

STATE LIBRARY FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING NOVEMBER 30 1907 AND ANNUA

He slapped her hands, knocking the sharpener and the pencil out of her grasp. They clattered against the window, fell onto the window-seat cushions. Junior didn't find anything to explain her paranoia-though, to his surprise, he discovered six books by Caesar Zedd in her small library. The pages were dog-eared; the text was heavily underlined. Taking no chances, Junior swung the candlestick again, bending down as he did so. The second impact was not as solid as the first, a glancing blow, but effective. In the kitchen, he sat her in a chair and let her slump forward over the breakfast table. With her arms folded, with her head on her arms and turned to one side, she appeared to be resting. The water shut off, and Junior heard the ratcheting noise of a paper-towel dispenser. The investigator's suite-a minuscule waiting room and a small office-lacked a secretary but surely harbored all manner of vermin. Of all the kindnesses that we can do for one another, the most precious of all gifts-time-is not ours to give. Bearing this in mind, Agnes did her best to guide her extended family through its grieving for Harrison and for Jacob, into happier days. Respect must be paid, precious memories nurtured, but life also must go on. "You better wise up, you tree-humping nitwit," Rudy advised Junior, grabbing the bed railing as if he might tear it off and use it to club his son-in-law senseless. Jacob scared people. He was Edom's identical twin, with Edom's boyish and pleasant face, as soft-spoken as Edom, well barbered and neatly groomed. Nevertheless, on the same mission of mercy as Edom, Jacob would leave the pie recipients in a state of deep uneasiness if not outright terror. In his wake, they would bar the doors, load guns if they owned any, and lay sleepless for a night or two. The adoption records on Seraphim White's baby weren't sealed by law, because custody of the child was being retained by family. Nolly, telling the story of his day's work, paused as the waiter delivered two orders of the crab-cake appetizer with mustard sauce. "Nolly, Mrs. Wulfstan--enjoy!" "Yes. More about that later, just let me make it clear that an interest in physics doesn't make me a physicist. Even if I were, I couldn't explain quantum mechanics in an hour or a year. Some say quantum theory is so weird that no one can fully understand all its implications. Some things proven in quantum experiments seem to defy common sense, and I'll lay out a few for you, just to give you the flavor. First, on the subatomic level, effect sometimes comes before cause. In other words, an event can happen before the reason for it ever occurs. Equally odd ... in an experiment with a human observer, subatomic particles behave differently from the way they behave when the experiment is unobserved while in progress and the results are examined only after the fact-which might suggest that human will, even subconsciously expressed, shapes reality." This consequence of rape, the baby, was less baby to Celestina than cancer, a malignancy excised rather than a life delivered. She had been no more impelled to study the child than she would have been, charmed to examine the glistening gnarls and oozing convolutions of a freshly plucked tumor. Consequently, she could remember nothing of its squinched face. After mentally reviewing what he must say, after working up a nervous edge, he dialed the SFPD emergency number. "He knew how you felt about having too much life insurance. So he didn't disclose it to you." On the nightstand waited a glass of water on a coaster and a pharmacy bottle containing several capsules of a potent painkiller. As quick as a snake strikes, Vanadium was much closer to the bed than he had been when he tossed the coin, at Junior's side now, leaning over the railing. "Naomi was six weeks pregnant." She wanted so badly to believe, to see her son made whole again, and the funny thing was that she could believe, and without emotional risk, because it was true. Thrusting his finger toward the table with each repetition of the word, Barty happily insisted, "Pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie." Spinning off the stool, he had also spun out of control. Second by second, twin storms of anger and fear whirled stronger within him. "I ALWAYS EAT CAV-EE-JAR FOR BREAKFAST," said Velveeta Cheese in her stuffed-bear voice. "Frozen firing pin," Cain said. His smile was venomous. "I worked on it. I hoped you'd get here in time to see the consequences of your stupid games." She twisted her sweat-drenched face in what might have been frustration, closed her. Celestina jammed the shaft of the crank into the casing socket. Wouldn't fit. Her hands were shaking. Steel fins on the shaft of the crank had to be lined up just-so with slots in the socket. She fumbled, fumbled. Vanadium clearly spent a lot of time in the kitchen; it was the only room in the house that felt comfortable and lived-in. Lots of culinary gadgets, appliances. Pots and pans hanging from a ceiling rack. A basket of onions, another of potatoes. A grouping of bottles with colorful labels proved to be a collection of olive oils. Such quiet filled the house that Agnes couldn't hear even the murmuring miseries of the past. At many houses, strings of Christmas lights painted patterns of color at the eaves, around the window frames, and along the porch railings-all so blurred by fog that Junior seemed to be moving through a dreamscape with Japanese lanterns. While the doctor proceeded with his evening rounds, the nurse remained with Junior until it was clear that the tranquilizer had calmed him and that he was no longer in danger of succumbing to another bout of hemorrhagic vomiting. "So I drew attention to myself. Raised suspicions. One night, in St. Louis, this rube recognized me from my performing days, even though I'd changed my looks. It was a high-stakes game, but the players weren't high-class. They ganged up on me, beat me, and then smashed my hands, one finger at a time, with a tire iron." "Don't get me started on cyclones!" Edom hurried through the house and out to the station wagon, to fetch the boxes of groceries. At the stream Serrenen, where it runs within the north wall of the city, the midwife gave Otter his true name, by which he is remembered in islands far from Havnor. ". . . then how come you couldn't walk where your eyes were healthy and leave the tumors there," she remembered. Out of the car, along the sidewalk, up the steps, from Mercedes to mist to murder. Pistol in his right hand, lock-release gun in his left, three knives in sheaths strapped to his body. He had visited the library primarily to confirm that Harrison White was unquestionably dead. He'd shot the man four times. Two bullets 'in the gas tank of the stolen Pontiac destroyed the parsonage and should have incinerated the reverend. When you were dealing with black magic, however, you could never be too cautious. Paul

realized that the kitchen had fallen silent, that the women had turned to the two children and now stood as motionless as figures in a waxworks tableau. "Just now." Although Angel tried to sound nonchalant, she was trembling. "I'm not sure I can do it again." Simon Magusson, lacking family, had left his estate to Tom. This came as a surprise. The sum was so considerable that even though Tom was on a dispensation from his vows, which included his vow of property, he was uncomfortable with his fortune. His comfort was quickly restored by contributing the entire inheritance to Pie Lady Services. They had been brought together by two extraordinary children, by the conviction that Barty and Angel were part of some design of enormous consequence. But more often than not, God weaves patterns that become perceptible to us only over long periods of time, if at all. After the past three eventful years, there were now no weekly miracles, no signs in the earth or sky, no revelations from burning bushes or from more mundane forms of communication. Neither Barty nor Angel revealed any new astonishing talents, and in fact they were as ordinary as any two young prodigies can be, except that he was blind and she served as his eyes upon the world. And now Cain was aware of her, interested in her. Informed of this development, Harrison would no doubt rethink his position. They were as gracious as any people he had ever met, but they also seemed genuinely interested in his story. He wasn't surprised that. "Possible complications include cerebral hemorrhage, pulmonary edema, kidney failure, necrosis of the liver, coma-to name a few." Although she knew how, and although she knew the pointlessness of asking why, Agnes asked, "Why? Oh, Lord, why must a blind boy climb a tree?" With his refreshed drink, studying Celestina's photograph in the brochure, Junior returned to the living room. She was as stunning as her sister, but unlike her poor sister, she wasn't dead and was, therefore, an appealing prospect for romance. From her, he must learn whatever she knew that might help him in the Bartholomew hunt, without alerting her to his motive. At the same time, there was no reason that they couldn't have a fling, a love affair, even a serious future together. To the waiter, Nolly was Nolly, Kathleen was Mrs. Wulfstan, and Tom Vanadium was sir--though not the usual perfunctorily polite sir, but sir with deferential emphasis. Tom was unknown to the waiter, but his shattered face gave him gravitas; besides, he possessed a quality, quite separate from carriage and demeanor and attitude, an ineffable something, that inspired respect and even trust. 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 Klefton, though a less crippling case. surreptitiously with Junior. He was accustomed to being an object of desire. This night, however, the only lady he cared about was San Francisco herself, and he wanted to be alone with her. "Yeah," he confirmed, applying a blue crayon to a grinning bunny that was dancing with a squirrel. I'm not the first to observe that much of what quantum mechanics reveals about the nature of reality is uncannily compatible with faith, specifically with the concept of a created universe. Several fine physicists have written about this before me. As far as I am aware, however, the notion that human relationships reflect quantum mechanics is fresh with this book: Every human life is intricately connected to every other on a level as profound as the subatomic level in the physical world; underlying every apparent chaos is strange order; and "spooky effects at a distance," as the quantum-savvy put it, are as easily observed in human society as in atomic, molecular, and other physical systems. In this story, Tom Vanadium must simplify and condense complex aspects of quantum mechanics into a few sentences in a single chapter, because although he isn't aware that he's a fictional character, he is obliged to be entertaining. I hope that any physicists reading this will have mercy on him. He either detected their well-concealed surprise or assumed they would be curious as to why, in spite of extensive surgery, he still wore this Boris Karloff face. A table candle glowed in an amber glass. To Nolly, in this glimmering light, Kathleen's face was more radiant than the flame. Junior intended to pack only a single bag, leaving most of his clothes behind. He could afford a fine new wardrobe. In a pocket of his smock was his letter to Reverend Harrison White. He hadn't sealed the envelope, because he intended to read to Perri, his wife, what he'd written, and include any corrections she suggested. In this, as in all things, Paul valued her opinion. Perhaps, reluctant to admit to herself that she had yearned for him to do everything that he'd done, she had slowly been inflamed by guilt, until she convinced herself that she had, indeed, been raped. Psychotic little bitch. "Even when I was a young boy," Tom continued, "the world felt a lot different to me from the way it looked to other people. I don't mean I was smarter. I've got maybe a little better than average IQ, but nothing I could brag about. Flunked geography twice and history once. No one would ever confuse me and Einstein. It's just, I felt ... such complexity and mystery that other people didn't appreciate, such layered beauty, layers upon layers like phyllo pastry, each new layer more amazing than the last. I can't explain it to you without sounding like a holy fool, but even as a boy, I wanted to serve the God who had created so much wonder, regardless of how strange and perhaps even beyond all understanding He might be." 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. The wink startled and baffled Edom. Oddly, he thought of the mysterious, disembodied, and eternally unwinking eye in the floating pinnacle of the pyramid that was on the back of any one-dollar bill. Otter hesitated and said, "Yes." When Paul arrived with a Christmas gift, Perri was abed, wearing Chinese-red pajamas, reading Jane Austen. A clever contraption of leather straps, pulleys, and counterweights assisted her in moving her right arm more fluidly than would otherwise have been possible. A lap stand held the book, but she could tam the pages. Junior wasn't interested in Vietnam anymore, and he wasn't in the least troubled by the other news. These two years were disturbing to him only because of Thomas Vanadium. As mentally demanding and stressful as it was to maintain this borrowed sight, the harder thing was looking once more upon her face, after all these years of blindness, only to see her gaunt, so pale. The vital, lovely woman whose image he had guarded so vigilantly in memory would be nudged aside hereafter by this withered version. Cradling the baby, the nun turned with it to Celestina, folding back a thin blanket to present her with a

good look at the tiny girl..Perplexed by their peculiar behavior, even slightly unnerved, Tom answered Maria's question. "I'm afraid there's nothing else I can do, nothing more of a fantastic nature." "He must've listened on the car radio," Agnes said, digging down into the layered days in her packed trunk of memories. "He was trying to get ahead of his work, so he'd be able to stay around the house a lot during the week after the baby came. So he arranged to meet with some prospective clients even on Sunday. He was working a lot, and I was trying to deliver my pies and meet my other obligations before the big day. We didn't have as much time together as usual, and even as impressed as he must've been with the sermon, he never had a chance to tell me about it. The next-to-last thing he ever said to me was 'Bartholomew.' He wanted me to name the baby Bartholomew." He found the strength to squeeze her hand tighter than before. "Be safe. Keep Angel safe." 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..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..In his light backpack, he carried one change of clothes, spare socks, candy bars, bottled water. He planned his journeys to be in a town every nightfall, where he washed one set of clothes and donned the other..Celestina expected to be taken to a waiting room, but instead the nun escorted her to surgical prep..To his surprise, when Naomi expressed an interest in romance, Junior was a bull again. He would have thought he had left his best stuff at Reverend Harrison White's parsonage..Google didn't realize that he was an object of disgust. He wiggled his eyebrows in what he evidently assumed to be an expression of male camaraderie, and he nudged Junior with one elbow..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..Twenty minutes later, at home, he poured sherry over ice. Sipping, he stood in the living room, admiring his two paintings..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..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..The night was holding its breath again, the previous breeze now pent up in the breast of darkness..The time had come for him to think more seriously about his situation and his future. Self-improvement remained a laudable goal, but his efforts needed to be more focused..The customers were in a mood, most of them grumbling about their ailments. Others complained about the dreary weather, the increasing number of kids zooming along sidewalks on these damn new skateboards, the recent tax increases, and the New York Jets paying Joe Namath the kingly sum of \$427,000 a year to play football, which some saw as a sign that the country was money-crazy and going to Hell..The Benediction service had concluded, and the worshipers had departed. Gone, too, were the priest and the altar boys..If they were suspicious of him, they showed no obvious alarm. The three went inside in no particular rush, and judging by their demeanor, Junior decided that they hadn't spotted him, after all..Throughout this procedure, Barty appeared solemn and thoughtful. When he had squeezed the tenth toe, he stared at it, brow furrowed..Tom had no idea who Perri might be, but something in the way Grace asked the question and the way she regarded Paul suggested that she knew something about Perri that had won her deep respect and admiration..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 patches were held by the same two elastic strips, so Barty flipped up both at the same time..In the cab, pulling into traffic, the driver said, "The mister tells me you're the star of the show tonight." Even though the detective was on the wrong track, Junior was beginning to feel aggrieved. As any good citizen, he was willing, even eager to cooperate with responsible policemen who conducted their investigation by the book. This Thomas Vanadium, however, in spite of his monotonous voice and drab appearance, gave off the vibes of a fanatic.."You could also dream of bananas," Celestina suggested as she turned down the bedclothes.."This is Detective Bellini, with the San Francisco Police Department. Is everything all right there?""Nothing remained to be done but to press her shoe in the butter and hammer her head into the corner of the oven door.."Well, as years pass, they're going to be a financial burden, if nothing else, so I'm glad I've got a little surprise for you." Besides, even before he had fully turned on his charm, before he had shown her that a ride on the Junior Cain love machine would make other men seem forever inadequate, Renee was so hot for him that it might have been wise to open a bottle of champagne to douse her when spontaneous combustion destroyed her Chanel suit..With the salt and pepper shakers, Tom walked them through the why-I'm-not-sad-about-my-face explanation that he'd given to Angel ten days previously..The glittering room appeared unchanged. Even the piano player seemed to be the man who'd been at the keyboard back then, though his yellow-rose boutonniere and probably his tuxedo, as well, were new..His words echoed back to her from July: My cold's just here, not every place I am..Through the cacophony of shattering glass, splintering wood, and cracking plaster, Paul heard the hard roar of an engine, the blare of a horn, and suspected what must have happened. Some drunk or reckless driver had crashed at high speed into the parsonage..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..Maria arranged five place settings instead of four. The

fifth--complete with silverware, waterglass, and wineglass--was at the head of the table, in memoriam of Joey.. "Why are you here?" "Where else I should be and for why? I watch you over." As the tears cleared from Agnes's eyes, she saw that Maria was sewing. A shopping bag stood to one side of the chair, and to the other side, open on the floor, a case contained spools of thread, needles, a pincushion, a pair of scissors, and other supplies of a seamstress's trade..The telephone was operative, and Vanadium dialed the number of the building superintendent, Sparky Vox. Sparky had an apartment in the basement, on the upper of two subterranean floors, adjacent to the garage entrance..He stared I out at the congregated ghosts of fog, white multitudes that entirely obscured the bay, as if all the sailors ever lost at sea had gathered here, pressing at the window, eyeless forms that nevertheless saw everything..Besides, Junior was reluctant to kill Vanadium, for real this time, and risk discovering- that the detective's filthy-scabby-monkey spirit would in fact prove to be a relentless haunting presence that gave him no peace..The barren white walls, the stark furniture starkly arranged, the rigorous exclusion of bric-a-brac and mementos: this resulted in the closest thing to a true monastic cell to be found outside of a monastery. The only quality of the apartment that identified it as a secular residence was its comfortable size, and if Industrial Woman had been replaced with a crucifix, even size might have been insufficient to rule out residence by some fortunate friar.. "No. Charming," she disagreed. "There's a meaning to it. Everything has a meaning, dear." After she flushed, Angel stood on a stepstool and washed her hands at the sink..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..The beetle-green Pontiac waited in the driveway, with a shine that tempted nature to throw around some bad weather. Joey always kept a spotless car, and he probably wouldn't have had time to earn a living if he had resided in some shine-spoiling climate rather than in southern California.. "I'm not sad," Tom said, "because though I have this face here in this world, I know there's another me-in fact, lots of other Tom Vanadiums--who don't have this face at all. Somewhere I'm doing just fine, thank you." OTTER WAS THE SON of a boatwright who worked in the shipyards of Havnor Great Port. His mother gave him his country name; she was a farm woman from Endlane village, around northwest of Mount Onn. She had come to the city seeking work, as many came. Decent folk in a decent trade in troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to grief. And so, when it became clear that the boy had a gift of magery, his father tried to beat it out of him..When Agnes turned her head and saw Maria Elena Gonzalez, she thought she must be dreaming again..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..A cheer went up from family and friends, and Agnes could only imagine what it must feel like to be Barty, both blind and blessed, his heart as rich in courage as in kindness.. "Sure. Or why don't I pull a Rumpelstiltskin and demand one of her children for payment' ". The white Buick glided through the tides of fog like a ghost ship plying a ghost sea..The gurney, one wheel rattling. The young orderly behind it, dressed all in white. And the nurse again..Waking from a starry night in the Old West into electric light, gazing up into a blur of faces sans cowboy hats, Agnes felt someone moving a piece of ice in slow circles over her bare abdomen. Shivering as the cold water trickled down her sides, she tried to ask them why they were applying ice when she was already chilled to the bone, but she couldn't find her voice..She was four years older than Phimie. They hadn't i;mn a great deal of each other during the past three years, since Celestina had come to San Francisco. Although distance and time, the press of her studies, and the busyness of daily life had not made her forget that she loved Phimie, she had forgotten the purity and the power of love. Rediscovering it now, she was shaken so badly that she had to pull a chair to the side of the bed and sit down..The receptionist, Rebecca, had stayed late, just to keep company with Barty in the waiting room. As she settled into a chair beside the boy, he asked her if she knew what gravity was on Mars, and when she confessed ignorance, he said, "Only thirty-seven percent what it is here. You can really jump on Mars."

[Julias Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Paiges Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Julies Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Kyras Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Kylees Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Noras Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Kirstys Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Justices Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Pamelas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Juanitas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Lanas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Justines Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Noreens Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Lakeshas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)

[Juliannas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Ursulas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Sheryls Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Cheris Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Veras Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Cathys Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Cecelias Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Shondas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Sherrys Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Traceys Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Doras Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Chastitys Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Catherines Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Devins Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Carmens Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Tishas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Vanessas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Dianas Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Tonjas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Carleys Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Bernices Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Bernadettes Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Valerias Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Carlas Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Celestes Pocket Posh Journal Polka Dot](#)
[Susan](#)
[Black White and Gray](#)
[Brown Wolf and Other Jack London Stories As Chosen by Franklin K Mathiews](#)
[O Caderno Das Saudades Histoorias DOS Trabalhadores Em Suiia](#)
[Gentle Training Your Horse - Book 1-Building a Lasting Two-Way Trust](#)
[A Pair of Clogs](#)
[Girlfight \(Jessi June Boudoir\)](#)
[Waarom God Het Kwaad Toelaat - Why God Permits Evil \(Dutch\)](#)
[Earthbound](#)
[New York Sketches](#)
[Dizionario Medico Per I Viaggiatori Italiano - Spagnolo](#)
[Press Out Sticker Paulette the Pinkest Puppy in the World](#)
[My Sisters Keeper](#)
[Stephanys Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Jordyns Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Kaitlynns Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Lavernes Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Kylies Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Stacys Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Stephanies Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Stacies Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Karissas Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Karas Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Maribels Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Kaleighs Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)

[Johannas Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Susans Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Lakishas Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Kaileys Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Stellas Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Jodies Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Madisons Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Sophias Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Marcellas Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Krystals Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Margaritas Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Sophies Pocket Posh Journal Tulip](#)
[Chandas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Hannahs Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Isabelles Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Denas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Dianes Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Deloress Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Hazels Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Heathers Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Kalis Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Harriets Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Hopes Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Devins Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Cassandras Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Desirees Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Helenes Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Irenes Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Charlenes Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Dominiques Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Hallies Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Destinys Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Isabellas Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Ivys Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Hunters Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
[Demetrias Pocket Posh Journal Mum](#)
