

## **PHIST 1901 VOL 22 A MAGAZINE OF ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY ART LITERATURE AN**

Surprised, Tom leaned in his chair to look more directly at the blind boy. On the telephone, Celestina had mentioned only that Barty was a prodigy, which didn't quite explain the aptness of the oak-tree metaphor. Years earlier, a stream had been diverted to fill the vast excavation. Stock fish were added, mostly trout and bass. "Wouldn't dream of asking you to make it a habit. Just this one time. If anguish, why not guilt?" 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. "My God," Junior said, pretending that his befuddlement had faded and that his mind had just now clarified, "you think Naomi was murdered, don't you?" As the fragrances of wet wool and sodden denim rose from her sweater and jeans, Agnes switched on the heater and angled the vanes of the middle vent toward Barty. "Honey, turn that other vent toward yourself." As she tucked the bedclothes around him again, she said, "Barty, I don't think you should let anyone else see how you can walk in the rain without getting wet. Not Edom and Jacob. Not anyone at all. And anything else special that you discover you can do ... we should keep it a secret between you and me." 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. Cowled and skeletal, Death was here, all right, scattering his seeds among all her gathered friends, one day to reap them. Walking away, he was aware of the many faces at the windows, all as stupid as the faces of cud-chewing cows. He had given them something to talk about when they returned from lunch to their shops and offices. He'd reduced himself to an object of amusement for strangers, had briefly become one of the city's army of eccentrics. EARTHSEA. Mrs. Cain's little boy felt small, weak, sorry for himself, and terribly alone. The detective was still here, but his presence only aggravated Junior's sense of isolation. An SFPD patrol car swept past, its siren silent, the rack of emergency beacons flashing on its roof. The sole male guest in whom he took an interest—a big interest was Sklent, the one-name painter whose three canvases were the only art on the walls of Junior's apartment. Dusk had arrived, strangling the day, and the throttled sky hung low, as blue-black as bruises. The streetlights had come on. Gouts of red light from pulsing emergency beacons alchemized the rain from teardrops into showers of blood. Dear Lord, how she loved her sugarpie, her little M&M. Three years had passed in what seemed like a month, and although there had been stress and struggle, too few hours in every day, less time for her art than she would have liked, and little or no time for herself, she wouldn't have traded being blindsided by motherhood for any amount of wealth, not for anything in the world ... except to have Phimie back. Angel was the moon, the sun, the stars, and all the comets streaking through infinite galaxies: an ever-shining light. Junior remembered the very words the detective had used: They say she died in a traffic accident. Sliding one hand lightly along the railing, the boy quickly descended the short flight of steps and walked onto the soggy lawn, into the rain. Junior flung back the covers and came to his feet, but his knees proved weak, and he sat at once on the edge of the bed. The port-wine birthmark appeared to be darker than before and differently mottled than he remembered it. During the past few hours, he had changed his life again, as dramatically as he had changed it on that fire tower almost three years ago. Mrs. Lombardi had no visitors. She was alone in the world, her two children and her husband having passed away long ago. Sparky Vox—with less training in theology and philosophy than his guest, but with a spiritual insight that any overeducated Jesuit would have to admire, even if grudgingly—had settled Vanadium's uneasy conscience. "The problem with movies and books is they make evil look glamorous, exciting, when it's no such thing. It's boring and it's depressing and it's stupid. Criminals are all after cheap thrills and easy money, and when they get them, all they want is more of the same, over and over. They're shallow, empty, boring people who couldn't give you five minutes of interesting conversation if you had the piss-poor luck to be at a party full of them. Maybe some can be monkey-clever some of the time, but they aren't hardly ever smart. God must surely want us to laugh at these fools, because if we don't laugh at 'em, then one way or another, we give 'em respect. If you don't mock a bastard like Cain, if you fear him too much or even if you just look at him in an all-solemn sort of way, then you're paying him more respect than I ever intend to. Another glass of wine?" "Who is this?" he demanded, although for a demand, the words came out too thin, too squeaky. "He came through the surgery well. He'll be in post-op for a while, then brought here to the ICU. His condition's critical, but there are degrees of critical, and I believe we'll be able to upgrade him to serious long before this day is over. He's going to make it." Junior had seen the silvery coin snapping off the cop's thumb and spinning upward. Now it was gone, as though it had vanished in midair. Everything was proceeding precisely as Junior had envisioned in the instant when Naomi had first discovered the rotten section of railing and had nearly fallen without assistance. The entire plan had come to him, wholly formed, in a blink, and during the following two circuits of the observation deck, he had mulled it over, seeking flaws but finding none. "Oil and natural-gas pipelines will fracture, explode. A sea of fire will wash cities, killing hundreds of thousands more." When Junior tried to lift Victoria, her voluptuousness lost its appeal. As dead weight, she was heavier than he expected. A great boom. Concussion rocked the floor and shuddered the walls and made the roof timbers squeal as though unsuspected colonies of bats had taken flight by the thousands all in the same instant. After the latest concerned nurse departed, Sheena leaned close. She cruelly pinched Junior's cheek between thumb and forefinger, as if she might tear off a goblet of flesh and pop it into her mouth. Warily, Junior ventured into the gallery to make inquiries. He expected the staff to express utter bafflement at the name Celestina White, expected the poster to have vanished when he returned to the display window. being careful to place the point of impact precisely where the bottle had struck her. As red as Angel had been for her evening outing, she was that yellow for retirement to bed in her own home. Two-piece yellow jersey pajamas. Yellow socks. At the girl's request, Celestina had tied a soft yellow bow in her mass of springy hair. She dealt with them equally, too, favoring neither—except in the matter of

pie delivery. On those rare occasions when she could not make these rounds herself and when she had no one to turn to but a brother, Agnes always asked for Edom's help..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..Reading about child prodigies, Agnes learned that most if not all math whizzes also possessed musical talent. To a lesser but still impressive extent, many young geniuses in the music world were also proficient at math..During the first year of her illness, she had been slowly weaned off an iron lung. Until she was seventeen, she required the chest respirator, but gradually gained the strength to breathe unassisted..Aware of the mortician's new edginess, Jacob was convinced that his initial distrust of Panglo was justified. This twitchy little guy seemed to have something to hide. Jacob didn't have to be a cop to recognize nervousness born of guilt..With Barty's presence, Christmas Eve dinners had become even more agreeable, especially this year when he was almost-three-going-on-twenty. He talked about the visits to friends that he and his mother and Edom had made earlier in the day, about Father Brown, as if that cleric-detective were real, about the puddle-jumping toads that had been singing in the backyard when he and his mother had arrived home from the cemetery, and his chatter was engaging because it was full of a child's charm yet peppered with enough precocious observations to make it of interest to adults..He must begin by learning as much as possible about ghosts, hauntings, and the vengeance of the dead. During the remainder of 1966, only two apparently paranormal events occurred in Junior Cain's life, the first on Wednesday, October 5..Zedd taught in this world where dishonesty is the currency of social acceptance and financial success, you must practice some deceit to get along in life, but you must never lie to yourself, or you are left with no one to trust..Sitting at the desk, Celestina phoned her parents again. She shook uncontrollably, but her voice was steady..An elderly Negro gentleman answered the door. His hair was such a pure white that in contrast to his plum-dark skin, it appeared to glow like a nimbus around his head. With his equally radiant goatee, his kindly features, and his compelling black eyes, he seemed to have stepped out of a movie about a jazz musician who, having died, was on earth once more as someone's angelic guardian.. "And," Joshua cautioned, "you better prepare for a long day. I'm pretty sure Dr. Chan will want to consult with an oncologist." Barty whispered: "The North Pole Society of Not Evil Adventurers is now in session." "But before you leave St. Mary's," the physician said, "I'd like a few minutes of your time. It's very important to me. Personally." Friday night, he slept more soundly than he'd slept since coming home from the pharmacy to discover Joshua Nunn and the paramedic in solemn silence at Perri's bedside. He didn't dream of trekking across a wasteland, neither salt flats nor snow-whipped plains of ice, and when he woke in the morning, he felt rested in body, mind, and soul..ROCKING AS IF AFLOAT on troubled waters, abused by an unearthly and tormented sound, Junior Cain imagined a gondola on a black river, a carved dragon rising high at the bow as he had seen on a..Out of respect for his mother, Barty struggled to hold fast to his eyeless second sight, living in the idea of a world where he still had vision, until she had been accorded the honors she deserved and had been laid to rest beside his father..From the corner armchair, as if he could see so well in the dark that he knew Junior's eyes were open, Detective Thomas Vanadium said, "Did you hear my entire conversation with Dr. Parkhurst?" With no clear awareness of having left the guest room, Paul looked down the enclosed stairs..Victoria lived on the northeast edge of Spruce Hills, where streets petered into country lanes. Here the houses tended to be more rustic, built on larger and less formally landscaped lots than those closer to the center of town, and set back farther from the street..Holding the pistol, fully extending his right arm in execution style, the gunman approached the fallen minister..Through her efforts, the Bright Beach Public Library sponsored an ambitious oral-history project financed by two private foundations and by an annual strawberry festival. Local retirees were enlisted to record the stories of their lives, so that their experiences, insights, and knowledge wouldn't be lost to generations yet unborn..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.."After the quake," Edom said, "forty thousand people took refuge in a two-hundred-acre open area, a military depot. A quake-related fire swept through so fast they were killed standing up, so tightly packed together they died as a solid mass of bodies." "Quick, very quick," he warned, helping Grace through the fire framed window and onto the roof of the porch..He couldn't remember on what principle he'd considered firing Magusson. In spite of his faults, the attorney was highly competent.."If there's a presentation, I assume then I'm the presentee," he said, taming his chair sideways to the table and taking her into his lap. "Just remember, I never wear neckties." "I never spoke with God--Nor visited in Heaven--Yet certain am I of the spot--As if the Checks were given." "Good heavens, Vinnie, I know that," she assured him as she lifted Barty--hardly bigger than a bag of sugar--from the bassinet. She settled with the baby into a rocking chair..The dining room again, but this time he remembered how he had gotten here: by way of the living room.."Whatever you're paying here, that's what you'll pay for the new place," Lipscomb said..Jacob had been born with the requisite dexterity and more than sufficient memory function. His personality disorder--which made him unemployable and guaranteed that his social life would never involve endless rounds of parties--ensured that he would have the free time needed to practice the most difficult techniques of card manipulation until he mastered them..For eight nights thereafter, Agnes padded the floor with folded blankets on both sides of the boy's bed, insurance against a middle-of-the-night fall. On the eighth morning, she discovered that Barty had returned the blankets to the closet from which she'd gotten them. They were not jammed haphazardly on the shelves--the sure evidence of a child's work--but were folded and stacked as neatly as Agnes herself would have stored them..He jammed the 9-mm pistol under his belt, grabbed Ichabod by the feet, and dragged him quickly toward the door to Apartment 1. Smears of blood brightened the pale limestone floor in the wake of the body.."Can't change your own form, even seemingly?" He was able to play peekaboo in his fifth month instead of his eighth, stand while holding on to something in his sixth instead of

eighth..The round table seated six, but they required only three chairs, because the two brainless friends were a pair of Angel's dolls..At the bed, he spread the garment across his pillow. Lying down, he pressed his face into the sweater. The sweet subtle scent of Naomi was as effective as a lullaby, and soon he dozed off..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..He felt for the railing. Grasped at the empty air only briefly. Found the handrail. He climbed to the porch..Too much, far too much to contend with, and so unfair: finding the Bartholomew needle in the haystack, hives, seizures of vomiting and diarrhea, losing a toe, losing a beloved wife, wandering alone through a cold and hostile world without a heart mate, humiliated by transvestites, tormented by vengeful spirits, too intense to enjoy the benefits of meditation, Zedd dead, the prospect of prison always looming for one reason or another, unable to find peace in either needlework or sex..She looked down at her clenched hands. Made for work, these hands, and always ready to take on any task. Strong, nimble, reliable hands, but useless to her now, unable to perform the one miracle she needed. "Barty's birthday is in eight days. I was hoping. . ."..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.."I find you more than adequate in all ways that count. Besides, Joey was a generous and good lover. What he taught me, I can share." She smiled. "You'll find that I'm a darn good teacher, and I sense in you a star pupil."..He'd never had a chance to read this to Perri or to benefit from her opinion. Now, as he scanned the lines of his calligraphic handwriting, his words seemed foolish, inappropriate, confused..On the morning in August that Agnes came home from Dr. Joshua Nunn's office with the results of tests and with a diagnosis of acute myeloblastic leukemia, she asked that everyone pack up and caravan, not to deliver pies, but to visit an amusement park. She wanted to ride the roller coaster, spin on the Tilt-A-Whirl, and mostly watch the children laugh. She intended to store up the memory of Barty's laughter as he had stored up the sight of her face in advance of the surgery to remove his eyes..In retrospect, coming here wasn't a wise move. Evidently, the detective had been following him. Now, Vanadium would puzzle out a motive for this late-night graveyard tour..Darker than water, another stain spread across the lap and down the legs of the pants. It was the color of port wine when filtered through the gray fabric of the jogging suit, but even in her semi-delirious state, she knew that she was not the vessel for a miracle birth, was not bringing forth a baby in a flush of wine, but in a gush of blood..Now, trouble. Different from what he'd experienced before but just as powerful and terrifying. He didn't need to regurgitate, but he desperately needed to evacuate..When at last he spoke, real grief, quiet but profound, softened his voice: "March first, three years ago, my wife and two sons-Danny and Harry, both seven, twins-were coming home from visiting her parents in New York. Shortly after takeoff ... their plane went down."..Surprisingly, he received a lot of gratification from voicing this insult, even though Vanadium was too dead to hear it..He rewound the words, played them again, but still the source of the threat eluded him. He was hearing them in his own voice, as if he had once read them in a book, but he suspected that they had been spoken to him and that..Greed. So easy, taking money from the rubes. Soon, instead of peeling off a little from each game, he sought bigger kills..He didn't bother to press Vanadium's hand around the weapon. There wasn't going to be a wealth of evidence for the Scientific Investigation Division to sift through, anyway, when the fire was finally put out: just enough charred clues to allow them an easy conclusion..This was not a ghost. This was not a walking dead man. This was something else, but until he knew what it was, who it was, the only person he could possibly look for was Vanadium..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..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!"..Well, anyway," she said, as though Muffins uncharacteristic viciousness had been adequately explained, "this mending ought to cover ten more lessons."..When Junior cut open a grapefruit for breakfast, he didn't find a quarter in it..From childhood, Celestina was encouraged to be confident that life had meaning, and when she'd needed to share that belief with Dr. Lipscomb as he struggled to come to terms with his experience in the operating room, she'd done so without hesitation. Strangely, however, she herself was having difficulty absorbing these two small miracles..If Vanadium was watching, however, he would interpret the pitch of the coin to mean that his unconventional strategy was working, that Junior's nerves were frayed to the breaking point. With an adversary as indefatigable as this cuckoo cop, you dared never show weakness..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..In the instant that Junior had shoved Naomi into the rotted railing, he had foreseen this visit from Rudy, Sheena, and Kaitlin. He'd known he could pretend to be offended at the state's offer to put a price on his loss, could feign revulsion, could resist convincingly--until gradually, after grueling days or weeks, he reluctantly allowed the indefatigable.proud," she said, smiling as she quoted one of their father's most familiar sermons, "nor powerful-".When the two vertical panes of the casement window were still less than seven inches apart, they stuttered. The mechanism produced a dismal grinding rasp that sounded like a guttural pronunciation of the problem itself, c-c-c-corrosion, and seized up..Agnes was so weary, her eyes so sore and grainy,

that even this soft radiance stung. She almost closed her eyes and gave herself to sleep again, that little brother of Death, which was now her only solace. What she saw in the lamplight, however, compelled her attention..Airborne, Phimie complained of ringing in her ears, which might have been related to the flight. She also suffered an episode of double vision and, in the airport after landing, a nosebleed, which appeared to be related to her previous symptoms..At the foot of the bed: a cedar chest. Four feet long, two feet wide, perhaps three high. Brass handles..She started to get up from the chair behind the desk, but he encouraged her to stay seated..Throughout this procedure, Barty appeared solemn and thoughtful. When he had squeezed the tenth toe, he stared at it, brow furrowed.

[L'Hospitalisation Des Accidentis Du Travail](#)

[Harmonies Des Intirits Industriels Et Des Intirits Sociaux Cours de 1833](#)

[Tom Jones Et Fellamar](#)

[Les Pansinusites Piriorbitaires](#)

[de la Broncho-Pneumonie Dans La Diphtirie](#)

[Carnet Blanc Celosia Cristata Dessin 19e Siicle](#)

[Propagation Des Sciences Europiennes Dans L'Extrême Orient Etude Réciproque Des Peuples](#)

[Petit Cours de Versions Allemandes Colliges Et Maisons diducation Nouvelle édition](#)

[de l'Incision Vaginale Directe Etude Critique](#)

[Organisation Du Domaine Dans Les Colonies Et Territoires](#)

[Fièvre Typhoïde Hipital Des Enfants-Malades 1877](#)

[Rapport Sur Le Cholera-Morbus de Lyon Et Principalement de l'Hipital Militaire](#)

[Les Sueurs Morbides](#)

[Thèse Des ichanges](#)

[Observations Sur l'Ordre Judiciaire](#)

[L'Ombre de Molière 1673 Comédie En 1 Acte Et En Prose](#)

[Petit Dictionnaire de Médecine Usuelle 5e édition](#)

[Les tapes d'Un Volontaire Lucile S rie 5](#)

[de la Mort Subite Par Embolie Pulmonaire Dans Les Varices Enflammies](#)

[Les Nullitis Du Mariage En Droit Romain Et En Droit Français Thèse Pour Le Doctorat](#)

[La Minagerie i Son Altesse Royale Mademoiselle](#)

[La Cour d'Espagne Au Commencement Du Xixe Siicle](#)

[Alcippe Ou Du Choix Des Galants](#)

[Le Petit-Chateau i Saint-Amand-Les-Eaux 1793-1805 Boues Et Eaux Thermales](#)

[Mode d'Action Du Massage Dans Quelques Affections](#)

[Conférence Monétaire Entre La Belgique La France La Grèce l'Italie Et La Suisse En 1879](#)

[Thèse de l'Accession](#)

[Représentations Des Citoyens Et Bourgeois de Genève Au Premier Syndic de Cette République](#)

[Les Prijugis En Art Dentaire](#)

[Les Amans Riservis Comédie En Cinq Actes En Prose](#)

[Mémoire Sur l'Origine Et La Propagation de la Fièvre Typhoïde](#)

[Precis Historique Sur Le Cholera-Morbus Ou Pricautions i Prendre Contre Ce Terrible Fliau](#)

[Carnet Blanc Fleurs de Cerisier Japon 19e](#)

[Lettre Du Comte de Comminges i Sa Mire Suivie d'Une Lettre de Philomile i Progni](#)

[Contribution i l'itude Des Formes Ligères de la Fièvre Typhoïde](#)

[L'Hiriditi Acquise Ses Conséquences Horticoles Agricoles Et Médicales](#)

[Le Ravissement de Proserpine de M Dassoucy Poème Burlesque](#)

[Thèse de l'Action Résolutoire Et Du Privilège Du Vendeur En Droit Français](#)

[Sonnets Poésies](#)

[Manipulations de Physique Manuel l'Usage Des l'ives de l'Enseignement Secondaire](#)

[de la Mort Rapide Par Le Traumatisme Chez Les Sujets Atteints de Nioplasmes Profonds](#)

[Collision Du Saint-Germain Et Du Woodburn Ses Conséquences Législation Anglaise Et Procédure](#)

[Pipinières](#)

[L'Après-Souper Des Auberges Comédie](#)  
[Leçons de Choses Pour Le Jeune âge](#)  
[Celine Ou Les Frères Rivaux Tragi-Comédie](#)  
[Réponse de Madame \\*\\*\\* à La Lettre Que M de Mairan Lui a écrite Sur La Question Des Forces Vives](#)  
[Du Traitement Palliatif Du Cancer Ulcère Du Col de l'Utérus Préparation Spéciale d'Iodoforme](#)  
[Les Caisses d'épargne En France Histoire Et Législation](#)  
[Recherches Cliniques Sur La Paralyse Générale Chez l'Homme](#)  
[Meningites Cérébro-Spinales Avec Envahissement Massif Du Liquide Céphalo-Rachidien](#)  
[Inventaire Chronologique Des Documents Relatifs à l'Histoire d'Alsace](#)  
[Pris Des Grands Lacs](#)  
[Décret Et Instruction de l'Assemblée Nationale Du 13 Janvier 1791 Sur La Contribution Mobiliaire](#)  
[Priyadarsika Pièce Attribuée Au Roi Sriharchadiva En Quatre Actes](#)  
[Le Fidèle Français Ou Réflexions Heroïques Sur l'Histoire](#)  
[La Revanche de l'Amour Aventures Parisiennes](#)  
[Le Fou Raisonnable Comédie Représentée Sur Le Théâtre Royal de l'Hostel de Bourgogne](#)  
[Recueil de Plusieurs Farces Tant Anciennes Que Modernes Mises En Meilleur Ordre Et Langage](#)  
[Réponse Aux Remarques Sur Les Réflexions Touchant La Poétique](#)  
[Électre Tragédie En 5 Actes Imitée de Sophocle Par M de Rochefort](#)  
[Zofloya Ou Le Maure Histoire Du X<sup>e</sup> Siècle T4](#)  
[Thèse Divisibilité Et Indivisibilité Des Obligations](#)  
[Les Illustres Fous Comédie](#)  
[Accidents de Mines Accidents Par éboulements](#)  
[La Révolution de Février Au Luxembourg](#)  
[Morale Des Bonnes Gens Ou Évangile Républicain](#)  
[L'Eugénie Tragédie](#)  
[Théorèmes de la Géométrie Figures Et Constructions](#)  
[Nana Judith Lolo Et Cie](#)  
[Les Idylles Du Sr de Rampalle Qui Sont Contenus La Nymphé Salmacis](#)  
[Le Corso Rouge Aventures Parisiennes](#)  
[Thèse Pour Le Doctorat de la Formation Et de la Dissolution Du Mariage](#)  
[de la Meningite Tuberculeuse Chez l'Enfant](#)  
[Pathologie Prophylaxie Et Traitement Des épanchements Post-Opératoires](#)  
[La Religion Défendue Poème Contre l'apôtre à Uranie](#)  
[La Défense Des Beaux Esprits de Ce Temps Contre Un Satyrique](#)  
[Le Parti Ouvrier Belge Et Son Programme 2<sup>e</sup> édition](#)  
[Muscles Synergiques Et Asynergiques Au Cours de l'Hémiplégie Organique](#)  
[Food and Cooking of South Africa](#)  
[Copenhagen Style Guide Eat Sleep Shop](#)  
[Little Bears Hide and Seek Little Bears go Shopping](#)  
[Elizabeth Woodville - A Life The Real Story of the White Queen](#)  
[Cardenio](#)  
[Directing Shakespeare in America Current Practices](#)  
[Cook Nourish Glow](#)  
[Straight from the Horses Ass](#)  
[Bath in the Great War](#)  
[Forgetting To Be Afraid A Memoir](#)  
[The Dust of Promises](#)  
[Living Fossils](#)  
[Pride and Pudding The History of British Puddings Savoury and Sweet](#)  
[Dealing With The Tough Stuff How To Achieve Results From Key Conversations](#)

[#Struggles Following Jesus in a Selfie-Centered World](#)

[The Wisest One in the Room How To Harness Psychology's Most Powerful Insights](#)

[The Unpopular Ones Fifteen American Men and Women Who Stood Up for What They Believed In](#)

[Paris Street Style Notecards Merci](#)

[Where the Dead Pause and the Japanese Say Goodbye A Journey](#)

[Count Us In How to Make Maths Real for All of Us](#)

[A Year of Mindful Living Daily Changes for a Calmer Life Daily Changes for a Calmer Life](#)

---