

## **NDENCIA DA CORTE DE PORTUGAL COM OS VICE REIS DO BRASIL NO RIO DE JA**

Lipscomb turned to Celestina. "Before lapsing into semicoherence again, your sister said, 'Beezil and Feezil are safe with her,' which may sound less than coherent to you, but not to me." "Possible complications include cerebral hemorrhage, pulmonary edema, kidney failure, necrosis of the liver, coma-to name a few." Without commenting, Tom continued: "And worlds just like ours-except that my parents never met, and I was never born. Worlds in which Wally was never shot because he was too unsure of himself or just too stupid to take Celestina to dinner that night or to ask her to marry him." was trying her best to ensure the health of the baby while still remaining slim enough to avoid suspicion.. "Your mind is as fascinating as ever," he said. "Your soul as beautiful. Listen, Per, since we were thirteen, I was never primarily interested in your body. You flatter yourself shamelessly if you think it was all that special even before the polio." Celestina looked out a kitchen window and saw Agnes in the Lampion driveway, where the three-vehicle caravan was assembled. She was loading her station wagon.. "You're one to talk," Celestina said. "Who was it told us they were sitting hand in hand on the front-porch swing." The popeyed little toad smirked over there on the far side of his pretentious desk.. With great deliberation, Joey shifted gears and followed the drive way to the street, where he peered left and then right with the squint-eyed suspicion of a Marine commando scouting dangerous territory. He turned right.. Indeed, he would get through the rest of 1965 without resorting to another homicide. The nonfatal shooting in September would be regrettable, quite messy, painful-but necessary, and calculated to do as little damage as possible.. The infant's smile was so captivating and his puzzlement so comically earnest that both expressions worked on Agnes's misery as surely as yeast leavens dough. Her bitter tears turned sweet.. He let go of the girl's chin, and at once she scrunched into the corner of the window seat, as far away from him as she could get. The knowing look in her eye wasn't that of an ordinary child, not that of a child at all. Not his imagination, either. Terror, yes, but also defiance, and this knowing expression, as though she could see right through him, knew things about him that she had no way of knowing.. Celestina was hardly more than a child herself, pretending to have the strong shoulders and the breadth of experience to bear this burden. She felt half crushed.. He reached the end of the alleyway, stumbled into the stream of pedestrians, nearly knocked over an elderly Chinese man, turned, and discovered ... no Vanadium.. Later, when the seven of them were gathered at the dinner table, the adults raised glasses of Chardonnay, the children raised tumblers of Pepsi, and Maria gave the toast. "To Bartholomew, the image of his father, who was the kindest man I've ever known. To my Bonita and my Francesca, who brighten every day. To Edom and Jacob, from who ... from whom I've learned so much that has made me think about the fragility of life and made me realize how precious is every day. And to Agnes, my dearest friend, who has given me, oh, so much, including all these words. God bless us, every one." Someone named Bartholomew had adopted Seraphim's son and named the boy after himself Junior applied the patience learned through meditation to the task at hand, and instinctively, he soon evolved a motivating mantra that continuously cycled through his mind while he studied the telephone directories: Find the father, kill the son.. "Do you know about the earthquake that destroyed seventy percent of Tokyo and all of Yokohama on September 1, 1923?" he asked.. 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.. Sweet-tempered, generous, honest, kind Naomi had surely been incapable of murdering anyone-least of all the man she loved.. Amused, Wally said, "You artists do love to dramatize-or have I forgotten the San Francisco blizzard of '65?" She shivered, and Edom, thinking that she had caught a chill ripped off his suit jacket and draped it over her shoulders.. In the crisis, the rack holding her oxygen bottle had been rolled to the bed. The breathing mask lay on the pillow beside her.. Yes, she did, she had one, but not much of one, and compared to the McIntosh in Google's throat, this was just a bitty crab apple, easy to overlook, not excessive for a woman.. wickedly sharp silver scimitar suspended by a filament more fragile than a human hair.. The can struck Junior hard in the face, breaking his nose, before he could duck.. This thought startled Agnes, disturbed her-yet, inexplicably, it also poured a measure of warm comfort into her chilled heart.. They came to her, picked up the luggage that she had put down, and Edom said, "I'll drive." Professing befuddlement, the galerieur led the way through three rooms to the front windows, gliding across the polished maple floors as though he were on wheels.. If Vanadium appeared among these men, Junior would not only puke out the contents of his stomach, but also would disgorge his internal organs, every last one of them, and spew up his bones, too, until he emptied out everything within his skin.. I got Starkweather, killing all those people with no hope of personal gain. You got maniac cops and this new war in Vietnam.. LEFT HAND ON the banister, right hand with knife tucked close to his side and ready to thrust, Tom Vanadium climbed cautiously but quickly to the upper floor, glancing back twice to be sure that Cain didn't slip in behind him.. "There's lots of places where I don't have bad eyes at all. And then lots of places where I have it worse or don't have it as bad, but still have it some." "It's there even when you read to me now. The sad feeling, I mean. It changes the story, makes it not as good, because I can't pretend I don't hear how sad you are." Channeling his beautiful rage, Junior hefted the corpse onto the windowsill, and shoved it headfirst into the alley. The fog received it with what sounded almost like a swallowing noise.. Just as Celestina snapped shut the latches on the suitcase and turned to the door, a nurse's aide entered, pushing a cart loaded with towels and bed linens.. "Oh, yes, I recall it now. Polar bears eating tourists in Union Square, wolf packs prowling the Heights." "When your hands are bigger," Tom agreed, "I'm sure you could. In fact, one day I'll teach you." As he'd proved to himself on his previous two visits-his first night in town and then two nights thereafter-this number was merely part of the pianist's repertoire. Nothing supernatural here.. He could have killed someone named Henry or Larry, without risk of creating a Bartholomew pattern that would prickle like a pungent scent in the hound-dog nostrils of Bay Area

homicide detectives. But he restrained himself.. "Done," Agnes said. "Now put away the three dollars, and let's have our lesson before my water breaks."..All three of these sorry excuses for human beings were money mad. Rudy owned six successful used-car dealerships and--his pride--a Ford franchise selling new and used vehicles, in five Oregon communities, but he liked to live large; he also visited Vegas four times a year, pouring money away as casually as he might empty his bladder. Sheena enjoyed Vegas, too, and was a fiend for shopping. Kaitlin liked men, pretty ones, but since she might be mistaken for her father in a dimly lighted room, her hunks came at a price..What good was she to anybody, what good could she ever hope to be, if she couldn't even save her little sister?.The end of his quest was near, so near, the right Bartholomew almost within 'mullet range. He was furious with Neddy Gnathic for possibly screwing this up.. "If her blood pressure stabilizes through the night," Dr. Daines continued, "I want her to undergo a cesarean at seven in the morning. The danger of eclampsia passes entirely after birth. I'd like to refer Phimie to Dr. Aaron Kaltenbach. He's a superb obstetrician."..On the way home, he repeatedly checked the rearview mirror. No vehicle followed him..Because drugs foil all efforts at self-improvement, Junior had no use for the cocaine and acid. He didn't dare sell them to recover his money; even five thousand dollars wasn't worth risking arrest. Instead, he gave the pharmaceuticals to a group of young boys playing basketball in a schoolyard, and wished them a Merry Christmas. The twenty-fourth of December began with rain, but the storm moved south soon after dawn. Sunshine tinselled the city, and the streets filled with last-minute holiday shoppers..She moved beside him. "For one minute, after her heart stopped the first time, she wasn't here in St. Mary's, was she? Her body, yes, that was still here, but not Phimie."..Neddy talked when Celestina paused for breath, talked over her when she didn't pause, heard only his own mellifluous voice and was pleased to conduct both sides of the conversation, wearing her down as surely as-though far more rapidly than-the sand-filled winds of Egypt diminished the pharaohs' pyramids. He talked through the first polite "Excuse me" of the tall man who stepped into the open doorway behind him, through the second and third, and then with an abruptness that was as miraculous as any cure at the shrine of Lourdes, he fell silent when the visitor put a hand on his shoulder, eased him gently aside, and entered the apartment..The moonlight had faded and the gentle waves had ebbed out of his mind's eye. He concentrated, trying to force the phantom sea to flow back into view, but this was one of those rare occasions when a Zedd technique failed him".He had taken refuge in meditation, because he'd been frustrated by his continuing failure in the Bartholomew hunt and disturbed by his apparently paranormal experiences with quarters and with phone calls from the dead. More deeply disturbed than he had realized or had been able to admit..Reverend White's polished, somewhat theatrical, yet sincere voice rose out of the past to issue this threat in Junior's memory as he had issued it that night, from a tape recorder, while Junior had been dancing a sweaty horizontal boogie with Seraphim in her parsonage bedroom..From late morning until dinner, people arrived and departed, raised toasts to a merry Christmas and to peace on earth, to health and to happiness, reminisced about Christmases past, marveled about the first heart transplant performed this very month in South Africa, and prayed that the soldiers in Vietnam would come home soon and that Bright Beach would lose no precious sons in those far jungles..Since he knew where Celestina would be on January 12, there was no point in taking risks to find her sooner. He had plenty of time to prepare for their encounter, time to savor the sweet anticipation..The big-headed, bulging-eyed, slit-mouthed runt had collected \$850,000 from Naomi's death, so the least he could do was provide a little information. He'd probably bill for the time, anyway..In the faraway, at the limits of night and fog, the dog bit off his bark in expectation..If Junior had realized that they were driving only a block and a half, he wouldn't have followed them in the Mercedes. He would have gone the rest of the way on foot. When he pulled to the curb again, a few car lengths behind the Buick, he wondered if he had been spotted..Such quiet filled the house that Agnes couldn't hear even the murmuring miseries of the past..His patience exhausted, the pianist wrenched his hand out of Junior's grip. He glanced around nervously, certain that they must be the center of attention, but of course the reception guests were lost in their witless conversations, or they were gaga over the maudlin paintings, and no one was aware of this quiet little drama..find reason to celebrate every development in life, including the cruelest catastrophe, by discovering the bright side to even the darkest hour..Uncle Jacob, cook and baby-sitter and connoisseur of watery death, cleaned off the table and washed the dishes while Barty patiently endured a rambling postbreakfast conversation with Pixie Lee and with Miss Velveeta Cheese, whose name wasn't an honorary tide earned by winning a beauty contest sponsored by Kraft Foods, as he had first thought, but who, according to Angel, was the "good" sister to the rotten lying cheese man in the television commercials..Continuing to avert his eyes from the battered face and the two tone eyelids, Junior found the keys in an exterior pocket of the sports jacket. The credentials were tucked in an interior pocket: a single-fold leather holder containing the shiny badge and a photo ID..He went upstairs to change out of his dark blue suit and badly scuffed black shoes..After taking a preliminary statement from Celestina, Bellini left to romance a judge out of bed and obtain a search warrant for Enoch Cain's residence, having already ordered a stakeout of the Russian Hill apartment. Celestina's description of her assailant was a perfect match for Cain. Furthermore, the suspect's Mercedes had been abandoned at her place. Bellini sounded confident that they would find and arrest the man soon..If the sight of his daughter almost drove him to his knees, the sight of his wife, also his first in seven years, lifted him until he was virtually floating across the grass..Nevertheless, his sense of violation grew as he paced these now songless rooms, mystified and frustrated. On April 19, the unmanned Surveyor 3, after landing on the lunar surface, began transmitting photos to Earth, and when Junior stepped out of his morning shower, he again heard the eerie singing, which seemed to arise from a place more distant, more alien, than the moon..The nurse led the way, while the orderly pushed the gurney from behind Barty's head..FOR THE BETTER PART of a week, on doctor's orders, Agnes avoided stairs. She took sponge baths in the ground-floor powder room and slept in the parlor, on a sofa bed, with Barty nearby in a bassinet..As Nolly hung

his raincoat and his porkpie hat on a rack by the hall door, Kathleen Klerkle appeared in the entrance to the nearest of the two treatment rooms. "Are you ready to suffer?" To celebrate, upon leaving the gallery, he went to the coffee shop in the Fairmont Hotel, atop Nob Hill, determined to have a beer and a cheeseburger. The narrow brick-paved serviceway lay five feet below. The maniac had knocked over trash cans while making his escape, but he wasn't tumbled among the rest of the garbage. Too rattled to want lunch at the St. Francis Hotel or anywhere else, Junior returned to his apartment. Through miles of worry, natural beauty, imagined omens, and the iron-red sands of Mars, they drove at last to Franklin Chan's offices in Newport Beach. "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." interminably against the ignition plate before, at last, he was able to insert it. "Should be a boy, because then you'll always have a man around the house." Google didn't realize that he was an object of disgust. He wiggled his eyebrows in what he evidently assumed to be an expression of male camaraderie, and he nudged Junior with one elbow. Otter hesitated and said, "Yes." To the waiter, Nolly was Nolly, Kathleen was Mrs. Wulfstan, and Tom Vanadium was sir--though not the usual perfunctorily polite sir, but sir with deferential emphasis. Tom was unknown to the waiter, but his shattered face gave him gravitas; besides, he possessed a quality, quite separate from carriage and demeanor and attitude, an ineffable something, that inspired respect and even trust. Sudden rain spared her the need to finish the sentence. A few fat drops drew both their faces to the sky, and even as they rose to their feet, this brief light paradiddle of sprinkles gave way to a serious drumming. 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." EVERY MOTHER BELIEVES that her baby is breathtakingly beautiful. She will remain unshakably convinced of this even if she lives to be a centenarian and her child has been harrowed by eight hard decades of gravity and experience. He bought cracker sandwiches, some filled with cheese and some with peanut butter, redskin peanuts, chocolate bars, and Coca-Cola. Although this was an unhealthy meal, cheese and peanut butter and chocolate shared a virtue: they were all binding. The Church nourished the soul, while the occult nourished the imagination. In Mexico, where physical comforts were often few and hope of a better life in this world was hard won, both the soul and the imagination must be fed if life was to be livable. "Evidence suggests Vanadium killed a woman here, a nurse at the hospital. Lover's quarrel, perhaps. He set her house on fire with her body in it, to cover his tracks, but he must have realized they would still finger him, so he lit out." "Why should I be afraid of a stumbling blind boy?" asked Junior again. But this time the words issued from him in a different tone of voice, because suddenly he sensed something knowing in this boy's attitude, if not in his manufactured eyes, a quality similar to what the girl exhibited. before used. Boeotian. A dull, obtuse, stupid person. He felt very Boeotian all of a sudden. Although their apartments were above the garage, back to back, each was served by a separate exterior staircase. As often as either man entered the other's domain, they might as well have lived hundreds of miles apart. holding hands as they watched John Wayne in *The Searchers*, David Niven in *Around the World in 80 Days*. They were so young then, sure they would live forever, and they were still young now, but for one of them, forever had arrived. The dining room again, but this time he remembered how he had gotten here: by way of the living room. Being uniquely sensitive, he had mourned Naomi with his entire body, with violent emesis and pharyngeal bleeding and incontinence. His grief had been so racking that it might have killed him. Enough was enough. Only a dishonest or delusional man, however, could justify Victoria's killing as self-defense. To a degree, he'd been motivated by anger and passion, and Junior was forthright enough to admit this. He got in the Suburban, pulled the door shut, but didn't at once start the engine. More walls than not, in both rooms, were lined with bookshelves and file cabinets. Here he kept numerous case studies of accidents, man-made disasters, serial killers, spree killers: proof undeniable that humanity was a fallen species engaged in both the unintentional and calculated destruction of itself. In spite of its dazzle, the detective's smile was nonetheless melancholy, proof that he was sincere when he said that Seraphim's baby was beyond their reach. "I'm really not sad, Mom. I'm not. I don't like it this way, being blind. It's ... hard." His small voice, musical as are the voices of most children, touching in its innocence, spun a fragile thread of melody in the dark, and seemed too sweet to be speaking of these bitter things. "Real hard. But being sad won't help. Being sad won't make me see again." The white padded eye patches rebuffed her, and she realized how profoundly the boy's double enucleation would affect how easily she could read his moods and know his mind. Here was a littler loss until now shadowed by the greater destruction. Denied the evidence of his eyes, she would need to be better at noting and interpreting nuances of his body language--also changed by blindness--and his voice, for there would be no soul revealed by hand-painted, plastic implants. Aftermath had a way of being discovered, often at the worst of all possible moments, which he had learned from movies and from crime stories in the media and even from personal experience. Discovery always brought the police at high speed, sounding their sirens and full of enthusiasm, because those bastards were the most past-focused losers on the face of the earth, utterly consumed by their interest in aftermath. Although Zedd counsels living in the future, he recognizes the need to have full recollection of the past when absolutely needed. One of his favorite techniques for jolting memories loose when the subconsciously. "No. Lampion. Somewhere in your father's French background, there must have been lamp makers. A lampion is a small lamp, an oil lamp with a tinted-glass chimney. Among other things, in those

long ago days, they used them on carriages." Happy weekend. His attitude amazed her, and his strength in the face of darkness gave her courage. For a long time, she sat alone in the dark living room, in the armchair that had been Joey's favorite, thinking about many things but returning often to the memory of Barty's dry walk in wet weather. He wiped the steering wheel and every surface that he might have touched during the drive from Victoria's to the detective's place, where he'd acquired the gardening gloves that he still wore. He got out of the car and, with the door open, wiped the exterior handle. On the serving tables, the canap? trays held only stained paper doilies, crumbs, and empty plastic champagne glasses. Later, after they finished eating but were still sitting at the table over coffee, the conversation turned solemn, although for the moment, the subject wasn't the late Harrison White. How long the two women and the girl must hide out, when and where they would be able to resume lives as normal as might still be possible for them: These were the issues of the moment. He was about to lift the body out of the chair when he heard the car in the driveway. He might not have caught the sound of the engine so distinctly and so early if the stereo had not been in the process of changing albums. Taking her silence for assent, Tom continued: "Your father is gone from here, gone forever, but he still lives in other worlds. This isn't a statement of faith alone. If Albert Einstein were still alive and standing here, he'd tell you that it's true. Your father is with you in many places, and so is Phimie. In many places, she didn't die in childbirth. In some worlds, she was never raped, her life never blighted. But there's an irony in that, isn't there? Because in those worlds, Angel doesn't exist-yet Angel is a miracle and a blessing." He looked up from the city to the woman. "So when you're lying in bed tonight, kept awake by grief, don't think just about what you've lost with your father and Phimie. Think about what you have in this world that you've never known in some others-Angel. Whether God's a Catholic, a Baptist, a Jew, a Muslim, or a quantum mechanic, He gives us compensation for our pain, compensation right here in this world, not just in those parallel to it and not just in some afterlife. Always compensation for the pain ... if we recognize it when we see it." Maria arranged five place settings instead of four. The fifth--complete with silverware, waterglass, and wineglass--was at the head of the table, in memoriam of Joey. With a smudge of flour on one cheek, wiping her hands on a red-and-white checkered dishtowel, Agnes answered the door, saw the car in the driveway, and said, "Paul! You're not walking?" He turned the brochure in his hands, to look at the front of it again. Gradually he began to suspect that the title of the exhibition might be what had brought to mind the reverend's unremembered sermon. "September 27, 1962. Barcelona, Spain. A flood killed four hundred forty-five people." He rolled his head back and forth on the pillow. "Nope. It's still just something you gotta feel." Maria said nothing, working busily, but Agnes recognized that special silence in which difficult words were sought and laboriously stitched together. Embarrassed, cold, abruptly frightened, she returned to the Old West, where night on the low desert was warm. The campfire flickered welcomingly. John Wayne put an arm around her and said, "There are no dead husbands or dead babies here," and though he intended only to reassure her, she was overcome by misery until Shirley MacLaine took her aside for some heart-to-heart girl talk. Agnes woke again and was no longer chilled, but feverish. Her lips were cracked, her tongue rough and dry. The 9-mm pistol rested in the complementary shoulder holster, under Junior's leather coat. But the sound-suppressor hadn't been attached; it was in one of his coat pockets. The extended barrel, too long to lay comfortably against his left side, would most likely have hung up on the holster when drawn. "Wrong about what, sugarpie smooosh--smooosh?" Celestina asked as Wally pulled to the curb again and parked. The vending machines were designed to accept quarters, not to eject them. They didn't make change. Mechanically, this barrage wasn't possible. Judging by the sounds Vanadium made, Junior figured that the cop had settled once more into the armchair. Maria, puzzled but cooperative, left the room as instructed, and Barty removed the correct book from the stack on the table, without anyone's guidance. He sat in the armchair at his mother's side and began to read. Tom was aware that something had happened here during the past week, an important development that Celestina mentioned on the phone but that she declined to discuss. He didn't harbor any expectations of what he'd find when she escorted him and Wally into the Lampion dining room, but if he'd tried to imagine the scene awaiting him, he wouldn't have pictured a s?ance. One worrisome problem: Neddy might be found in the container before it had been hauled away, instead of at the landfill that preferably would serve as his next-to-last resting place. If his body was discovered here, it must be at a distance from any trash bin used by the gallery. The less likely the cops were to connect Neddy to Greenbaum's art-sausage factory, the less likely they also were to connect the murder to Junior. He was no longer in his scrubs, but wore gray wool slacks and a blue cashmere sweater over a white shirt. Face somber, he looked less like an obstetrician engaged in the business of life than like a professor of philosophy forever pondering the inevitability of death. In the living room, the central and largest window framed a magnificent view, and swagged silk brocatelle draperies framed the window. An oversize hand-painted and heavily gilded chaise lounge, upholstered in an exquisite tapestry, stood against this backdrop of city and silk, and Renee pulled Junior down upon the chaise, desperate to be ravished there. Junior took two steps toward him, sighting the gun on his face. "Why should I be afraid of a stumbling blind boy no bigger than a midget?" Agnes pulled the stack of cards in front of her. She discarded the first two, as Maria would have done, and turned over the third. They introduced themselves as Knacker, Hisscus, and Nork, but Junior didn't bother to associate names with faces, partly because the men were so alike in appearance and manner that their own mothers might have had difficulty figuring out which of them to blame for never calling. Besides, he was still tired from his recent ramble through the hospital-and unnerved by the thought of some baleful-eyed Bartholomew prowling the world in search of him. In the car again, a block from home, Barty said, "Maybe you could just not tell Uncle Edom and Uncle Jacob until Sunday night. They won't handle it real well. You know?" She could see now what she hadn't seen when running with him through the cemetery, because she was looking directly at him. Yet even seeing did not make it easy to believe. Standing at graveside, Junior was in a foul mood. He was

weary of pretending to be deep in grief..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..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..Two high-quality deadbolt locks. Sufficient protection against the average intruder, but inadequate to keep out a self-improved man with channeled anger.. "And in some of them, maybe I died the night you were born, and you live alone with your dad." Behind the dog, Mary walked out of nowhere, ball in hand, and Koko whirled in surprise, and the chase was on again..By telephone, he had been prepared for this boy. Strange as it was to find a Bartholomew in their lives, given Enoch Cain's peculiar obsession, Tom nonetheless agreed with Celestina that the wife killer could have no way to know about this child-and could certainly have no logical reason to fear him. The only thing they had in common was Harrison White's sermon, which had inspired this boy's name and might have planted the seed of guilt in Cain's mind..When Nolly sighed and frowned, his lumpish face seemed in danger of sliding off his skull, like oatmeal oozing off a spoon. "Mr. Cain, much as I regret it, I'm afraid I'm going to have to return half of the retainer you gave me." After examining Phimie, who was nauseous, Daines prescribed an anticonvulsant, an antiemetic, and a sedative, all intravenously.

[Adult Coloring Journal Fear \(Safari Illustrations Clear Skies\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Anxiety \(Butterfly Illustrations Clear Skies\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Fear \(Safari Illustrations Color Burst\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Anxiety \(Nature Illustrations Purple Bubbles\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Depression \(Nature Illustrations Peach Poppies\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Depression \(Nature Illustrations Eiffel Tower\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Forgiveness \(Butterfly Illustrations Watercolor Herringbone\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Fear \(Butterfly Illustrations Tribal\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Depression \(Safari Illustrations Watercolor Herringbone\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Fear \(Safari Illustrations Purple Mist\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Nature Illustrations Rainbow Canvas\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Anxiety \(Butterfly Illustrations Turquoise Marble\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Depression \(Nature Illustrations Blue Orchid\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Forgiveness \(Butterfly Illustrations Peach Poppies\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Fear \(Safari Illustrations Pastel Stripes\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Fear \(Butterfly Illustrations Springtime Floral\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Anxiety \(Butterfly Illustrations Ladybug\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Family \(Safari Illustrations Tribal\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Family \(Nature Illustrations Color Burst\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Anxiety \(Nature Illustrations Tribal Floral\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Depression \(Nature Illustrations Simple Flowers\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Butterfly Illustrations Clear Skies\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Nature Illustrations Clear Skies\)](#)  
[Adult Coloring Journal Anxiety \(Nature Illustrations Polka Dots\)](#)  
[Englands Wall](#)  
[Of Paradise and Pigs](#)  
[Heathrow](#)  
[Infinite Love Finite Life](#)  
[Spirits of Sacred Mountain The Spirit of Two the Power of One](#)  
[Huzun Ve Tesaduf](#)  
[Felsefe](#)  
[Declare](#)  
[Christmas Turkeys A Fictional Tale of Crime and Corruption](#)  
[The Publisher](#)  
[Buyuk Fetih](#)  
[Investigations 2017 Great Less Than Cards Grade 1](#)  
[Headed for Home](#)

[Bewilderments of the Eyes](#)

[Your Training Notebook on Pop Music Special Chord Progressions A Must-Owned Tool Book for Composition Learning Harmony Arrangement \(Suitable for Guitar and More Musical Instruments\)](#)

[Scar](#)

[Authorpreneur How to Build an Empire and Become the Author-Ity in Your Business](#)

[The Reincarnation of CJ](#)

[Everything in the Universe](#)

[Mehmet Akif](#)

[Spettacolo](#)

[Pavlovs Bell](#)

[Painted Trillium A Novel of the Civil War](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Sexuality \(Butterfly Illustrations Polka Dots\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations Simple Flowers\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Positive Thinking \(Safari Illustrations Turquoise Stripes\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Grief \(Safari Illustrations Pastel Stripes\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Safari Illustrations Blue Orchid\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations Eiffel Tower\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Butterfly Illustrations Pastel Stripes\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Butterfly Illustrations Color Burst\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Mindfulness \(Butterfly Illustrations Watercolor Herringbone\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations La Fleur\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Safari Illustrations Tribal\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations Blue Orchid\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations Springtime Floral\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Nature Illustrations Pastel Stripes\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Safari Illustrations Cats\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Grief \(Safari Illustrations Bubblegum\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations Purple Bubbles\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Nature Illustrations Purple Mist\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations Peach Poppies\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Grief \(Safari Illustrations Color Burst\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations Tribal\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Parenting \(Nature Illustrations Cats\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Grief \(Safari Illustrations Clear Skies\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Sexuality \(Butterfly Illustrations Abstract Trees\)](#)

[Full Moon Honeymoon](#)

[Shadows The Beginning](#)

[Party Party](#)

[Third Time Was the Charm](#)

[Why Do People Choose to Suffer](#)

[Coeur Et Honneur](#)

[Spuren](#)

[The Empty Chair](#)

[Ludwig Uhland Und Seine Heimat Tuingen](#)

[Patching Up Collection](#)

[Trotzkopf ALS Grossmutter](#)

[Overcome Your Thirst A Journey to Finding Lifes Fulfillment](#)

[A Witness @ Birth](#)

[Buddhaboxen](#)

[Sept ANS En Correctionnelle](#)

[The Midnight Society](#)

[Revolution Through Revelation In His Presence Is Where You Are Transformed](#)

[Die Nominale Flexion Des Adjektivs Im Alt- Und Neuslovenischen](#)

[Shakespeares Revelation](#)

[Carrying the Vision](#)

[The Paper Mirror \(a Dick Hardesty Mystery #10\)](#)

[Verzauberte Wiese Die](#)

[5 Steps to a 5 AP Physics 2 Algebra-Based 2017](#)

[Americas Best Ribs 100 Recipes for the Best Ribs Ever](#)

[To Hell and Back Three Times a Survivors Guide to the Mental Health System](#)

[Color Me Molly](#)

[Country Life](#)

[A Woman of Courage](#)

[More Tales from the Blue Gonk Cafe](#)

---