

## **A STUDY GUIDE FOR FAROOGH FARROKHZAADS A REBIRTH**

Fed up with them and with this exhibition, Junior half wished that he would again be stricken by violent nervous emesis. Even in his suffering, he would enjoy spraying these insistently appealing canvases with the reeking ejecta of his gut: criticism of the most pungent nature. In truth, he was terrified. Although his need for her company was so profound that it seemed to arise from his marrow, a part of him marveled-and trembled-at his dedicated pursuit of her. "I don't like the old crazy doctor," she said, still drawing. "I wish it was about bunnies on vacation-or maybe a toad learns to drive a car and has adventures." Behind them, two shots roared, and Paul knew that the reverend was no longer of this world. 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. The singular beauty of San Francisco and the exquisite patina of its colorful history spoke to her heart and kindled in her such an unreasonable passion that she sometimes wondered, at least half seriously, if she had spent other lives here. Often, streets were wondrously familiar to her the first time that she set foot on them. Certain great houses, dating from the late 1800s and early 1900s, inspired her to imagine elegant parties thrown. "No," Agnes said, shaking loose the grip of irrational fear. "Wait. This is absurd. It's just a card. And we're all curious." As Barty stepped across the threshold into the upstairs hall, Miss Pixie Lee said, "You're sweet, Barty. Kitchen staff. All men. Some looked up in surprise; others were oblivious of him. He stalked the cramped work aisles, eyes watering from the fragrant steam and the heat, seeking Vanadium, an answer. She also sought forgiveness for the hardness with which she had treated Nicholas Deed. He vanished through some hole, some slit, some tear bigger than anything through which Tom flipped his quarters. EARTHSEA. Reading about child prodigies, Agnes learned that most if not all math whizzes also possessed musical talent. To a lesser but still impressive extent, many young geniuses in the music world were also proficient at math. From the corner armchair, as if he could see so well in the dark that he knew Junior's eyes were open, Detective Thomas Vanadium said, "Did you hear my entire conversation with Dr. Parkhurst?" glimmered along the barrel of a hypodermic syringe in the hand of the paramedic. Not understanding, thinking that he was inexplicably asking if she loved him, she said, "Yes, of course, you silly bear, you stupid man, of course, I love you." RED SKY IN THE morning, sailors take warning; red sky at night, sailors delight. Head lowered, as if his visit to Jacob were a weight that bowed him, his attention was on the ground. Otherwise, he might not have noticed, might not have been halted by, the intricate and beautiful pattern of sunlight and shadow over which he walked. His precious wife had fallen from the tower and died only hours before this girl was born. This girl ... this vessel. As kinky and thrilling as it had been to make love to the girl while playing the recorded rough draft of a new sermon that she had been transcribing for her father, Junior could now recall nothing of what the reverend had said, only the tone and the timbre of his voice. Whether instinct, nervous irritation, or merely the sherry should be blamed, he was troubled by the thought that there was something significant about the content of that tape. Being ruthlessly honest with himself, as always, he acknowledged that killing Tammy would not solve his problem. She might have told friends and colleagues about the Rolex, just as she had surely shared with her girlfriends the juiciest details about Junior's unequalled lovemaking. During the two months that he and the cat woman dated, others had heard her call him Eenie. He couldn't kill Tammy and all her friends and colleagues, at least not on a timely enough schedule to thwart the police. "God bless us, every one," Agnes repeated with all her extended family, and after a sip of the wine, she made an excuse to check on something in the kitchen, where she pressed hot tears into a cool, slightly damp dishtowel to prevent the telltale swelling of her eyes. His first year in San Francisco was an eventful one for the nation and the world. Winston Churchill, arguably the greatest man of the century thus far, died. The United States launched the first air strikes against North Vietnam, and Lyndon Johnson raised troop levels to 150,000 in that conflict. A Soviet cosmonaut was the first to take a space walk outside an orbiting craft. Race riots raged in Watts for five fiery days. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was signed into law. Sandy Koufax, a Los Angeles Dodger, pitched a perfect game, in which no hitter reached first base. T. S. Eliot died, and Junior purchased one of the poet's works through the Book-of-the-Month Club. Other famous people passed away: Stan Laurel, Nat King Cole, Le Corbusier, Albert Schweitzer, Somerset Maugham.... Indira Gandhi became the first woman prime minister of India, and the Beatles' inexplicable and annoying success rolled on and on. Being blind had few consolations, but Barty found that not being able to look at his uncles' files and books was one of them. In the past, he never really, in his heart, wanted to see those pictures of dead people roasted in theater fires and drowned bodies floating in flooded streets, but a few times he peeked. His mom would have been ashamed of him if she'd discovered his transgression. But the mystery of death had an undeniable creepy allure, and sometimes a good Father Brown detective story simply didn't satisfy his curiosity. He always regretted looking at those photos and reading the grim accounts of disaster, and now blindness spared him that regret. On Joey's side, there was no family to provide help. His mother had died of leukemia when he was four. His dad, fond of beer and brawling--like father not like son--was killed in a bar fight five years later. Without close relatives willing to take him in, Joey went to an orphanage. At nine he wasn't prime adoption material--babies were what was wanted--and he'd been raised in the institution. Finally sleeping, he had anxiety dreams of being in a public rest room, overcome by urgent need, only to find that every stall was occupied by someone he had killed, all of them vengefully determined to deny him a chance for dignified relief. Another pocket. More cartridges. Trying to squeeze just two into the magazine, but his hands shaking and slippery with sweat. She owned a public-relations firm specializing in artists, and over dinner she rhapsodized about the work of Jack Lientery. His

current series of paintings- emaciated babies against backdrops of ripe fruit and other symbols of plenty- had critics swooning. "That's exactly how I hoped he would be." Relieved, he followed Agnes to the living room. "Listen, Aggie, you know, I don't have anything against Jacob, but-" "Fifty died in London, in '57, when two trains crashed. And a hundred twelve were crushed, torn, mangled, in '52, also England." The boy's silvery giggles rang as merrily as sleigh bells, his Christmas spirit undampened. "Not between, Mommy. Nobody could do that. I just ran where the rain wasn't." Bill wasn't impressed. "They build houses out of mud in China. No wonder everything falls down." But on March 23, 1966, after a bad date with Frieda Bliss, who collected paintings by Jack Lientery, an important new artist, Junior had an experience that rocked him, added significance to the episode in the diner, and made him wish he hadn't donated his pistol to the police project that melted guns into switchblades. "We've mapped three routes to the top," Angel said, "and each offers different challenges. Barty's eventually going to climb all of them, but he's starting with the hardest." Sobbing desperately, he dropped the telephone handset on the secretary, seized the dishtowel. He wrapped the cloth tightly around the shattered stump, applying pressure to diminish the bleeding. Part of him knew this sound was his heartbeat, not the footfalls of an otherworldly pursuer, but that part of him wasn't dominant at the moment. He moved faster, not exactly running, but hurrying like a man late for an appointment. With a nimbleness and an alacrity that a lemur would have admired, the girl ascended to the first crotch. As though one of the quarters had dropped into his ear and triggered a golden oldie in the jukebox of his mind, Junior heard Vanadium's voice in the hospital room, in Spruce Hills, on the night of the day when Naomi died: "When you cut Naomi's string, you put an end to the effects that her music would have on the lives of others and on the shape of the future.... With the earth still tenuously stable beneath them, they arrived at their fifth destination, a new address on Agnes's mercy list. A deep-set casement window. Two latches on the right side, one high, one low. Detachable hand crank lying on the foot-deep sill. Mechanism socket in the base casing. He did wonder why he had chosen this night of all nights to become even a more fearless adventurer, rather than a month ago or a month hence. Instinct told him that he'd felt the need to test himself, that a crisis was fast approaching, and that to be ready for it, he must be confident that he could do what had to be done when the crunch came. Slipping into sleep, Junior suspected that Prosser might have been less lark than preparation. Life was too short to waste it working if you had the means to afford lifelong leisure. He tried to lean back as he dropped, with the hope that he would fall under her, providing cushion if they met with sidewalk instead of lawn. 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. The hall was deserted. Then a woman came out of one of the offices and walked toward the gallery, without glancing at him. She walked the corridor until she came to a room with empty beds. Without turning on the lights, she entered, put down the suitcase, and sat in a chair by the window. As the paramedic shoved the gurney across the step-notched bumper, its collapsible legs scissored down. Agnes was rolled headfirst into the ambulance. 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. When you construct or reconstruct a world that never existed, a wholly fictional history, the research is of a somewhat different order, but the basic impulse and techniques are much the same. You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell you and watch what they do, you think about it seriously, and you try to tell it honestly, so that the story will have weight and make sense. The previously flat, monotonous voice had in it now a subtle but undeniable new roundness of tone: "And every human being, every living thing, is a string on that instrument." By the time he put his suitcase and three boxes of books--the collected works of Zedd and selections from the Book-of-the-Month Club-in the Suburban, Junior had rushed twice more to the bathroom. His legs were shaky, and he felt hollow, frail, as if he'd lost more than was apparent, as if the essential substance of himself was gone. "Good heavens, Vinnie, I know that," she assured him as she lifted Barty--hardly bigger than a bag of sugar--from the bassinet. She settled with the baby into a rocking chair. He remembered the collection of Caesar Zedd self-help drivel that had occupied a place of honor in the wife killer's former home in Spruce Hills. Cain owned a hardcover and a paperback of each of Zedd's works. The more expensive editions had been pristine, as though they were handled only with gloves; but the text in the paperbacks had been heavily underlined, and the corners of numerous pages had been bent to mark favorite passages. Police identified Junior as the prime suspect, and newspapers featured his photograph in most stories. They referred to him as "handsome," "dashing," "a man with movie-star good looks." He was said to be well known in San Francisco's avant-garde arts community. He got a thrill when he discovered that Sklent was quoted as calling him "a charismatic figure, a deep thinker, a man -with exquisite artistic taste .... so clever he could get away with murder as easily as anyone else might get away with double-parking." "It's people like him," Sklent continued, "who confirm the view of the world that informs my painting." Still cautious, Junior approached the back door, the window. Vanadium's body lay on the car floor, wrapped in the tumbled blanket. Aware of the mortician's new edginess, Jacob was convinced that his initial distrust of Panglo was justified. This twitchy little guy seemed to have something to hide. Jacob didn't have to be a cop to recognize nervousness born of guilt. In all the many ways things are, across the infinity of worlds and all Creation, Barty believed that no woman existed whose beauty exceeded hers or whose heart was better. He was uncomfortable, achy, thirsty, but he remained utterly still and observant. After a while, he realized that the sense of oppression with which he'd awakened was not entirely a psychological symptom: Something heavy lay across his abdomen. And it was cold--so cold, in fact, that it had numbed his middle to the extent that he hadn't immediately felt the chill of it. Shivers coursed through him. He clenched his jaws to prevent his teeth from chattering and thereby alerting the man in the chair. Although he never took his eyes off the corner, Junior became

preoccupied with trying to puzzle out what was draped across his midsection. The mysterious observer made him sufficiently nervous that he couldn't order his thoughts as well as usual, and the effort to prevent the shivers from shaking a sound out of him only further interfered with his ability to reason. The longer that he was unable to identify the frigid object, the more alarmed he became. He almost cried out when into his mind oozed an image of Naomi's dead body, now past the whitest shade of pale, as gray as the faint light at the window and turning pale green in a few places, and cold, all the heat of life gone from her flesh, which was not yet simmering with any of the heat of decomposition that would soon enliven it again. The doors slid open, and they rolled Barty corridor to corridor, past the scrub sinks, to a waiting surgical nurse in green cap, mask, and gown. She alone effected his transfer into the positive pressure of the surgery. She loosened her hair and brushed it out, and Nolly took her to dinner at their favorite place, which had the decor of a classy saloon and a bay view suitable for God's table. They came here often enough that the maitre d' greeted them by name, as did their waiter. At the mention of her son's name, Agnes stiffened. There were numerous ways for Deed to have learned the baby's name, yet it seemed wrong for him to know it, wrong to use it, the name of this child he had nearly orphaned, had almost killed. Not one day in anyone's life, so her father taught, is an uneventful day, no day without profound meaning, no matter how dull and boring it might seem, no matter whether you are a seamstress or a queen, a shoeshine boy or a movie star, a renowned philosopher or a Downs syndrome child. Because in every day of your life, there are opportunities to perform little kindnesses for others, both by conscious acts of will and unconscious example. Each smallest act of kindness—even just words of hope when they are needed, the remembrance of a birthday, a compliment that engenders a smile—reverberates across great distances and spans of time, affecting lives unknown to the one whose generous spirit was the source of this good echo, because kindness is passed on and grows each time it's passed, until a simple courtesy becomes an act of selfless courage years later and far away. Likewise, each small meanness, each thoughtless expression of hatred, each envious and bitter act, regardless of how petty, can inspire others, and is therefore the seed that ultimately produces evil fruit, poisoning people whom you have never met and never will. All human lives are so profoundly and intricately entwined—those dead, those living, those generations yet to come—that the fate of all is the fate of each, and the hope of humanity rests in every heart and in every pair of hands. Therefore, after every failure, we are obliged to strive again for success, and when faced with the end of one thing, we must build something new and better in the ashes, just as from pain and grief, we must weave hope, for each of us is a thread critical to the strength—to the very survival—of the human tapestry. Every hour in every life contains such often-unrecognized potential to affect the world that the great days for which we, in our dissatisfaction, so often yearn are already with us; all great days and thrilling possibilities are combined always in this momentous day. Yet Agnes feared him, for reasons similar to those that might cause a superstitious primitive to tremble in the presence of a witch doctor. Although he was a healer, his dark knowledge of the mysteries of cancer seemed to give him godlike power; his judgment carried the force of fate, and his was the voice of destiny. 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. THE GENEROUS EXPENSE allowance provided by Simon Magusson paid for a three-room suite at a comfortable hotel. One bedroom for Tom Vanadium, one for Celestina and Angel. Suddenly so many of Zedd's greatest maxims seemed to conflict with one another, when previously they had together formed a reliable philosophy and guide to success. Chicane wasn't alone. Sparky Vox, the building superintendent, approached behind him and hovered. Seventy-two yet as spry as a monkey, Sparky didn't walk so much as scamper like a capuchin. He squirmed deep under the covers, clamped a plump pillow over his head to muffle the singing, and chanted, "Find the father, kill the son," until at last he fell exhausted into sleep. AFTER THE ENCOUNTER with the quarter-spitting vending machines, Junior wanted to kill another Bartholomew, any Bartholomew, even if he had to drive to some far suburb like Terra Linda to do it, even if he had to drive farther and stay overnight in a Holiday Inn and eat steam-table food off a buffet crawling with other diners' cold germs and garnished with their loose hairs. "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." 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. 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. Urgency gripped the paramedics. The rescuers' equipment and the pieces of the car door were dragged out of the way to make a path for a gurney, its wheels clattering across pavement littered with debris. Celestina nodded, unable to respond to the aide's kindness. Sometimes kindness can shatter as easily as soothe. "It was... the only dream that mattered," Joey said. "You ... loving me. It was a good life because of you." She thought all that, but she closed her eyes and said: "I'll be okay. Give me a second here, all right?" His right side, however, had come to rest against an object harder than bagged paper, an angular mass. As the skull-rattling gong faded, allowing more clarity of thought, he realized that an unpleasant, vaguely warm, damp something was pressed against his right cheek. "So where he threw the quarter," Barty said, as Angel listened intently and nodded her head, "wasn't really into Gunsmoke, 'cause that's not a place, it's just a show. See, maybe he threw it into a place where I'm not blind, or into a place where he doesn't have that messed-up face, or a place where for some reason you never came here today. There's more places than anybody could ever count, even me, and I can count pretty good. That's what you feel, right—all the ways things are?" No one seemed to realize that predicting the future might not be a suitable entertainment in this house, at this time, considering that Agnes had so recently and horribly been blindsided by fate. They could be patient. Their self-denial and sweet anticipation ensured that their lovemaking, when at last they were able safely to indulge, would be shattering in its intensity, like the coupling of mortals raised to the status of demigods by virtue of

their passion, its power and purity..In the kitchen again, Junior spread the blanket on the floor, to one side of the blood. He rolled Vanadium onto the blanket, and drew the ends of it together, fashioning a sled with which to drag the detective out of the house.."What aren't you telling us?" her mother pressed, intuiting the existence of a larger story, if not the amazing nature of it..This time, however, the singing lasted longer than before, long enough for him to become suspicious of the heating ducts. These rooms had ten-foot ceilings, and the ducts opened high in the walls..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.."I'm afraid you're wrong." When Tom opened his left hand, the palm lay as bare as that of a blind beggar in a country of thieves. Meanwhile, his right hand had tightened into a fist again..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.."As I explained, he might have thought I was you," Edom said, staring at the neatly ordered volumes on the nearby bookshelves..Junior kept both forged driver's licenses in his wallet, in addition to the one that featured his real name. He stowed everything else in Pinchbeck's and Gammoner's safe-deposit boxes, along with the emergency cash..He prepared his knives and guns. Blades and bullets. Fortune favors the bold, the self-improved, the self-evolved, the focused..being careful to place the point of impact precisely where the bottle had struck her..Another thought: The young gallery employee would remember that Junior had asked after Neddy and had followed him toward the men's room. He would provide a description, and because he was an art connoisseur, therefore visually oriented, he'd most likely provide a good description, and what the police artist drew wouldn't be some cubist vision in the Picasso mode or a blurry impressionistic sketch, but a portrait filled with vivid and realistic detail, like a Norman Rockwell painting, ensuring apprehension..He halted, made a quick calculation, turned, and moved toward where the back door ought to be. He found it half open.."You know Mommy," Barty said, almost desperately sponging up the sight of his little girl's face and wringing the images into his memory to sustain him in the next long darkness..Drawn by voices on the second floor, Tom took the stairs two at a time. A man and a boy. Barty and Cain. To the left in the hallway, and then to a room on the right..The time had come for him to think more seriously about his situation and his future. Self-improvement remained a laudable goal, but his efforts needed to be more focused..The missing paintings. The missing collection of Zedd's books. You didn't take these things with you for a weekend in Reno. You took them if you thought you might never be coming back.."He's a hollow man," Vanadium said. "He believes in nothing. Hollow men are vulnerable to anyone who offers them something that might fill the void and make them feel less empty. So-".were uniformly negative, frequently hilarious, but never as succinct and violent as Sklent's.."Bullpoo might not be what they say, but it's the worst that we say. And in fact, in this house, bulldoody is preferred.."Let's roll 'em. out," Paul said, and he returned to the station wagon to ride shotgun beside Agnes.."Once out of the coma and stabilized for a few weeks, I was transferred to a hospital in Portland, where I had to undergo eleven surgeries."..As the last of the flan was served and Maria's girls took their seats once more, Barty blinked at the candles and said, "Gone now," even though the tiny spectrums still shimmered in the cut crystal. He turned his full attention to the flan with such enthusiasm that his mother soon stopped puzzling over rainbows..With great deliberation, Joey shifted gears and followed the drive way to the street, where he peered left and then right with the squint-eyed suspicion of a Marine commando scouting dangerous territory. He turned right..Junior hadn't suffered a paranormal experience since the early- morning hours of October 18, when he'd drifted up from a vile dream of worms and beetles to hear the ghostly singer's faint a cappella serenade. Shouting at her to shut up, he had awakened neighbors.."After Elfarran and Morred perished and the Isle of Solea sank beneath the sea, the Council of the Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The kings who followed him in Enlad were seven, and their realm increased in peace and wealth. Then the dragons came to raid among the western lands, and wizards went out in vain against them. King Akambar moved the court from Berila in Enlad to the City of Havnor, whence he sent out his fleet against invaders from the Kargad Lands and drove them back into the East. But still they sent raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was Maharion, who made peace both with the dragons and the Kargs, but at great cost. And after the Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbed died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago..Worse, to make credible his anguish and to avoid suspicion, he would have to play the devastated widower for at least another couple weeks, perhaps for as long as a month. As a dedicated follower of the self-improvement advice of Dr. Caesar Zedd, Junior was impatient with those who were ruled by sentimentality and by the expectations of society, and now he was required to pretend to be one of them-and for an interminable period of time..So keep moving. Don't get hung up on the disgusting aftermath. Keep whistling along like a runaway train. Clean up, clean out, roll on..He would have done it, too, and risked establishing a pattern that police might notice; but the still, small voice of Zedd guided him now, as so often before, and counseled calm, counseled focus..Agnes met them, pulling Grace and Angel to her side. Her eyes were bright with excitement. "Tom, you're a man of faith, even if you've sometimes been troubled in it. Tell me what you make of all this."..Tom didn't attribute supernatural powers to this killer. Enoch Cain was mortal, not all-seeing and all-knowing. Evil and stupidity often go together, however, and arrogance is the offspring of their marriage, as Tom had earlier told Celestina. An arrogant man, not half as smart as he thinks, with no sense of right and wrong, with no capacity for remorse, can sometimes be so breathtakingly reckless that, ironically, his recklessness becomes his greatest strength. Because he is capable of anything, of taking risks that mere madmen wouldn't consider, his adversaries can never predict his actions, and surprise serves him well. If he also

possesses animal cunning, a kind of deep intuitional shrewdness, he can react quickly to the negative consequences of his recklessness and can indeed appear to be more than human..His Country Squire laden with cookies, plum cakes, homemade caramel corn with almonds, and gifts, Edom drove directly home from Obadiah Sepharad's place, which had been their final stop. He roared away as if trying to outrun tornadoes and tidal waves..In a state of wonderment that was laced with dread rather than delight, he looked up from the quarter, seeking an explanation from Vanadium, expecting to see that anaconda smile.. "Now this. But even if your dad had cooperated with me, nothing would have changed. Since Phimie never revealed his name, I wouldn't have been able to go after Cain any differently or more effectively." Her hands were locked together in her lap, gripped so tightly for so long that the muscles in her forearms ached. "What's wrong?". Although Junior felt honor-bound to give Victoria first shot at him, he certainly didn't owe her monogamy. Eventually, when he had shaken off suspicion as finally as he had shaken off Naomi, he would be in the mood for a dessert buffet, romantically speaking, and one éclair would not satisfy.. Sometimes, just the thought of getting in the car and venturing into the dangerous world was intolerable. Then he settled into his La-ZBoy and waited for the natural disaster that would soon scrub him off the earth as though he had never existed.. As woe begone a widower as anyone could expect, Junior spent every night home alone. By Sunday, he'd slept without companionship eight nights since being discharged from the hospital.. Not once did he look back to see if the fire had grown visible as a glow against the night sky. The events at Victoria's were part of the past. He was finished with all that. Junior was a forward-thinking, future-oriented man.. Junior wanted to shoot all of them, but he said, "Take it. Keep it. Get it the hell out of here." Junior needed something in his life, a missing element without which he could never be complete, something more than a heart mate, more than German or French, or karate, and for as long as he could remember, he'd been searching for this mysterious substance, this enigmatic object, this skill, this thingumajigger, this dowhacky, this flumadiddle, this force or person, this insight, but the problem was that he didn't know what he was searching for, and so often when he seemed to have found it, he hadn't found it after all, therefore he worried that if ever he did find it, then he might throw it away, because he would not realize that it was, in fact, the very jigger or gigamaree that he'd been in search of since childhood.. He was a pretty good detective, but as regarded the minutiae of daily life, he wasn't as organized as he would like to be. He never remembered to set aside his holey socks for darning; and once he had worn a hat with a bullet hole in it for nearly a year before he'd at last thought to buy a new one.. "Why should I be afraid of a stumbling blind boy?" asked Junior again. But this time the words issued from him in a different tone of voice, because suddenly he sensed something knowing in this boy's attitude, if not in his manufactured eyes, a quality similar to what the girl exhibited.. Although Paul had seen Tom Vanadium's clever coin trick, he didn't understand the rest of their conversation, and he assumed that for everyone else-except Angel's mother-it was equally impenetrable. But taking their clue from the risen Celestina, all those present had fallen silent.. In the crisis, the rack holding her oxygen bottle had been rolled to the bed. The breathing mask lay on the pillow beside her.. That night her sleep was deeper than it had been in a long time, deep as she had expected sleep would never be again, and she was not plagued by any dreams at all, not a dream of children suffering, nor of tumbling in a car along a rain-washed street, nor of thousands of windblown dead leaves rattling-hissing along a deserted street and every leaf in fact a jack of spades.. As quick as a snake strikes, Vanadium was much closer to the bed than he had been when he tossed the coin, at Junior's side now, leaning over the railing. "Naomi was six weeks pregnant." Agnes was able to respond, Paul sprang up and moved away. Other friends knelt and crouched and bent to her, and she lost sight of the pharmacist as he moved off through the dispersing crowd.. Phimie's eyes widened, her hand tightened painfully on her sister's hand, her entire body convulsed, thrashed, and she cried, "Unnn, unnn, unnn!". When Seraphim's bastard baby was dead, evidence of paternity would die with it-and any claim for child support. Even Vanadium's stubborn, selfish, greedy, grubbing, vicious, psychotic, evil spirit would have to recognize that all hope of bringing Junior down was lost, and it would at last either dissipate in frustration or be reincarnated.. Junior knelt beside her and pressed two fingers to the carotid artery in her neck. She had a pulse, maybe a little irregular but strong.. The driver's door opened, shoving aside a damaged tea table, and a man climbed out of the Pontiac.. Instead, her father asked, "Is this emotion talking, Celie, or is this brain as much as heart?". "Less than a year and a half ago, Hurricane Flora--she killed over six thousand in the Caribbean." MONDAY MORNING, January 17, Agnes's lawyer, Vinnie Lincoln, came to the house with Joey's will and other papers requiring attention.. Sitting up in bed, he passed a little time reading favorite, marked passages in Zedd's *You Are the World*. The book presented a brilliant argument that selfishness was the most misunderstood, moral, rational, and courageous of all human motivations.. The barren white walls, the stark furniture starkly arranged, the rigorous exclusion of bric-a-brac and mementos: this resulted in the closest thing to a true monastic cell to be found outside of a monastery. The only quality of the apartment that identified it as a secular residence was its comfortable size, and if Industrial Woman had been replaced with a crucifix, even size might have been insufficient to rule out residence by some fortunate friar.. Everything was proceeding precisely as Junior had envisioned in the instant when Naomi had first discovered the rotten section of railing and had nearly fallen without assistance. The entire plan had come to him, wholly formed, in a blink, and during the following two circuits of the observation deck, he had mulled it over, seeking flaws but finding none.. Paul stayed with her, sometimes wincing at the ground as though the danger were there, not above-which, in a sense, it was, because impact rather than the fall itself is the killer-and at other times putting his arms around her, staring up at the boy above. But he, too, was silent.. He got behind the wheel of the Studebaker, started the engine, did a hard 180-degree turn, using more lawn than driveway, and cried out in terror when Vanadium moved noisily in the backseat.. "Here we are," said the driver, braking to a stop at the curb in front of the gallery.. The patches were held by the same two elastic strips, so Barty flipped up both at the

same time..If the wife killer had cut himself accidentally, his writing on the wall indicated a hair-trigger temper and a deep reservoir of long-nurtured anger..As he edged closer, to better hear the conversation, he became aware of someone staring at him. He looked up into anthracite eyes, into a gaze as sharp as that of any bird, set in the lean face of a thirty something man thinner than a winter-starved crow..When Celestina first entered his ICU cubicle, the sight of his face scared her in spite of the surgeon's assurances. Gray, he was, and sunken-cheeked-as though this were the eighteenth century and so many medicinal leeches had been applied to him that too much of his essential substance had been sucked out.

[Geschichte Des Pfluges](#)

[Once Upon a Time or the Romantic Story of the Life of Christopher Columbus An Original and Aboriginal Extravaganza](#)

[Catalogue and Price List of the Consolidated Fruit Jar Co Sheet Metal Goods](#)

[Louisiana Conservativist Vol 50 July August 1998](#)

[The State and Its University and Other Speeches In the Constitutional Convention of Alabama 1901](#)

[Turkish Proverbs Translated Into English](#)

[Death Real and Apparent in Relation to the Sacraments A Physiologico-Theological Study](#)

[Shakespeares Merry Wives of Windsor The First Quarto 1602](#)

[Manuale Missionariorum Ad Usum Patrum Provinciae Missourianae S J](#)

[Florida International University Introductory Catalog 1912](#)

[Results of Spirit Leveling in Minnesota 1897 to 1910 Inclusive](#)

[Book-Keeping Simplified For Common Schools and Private Students](#)

[Our National Elk Herds A Program for Conserving the Elk on National Forests about the Yellowstone National Park](#)

[Victory White House Vocabulary Containing All the Different Words Used by President Woodrow Wilson in the Delivery of His Seventy-Five Classic Addresses 1913-1918](#)

[Transcendental Equations in Electromagnetic Theo](#)

[The Irrigation Laws of California Opinion as to the Scope and Effect of Judge Ross Decision in the Fallbrook Case](#)

[To the Electors of Massachusetts](#)

[Exercises in Electrical Engineering For the Use of Second-Year Students in Universities and Technical Colleges](#)

[Lumberton N C City Directory 1916-1917 Vol 1](#)

[School Laws Enacted by the General Assembly of Louisiana Session of 1910](#)

[Cemetery Inscriptions Town of Spencer New York 1795-1906](#)

[The Chilhowean Vol 1 May 1906](#)

[Report of the Botanical Exploration of Southwestern Virginia During the Season of 1892](#)

[Humbug A Look at Some Popular Impositions](#)

[To-Morrow The Day of Atonement The Christian a Debtor Pride and Humility Making Light of Christ A Mighty Saviour Sermons Delivered on August 10 17 and 25 1856 and January 4 1857](#)

[Some Factors Influencing the Quantitative Determination of Gliadin](#)

[Fortieth Annual Report of the City of Manchester New Hampshire For the Fiscal Year Ending December 31 1960](#)

[Leaves from My Historical Scrap Book](#)

[Descriptive Sample Book of Goods Manufactured by Dozier-Weyl Cracker Co St Louis Mo](#)

[Reports of the Directors and Officers Presented at the Annual Meetings January 20 1904 and January 18 1905 Memorials of Marquis Fayette King](#)

[Albion K P Meserve M D and Joseph Porter Thompson Also By-Laws List of Officers and Members and Lis](#)

[Holy Week](#)

[The New Practical Speller for Commercial and Shorthand Students A Series of Valuable Lessons in Spelling Alphabetically Arranged and Designed for Use in Public and Private Commercial Schools](#)

[Description of New Carnivores from the Miocene of Western Nebraska](#)

[Plans for Major Traffic Thoroughfares and Transit Lower East Side New York City](#)

[The Boston Store Spring and Summer Catalog 1903](#)

[German Universities A Review of Prof Paulsens Work on the German University System](#)

[Lectures on the Elements or First Principles of Surgery](#)

[Annual Proceedings 1916-1917](#)

[Hearings Before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce January 16-23 1907 On Additional AIDS to Navigation in the Light-House Establishment](#)

[The Scotch-Irish in America](#)

[How to Buy Iron and Steel Materials A Few Suggestions to Those Interested in the Purchasing of Iron and Steel](#)

[Demands of Love and Reason From Recent Published and Unpublished Writings of Leo Tolstoy](#)

[Bulletin of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick 1896 Vol 14](#)

[Appeal of Joseph Wheaton Late Deputy Quarter Master General and Major of Cavalry to the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America](#)

[The African Repository and Colonial Journal Vol 6 June 1830](#)

[The Slavery to Which the Present Social System Reduces All Classes](#)

[Traite de Pathologie Externe Et de Medecine Operatoire Vol 3](#)

[Report of the Engineer and Superintendent of the Road to Avoid the Inclined Planes on the Allegheny Portage Railroad For the Fiscal Year Ending November 30 1855](#)

[Hard Times and Their Remedy Address](#)

[Geography of Maine](#)

[Remarks on Fogs Journal of February 10 1732 3 Exciting the People to an Assassination](#)

[A History of the Gift of Painless Surgery](#)

[A Study of the Relative Reliability of Official Tests of Dairy Cows](#)

[The Resources and Needs of Edmonson County Kentucky](#)

[Capt Anne of the Red Cross or How the Militant Ghosts Saved Millville A Red Cross Comedy for Girls](#)

[Converting Bruce](#)

[An Eulogy Upon the Life Character and Public Services of General Zachary Taylor Delivered at the Commissioners Hall Spring Garden July 29th 1850](#)

[The Fall of Babylon](#)

[Some Notes on Tactics in the East African Campaign](#)

[The Case for School Clinics](#)

[Law Regulating the Examination of Teachers in Alabama With Rules and Instructions of State Board of Examiners](#)

[Something to Read for Boys and Girls](#)

[The Township High Schools of Ohio Vol 7](#)

[Retirement An Epistle](#)

[Observations on the Mississippi River at Memphis Tenn](#)

[An Essay Upon the Study of Geometry in Common Schools](#)

[California Territorial Governments Etc Remarks of Hon Mr Foote of Mississippi on the Plan of Adjusting the Questions Growing Out of Slavery Reported from the Special Committee of the Senate Delivered in the Senate May 15 16 and 20 1850](#)

[The Integrity of American Politics An Oration Delivered by Hon Richard Vaux at the Girard College on Fourth of July 1861](#)

[OMB 2000 Reforms Where Are They Heading? Hearing Before the Subcommittee on Government Management Information and Technology of the Committee on Government Reform and Oversight House of Representatives One Hundred Fourth Congress Second Session Fe](#)

[Proceedings of the Fifty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the State Horticultural Association of Pennsylvania Held in Wilkes-Barree Pa January 19 20 21 1915](#)

[A Study of Rural Schools in Travis County Texas](#)

[Vocational Overview of Newark New Jersey Report of Advisory Committee to the Board of Education on the Proposed Girls Vocational School](#)

[Speech of George Francis Train on Irish Independence and English Neutrality Delivered Before the Fenian Congress and Fenian Chiefs at the Philadelphia Academy of Music October 18 1865 in the Presence of Six Thousand Persons](#)

[The History of Music A Reference-List or Syllabus of Periods Topics and Authorities for Classes and Private Students](#)

[Guide Book for Portland and Vicinity To Which Is Appended a Summary History of Portland](#)

[The Principle of the Ecclesiastical Commission Examined In a Letter to the Right REV the Lord Bishop of Chichester](#)

[Spanish Colonization in New Mexico in the Oñate and de Vargas Periods Read Before the Society at Its August 1919 Meeting](#)

[Century Review of Marietta Ohio Early History Natural Advantages Schools Churches Secret and Social Societies Surrounding Oil Fields Banking Interests Transportation Facilities](#)

[General Meeting of the Maryland Council of Defense and Joint Meeting of the Maryland Council of Defense and the Womens Section Held at Hotel Belvedere Baltimore Maryland February 19 1919](#)

[Historical Sketch of Huntington County Indiana](#)

[Lists of Swiss Emigrants in the Eighteenth Century to the American Colonies Vol 1 Zurich 1734 1744 from the Archives of Switzerland](#)  
[Soil Survey of Louisa County Iowa](#)  
[An Outline of the Elements of Economics](#)  
[Descriptive Price List of the Simmons and Clough Organ Cos Improved Cabinet and Combination](#)  
[Ber Den Codex Urbinas Der Lysistrata Und Der Thesmophoriazusen Des Aristophanes](#)  
[Addisonia Vol 23 Colored Illustrations and Popular Descriptions of Plants 1954-1959](#)  
[A Continuation of de Damoiseaus Tables of the Satellites of Jupiter to the Year 1900](#)  
[Celestial Mechanics A Survey of the Status of the Determination of the General Perturbations of the Minor Planets](#)  
[Geschichte Und Katalog Der Postanweisungen Von Bayern](#)  
[A Study of the Relation of Accuracy to Speed](#)  
[Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps Vol 25 November 1915](#)  
[Sixty-Third Annual Report of the Trustees of the Boston City Hospital Including the Report of the Superintendent Upon the Hospital Proper the South Department for Infectious Diseases the Haymarket Square Relief Station the East Boston Relief Station](#)  
[The Surgical Treatment of X-Ray Carcinoma and Other Severe X-Ray Lesions Based Upon an Analysis of Forty Seven Cases And the Pathological Histology of Chronic X-Ray Dermatitis and Early X-Ray Carcinoma](#)  
[The Wisconsin Chair Company](#)  
[Report of the Select Committee Upon the Subject of Slavery in the District of Colombia Made by Hon H L Pinckney to the House of Representatives May 18 1836 To Which Is Appended the Votes in the House of Representatives Upon the Several Resolutions](#)  
[Topical Outline With Definitions of the Elements of Natural Philosophy](#)  
[Commemorative Coin Legislation and Related Issues in the 103rd Congress Hearing Before the Subcommittee on Consumer Credit and Insurance of the Committee on Banking Finance and Urban Affairs House of Representatives One Hundred Third Congress First](#)  
[The McGill Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi During the Great War](#)  
[The Butler Drift for 1910](#)  
[Report of the Cochituate Water Board to the City Council of Boston for the Year 1852](#)

---