

TATE INTRODUCTIONS DAVID HOCKNEY

"Was a priest," he corrected. "Might be again. At my request, I've been under a dispensation from vows and suspension from duties for twenty-seven years. Ever since those kids were killed." Sunday morning, when Agnes returned from church, Edom and Jacob joined her for lunch. During the afternoon, Jacob helped her bake seven pies for Monday delivery. Maybes are for babies, Zedd tells us in Act Now, Think Later. Learning to Trust Your Instincts. Not limited to a survey of the nursing staff on a single floor of the hospital, Junior used the elevators to roam higher and lower. Checking out the skirts. He thought he heard the tick-scrape-rattle-clink of Industrial Woman on the prow. In the living room. Now the hall. Approaching. Whereas Paul had been confounded in his desire to express his admiration for Salk, he was able to speak about Perri at length and with ease. Her wit, her heart, her wisdom, her kindness, her beauty, her goodness, her courage were the threads in a narrative tapestry that Pad could have continued weaving for all the rest of his days. Since her death, he hadn't been able to talk about her with anyone he knew, because his friends tended to focus on him, on his suffering, when he wanted them only to understand Perri better, to realize what an exceptional person she had been. He wanted her to be remembered, after he was gone, wanted her grace and her fortitude to be recalled and respected. She was too fine a woman to leave without a ripple in her wake, and the thought that her memory might pass away with Paul himself was anguishing. Junior didn't want an apology. The offer of a free lunch-or an entire week of lunches-didn't charm a smile from him. He had no interest in taking home a free apple pie. "Just now." Although Angel tried to sound nonchalant, she was trembling. "I'm not sure I can do it again." trees also revealed Barty, and no radiance from another world shone spectrally through him, as it had shone through Joey-dead-and-risen. From her reading, she knew that amniotic fluid should be clear. A few traces of blood in it should not necessarily be alarming, but here were more than traces. Here were thick red-black streams. Occasionally he woke in the night and heard himself murmuring the mantra aloud, which apparently he had been repeating ceaselessly in his sleep. "Find the father, kill the son." In April, Junior discovered three Bartholomews. Investigating these targets, prepared to commit homicide, he learned that none had a son named Bartholomew or had ever adopted a child. "Here we are," said the driver, braking to a stop at the curb in front of the gallery. Deeply distressed that he was planning the funeral of a man as young as Joe Lampion, whom he had liked and admired, Panglo paused to express his disbelief and to murmur comforting words, more to himself than to Jacob, as each decision was made. With one hand on the chosen casket, he said, "Unbelievable, a traffic accident, and on the very day his son is born. So sad. So terribly sad." She twisted her sweat-drenched face in what might have been frustration, closed her. Dr. Lipscomb brought his hands to his face, covering his nose and mouth as earlier they had been covered with a surgical mask, as though he were in danger of drawing in, with his breath, an idea that would forever change him. "It's just that you never know what anyone's hand has been up to recently," Jacob explained. "That respectable banker down the street might have thirty dismembered women buried in his backyard. The nice church-going lady next door might be sleeping in the same bed with the rotting corpse of a lover who tried to jilt her, and for a hobby she makes jewelry from the finger bones of preschool children she's tortured and murdered." And had Phimie, retrieved from death by the resuscitation procedures of the surgical team, repaid Nella's kindness with her own stunning message to Lipscomb? The window mechanism creaked, the two tall panes began to open outward but too slowly, and the cold white night exhaled a chill plume of breath into the room. He had been walking ever since, two and a half years, with brief respites in Bright Beach. "A friend's daughter. They say she died in a traffic accident down in San Francisco. She was even younger than Naomi." The second time, armed with the previously calculated fact that each regular year contains 3,153,600 seconds, and that a leap year contains an additional 86,400, she vetted Barty's answer in only four minutes. Thereafter, she accepted his numbers without verification. Celestina sensed an easy camaraderie between these two men, but also tension that was perhaps related to the reference to an illegal search. As a recreational site, Quarry Lake could be judged only a partial success. During the mining operation, trees were cleared well back from the edge of the dig, so that much of the shore would be unshaded on a hot summer day. And along half the strand, signs were posted warning Ungraded Shore: Immediate Deep Water. In places, where lake met land, the bottom lay over a hundred feet below. By the time Agnes opened the driver's door and slumped behind the steering wheel, Barty levered himself onto the seat beside her. Grunting, he pulled his door shut with both hands as she jammed the key in the ignition and started the engine. And in time, the surgeon did appear, bearing the good news that neither of the malignancies had spread to the orbit and optic nerve, but he had no greater miracle to report. A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't think anybody can." Lipscomb shifted his gaze from the street below to the source of the rain. "Phimie was not gone long, perhaps a minute-a minute and ten seconds at most-and when she was with us again, it was clear from her condition that the cardiac arrest was most likely secondary to a massive cerebral incident. She was disoriented, paralysis on the right side ... with the distortion of the facial muscles that you saw. Her speech was slurred at first, but then something strange happened. . . . would allow herself to feel the loss, the misery against which she was now armored. Phimie deserved dignity in this final. "Where's your mother this morning?" he asked, for he'd expected to have to shoot his way through a lot more than one adult to reach both children. The Lipscomb house had proved empty, however, and fortune had given him the boy and girl together, with one guardian. 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. This colored person's grave, however, was uphill of Naomi's. Over time, as the body decomposed up there, its juices would mix with the soil. When rain saturated the ground, subsurface drainage would carry those

juices steadily downslope, until they seeped into Naomi's grave 'let mingled with her remains. This seemed highly inappropriate to Junior..Fresh from sedative-assisted sleep, which hadn't ended until they were in the taxi between the hospital and the hotel, Angel had proved as fully resilient as only children could be when they still retained their innocence. She didn't understand how seriously Wally had been hurt, of course, but if the attack by Cain had terrorized her while she'd watched it from beneath her mother's bed, she didn't seem in danger of being permanently traumatized..It was hard for him to lie. He thought he was awkward at it because he had no practice. Hound knew better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud, and lies flourish in that soil. But the art of magic, though it may be used for false ends, deals with what is real, and the words it works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to lie about their art. In their heart they know that their lie, spoken, may change the world..Having used his body as a clapper in the bell of the Dumpster, Junior had struck a loud reverberant note that tolled like a poorly cast cathedral bell, echoing solemnly off the walls of the flanking buildings, back and forth through the fogbound night..Celestina jammed the shaft of the crank into the casing socket. Wouldn't fit. Her hands were shaking. Steel fins on the shaft of the crank had to be lined up just-so with slots in the socket. She fumbled, fumbled..In the kitchen, he fussily avoided the blood and stepped around Victoria to switch off both ovens. He killed the gas flame under the large pot of boiling water on the cook top.. "There's no clear evidence of birth defects, but a couple tests reveal some worrisome anomalies. We'll know when we see the child." IN GOOD DARK SUITS, clean-shaven, as polished as their shoes, carrying valises, the three arrived in Junior's hospital room even before the usual start of the working day, wise men without camels, not bearing gifts, but willing to pay a price for grief and loss. Two lawyers and a high-level political appointee, they represented the state, the county, and the insurance company in the matter of the improperly maintained railing on the observation platform at the fire tower..Regrettably, his radiant smile only emphasized, by contrast, the dire shortcomings of the face from which it beamed. Lumpish, pocked, wart-stippled, darkened by a permanent beard shadow with a bluish cast, this countenance was beyond the powers of redemption possessed by the best plastic surgeons in the world, which was no doubt why Nolly applied his resources strictly to dental work..In his entire life, Junior had never suffered this much pain without first having killed someone. Reluctant to depart until certain that his student was out of danger physically, emotionally, and mentally, Bob Chicane stayed until three thirty. When he left, he broke some bad news to Junior: "I can't keep you on my student list, man. I'm sorry, but you're way too intense for me. Way too intense. Everything you do. All the women you run through, this whole art thing, whatever all those phone books are about-now even meditation. Way too intense for me, too obsessive. Sorry. Have a good life, man." "Well, it's true," he said, finally turning the key in the proper direction and firing up the engine..This momentous day. In every ending, new beginnings. But, thank God, no ending here.. "Guilt," said the detective. "If he killed her, wouldn't an overwhelming sense of guilt be as likely as anguish to cause acute nervous emesis?"..Because he kept imagining the stealthy sounds of a dead cop rising in vengeance behind him, Junior switched on the radio. He tuned in a station featuring a Top 40 countdown..In the physician's eyes, a yearning to believe. In his face, a squint of skepticism..Yet when he put her down in the upstairs hall, she cried out for her husband--"Harry!" "-and tried to plunge once more into the narrow stairwell..The traffic light turned green. Now onward home. Rolex recovered and bright upon his wrist, Junior Cain drove his Mercedes with a restraint that required more self-control than he had realized he could tap, even with the guidance of Zedd..I have trusted in thy mercy, she thought desperately, reaching for comfort to Psalms 13:5..Among those present before the caravan returned were a few who should have known better than to allow this madness. Tom Vanadium, Edom, Maria. They stared up at the boy, tense and solemn, and Agnes could only suppose that they, too, had arrived after the fact, with the boy already beyond easy recall..As Edom crossed the threshold, moving outside to the landing at the top of the stairs, Jacob followed, proselytizing for his faith: "Christmas Eve, 1940, St. Anselmo's Orphanage, San Francisco. Josef Krepp killed eleven boys, ages six through eleven, murdering them in their sleep and cutting a different trophy from each-an eye here, a tongue there."..Stopping at the door without opening it, Vanadium turned to stare at Junior, but said nothing..Since her conversation with Joshua Nunn the previous Thursday, she'd had more than four days to armor herself for the worst. She prepared for it as well as any mother could while still holding on to her sanity..He didn't allow himself to ponder why Vanadium had come here or what relationship might have existed between the cop and Victoria. All that was for later consideration, after he had dealt with this unholy mess..mother's understanding of the world and of her own existence. Unlike most other toddlers, Barty was entirely comfortable with change. From bottle to drinking glass, from crib to open bed, from favorite foods to untried flavors, he delighted in the new. Although Agnes usually remained near at hand, Barty was as pleased to be put temporarily in the care of Maria Gonzalez as in the care of Edom, and he smiled as brightly for his dour uncle Jacob as for anyone..At the bedside, Joshua Nunn, friend and physician, looked up as Paul approached. He rose as though under a yoke of iron..They were in the rain, the solid-glassy-pounding-roaring rain, every bit as much as Gene Kelly had been when he danced and sang and capered along a storm-soaked city street in that movie, but whereas the actor had been saturated by the end of the number, these two children remained dry. Tom's eyes strained to resolve this paradox, even though he knew that all miracles defied resolution..On Christmas Eve, 1996, the family gathered in the middle of the three houses for dinner. The living-room furniture had been moved aside to the walls, and three tables had been set end to end, the length of the room, to accommodate everyone..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..He first eased from aisle to aisle, but soon moved more quickly, convinced that the singer would be found beyond the next

turn, and then the next. Was that her trailing shadow he had glimpsed, slipping around the corner ahead of him? Her womanly scent lingering in the air after her passage? Of course, Seraphim's child would not have a telephone. He was just a baby, dangerous to Junior in a way that was not clear, but a baby nonetheless. Chicane packed the ice against Junior's thighs. "Severe spasm causes inflammation. Twenty minutes of ice alternating with twenty minutes of massage, until the worst passes." Earlier, he had placed an open fifth of vodka on the table, in front of Victoria. The nurse, no longer in the chair, sprawled on the floor as if she had emptied another bottle before this one. Edom and Jacob Isaacson were her older brothers, who lived in two small apartments above the four-car garage at the back of the property. "Really, Angel," Barty said with genuine concern, "it might be scary. I got another one we could listen to, if you want." These kids were the same age, yet listening to them was akin to hearing Angel do her charming shtick with an adult who had a lot of patience, a sense of humor, and an awareness of generational ironies. ANGEL WAS DRESSED in as much red as the devil himself: bright red shoes, red socks, red leggings, red skirt, red sweater, and a knee length red coat with a red hood. Striving to appear casual, but obviously unnerved, the pencil-thin man backed off again. "The paintings are lovely, wonderful, I'm enormously impressed. I'm a friend of the artist's, you know. She was a tenant of mine, I was her landlord during her early college years, in her salad days, a nice little studio apartment, before the baby. A lovely girl, I always knew she'd be a success, it was so apparent in even her earliest work. I just had to come tonight, even though a friend's covering two of my four sets. I couldn't miss this." Joey rested not under the stern watch of the cypresses, but near a California pepper tree. With its graceful, cascading boughs, it appeared to stand in meditation or in prayer. His exceptional sensitivity remained a curse. He had been more profoundly affected by Victoria's and Vanadium's tragic deaths than he had realized. Wrenched, he was. Grace declined food, but Tom ordered for her, anyway, selecting those things that by now he knew Celestina liked, guessing that the mother's taste had shaped the daughter's. She was so hot that the ice melted quickly. A thin trickle slid down her throat, but not enough to take the Sahara out of her voice when she said, "More." He repressed the scream, however, because he sensed that if he gave voice to it, he wouldn't be able to silence himself for a long long time. On his nightstand, he found an envelope evidently placed there by Hanna, after she'd taken it from his pharmacy smock, which he had given her to launder. The envelope contained the letter about Agnes Lampion that Paul had written to Reverend White in Oregon. "No. Rowena dropped those names after the twins' first year. She and I were the only ones who ever used them. Our private little joke. Even the boys wouldn't have remembered." They had not come to Junior yesterday in their grief, if in fact they had thought to grieve. "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." In Cain's bedroom, Tom Vanadium's hooded flashlight revealed a six-foot-high bookcase that held approximately a hundred volumes. The top shelf was empty, as was most of the second. Scowling, Joey stared at the floor in puzzlement, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, sighed, turned his attention to the ceiling, and shifted his weight again, for all the world like a trained bear that couldn't quite remember how to perform its next trick. This was different earthquake weather from that of ten days ago, when he'd made the pie deliveries alone. Then: blue sky, unseasonable warmth, low humidity. Now: low gray clouds, cool air, high humidity. He pushed on the door, but still it resisted, and he surprised himself by letting out a bellow of frustration that expressed quite the opposite of self-control, though no one listening could have the slightest doubt about his determination to commit and command. When she left Our Lady of Sorrows a few minutes later, she was convinced that the knave of spades--whether a human monster or the devil himself--would never cross paths with Barty Lampion. From the chair in the corner, where Agnes sat, it seemed that Joshua took an inordinately long time on what was usually a quick examination. Worry so weighed on her that the physician's customary thoroughness seemed, this time, to be filled with dire meaning. The minister had finished. The service was over. No one came to Junior with condolences, because they would see him again shortly, at the Ford dealership buffet. The formless apprehension with which she had awakened at 1:50, Tuesday morning, had returned to her from time to time during the past couple days. Now, here it came again, pinching her throat and tightening her chest--at last beginning to take form. Junior didn't believe in gods, devils, Heaven, Hell, life after death. He put his faith in one thing: himself. Another machine beside the first, stocked with copies of a sexually explicit publication for gays, fired a quarter that hit Junior's forehead. The next snapped against the bridge of his nose. Academy of Art College and might have met Celestina White. The critiques of her paintings. "Cancer," she whispered, and superstitiously reproached herself for speaking the word aloud, as though thereby she'd given power to the malignancy and ensured its existence. Applying enough pain, he could have gotten cooperation even from Vanadium. The detective had said he'd heard Junior fearfully repeat Bartholomew in his sleep, which Junior believed to be true, because the name did resonate with him; however, he wasn't sure he believed the cop's claim to be ignorant of the identity of this nemesis. The stems, thorns sharp against his tongue. And then Agnes. Agnes in the yard, screaming. She continued: "When we don't allow ourselves to hope, we don't allow ourselves to have purpose. Without purpose, without meaning, life is dark. We've no light within, and we're just living to die." The friendship, the work, and not least of all the sense of home and belonging that everyone felt within minutes of crossing Agnes's threshold--these things appealed to Celestina and Grace. But they didn't want Paul to feel that his hospitality was unappreciated. His thought had been that Reverend White might find in Agnes, Bright Beach's beloved Pie Lady, a subject who would inspire a sequel to the sermon that had so deeply affected Paul--who was neither a Baptist nor a regular churchgoer--when he had heard it on the radio more than three years ago. Barty wanted to hug her. He did hug her. He hugged Angel, too. He hugged Tom Vanadium. They were a favorite pair when he was pattering around the house on weekends. "Oh," he said, "that dog." The street in front of the gallery was as flooded by a sea of fog as the alleyway at the back. The headlights of passing traffic probed the gloom like beams from

deep-salvage submersibles at work on the ocean floor..The minister's threat had been forgotten, repressed. At the time, only half--heard, merely kinky background to lovemaking, these words had amused Junior, and he'd given no serious thought to their meaning, to the message of retribution contained in them. Now, in this moment of extreme danger, the inflamed boil of repressed memory burst under pressure, and Junior was shocked, stunned, to realize that the minister had put a curse on him!.Although she was aware that these extraordinary events would shape the rest of her life, beginning with her actions in the hours immediately ahead of her, she could not clearly see what she ought to do next. At the core of her confusion was a conflict of mind and heart, reason and faith, but also a battle between desire and duty. Until she was..When she complimented him on being such a good little soldier, abiding his cold with no complaint, he shrugged. Without looking up from the coloring book, he said, "It's just here."..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..must either change her mind or commit herself to a more difficult and challenging life than any she had envisioned only this morning..Some acts were distasteful, too, such as searching the lunatic lawman for his car keys and his badge..When the old man died and Agnes inherited the property, the three of them played cards in the backyard for the first time on the day of his funeral, played openly rather than in secret, almost giddy with freedom. Eventually, when Agnes fell in love and married, Joey Lampion joined their card games, and thereafter, Jacob and Edom enjoyed a greater sense of family than they had ever known before..After a day of work, the pencil portrait of Nella Lombardi was finished. The second piece in the series--an extrapolation of her appearance at age sixty--was begun..He summoned enough courage to approach the nightstand. His hand trembled. He half expected the quarter to be illusory; to disappear between his pinching fingers, but it was real..face with one hand, as if pulling off cobwebs. "Did you say you were in my house?".Maria's hand tamed, the card turned, and another knave of spades revolved into view, snapped against the table..The baby felt too light to be real. She weighed five pounds fourteen ounces, but she seemed lighter than air, as though she might float up and out of her aunt's arms..Rhythmic breathing. Slow and deep. Slow and deep. Per Zedd, the route to tranquility is through the lungs.. "I'm not going anywhere," she pledged. She had realized that his voice was growing heavy with sleep. "But it's time for you to go to dreamland."..Harmless though they were, the sight of them, swaddled and for the most part concealed, first troubled him and then quickly brought him --inexplicably, irrationally, undeniably--to the trembling edge of outright fear..Koko changed directions with a fantastic pivot turn and bounded after the girl..His artificial eyes were almost a month old. He'd been through surgery to have the eye-moving muscles attached to the conjunctiva, and everybody told him that the look and movement were absolutely real. In fact, they had told him this so often, in the first week or two, that he became suspicious and figured that his new eyes were totally out of control and spinning like pinwheels..He pushed back the bedclothes and sat up, leaning against the pillows and headboard. "This is maybe a hard thing for you to do, but it's really important."..Finally Vanadium said, "According to the lab report, the baby she was carrying was almost certainly yours."..They had a few days for quiet celebration of this astonishing recovery of his sight, and in that time, she never tired of watching him read to her. He didn't think she even listened closely. It was the fact of him made whole that lifted her spirits so high as they were now, not any writer's words nor any story ever written..As always in uncertainty, she asked herself what her mother would do in this situation. Grace, of infinite grace, unflinchingly 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..For a while, Junior profited enormously from Tammy's investment advice, and the sex was great. As a thank-you for the hefty trading commissions she earned--and not incidentally for all the orgasms--Tammy gave him a Rolex. He didn't mind her four cats, didn't even care when the four grew to six, then to eight..Thrusting his finger toward the table with each repetition of the word, Barty happily insisted, "Pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie."..After clicking off the kitchen lights, the hall light, and the light in the foyer, he pulled shut the front door, leaving the house dark and silent behind him..A stab of horror punctured Celestina as she failed to repress a mental image of a carnival-sideshow monster, half dragon and half insect, coiled in her sister's womb. She hated the rapist's child but was appalled by her hatred, for the baby was blameless..They could not have been more solemn or more respectful if Naomi's corpse--stitched back together, pumped full of embalming fluid, painted with pancake makeup, dressed in white, with her cold hands clasping a Bible to her breast--had been reposing in a casket in this very room, surrounded by flowers and awaiting the arrival of mourners. They were all polite, soft-spoken, sad-eyed, oozing unctuous concern--and so full of feverish calculation that Junior wouldn't have been surprised if they had set off the ceiling-mounted fire sprinklers..The full nature of the nightmare continued to elude him, but he became convinced that good reason for his fear existed, that the dream had been more than a dream. He had a nemesis named Bartholomew not merely in dreams, but in the real world, and this Bartholomew had something to do with ... babies..Waking from a bad dream, he sometimes thought he heard the ratcheting of gear-wheel feet. The scrape and creak of rusted iron joints. The clink of rake-tine fingers rattling against one another..In the living room stood a Christmas tree, and under the tree lay prettily wrapped presents. Junior enjoyed opening all of them, but he didn't find anything he wanted to keep..wickedly sharp silver scimitar suspended by a filament more fragile than a human hair..Head lowered, as if his visit to Jacob were a weight that bowed him, his attention was on the ground. Otherwise, he might not have noticed, might not have been halted by, the intricate and beautiful pattern of sunlight and shadow over which he walked..While waiting for inspiration to present him with a better strategy, Junior returned to the telephone book in search of the right Bartholomew. Not the directory for Spruce Hills and the surrounding county, but the one for San Francisco..The sudden change of subject, from the airliner crash to

Phimie, confused Celestina..He was as solid as any boy. He was in the day but not in the rain. He was moving toward the back of the car.."I'm no hero," Paul insisted. "I just got your mom out of there in the process of saving myself."Focus. Prepare to kill Bartholomew and anyone who tries to protect Bartholomew on January 12. Prepare for all contingencies..He was astonished that adoption records would be sealed and so closely guarded when a child was being placed with a member of its immediate family, with its mother's sister..Edom and Jacob arrived, dinner was served, and while the food was wonderful, the conversation was better-even though the twins occasionally shared their vast knowledge of train wrecks and deadly volcanic eruptions. Paul didn't contribute much to the talk, because he preferred to bask in it. If he hadn't known any of these people, if he had walked into the room while they were in the middle of dinner, he would have thought they were family, because the warmth and the intimacy-and in the twins' case, the eccentricity-of the conversation were not what he expected of such newly made friends. There was no pretense, no falsity, and no avoidance of any awkward subject, which meant there were sometimes tears, because the death of Reverend White was such a fresh wound in the hearts of those who loved him. But in the healing ways of women that remained mysterious to Paul even as he watched them do.As the afternoon waned toward a portentous dusk and toward the gallery reception for Celestina White, Junior prepared his knives and guns..Three times, Mary vanished, and three times she reappeared, before she led the bamboozled Koko to her mother and father. "Neat, huh?".At first all had gone well. Agnes, Maria, and Edom were rightly amazed. A thrill of wonder and big smiles all around the table. They were enthralled by the astoundingly favorable fall of cards, a breathtaking mathematical improbability..a scene out of a movie about Robin Hood: a battle with cudgels on a slippery log bridge over a river. "Yes. I ... I'm still soaked with sweat."The odds against this phenomenal eleven-card draw must be millions to one, which seemed to give the predictions validity..Later, at home in bed, after Nolly proved the value of oysters, he and Kathleen lay holding hands. Following a companionable silence, he said, "It's a mystery."For a moment, none of them spoke. The silence was as flawless as the preternatural hush reputed to precede the biggest quakes.

[Bacterial Degradation of Ortho-Dimethyl Phthalate Ester and Adaptation of Escherichia Coli K12 to Carbon-Limited Growth](#)

[Utilization of Free Dental Services A Socio-Dental Study of Hong Kong Chinese Civil Servants](#)

[Liberalism Marxism and the Intellectual Movement in China 1915-1920 With Special Reference to the Career of Chen Tu-Hsiu](#)

[The Effectiveness of Developmental Teacher Appraisal in a Secondary School in Hong Kong](#)

[The Focusing of the Hku Positron Beam and an Extended Design for Incorporating Secondary Electron-Positron Annihilation Lifetime Spectroscopy](#)

[Muslime Und Weihnachten? Formen Der Integration in Die Deutsche Leitkultur Am Beispiel Des Weihnachtsfestes](#)

[Energieeffizienz Bei Nutzfahrzeugen Technischer Und Wirtschaftlicher Aspekte Von Biokraftstoffen Und Dieselmotoren](#)

[Gesellschaftlicher Umgang Mit Flüchtlingen VOR Dem Hintergrund Der Flüchtlingsbewegungen Von 1945](#)

[Robert Fortune A Plant Hunter in the Orient](#)

[Tutors Guild Year Six Mathematics Tutor Assessment Pack](#)

[Health and Physical Education for the Australian Curriculum Years 9 and 10 Alternate Version Teacher Resource \(Card\)](#)

[Mega 058 Building Level Administrator Mega 058 Study Guide](#)

[Numerical Methods and Analysis of Multiscale Problems](#)

[Hooked on Phonics Learn to Read - Levels 56 Complete Transitional Readers \(First Grade - Ages 6-7\)](#)

[Hooked on Phonics Learn to Read - Levels 34 Complete Emergent Readers \(Kindergarten - Ages 4-6\)](#)

[The Allyn Bacon Guide to Writing Concise Edition](#)

[Auslandsentsendung Und Generation y](#)

[Technical Communication Strategies for Today](#)

[Abrahamischer Dialog Und Zivilgesellschaft Eine Untersuchung Zum Sozialintegrativen Potenzial Des Dialogs Zwischen Juden Christen Und Muslimen](#)

[Attention Deficit Disorder Clinical and Basic Research](#)

[Clinical Cases in Phototherapy](#)

[Stress and Coping in Parents of Children with Developmental Disabilities](#)

[Applied Logic for Computer Scientists Computational Deduction and Formal Proofs](#)

[Kants Theory of Normativity Exploring the Space of Reason](#)

[Forme Et Fonction Remarques Sur La Poesie Dans La Societe Byzantine](#)

[God A Brief Philosophical Introduction](#)

[Exploring Secondary School English as a Foreign Language \(Efl\) Teachers Attitudes to and Perceptions of Using the Internet in English Language Teaching in Benin](#)

[Urban Village How to Survive?](#)

[The Trump Movement My Path My Purpose](#)

[Light-Emitting Diodes Incorporating Microdisks and Microspheres](#)

[Gender Bias in Policing](#)

[The Role of the States in Developing Chinese Gateways The Case of Ningbo in the Yangtze River Delta](#)

[Mtel Mathematics \(09\) Study Guide Mtel Math Exam Prep and Practice Test Questions for the Massachusetts Tests for Educator Licensure](#)

[Chapitres](#)

[Genomic Instability and Accelerated Cellular Senescence in Laminopathy-Based Premature](#)

[Significance of Lrp6 Coreceptor Upregulation in the Aberrant Activation of Wnt Signaling in Hepatocellular Carcinoma](#)

[Epidemiology and Control of Rabies in Developing Countries A Systematic Review](#)

[Teachers and Principals Perception of the Effectiveness of Supervisory Approaches to In-Service Staff Development Planning](#)

[Volunteering for Nature Conservation Motivations Benefits and Attitude](#)

[Parental Roles in Provision of Play and Learning Materials Among Children with Physical Challenges](#)

[A Mandala of Words Cultural Realities in the Poems of Ashok Vajpeyi](#)

[Advanced Analysis and Join Queries in Multidimensional Spaces](#)

[Political Leadership in Morphogenetic Perspective](#)

[Schelling Und Die Antipolitische Moderne Ist Die Parlamentarische Demokratie in Gefahr?](#)

[Molecular Evolution of Pyroglutamylated Rfamide Peptide and Orphan G Protein Coupled Receptor](#)

[Disillusionment and Alienation in Hamids Selected Works](#)

[Hepatocyte Growth Factor-Met Signaling in Ovarian Cancer Progression](#)

[Six Conjectures on Integration](#)

[A Study of Freight Transport Air Cargo in Hong Kong](#)

[Generalized Beamforming for Downlink of Multi-User MIMO Systems](#)

[A Study of the Relationship Between the Pituitary Gland and Natural Sex Reversal in the Ricefield Eel *Monopterus albus* \(Zuiew\)](#)

[Behaviour of Multistorey Infilled Frames Under Lateral Static Load](#)

[Junior Secondary Students Schemata on a Line Reflection Construction Task](#)

[Item Bias in the 2nd IEA Mathematics Study](#)

[Tourism and Transportation in Hong Kong](#)

[A Study of Kindergarten Principals as Mentors for Initial Teacher Education](#)

[The Urban Fringe](#)

[English-Cantonese Code Mixing Among Senior Secondary School Students in Hong Kong](#)

[Personnel Policy and the Disciplined Services 1985-1991 An Evaluation of Pay Policy](#)

[Abuse of Wushi Powder in Old China Archival Analysis Using Qualitative Approach](#)

[Principles and Methodology of Non-Parametric Discrimination](#)

[Smoking and Nasopharyngeal Carcinoma Prospective Evidence from the Guangzhou Occupational Cohort Study and a Meta-Analysis](#)

[Functional Characterization of an Arabidopsis Anther-Specific Gene Encoding a Dihydroflavonol 4-Reductase-Like Protein](#)

[Myth as a Transforming Vision A Comparative Approach to the Roles of Myth in Chinese Fiction as Exemplified by Hung-Lou Meng](#)

[Treatment Outcomes for Multidrug Resistant Tuberculosis Patients Under Dots-Plus A Systematic Review](#)

[Design Analysis Control and Application of Permanent Magnet Brushless Dual-Memory Machines](#)

[Systematic Review on the Adverse Effects of Traffic Related Air Pollution on Respiratory Health in Children](#)

[Mission Strategy of the Roman Catholic Church of Hong Kong 1949 to 1974](#)

[The Development of Antigravity Postures in Infants](#)

[A Spatial Analysis of Zhang Yuans Films](#)

[Thumb Base Joints Comparison Between Standard and Special Radiographic Projections](#)

[A Hong Kong Evaluation of Encounter Group Comparison of Participants Expectations and Change Under Varied Formats](#)

[The Fish Fauna of Lobster Bay Cape DAguilar Hong Kong](#)

[Segmentation and Recognition of Chinese Bank Cheque Amounts](#)

[Chloride Channel in Glioma Cell Invasion](#)

[The Interpretation and Application of the Building Management Ordinance in the Management of Private Sector Housing and Its Effects](#)

[The Role of English Language Teaching in Hong Kong Linguistic Imperialism or Linguistic Empowerment?](#)

[Macroeconomic Model of Housing Investment in Hong Kong](#)

[Early Middle Chinese A New Interpretation](#)

[Getting a Job in Shenzhen Personal Strategies and Institutional Reforms](#)

[Friendship and Loneliness in High-Functioning Children with Autism](#)

[Some Applications of the Generalised Peierls-Nabarro Model for Screw Dislocations](#)

[Characterization and Expression of the Multicatalytic Protease Subunit\(26s Proteasome\) During the Reproductive Cycle of the Shrimp \(Metapenaeus Ensis\)](#)

[Attention Deficits After Mild Head Injury](#)

[Renal Proximal Tubular Glycosaminoglycans-Isolation Characterization and Involvement in Calcium Oxalate Crystallization](#)

[Ultrafilters and Topologies](#)

[A Limited Area Primitive Equation Weather Prediction Model for Hong Kong](#)

[Representation and Identity in XIXIs Novels](#)

[Synthesis and Characterization of Nanostructured Metallic Zinc and Zinc Oxide](#)

[Number Facts Knowledge and Errors in Paper-And-Pencil Calculation A Comparison Between Dyslexic and Non-Dyslexic Chinese Children](#)

[Development of Medical Services in Hong Kong](#)

[An Analysis of Ict Usage Among the English Teachers in a Hong Kong Secondary School](#)

[Improvement of Productivity in the Trucking Industry A Feasibility Study on the Effect of Implementing the Owner-Driver Scheme on Transport](#)

[Productivity of an Industrial Gases Company](#)

[Analysing the Impact on Modal Choice and Modal Co-Ordination of a New Rail Line A Case Study of Ma on Shan Rail](#)

[Identification of Tumor-Associated Proteins in Human Prostatic Epithelial Cell Lines Squamous Cell Carcinoma of Head and Neck by Proteomic Technology](#)

[The Parent Involvement in Secondary School Management A Case Study in Shatin](#)

[Effect of Nitric Oxide on the Proliferation and Differentiation of Neural Precursor Cells Derived from Embryonic Rat Spinal Cord](#)

[A Critical Exploration of Internal Self-Determination Under International Law with Particular Reference to the Sri Lankan Conflict](#)

[Nutritional Quality and Starch Physicochemical Properties in Sweetpotato](#)

[Resonant Andreev Reflections in Superconductor-Carbon-Nanotube Devices](#)
