

KING OF THE ROSES

Even someone of saintly habits and selfless behavior might be a monster in his heart, filled with unspeakable desires, which he might act upon only once or never.. "Are you all right?" he asked as he opened the passenger's door and helped her into the car.. Fortunately, the chill fog didn't bum away from the Mercedes, considering that it facilitated the stalking of Celestina. The mist swaddled the white Buick in which she rode, increasing the chances that Junior might lose track of her, but it also cloaked the Mercedes and all but ensured that she and her friend wouldn't realize that the pair of headlights behind them were always those of the same vehicle.. The funeral was at two o'clock, after which family and friends of the deceased would gather here in the parsonage for a social, to break bread together and to share their memories of the loved one lost.. "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." Vanadium's vehicle, obviously not an official police sedan, was a blue 1961 Studebaker Lark Regal. A dumpy and inelegant car, it looked as though it had been designed specifically to complement the stocky detective's physique.. A sense of mystery overcame Agnes, unnerving but not entirely or even primarily unpleasant.. "Usually, I throw out a bunch of hocus-pocus, flourishes and patter, to distract people, so they don't even realize that what they've seen was real. They think the midair disappearance is just a trick." Still looming over her, he snatched the pad out of her hands and examined the sketch. "Where would you have seen this?" "Paul told us the night he first came to the parsonage. About Agnes here ... and what had happened to Barty. And all about his late wife, Perri. I feel like I know Bright Beach already." In time, his hand tightened feebly on hers. And a while after that hopeful sign, his eyelids fluttered, opened.. OF THE SEVEN NEWBORNS, none was fussing, too fresh to the world to realize how much was here to fear.. Here, now, the dinner guest, entering the kitchen. He carried the wineglass and the rose in his left hand. The Merlot was tucked under his arm. In his right hand was a small, brightly wrapped gift box.. Holding up his misshapen hands, knobby knuckles toward Agnes, Obadiah said, "How do you think they became like this?" Agnes was grateful for the speed with which these arrangements were made, but she was also disturbed. Chan's expeditious management of Barty's case resulted in part from his friendship with Joshua, but an urgency arose, as well, during his examination of the boy, from a suspicion that he remained reluctant to put into words. Dr. Morley Schurr, the oncologist, who had offices in a building near Hoag Hospital, proved to be tall and portly, although otherwise much like Franklin Chan: kind, calm, and confident.. Now that neither of them had a doubt that the other shared the same need and that eventually they would satisfy each other, Victoria was opting for discretion. Wise woman.. "Do you want me to call and confirm how Vanadium was harassing you up here?" asked Magusson.. Her elegance was appealing. A pink Chanel suit with knee-length skirt, a strand of pearls. Her figure was spectacular, but she didn't flaunt it. She was even wearing a bra. In this age of bold erotic fashion, her more demure style was enormously seductive.. The slur faded from his voice in minutes, but he suspected that straining too long to sustain this borrowed vision could result in a stroke or worse.. On Tuesday evening, September 7, after half an hour in the lotus position, thinking about nothing whatsoever but a white pin with two black bands at its neck and the number I painted on its head, Junior went to bed at eleven o'clock and set his alarm for three in the morning, when he intended to shoot himself.. The big trees on Vanadium's property also stood bare, allowing a relatively unobstructed view of the house. The back of the residence as dark, but a soft light warmed two windows at the front.. He doubted that the singer had been Victoria Bressler, dead nurse, but he believed this was the same voice he'd heard on the telephone, back on the twenty-fifth of June, when someone purporting to be Victoria had called with an urgent warning for Bartholomew.. After Maria, Bonita, and Francesca had gone, when Agnes and her brothers joined forces to clear the table and wash the dishes, Barty kissed them good-night and retired to his room with The Star Beast.. "Well, actually, I owe Phimie. It's what she said between her two deaths on the delivery table that's changed my life." In spite of the thousands of hours that Paul was afoot, he seldom thought about why he walked. He met people along the way who asked, and he had answers for them, but he never knew if any answer might be the truth.. The six-foot-tall statue was of a nude woman, formed from scrap metal, some of it rusted and otherwise corroded. The feet were made from gear wheels of various sizes and from bent blades of broken meat cleavers. Pistons, pipes, and barbed wire formed her legs. She was busty: hammered soup pots as breasts, corkscrews as nipples. Rake-tine hands were crossed defensively over the misshapen bosom. In a face sculpted from bent forks and fan blades, empty black eye sockets glared with hideous suffering, and a wide-mouthed shriek accused the world with a silent but profound cry of horror.. 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.. If he hadn't been such a rational, stable, no-nonsense person all of his life, Junior might have thought he was losing his mind.. To Agnes, Jacob said, "Likely to be a sunnier fortune if the cards are bright and fresh, don't you think?" Her voice was soft, almost a whisper, and charged with anxiety; but under other circumstances, it would have been sexy.. Shortly before ten o'clock, Junior returned to the cemetery and left his Suburban where the Negro mourners had parked earlier in the day. His was the only vehicle on the service road.. Too much, far too much to contend with, and so unfair: finding the Bartholomew needle in the haystack, hives, seizures of vomiting and diarrhea, losing a toe, losing a beloved wife, wandering alone through a cold and hostile world without a heart mate, humiliated by transvestites, tormented by vengeful spirits, too intense to enjoy the benefits of meditation, Zedd dead, the prospect of prison always looming for one reason or another, unable to find peace in either needlework or sex.. Currently, the rental market was extremely tight. The first day of his search resulted only in the discovery that he

was going to have to pay more than he expected even for modest quarters. "Mr. Magusson, you once told me that if Detective Vanadium ever bothered me again, you'd have his choke chain yanked. Well, I think you need to talk to someone about that." A man with beautiful celadon eyes, his face beaded with jewels of rain, reached through the cut-away door and removed the blanket from Agnes. Knacker or Hisscus, or Nork, was talking about an offering, as though Naomi were a goddess to whom they wished to present a penance of gold and jewels. The maniac kicked once more, but because of the bracing dresser, the door wouldn't budge, so he kicked harder, again without success. "That's just ... an old joke," she heard herself saying, as from a distance. "You didn't really walk between the drops?" Vanadium arrived and stood beside Junior. His black suit was cheap, but it fit better than Rudy's. "Would you like a little tea and a piece of crumb cake?" Grace asked as smoothly as if, in *The Big Book of Etiquette for Ministers' Wives*, this were the preferred response to the announcement of a startling career change. Friday, January 14, eight days after Joey's death, Agnes closed the sofa bed, intending to sleep upstairs from now on. And for the first time, since coming home, she cooked dinner without resort to friends. When he pushed Naomi, profit was the motive. He killed Victoria and Vanadium in self-defense. Those three deaths were necessary. Leaving Spruce Hills, Junior thought he was putting distance between himself and his enigmatic enemy, gaining time to study the county phone directory and to plan his continuing search if that avenue of investigation brought him no success. Instead, he had walked right into his adversary's lair. Fathoms of silence flooded the line. Still, she listened. He sensed her there, though as if at a great depth. When he dared to look in the mirror above the sink, he expected to see a haggard face, sunken eyes, but the grim experience had left no visible mark. He quickly combed his hair. Indeed, he looked so fine that women would as usual caress him with their yearning gazes when he made his way back through the gallery. wickedly sharp silver scimitar suspended by a filament more fragile than a human hair. Hound meant well in sending the young man to Samory, but he did not understand the quality of Otter's will. Nor did Otter himself. He was too used to obeying others to see that in fact he had always followed his own bent, and too young to believe that anything he did could kill him. Lipscomb turned to Celestina. "Before lapsing into semicoherence again, your sister said, 'Beezil and Feezil are safe with her,' which may sound less than coherent to you, but not to me." THE GENEROUS EXPENSE allowance provided by Simon Magusson paid for a three-room suite at a comfortable hotel. One bedroom for Tom Vanadium, one for Celestina and Angel. Sometimes, just the thought of getting in the car and venturing into the dangerous world was intolerable. Then he settled into his La-ZBoy and waited for the natural disaster that would soon scrub him off the earth as though he had never existed. To the window. The warm room sucked cooling fog out of the night, and she leaned across the sill into the streaming mist. Angel, however, focused on a point in the air above the table. Faint furrows marked her brow for a moment, but then the frown gave way to a smile. Although he was a stranger, arriving unannounced, and something of an eccentric by anyone's definition, Paul was received by Grace and Harrison White with warmth and fellowship. At their doorstep, raising his voice to compete with the wailing weather, he hurriedly blurted out his mission, as if they might reel back from his wild windblown presence if he didn't talk quickly enough: "I've walked here from Bright Beach, California, to tell you about an exceptional woman whose life will echo through the lives of countless others long after she's gone. Her husband died the night their son was born, but not before naming the boy Bartholomew, because he'd been so impressed by 'This Momentous Day. And now the boy is blind, and I hope you'll be able and willing to give some comfort to his mother.'" The Whites failed to reel backward, didn't even flinch from his unfortunately explosive statement of purpose. Instead, they invited him into their home, later invited him to dinner, and later still asked him to stay the night in their guest room. "You ever hear it, Enoch? I'm that someone for you, of course, in a romantic sense." Later, at home, he gargled until he had drained half a bottle of mint-flavored mouthwash, took the longest shower of his life, and then used the other half of the mouthwash. In the city again, he stopped long enough to donate the raincoat to a homeless man who didn't notice the few odd stains. This pathetic hobo happily accepted the fine coat, donned it-and then cursed his benefactor, spat at him, and threatened him with a claw hammer. Junior liked women who drank a lot. They were usually amorous or at least unresistant. Returning his attention to his own shoes, Jacob said, "So ... what am I supposed to do about this?" He had nothing against men or women of color. Live and let live. One earth, one people. All of that. Barty paced off the downstairs hallway to the kitchen, thinking about Dr. Jekyll and the hideous Mr. Hyde. Barty rounded the tree and returned to the porch. He climbed the steps and stood before Tom. folded over his too-tight shirt collar, and with a second chin more prominent than. "You must be thinking of someone else," she said, pushing a wad of bills into his hand. "Me, I'm a jellyfish in high heels." He hurried the length of the diner, pushing past waitresses, checking out all three of the possibilities, but of course, none of them was the dead detective--or anyone else Junior had ever seen before. He was looking for--what?--a ghost, but vengeful ghosts didn't sit down to a meat-loaf lunch in the middle of a hauntin. JUNIOR CAIN WANDERED among the Philistines, in the gray land of conformity, seeking one-just one-refreshingly repellent canvas, finding only images that welcomed and even charmed, yearning for real art and the vicious emotional whirlpool of despair and disgust that it evoked, finding instead only themes of uplift and images of hope, surrounded by people who seemed to like everything from the paintings to the canapes to the cold January night, people who probably hadn't spent even one day of their lives brooding about the inevitability of nuclear annihilation before the end of this decade, people who smiled too much to be genuine intellectuals, and he felt more alone and threatened than eyeless Samson chained in Gaza. Celestina said, "Phimie wasn't a mind reader. That's science fiction, Dr. Lipscomb." A speeding truck passed, stirring the fog, and the white broth churned past the car windows, a disorienting swirl. Grace knew it, too, because she went limp with misery in his arms, ceased struggling against him. Everyone thought the moptops 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..Perhaps this particular worry was not ordinary maternal concern. If a sixth sense is at work in all of us, then perhaps subconsciously Apes was aware of the tragedy to come: the tumors, the surgery, the blindness..Junior didn't know much about guns. He didn't approve of them; he had never owned one..We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can go "there and back again," and "there" is always the beloved familiar Shire. Don Quixote sets out forever to kill a windmill... So people turn to the realms of fantasy for stability, ancient truths, immutable simplicities..Dinner was available in the lounge. Junior enjoyed a superb filet mignon with a split of fine Cabernet Sauvignon..Later, at home, after Agnes sent Edom back to his apartment, she opened a bottle of vodka that she had bought on the way back from Maria's. She mixed it with orange juice in a waterglass..Maria Gonzalez brought rice casseroles, homemade tamales, and chile rellenos. Daily, Jacob made cookies and brownies, always a new variety, and in such volume that Maria's plates were heaped with baked goods each time they were returned to her..She worried that he would need to go to the bathroom during the night and that, half asleep, he might turn the wrong way, toward the stairs, and fall. Three times they paced off the route from the doorway of his room to the hall bath. She would have walked it a hundred times and still not been satisfied, but Barty said, "Okay, I've got it.." "You'll need time to ... adjust to this," he said. "Perhaps you've got to call family.. .". Pain again, but not a mere contraction. Such an excruciation, unendurable. The hobnailed wheels ground through her once more, as though she were being broken on a medieval torture device.. "If I had a wife, she wouldn't feel too lucky. I'm not of the persuasion that wants a wife, dear.." it to the granite-topped secretary, and sat in front of the telephone. Previously,.He slid his chair sideways to the secretary and leaned forward with the gun in both hands..Sunday morning, when Agnes returned from church, Edom and Jacob joined her for lunch. During the afternoon, Jacob helped her bake seven pies for Monday delivery.. "Imagine me thinking you'd be gone," she said to Barty. "Your old mum is losing it. I never made a deal with Rumpelstiltskin, so there's nothing for him to collect.." Maria said nothing, working busily, but Agnes recognized that special silence in which difficult words were sought and laboriously stitched together..When the waiter had gone, -Tom said, "Don't worry about abetting a crime. If I had to pop Cain to prevent him from hurting someone, I wouldn't hesitate. But I'd never act as judge and jury otherwise.." "Please take the cards from the pack and put them on the coffee table in front of you," Obadiah directed..Although Paul had seen Tom Vanadium's clever coin trick, he didn't understand the rest of their conversation, and he assumed that for everyone else-except Angel's mother-it was equally impenetrable. But taking their clue from the risen Celestina, all those present had fallen silent..The voice continued, issuing from a device that stood on the desk beside the phone. "Please don't bang up. This is a telephone answering machine Leave a message after you hear the tone, and I will return your call later ".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.." "So do I, honey. Oh, Lord, so do I." She kissed his forehead. "Listen, kiddo, in spite of their stories and all their funny ways, your uncles are good men." Though she was only a week past her third birthday, Angel always selected her own clothes and carefully dressed herself. Usually she preferred monochromatic outfits, sometimes with a single accent color expressed only in a belt or a hat, or a scarf. When she mixed several colors, the initial impression that she gave was of chromatic chaos-but on second look, you began to see that these unlikely combinations were more harmonious than they had first seemed..As they savored the icy martinis, she asked about the client, and Nolly said, "He bought the story. I won't be seeing him again." Throughout the day, he tried not to think about the four knaves. But he was an obsessive, of course, so in spite of all his trying, he did not succeed..Sunday evening, here he was, cracking open four new decks, as if fresh cards might enable the magic to repeat..During this same period, having subscribed to the opera, Junior attended a performance of Wagner's The Ring of the Nibelung..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..Her eyes, lustrous pools, brimmed with the need to know, but she respected the deal. "I only half understood all that, and I don't even know which half, but in some strange way, it feels true. Thank you. I will think about it tonight, when I can't sleep." She stepped close and kissed him on the cheek. "Who are you, Tom Vanadium?" "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." 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..He was wrong about this. On the final Friday of every month, in sunshine and in rain, Junior routinely took a walking tour of the six galleries that were his very favorites, browsing leisurely in each and chatting up the galerieurs, with a one-o'clock break for lunch at the St. Francis Hotel. This was a tradition with him, and invariably at the end of each such day, he felt wonderfully cozy..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..They hadn't been close to Naomi, who'd once said she felt like Romulus and Remus, raised by wolves, or like Tarzan if he'd fallen into the hands of nasty gorillas. To Junior, Naomi was Cinderella, sweet and good, and he was the love-struck prince who rescued her..The driver's door opened, shoving aside a damaged tea table, and a man climbed out of the Pontiac..In his mind, Junior saw a quarter turning knuckle over knuckle, and he heard the maniac cop's droning voice: There's a fine George and Ira Gershwin song called "Someone to Watch over Me. " You ever hear it, Enoch? I'm that someone for you, although not, of course, in a romantic sense..Putting one hand on the object to which she referred, Barty said, "Mom and I were listening to a book when you got here. This is a talking book." Orange firelight bloomed in the living room below, a wave of heat washed over Paul, and immediately behind the heat came greasy masses of roiling black smoke, drawn to the stairwell as to a flue..Breath repeatedly catching in her throat, heart thudding, Agnes watched her son through the open car door..The

ninth card was a jack of spades. Maria called it a knave of and at the sight of it, her bright smile dimmed..ON THE FOLLOWING Tuesday afternoon in Bright Beach, across a sky as black as a witch's cauldron, seagulls flew out of an evil brew toward their safe roosts, and on the land below, humid shadows of the."Come with me," Paul Damascus said at once. "To Bright Beach. It is far away from San Francisco, and he'd never think of looking for you there. Why would he? You've no connection to the place. I've got a house with enough room. You're welcome. And you wouldn't be among strangers."..Not many men wore hats these days. Since his teenage years, Nolly had favored a porkpie model. San Francisco was often chilly, and he began losing his hair when still young..Anyway, traumatic as it had been, the shooting was not the worst thing that happened to him that year..Sitting on the edge of the bed, taking his hand, she stared at his sweet little bow of a mouth, whereas before she would have met his eyes. "Tell me."..Carrying the brochure, Vanadium returned to the bathroom and switched on the overhead light. He stared at the slashed wall, at the name red and ravaged..His entire body throbbed from his neck to the tips of his nine toes. His legs were the worst, filled with hot twisting agony..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..He had been warned about this accuracy issue by the thumbless young thug who delivered the weapon in a bag of Chinese takeout, in Old St. Mary's Church. Junior tended to believe the warning, because he figured the eight-fingered felon might have been deprived of his thumbs as punishment for having forgotten to relay the same or an equally important message to a customer in the past, thus assuring his current conscientious attention to detail..Chan nodded. "Considering the advanced stage of Bartholomew's malignancies, he should have complained earlier than he did."..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..Later, weak and shaken, as he was packing his suitcase, the urge overcame him again. He was astonished to discover that anything could be left in his intestinal tract..Over the final refrain of "I'll Be Seeing You" came a man's voice from the foyer, raised quizzically, with perhaps a note of surprise: "Victoria.."And to the north of us," Agnes said, drawing him out, "Janey Carter went off to college last year, and she's their only child."..In the park, rocketing along on the roller coaster, Barty had an experience, a reaction to more than the canted turns and steep plunges. He grew excited in much the way that Agnes had seen him excited when grasping a new and arcane mathematical theory. At the end of the ride, he wanted to get back on immediately, and so they did. There are no long waits for the blind at amusement parks: always to the head of the line. Agnes rode twice again with him, and then Paul twice, and finally Angel accompanied him three times. This roller-coaster obsession wasn't about thrills or even amusement. His exuberance gave way to a thoughtful silence, especially after a seagull flew within inches of his face, feathers thrumming, startling him, on the next-to-last rollick along the tracks. Thereafter, the park held little interest for him, and all he would say was that he'd thought of a new way to feel things-by which he meant all the ways things are-a fresh angle of approach to that mystery..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..The spirit of Bartholomew . . . will find you ... and mete out the terrible judgment that you deserve.."And maybe," said Agnes, caught up in the speculation, "when your life comes to an end in all those many branches, what you're finally judged on is the shape and the beauty of the tree."

[Youre on a Roller Coaster!](#)

[Save a Kingdom](#)

[Yo Wants to Know Why Do Possums Play Dead?](#)

[Maria The Woman Who Sold Time](#)

[Whats that Edison Boy Up to Now?](#)

[Yo Wants to Know How Does Toothpaste Work?](#)

[DK Readers L3 The Story of Civil Rights](#)

[Can You Pet a Pine Cone?](#)

[Our Creek](#)

[Flying Balloons The Story of the Montgolfier Brothers](#)

[Wheres the Rain?](#)

[Yo Wants to Know Who Invited the Ants to Our Picnic?](#)

[A Home in the Ground](#)

[Sweet Beginnings](#)

[Collision Control](#)

[Body of Knowledge A Dark Tale Based on True Events in Dublin Ireland](#)

[Highland Oath](#)

[Dragon Pox! \(Shimmer and Shine\)](#)

[The Seducer](#)
[The Swedish Bottle](#)
[The Telescope](#)
[Meditations Complete and Unabridged](#)
[The Chance A Story with Two Morals](#)
[Monster Power Exploring Renewable Energy](#)
[Fast as the Flash! \(DC Super Friends\)](#)
[The Very Very Very Long Hike](#)
[Reinventing the Spoon](#)
[Plum Dumplings](#)
[Race to the White House](#)
[My Grandma Talley](#)
[Send in the Cavalry!](#)
[Position of Power](#)
[Meet Brian Floca](#)
[Two Places to Call Home](#)
[Mr Spuffington Calls the Doctor](#)
[How to Solve Problems Like an Engineer](#)
[Listening to the Body](#)
[Thinking with Archimedes](#)
[Two-Thirty Crossing](#)
[Legend of the Moccasin Flower An Ojibwe Tale](#)
[The Swallow and the Pumpkinseed](#)
[Amys Metaphor](#)
[The Return of the Horse](#)
[Shepard Takes Charge](#)
[A Feather Is a Letter from a Bird](#)
[The Fairy Flag](#)
[350 Questions LDS Couples Should Ask Before Marriage](#)
[Engineering Tennis](#)
[A Esfera](#)
[Sob Baixos Ceus](#)
[Two Feet Under](#)
[Batman Is Kind](#)
[Le guide complet de leducation du chien pour les debutants](#)
[Farlig besatthet](#)
[Giusto o Sbagliato - La Collezione Completa](#)
[Regime Dash pour Debutants le Meilleur Guide de la Perte de Poids et de lHypertension](#)
[Imitand arta](#)
[O Crepusculo dos Normidons - Primeiro Episodio da Saga As Lagrimas de Gea](#)
[A Woman of No Importance A Play](#)
[A Dolls House A Play](#)
[The Vegan Revolution Why and How We Are Heading Towards a New Phase in History](#)
[Les debuts de Stephen King](#)
[Gay Tres no son multitud](#)
[Prison of the Gods Your Mind is the Key](#)
[On Solid Ground](#)
[Gay Valeva lattesa](#)
[Il crepuscolo dei Normidoni](#)
[Femmes dEcosse](#)

[Eloah sin Infierno](#)

[O professor do instituto](#)

[From Bachelor To Daddy](#)

[Kill and Tell BookShots](#)

[A Bride For Liam Brand](#)

[The Cowboys Texas Twins](#)

[Between Marriage And Merger](#)

[The Marines Secret Daughter](#)

[Hummingbirds](#)

[On the Weekend](#)

[Felisha Gouldings Stolen Innocence Series](#)

[Blood Emerald](#)

[Wrinkles](#)

[Appalachian Prey](#)

[Reunited With Her Italian Billionaire](#)

[Until Tomorrow](#)

[Mark](#)

[Beautiful Assassin Brothers of the Absinthe Club Book 5](#)

[The Single Dads Family Recipe](#)

[Grumpy or Friend](#)

[Gentle Gerbils](#)

[Traumnovelle](#)

[Two Man Station](#)

[Lua Prata](#)

[Desgarrada Parte Diez](#)

[Tres contos calientes](#)

[Pressure Head](#)

[The Special Gifts of Summer](#)

[Rapimento Della Paura](#)

[El dragon y la princesa](#)

[The Goddess of Atvatabar Being the history of the discovery of the interior world and conquest of Atvatabar](#)

[Salmon Favourite Fish and Seafood Recipes](#)
