

EDUCATIONAL REVIEW VOL 62 PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY AND AUGUST

Their evenings together were comfortable bliss, though usually they just watched television, or he read to her. She enjoyed being read to: mostly historical novels and occasional mysteries. Other rooms were furnished as sparsely as those in a monastery. Indeed, the dining room contained nothing whatsoever. Neddy, dressed for work but overdressed for his own funeral, slumped against the wall, head bowed, chin on his chest. His pale hands were splayed at his sides, as though he were trying to strike chords from the floor tiles. "Sure. There's lots of places where he didn't get shot, but there's places where he got shot and died, too." Life was too short to waste it working if you had the means to afford lifelong leisure. Tom Vanadium liked this man at once. Cop instinct told him that Damascus was honest and reliable. Priestly insight suggested even more impressive qualities. Junior stalked her, but she eluded him. Always, the song seemed to arise from the next room, but when he passed through the doorway into that space, the voice then sounded as if it came from the room that he'd just left. Could any spell of magic make, Angel pointed to a Mercedes parked about forty feet behind the Buick, just as its headlights went off. She traded silence for silence. Then: "Kiddo, I'm still totally confused by this stuff." "Lock it anyway. And don't hang up. Stay on the line until the patrolmen get there." After a while, he dared to crack his eyelids. Pressing against his eyes was a blackness as smooth and as unrelenting as any known by a blind man. Not even a ghost of light haunted the night beyond the window, and the slats of the venetian blind were as hidden from view as the meatless ribs under Death's voluminous black robe. 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. Having been an object of Thomas Vanadium's fixation, Junior felt fortunate to have survived. He shuddered. He woke at noon, eyes gummed shut with the effluence of sleep. He felt lousy, but he was in control of himself-and strong enough to fetch his suitcase, which he'd been unable to carry upon arrival. He stood at a window, staring down into the street, his profile to her, and in his silence he searched for the words to describe the "something extraordinary" that he had mentioned earlier. AGNES ALWAYS ENJOYED Christmas Eve dinner with Edom and Jacob, because even they tempered their pessimism on this night of nights. Whether the season touched their hearts or they wanted even more than usual to please their sister, she didn't know. If gentle Edom spoke of killer tornadoes or if dear Jacob was reminded of massive explosions, each dwelt not on horrible death, as usual, but on feats of courage in the midst of dire catastrophe, recounting astonishing rescues and miraculous escapes. By now, all here assembled knew Celestina well enough that Tom's final example raised an affectionate laugh from the group. "Stop it, stop it!" Agnes, only ten years old, slender and shaking, but wild with righteousness, until now held in thrall by her own fear, by the memory of all the beatings that she herself has taken. She screams at their father and strikes him with a book she's brought from the house. The Bible. She strikes their father with the Bible, from which he's read to them every night of their lives. He drops the roses, tears the holy book out of Agnes's hands, and pitches it across the yard. He rakes up a handful of the scattered roses, intending to make his son resume this dinner of sin, but here comes Agnes once more, the Bible recovered, brandishing it at him, and now she says what all of them know to be true but what none of them has ever dared say, what even Agnes herself will never again dare to say after this day, not while the old man lives, but she dares to say it now, holding the Bible toward him, so he can see the gold-embossed cross upon the imitation-leather cover. "Murderer," Agnes says. "Murderer." And Edom knows that they're all as good as dead now, that their father will slaughter them right here, right this minute, in his rage. "Murderer," she says accusingly, behind the shield of the Bible, and she doesn't mean that he is killing Edom, but that he killed their mother, that they heard him in the night, three years before, heard the short but awful struggle, and know that what happened was no accident. Roses fall from his skinned and pierced hands, a flurry of petals yellow and petals red. He rises and takes a step toward Agnes, his dripping fists crimson with his blood and with Edom's. Agnes doesn't back away, but thrusts the book toward him, and scintillant sunlight caresses the cross. Instead of tearing the book out of her hands again, their father stalks away, into the house, surely to return with club or cleaver ... yet they will see no more of him this day. Then Agnes-with tweezers for the thorns, with a basin full of warm water and a washcloth, with iodine and Neosporin and bandages-kneels beside him in the yard. Jacob, too, comes forth from the dark crawlspace under the porch, having watched in terror from behind the latticework skirt. He is shaking, crying, flushed with embarrassment because he didn't intervene, although he was wise to hide, for the disciplinary beating of one twin usually leads to the pointless beating of the other. Agnes gradually settles Jacob by involving him in the treatment of his brother's wounds, and to Edom she says, often thereafter, "I love your roses, Edom. I love your roses. God loves your roses, Edom." Overhead, agitated wings quiet to a soft flutter, and the shrieking crows grow silent. The air pools as still and heavy as the water in a hidden lagoon within a secret glade, in the perfect garden of the unfallen.... The subtle distortions in his vision, which caused lines of type to twist, didn't appear to trouble Barty much otherwise. He moved as quickly and as surely as ever, with his special grace. In the physician's eyes, a yearning to believe. In his face, a squint of skepticism. If someone were here in the hallway with him, it couldn't be Angel, because she would be chattering enthusiastically in one voice or another. Uncle Jacob would never tease him like this, and no one else was in the house. "But in 'This Momentous Day,' Bartholomew is just the disciple, the historical figure, and he's also a metaphor for the unforeseen consequences of even our most ordinary actions." One hand on the railing, he ascended the first three steps slowly. Pausing on each, he slid his foot forward and back on the carpet, runner to judge the depth of the tread relative to his small foot. He ran the toe of his right shoe up and down the riser between each tread, gauging the height. 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..Impressed by the sureness and swiftness with which the blind boy negotiated the steps and set off across the lawn, Tom didn't initially notice anything unusual about his stroll through the deluge..For more than twenty-three years, he'd given his big toe little consideration, had taken it for granted, had treated it with shameful neglect. Now this lower digit seemed precious, a comparatively small fixture of flesh, but as important to his image of himself as his nose or either of his eyes..Agnes Lampion would enthral them, for hers was a life of clear significance. That they seemed equally interested in Paul's story, however, surprised him. Perhaps they were merely being kind, and yet with apparent fascination, they drew out of him so many details of his long walks, of the places he had been and the reasons why, of his life with Perri..Solitude, however, was his preference. He found the sympathy of friends unbearable, a constant reminder that Perri was gone..Symptoms of food poisoning usually appear within two hours of dining. The hideous intestinal spasms had rocked him at least six hours after he'd eaten. Besides, if the culprit were food poisoning, he would have vomited; but he hadn't felt any urge to spew..Celestina was better equipped to embrace this transcendental experience for what it appeared to be. She was not one of those artists who celebrated chaos and disorder, or who found inspiration in pessimism and despair. Wherever her eyes came to rest, she saw order, purpose, exquisite design, and either the pale flicker or the fierce blaze of a humbling beauty. She perceived the uncanny not merely in old houses where ghosts were said to roam or in eerie experiences like the one Lipscomb had described, but every day in the pattern of a tree's branches, in the rapturous play of a dog with a tennis ball, in the white whirling currents of a snowstorm-in every aspect of the natural world in which insoluble mystery was as fundamental a component as light and darkness, as matter and energy, as time and space..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."Better hurry," Wally advised, gracing Celestina's other cheek with a dryer kiss..As he said cards, the magician turned a knowing look toward Edom, eliciting from him a responding frown of puzzlement.."I guess so, but it's not that. I was thinking of something my little girl said."..This didn't work for Junior. Strangely, when he focused on a mental image of any fruit-apple, peach, banana-his thoughts drifted to sex. He became aroused and had no hope of clearing his mind..Designed by Linda Lockowitz Text set in Adobe Jenson First edition ACBGIKJHFDB.In a swirl of London Fog and righteous indignation, Neddy turned his back on Junior and drifted away through the nibbling, nattering crowd..Junior was starving, but he didn't trust his bowels enough to risk dinner in a restaurant. The affliction seemed to have passed, but it might recur when he had food in his system again..Not all of the pins were knocked to the shear line with a single pull of the trigger. Three pulls were the minimum required, sometimes as many as six, depending on the lock.."Did they rush you straight in here or did you arrange all the insurance matters at reception, Mr. Pinchbeck?".Every nerve in Junior's body was a tautly strung trigger wire. If something set him off, he might explode so violently that he'd blow himself into a psychiatric ward..The sight of the heavily bandaged face apparently pressed all of the compassion buttons in the reverend, because he broke out of his paralytic shock and started forward-before he registered the weapon..As Barty climbed to the porch without benefit of the railing and held out his right hand, Paul Damascus said, "Tom, we're wondering if Barty can extend to you the protection he gives to Angel in the rain. Maybe he can ... since the three of you share this ... this awareness, this insight, or whatever you want to call it. But he won't know until he tries."..During the following day, January 6, as Phimie was wheeled around the hospital for tests in various departments, Celestina remained in 724, working on her portfolio for a class in advanced portraiture. She was a Junior at the Academy of Art College..Allowing one month for the job might be optimistic. On the other hand, he'd had a long time to perfect a strategy.."Guilt," said the detective. "If he killed her, wouldn't an overwhelming sense of guilt be as likely as anguish to cause acute nervous emesis?".When the police operator answered, Junior shrieked, "I've been shot! Jesus! Shot! Help me, an ambulance, oooohhhh shit! Hurry!".Aftermath had a way of being discovered, often at the worst of all possible moments, which he had learned from movies and from crime stories in the media and even from personal experience. Discovery always brought the police at high speed, sounding their sirens and full of enthusiasm, because those bastards were the most past-focused losers on the face of the earth, utterly consumed by their interest in aftermath..Always, he was good with Barty, and on this occasion, he teased more than the usual number of smiles and giggles from the boy as he tried to get him to read the Snellen chart on the wall. Then he lowered the lights in the examination room to study his eyes with an ophthalmometer and an ophthalmoscope..A residual tension drained out of Junior. He was somewhat surprised that he had still been concerned about the song.."I'm a less philosophical sort than Kathleen," Nolly said, "so what I've been wondering is where you learned the tricks with the quarter. How is it you're priest, cop-and amateur magician?".In his right hand again, the real gun, loaded with ten hollow-point rounds, felt charged with supernatural power: to Bartholomew as a crucifix to Dracula, as holy water to a demon, as kryptonite to Superman..Caution discarded, Junior went inside, for the same reason that a dedicated opera aesthete might once a decade attend a country-music concert: to confirm the superiority of his taste and to be amused by what passed for music among the great unwashed. Some might call it slumming..Throughout the evening, Barty and Angel-sitting side by side and across the table from Paul-listened to the adults at times and occasionally joined in the larger conversation, but primarily they talked between themselves. When the kids' heads weren't together conspiratorially, Paul could hear their chatter, and depending on what else was being discussed around the table, he sometimes tuned in to it. He picked up on the word rhinoceros, tuned in, tuned out, but a couple minutes later, he dialed back in when he realized that Celestina, sitting two places farther along the table from him, had risen from her chair and was staring in amazement at the kids..For a while he enjoyed being challenged

to figure the number of seconds elapsed since a particular historical event. Given the date, he did the calculations in his head, providing a correct answer in as little as twenty seconds, rarely taking more than a minute..Chicane packed the ice against Junior's thighs. "Severe spasm causes inflammation. Twenty minutes of ice alternating with twenty minutes of massage, until the worst passes."..Havnor Great Port is the city at the heart of the world, white-towered above its bay; on the tallest tower the sword of Erreth-Akbe catches the first and last of daylight. Through that city passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There the King sits, having returned after the healing of the Ring, in sign of healing. And in that city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change..After checking her carotid artery and detecting no pulse, Junior returned to the sofa in the living room. He fluffed the little pillow and left it precisely as he had found it..The old man assumed the solemn and knowing expression of one guarding mysteries, a sphinx without headdress and mane. "If I told you, dear lady, it wouldn't be magic anymore. Merely a trick."..Although her hands were shaking and her knees felt as though they might buckle, Agnes lifted two pies off the table..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..As if he sensed her reluctance to return to Dr. Chan, Barty had kept her occupied with talk of the red planet as they approached the office building, had talked her off the street, along the driveway, and into a parking space, where finally she relinquished the fantasy of an endless road trip. At 5:45, long past the end of office hours, Dr. Chan's suite was quiet..From time to time, customers had crossed the cocktail lounge to drop folding money into a fishbowl atop the piano, tips for the musician. A few had requested favorite -tunes..Dr. Chan's manner remained professional, providing the strength that Agnes required, but his pain was evident when his gentle voice softened further: "These tumors are so advanced, we won't know until surgery if the malignancy has spread. We may already be too late. And if we aren't too late, we'll have only a small window of opportunity. A small window. Eight days would entail too much risk.".. "Oh, it certainly is! It certainly is enough! But ... I don't regret much, you know. But I do regret not being here to see why you and Angel have been brought together. I know it'll be something lovely, Barty. Something so fine."..Perhaps he would not have leaped along this chain of conclusions if he'd not been an admirer of Caesar Zedd, for Zedd teaches that too often society encourages us to dismiss certain insights as illogical, even when in fact these insights arise from animal instinct and are the closest thing to unalloyed truth we will ever know..The two men introduced themselves. The physician was Dr. Jim Parkhurst. His manner was easy and affable, and his soothing voice, either by nature or by calculation, was as healing as balm..Suddenly, even in the heart of a great city, the alleyway seemed as lonely as an English moor, and not a smart place to seek asylum from a vengeful spirit. Casting aside all pretense of self-control, Junior sprinted for the next street, where the sight of multitudes, swarming in winter sunshine, filled him not with paranoia or even uneasiness, anymore, but with an unprecedented feeling of brotherhood..Room to room through the upstairs. Checking closets. Behind furniture. Bathrooms. In Paul's private spaces. No Cain..She told them of Phimie's request that the baby be named Angel. "At the time, I assumed she wasn't able to think clearly because of the stroke..As though stirred by static electricity, the fine hairs on the backs of Tom's hands quivered, and a current of expectation coursed through him..Agnes discovered that watching her child be totally consumed by a new enthusiasm was an unparalleled delight. Through Barty, she had a tantalizing sense of what her own childhood might have been like if her father had allowed her to have one, and at times, listening to the boy exclaim about the space-faring Stone family or about the mysteries of Mars, she discovered that at least some part of a child still lived within her, untouched by either cruelty or time..would allow herself to feel the loss, the misery against which she was now armored. Phimie deserved dignity in this final..Move, move, like a runaway train, leaving the dead nuns--or at least one dead musician--far behind..After a while, a voice broke the vacuum-perfect silence. Bob Chicane. His instructor..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..This morning, Damascus had left the house early, before Vanadium came downstairs, which was perfect for Junior's purposes. While the maniac cop was finishing his shave and shower, Junior crept upstairs to check his room. He discovered the revolver in the second of the three places that he expected it to be, did his work, and returned the weapon to the nightstand drawer in precisely the position that he had found it. Narrowly avoiding an encounter with Vanadium in the hall, he retreated to the ground floor. After some fussing over the most effective placement, he left the quarter and the luggage--just as Vanadium, the human stump, clumped down the stairs. Junior experienced an unexpected delay when the detective spent half an hour making phone calls from the study, but then Vanadium went into the kitchen, allowing him to slip out of the house and complete his work..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..She pushed her chair back from the table and got to her feet, and everyone followed her example..Clenching his right hand around the quarter, waving left hand over right, he intoned, "Jingle-jangle, mingle-jingle." Opening his right hand, he revealed that the coin had vanished..were a favorite pair when he was puttering around the house on weekends. "Oh," he said, "that dog."..do further testing, of course, but not until he's been stabilized at least twelve hours. Personally, I don't think we'll find any physical cause. Most likely, this was psychological-acute nervous emesis, caused by severe anxiety, the shock of losing his wife, seeing her die.. "Is it as bad as that?" Celestina wondered plaintively, though she knew the answer. "I love San Francisco. The city inspires my work. I've built a life here. Is it

really as bad as that?". "Shape-taking?". The masterpiece that Junior purchased was small, a sixteen-inch-square canvas, but it cost twenty-seven hundred dollars. The entire picture-titled *The Cancer Lurks Unseen, Version 1*-was flat black, except for a small gnarled mass, bile-green and pus-yellow, in the upper-right quadrant. Worth every penny.. Maria Elena Gonzalez, where no one lived with fear like her brothers Edom and Jacob, "At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or control a storm, as a ship's weatherworker must do. But he thought he'd rather drown in a gale than be murdered in this hole.. A supply of ammunition lined the bottom of all the dresser and bureau drawers, concealed by underwear and other garments. Junior appropriated a box of 9-mm. cartridges.. At worst, Vanadium might begin to wonder if Junior had a link to Seraphim, might uncover the physical-therapy connection, and in his paranoia, might erroneously conclude that Junior had something to do with her traffic accident. That was nuts, of course, but the detective was evidently not a rational man.. Think, think. A three-minute drive to the Lampion place. Maybe two minutes, running stop signs, cutting corners.. "That won't do it." In August, he developed an interest in meditation. He began with concentrative meditation-the form called meditation "with seed"--in which you must close your eyes, mentally focus on a visualized object, and clear your mind of all else.. But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage. "Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because the fishermen can't pay us." "Yours is a harder job than mine," Lipscomb told Grace, dandling Angel as he spoke. "I have no doubt of that." Sitting at the desk, Celestina phoned her parents again. She shook uncontrollably, but her voice was steady.. The paramedic put aside the needle, having used it, and grabbed the paddles of a.. Junior found no answers before the owner of the diner blocked him from proceeding out of the kitchen into the storeroom and the service alley beyond. Simultaneously sweating and chilled, Junior cursed him, and the confrontation became ugly.. "Nicholas Deed." On her tongue, the name was as bitter as a dissolving aspirin.. CELESTINA RETURNED TO Room 724 to collect Phimie's belongings from the tiny closet and from the nightstand.. He wasn't required to torture himself in search of pleasant conversation with those they visited. Agnes had virtually invented pleasant conversation.. 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.. "I'm gonna dream about baby chickens," she told Celestina, "and if I'm all yellow, they'll think I'm one of them." 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.. Jacob was hiding something. Until he had spoken of Josef Krepp, his every response had been formed as a question, which had always been his preferred method of avoidance when conversation involved a subject that made him uncomfortable.. Sapphires and emeralds, dazzling gems set in clearest white, ebony pupils at the center. Beautiful mysteries, these eyes, but no different now than they had ever been, as far as she could tell.. The social worker's office once more. Rain tapping lightly at the window where Dr. Lipscomb had stared intently into the fog as he tried to avoid confronting the life-changing revelation that Phimie, speaking with the special knowledge of the once-dead, had shown him.. The instant he flipped the coin, he opened both hands-palms up, fingers spread-with a distracting flourish.. To achieve certain narrative effects, I've fiddled slightly with the floor plan and the interior design of St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco. In this story, the characters who work at St. Mary's are fictional and are not modeled after anyone on the staff of that excellent institution, either past or present.. Ten months later, he finally wore her down. She accepted his proposal, and they set a date for the wedding.. Rowena loves you, Phimie had told him, briefly repressing the effects of her stroke to speak with clarity. Beezil and Feezil are safe with her Messages from his lost wife and children, where they waited for him beyond this life.. Unable to run, he raised his arms defensively, crossing them in front of his face, though the impact of the coins wasn't painful. Volleys flicked off his fingers, palms, and wrists.. The magazine covers were colorful, lurid, full of violence and eeriness and the coy sexual suggestiveness of a more innocent time. Most days, he read a story while eating the two pieces of fruit that were his lunch, but sometimes he lost himself in a particularly vivid illustration, daydreaming about far places and great adventures.

[Reaching Out to YouGod!!! A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal with 150 Blank Lined Pages with an Uplifting Message](#)

[Faith Its All about Believing Journal Inspirational Bible Study Sermon Writing Workbook](#)

[2019 Weekly Planner Briana Personalized 90-Page Christian Planner with Monthly and Annual Calendars and Weekly Planner Pages](#)

[Dumog Training Journal Dumog Journal for Training Session Notes](#)

[I Love Belly Dancing Blank Ruled Lined Composition Notebook](#)

[Grammys Cookbook Nautical Red Edition Blank Lined Journal](#)

[Nanas Cookbook Nautical Navy Edition Blank Lined Journal](#)

[The Ridiculously Simple Guide to Apple Watch Series 4 A Practical Guide to Getting Started with the Next Generation of Apple Watch and Watchos 5](#)

[Flowers Adult Coloring Book](#)

[Meal Planner Menu Preparations Notebook Logger with Grocery Shopping List - Track What You Eat](#)

[She Believed She Could So She Did Dot Grid Bullet Journal - Inspirational Quotes - Track the Past Order the Present Design the Future Includes 30 Ideas for Journaling Pages for Notes Index Etc](#)

[Best Wishes Special Day Edition Blank Lined Journal](#)

[Bible Word Search Read Through the Bible Old Testament Volume 76 Job #2 Extra Large Print](#)

[Kali Training Journal Kali Journal for Training Session Notes](#)

[Orlando 2019 Weekly Planner A Scheduling Calendar](#)

[Journal for the Busy Aircraft Mechanic](#)

[Bible Word Search Read Through the Bible Old Testament Volume 75 Job #1 Extra Large Print](#)

[My Christmas Dream](#)

[Perpetual Calendar Planner Undated Calendar](#)

[How to Break Bad Habits and Create Great Ones](#)

[Love 2019 Cute Lesbian and Gay Daily Weekly and Monthly Personal Life Planner and Calendar Agenda Diary](#)

[From the Life of a Good-For-Nothing A Dual-Language Book \(English - German\)](#)

[Shadows to Sunshine Our Leffingwell Line](#)

[Stories from Magnolia Ridge 6 A Season of Giving](#)

[The Ghostly Maiden Mystery Billy Fender Pi Series - Book 3](#)

[Have Faith in Love Alexandria](#)

[The Science of Getting Rich](#)

[Code of the Conqueror - The Journey A 21st Century Crusade for Self - Mastery](#)

[Rachel Personalized Monogram Initial Journal - Pink Marble and Gold Cover with Feminine Pages for Women and Girls](#)

[Delighted on a Summers Evening A Thieves of the Ton Novella](#)

[Chase Your Dreams Large Dot Grid Notebook](#)

[The Chimney Sweep](#)

[Mary A Tale of Captivity](#)

[Owl Be Yours A Magical Romantic Comedy \(with a Body Count\)](#)

[Mattie A Patchwork Masterpiece](#)

[not Now! Said the Cow](#)

[Bible Word Search Read Through the Bible Old Testament Volume 67 2 Chronicles #2 Extra Large Print](#)

[Aztec Owl 120 Page Softcover Has Both Lined Pages with Various Owl Pictures and Blank Pages with Owl Border College Rule Composition \(6](#)

[Slow Dancing Welcome to Bleekersville Book 2](#)

[Entre](#)

[Top Talent How to Hire Your Dream Intern](#)

[The Fall of the House of Usher A Dual-Language Book \(English - French\)](#)

[Cats The Number of the Beast](#)

[Faith Makes Things Possible Not Easy Journal Mindfulness Bible Study Sermon Writing Workbook](#)

[Poems 1910 Poems](#)

[Murderous Minds Volume 2 Stories of Real Life Murderers That Escaped the Headlines](#)

[Merry Christmas Snowflakes Notebook Journal 150 Page College Ruled Pages 85 X 11](#)

[True Peace Comes from Knowing That God Is in Control Bible Study Sermon Writing Workbook](#)

[Leonore Book of William](#)

[People That Annoy Me](#)

[How to Paint with Words](#)

[Large Print Halloween Word Search 30+ Spooky Puzzles for Adults with Scary Pictures Trick-Or-Treat Yourself to These Eery Word Find Puzzles!](#)

[The Lord Is the Oxygen of Your Soul and Faith Journal Bible Study Sermon Writing Workbook](#)

[Hatchling Curriculum Letter Q](#)

[Best Mentor Ever Black and White College Rule Blank Lined Journal](#)

[Oral Thrush Complete Revolutionary and Tested Treatment to Effectively Cure Oral Thrush Once and for All](#)

[Best Nurse Ever Appreciation Notebook Journal for Nurses](#)

[Best Friends Baby Diary Planner Undated Calendar](#)

[Pug Spirit Animal 100 Paged Lined Journal 6 X 9](#)

[2019 Weekly Planner Cheyanne Personalized 90-Page Christian Planner with Monthly and Annual Calendars and Weekly Planner Pages](#)

[2019 Weekly Planner Candace Personalized 90-Page Christian Planner with Monthly and Annual Calendars and Weekly Planner Pages](#)

[The Face and the Mask \(1894\) Short Stories](#)

[Encuentros Al Margen del Canon](#)

[2019 Weekly Planner Brena Personalized 90-Page Christian Planner with Monthly and Annual Calendars and Weekly Planner Pages](#)

[2019 Weekly Planner Caroline Personalized 90-Page Christian Planner with Monthly and Annual Calendars and Weekly Planner Pages](#)

[Gods Got This](#)

[Dink Responsibly - Pickleball Journal 100 Paged Lined Notebook 6 X 9](#)

[Mimis Cookbook Purple Blank Lined Journal](#)

[I Love Aikido Blank Ruled Lined Composition Notebook](#)

[Memes Cookbook Green Polka Dot Edition](#)

[Preston Lees Beginner English for Polish Speakers Lesson 1 - 20 Pocket Book \(British Version\)](#)

[Journal for the Busy Athletic Trainer](#)

[Gigis Cookbook Purple Blank Lined Journal](#)

[Mamas Cookbook Green Polka Dot Edition](#)

[Maw Maws Cookbook Green Polka Dot Edition](#)

[Rev Joseph Cadwallader Chaplain 32nd Iowa Inf Vols](#)

[Easy Peasy 80 20 Rule for Young Dumb and Broke Self-Help Success](#)

[Mothers Cookbook Green Polka Dot Edition](#)

[Journal for the Busy Bailiff](#)

[Leopard Print Blue Notebook Journal 150 Page College Ruled Pages 85 X 11](#)

[Preston Lees Beginner English for Arabic Speakers Lesson 1 - 20 Pocket Book \(British Version\)](#)

[101 Amazing Things to Do in Mexico Mexico Travel Guide](#)

[Seasons Greetings Polar Bears Wreath Notebook Journal 150 Page College Ruled Pages 85 X 11](#)

[Thoughts Im Not Allowed to Say Out Loud](#)

[The Effective Therapists Brain Dump](#)

[2019-2020 Weekly Planner](#)

[Gods Handiwork in Autumn A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Prayer Journal with 150 Blank Lined Pages with an Uplifting Message](#)

[Student Perpetual Calendar Planner Undated Calendar](#)

[Unicorn Daily Planner \(Undated\) Professional Appointment Planner with Address Book Organized in Hourly 15 Minutes Interval Monthly](#)

[Weekly Goals Journal with Inspirational Quotes](#)

[Grannys Cookbook Green Polka Dot Edition](#)

[What Make Me Smile Daily Gratitude Journal](#)

[Merry Christmas Notebook Journal 150 Page College Ruled Pages 85 X 11](#)

[Snake Ayes](#)

[C C Blakes Sweaty Space Operas Issue 5](#)

[Stupid Stuff People Said to Me Today](#)

[101 Amazing Things to Do in Croatia Croatia Travel Guide](#)

[Social Mediaing Guide Du Plan Marketing Pour nImporte Quelle Marque](#)

[Giagias Cookbook Blue Polka Dot Edition](#)

[#1057lassic 400 + Killer Sudoku 12 X 12 Holmes Presents a Logical Puzzle Book with Proven Sudoku Sudoku Easy Medium Hard and Very Hard Levels \(Plus 250 Sudoku and 250 Puzzles That Can Be Printed\)](#)

[Travel Journal Hawaii](#)
