

THE HUMAN FACTOR IN BUSINESS

almost recoiled in disgust. She held the newborn so that its mother could look into. Yet his curious attraction to these newborns kept him at the window, and he began to believe that unconsciously he had intended to come here from the moment he guided his walker out of his room. He'd been compelled to come. Drawn by some mysterious magnetism..Although he related well to the theme of moral relativism and personal autonomy in a value-neutral world, Junior grew apprehensive about each impending scene of violence, and closed his eyes against the prospect of blood. He resented having to endure ninety minutes of the film before Google finally settled into the seat beside him..For the next few days, they would eat all their meals in the suite. Most likely, Cain had left San Francisco. And even if the killer hadn't fled, this was a big city, where a chance encounter with him was unlikely. Yet having, assumed the role of guardian, Tom Vanadium had a zero tolerance for risk, because the inimitable Mr. Cain had proved himself to be a master of the unlikely..face looked familiar, and he sensed that he had seen it before in a disquieting context, although the man's identity eluded him..The terror he hid from her vanished with the recital of their vows. He knew from their first kiss as husband and wife that this was his destiny. What a great adventure they'd had together these past twenty-three years, one that Doc Savage might have envied.. "It's not a specific brand you can't have, it's the whole idea of a candy bar." Edom's twin, Jacob, who had never held a job, lived in the second apartment. He'd been there since graduating from high school..On the counter beside the bathroom sink stood an open box of BandAids in a variety of sizes, a bottle of rubbing alcohol, and a bottle of iodine..Striving to appear casual, but obviously unnerved, the pencil-thin man backed off again. "The paintings are lovely, wonderful, I'm enormously impressed. I'm a friend of the artist's, you know. She was a tenant of mine, I was her landlord during her early college years, in her salad days, a nice little studio apartment, before the baby. A lovely girl, I always knew she'd be a success, it was so apparent in even her earliest work. I just had to come tonight, even though a friend's covering two of my four sets. I couldn't miss this." They were in the rain, the solid-glassy-pounding-roaring rain, every bit as much as Gene Kelly had been when he danced and sang and capered along a storm-soaked city street in that movie, but whereas the actor had been saturated by the end of the number, these two children remained dry. Tom's eyes strained to resolve this paradox, even though he knew that all miracles defied resolution.. "Not so unbelievable," said Jacob. "Forty-five thousand people every year die in automobiles. Cars aren't transportation. They're death machines. Tens of thousands are disfigured, maimed for life." By the time his ferocious in-laws had finished with him, Junior would have won the sympathy of Knacker, Hisscus, Nork, and everyone else who might have harbored doubts about his role in Naomi's demise. Perhaps even Thomas Vanadium would find his suspicion worn away..Tom Vanadium checked the small wastebasket next to the sink and discovered a wad of bloody Kleenex. The crumpled wrappers from two Band-Aids.. "You may be eating yourself into an early grave, Vinnie, but poor Jacob has murdered his own soul, and that's infinitely worse." Junior was flattered, he really was. Women couldn't get enough of him. The story of his life. They never let go gracefully. He was wanted, needed, adored, worshiped. Women kept calling after they should have taken the hint and gone away, insisted on sending him notes and gifts even after he told them it was over. Junior wasn't surprised that women would return from the dead for him, nor was he surprised that women he'd killed would try to find a route back to him from Beyond, without malice, without vengeance in their hearts, merely yearning to be with him again, to hold him and to fulfill his needs. As gratified as he was by this tribute to his desirability, he simply didn't have any romantic feelings left for Naomi and Seraphim. They were the past, and he loathed the past, and if they wouldn't let him alone, he would never be able to live in the future..Playing with fire was fun when you didn't have to attempt to conceal the fact that it was arson..Although he harbored no fear of coming under suspicion for the murder of Victoria Bressler, he intended to leave Spruce Hills this very night. No future existed for him in such a sleepy backwater. A wider world awaited, and he had earned the right to enjoy all that it could offer him..Celestina met them at the front door and flung her arms around Wally. He let go of his cane-Tom caught it-and returned her embrace with such ardor, kissed her so hard, that evidently residual weakness was no longer a problem..Bartholomew had been able to focus his eyes much sooner than the average baby was supposed to be able to focus. To a surprising extent, he was already engaged in the world around him..Never would he pause to reload at this desperate penultimate moment, when success or failure might be decided in mere seconds. That would be the choice of a man who thought first and acted later, the behavior of a born loser.. "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."..the sentences. The substance of what she said and the tone in which she said it were so perfect that it almost seemed as though an angel had relieved her of this burden by possessing her long enough to help her son understand what must happen and why..They could not have been more solemn or more respectful if Naomi's corpse--stitched back together, pumped full of embalming fluid, painted with pancake makeup, dressed in white, with her cold hands clasping a Bible to her breast-had been reposing in a casket in this very room, surrounded by flowers and awaiting the arrival of mourners. They were all polite, soft-spoken, sad-eyed, oozing unctuous concern--and so full of feverish calculation that Junior wouldn't have been surprised if they had set off the ceiling-mounted fire sprinklers..She repeated this ritual eleven more times--"For Andrew, for James, for John"--frequently glancing into the nave behind her, to be sure that she was unobserved..A pianist or saxophonist could go a long way on his talent and self instruction, but a would-be stage magician eventually needed a mentor to reveal the most closely guarded secrets of illusion and to help him master the skills of deception needed for

the highest-level prestidigitation. In a craft practiced almost exclusively by white men, a young man he had sat here with a pencil, making shopping lists. Now, instead of a pencil, there was the Italian-made .22 pistol. HAVING COMPLETED HER English lesson, Maria Elena Gonzalez went home with a plastic shopping bag full of precisely damaged clothes and a smaller, paper bag containing cherry muffins for her two girls. The doors were unlocked on a pickup parked next to the Pontiac. Junior lifted the granny onto the front seat of the truck. She was so light, so unpleasantly angular, and she rustled so much that she might have been a new species of giant mutant insect that mimicked human appearance. He was glad, after all, that he hadn't killed her: Granny's prickly--bur spirit might have proved to be as difficult to eradicate as a cockroach infestation. With a shudder, he tossed her purse on top of her, and slammed the truck door. "Well, you ought to be," Grace said, taking her pies out to the Suburban that Wally had bought solely for this enterprise. "You should be with your children," Agnes worried. Maria looked up. "My babies are sitted with my sister." This venerable old building, as solidly constructed as a castle, was well-insulated; noises in other apartments rarely penetrated to Junior's. Never before had he heard a neighbor's voice distinctly enough to comprehend the words spoken--or, in this case, sung. Celestina checked her wristwatch and saw that she was running late. With Angel's short legs and layers of red, there was no point in trying to hurry. "I really am sorry about this," Junior said, regretting the necessity to deny her the right to look good at her own funeral, "but it's got to appear to be a crime of passion." To the phone, the police. No dial tone. Pointless to rattle the disconnect switch. The line had been cut. 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. Then the police in Spruce Hills would want to know why he had been screwing around with an underage Negro girl if his marriage to Naomi had been as perfect, as fulfilling, as he claimed. Unfair as it seems, there is no statute of limitations on murder. Closed files can be dusted off and opened again; investigations can be resumed. And although authorities would have little or no hope of convicting him of murder on whatever meager evidence they could dig up, he would be forced to spend another significant portion of his fortune on attorney fees. 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. He followed the dead man through the window, into the alley, managing not to step on him. Jacob feared what men could do with clubs, knives, guns, bombs, with their bare hands, but he was most preoccupied by the unintended death that humanity brought upon itself with its devices, machines, and structures meant to improve the quality of life. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Maria lightly salted the runny eggs and spooned them into Agnes's mouth. "Eggs is as chickens does." As he said cards, the magician turned a knowing look toward Edom, eliciting from him a responding frown of puzzlement. Surprising himself more than anyone, Edom also presented his collection to the university. Out with tornadoes, hurricanes, tidal waves, earthquakes, and volcanoes; bring in the roses. He lightly renovated his small apartment, painted it in brighter colors, and throughout the autumn, he stocked his bookshelves with volumes on horticulture, excitedly planning a substantial expansion of the rosarium come spring. 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?" Holding a shaker in each hand, Tom walked them forward, causing them to diverge slightly at first, but then moving them along exactly parallel to each other. Remember the beauty of rage. Channel the anger and be a winner. Act now, think later. As Agnes slipped excess pillows out from behind him and eased him down into the covers, Barty half woke, muttering about how the police were going to kill poor Lummo, who hadn't meant to do all that damage, but he'd been frightened by the gunfire, and when you weighed six tons and had eight legs, you sometimes couldn't get around in tight places without knocking something over. "That's the Ore. After I ate it up, the cookie went smooosh--smooosh into my finger." As to the distressing matter of Seraphim's daughter, Junior at first decided to return to San Francisco to torture the truth out of Nolly Wulfstan. Then he realized that he'd been referred to Wulfstan by the same man who had told him that Thomas Vanadium was missing and was believed to be Victoria Bressler's killer. 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. At 3:31 A.M., even the early-winter dawn wasn't near, yet Junior was too awake to return to bed. Though sweet, though melancholy, never ominous, the ghostly singing had left him feeling ... threatened. He considered taking a shower and getting an early start on the day. But he kept remembering Psycho: Anthony Perkins dressed in women's clothes and wielding a butcher knife. 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." As she clambered through the open door into Celestina's lap, the girl said, "Uncle Wally gave me an Ore." The living room no longer doubled as sleeping quarters. Perri's hospital bed had been taken away. Paul's bed had been moved to a room upstairs, where for the past three nights, he had tried to sleep. "May 14, 1845, in Canton, China, a theater fire killed sixteen hundred seventy. On December 8, 1863, a fire in the Church of La Compana, in Santiago, Chile, left two thousand five hundred and one dead. One hundred fifty perished in a fire at a Paris charity bazaar: May 4, 1897. June 30, 1900, a dock fire in Hoboken, New Jersey, killed three hundred twenty-six. . . ." "I'll come by at eight o'clock for breakfast," Wally suggested. "We have to set a date." "Where did you hear that expression," she demanded, though she couldn't conceal her amusement. Struggling to keep a grip on consciousness, Junior told himself to focus on the future, to live in the future, free of the useless past and the difficult present, but he could not get into the future far enough to be in a time when the pain was no longer with him. NORTHBOUND ON THE coastal highway, headed for Newport Beach, Agnes saw bad omens, mile after mile. "Yes, I'm nicely

rounding myself into an early grave," he said almost cheerfully. "And I must admit to enjoying it." They had a few days for quiet celebration of this astonishing recovery of his sight, and in that time, she never tired of watching him read to her. He didn't think she even listened closely. It was the fact of him made whole that lifted her spirits so high as they were now, not any writer's words nor any story ever written. The traffic light turned green. Now onward home. Rolex recovered and bright upon his wrist, Junior Cain drove his Mercedes with a restraint that required more self-control than he had realized he could tap, even with the guidance of Zedd. "In addition to that policy," said Vinnie, "there's another. . . --he filled his lungs, hesitated, then exhaled the air and the sum with a tremor--"seven hundred fifty thousand. Three-quarters of a million dollars." "So what I am is I'm your talking eyes." Lowering her hand from his face, Angel said, "Do you know where bacon comes from?" The apartment above Elena's Fashions could be reached by a set of exterior stairs at the back of the building. The climb had never before taxed Agnes in the least, but now it took away her breath and left her legs trembling by the time she reached the top landing. "From 1604 through 1610, Erzebet Bathory, sister of the Polish king, with the assistance of her servants, tortured and killed six hundred girls. She bit them, drank their blood, tore their faces off with tongs, mutilated their private parts, and mocked their screams." As beautiful as they were, none of these women satisfied him as profoundly as Naomi had satisfied him. Celestina looked out a kitchen window and saw Agnes in the Lampion driveway, where the three-vehicle caravan was assembled. She was loading her station wagon. Only now, as the tide of adrenaline began to ebb, Paul wondered who could possibly have wanted to kill a man of peace and God, a man as good as Harrison White. Ordinarily, a child of three would be too young to learn the use of a blind man's cane, but Barty wasn't ordinary. Initially, no cane was available for such a small child, so Barty began with a yardstick sawn off to twenty-six inches. By his last day, they had for him a custom cane, white with a black tip; the sight of it and all that it implied brought tears to Agnes just when she thought her heart had toughened for the task ahead. With a paper towel, Junior wiped the revolver. He dropped it on the floor beside the riddled nurse. Paul checked the back of the Suburban, since he fancied himself the wagonmaster. He wanted to be sure that the goods were loaded in such a way that they were unlikely to slide or be damaged. "Packed tight. Looks just fine," he declared, and closed the tailgate door. "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." Junior was stunned that the bitch had come back into his life, to ruin him, almost two years later. Zedd teaches that the present is just an instant between past and future, which really leaves us with only two choices--to live either in the past or the future; the past, being over and done with, has no consequences unless we insist on empowering it by not living entirely in the future. Junior strove always to live in the future, and he believed that he was successful in this striving, but obviously he hadn't yet learned to apply Zedd's wisdom to fullest effect, because the past kept getting at him. He fervently wished he hadn't simply broken up with Tammy Bean, but that he had strangled her instead, that he had strangled her and driven her corpse to Oregon and pushed her off a fire tower and bashed her with a pewter candlestick and sent her to the bottom of Quarry Lake with the gold Rolex stuffed in her mouth. "I'm Sister Josephina." She slipped Celestina's purse off her shoulder--"You can trust this with me"--. This was not a ghost. This was not a walking dead man. This was something else, but until he knew what it was, who it was, the only person he could possibly look for was Vanadium. He pointed at his feet. "Toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes, toes." Yet through the summer of 1966, following this call, he acted like a man who was haunted. A sudden draft, even if warm, chilled him and caused him to turn in circles, seeking the source. In the middle of the night, the most innocent of sounds could scramble him from bed and send him on a search of the apartment, flinching from harmless shadows and twitching at looming invisibilities that he imagined he saw at the edges of his vision. When red aces weft followed by disturbing jacks, Agnes had pretended to take her son's card-told fortune lightly, especially the frightful part of it. In fact, a coldness had twisted through her heart. He closed his eyes again and seemed asleep, but then as she clicked off the lamp, he murmured, "You have your halo again." "Well, maybe you're right," Bellini said somewhat acerbically, before departing, "but then you've had the advantage of an illegal search, while I'm hampered by such niceties as warrants." Besides, he wasn't on the Greenbaum Gallery customer list and didn't have an invitation. Through nine months of quiet panic, however, Phimie grew less rational week by week, resorting to reckless measures that endangered. "Oh, that's me, all right. I'm on the FBI's most-wanted list for criminal pie jostling." Succinctly, Edom told Jacob about visiting Obadiah, the magician with the mangled hands. Then: "When we left, I followed Agnes, and Obadiah held me back to say, 'Your secret's safe with me.'" Celestina intended to capture Nella as she was now, head at rest upon the pillow of, perhaps, her deathbed, eyes closed and mouth slack, face ashen but serene. Then she would draw four more portraits, using bone structure and other physiological evidence to imagine how the woman had looked at sixty, forty, twenty, and ten. The floor of the spacious bathroom featured beige marble tiles with diamond-shaped inlays of black granite. The countertop and the shower stall were fabricated from matching marble, and the same marble was employed in the wainscoting. The pewter bludgeon slammed into the back of his skull with a hard pack. The scalp tore, blood sprang forth, and the man fell as hard as Victoria had fallen under the influence of a good Merlot, although he went facedown, not faceup as she had done. Switching on the windshield wipers, Joey said, "That's the first time I've ever heard you admit that either of your brothers is odd." At the front door of the funeral home, as Panglo was showing him out, Jacob leaned close. "Joe Lampion didn't have any gold teeth." "You sounded as though you were in a lot of distress. You were frightened of this Bartholomew." 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. Celestina had wanted to go to Oregon for the service, but Tom, Max Bellini, the Spruce Hills police, and Wally Lipscomb--to whom, by Sunday, she'd begun talking almost hourly on the telephone--all advised strenuously against making the trip. A man as crazed and as

reckless as Enoch Cain, expecting to find her at the funeral home or the cemetery, might not be deterred by a police guard, no matter what its size. Polio, largely an affliction of younger children, had stricken her two weeks before her fifteenth birthday. Thirty years ago. Agnes at last relented. "Someday, you're going to have to learn to relax, Maria." Without a word, Joshua Nunn and the paramedic retreated to the foyer. The parlor doors slid shut. Because the upper part of the hospital bed was somewhat raised, he didn't have to lift his head from the pillow to study the corner where the phantom waited. He peered beyond the IV rack, past the foot of the bed. After Victoria had departed, Junior lay smiling at the ceiling, floating on Valium and desire. And vanity. Naked, dripping, he roamed the apartment. As on the night of December 13, the voice seemed to arise from thin air: ahead of him, then behind him, to the right, but now to the left. or the barber. Never was he afraid to fall asleep, and having fallen asleep, he appeared to have only pleasant dreams. He wanted to fling it into the graveyard, send it spinning far into the darkness. Kathleen expected this would prove to be true. She herself was not frightened by Thomas Vanadium's appearance; but then she had been prepared for it before she first saw him. And she wasn't a murderer, fearful of retribution, to whom this particular face would seem like Judgment personified. No time for horror, disgust. Every second mattered now, and every minute might cost another life. The quarter, surely. The one that had not been in his robe pocket where it should have been, the previous Friday. Aware that his tension was building intolerably, Junior decided that he needed Scamp more than he dreaded her. He spent the remainder of Wednesday, until dawn Thursday, with the indefatigable redhead, whose bedroom contained a vast collection of scented massage oils in sufficient volume to fragrantly lubricate half the rolling stock of every railroad company doing business west of the Mississippi. It occurred to her that the knave had come, as foretold by the cards on that night long ago. She had expected the knave to be a man with sharp eyes and a wicked heart, but the curse was cancer and not a man at all. "Whatever you're paying here, that's what you'll pay for the new place," Lipscomb said. Either operating on first-aid knowledge of his own or responding to an instruction from the medic, the cop slipped a foam pillow under Agnes's head. An unfortunately bumpy ride for the deceased: along the hallway, through the foyer, across the entry threshold, down the porch steps, across a lawn dappled with pine shadows and yellow moonlight, to the graveled driveway. No complaints. In addition to mulling over strategy, Tom had spent a lot of time lately brooding about culpability: his own, not Cain's. By seizing on the name that he heard Cain speak in a dream, by making use of it in this psychological warfare, had he been the architect of the killer's Bartholomew obsession, or if not the architect, then at least an assisting. Edom had noticed them earlier. Now he saw they were in worse condition than he'd thought. Enlarged knuckles, fingers not entirely at natural angles to one another. Perhaps Obadiah had rheumatoid arthritis, like Bill Kleifton, though a less crippling case. "I suppose anyone could fill some empty gelatin capsules with the syrup," said Parkhurst. "But-" "Roll your own, so to speak. Then he could palm a few of them, swallow 'em without water, and the reaction would be delayed maybe. Mysteriously, on the first day of sunny weather in weeks, the 707 had crashed into Jamaica Bay, Queens, killing everyone aboard. Now, in 1965, it remained the worst commercial-aviation disaster in the nation's history, and because of the unprecedented dramatic television coverage, the story was a permanent scar in Celestina's memory, although she had been living a continent away at the time. Darker than water, another stain spread across the lap and down the legs of the pants. It was the color of port wine when filtered through the gray fabric of the jogging suit, but even in her semi-delirious state, she knew that she was not the vessel for a miracle birth, was not bringing forth a baby in a flush of wine, but in a gush of blood. If Junior had not been such a rational man, schooled in logic and reason by the books of Caesar Zedd, he might have snapped there in the street, before the photograph of Seraphim, might have begun to shake and sob and babble until he wound up in a psychiatric ward. But although his trembling knees felt no more supportive than aspic, they didn't dissolve under him. He couldn't breathe for a minute, and his vision darkened at the periphery, and the noise of passing traffic suddenly sounded like the agonized shrieks of people tortured beyond endurance, but he held fast to his wits long enough to realize that the name under the photo, which served as the centerpiece of a poster, read Celestina White in four-inch letters, not Seraphim. 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. Considering his battered and stitched face, considering also his tragic and colorful history, Vanadium spoke with remarkably little drama. His voice was calm, nearly flat, rising and falling so little that he almost talked in a monotone. 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 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. 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. Sunday, Junior hid out from Scamp, using his Ansaphone to screen her calls, and worked with such astonishing focus on his needlepoint pillows that he forgot to go to bed that night. He fell asleep over his needles at ten o'clock Monday morning. Charmed by the vulnerability of the young, he'd never slept with an older woman. The prospect intrigued him. She would have tricks in her repertoire that younger women were too inexperienced to know. "Don't worry," Celestina told him, "after what we've seen this past week, we're still with you." He'd wanted to give Celestina more help than she would accept. She continued working nights as a waitress for two years, while she completed classes at the Academy of Art College, and she quit her job only when she began to sell her paintings for enough to equal her wages and gratuities. He was focused enough, in fact, to find Bob Chicane, kill the insulting bastard and get away with it. Gob of mucus in his throat. His face contorted with a misery that he did not have to fake, and he was astonished to feel tears spring to his eyes. The cop had unzipped

the top of her jogging suit and pulled up the roomy T-shirt. A lamp with a fringed silk shade spread small feathery wings of golden light over one corner of the living room. On the coffee table were three decorative blown-glass oil lamps, ashimmer. After prying Junior out of the meditative position, Chicane pushed him onto his back and vigorously--indeed, violently--massaged his thighs and calves. "Really bad muscle spasms," he explained. "Oh, yes, I recall it now. Polar bears eating tourists in Union Square, wolf packs prowling the Heights." If her beautiful son was to be a prodigy of any kind, she would thank God for his talent and would do anything she could to help him achieve his destiny. Agnes added this stop to her route at the request of Reverend Tom Collins, the local Baptist minister whose folks unthinkingly gave him the name of a cocktail. She was friendly with all the clergymen in Bright Beach, and her pie deliveries favored no one creed. What he learned working with his father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and he was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that. Later, after they finished eating but were still sitting at the table over coffee, the conversation turned solemn, although for the moment, the subject wasn't the late Harrison White. How long the two women and the girl must hide out, when and where they would be able to resume lives as normal as might still be possible for them: These were the issues of the moment. 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. "What aren't you telling us?" her mother pressed, intuiting the existence of a larger story, if not the amazing nature of it. Or as her father often said, happily mocking his own rhetorical eloquence: "Brighten the corner where you are, and you will light the world." Easter still lay a few weeks away, but already Celestina had begun decorating more than a hundred baskets, so that nothing would need to be done at the last minute except add the candy. Her living room was a warren of baskets, ribbons, bows, beads, bangles, shredded cellophane in green and purple and yellow and pink, and decorative little plush-toy bunnies and baby chicks. Unfortunately, Caesar Zedd had not written a self-help book on how to commit homicide and escape the consequences thereof, and as before, Junior was entirely on his own. He had never associated Enoch Cain's dreaded Bartholomew with the disciple Bartholomew in Harrison White's sermon, which had been broadcast once in December '64, the month prior to Naomi's murder and again in January '65. Even now, with blood-scrawled-and-stabbed Bartholomew on the wall and with This Momentous Day before him in the brochure, Tom Vanadium couldn't quite make the connection. He strove to pull together the broken lengths in this chain of evidence, but they remained separated by one missing link. By the time this operation concluded and the sulphurous Mr. Cain was brought to some form of justice, Simon might have spent twenty or twenty-five percent of the fee that he'd collected from the liability settlement in the matter of Naomi Cain's death. The attorney put a substantial price on his dignity and reputation. Maybes are for babies, Zedd tells us in Act Now, Think Later. Learning to Trust Your Instincts.

[Pathfinders of Physiology](#)

[Hypnotism Or Animal Magnetism Physiological Observations](#)

[Tales of a Terrier](#)

[Delsartean Pantomimes with Recital and Musical Accompaniment Designed for Home School and Church Entertainments](#)

[Search Lights Through Three Centuries of Franco-Anglo-American History \[1601-1901\]](#)

[Grammar of the Fulah Language Ed with Additions by E Norris](#)

[Sea Moods from Inland and Other Verses](#)

[Descent of Comfort Sands and of His Children with Notes on the Families of Ray Thomas Guthrie Alcock Palgrave Cornell Dodge Hunt Jessup](#)

[Memoir of Mrs Martha Barnes Late of Middletown Conn](#)

[Australasia Part 2 Geographical](#)

[Annual Report of the Commission on Waterways and Public Lands Volume 1916](#)

[A Memorial of Abraham Lincoln Late President of the United States](#)

[The Voyage of Life and Other Stories A Gift for Children](#)

[5th Annual Convention of the League of American Municipalities Held at Jamestown NY August 21 22 23 and 24 1901](#)

[The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science](#)

[Seria Ludo](#)

[Some Characteristics of Invertase Action and Their Significance in Interpreting the Nature of the Reaction](#)

[Shakespeare as a Lawyer](#)

[Religious and Philanthropic Tracts](#)

[Report of Governor Grover to General Schofield on the Modoc War And Reports of Major General John F Miller and General John E Ross to the Governor Also Letter of the Governor to the Secretary of the Interior on the Wallowa Valley Indian Question](#)

[Detection of the Common Food Adulterants](#)

[A Botanical Tour in the Highlands of Perthshire](#)

[The Dramatic Works of General John Burgoyne](#)

[The Question of a Division of the Philosophical Faculty Inaugural Address on Assuming the Rectorship of the University of Berlin Delivered in the Aula of the University on October 15 1880 with an Appendix Containing Two Opinions on the Admission to T](#)

[The Case-Hardening of Steel An Illustrated Exposition of the Changes in Structure and Properties Induced in Mild Steels by Cementation and Allied Processes](#)

[30 Day Man-Ual Train Him for Love Train Him for Life](#)

[Removal of Causes from State Courts to Federal Courts With Forms Adapted to the Several Acts of Congress on the Subject](#)

[Review of Bastiats Sophisms of Protection](#)

[Tables for Facilitating the Computation of Star-Constants](#)

[Linear Phonography A Natural System of Short-Hand for General Use with an Easy Stenography for Reporting Purposes](#)

[Rome A Sketch-Book](#)

[Old Boston Reproductions of Etchings in Half Tone](#)

[Selections from the Letters and Diaries of Brevet-Brigadier General Willoughby Babcock of the Seventy-Fifth New York Volunteers A Study of Camp Life in the Union Armies During the Civil War](#)

[Report on the Geological Structure of Murphrees Valley and Its Minerals and Other Materials of Economic Value](#)

[Blockade of Fort George 1813](#)

[A Discourse on the Studies of the University](#)

[Manual of Crimes and Their Punishments](#)

[Address of His Excellency John A Andrew to the Two Branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts January 8 1864](#)

[Dame Wiggins of Lee and Her Seven Wonderful Cats A Humorous Tale](#)

[Regents Diplomas and School Certificates in English](#)

[A Treatise on the Proceedings to Be Adopted in Conducting or Opposing Private Bills in the Parliament of Canada And the Standing Orders of Both Houses in Relation Thereto](#)

[Women in Industry](#)

[Welsh Poems and Ballads](#)

[Wilson's Illustrated Guide to the Hudson River](#)

[Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm](#)

[The Dangers and Defences of New York Addressed to the Hon JB Floyd Secretary of War](#)

[Catalogue of the Exhibition of Fine Arts Pan-American Exposition](#)

[Internal Combustion Engines and Tractors Their Development Design Construction Function and Maintenance](#)

[Disastrous Financial Panics](#)

[Accrued Interest Receivable and Payable An Accurate Daily Statement](#)

[Elene An Old English Poem](#)

[A Treatise on the Pleadings in Suits in the Court of Chancery by English Bill](#)

[Dean and Professor at Uc Berkeleys School of Librarianship 1946-1976 Oral History Transcript 2000](#)

[Swine Husbandry in the United Kingdom and Denmark](#)

[Radiotelegraphy US Signal Corps REV October 1916](#)

[Days and Dreams Poems](#)

[The Oxford and Cambridge Acts of the Apostles With Introd and Notes for the Use of Students Preparing for the Following Examinations The Oxford and Cambridge Locals the College of Preceptors Etc Etc](#)

[Short-Hand Simplified a Complete Text-Book on Phonography](#)

[Views of the Deity Traditional and Scientific A Contribution to the Study of Theological Science](#)

[Danish Beer Continental Beer Gardens](#)

[Danish Ballads](#)

[Debs and the Poets](#)

[Preliminary Report of the Commission Appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to Investigate Modern Spiritualism in Accordance with the Request of the Late Henry Seybert](#)

[Kloster Kirchen Und Kapellen](#)

[Sprache Des Hip Hop in New York City Rapmusik ALS Black English? Die](#)

[With the Shepherd in the Valley](#)

[Burgerliche Historien](#)

[Max Fine 2](#)

[Schauspieler Der](#)

[Die Palau-Inseln Im Stillen Ocean](#)

[More Animals of the Old Testament](#)

[Murder and Mayhem Criminal Conduct in Old Alexandria Virginia 1749-1900](#)

[SAT Prep Course](#)

[The Fundamental Basis of Nutrition](#)

[Fruit of the Womb](#)

[A School Atlas of English History](#)

[The Teaching of Spelling](#)

[The Decomposition of Hydrocarbons and the Influence of Hydrogen in Carbureted Water Gas Manufacture](#)

[The New England Country](#)

[William Payne Water-Colour Painter Working 1776-1830](#)

[Catalogue of the University of South Carolina](#)

[Catalogue of the Phaenogamous and Vascular Cryptogamous Plants of Worcester County Massachusetts](#)

[Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Treasury Department for the Fiscal Year Ended 30th September 1859 to the General Assembly of Maryland Volume 1860](#)

[The Happy Prince and Other Tales](#)

[Scotlands Mark on America](#)

[Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Treasury Department for the Fiscal Year Ended 30th September 1863 to the General Assembly of Maryland Volume 1864](#)

[Proceedings of the Bostonian Society Annual Meeting Volume 1900](#)

[The Preparation of the Child for Science](#)

[The Portland Cement Industry from a Financial Standpoint](#)

[Peter Rugg the Missing Man](#)

[Poems of Religion and Society](#)

[The History of the English Bible](#)

[The Appetite of Tyranny](#)

[Bibliography of the Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti](#)

[Proceedings of the Bostonian Society Annual Meeting Volume 1884](#)

[The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke](#)

[Echoes from the Solitudes](#)

[The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene A Legendary Poem in Two Parts about AD 1620](#)

[Tides](#)

[On the Doctrines of the Modernists](#)
