

## CALF A NOVEL

Then from San Francisco International, through the fog-shrouded streets of the night city, to St. Mary's, to Room 724. And to the discovery that Phimie's blood pressure was so high-210 over 126-that she was in a hypertensive crisis, at risk of a stroke, renal failure, and other life-threatening complications..In the neatly ordered bedroom, he removed his shoes. Stretching out on the bed, he stared at the ceiling, feeling useless..Tom had no idea who Perri might be, but something in the way Grace asked the question and the way she regarded Paul suggested that she knew something about Perri that had won her deep respect and admiration.. "Last time I looked, Miss Galloway lived to the south of us. Retired. Never married. No children."..While they waited for the room-service waiter to arrive, Tom got from Paul a detailed report of Enoch Cain's attack on the parsonage. He had heard most of it from friends in the state-police homicide division, which was assisting the Spruce Hills authorities. But Paul's account was more vivid. The ferocity of the assault convinced Tom that whatever the killer's twisted motives might be, Celestina and her mother-and not least of all Angel-were in danger as long as Cain roamed free. Perhaps as long as he lived.. "He must've listened on the car radio," Agnes said, digging down into the layered days in her packed trunk of memories. "He was trying to get ahead of his work, so he'd be able to stay around the house a lot during the week after the baby came. So he arranged to meet with some prospective clients even on Sunday. He was working a lot, and I was trying to deliver my pies and meet my other obligations before the big day. We didn't have as much time together as usual, and even as impressed as he must've been with the sermon, he never had a chance to tell me about it. The next-to-last thing he ever said to me was 'Bartholomew.' He wanted me to name the baby Bartholomew.".. "I can do this with just a very little Novocain," she said, "so your mouth won't be numb for dinner."..Although, by unspoken agreement, they avoided any talk of loss and death, the mood remained grim. Angel sat in thoughtful silence, pushing her food around her plate rather than eating it. Her demeanor intrigued Tom, and he noticed that it worried her mother, who put a different interpretation on it than he did..Setting out after dark, Paul had walked south, following the coastal highway. He was accompanied by the windy rush of passing traffic, but later only by the occasional cry of a blue heron, the whisper of a salty breeze in the shore grass, and the murmur of the surf. Without pushing himself too hard, he reached La Jolla by dawn..Stepping into her digs was like passing through a time machine into another century, traveling in space, as well, to the Europe of Louis XIV. The expansive, high-ceilinged rooms overwhelmed the eye with the rich somber colors and the heavy forms of Baroque art and furniture. Shells, acanthus leaves, volutes, garlands, and scrolls-often gilded decorated the museum-quality antique Bombay chests, chairs, tables, massive mirrors, cabinets, and etageres..He found the strength to squeeze her hand tighter than before. "Be safe. Keep Angel safe.".. "Tom," Kathleen said, "I know why you became a cop, I guess. St. Anselmo's Orphanage ... the murders of those children."..When he located the new grave, approximately where he'd guessed that it would be, he was surprised to find a black granite headstone already set in place, instead of a temporary marker painted with the..Since he knew where Celestina would be on January 12, there was no point in taking risks to find her sooner. He had plenty of time to prepare for their encounter, time to savor the sweet anticipation..A cast-bronze figure, fixed to lacquered walnut in want of raw dogwood, suffered above the bed. This crucifix, contrasting starkly with the white walls, reinforced the impression of monastic economy..Junior assumed the dead girl had come from a family of stature in the Negro community, which would explain the stonemason's accelerated service. Vanadium, according to his own words, was a friend of the family; consequently, the father was most likely a police officer..Nevertheless, he stepped away from the wall, and with his hands extended to full arm's length, he turned, feeling the lightless world around him. Nothing. No one..The gurney, one wheel rattling. The young orderly behind it, dressed all in white. And the nurse again..From the plush pillowy shadows of the bed, Barty said, "Oh, look. Christmas lights."..Because the tower stood on a ridgeline that marked the divide between county and state property, most of the attending constabulary were county deputies, but two state troopers were present, as well..SHORTLY BEFORE one o'clock, the Hackachaks descended in a fury, eyes full of bloody intent, teeth bared, voices shrill..Reverend White's polished, somewhat theatrical, yet sincere voice rose out of the past to issue this threat in Junior's memory as he had issued it that night, from a tape recorder, while Junior had been dancing a sweaty horizontal boogie with Seraphim in her parsonage bedroom..When Agnes turned her head and saw Maria Elena Gonzalez, she thought she must be dreaming again..Enigmatic as ever on this subject, he continued: "I'm probably not blind more places than I am. Yeah, sure, I'd rather be me in one of the other places where my eyes are good, but this is the me I am. And you know what?"..Yet he brooded even at breakfast, in spite of the consolation of clotted cream and berries, raisin scones and cinnamon butter. In better worlds, wiser Tom Vanadiums chose different tactics that resulted in less misery than this, in a far swifter conveyance of Enoch Cain to the halls of justice. But he was none of those Tom Vanadiums. He was only this Tom, flawed "land struggling, and he couldn't take comfort in the fact that elsewhere he had proved to be a better man."..-though this Tom now has a rhinoceros-smacked face, this other Tom, in his own world, has an ordinary face. Poor him, so ordinary."..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..Though Celestina was still holding Angel, Wally kissed her, and again it was lovely, though shorter than before, and Angel said, "That's a messy kiss."..Evidently, her face was knotted with the effort to remember what the child had looked like, for the physician said, "Yes? What's wrong?"..He phoned her before leaving, to be sure she was home. She didn't work weekend shifts at the hospital; but maybe she would have gone out on this night off. When she answered, he recognized her seductive voice-and devilishly muttered, "Wrong number.".. "Well, with so much on His shoulders, He can't always watch us directly, you know, with His fullest attention every minute, but He's

always at least watching from the corner of His eye. You'll be all right. I know you will." Dr. Zedd's death, just last Thanksgiving, had been a blow to Junior, a loss to the nation, to the entire world. He considered it a tragedy equal to the Kennedy assassination one year previous. This bond between the Lampion and White families, which Grace had already heard about from Paul, came as news to Celestina as much as to Agnes. It inspired more reminiscences of lost husbands and the wistful wish that Joey and Harrison could have met. When Agnes crunched the ice, the nurse said, "No, no. Don't swallow it all at once. Let it melt." Champagne, then, and two shopping bags packed full of Armenian takeout. Sou beurek, mujadereh, chicken-and-rice biryani, stuffed grape leaves, artichokes with lamb and rice, orouk, manti, and more. Following a Baptist grace (said by Grace), Wally and the three White women, a fourth present in spirit, sat around the Formica-topped table, feasting, laughing, talking about art and healing and baby care and the past and tomorrow, while up on Nob Hill, Neddy Gnathic sat tuxedoed at a lacquered black piano, sprinkling diamond-bright notes through an elegant room. He had dragged Ichabod halfway across the threshold when he heard someone say, "No." by the ferocity of the beating and by years of fear and humiliation. So he opens his mouth, just to end it, just to be. "If he gets back within the next hour, better ring me at his place so I can scoot." The kids insisted on knowing what was meant by the line about the chicken, and this led to the laying of a coopful of Why-did-the-chicken-cross-the-road jokes, which Edom and Jacob had memorized in childhood as an act of rebellion against their humorless father. After the amusement park, no hospital for the Pie Lady. With Wally near, she had a doctor all her own, capable of giving her the anticancer drugs and transfusions that she required. While radiation therapy is prescribed for acute lymphoblastic leukemia, it is much less useful to treat myeloblastic cases, and in this instance, it wasn't deemed helpful, which made treatment at home even easier. Tongue clamped between his teeth as he concentrated on keeping the blue crayon within the lines of the bunny, Barty nodded. "Yeah." Or at least, if the police knew the truth at that time, they hadn't yet gone public with it. I had no reason to mention it to you back then. I didn't even know Vanadium was missing." In the living room, the central and largest window framed a magnificent view, and swagged silk brocatelle draperies framed the window. An oversize hand-painted and heavily gilded chaise lounge, upholstered in an exquisite tapestry, stood against this backdrop of city and silk, and Renee pulled Junior down upon the chaise, desperate to be ravished there. Everyone thought the mop-tops were the coolest thing ever--ever but to Junior, their music was just all right. He wasn't stirred to sing along, and he didn't find their stuff particularly danceable. "I doubted myself more than God, though Him, too. I had those boys' blood on my hands. They were mine to protect, and I failed." Recently, Wally administered to Angel a set of apperception tests for three-year-olds, and the results indicated that she might not ever be a math whiz or a verbal gymnast, but that she might be highly talented in other ways. Her appreciation of color, her innate understanding of the derivation of secondary hues from the primary colors, her sense of spatial relationships, and her recognition of basic geometric forms regardless of the angle at which they were presented were all far beyond what was exhibited by other kids her age. Wally said she was visually, rather than verbally, gifted, that she would undoubtedly exhibit increasing precociousness in matters artistic, that she might follow Celestina's career path, and that she might even prove to be a prodigy. The sound made by the dropping corpse indicated that cushioning trash lined the bottom of the bin, and also that it was no more than half full. This improved chances that Neddy wouldn't be discovered until a dump truck tumbled him into a landfill--and even then perhaps no eyes would alight upon him again except those of hungry rats. Thrilled to have inspired this awe in her, he closed the book. "Remember what we talked about a long time ago? You asked me how come, if I could walk where the rain wasn't. . . ." Maria looked stricken when she answered the doorbell, for she intuited that a visit, instead of a call, meant the worst. Turning his attention to Barty, Obadiah broke into a smile, revealing a gold upper tooth. "Something here is sweeter than that lovely pie. What's the child's name?" Finally: "A trial lawyer, whether specializing in criminal or civil matters, is like an actor, Mr. Cain. He must believe deeply in his role, in the truth of his portrayal, if he's to be convincing. I always believe in the innocence of my clients in order to achieve the best possible settlement for them." During the preparation of the cards, Barty had fallen asleep in his mother's arms, but with the revelation of his name on the ace, he had awakened again, perhaps because with his head resting on her bosom, he was alarmed by the sudden acceleration of her heartbeat. Considering his formidable size, his clothes ought to have served an image of virile masculinity: boots, jeans, red flannel shirt. His ducked head, slumped posture, and shuffling feet were reminders, however, that many young boys, too, dressed this way. Junior wasn't concerned that the shots would attract unwanted attention. These large rural properties and a plenitude of muffling trees made it unlikely that the nearest neighbor would hear anything. Tommy James and the Shondells, good American boys, had a record farther down the charts--"Hanky Panky"--that Junior felt was better than the Beatles' tune. The failure of his countrymen to support homegrown talent aggravated him. The nation seemed eager to surrender its culture to foreigners. He had not heard the lawman rising up with malevolent intent, as he had imagined. The body had simply rolled off the backseat onto the floor during the too-sharp 180-degree turn. Celestina expected to be taken to a waiting room, but instead the nun escorted her to surgical prep. He was a man of medicine and science, who had been served well by hard logic and by an unwavering commitment to reason. He wasn't prepared easily to accept the notion that logic and reason, while essential tools to anyone hoping to lead a full and happy life, were nevertheless sufficient to describe either the physical world or the human experience. The opening paragraph still lingered in his memory, because he had crafted it with great care: Greetings on this momentous day. I'm writing to you about an exceptional woman, Agnes Lampion, whose life you have touched without knowing, and whose story may interest you. He looked up into the eyes of the stocky man with the birthmark. They were gray eyes, hard as nail heads, but clear and surprisingly beautiful in that otherwise unfortunate face. She slammed it shut before he could stop her, whether he had intended to stop her or not, and she engaged the deadbolt lock. 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..Although the mummifying fog wound white mysteries around even the most ordinary objects and wrapped every citizen in anonymity, Vanadium preferred to approach the apartment building with utmost discretion. Whatever the length of his stay in this place, he would never arrive or depart through the front door or even through the basement level garage-until perhaps his last day..Unquestionably, if he hadn't killed Vanadium, the maniac cop would have blown him away. That was clearly an act of self-defense..When Angel came in search of Barty, breathless with excitement, he was chatting with Tom Vanadium in the foundation's office above the garages. Years ago, the two apartments had been combined and expanded when the garages under them were doubled in size, providing better living quarters for Tom and working space, as well..If Junior had realized that they were driving only a block and a half, he wouldn't have followed them in the Mercedes. He would have gone the rest of the way on foot. When he pulled to the curb again, a few car lengths behind the Buick, he wondered if he had been spotted..Paul set the nightstand down but waited, ready to shove the furniture into the stairwell if the swaddled gunman dared return..As if a door had briefly opened between this windless day and another world, a single gust rattled rain against the windows..To his surprise, when Naomi expressed an interest in romance, Junior was a bull again. He would have thought he had left his best stuff at Reverend Harrison White's parsonage..On the drive home, Junior dropped the knife down a storm drain in Larkspur. He tossed the gloves in a Dumpster in Corte Madera..BASEBALL CAP IN HAND, he stood on Agnes's front porch this Sunday evening, a big man with the demeanor of a shy boy..At one point late in the afternoon, as all three Hackachaks were hurling scorn and invective at Junior, he noticed Vanadium standing in the doorway, observing. Perfect. He pretended not to see the cop, and when next he sneaked a look, he discovered that Vanadium had vanished like a wraith. A thick slab of a wraith..Shadows still perched throughout most of the room. They no longer reminded her of roosting birds, but of a featherless flock, leathery of wing and red of eye, with a taste for unspeakable feasts..While always Agnes held fast to hope, she knew that easy hope was usually false hope, and she didn't allow herself to speculate, even briefly, that his problem had resolved itself. Other symptoms-halos and rainbows-had disappeared for a time, only to return..Academy of Art College and might have met Celestina White. The critiques of her paintings..Her life was so blessed that she could have dealt with a horde of locusts, let alone a few mosquitoes.. "One of the four legs of the tower is dangerously fractured where it's seated into the underlying foundation caisson-". 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..In a monotone that gave new meaning to deadpan, the detective added: "I'm the only one who was there who doesn't have a dry-cleaning bill.". His in-laws' chances of receiving compensation for their pain and suffering over Naomi's death were seriously compromised if her husband did not hold the state or county responsible. In this, as in nothing previously, they felt the need to stand united as a family..Knacker, Hisscus, and Nork, all talking at once, then failing silent as if they were a single organism, then talking in rotation but interrupting one another, tried to advance their agenda.. "She was a hero, just like you. I wanted you ... I wanted you to see her and to know her name. Perri Damascus. That was her name.". 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.". He knew the sermon, of course. The example of Bartholomew. The theme of chain-reaction in human lives. The observation that a small kindness can inspire greater and ever-greater kindnesses of which we never learn, in lives distant both in time and space..Livor mortis had already set in, blood draining to the lowest points of her body, leaving the fronts of her bare legs, one side of each bare arm, and her face ghastly pale..The dinner guest leaned back into the car, as though to retrieve something. Perhaps he, too, had been considerate enough to bring a small gift for his hostess..A speeding truck passed, stirring the fog, and the white broth churned past the car windows, a disorienting swirl..Although the piano was at some distance and the restaurant was a little noisy, Kathleen recognized the tune at once. She looked up from her veal, her eyes full of merriment..The busboy swept the empty appetizer plates away as the waiter arrived simultaneously with small salads. Fresh martinis followed..If such a small quantity of crushed ice, taken in a single swallow, might cause..When he heard the snick of the lock being disengaged, he rammmed into the men's room..As though he were home to a species of termites that preferred the taste of men to that of wood, Vanadium felt a squirming in his marrow..She tried to raise her right hand, but it flopped uselessly and would not respond.. "Yes, I was." She didn't tell him that her fear had not been allayed by his assurances or by his second walk in the rain.. "And you're saying fear can fill his emptiness as well as sex or booze?" Kathleen wondered..Celestina sensed an easy camaraderie between these two men, but also tension that was perhaps related to the reference to an illegal search..Neither hesitantly nor recklessly, the boy set off across the lawn toward the porch steps. He maintained a far straighter line than Agnes would have been able to keep with her eyes closed..I know what you're thinking," her mother said, reaching across the table and placing one hand over Celestina's. "I know how useless you feel, how helpless, how small, but you must remember this . . . Holding up his misshapen hands, knobby knuckles toward Agnes, Obadiah said, "How do you think they became like this?". A calico cat appeared at Tom's side, running, pacing him. Cats were witches' familiars. Good luck or bad, this cat?. "But let's pretend it's me, okay? So here I am, stepping off the curb without looking both ways-". By the grace of Caesar Zedd and Remy Martin, Junior eventually slipped into undulant currents of sleep, and as he drifted away on those velvet tides, he took some solace from the thought that come what may, December 29 would be a better day than December 28.. "Better hold on tight to her," Wally warned Celestina, braking to a halt at the intersection. "She'll float up and away, then we'll have to call the fire department to get her down.". "That would be wrong. A diary's private." He supposed that to a detective nothing was sacred, but he was nonetheless a little shocked that Vanadium needed to ask that question..The paramedic put aside the needle, having used it, and grabbed the paddles of

a.self-controlled as he would need to be in any interrogation conducted by this brush-cut, thick-necked toad..Although Thomas Vanadium was unconscious, perhaps even dead, and though both nailhead-gray eyes were closed, Junior knew those eyes were watching him, watching through the lids..Instead, he focused on the hand in the flashlight beam: four long, thin, chalk-white digits bent to the heel; thumb thrust up stiffly, as though Neddy hoped to hitchhike out of the Dumpster, out of death, and back to his piano in the cocktail lounge on Nob Hill..Using this apartment as a base, Nolly and Kathleen had conducted some of the small skirmishes in the first phase of the war, including the ghost serenades. They left the place tidy. Indeed, the only sign that they had ever been here was a packet of dental floss left behind on the sill of a living-room window..But with the silencer attached, the pistol was useful only for close-up work. After passing through a sound-suppressor, the bullet would exit the muzzle at a lower than usual velocity, perhaps with an added wobble, and accuracy would drop drastically at a distance..In this case, he was sure that vanity was not a fault, not the result of a swollen ego, but merely healthy self-esteem. That he was irresistible to women wasn't simply his biased opinion, but an observable and undeniable fact, like gravity or the order in which the planets revolved t around the sun.. "After the war, for a while, I was able to get more mainstream work. Racially ... things were changing. But I was getting older, too, and the entertainment business is always looking for someone young, fresh. So I never made it big. Lord, I never even made it medium, but I got along okay. Until ... by the early 1950s, my booking agent found it harder and harder to line up good dates, good clubs." "I hope it will," the physician said, but his emphasis was too solidly on the word hope..Precisely what type of prodigy Barty might be was initially not easy to deduce. He revealed many talents rather than just one..At the end, with the salt Tom and the pepper Tom standing side by side in their different but parallel worlds, Maria said, "Seems like science fiction." For a moment, Junior drew a blank on Renee. Reluctantly, he trolled the past and fished up the painful memory: the gorgeous transvestite in the Chanel suit, heir or heiress to an industrial-valve fortune..Her voice was soft, almost a whisper, and charged with anxiety; but under other circumstances, it would have been sexy..She was forty-three, so young to have left such a mark upon the world. Yet more than two thousand people attended her funeral service-which was conducted by clergymen of seven denominations-and the subsequent procession to the cemetery was so lengthy that some people had to park a mile away and walk. The mourners streamed across the grassy hills and among the headstones for the longest time, but the presiding minister did not begin the graveside service until all had assembled. None here showed impatience at the delay. Indeed, when the final prayer was said and the casket lowered, the crowd hesitated to depart, lingering in the most unusual way, until Barty realized that like he himself, they half expected a miraculous resurrection and ascension, for among them had so recently walked this one who was without stain..Her case of polio had been so severe that braces and crutches were never an option. Muscle rehabilitation had been ineffective..The container-eye-level at the top, battered, rust-streaked, beaded with condensation-was larger than some in the alleyway, with a bifurcated lid. Both halves of the lid were already raised.. "All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?". OUR LADY OF SORROWS, quiet and welcoming in the Bright Beach night, humble in dimension, without groin vaults and grand columns and cavernous transepts, restrained in ornamentation, was as familiar to Maria Elena Gonzalez--and as comforting-as her own home. God was everywhere in the world, but here in particular. Maria felt happier the instant she stepped through the entrance door into the narthex..The sensual memories of his torrid evening with Seraphim had left Junior aroused. Unfortunately, the only female nearby was Industrial Woman, and he wasn't that desperate..Requital. Restitutional apology, which must have been learned in a law school where English was the second language. Even atonement.. "Cash," Junior said. "I'll pay cash, with whatever amount of deposit is required." The most shameful thing Junior found was the "art" on the walls. Tasteless, sentimentalized realism. Bright landscapes. Still lifes of fruit and flowers. Even an idealized group portrait of Prosser, his late wife, and Zelda. Not one painting spoke to the bleakness and terror of the human condition: mere decoration, not art..efficiency of a nurse, but as a courtesan might perform the task: smiling enticingly, a flirtatious glimmer in.This baffled Junior. To the best of his recollection, during the weeks that Seraphim had come to him for physical therapy, she had never mentioned an older sister or any sister at all..Junior took two steps toward him, sighting the gun on his face. "Why should I be afraid of a stumbling blind boy no bigger than a midget?". "Getting her into her shoes and coat sooner than Monday required a bribe," Wally said..When she closed the front door and turned away from it, Agnes bumped her swollen belly into Joey. His eyebrows shot up, and he put his hands on her distended abdomen, as if she were more fragile than a robin's egg and more valuable than one by Faberge.. "Well, the lab could detect abnormally high salt levels, but that wouldn't matter in court. He could say he ate a lot of salty foods." In spite of its dazzle and power and comfort, however, the car was not able to lift his spirits as he cruised the hills of the city. Somewhere along these darkly glistening streets, in these houses and high-rises clinging to steep slopes awaiting seismic sundering, the boy was sheltered: half Negro, half white, full doom to Junior Cain..Abruptly alert, sitting up on the edge of the bed, Celestina knew the caller could not be the comatose old woman, so she said angrily, "Who the hell is this?". "I've got one of those faces so ordinary you see it everywhere," said Edom, and decided to tell the story of the Tri-State Tornado of 1925..An exceptionally attractive woman, alone at the bar, stirred his desire. Glossy black hair: the tresses of night itself, shorn from the sky."Maybe he could if he was able to lift it, but I couldn't throw a pig or an Oreo or anything else into any other place. It's just not something I know how to do." The coin stopped turning, pinched flat between the knuckles of the cops middle and ring fingers. He retrieved a box of Kleenex from the nightstand and offered it to his suspect. "Here." "I get frustrated," he admitted. "Trying to learn how to do things in the dark ... I get peed off, as they say." On the afternoon of

November ninth, when Paul and Barty were with her, reminiscing, and Angel was in the kitchen, getting drinks for them, his mother gasped and stiffened. Breathless, she paled past chalk, and when she could breathe and speak again, she said, "Get Angel now. No time to bring the others." One of the gifts of power is to know power. Wizard knows wizard, unless the concealment is very skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising scholar by the age of twelve. About that time the midwife who had helped his mother at his birth came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn the songs and be prepared for his naming day." "No," said Vanadium, "you only think you know who I am and what I am, but you don't know anything. That's all right. You'll learn." No hesitation preceded Grace's response. "That's very generous of you, Paul. And I, for one, accept. Is this the house where you lived with your Perri?" A great boom. Concussion rocked the floor and shuddered the walls and made the roof timbers squeal as though unsuspected colonies of bats had taken flight by the thousands all in the same instant. A flicker of complacency showed in Otter's tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't think anybody can." "Look at it this way, Aggie. All the pies, all the things you do—that's betting on life. And now you've just been given the great blessing of being able to place larger bets." Hesitantly, the ivory tickler shook hands. "I'm ... uh ... I'm Ned Gnathic. Everyone calls me Neddy."

[I Love That You're My Son - Keepsake Journal - Gift of Love - Polar Bears 108 Lined Pages for Notes and Memories](#)

[Lessons from the Desert](#)

[Ayahuasca Yag El Despertar](#)

[Should Christians Believe in an Old Earth?](#)

[A Cold Heart](#)

[Warenbetrug Auf Ebay](#)

[The Government Is Not Free Putting America Back Into America](#)

[Bommel Der Retter in Der Not](#)

[From a Homeless Boy to an Author Motivational Story](#)

[Bomben Auf Monte Carlo](#)

[Album de Coloriages Sur Le Theme Des Sapeurs-Pompiers](#)

[Hot Dreams](#)

[Glucose Tracking Log Daily Glucose Log Book for Monitoring Your Blood Glucose Levels - Watercolor Ethnic Cover](#)

[Das Rtsel Von Ravensbrok](#)

[Vintage Retro Roses Journal Notebook](#)

[Glucose Log Book Daily Glucose Tracking Log Book for Monitoring Your Blood Sugar Levels - For Men](#)

[Venus Im Pelz](#)

[Melanie](#)

[Frank Banged a Female Bigfoot](#)

[Alles Ist Schwer](#)

[Globale Problem Der Klimamigration Pflichten Und Perspektiven Der Eu Das](#)

[Mr Froggys Dilemma](#)

[Timeless Collection](#)

[Paradigmenwechsel in Der Sozialpolitik Der Rot-Grünen Regierung](#)

[Bible Tales](#)

[Election Day Decades A Journey of African-American Romance 1970s](#)

[Machu Picchu](#)

[Great Lakes Review Issue 8](#)

[Vajra](#)

[Storm on the Horizon](#)

[Ian and Eli Near Identical Twins - Their Story](#)

[Burj Khalifa](#)

[Princess Raven and the Dragon That Couldn't Fly](#)

[The Paper Aeroplane Man](#)

[Children of the Knight](#)

[Agenda Settimanale 2018-2019 Anno Scolastico Agenda Dello Studente Docente Professore E Insegnante 19x23cm Agenda 2018-2019](#)

[Settimanale Italiano Motivo Fenicotteri Rosa Sullalavola 4626](#)

[Beatrix Potter Ausmalbuch Teil 3 \( Peter Hase \)](#)

[The Bed Ate My Sock!](#)

[Big Tree in a Small Pot](#)

[The Silken Rose The Rose Trilogy](#)

[The Shining Cog and Other Steampunk Tales](#)

[Influencing Organizational Culture A Very Brief Introduction](#)

[Eiffel Tower](#)

[Daughters of God Our Saviors New Revelations](#)

[Poetic Vision Learning to Overcome It All](#)

[Bugsey and His Best Friend](#)

[Winning the Bank Conquering Canada and the Cloud](#)

[Princess of Thermopylae](#)

[Defining Visual Arts Childrens Standards for Arts Education Using the Language of Artist](#)

[Dinner Is Delicious](#)

[How to Ace the Leaving Certificate](#)

[Honest Lies and Shaded Truth](#)

[Special Ed A Supernatural Journey Into Reality](#)

[225-Year-Old Kois!](#)

[Miscellany Essays by Young\(ish\) American Voices \(from the Fringe\)](#)

[Brave Audacity and Humble Weakness](#)

[The Brotherhood of Hunters](#)

[Faith of a Child The Genesis](#)

[Naynuk Jinxxs Revenge Naynuk Jinxxs Revenge](#)

[Fruits](#)

[A Prayer of Hope](#)

[The Jewels of the Rainbow Rainbow Magic](#)

[The Power of Family and Forgiveness](#)

[Wake Up America](#)

[Mummy Im Scared Exploring the Mystery of Heaven](#)

[Notebook Koi Fish and Flower - Large Notebook - Lined Pages in a Big Blank Format with College Ruled Lines and a Soft Cover Paperback](#)

[Notebook Three Sloths Howling at the Moon Like a Wolf! Dont Disappoint the Sloths!](#)

[Aris and the Conquistadors of Eca](#)

[Querida Enemiga](#)

[Claimed by Him](#)

[A Mothers Love A Journey of Tragedy and Restoration](#)

[Falling Out of the Sky Poems about Myths and Monsters](#)

[The Glass Diplomat](#)

[Chasing the Storm](#)

[Mon Cahier Cahier de la Rentr e](#)

[Campaign in Poetry The Emma Press Anthology of Political Poems](#)

[Pickles Purrfect Plan](#)

[Seven Firefights in Vietnam - Fight at Ia Drang Convoy Ambush on Highway 1 Ambush at Phuoc An Fight Along the Rach Ba Rai Three](#)

[Companies at Dak To Battle of Lang Vei Gunship Mission](#)

[Saved by Him](#)

[Welcome Autumn Fall Cat Notebook Composition Book Journal or Notebook for Cat Lovers](#)

[Caring for Me](#)

[Moccasins in the Mist](#)

[Beyond Duty](#)

[Desconocidos](#)

[The Breaking of the Pumpernickel Savoring the Beauty of God](#)

[You Got This! Your Million Dollar Path to Financial Freedom](#)

[Full of Beauty](#)

[El Mundo Perdido The Lost World](#)

[She Leaves a Little Sparkle Wherever She Goes Glitter Mermaid Lined Notebook Journal 120 Pages Female Quotes](#)

[Velociraptor vs Bull Shark](#)

[The Emmores](#)

[A Christian Scientist](#)

[The Captains Favourite Treasure](#)

[Brainwashed by Foster Parents](#)

[Further Notes from the Dispatch-Box of John H Watson MD Four Untold Adventures of Sherlock Holmes](#)

[Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda \(Estonian\)](#)

[Bloodminazue](#)

[Double Down Dirty Doms of the Covenant Book 1](#)

[Gap-Toothed Girl The Story of a Little Lakota Runaway Seeking Balance in Ballet](#)

[Reflection Expressions of a Broken Soul](#)

---