

ROMAN BIZNET

In the tree, the girl grinned. "Even if he stays up there until dawn, he'll still be coming down in the dark, won't he. Oh, we'll be fine, Aunt Aggie..Mrs. Lombardi had no visitors. She was alone in the world, her two children and her husband having passed away long ago..He didn't realize he was swinging the candlestick at Vanadium's face until he saw the blow land. And then he couldn't stop himself from swinging it yet once more..At the front, a soft spotlight focused on the life-size crucifix. The only additional illumination came from the small bulbs over the stations of the cross, along both side walls, and from the flickering flames in the ruby glass containers on the votive-candle rack..He was in a mood to shoot her, but this weapon was not fitted with a sound-suppressor. He'd left that gun in Celestina's bedroom. This was the pistol that he had taken from Frieda Bliss's collection, and it was as full of sound as Frieda had been full of spew..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..Three years ago, in St. Mary's Hospital, with Phimie's warning fresh in her mind, Celestina swore that she would be ready when the beast came, but here he came, and she was as not ready as possible. Time passes, the perception of a threat fades, life becomes busier, you work your butt off as a waitress, you graduate college, your little girl grows to be so vital, so vivid, so alive that you know she just has to live forever, and after all, you are the daughter of a minister, a believer in the power of compassion, in the Prince of Peace, confident that the meek shall inherit the earth, so in three long years, you don't buy a gun, nor do you take any training in self-defense, and somehow you forget that the meek who will one day inherit the earth are those who forego aggression but are not those so pathetically meek that they won't even defend themselves, because a failure to resist evil is a sin, and the willful refusal to defend your life is the mortal sin of passive suicide, and the failure to protect a little yellow M&M girl will surely buy you a ticket to Hell on the same express train on which the slave traders rode to their own eternal enslavement, on which the masters of Dachau and old Joe Stalin traveled from power to punishment, so here, now, as the beast throws himself against the door, as he shoves aside the barricade, with what precious little time you have left, fight. Junior shoved through the blocked door, into the bedroom, and the bitch hit him with a chair. A small, slat-back side chair with a tie-on seat cushion. She swung it like a baseball bat, and there must have been some Jackie Robinson blood in the White family line, because she had the power to knock a fastball from Brooklyn to the Bronx..The vending machines were designed to accept quarters, not to eject them. They didn't make change. Mechanically, this barrage wasn't possible..Junior held the silencer-fitted 9-mm pistol under his left arm, clamped against his side, freeing both hands to use the automatic pick..Angel didn't join the grieving women, but sat on the floor in front of the television, switching back and forth between Gunsmoke and The Monkees. Too young to be genuinely involved in either show, nevertheless she occasionally made gunfire sounds when Marshal Dillon went into battle or invented her own lyrics to sing along with the Monkees..mouth was turned down in half a frown. From the corner of her lips oozed a stream.Paul shook his head. "Oh, no. People look at our marriage, and they think I gave up so much, but I got back a lot more than I gave."..Although he ate more meals in restaurants than not, he hadn't ordered a burger in twenty-two months, since finding the quarter embedded in the half-melted slice of cheddar, in December of '65. Indeed, since then, he'd never risked a sandwich of any kind in a restaurant, limiting his selections to foods that were served open on the plate..Two teenage boys and one elderly woman scrambled across the sidewalk, grabbing at the ringing rain of quarters. They caught some, but others bounced and twirled through their grasping fingers, rolling-spinning away into the gutter..Maybe the watch wouldn't be discovered with the corpse. Maybe it would settle into the trash and not be found until archaeologists dug out the landfill two thousand years from now..She cupped his face in both of her hands and was barely able to lift his head, for fear of what she would see..Recognizing the danger of saying the wrong thing, the potential for self-incrimination, Junior clenched his jaws and waited..The wife killer was evil; and his evil would be expressed one way or another, regardless of the forces that affected his actions. If he'd not killed Naomi on the fire tower, he would have killed her elsewhere, when another opportunity for enrichment presented itself. If Victoria hadn't become a victim, some other woman would have died instead. If Cain hadn't become obsessed with the strange conviction that someone named Bartholomew might be the death of him, he would have filled his hollow heart with an equally strange obsession that might have led him, anyway, to Celestina, but that would surely have brought violence down on someone else if not on her..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..His request felt like an assault. Agnes almost rocked backward as though struck..Her voice as bright as her bed ensemble, spiritual sister to baby chicks everywhere, yellow Angel raised her head from the pillow and said, "Will you have a wedding?"..Angel interrupted, bursting into the room, gasping for breath. "Come quick! It's incredible. It's wonderful. You've got to see this. And I mean, Barty, you have to see this."..Shivering, Junior slammed the trunk lid and warily surveyed the lonely landscape. Black pines spread bristled arms through the chary night, and the moon cast down a jaundiced light that seemed to obscure more than it illuminated..Leaving three of the pats in the container, he carefully placed the fourth on the vinyl-tile floor.."Couldn't carry these three ladies," he said. "Svelte as they are, they still weigh more than a backpack."..They agreed that to the outside world, Barty must continue to appear to be a sightless man-or otherwise either be treated like a freak or be subjected, perhaps unwillingly, to experimentation. In the modern world, there was no tolerance for miracles. Only family could be told of this development..The hardest was being in this room at the very moment when Phimie had moved on. Celestina knew beyond doubt that this was the

worst thing she would have to endure in all her life, worse than her own death when it came..After a hesitation, she said, "You're the boogeyman, except when I saw you, I was hiding under the bed where you're supposed to be." These statements sounded so convoluted and so bizarre to Agnes that they nourished her growing fear for Barty's mental stability..She might have attributed his problem to eyestrain from all the reading he'd done during the past few days. She might have put drops in his eyes, told him to leave the books alone for a while, and sent him into the backyard to play. She might have counseled herself not to be one of those alarmist mothers who detected pneumonia in every sniffle, a brain tumor behind every headache..Maria's face gathered into a frown, like a piece of brown cloth cinched by a series of whipstitches. "Six lessons." Besides, the possibilities repulsed him. The very thought of a splendid-looking woman like Victoria submitting to a grotesque like Vanadium would have withered his soul if he had possessed a soul.."Better hurry," Wally advised, gracing Celestina's other cheek with a dryer kiss.."Sulk away," the man said. "If you don't like this work, there's always the roaster." 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..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..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..get his hackles up if we, at the state level, still want to poke around a little..Edom drove, happy to assist Agnes. He was happier still that he didn't have to make the pie deliveries alone..Grace dropped the phone. Harrison let the frosting knife slip out of his fingers..Tom Vanadium checked the small wastebasket next to the sink and discovered a wad of bloody Kleenex. The crumpled wrappers from two Band-Aids..When Agnes crunched the ice, the nurse said, "No, no. Don't swallow it all at once. Let it melt." Turning in circles, he tipped his head back, presenting his face to the streaming sky, laughing..Now, if Victoria reported to Vanadium that Junior had shown up at her door with a red rose and a bottle of Merlot and with romance on his mind, the demented detective would be on his ass again for sure. Vanadium might think that the nurse had misinterpreted the business with the ice spoon, but the intent in this instance would be unmistakable, and the crusading cop-the holy fool-would never give up..Apparently, he'd been drooling for a long time. Where his chin and throat were not sticky, a crust of dried saliva glazed his skin.."I'm sure you would be, yes, but I'm afraid I don't have the patience to teach, I'm a performer, not an instructor. I suppose I could give you the name of a good teacher." Angel found this hysterical, and Agnes said long-sufferingly, "Thank you for the language lesson, Master Lampion." He was simplifying and combining concepts, but he knew no other way to quickly give them a feel for the wonder, the enigma, the sheer spookiness of the world revealed by quantum mechanics.."Last time I looked, Miss Galloway lived to the south of us. Retired. Never married. No children." 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!" "You mean it's like with you in the kitchen, but not if you go into the living room? Your cold has a mind of its own?" Reflections of those tracks appeared as stigmatic tears on the long face of the physician..No matter. He was a future-focused, focused man. The past is for losers. No, wait, humility is for losers. "The past is the teat that feeds those too weak to face the future." Yes, that was the line from Zedd that Junior had stitched on a needlepoint pillow..All day, for reasons he couldn't quite put into words, Junior had carried that quarter in a pocket of his bathrobe. From time to time, he had taken it out to examine it..When she didn't at once accept his generosity, he said, "All my life, I've lived just to get through the day. First survival. Then achievement, acquisition. Houses, investments, antiques ... There's nothing wrong with any of that. But it didn't fill the emptiness. Maybe one day I'll return to medicine. But that's a hectic existence, and right now I want peace, calm, time to reflect. Whatever I do from here on . . . I want my life to have a degree of purpose it's never had before. Can you understand that?" "He's crafty, you say. Can you use him?" From serviceway to alley to serviceway to street, into the city and the fog and the night, Junior ran from the Cain past into the Pinchbeck future..The paramedic pumped the inflation cuff of the sphygmomanometer, and Junior's blood pressure was most likely high enough to induce a stroke, driven skyward by the thought that Naomi's love had been a lie..Babies of unwed mothers-especially of dead unwed mothers, and especially of dead unwed mothers whose fathers were ministers unable to endure public mortification-were routinely put up for adoption. Since Seraphim had given birth here, the baby would be-no doubt already had been-adopted by a San Francisco-area family.."Maria brought that from Mexico," Barty said. "She thought it was pretty funny. So do I. It's a hoot. Mom says it isn't really blasphemous, because it wasn't meant to be by the people who made it, and because Jesus would want you to have cookies, and, besides, it reminds us to be thankful for all the good things we get." A spirit-shredding bleakness clawed at her, but she couldn't permit it to leave her in tatters. If she traded hope for despair, as her brothers had done, Bartholomew would be finished before he'd begun. She owed him optimism, lessons in the joy of life..ON THE FOLLOWING Tuesday afternoon in Bright Beach, across a sky as black as a witch's cauldron, seagulls flew out of an evil brew toward their safe roosts, and on the land below, humid shadows of the..than the left: slack yet with a pulled look. The left eyelid drooped. That side of her..Using the straight edge of a ruler to guide his eye down each column, Junior searched for Bartholomew, ignoring surnames. He had already checked to see if anyone in the county had Bartholomew for a last name; no one in this directory did..On a street a half mile from the airport in Eugene, he sat in the parked Dodge long enough to gingerly unwind the bandages and use a tissue to wipe off the pungent but useless salve he'd purchased at a pharmacy. Although he pressed the Kleenex to his face so gently that the pressure might not have broken the surface tension on a pool of water, the agony of the touch was so great that he nearly passed out. The rearview mirror revealed clusters of hideous, large, red knobs with glistening yellow

heads, and at the sight of himself, he actually did pass out for a minute or two, just long enough to dream that he was a grotesque but misunderstood creature being pursued through a stormy night by crowds of angry villagers with torches and pitchforks, but then the throbbing agony revived him..Celestina sensed an easy camaraderie between these two men, but also tension that was perhaps related to the reference to an illegal search..One moment, girl and yellow vinyl ball. The next moment, gone as if they'd never been..The accountant lived in a white Georgian house on a street lined with huge old evergreens..Rudy's blue suit, as usual, pinched and shorted his shambling frame. Here in a boneyard, he appeared to be not just a man with a bad tailor, but a grave robber who looted the dead for his wardrobe..As beautiful as they were, none of these women satisfied him as profoundly as Naomi had satisfied him..Holding the pistol, fully extending his right arm in execution style, the gunman approached the fallen minister..Judging by his great pleasure in learning, Barty didn't feel robbed of anything. To him, the world was an orange of infinite layers, which he peeled and savored with increasing delight..By now, Junior realized that he had been locked in a meditative trance for at least eighteen hours. He had settled into the lotus position at five o'clock Monday afternoon-and Bob Chicane had shown up or their regular instruction session at eleven Tuesday morning..As he'd been instructed, Vanadium felt along the return edge of the carved limestone casing to the right of the window until he located a quarter-inch-diameter steel pin that protruded an inch. The pin was grooved to facilitate a grip. An insistent, steady pull was required, but as promised, the thumb-turn latch on the inside disengaged..The following day, Wednesday, December 27, his mother drove him to the library, where he checked out two Heinlein titles recommended by the librarian: Red Planet and The Rolling Stones. Judging by his excitement, on the way home in the car, his response to previous mystery-novel series had been a pleasant courtship, whereas this was desperate, undying love..With his mother, his uncles, and Maria hovering just two steps behind, Barty followed the driveway, not bothering with the cane, keeping his right foot on the concrete, his left foot on the grass, until he came to a jog in the pavement, which apparently he'd been seeking. He stopped, facing due north, considered for a moment, and then pointed due west: "The oak tree's over there."..The following morning, he canceled his German lessons. It was an impossible language. The words were enormously long..In that slow, flat delivery with which Junior was becoming increasingly impatient, Detective Vanadium said, "We all were, Doctor. It was another election year, remember? More than once during that campaign, I could've chugged ipecac. What else would work if I wanted to have a good vomit?"..Celestina put Angel down, and the girl raced to the bathroom as Wally stepped into the public hall and pulled the apartment door shut behind him..Although a believer, Agnes was not at the moment able to spread the flowers and ferns of faith over the hard, ugly reality of death. Cowed and skeletal, Death was here, all right, scattering his seeds among all her gathered friends, one day to reap them..Junior hadn't noticed when the detective stopped turning the coin across his knuckles..Charmed by the vulnerability of the young, he'd never slept with an older woman. The prospect intrigued him. She would have tricks in her repertoire that younger women were too inexperienced to know..This thought startled Agnes, disturbed her-yet, inexplicably, it also poured a measure of warm comfort into her chilled heart..Easter still lay a few weeks away, but already Celestina had begun decorating more than a hundred baskets, so that nothing would need to be done at the last minute except add the candy. Her living room was a warren of baskets, ribbons, bows, beads, bangles, shredded cellophane in green and purple and yellow and pink, and decorative little plush-toy bunnies and baby chicks..Ordinarily, when Celestina was troubled, her art was a perfect sanctuary from all woes. When she was planning, composing, and rendering, time had no meaning for her, and life had no sting..This time he didn't flip the quarter straight into the air. He tipped his hand, and with his thumb, he shot the coin toward Agnes..Clearly, the musician recognized him, which seemed unlikely, even extraordinary, considering that they'd never spoken to each other, and considering that Junior must be only one of thousands of customers who had passed through that lounge in the past three years..The candlestick was gone. The pedestal on which it had stood now held a Griskin bronze so devastatingly brilliant that one quick look at it would give nightmares to nuns and assassins alike..This device, which could automatically pick any lock with just a few pulls of its trigger, was sold strictly to police departments, and its distribution was tightly controlled. On the black market it commanded such a high price that Junior could have bought the better part of a small Sklent painting for the same bucks..One problem: Nolly Wulfstan, Quasimodo without a hump, probably repaired to this convenient club after work, to down a few beers, because this was surely as close as he would ever get to a halfway attractive woman. The detective would think that he and Junior were here for the same reason-to gawk at nearly naked babes and store up enough images of bobbling breasts to get through the night-and he would not be able to comprehend that for Junior the attraction was the dance, the intellectual thrill of experiencing a new cultural phenomenon..Junior had come to the gumshoe four days ago, with business that might have made a reputable investigator uncomfortable. He needed to discover whether Seraphim White had given birth at a San Francisco hospital earlier this month and where the baby might be found. Since he wasn't prepared to reveal any relationship to Seraphim, and since he resisted devising a cover story on the assumption that a competent private detective would at once see through it, his interest in this baby inevitably seemed sinister..Only one member of the distant funeral party did not disperse toward the line of cars on the service road. A man in a dark suit headed downhill, between the headstones and the monuments, directly toward Naomi's grave..When Seraphim's bastard baby was dead, evidence of paternity would die with it-and any claim for child support. Even Vanadium's stubborn, selfish, greedy, grubbing, vicious, psychotic, evil spirit would have to recognize that all hope of bringing Junior down was lost, and it would at last either dissipate in frustration or be reincarnated..During this same period, having subscribed to the opera, Junior attended a performance of Wagner's The Ring of the Nibelung..For breakfast, he avoided sugar. He ate cold roast beef and drank milk laced with a double shot of brandy..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." To see his newborn baby girl, Barty shared the sight of other Bartys, and he so adored this little wrinkled Mary that he sustained his vision all day, until a thunderous migraine became too much to bear and a sudden frightening slurring of speech drove him back to the comfort of blindness. He was able to search five pages at a sitting before his head began to ache. He'd been putting in two sessions each day, starting this past Tuesday. Four thousand names a day. Sixteen thousand total when he finished the fifth of this evening's pages. Jabbing his forefinger at each of the remaining treats, Barty said, "Pie, pie." "I'm not. I'm just going to be the conscience that Enoch Cain seems to have been born without." Ordinarily, a child of three would be too young to learn the use of a blind man's cane, but Barty wasn't ordinary. Initially, no cane was available for such a small child, so Barty began with a yardstick sawn off to twenty-six inches. By his last day, they had for him a custom cane, white with a black tip; the sight of it and all that it implied brought tears to Agnes just when she thought her heart had toughened for the task ahead. "Oh, yes. When he phoned, Reverend Collins told me all about you and Bartholomew. At the front door, when I asked the boy's name, I already knew it and was just setting up this little trick for you." "Fourteen. It's usually the family that's behind an expression of the calling at such a young age, but in my case, I had to argue my folks into it." This trick, however, was far more difficult than walking where the rain wasn't. Sustaining vision took both a mental and physical toll from him. "Everybody needs cheese," Angel said, which apparently meant that Mrs. Orwall would never lack work. "Mommy, you're wrong. After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as they gagged him and bound his arms behind him. "Now you won't weave charms nor speak spells, young'un," said a broad, strong man with a furrowed face, "but you can nod your head well enough, right? They sent you here as a dowser. If you're a good dowser you'll feed well and sleep easy. Cinnabar, that's what you're to nod for. The King's wizard says it's still here somewhere about these old mines. And he wants it. So it's best for us that we find it. Now I'll walk you out. It's like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or that way you dip your head, so. And when you know there's ore underfoot, you stamp on the place, so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will." He woke several times that night, instantly alert for a ghostly serenade, but he heard no otherworldly crooning. Agnes met them, pulling Grace and Angel to her side. Her eyes were bright with excitement. "Tom, you're a man of faith, even if you've sometimes been troubled in it. Tell me what you make of all this." Outside, he realized he hadn't paid for his juice and waffles. When he turned back to the coffee shop, he saw, through one of the windows, an associate of Salk's picking up the check from his table. "Because Cain had called him to get a recommendation of a P. I. here in San Francisco," said Kathleen. "To find out what happened to Seraphim White's baby." The galerieur's icy demeanor thawed marginally at this proof of taste and financial resources. He either smiled or grimaced at a vague but unpleasant smell-hard to tell which-and identified himself as the owner, Maxim Coquin. That was another thing. Junior hadn't gotten his noon meal, because the spirit of Vanadium had nearly caught up with him when he'd been browsing for tie chains and silk pocket squares before lunch. Then he missed dinner, as well, because he had to maintain surveillance on Celestina when she didn't go straight home from the gallery. He was hungry. He was starving. This, too, she had done to him. The bitch. First he tore two paper towels from a wall-mounted dispenser and held one in each hand, as makeshift gloves. He was determined to leave no fingerprints. Maria Gonzalez brought rice casseroles, homemade tamales, and chile rellenos. Daily, Jacob made cookies and brownies, always a new variety, and in such volume that Maria's plates were heaped with baked goods each time they were returned to her. On the day that Vanadium attended the graveside service for Seraphim and subsequently stopped at Naomi's grave to needle Cain, he had suspected that Phimie didn't die in a traffic accident, as claimed, but he hadn't for a moment thought that the wife killer was in any way connected. Now, finding this gallery brochure in the nightstand drawer seemed to be one more bit of circumstantial proof of Cain's guilt. Because of his blindness and his intellectual gifts, Barty was home schooled; besides, no teacher was a match for his autodidactic skills, nor could anyone possibly inspire in him a greater thirst for knowledge than the one with which he had been born. Angel went to this same informal classroom, and her sole fellow student was also her teacher. They aced the periodic equivalency tests that the law required. Their constant companionship seemed to be all play, yet was filled with constant learning, too. "It's what?" asked the detective, for with the exception of his teeth, he was not a self-improved individual. Over generous slices of Black Forest cake and coffee, Jacob at first held forth on the explosion of a French freighter, carrying a cargo of ammonium nitrate, at a pier in Texas City, Texas, back in 1947. Five hundred and seventy-six had perished. "Oil and natural-gas pipelines will fracture, explode. A sea of fire will wash cities, killing hundreds of thousands more." 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." As always in uncertainty, she asked herself what her mother would do in this situation. Grace, of infinite grace, unfailingly did precisely the needed thing, knew exactly the right words to console, to enlighten, to charm a smile out of even the miserable. Often, however, the needed thing involved no words, because in our journey we so often feel abandoned, and we need only to be reassured that we are not alone. "Not really. I love you, Mommy." He yawned and dropped into sleep with a quickness that always amazed her. And then everything changed in one stunning moment. Changed profoundly and forever. Looking toward the nearest window, where the wet night kissed the glass, he said, "Lawn sprinklers?" The bow business had started a few months ago. Angel said she wanted to look pretty in her sleep, in case she met a handsome prince in her dreams. Nonetheless. The rapist's curse. Healthy, but healthy at the expense of Phimie. He visited the bank in which he maintained a safe-deposit box under the John Pinchbeck identity. He withdrew the twenty thousand in cash and retrieved all the forged documents from the

box..Celestina rose, heart suddenly clumping in her breast, like heavy footsteps hurrying away from an approaching bearer of bad news, but she herself couldn't run, could only stand rooted in her hope-and hear in her mind six versions of a bleak prognosis in the two seconds before the doctor actually spoke..Startled, he braked to a halt. Agnes didn't say anything until Joey had taken three or four deep,.As they dropped toward the surgical floor, the solemn sister said, "Another hypertensive crisis.."You must've slipped this one in my pocket when you first came in here," Nolly deduced.."Then you only have to wait eighteen years," he said, opening the apartment door and stepping aside once more, allowing Celestina to precede him..She repeated this ritual eleven more times--"For Andrew, for James, for John"--frequently glancing into the nave behind her, to be sure that she was unobserved..Paul shook his head. He presented a second picture of Perri, this one taken on Christmas Day, 1964, less than a month before she died. She lay in her bed in the living room, her body shrunken, but her face so beautiful and alive..She slept for a while, waking to a prayer spoken softly but fervently in Spanish..Heaven, and his words touched a tenderness in her, overlaying an arc of pain across the curve of her smile.."By the way he acted, you'd have sworn that he gave me and Angel shelter in the storm, back then, instead of turning us out to freeze in the snow..".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..Junior's breath smoked from him as if he contained a seething fire of his own. He felt a sheen of condensation arise on his face, cold and invigorating..As his drying tears became stiff on his cheeks, Junior decided that he would most likely have to kill Vanadium to be rid of him and fully safe. No problem. And in spite of his exquisite sensitivity, he was convinced that wasting the detective would not trigger in him another bout of vomiting. If anything, he might pee his pants in sheer delight.

[Books I Have Read](#) [Books I Want to Read](#)

[Wipe-Clean Ready for Reading Phonics](#)

[Billy and the Minpins \(illustrated by Quentin Blake\)](#)

[I See the Moon](#)

[Entrepreneur Academy Are you ready for the challenge?](#)

[Mysticons Prophecy of Evil](#)

[Maths Skills for A Level Physics Second Edition](#)

[Hello Gorgeous-Eco Pouch Set](#)

[My New Home After Syria](#)

[Satsuma Bushido Life Lessons by Shimazu Jisshinsai Tadayoshi](#)

[Fateful Mornings](#)

[PM Handwriting for Victoria 2](#)

[Trick-Or-Treat Countdown](#)

[One Thousand Gifts A Dare to Live Fully Right Where You Are](#)

[Case for Christ for Kids](#)

[Trouble with Trolls](#)

[Mortal Engines #1](#)

[How Do You Find North Without a Compass?](#)

[Noras Ark](#)

[Great](#)

[The Truth About Love](#)

[Down to the River and Up to the Trees Discover the Magic of Forest Therapy and Many More Natural Wonders](#)

[Harry Potter Hogwarts Foil Note Cards Set of 10](#)

[A Practical Guide to Mindfulness Be Present in this Moment](#)

[Bring Me Back The Gripping Sunday Times Bestseller with a Killer Twist You Wont See Coming](#)

[Harry Potter Hufflepuff Crest Foil Note Cards Set of 10](#)

[The Half-Finished Heaven Selected Poems](#)

[A Practical Guide to Entrepreneurship Be Your Own Boss](#)

[Some Kind of Wonderful](#)

[30-Second Fashion The 50 key modes garments and designers each explained in half a minute](#)

[Best Kids Knock-Knock Jokes Ever! Volume 2](#)

[Fantastically Great Women Who Made History Activity Book](#)

[Reading Champion Save the library! Independent Reading 12](#)

[Lonely Planet Latin American Spanish Phrasebook Dictionary](#)

[Peppa Pig Lets Pretend! Sticker Book](#)

[The Tiger Who Came to Tea and other stories CD collection](#)

[The Telegraph Cryptic Crosswords 4](#)

[Olobob Top The Amazing World of Olobob Top](#)

[Dance with the Animals](#)

[Draw Buildings and Cities in 15 Minutes The super-fast drawing technique anyone can learn](#)

[The Telegraph Quick Crosswords 3](#)

[Things That Go](#)

[The You Are Awesome Journal Dare to find your confidence \(and maybe even change the world\) Activities inspired by the no 1 bestseller You Are Awesome](#)

[Blanket](#)

[The Zombie Gnome Defense Guide A Complete Reference to Surviving the Tiniest Apocalypse](#)

[Noisy Animals What Do the Animals Say?What Do the Animals Say?](#)

[Story Box Animal AdventuresAnimal Adventures](#)

[LEGO NINJAGO Ultimate Sticker Collection](#)

[Dogs Puppies Drawing Activity Book Learn to draw 17 different dog breeds](#)

[That Blue Sky Feeling Vol 1](#)

[How to Build an Elf Trap](#)

[Supergenius Logic Puzzles](#)

[Drink London \(New Edition\)](#)

[Mass Effect \(TM\) Annihilation](#)

[Lonely Planet Portuguese Phrasebook Dictionary](#)

[Legionary The Roman Soldiers \(Unofficial\) Manual](#)

[Frostgrave Ghost Archipelago Farwander](#)

[Paid In Blood](#)

[Ghosts in the House Tales of Terror by A C Benson and R H Benson](#)

[The Telegraph Quick Crosswords 4](#)

[Flying Models From Soaring Flight to Real Rockets - Model-Making Mindset](#)

[A Unicorn Named Sparkle](#)

[A Practical Guide to CBT From Stress to Strength](#)

[Maigret and the Saturday Caller Inspector Maigret #59](#)

[A Practical Guide to Confident Speaking Let Your Voice be Heard](#)

[Quiet Girls Can Run the World The beta womans handbook to the modern workplace](#)

[Chaos Queen - Blood Requiem \(Chaos Queen 3\)](#)

[Dreaming In Smoke](#)

[Highlights Secret Hidden Pictures Puzzles](#)

[The Jacqueline Wilson Diary 2019](#)

[NRSV Pew Bible Hardcover Red](#)

[Lulu at the Zoo](#)

[The Little Book of Yes How to win friends boost your confidence and persuade others](#)

[Ocean of Sound Ambient sound and radical listening in the age of communication](#)

[Tom Clancys Power and Empire INSPIRATION FOR THE THRILLING AMAZON PRIME SERIES JACK RYAN](#)

[Lonely Planet Mexican Spanish Phrasebook Dictionary](#)

[How to Read a Poem A practical guide which will open your eyes - and touch your heart](#)

[Promises Decide](#)

[Dark Legacy](#)

[A Pocket Coach The Confidence Coach](#)

[Peek and Seek](#)

[The Wrong Child](#)

[Survivor Diaries Lost!](#)

[Little Learning Labs Kitchen Science for Kids abridged paperback edition 26 Fun Family-Friendly Experiments for Fun Around the House Activities for STEAM Learners](#)

[In the Middle of Fall](#)

[Little Learning Labs Art for Kids abridged paperback edition 26 Adventures in Drawing Painting Mixed Media and More Activities for STEAM Learners](#)

[Little Learning Labs Unofficial Minecraft for Kids abridged paperback edition 24 Family-Friendly Creative Building Activities That Teach Math Science History and Culture Projects for STEAM Learners](#)

[Meeting Needs in Our Community](#)

[Matchstick Monkey Colours A finger-trail adventure](#)

[Furry Lamb](#)

[A Tower Stands Tall](#)

[Oliver Bonas A6 2019 Diary](#)

[Lucindas Secret](#)

[A Dome Stays Strong](#)

[Ultimate Spell-Caster Over 60 million marvellously silly spells](#)

[The Campers Survival Guide Everything You Need to Know About Camping](#)

[HIIT High Intensity Intercourse Training](#)

[Ethereal Words of Mooji](#)

[The Book of You](#)

[Evaluating Arguments about Animals](#)
