slender and shaking, but wild with righteousness, until now held in thrall by her own fear, by the memory of all the beatings that she herself has taken. She screams at their father and strikes him with a book she's brought from the house. The Bible. She strikes their father with the Bible, from which he's read to them every night of their lives. He drops the roses, tears the holy book out of Agnes's hands, and pitches it across the yard. He rakes up a handful of the scattered roses, intending to make his son resume this dinner of sin, but here comes Agnes once more, the Bible recovered, brandishing it at him, and now she says what all of them know to be true but what none of them has ever dared say, what even Agnes herself will never again dare to say after this day, not while the old man lives, but she dares to say it now, holding the Bible toward him, so he can see the gold-embossed cross upon the imitation-leather cover. "Murderer," Agnes says. "Murderer " And Edom knows that they're all as good as dead now, that their father will slaughter them right here, right this minute, in his rage. "Murderer," she says accusingly, behind the shield of the Bible, and she doesn't mean that he is killing Edom, but that he killed their mother, that they heard him in the night, three years before, heard the short but awful struggle, and know that what happened was no accident. Roses fall from his skinned and pierced hands, a flurry of petals yellow and petals red. He rises and takes a step toward Agnes, his dripping fists crimson with his blood and with Edom's. Agnes doesn't back away, but thrusts the book toward him, and scintillant sunlight caresses the cross. Instead of tearing the book out of her hands again, their father stalks away, into the house, surely to return with club or cleaver ... yet they will see no more of him this day. Then Agnes--with tweezers for the thorns, with a basin full of warm water and a washcloth, with iodine and Neosporin and bandages--kneels beside him in the yard. Jacob, too, comes forth from the dark crawlspace under the porch, having watched in terror from behind the latticework skirt. He is shaking, crying, flushed with embarrassment because he didn't intervene, although he was wise to hide, for the disciplinary beating of one twin usually leads to the pointless beating of the other. Agnes gradually settles Jacob by involving him in the treatment of his brother's wounds, and to Edom she says, often thereafter, "I love your roses, Edom. I love your roses. God loves your roses, Edom." Overhead, agitated wings quiet to a soft flutter, and the shrieking crows grow silent. The air pools as still and heavy as the water in a

hidden lagoon within a secret glade, in the perfect garden of the unfallen.....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..The third-floor apartment directly over Enoch Cain's unit had been leased by Simon Magusson, through his corporation, ever since it became available in March of '66, twenty-two months ago..The odds against this phenomenal eleven-card draw must be millions to one, which seemed to give the predictions validity..Extending his hand, watching the pianist closely, Junior said, "My name's Richard Gammoner." "Maybe I won't have to try as hard as I think, because you make it so easy, Barty." "Worse, the people who adopted Seraphim's baby might be anywhere in the nine-county Bay Area. Millions of phone listings to scan..Retracing his path across the kitchen, he caught a faint whiff of jasmine from the backyard. Funny, jasmine here inside. Two paces later, he felt a draft..Out of the car, along the sidewalk, up the steps, from Mercedes to mist to murder. Pistol in his right hand, lock-release gun in his left, three knives in sheaths strapped to his body..Paul shook his head. "Oh, no. People look at our marriage, and they think I gave up so much, but I got back a lot more than I gave." The study was the size of a bathroom. The cramped space barely allowed for a battered pine desk, a chair, and one filing cabinet..Celestina's question had been about Phimie, but they had told her about the baby, and she was alarmed by their evasion.."Be quiet, sugarpie," she said, crossing the bedroom to the door, which stood only slightly ajar..Although he ate more meals in restaurants than not, he hadn't ordered a burger in twenty-two months, since finding the quarter embedded in the half-melted slice of cheddar, in December of '65. Indeed, since then, he'd never risked a sandwich of any kind in a restaurant, limiting his selections to foods that were served open on the plate..This didn't work for Junior. Strangely, when he focused on a mental image of any fruit-apple, peach, banana-his thoughts drifted to sex. He became aroused and had no hope of clearing his mind..were uniformly negative, frequently hilarious, but never as succinct and violent as Sklent's..Friday morning, Junior resigned his position as a physical therapist at the rehabilitation hospital. He expected to be able to live well off interest and dividends for the rest of his life, because his tastes were modest..From the chair in the corner, where Agnes sat, it seemed that Joshua took an inordinately long time on what was usually a quick examination. Worry so weighed on her that the physician's customary thoroughness seemed, this time, to be filled with dire meaning..Somehow, Vanadium's malevolent spirit was also to blame for Junior's failure to find a new heart mate, in spite of all the women he'd been through. Undoubtedly, when Bartholomew was dead and Vanadium vanquished with him, romance and true love would bloom..A few minutes after dawn, in excellent weather, they flew out of Sacramento, bound for Eugene. Junior would have enjoyed the scenery if his face hadn't felt as if it were gripped by a score of white-hot pliers in the hands of the same evil trolls that had peopled all the fairy tales that his mother had ever told him when he was little.."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." Junior descended the escalator two steps at a time, not content to let it carry him along at its own pace. When he reached the second floor, however, he found that Vanadium's ghost had done what ghosts do best: faded away. Abandoning his search for the perfect tie chain but determined to remain calm, Junior decided to have lunch at the St. Francis Hotel..The voice had come not from the armchair in the corner, but from immediately beside the bed..Judging by the sounds Vanadium made, Junior figured that the cop had settled once more into the armchair..Barty's mathematical genius proved to have a valuable practical application. Even in his blindness, he perceived patterns where those with sight did not. Working with Tom Vanadium, he devised strikingly successful investment strategies based on subtleties of the stock market's historical performance. By the 1980s, the foundation's annual return on its endowment averaged twenty-six percent: excellent in light of the fact that the runaway inflation of the 1970s had been curbed.."Our new roof," Bill said, pointing overhead, "will hold through any hurricane. Fine work. You tell Agnes what fine..STILL WEARING HIS white pharmacy smock over a white shirt and black slacks, striding purposefully along the streets of Bright Beach, under a malignant-gray twilight sky worthy of a *Weird Tales* cover, with ominous accompanying rhythm provided by wind-clattered palm fronds overhead, Paul Damascus headed home for the day..Kathleen had never heard a religious calling described in such odd words as these, and she was surprised, indeed, to hear a priest refer to God as "strange." Kathleen savored her martini. "Mmmm ... as cold as a hit man's heart and as crisp as a hundred-dollar bill from the devil's wallet." As he said cards, the magician turned a knowing look toward Edom, eliciting from him a responding frown of puzzlement..With his startling combination of a Mediterranean complexion and rust-red hair, his good looks, and his fit physique, Paul had the exotic appearance of a pulp-fiction hero. In particular, he liked to imagine that he might pass for Doc Savage's brother..After the song concluded, Junior felt better. His heartbeat soon returned to normal. The damp palms of his hands grew dry..Having been an object of Thomas Vanadium's fixation, Junior felt fortunate to have survived. He shuddered.."I see. Sometimes. Just quick. For like a blink. Like when you stand between two mirrors. You know?" Edom did as asked. Then he cut the deck into two approximately equal stacks when requested to do so..Nolly shuddered. "The wilds of Oregon. I don't intend ever to go there until it's civilized." She found the switch and clicked off the lamp again. "Good-night, young prince." Wait here in the car. Give them time to settle down. At this hour, they would put the kid to bed first. Then Ichabod and Celestina would go to their room, undress for the night..She bent down and kissed his cheek, his right eye, his left, his brow, his dry cracked lips. "I love you so much. I wanted to die when I thought you weren't with me anymore..He capped the bottle, pocketed it, and then kicked the dead man, kicked him again, and spat on him..Agnes's big brother by six years, Edom had lived in one of the two apartments above the large detached garage, behind the main house, since he was twenty-five, when he'd left the working world. He was now thirty-six..Further preparation-the purchase of gold coins and diamonds, the establishment of false identities-had to be delayed due to the hives. An hour short of dawn, Junior was

awakened by a fierce itching not limited to his phantom toe. His entire body, over every plane and into every crevice, prickled and tingled and burned as with fever-and itched..He returned to the house and extinguished the three blown-glass oil lamps on the living-room coffee table. Out, as well, the silk-shade lamp..From a distance and through a scattering of trees, Junior wasn't able to discern much about the other funeral, but he was pretty sure many if not most of that crowd were Negroes. He surmised, therefore, that the person being buried was a Negro, too..After just twenty-one days, the boy's adaptation to blindness was amazing but clearly the gathered audience stood in anticipation of something more remarkable than his unhalting progress and unerring sense of direction..Yet had the obstacles been piled twice as high, the time had come to put into words what they felt for each other and to decide what they intended to do about it. Celestina knew that in depth and intensity, as well as in the promise of passion, Wally's love for her equaled hers for him; out of respect for her and perhaps because the sweet man doubted his desirability, he tried to conceal the true power of his feelings and actually thought he succeeded, though in fact he was radiant with love. His once-brotherly kisses on the cheek, his touches, his admiring looks were all still chaste but ever more tender with the passage of time; and when he held her hand-as in the gallery this evening-whether as a show of support or simply to keep her safely beside him in a crosswalk on a busy street, dear Wally was overcome by a wistfulness and a longing that Celestina vividly remembered from Junior high school, when thirteen-year-old boys, their gazes filled with purest adoration, would be struck numb and mute by the conflict between yearning and inexperience. On three occasions recently, he seemed on the brink of revealing his feelings, which he would expect to surprise if not shock her, but the moment had never been quite right..Junior wasn't interested in Vietnam anymore, and he wasn't in the least troubled by the other news. These two years were disturbing to him only because of Thomas Vanadium..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..Instead, he imagined Vanadium's blunt fingers moving over the intravenous apparatus with surprising delicacy, reading the function of the equipment as a blind man would read Braille with swift, sure, gliding fingertips. He imagined the detective finding the injection port in the main drip line, pinching it between thumb and forefinger. Saw him produce a hypodermic needle as a magician would pluck a silk scarf from the ether. Nothing in the syringe except deadly air. The needle sliding into the port ....She sat at the kitchen table, staring at the glass. After a while she emptied it in the sink without having taken a sip..A few attractive women were here alone, proof that social mores had changed dramatically in three years. Junior was aware of their hot gazes, their need, and he knew that he could have any of them..sport shirt just for no reason at all, because she thought he'd look nice in it?". "Are you all right?" he asked as he opened the passenger's door and helped her into the car.. "The girl's baby," said Nolly, "was placed with Catholic Family Services for adoption.".Celestina breezed through the open door with Angel. "No vanilla wafers. You'll be up all night with a sugar rush."

[This Invitational Life](#)

[Adventures of Jazzi G Search for the Missing Peace](#)

[The Enlightened Marriage The 5 Transformative Stages of Relationships and Why the Best Is Still to Come](#)

[Molly Tailwagger and the Golden Rule](#)

[Magnetic Mess](#)

[Social Lives of Meerkats](#)

[Bad Cat Page-A-Day Calendar 2017](#)

[The Major and Miner](#)

[The Porcelain Rose And the Hidden Truths](#)

[Animal Hats Scarves](#)

[Do Good Stuff Journal \(Blue Cover\)](#)

[The Elegant Pitch Create a Compelling Recommendation Build Broad Support and Get it Approved](#)

[The Best of Caf lit 5](#)

[Born in 1956? What Else Happened?](#)

[Thirteenth Biennial Report of the Minnesota Historical Society to the Legislature of Minnesota Session of 1905](#)

[The Twenty-Second Secretarys Report of the Class of 1866 of Harvard College June 1924](#)

[Addresses at the Tenth Annual Banquet Of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York](#)

[Of Gardens an Essay](#)

[The Theatre of the Soul A Monodrama in One Act Translated by Marie Potapenko and Christopher St John](#)

[Colleges North and Colleges South An Address Before the Department of Higher Instruction of the National Educational Association at Topeka](#)

[Kansas July 16 1886](#)

[Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle and Little Breeches](#)

[Vergil Georgics I II](#)

[Nineteenth International Congress of Americanists Washington October 5-10 1914](#)  
[Report on the Organization of the Public Service of Canada](#)  
[Some Wander Songs And Other Verse](#)  
[The Report of the General Officers Appointed to Enquire Into the Conduct of Major General Stuart and Colonels Cornwallis and Earl of Effingham December 8th 1756](#)  
[Ohio State University Monthly](#)  
[Journal of the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Illinois Held in Pekin Tazewell County on the Twenty-First Day of June 1852](#)  
[Permanent International Association of Congresses of Navigation Permanent International Board Meeting Held at Brussels on May 28 1914 Minutes of the Meeting](#)  
[Chronological List of Members Catalogue of Books Rules and Regulations](#)  
[Early American Poetry New Englands Crisis](#)  
[The Lessons of Nature and of Life A Poem Descriptive and Historical with Notes](#)  
[Columbus and Isabella The Immortals A Souvenir Centennial Poem](#)  
[Minutes of the Eightieth Annual Session of the Alabama Baptist Association Held with Spring Creek Church Butler Co ALA October 6th 7th and 8th 1899](#)  
[Journal of the Convention of Virginia Held in the City of Richmond on the First Monday in June in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Eight](#)  
[An Impartial Review of the Opposition And the Conduct of the Late Minister Since His Succession](#)  
[The Science Year Book Diary Directory Biography Scientific Summary for 1907](#)  
[Weekly Planner for Kids 52-Week Planner Writing Journal with Inspirational Quotes \( 5x8 Inches Green\)](#)  
[Oklahoma](#)  
[Kansas](#)  
[Iqbal un enfant contre lescavage](#)  
[Weekly Planner Girls Edition Floral Pattern Weekly Planner with Notes Undated - 52 Week \(12 Month\) - Black 5x8 Inches](#)  
[Tennessee](#)  
[Exploring the Delaware Colony](#)  
[Pyramid Puzzles](#)  
[Weekly Planner at a Glance 52 Weeks + to Do List + Journaling Pages + Cute Weekly Planner Girly Design on Cover \(5 X 8 Inches White\)](#)  
[Weekly Planner Cats Edition 52 Week Weekly Planner for Kids - 5x8 Inches \(Slim Trim\) + to Do List + Notebook \(Pink Purple\)](#)  
[Reguero de Rat n \(a Mousy Mess\) Agrupar \(Sorting\)](#)  
[Who Lives Underground? A Song about Where Animals Live](#)  
[Weekly Planner and Notebook Weekly Planner Book Designed for 52 Weeks of Entries \(Pages Have No Dates for Use Anytime\) + Pages for Notes + to Do List](#)  
[South Dakota](#)  
[alberto Suma! \(Albert Adds Up!\) Adici n Substracci n \(Adding Taking Away\)](#)  
[South Carolina](#)  
[The Doggy Bone Cookbook](#)  
[Treasure Hunting Looking for Lost Riches](#)  
[A Hint on the Subject of American Foreign Patents](#)  
[Equilibrium Configuration of a Plasma in the Guiding Center Limit](#)  
[Robotics Research Technical Report Analysis of the Motion-Planning Problem for a Simple Two-Link Planar Arm](#)  
[Lafayette in Brooklyn](#)  
[Instruction Book Snows Skirt System And the Fundamental Principles of Skirt Designing a Scientific System of Skirt Cutting](#)  
[The Correspondence of Lord Montague with General Moultrie 1781](#)  
[School Libraries Planning and Equipping the School Library](#)  
[The Election Law Instructions and Directions for Commissioners and Managers of Elections Edition of 1909](#)  
[Prospectus of the Shawmut Consolidated Mining and Milling Company of Esmeralda County State of Nevada November 1 1880 Offered by the Massachusetts Mining Investment Company Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of New Jersey Oct 21 1880 with a](#)  
[Minutes of the Seventh Annual Session of the Conecuh Baptist Association Held with Baptist Church at Flomaton Escambia County ALA](#)

[September 9th 10th and 11th 1893](#)

[An Elegaic Ode](#)

[The Dedication of a Monument to the Memory of the Men of Walpole and Vicinity Who Served in the French and Indian War](#)

[Historical Notes Relating to the Second Settlement of Worcester](#)

[Minutes of the Seventeenth Annual Session of the Etowah Baptist Association Held with Union Church No 1 Duck Springs Etowah County ALA](#)

[October 5th 6th and 7th 1900](#)

[Government Documents State and City](#)

[Kossuth Coppered or the Banquet at the Capital of Laputa Containing Gullivers Great Speech](#)

[Minutes of the Third Annual Session of the Montgomery Baptist Association Held with Bethesda Church Montgomery County M A September 2D 3D and 4th 1884](#)

[The Way of Yu-Soo A Play in the Chinese Style](#)

[Annual Addresses and Reports Read Before the Bunker Hill Soldiers Relief Society April 19 1862 April 20 1863](#)

[Implicitly Representing Arrangements of Lines or Segments](#)

[Proceedings of the Sixty-Fourth Annual Session of the Union Baptist Association Held with Shiloh Baptist Church Greene County ALA Commencing August 29th 1899](#)

[Minutes of the Sixty-Fourth Annual Session of the Big Bear Creek Baptist Association](#)

[A Descriptive Reading on Picturesque Mexico Illustrated by Fifty Lantern Slides](#)

[Case of Samuel Mohawk an Indian of the Seneca Tribe Charged with the Murder of the Wigton Family in Butler County Penna With the Charge of the Court as Reported for the Spirit of the Age](#)

[Amante y Caballero Drama Original En Cuatro Actos y En Verso](#)

[Experiments with Oats 1891](#)

[The Effect of Keyways on the Strength of Shafts Vol 7 December 19 1909](#)

[The Separation of the Gadolinium Earths as Stearates](#)

[Prospectus of the Nevada Rosebud Mining Co](#)

[Annual Proceedings of the Western No CA Railroad Company With Reports of Officers for 1868](#)

[Memorial Day Service Sunday May 27 1894](#)

[Mart Christoph Laurentii Monumenta Romanorum in Thuringia Ex Quibus Sunt Praecipua Perleig Kranberg Et Romstadt](#)

[Jubile de Cluny Le Indication Des Ceremonies Et Exercices Religieux Qui Aurent Lieu a Cluny Du 31 Octobre Au 9 Novembre Pour Solenniser](#)

[Le Neuvieme Centenaire de LInstitution Par Saint Odilon de la Commemoration de Tous Les Fideles Trepases](#)

[The Watsonian Vol 2 May 1928](#)

[United States Provisional Court for the State of Louisiana 1862-1865](#)

[The Union of Utrecht](#)

[Circular Relating to Enrollments in and Transfers to the Fleet Naval Reserve](#)

[An Elegy in a Country Churchyard and Odes on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude and a Distant Prospect of Eton College](#)

[The Children in the Wood With Engravings by Thompson Nesbit S Williams Jackson and Branston and Wright](#)

[I W W One Big Union of All the Workers The Greatest Thing on Earth](#)

[Execrations Sur Le Detestable Parricide Traduit Du Latin de Nicolas Bourbon](#)

[A Letter to the Right Honourable Lord North C C C On the Present Proceedings Concerning the East-India Company](#)

[Sermon Preached at the Jesuits Church on the 4th of May 1851 On Behalf of the Convent of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd](#)

[Hammersmith](#)

[A Report on the Chestnut Tree Blight The Fungus Diaporthe Parasitica Murrill May 1909](#)

[Kurze Nachrichten Von Den Verrichtungen Des Deutsch Und Englischen Lutherischen Synods Fur Nord-Carolina Und Angranzenden Staaten](#)

[Gehalten an Der Buffaloe-Creek-Kirche Den 25 April 1819](#)

---