

A HILL OF BEANS

Swinging toward the open door, he saw that the dead detective was true to his word: He wasn't here..She told him to stay on the line, stay on no matter what, told him to keep talking to her, and he hung up..Somewhere, he does. Daddy died here, but he didn't die every place I am. it's lonely for me here, but not lonely for me everywhere..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..Her awful sense of weightlessness became something much better: buoyancy, an exhilarating lightness of spirit. Fear remained with her-fear for Barty, fear of the future and of the strange complexity of Creation that she'd just glimpsed-but wonder and wild hope now tempered it..Agnes ran to the kitchen, where she had been working when the doorbell rang, packing boxes of groceries to be delivered with the honey-raisin pear pies that she and Jacob had baked this morning..Champagne, then, and two shopping bags packed full of Armenian takeout. Sou beurek, mujadereh, chicken-and-rice biryani, stuffed grape leaves, artichokes with lamb and rice, orouk, manti, and more. Following a Baptist grace (said by Grace), Wally and the three White women, a fourth present in spirit, sat around the Formica-topped table, feasting, laughing, talking about art and healing and baby care and the past and tomorrow, while up on Nob Hill, Neddy Gnathic sat tuxedoed at a lacquered black piano, sprinkling diamond-bright notes through an elegant room..Mustering all her hostess skills, Agnes gradually turned the conversation from disastrous explosions to Fourth of July fireworks, and then to reminiscences of summer evenings when she, Joey, Edom, and Jacob.He rode up to the third of five floors in the service elevator, which other tenants were permitted to use only when moving in or moving out, or when taking delivery of large items of furniture. Another elevator, at the front of the building, was too public to suit his purposes..When the nurse was gone, alone with his mother as they waited for the orderly to bring a gurney, Barty said, "Come close." "Yes, I'm nicely rounding myself into an early grave," he said almost cheerfully. "And I must admit to enjoying it." Junior hadn't noticed when the detective stopped turning the coin across his knuckles..into darkness, Celestina sat down to dinner with her mother and her father in the dining room of the parsonage..Tom received a fierce hug, too, and a sisterly kiss, and he was grateful for them. He had been a loner for too long, as a hunter of men pretty much had to be when on a long hard road of recuperation and then on a mission of vengeance, even if he called it a mission of justice. During the few days he'd spent guarding Celestina and Grace and Angel in the city, and subsequently during the week with Wally, Tom had felt that he was part of a family, even if it was just a family of friends, and he had been surprised to realize how much he needed that feeling..The guy was carrying a purse, whatever that meant, and when he walked through the door, he had a goofy look on his face, but his expression changed when he saw Junior."You sounded as though you were in a lot of distress. You were frightened of this Bartholomew."..by the ferocity of the beating and by years of fear and humiliation. So he opens his mouth, just to end it, just to be.In the kitchen again, Junior spread the blanket on the floor, to one side of the blood. He rolled Vanadium onto the blanket, and drew the ends of it together, fashioning a sled with which to drag the detective out of the house..With her rock of faith under her, and breathing hope as much as ever, she was nevertheless unable to be as strong for him as she wanted to be. She felt her face go soft, her mouth tremble, and when she tried to repress a sob, it burst from her with wretched force.."Maria is coming by with Francesca and Bonita," Agnes said. "We might as well put all the extensions," in the table. Barty, call Uncle Jacob and Uncle Edom and invite them for dinner." "No pie!" Agnes agreed. She parenthesized his head with her hands and punctuated his sweet face with kisses..She lost track of him. Fear knocked, knocked, on the door of her heart, because she was sure that he had vanished the way ships supposedly disappeared in the Bermuda Triangle..One of the paramedics had stooped beside him to press a cool hand against the nape of his neck. Now this man said urgently, "Kenny!".By this time, Vinton had finished, commercials had run, and the number-two song had started: "Come See About Me," by the Supremes..Barty looked at Angel, and Angel looked at Barty, and they dropped to their knees on the grass before their daughter. They were both grinning ... and then their grins stiffened a little.."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..She thought of herself as a creative person, a capable and efficient and committed person, but she did not think of herself as a strong person. Yet she would need great strength for what lay ahead..Neddy's face didn't appear to be as pale as it had been earlier. An undertone of gray, possibly blue, darkened the skin..When he heard the snick of the lock being disengaged, he rammed into the men's room..This was tedious work and might not bear fruit. He needed to begin somewhere, however, and the telephone directory was the most logical starting point..Phimie must be honored now with laughter instead of with tears, because her life had left Celestina with so many memories of joy and with joy personified in Angel. To fend off tears, she said, "Listen, Clark Kent, we women need our little secrets, our private thoughts. If you can really read my heart this easily, I guess I'm going to have to start wearing lead brassieres."..And when she finally looked directly at him, blinked at him, her lashes flicking off a spray of fine droplets, Agnes saw that Barty was dry. Not a single jewel of rain glimmered in his thick dark hair or on the baby-smooth planes of his face. His shirt and sweater were as dry as if they had just been taken off a hanger and from a dresser drawer. A few drops darkened the legs of the boy's khaki pants--but Agnes realized this was water that had dripped from her arm as she'd reached across him to adjust the vent.."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." "Well, you see, that's the funny thing about all the important choices we make. If we make a really big wrong choice, if we do the really awful wrong thing, we're given another chance to continue on the right path. So the very moment I stupidly stepped off the curb without looking, I created another world where I did look both ways and saw the rhinoceros coming. And so-".Although the Rolex was expensive, Junior cared

nothing about the monetary loss. He could afford to buy an armful of Rolexes, and wear them from wrist to shoulder..He was so innocent. This sweet boy, this pure and stainless infant, couldn't possibly have an enemy in the world, and she could not imagine any son of hers earning enemies, not if she raised him well. This was just a silly card reading..The muscles of his legs grew as hard as any of the landscapes that he trod. Granite thighs; calves like marble, roped with veins..He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no window, its door was cross-grained oak barred with iron, and spells had been laid on that door that would have kept a far more experienced wizard captive. There were men of great skill and power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder, and to talk with him. He was, as far as Otter could see, well-meaning and honest. "If you won't work for us they'll kill you," he said. "Losen can't have fellows like you on the loose. You'd better hire on while he'll take you." Skinny, pasty-faced, chattering sissy," he hissed, still so furious with Neddy that he wanted to jam the pianist's head in the toilet even though he was dead. Jam his head in and stomp on him. Stomp him into the bowl. Flush and flush, stomp and stomp..The air was cool but not yet cold. A faint breeze smelled of the sea beyond the hill..The coin stopped turning, pinched flat between the knuckles of the cops middle and ring fingers. He retrieved a box of Kleenex from the nightstand and offered it to his suspect. "Here." "It's partly that," she agreed. "But originally, Daddy wanted Phimie to tell, so the man could be charged and prosecuted. Though he's a good Baptist, Daddy isn't without a thirst for vengeance."..He and the homicide detective had been friends for almost thirty years, since Max had been a uniformed rookie on the SFPD and Vanadium had been a young priest freshly assigned to St. Anselmo's Orphanage here in the city. Before choosing police work, Max had contemplated the priesthood, and perhaps back then he had sensed the cop-to-be in Tom Vanadium..Once, she left the TV and came to Tom, where he sat talking with Paul. "It's like Gunsmoke and The Monkees are next to each other on the TV, both at the same time. But the Monkees, they can't see the cowboys-and the cowboys, they can't see the Monkees."..On the nightstand stood a stainless-steel carafe beaded with condensation. Maria took the cap off the water carafe, and with a longhandled spoon, she scooped out a chip of ice. Cupping her left hand..Junior spoke the three words aloud and felt a strange resonance between them and his dim memories of Reverend White's voice on that long-ago night. Yet the link, if any actually existed, remained elusive..Calling after her, Agnes said, "No, wait, sugarpie. He should be coming down right now, before it gets dark."..Because you can walk in the rain without getting wet, because you walk in SOME OTHER PLACE, and God knows where that place is or whether YOU COULD GET STUCK THERE somehow, get stuck there AND NEVER COME BACK, and if you can do this, there's surely other impossible things you can do, and even as smart as you are, you can't know the dangers of doing these things--nobody could know-and then there are the people who'd be interested in you if they knew you can do this, scientists who'd want to poke at you, and worse than the scientists, DANGEROUS PEOPLE who would say that national security comes before a mother's rights to her child, PEOPLE WHO MIGHT STEAL YOU AWAY AND NEVER LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN, which would be like death to me, because I want You to have a normal, happy life, a good life, and I want to protect you and watch you grow UP and be the fine man I know you will be, BECAUSE USE I LOVE YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING, AND YOU'RE SO SWEET, AND YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW SUDDENLY, HOW HORRIBLY, THINGS CAN GO WRONG..Instead, he focused on the hand in the flashlight beam: four long, thin, chalk-white digits bent to the heel; thumb thrust up stiffly, as though Neddy hoped to hitchhike out of the Dumpster, out of death, and back to his piano in the cocktail lounge on Nob Hill..His mother, gently pushing Tom to the prime view point at the head of the stairs, seemed unconcerned about her child's venture into the storm..Although she had never seen snow other than in pictures and on film, this deep-settled silence seemed to speak of failing flakes, of white muffling mantles, and she wouldn't have been in the least surprised if, stepping outside, she had found herself in a glorious winter landscape, cold and crystalline, here on the always-snowless hills and shores of the California Pacific..He couldn't much longer take advantage of Paul Damascus's hospitality. Since bringing Wally to town, Tom had been staying in Paul's guest bedroom. He knew that he was welcome indefinitely, and the sense of family that he'd found with these people had only grown since January, but he nevertheless felt that he was imposing..If Junior were weak-minded enough to succumb to madness, this was the moment when he should have fallen into an abyss of insanity. He heard an internal cracking, felt a terrible splintering in his mind, but he held himself together with sheer willpower, remembering to breathe slowly and deeply..Junior attended a New Year's Eve party with a nuclear-holocaust theme. Festivities were held in a mansion usually hung with cutting-edge art, but all the paintings had been replaced with poster-size blowups of photos of ruined Nagasaki and Hiroshima..If not for Celestina's slutty little sister, Bartholomew would not exist. No threat. Junior's life would be different, better..Celestina smiled distractedly. Since arriving at the hotel an hour ago, she had been openly debating with herself whether to call her parents in Spruce Hills or to wait until later in the afternoon, when she might be able to report not just that she had a fianc?, and not only that she had a fianc? who'd been shot and nearly killed, but also that his condition had been upgraded from critical to serious. As she'd explained to Tom, in addition to worrying them with the news about Cain, she'd be stunning them with the announcement that she was going to marry a white man twice her age. "My folks don't have one ounce of prejudice between them, but they sure do have firm ideas about what's appropriate and what's not." This would ring the big bell at the top of the White Family Scale of the Inappropriate. Besides, they were preparing for the funeral of a parishioner, and from personal experience, Celestina knew their day would be full. Nevertheless, at ten minutes past eleven, after picking at her breakfast, she finally decided to call them..Raising one hand, wiggling the fingers, he said, "Toes, toes, toes, toes, toes."..In her arms, little Barty bumbled contentedly, unaware that his destiny supposedly included epic love, fabulous riches, and violence..Stepping

forward, Agnes said, "When Barty holds my hand and walks me through the rain, I get wet even while he stays dry. The same for all the rest of us here ... except Angel." Also in the drawer was a pistol that he kept for home defense. He stared at it, trying to decide whether to go downstairs and make a sandwich or kill himself. The reverend said, "I'm sure you underestimate my parishioners, Celestina. They won't be scandalized. They'll open their hearts." Celestina finally zipped shut the satchel. "You better watch out for the big bad wolf." Already, he was up two hours past his bedtime. In recent months, he'd exhibited the more erratic sleeping habits of older children. Some nights, he seemed to possess the circadian rhythms of owls and bats; after being sluggish all day, he suddenly became alert and energetic at dusk wanting to read long past midnight. The rough massage had only just begun to bring a little relief to Junior's legs when Sparky returned with six stoppered rubber bags full of ice. "This was all the bags they had down at the drugstore." "All right. I get my new eyes from a doctor. They're not real eyes, just plastic, to fill in where my eyes used to be." Fascinated by this strange new realm, Angel returned to her chair periodically, between explorations, to sip apple juice and to reveal her latest discoveries: "They got yellow shelf paper. They got potatoes in a drawer. They got four kinds of pickles in the refrigerator. They got a toaster under a sock with pictures of birds on it." Chase after her on foot. Shoot her in the car. Maybe. He'd have five rounds left if he used one on the man, four on Bartholomew. "There's a valuable lesson in that," Agnes said. "Others can learn from it if you care to share. But if you want to record your life only up to the card cheating, that's okay, too. Even that far, it's a fascinating journey, a story that shouldn't be lost with you when you pass on. Libraries are packed with biographies of movie stars and politicians' most of them not capable of as much meaningful self-analysis as you'd get from a toad. We don't need to know more about celebrities' lives, Obadiah. What might help us, what might even save us, is knowing more about the lives of real people who've never made it even medium but who know where they came from and why." Confused, Panglo held out his right hand, but Jacob said, "Sorry, no offense, but I don't shake with anyone." Only a few theatergoers attended the matinee. No one sat near, so Google and Junior openly swapped packages: a five-by-six manila envelope to Google, a nine-by-twelve to Junior. For Agnes and Barty, one stop remained, where some of the joy of Christmas would always be buried with the husband that she still missed every day and the father that he would never know. Through the big window beyond her, the charry branches of the massive oak tree formed a black cat's cradle against the sky, leaves quivering slightly, as though nature herself trembled in trepidation of what Junior Cain might do. "That's unusual, too, and I wish the etiology of this disease, which is exceedingly well understood, gave us reason to hope based on the transience of the symptoms ... but it doesn't." Junior wanted to kill her. Kill him. Whatever. But he sensed that Renee knew more than a little about dirty fighting and that the outcome of a violent confrontation would not be easy to predict. Because of her occasional bad dreams, Angel chose to sleep now and then in her mother's bed instead of in her own room, and this was one of those nights. As he was wheeled headfirst into the operating room, Barty raised off the gurney pillow. He fixed his gaze on his mother until the door swung shut between them. No inquiring voice echoed off the passage walls, no accusatory shout. He was alone with the cadaver in this mist-shrouded moment of the metropolitan night-but perhaps not for long. "It's all the same. Cars, trains, ships, all the same," Jacob insisted. "You remember the Toya Maru? Japanese ferry capsized back in September '54. Eleven hundred sixty-eight people dead. Or worse, in '48, off Manchuria, God almighty, the boiler exploded on a Chinese merchant ship, six thousand died. Six thousand on a single ship!" "The exquisite kind," he replied, glad that he had read so many books on the art of seduction and therefore knew precisely the right thing to say. Thrusting his finger toward the table with each repetition of the word, Barty happily insisted, "Pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie." Requit. Restitutional apology, which must have been learned in a law school where English was the second language. Even atonement. He hadn't intended to enter the gallery. No one in his usual circles would attend this show, unless in such a state of chemically altered consciousness that they wouldn't be able to recall the event in the morning, so he wasn't likely to be recognized or remembered. Yet it seemed unwise to risk being identified as a reception attendee if Celestina White's little Bartholomew and maybe the artist herself were murdered later. The police, in their customary paranoia, might suspect a link between this affair and the killings, which would motivate them to seek out and. "All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?" Another small pane of glass burst. A dismaying crack of wood. His back to her, the maniac raged at the window with the snarling ferocity of a caged beast. To the alleyway again. Not through the clodhopper-cluttered gallery this time. Around the block at a brisk walk. "Then I'll attend to everything right away," the doctor said, reaching for the privacy curtain that surrounded the ER bed. "This was back on January 24, 1556," said Edom with unhesitating authority, for he had memorized tens of thousands of facts about the worst natural disasters in history. Because the glass wings of the open window didn't lie flat against the exterior wall, they blocked his view. He had to thrust himself farther through the opening, until he seasawed on the sill, before he could see the length of the entire block, in which the gallery stood at approximately the middle. with an encircling and suggestive lick, and then licked his lips, too, when the cold steel slipped free of them. Turning his patched eyes in the general direction of his mother, Barty said, "Oops." For a while, leaning forward in his chair and staring at the floor with an intensity and an expression that could not have been inspired by the insipid vinyl tiles, Tom mulled over what she'd told him. Then: "The connection is there, but it's still not entirely clear to me. So he took perverse pleasure in raping her with her father's sermon as accompaniment . . . and maybe without his realizing it, the reverend's message got deep inside his head. I wouldn't think our cowardly wife killer has the capacity for guilt ... although maybe your dad worked a sort of miracle and planted that very seed." The detective shrugged. "The girl might've had her baby at a third rate hospital, one

with poor control of patients' records and a less professional staff. Or the kid might have been placed for adoption through some baby brokerage in it strictly for the money. Then there would've been opportunities to learn something. But as soon as I discovered it was St. Mary's, I knew we were screwed." Celestina was hardly more than a child herself, pretending to have the strong shoulders and the breadth of experience to bear this burden. She felt half crushed. He had time to think of quite a few, because he drove five miles per hour below the posted speed limit. He couldn't risk being stopped for a traffic violation when Thomas Vanadium, the human stump, was dead and bundled in the back. Other rooms were furnished as sparsely as those in a monastery. Indeed, the dining room contained nothing whatsoever. When the police operator answered, Junior shrieked, "I've been shot! Jesus! Shot! Help me, an ambulance, oooohhhh shit! Hurry!" "May 14, 1845, in Canton, China, a theater fire killed sixteen hundred seventy. On December 8, 1863, a fire in the Church of La Compana, in Santiago, Chile, left two thousand five hundred and one dead. One hundred fifty perished in a fire at a Paris charity bazaar: May 4, 1897. June 30, 1900, a dock fire in Hoboken, New Jersey, killed three hundred twenty-six. . .". Many police agencies required an officer to carry a firearm even when off duty. If the Oregon State Police had no such rule, Vanadium most likely carried one anyway, because in his crazy-as-a-snake mind, So runs the water away. Junior, putting himself in the detective's place, could think of a few reasons for this visit to Seraphim's grave. Unfortunately, not one of them supported his contention that he was an innocent man. Far from idiotic, Junior's cause was his survival and salvation, and he committed himself to it with every fiber of his body, with all of his mind and heart. "Retinoblastoma is usually unilateral," Dr. Chan continued, "occurring in one eye. Bartholomew has tumors in both." While Junior had been hospitalized, Vanadium had searched his lace, with or without a warrant. Turnabout was satisfying. Over many proud generations and at least to the extent of second cousins, no one on either side of Celestina's family had skin of this light color. They were without exception medium to dark mahogany, many shades darker than this infant. His instructor, Bob Chicane-who visited twice a week for an hour-advised him to imagine a perfect fruit as the object of his meditation. An apple, a grape, an orange, whatever. This graciousness didn't free Paul to speak. Instead, he felt his throat thicken, trapping his voice more tightly still. The previous April, the lads from Liverpool had claimed all five of the top five. Real Americans, like the Beach Boys and the Four Seasons, were forced to settle for lower numbers. It made you wonder who had really won the Revolutionary War. Great anger was apparent in the way that the uneven, red block letters had been drawn on the wall in hard slashes. But the lettering looked like the work of a calm and rational mind compared to what had been done after the three Bartholomews were printed. Celestina hardly knew Paul, and although he'd saved her mother's life, his offer raised a look of doubt from her. Celestina had no illusions about playing detective. She would never be able to track down the bastard, and she had no stomach for confronting him. Junior drove them a little crazy by pretending not to understand their intent as they circled the issue like novice snake handlers warily looking for a safe grip on a coiled cobra. The air was spicy with incense and with the fragrance of the lemon oil polish used on the wooden pews. It's been a joy to me to go back to Earthsea and find it still there, entirely familiar, and yet changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart. She thought all that, but she closed her eyes and said: "I'll be okay. Give me a second here, all right?" Junior had learned implode from a self-help book about how to improve your vocabulary and be well-spoken. At the time, he had thought that this word-among others in the lists he memorized-was one he would never use. Now it was the perfect description of how he felt: as if he were going to implode. Her voice was soft, almost a whisper, and charged with anxiety; but under other circumstances, it would have been sexy. Outside, Celestina took Angel's hand as they descended the front steps to the street. They were each down to one last sip of wine, studying dessert menus, when Celestina began to wonder if, in spite of all instincts and indications, she might be wrong about the state of Wally's heart. The signs seemed clear, and if his radiance wasn't love, then he must be dangerously radioactive-yet she might be wrong. She was a woman of some insight, quite sophisticated in many ways, with the raw-nerve perceptions of an artist; however, in matters of romance, she was an innocent, perhaps even more pitifully naive than she realized. As she perused the list of cakes and tarts and homemade ice creams, she allowed doubt to feed upon her, and as the thought grew that Wally might not love her that way, after all, she became desperate to know, to end the suspense, because if she didn't mean to him what he meant to her, then Daddy was just going to have to accept her conversion from Baptist to Catholic, because she and Angel would have to spend some serious heart-recovery time in a nunnery. To the right first. Kick the door open, simultaneously firing two rounds, because maybe this was her bedroom, where she kept a gun. Mirrors shattered: a tintinnabulation of falling glass on porcelain, glass on ceramic tile, a lot more noise than the shots themselves. When he woke, he was in a hospital bed, his upper body slightly elevated. The only illumination was provided by a single window: an ashen light too dreary to be called a glow, trimmed into drab ribbons by the. He almost laughed at himself, but he recalled the disconcerting laugh that earlier had trilled from him in the men's room, when he'd thought about stuffing Neddy Gnathic into the toilet. Now he pinched his tongue between his teeth almost hard enough to draw blood, hoping to prevent that brittle and mirthless sound from escaping him 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. Victoria lay faceup on the floor. The nurse was no longer as lovely as she had been, and perhaps because of early rigor mortis, her grace, which had initially been evident even in death, had now deserted her. He didn't want to lean inside and peer over the front seat. He had no weapon. He would be unbalanced, vulnerable. As Wally got behind the wheel and closed his door, Angel said, "Mommy, where's fog come from? And don't say

Hawaii." As long as Junior continued to fake sleep, the cop couldn't be absolutely sure that any deception was taking place. 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. He was too sensitive a soul to be able to take either a handsaw or a power saw to a corpse. 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. Edom, who had never made it big, medium, or little, watched his sister blur before him. He strove to contain the shimmering hotness in his eyes. His love was not for magic, and his pride was not in any skill he possessed, for he possessed none worth noting. His love was for his good sister; she was his pride, too, and he felt that his small life had precious meaning as long as he was able to drive her on days like this, carry her pies, and occasionally make her smile. Professional magic was not a field in which many Negroes could find their way to success. Obadiah was one of a rare brotherhood. 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. Now the hole was revealed. Damp earthen walls. In the shadow of the casket, the bottom of the grave was dark and hidden from view. An authoritative note came into Parkhurst's voice, that emperor-of- tone that probably was taught in a special medical-school course on intimidation, though he was striking this attitude a little too late to be entirely effective. "My patient is in a fragile state. He mustn't be agitated, Detective. I really don't want you questioning him until tomorrow at the earliest." Among Junior's many gifts, his ability to focus might have been the most important. Bob Chicane, his former instructor in matters meditative, had called him intense and even obsessive, following the painful incident involving meditation without seed, but intensity and obsession were false charges. Junior was simply focused

[Les Martyrs de Souli Ou LEpire Moderne Tragedie En Cinq Actes](#)

[The Students Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts Vol 3](#)

[Manual for Stable Sergeants 1917](#)

[MMoires de la Comtesse de Boigne Ne DOSmond Publis Intgralement DAprs Le Manuscrit Original Vol 4 Fragments Une Semaine de Juillet 1830](#)

[Expdition de Madame La Duchesse de Berry En 1832 Fontainebleau En 1834 Mariage de Monseigneur Le](#)

[Le Mendiant Noir Vol 1](#)

[Histoire Des Enfants Abandonnes Depuis LAntiquite Jusqua Nos Jours Le Tour](#)

[LElevation Piece En Trois Actes](#)

[Noblesse Oblige Vol 1](#)

[LEntrepreneur Dilluminations](#)

[On Some Points in the Anatomy of a Megaptera Longimana](#)

[Une Politique Coloniale Le Salut Par Les Colonies Politique Coloniale Les Colonies Pendant La Guerre Politique Islamique Politique Marocaine](#)

[Richard Hickman Menefee](#)

[La Petite Poste Des Amoureux Nouveau Secretaire Galant Contenant Des Modeles de Lettres de Declarations de Reporches de Jalousies Et Un](#)

[Choix de Poesies Amoureuses Etc Complete Par Le Guide Du Mariage](#)

[Rien! Dix-Huit Annees de Gouvernement Parlementaire](#)

[Fr Luis de Len y Fr Diego de Ziga Estudio Histrico-Cr-Tico](#)

[Defense Des Emigres Francais Adressee Au Peuple Francais Vol 2](#)

[Societaire Moeurs de Theatre](#)

[The United States in the Great War](#)

[A Hundred Years Ago And Other Poems](#)

[Blancs Noires Contes Africains Illustrations de F Francis](#)

[Observations of a Traveler](#)

[Un Episode de LAstree Les Amours DAlcidon](#)

[Drifted Together Vol 2 of 3 A Novel](#)

[Mille Ames Vol 1](#)

[Les Grands Danseurs Du Roi Vol 1](#)

[Annual Report of the Receipts and Expenditures for the Municipal Year 1945 Together with Department Reports and Papers Relating to the Affairs of the City](#)

[Chteau Et La Chaumire Ou LInfluence Heureuse Du Bon Exemple Le](#)

[Spiritual Songs for Social Worship Adapted to the Use of Families and Private Circles in Seasons of Revival to Missionary Meetings to the](#)

[Monthly Concert and to Other Occasions of Special Interest](#)

[Federal Energy Regulatory Commissions Electricity Regulation Program Hearing Before the Environment Energy and Natural Resources Subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations House of Representatives One Hundred Third Congress First Sessio](#)

[Alphabetisch Synonymisches Verzeichniss Der Wanzenartigen Insecten Nebst Historischer Uebersicht Der Einschlagigen Literatur](#)

[A Residence of Eleven Years in New Holland and the Caroline Islands Being the Adventures of James F OConnell Edited from His Verbal Narration](#)

[Roman de Moliere Le Suivi de Fragments Sur Sa Vie Privee DApres Des Documents Nouveaux](#)

[Rowes Lucan Vol 2 The Last Six Books](#)

[Les Maitres Sonneurs Vol 1](#)

[The Christian State A Political Vision of Christ A Course of Six Lectures Delivered in Churches in Various American Cities](#)

[Rachel Et Samson Souvenirs de Theatre](#)

[Educational Screen 1935 Vol 14 Combined with Visual Instruction News](#)

[Transactions of the American Society of Refrigerating Engineers Eighth Annual Meeting New York N Y December 2 and 3 1912](#)

[Les Reclamations Beligiques Vol 17 Couronnees Par La Victoire Et La Liberte Par Le Triomphe de la Religion Et Des Loix](#)

[Half Hours with the Animals Narratives Exhibiting Thought Sympathy and Affection in the Brute Creation](#)

[Opening Statements Before the Committee on Appropriations 1956 Estimate for the National Institutes of Health](#)

[Forty-Third Annual Report of the Board of Education of the St Louis Public Schools For the Year Ending June 30 1897](#)

[Le Pionnier 1844-1845 Journal Litteraire Et Artistique](#)

[Instructions for Medical Officers of the United States Navy](#)

[Voeu DETre Chaste Le Roman](#)

[A Summer at Weymouth or the Star of Fashion Vol 1 of 3 A Novel](#)

[Old Creole Days A Story of Creole Life](#)

[God and Woman \(Dyrendal\)](#)

[Motifs de Conversion de Dix Ministres Anglicans Exposes Par Eux-Memes Et Retractation Du Reverend J H Newman](#)

[La Maison de Pilate Vol 2](#)

[The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare Vol 5 Exhibited in a Series of Outline Plates Illustrative of the Story of Each Play](#)

[Zions Works Vol 4 New Light on the Bible from the Coming of Shiloh the Spirit of Truth 1828-1837](#)

[Recherches Sur La Politique Coloniale de Colbert](#)

[Advanced Lessons in English](#)

[Qui Perd Gagne Dessins de Rene Lelong](#)

[Life Is Worth Living And Other Stories](#)

[Amatory Tales of Spain France Switzerland and the Mediterranean Vol 2 of 4 Containing the Fair Andalusian Rosolia of Palermo and the Maltese Portrait Interspersed with Pieces of Original Poetry](#)

[Paris Tel Quil Est](#)

[Monsieur Bille Dans La Tourmente Roman](#)

[Noels Flamands](#)

[The Bondage of Riches](#)

[Notices Biographiques Du Gard \(Canton de Bagnols\) Vol 2](#)

[Memoires de Bilboquet Vol 2 Recueillis Par Un Bourgeois de Paris](#)

[The Theory of Strains A Compendium for the Calculation and Construction of Bridges Roofs and Cranes with the Application of Trigonometrical Notes Containing the Most Comprehensive Information in Regard to the Resulting Strains for a Permanent Load](#)

[Tales of the City Room](#)

[Beulah or Some of the Fruits of One Consecrated Life](#)

[The American Journal of Dental Science Vol 34 May 1903](#)

[Preach the Word Conference Addresses](#)

[Legends of Saint Joseph Patron of the Universal Church](#)

[Catalogue of Books Added to the Library of Congress From December 1 1867 to December 1 1868](#)

[Journal of the New-York Microscopical Society 1894 Vol 10](#)

[Graphic Scenes](#)

[The Book of Private Devotion A Series of Prayers and Meditations With an Introductory Essay on Prayer](#)

[The Kings Conquest Addresses and Sermons](#)

[The Scalpel 1858 An Entirely Original Quarterly Expositor of the Laws of Health and Abuses of Medicine and Domestic Life Volumes IX and X](#)
[General Index to Orders in Council from 1663 to 1902 And Some of the Acts of Parliament for the Regulation of the Naval Service](#)

[Our Heritage A Romance of the Sierras in Five Books](#)

[The Epistles and Gospels for Pulpit Use Being the English Version of the Epistles and Gospels Read in the Masses of Sundays and Holydays Throughout the Year](#)

[Commentary on the Gospel According to Saint John](#)

[Transactions of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers General and Subject-Matter Indices Vols I to XXXVIII 1852 to 1889](#)

[Gospel Appeals A Series of Sermons Preached During Revival Meetings](#)

[Special Sermons and Analyses of Ten of Our Lords Parables](#)

[The Great Consummation The Millennial Rest or the World as It Will Be](#)

[The Vision of a Short Life A Memorial of Warren Bartlett Seabury One of the Founders of the Yale Mission College in China](#)

[Aureae Sententiae Select Sentences Transcribed from Sundry Eminent Divines and Other Writers With Some Suitable Texts of Scripture](#)

[Alleghenians Numbers](#)

[Compere Matthieu Ou Les Bigarrures de LEsprit Humain Vol 1 Le](#)

[Chicago a Hand Book for Strangers and Tourists to the City of Chicago Containing Historical Retrospect An Account of the Rise and Progress of the City Descriptions of the Public Buildings Churches Schools Institutions and Objects of Interest Etc](#)

[The Modern French Method A Natural Attractive and Certain Mode of Acquiring the Art of Thinking Speaking and Composing in the French Language Based Upon the Principle of Association of Ideas](#)

[Son of Terror Frankenstein Continued](#)

[Les Grands Proces Politiques Le Duc DEnghien DApres Les Documents Authentiques](#)

[Scenes de la Vie Arabe Vol 3 Le Prix Du Sang](#)

[Right Here Right Now A Bildungsroman- Second Edition](#)

[Revue de Paris Vol 5 Edition Augmentee Des Principaux Articles de la Revue Des Deux Mondes Mai 1835](#)

[The Devil Upon Two Sticks Translated from the Diable Boiteux](#)

[Revue de Paris Vol 3 Mars 1841](#)

[Romance](#)

[LHomme Au Masque de Fer](#)

[Theatre Complet de G E Lessing Vol 3](#)

[The Great Sinners of the Bible](#)
