

## TERIS POCKET POSH JOURNAL POLKA DOT

"Blood tests should reveal whether the child's yours or not. That also might explain all this." When he returned to the kitchen to add ice and sherry to his glass, he looked up White, Celestina in the San Francisco phone directory. Her number was listed; her address was not. He had difficulty picturing the detective pattering in the garden on weekends. Unless there were bodies buried under the roses. The only bad moment in the evening came when the pianist played "Someone to Watch over Me." If he was left standing on the porch, the visitor would circle the house, peering in windows where the drapes were not drawn, trying the doors in hope of finding one unlocked. Fearful that Victoria was sick or injured, that perhaps she had slipped on a pat of butter and cracked her head against the corner of an open oven door, he might try to force his way inside, break a window. Certainly he would go to the neighbors to call the police. "Less than a year and a half ago, Hurricane Flora--she killed over six thousand in the Caribbean." Unquestionably, if he hadn't killed Vanadium, the maniac cop would have blown him away. That was clearly an act of self-defense. Clearly touched and intrigued, the magician nevertheless circled the offer in search of reasons to decline, before at last shaking his head sadly. "I doubt that I'm the caliber of person you're looking for, Mrs. Lampion. I wouldn't be entirely a credit to your project." "This meeting of the North Pole Society of Not Evil Adventurers is officially closed." Hope was the handmaid to Agnes's faith. She always held fast to the belief that the future would be bright, but right now she was hesitant to test that optimism even with a harmless card reading. Yet, as with the fifth place setting, she was reluctant to object. Had Junior been chest-deep in wet concrete, he would have been more mobile than he was now. He had no feeling in his legs. He tucked his left arm tight against his side and threw himself against the door. The obstructing furniture was heavy, but it moved an inch. If it would give one inch, it would give two, so it wasn't immovable, and he was already as good as in there. Edom marveled at Agnes's ability to rise above the past and to transcend so many years of torment. She was able to see the house as simple shelter, whereas to her brothers, it was--and always would be--the place in which their spirits had been shattered. Even living within sight of it would have been out of the question if they had been employed, with options. Otter shook his head. Neither Agnes nor Edom knew of Jacob's great skill with cards. He had been discreet about his apprenticeship with Obadiah, and for almost twenty years, he'd resisted the urge to dazzle his siblings with his expertise. He could spring the new deadbolts as easily as the old. Therefore, on the interior of the front and back doors, Junior added sliding bolts, which couldn't be picked from outside. Averting his eyes from Vanadium's face, Junior moved farther up the stocky body. He folded back the tweed sports jacket to reveal a shoulder holster. Under Celestina's guidance, the menfolk--Wally, Edom, Jacob, Paul, Tom--had packed cartons of canned and dry goods, plus numerous boxes of new spring clothing for the children on their route. All those items had been loaded into the vehicles the previous evening. In this case, he was sure that vanity was not a fault, not the result of a swollen ego, but merely healthy self-esteem. That he was irresistible to women wasn't simply his biased opinion, but an observable and undeniable fact, like gravity or the order in which the planets revolved around the sun. "Tom, a couple minutes ago," Agnes said, "Celestina mentioned your . . . 'certain awareness.' Which is what exactly?" WHILE THE SLATS of ash-gray light slowly lost their meager luster, and sable shadows metastasized in sinister profusion, the sentinel silence remained unbroken between Junior Cain and the birthmarked man. Few people will spend the greater part of their youth in school, struggling to obtain the education required for a medical specialty, unless they have a passion to heal. Franklin Chan was a healer, whose passion was the preservation of vision, and Agnes could see that his anguish, while a pale reflection of hers, was real and deeply felt. When at last the caller spoke again, her voice sounded a kingdom away: "Will you tell Bartholomew . . . ?" The lid of the cooler wasn't on as tight as it ought to have been. From around one edge slipped a thin and sinuous stream of smoke. Something on fire. Sometimes Barty could be fierce in his independence--his mother told him so--and now he rebuffed Angel too sharply. "I don't want to be waited on. I'm not helpless, you know. I can get sodas myself" By the time he reached the doorway, he felt sorry for his tone, and he looked back toward where the window seat must be. "Angel?" Agnes at last relented. "Someday, you're going to have to learn to relax, Maria." Furious, he squeezed off two shots. Passing the living-room archway, Tom saw Jacob in the armchair, under the reading lamp, slumped as if asleep over the book. His crimson bib confirmed that he wasn't just sleeping. The adoption records on Seraphim White's baby weren't sealed by law, because custody of the child was being retained by family. And though Barty was not shy, neither was he a show-off. He didn't seek praise for his accomplishments, and in fact, they were little known outside of his immediate family. His satisfaction came entirely from learning, exploring, growing. Fear clotted in Junior's veins, and he stood like an impacted embolism in the busy flow of pedestrians, certain that he himself would at any moment succumb to a stroke. In a swirl of London Fog and righteous indignation, Neddy turned his back on Junior and drifted away through the nibbling, nattering crowd. Out of Phimie's humiliation, terror, suffering, and death had come Angel, whom Celestina had first and briefly hated, but whom now she loved more than she loved Wally, more than she loved herself or even life itself. Phimie, through Angel, had brought Celestina both to Wally and to a fuller understanding of their father's meaning when he spoke of this momentous day, an understanding that brought power to her painting and so deeply touched the people who saw and bought her art. Nolly, Kathleen, and Sparky had prepared him for Industrial Woman, but when the flashlight beam flared off her fork-and-fan-blade face, Vanadium twitched in fright. Without fully realizing what he was doing, he crossed himself. "Not so unbelievable," said Jacob. "Forty-five thousand people every year die in automobiles. Cars aren't transportation. They're death machines. Tens of thousands are disfigured, maimed for life." and half rotten. She tore it. With the small scissors, she opened the shoulder seam from the inside. Yet his heart slammed hard and heavy against his

confining ribs, and fear stippled the nape of his neck..Parkhurst said, "We've eliminated most other possible causes. You don't have acute myelitis or meningitis. Or anemia of the brain. No concussion. You don't have other symptoms of Meniere's disease. Tomorrow, we'll conduct some tests for possible brain tumor or lesion, but I'm confident that's not the explanation, either." "Then you have a big advantage, and you'll have to tell us all about yourselves," Agnes said. "I'll get the coffee brewing ... unless you'd like to help." 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..Tom between curiosity and emotional exhaustion, Celestina held his gaze, thinking, and finally she said, "Deal." But he was more than she had ever imagined her boy to be, more than merely a prodigy..He turned over the two most recent discards. Neither was a jack of spades, and both were what he expected them to be..Having booked the suite for three nights, Tom expected that he would spend far fewer late hours in his bed than sitting watch in the shared living room..In spring, summer, and fall, they brightened the grave with the roses that Edom grew in the side yard. In this less rose-friendly season, these Christmas bouquets had been purchased at a flower shop..Mary had a yellow vinyl ball of the type Koko would happily chase all day and, if allowed, chew all night, keeping the house awake with its squeaking. "Want this?" she asked Koko. Koko wanted it, of course, needed it, absolutely had to have it, and leaped into action as Mary pretended to throw the ball..With everyone in the diner now aware of Junior, with every head turned toward him and with every wary eye tracking him, he dropped the bun cap and the mustard dispenser on the floor. Barging through the swinging gate at the end of the lunch counter, he entered the narrow work area behind it.."You'd never cheat me. I know you. We'd have Christmas twice a year and parties for half birthdays." Celestina was unable to talk reason to him, and even her mother, Grace, who was living here for the interim and who was always oil on the stormiest of waters, couldn't bring a moment's calm to the velvet squall that was Neddy Gnathic in full blow. He had learned about the baby five days ago, and he had been building force ever since, like a tropical depression aspiring to hurricane status.."You might as well beat a cloud for raining," said Otter's mother..even allow himself as much as a lascivious wink or a quick caress of Victoria's hand..FOLLOWING A SECOND NIGHT at the Sleepie Tyme Inne, waking at dawn, Junior felt rested, refreshed-and in control of his bowels..Without excellence, of course, there would be no civilization, no progress, no joy; and Agnes was surprised that this sharp bur of her father's philosophy had stuck deep in her subconscious, prickling and worrying her unnecessarily. She'd thought that she was entirely clean of his influence..She must have sensed his assessment of her and realized that she had little chance of charming him, for she turned at once away and never looked in his direction again.."Hasn't the sheriff's department already reached a determination of accidental death?" Parkhurst asked. "They're good men, good cops, every last one of them," said Vanadiuin, "and if they've got more pity in them than I do, that's a virtue, not a shortcoming. What could Mr. Cain have taken to make himself vomit?".An affecting but difficult-to-define note in Dr. Lipscomb's voice brought Celestina slowly out of the office chair, to her feet. Perhaps it was wonder. Or fear. Or reverence. Perhaps all three..You struck a discord that can be heard, however faintly, all the way to the farthest end of the universe.....Junior hoped that he hadn't been betrayed by eyeshine in the fraction of a second before he closed his eyes to slits..Only a dishonest or delusional man, however, could justify Victoria's killing as self-defense. To a degree, he'd been motivated by anger and passion, and Junior was forthright enough to admit this..The boy's silvery giggles rang as merrily as sleigh bells, his Christmas spirit undampened. "Not between, Mommy. Nobody could do that. I just ran where the rain wasn't." The paramedic pulled shut the door, leaving Joey outside in the night, in the storm, in the wind between worlds..Maria stopped praying with her knuckle rosary and resorted to a long swallow of wine..Summary: Explores further the magical world of Earthsea through five tales of events which occur before or after the time of the original novels, as well as an essay on the people, languages, history and magic of the place..The round table seated six, but they required only three chairs, because the two brainless friends were a pair of Angel's dolls.."Angel," Phimie said urgently, and then, with an effort that made a blood vessel swell.Finished, Joshua excused himself and went down the hall to his office. He was gone perhaps five minutes, and when he returned, he sent Barty off to the waiting room, where the receptionist kept a jar of lemon- and orange-flavored hard candies. "A few of them have your name on 'em, Bartholomew." For the next few days, they would eat all their meals in the suite. Most likely, Cain had left San Francisco. And even if the killer hadn't fled, this was a big city, where a chance encounter with him was unlikely. Yet having, assumed the role of guardian, Tom Vanadium had a zero tolerance for risk, because the inimitable Mr. Cain had proved himself to be a master of the unlikely..she was buoyant, unrestrained, floating up from the padded stretcher, until she was.And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor, that tell the story of those years..After a bit Otter nodded left, away from the grey stone tower. They walked on towards a long, treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings..That evening, he was filled with a greater sense of adventure than he'd felt since arriving in the city from Oregon. Consequently, he treated himself to three glasses of a superb Bordeaux and a filet mignon in the same elegant hotel lounge where he had dined on his first night in San Francisco, almost three years earlier..For an instant, his attention had been distracted by Vanadium's presentation of his empty hands. Nevertheless, there was no way the cop could have snatched the coin out of the air..He slid his chair sideways to the secretary and leaned forward with the gun in both hands..Bartholomew's genius might have been intimidating, even off-putting, if he'd not been as much child as child genius. Likewise, he would have been wearisome if impressed by his own gifts..Barty, she explained, would be rich in many ways. Financially rich, but also rich in talent, in spirit, intellect. Rich in courage, honor. With a wealth of common sense, good judgment, and luck..Later, at home in bed, after Nolly proved the value of oysters, he and Kathleen lay holding hands. Following a companionable silence, he

said, "It's a mystery." Though Celestina was still holding Angel, Wally kissed her, and again it was lovely, though shorter than before, and Angel said, "That's a messy kiss." 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. She leaned forward in her seat, and toward him, so he could see her more directly, and when she put one trembling hand against his cheek, his head dropped forward on neck muscles as limp as rags, his chin. When the long table was laden and the wine poured, when everyone but Mary settled into chairs, Angel said, "My daughter tells me she wants to make a short presentation before I say grace. I don't know what it is, but she assures me it doesn't involve singing, dancing, or reading any of her poetry." I. Onward he came, past the left front fender, gleefully hopping up and down, as if on a pogo stick, still waving. If killing the wrong Bartholomew had broken a dam in Junior and released a lake of tension, whacking the right Bartholomew would set loose an ocean of pent-up stress, and he would feel free as he'd not felt since the fire tower. Freer than he'd been in his entire life. The subcontractor who built the quarter-spitting coin boxes was James Hunnicolt, but everyone called him Jimmy Gadget. He specialized in electronic eavesdropping, building cameras and recorders into the most unlikely objects, but he could do just about anything requiring inventive mechanical design and construction. The police. The stupid police. Ringing the bell when they knew he'd been shot. Ringing the damn doorbell when he lay here helpless, the Industrial Woman lurching toward him, his toe on the other side of the kitchen, ringing the doorbell when he was losing enough blood to give transfusions to an entire ward of wounded hemophiliacs. The stupid bastards were probably expecting him to serve tea and a plate of butter cookies, little paper doilies between each cup and saucer. 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. As before, the name tolled through him like the ominous note of the deepest bass bell in a cathedral carillon, struck on a cold midnight. Carrying the candlestick, he raced to the kitchen at the end of the short hall. The door stood open, but he had to enter the room to see Victoria slumped in one of the two chairs at the small dinette. His waitress was a cutie. She flirted with him, and he knew he could have her if he wanted. Having used his body as a clapper in the bell of the Dumpster, Junior had struck a loud reverberant note that tolled like a poorly cast cathedral bell, echoing solemnly off the walls of the flanking buildings, back and forth through the fogbound night. Perhaps Dr. Parkhurst, too, was disturbed by this fascistic and fanatical spew sampling, because he became brusque. "I have a few appointments to keep. By the time I make evening rounds, I expect Mr. Cain to. The stump was capped at the end of the internal cuneiform, depriving Junior of everything from the metatarsal to the tip of the toe. He was delighted with this result, because successful reattachment would have been a calamity. "Once out of the coma and stabilized for a few weeks, I was transferred to a hospital in Portland, where I had to undergo eleven surgeries." -called himself King Obadiah, Pharaoh of the Fantastic. He traveled all over the country playing nightclubs-. 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. He'd listened to the message and thought it incomprehensible, of no import. Suddenly, tardy intuition told him that it could not have been any more important to him if it had been dead Naomi calling from beyond the grave to leave testimony for the detective. An alley opened on Junior's left. He stepped out of the crowd, into this narrow service way shaded by tall buildings, and walked even more briskly, still not quite running because he continued to believe that he possessed the unshakable calm and self-control of a highly self-improved man. Outside, he turned to look at the display windows. He expected to see the candlestick, supernaturally apparent only from this side of the glass, but it wasn't there. Throughout the autumn, Junior read book after book about ghosts, poltergeists, haunted houses, ghost ships, s?ances, spirit rapping, spirit manifestation, spirit writing, spirit recording, trance speaking, conjuration, exorcism, astral projection, Ouija-board revelation, and needlepoint. Caring for her, in every sense of that word, had made him a far happier man than he would otherwise have been-and a far better one. With effort, she managed to say, "I'm sorry, sweetie," but her voice was sufficiently distorted by anguish that even to herself, she sounded like a stranger. He could have killed Vanadium while the cop slept; however, that would be far less satisfying than engaging in a little psychological warfare and leaving the devious bastard alive to suffer remorse when two more children died under his watch. Beyond the window, behind veils of rain and fog, the metropolis appeared to be more enigmatic than Stonehenge, as unknowable as any city in our dreams. Now the message ... Something about a hospital. Someone dying. A cerebral hemorrhage. At the elevators, the orderly suggested that Edom and Jacob take a second cab and meet them on the surgical floor. "Good day, sir," Lipscomb said, closing the door in Neddy's face, possibly compressing his nose and bruising his boutonniere. He swallowed one capsule and washed it down with water. He returned the pharmacy bottle to the nightstand. 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. 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. Although he was seventy-six, Tom still worked for Pie Lady Services. They had no set retirement age for staff, and Father Tom expected to die at his work. "And if it's a pie-caravan day, just leave my old carcass where I drop until you make all the deliveries. I won't be responsible for anyone missing a promised pie." Considering his formidable size, his clothes ought to have served an image of virile masculinity: boots, jeans, red flannel shirt. His ducked head, slumped posture, and shuffling feet were reminders, however, that many young boys, too, dressed this way. He could have killed

someone named Henry or Larry, without risk of creating a Bartholomew pattern that would prickle like a pungent scent in the hound-dog nostrils of Bay Area homicide detectives. But he restrained himself..At the bedside, Joshua Nunn, friend and physician, looked up as Paul approached. He rose as though under a yoke of iron..Instead, he encountered an elderly woman getting out of a red Pontiac with a fox tail tied to the radio antenna. A quick glance around confirmed that they were unobserved, so he clubbed her on the back of the head with the butt of his 9-mm pistol..get his hackles up if we, at the state level, still want to poke around a little..Reaching between the slats, Agnes tickled the pink piggies on his left foot. "Toes." Leashed like a dog, he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around him, seeing the stone tower, stacks of wood by its wide doorway, rusty wheels and machines by a pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy..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..-Dumpsters and delivery trucks hulked against the building walls. Steam billowed out of street grates. The gray shadows were no longer disturbed by a running shade in a tweed sports jacket..One of the hardest things that she had ever done was to leave him then, alone in his room, with the hateful something still quietly growing in his eye. She wanted to move the armchair close to his bed and watch over him throughout the night..Nothing in his reading offered a satisfactory explanation for what had been happening to him. None of the women filled the hole in his heart, and all of the Bartholomews were harmless. Only the needlepoint offered any satisfaction, but though Junior was proud of his craftsmanship, he knew that a grown man couldn't find fulfillment in stitchery alone.."I can try, your highness." The maniac detective was still on the floor where he had died. The red rose and the gift box occupied his hands..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..Having settled on the sofa with Agnes and Barty, prepared to serve comfortably in the role of quiet observer, Edom was alarmed to have suddenly become the subject of conversation. He was also alarmed to be called "son," because in his thirty-six years, the only person ever to have addressed him in that fashion had been his father, dead for a decade yet still a terror in Edom's dreams..On New Year's Day, the town learned that it had lost its first son in Vietnam. Agnes had known the parents all her life, and she despaired that even with her willingness to help, with all her good intentions, there was nothing she could do to ease their pain. She recalled her anguish as she'd waited to learn if Barty's eye tumors had spread along the optic nerve to his brain. The thought of her neighbors losing a child to war made her turn to Paul in the night. "Just hold me," she murmured..By the grace of Caesar Zedd and Remy Martin, Junior eventually slipped into undulant currents of sleep, and as he drifted away on those velvet tides, he took some solace from the thought that come what may, December 29 would be a better day than December 28..As he passed the living-room archway, he said, "Watch out for tidal waves, Uncle Jacob." She switched on the windshield wipers. Repeatedly, in the arc of cleared glass, the graveyard was revealed in sharp detail, and yet the place remained less than fully familiar to her. Her whole world had been changed by Barty's dry walk in wet weather..He had learned many things about himself on this momentous day--that he was more spontaneous than he had ever before realized, that he was willing to make grievous short-term sacrifices for long-term gain, that he was bold and daring-but perhaps the most important lesson was that he was a more sensitive person than he'd previously perceived himself to be and that this sensitivity, while admirable, was liable to undo him unexpectedly and at inconvenient times..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..She put down her fork, glanced around the restaurant once more, and leaned across the table. Blushing brighter, she softly sang the opening lines of "Someone to Watch over Me." Certain that he was overreacting, Tom nevertheless left the kitchen as a cop, not a priest, would leave it: staying low, knife thrust in front of him, clearing the doorframe fast..Edom felt uneasy in this kingdom of a strange god. The god that his brother feared was humanity, its dark compulsions, its arrogance. Edom, on the other hand, trembled before Nature, whose wrath was so great that one day she would destroy all things, when the universe collapsed into a super dense nugget of matter the size of a pea..holding hands as they watched John Wayne in *The Searchers*, David Niven in *Around the World in 80 Days*. They were so young then, sure they would live forever, and they were still young now, but for one of them, forever had arrived..of drool. Her eyes rolled, wild with fear, and seemed not to be focused on anything. "It's all right," Tom assured her. To Angel, he said, "No, I'm not sad. And you know why?". Junior blinked and dared not speak, because he didn't know any Bartholomew, and now he was certain the cop was weaving an elaborate web of deceit, setting a trap. Why would he have spoken a name that meant nothing to him?. Did she poison herself as well? Was it her intention to kill him and commit suicide? "Well," Agnes said, "thank the Lord, we don't have tornadoes here in California." With the uniformed troopers was a stocky, late-fortyish, brush-cut man in black slacks and a gray herringbone sports jacket. His face was almost pan flat, his first chin weak, his second chin stronger than the first, and his function unknown to Junior. He would have been the least likely man to be noticed in a ten-thousand-man convention of nonentities, if not for the port-wine birthmark that surrounded his right eye, darkening most of the bridge of his nose, brightening half his forehead, and returning around the eye to stain the upper portion of his cheek..She was also a cat lover, working with the Kitten Konservatory to save abandoned felines from death in the city pound. She was the charity's investment manager. Within ten months, Tammy grew twenty thousand in Konservatory funds into a quarter million by speculating in the stock of a South African firm that hit it big selling germ-warfare technology to North Korea, Pakistan, India, and the Republic of Tanzania, whose chief export was sisal..When he was baking, the world seemed to be a less dangerous place. Sometimes, making a cake, he forgot to be afraid..On one

wall hung an impressive array of gardening tools. In the corner was a potting bench. Then came the Year of the Tiger, 1974. Gasoline shortages, panic buying, mile-long lines at service stations. Patty Hearst kidnapped. Nixon gone in disgrace. Hank Aaron toppled Babe Ruth's longstanding home-run record, and the inflation rate topped fifteen percent, and the legendary Muhammad Ali defeated George Foreman to regain his world-heavyweight title. "That would be wrong. A diary's private." He supposed that to a detective nothing was sacred, but he was nonetheless a little shocked that Vanadium needed to ask that question. He heard her explain that the title of the exhibition had been inspired by one of her father's sermons, which aired on a nationally syndicated weekly radio program more than three years ago. This wasn't a religious program, per se, but rather one concerned with a search for meaning in life; it usually broadcast interviews with contemporary philosophers as well as speeches by them, but from time to time featured a clergyman. Her father's sermon received the greatest response from listeners of anything aired on the program in twenty years, and three weeks later, it was rerun by popular demand. "You didn't at all," Dr. Salk assured him. "I need to talk to you. If you would give me a little of your time..." In a magazine article about the hero, passing mention was made of a restaurant where occasionally the great man ate breakfast. Eventually he approached the door between the dining room and the kitchen. He paused there, listening. 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. 2000, the Year of the Dragon, gives way without a roar to the Year of the Snake, and after the Snake comes the Horse. Day by day the work is done, in memory of those who have gone before us, and embarked upon work of her own, young Mary is out there among you. For now, only her family knows how very special she is. On one momentous day, that will change.

[1885 Gadsden Flag Dont Tread on Me Journal Take Notes Write Down Memories in This 150 Page Lined Journal](#)

[Gopher Snake on the Road Journal Take Notes Write Down Memories in This 150 Page Lined Journal](#)

[Corsets Salesperson Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Red Book As Above So Below](#)

[Vertical Gardening Grow Pounds of Organic Food on Smaller Space \(Vertical Garden Gardening for Beginners\)](#)

[Deburring Tooling Machine Operator Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Dehydrator Tender Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Button Buckle Maker Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Mysticism Attracting from the Infinite](#)

[Turkeys and Turkey Breeds From the Book of Poultry](#)

[International Flag of Montserrat Journal Take Notes Write Down Memories in This 150 Page Lined Journal](#)

[Defensive Fire Control Systems Operator Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Decal Applier Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Corset Fitter Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Defluorinated Phosphate Production Supervisor Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Dehydrogenation Supervisor Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Scholasticism Large Print Edition](#)

[Homemade Cleaners 30 Natural Recipes for Around the House \(Natural Cleaners Homemade Recipes\)](#)

[A Silverback Gorilla Relaxing Journal Take Notes Write Down Memories in This 150 Page Lined Journal](#)

[Deicer Finisher Work Log Work Journal Work Diary Log - 126 Pages 6 X 9 Inches](#)

[Joana Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Kaylen Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Janiah Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Kristina Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Yesenia Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Lesly Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Keyla Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Cute Little Frog and Reflection Journal Take Notes Write Down Memories in This 150 Page Lined Journal](#)

[Kelsie Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Fashion Illustrations - 1500 to 1840](#)

[Simplybee Colorado Explore Colorado](#)

[Keely Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Kiersten Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Yuliana Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)

[Leyla Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)  
[Lacie Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)  
[Jacey Personalized Lined Journal Diary Notebook 150 Pages 6 X 9 \(1524 X 2286 CM\) Durable Soft Cover](#)  
[Farm Life 2018 Calendar](#)  
[Oisillon 2018 Calendrier \(Edition France\)](#)  
[2018-2019 Weekly Planner - Most Wanted Maltese Daily Diary Monthly Yearly Calendar Large 85 X 11 Schedule Journal Organizer](#)  
[Cafe 2018 Calendario \(Edicion Espana\)](#)  
[Auto DEpoca 2018 Calendario \(Edizione Italia\)](#)  
[The Herb 2018 Calendar \(UK Edition\)](#)  
[Chef 2018 Calendar \(UK Edition\)](#)  
[Kaz Goes to the Moon 2](#)  
[Burger 2018 Calendrier \(Edition France\)](#)  
[Color in Creatures A Coloring Book](#)  
[Stricken 2018 Kalendar \(Ausgabe Deutschland\)](#)  
[London Notebook Lined Writing Notebook Featuring Media Sensation Jaxsonthebulldog Including a Funny and Inspirational Quote for School Office or Home! \(6 X 9 105 Pages\)](#)  
[2018-2019 Weekly Planner - Most Wanted Westie \(West Highland White Terrier\) Daily Diary Monthly Yearly Calendar Large 85 X 11 Schedule Journal Organizer](#)  
[President Trumps 1st 100 Days in Office Tough Love](#)  
[Vienna Mixed Set](#)  
[2018-2019 Weekly Planner - Most Wanted Schnauzer Daily Diary Monthly Yearly Calendar Large 85 X 11 Schedule Journal Organizer](#)  
[A Taste for All Seasons Taste It Poetry Book](#)  
[Live Amicizia Amore Sesso Violenza Vendetta Morte](#)  
[Busy City Intersection Notebook 150 Page Lined 6 X 9 Notebook Diary Journal](#)  
[The Shamans Dream](#)  
[Well I Dont Come by This Angelic Sheen Naturally! Featuring Media Sensation Jaxsonthebulldog Lined Writing Notebook Including a Funny and Inspirational Quote for School Office or Home! \(6 X 9 105 Pages\)](#)  
[Hawaiian Holidays](#)  
[Three Orlando Nightspots](#)  
[A New Life in California](#)  
[Frannie Flamingos Weekend with Friends](#)  
[The Forgiveness Dance](#)  
[New Jungle Order Humans Animals and Civillisation](#)  
[Bless Every Moment 7 Steps to Create a Desired Reality](#)  
[Good Luck Monster Truck](#)  
[Sierra the Super Strong Sheep](#)  
[Junkyard Princess](#)  
[Der Sicherste Ort Der Welt The Safest Place in the World Mehrsprachiges Bilderbuch Fur Kinder AB 3-6 Jahre - Deutsch-Englisch \(Zweisprachig Bilingual\)](#)  
[Treat Yoself in the City NYC Authors Dish on Their Favorite Ways to Enjoy the City Under \\$20](#)  
[My Forever Princess](#)  
[Greater Faith- Volume 2](#)  
[Vineworks](#)  
[Complex Love](#)  
[Puerto de Origen](#)  
[In Praise of Flesh New and Selected Poems](#)  
[The Secret Art of Personal Growth](#)  
[Terence the T-Rex How to Deal with Bullies](#)  
[Wilderness Voyage Dealing with Rejection A 40-Day Devotional Guide for Spiritual Breakthrough](#)  
[Chase Your Wants Desires A Book of Prose](#)

[Albert Hausmann The Life and Times of a German SS Officer](#)

[Building Art The Life and Work of Frank Gehry](#)

[The Pink Suitcase](#)

[The Cuban Club](#)

[Out of the Ordinary \(Apart From the Crowd Book #2\)](#)

[The Rough Guide to Panama](#)

[Middle School From Hero to Zero \(Middle School 10\)](#)

[Alices Adventures in Wonderland The Classic Edition](#)

[Steampunk Style 2 Goggles Gas Masks and Aviator Styles](#)

[Lonely Planet Australia](#)

[See What We Eat! A First Book of Healthy Eating](#)

[Europe Didnt Work Why We Left and How to Get the Best from Brexit](#)

[Fauna The Art of Jewelry](#)

[Mission Failure America and the World in the Post-Cold War Era](#)

[Kirsten Burkes Secrets of Modern Calligraphy An inspirational workbook to develop your lettering skills with 7 exclusive art cards to pull out and treasure](#)

[Feminism From A to Z](#)

[Drawn in Colour Degas from the Burrell Collection](#)

[Secrets for the Mad Obsessions Confessions and Life Lessons](#)

[A Birthday Party for Jesus](#)

[Xcelerate Innovate Your Business Model Disrupt Your Market](#)

---