

GUSTAVE VOL 1

No one could put him in prison because of his dreams. "I can't remember. Those are the worst, when you're not able to remember them-don't you think? They're always so silly when you can recall the details. When you draw a blank ... they seem more threatening." 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..Wally switched off the engine and killed the headlights. "Home, where the heart is.".... That discord sets up lots of other vibrations, some of which will return to you in ways you might expectHe went upstairs to change out of his dark blue suit and badly scuffed black shoes.."Hasn't the sheriff's department already reached a determination of accidental death?" Parkhurst asked. "They're good men, good cops, every last one of them," said Vanadium, "and if they've got more pity in them than I do, that's a virtue, not a shortcoming. What could Mr. Cain have taken to make himself vomit?".The blocking dresser, which doubled as a vanity, was surmounted by a mirror. One bullet drilled through the plywood backing, made a spider-web puzzle of the silvered glass, lodged in the wall above the bed-thwack-and kicked out a spray of plaster chips.."I was never Cary Grant, to begin with," said Vanadium, still ceaselessly rolling the quarter across his fingers, "so I had no big emotional investment in my appearance. Cosmetic surgery would have added another year of recuperation time, probably much longer, and I was anxious to get after Cain. Seemed to me this mug of mine might be just the thing to scare him into an incriminating mistake, even a confession."..An affecting but difficult-to-define note in Dr. Lipscomb's voice brought Celestina slowly out of the office chair, to her feet. Perhaps it was wonder. Or fear. Or reverence. Perhaps all three..Truly, the time spent helping Agnes had given her uncountable new subjects for paintings and had begun to bring to her work a new depth that excited her. "When you pour out your pockets into the pockets of others," Agnes had once said, "you just wind up richer in the morning than you were the night before."..Agnes wanted to tell them that all their efforts would be to no avail, that they should cease and desist, be kind and let her go. She had no reason to stay here anymore. She was moving on to be with her dead husband and her dead baby, moving on to a place where there was no pain, where no one was as poor as..The following day, Wednesday, December 27, his mother drove him to the library, where he checked out two Heinlein titles recommended by the librarian: Red Planet and The Rolling Stones. Judging by his excitement, on the way home in the car, his response to previous mystery-novel series had been a pleasant courtship, whereas this was desperate, undying love..For a moment, Junior drew a blank on Renee. Reluctantly, he trolled the past and fished up the painful memory: the gorgeous transvestite in the Chanel suit, heir or heiress to an industrial-valve fortune..Junior levered up, scrambled up, vaulted over, and crashed into the deep bin, with every intention of landing on his feet. But he overshot, slammed his shoulder into the back wall of the container, fell to his knees, and sprawled facedown in the trash..But first, in early July, he stopped taking French lessons. It was an impossible language. Difficult to pronounce. Ridiculous sentence constructions. Anyway, none of the good-looking women he met spoke French or cared whether he did..Briefly, Junior felt humiliated. He wanted to drag the detective out of the car and stomp on his smug, dead face..On the serving tables, the canap? trays held only stained paper doilies, crumbs, and empty plastic champagne glasses..When at last the caller spoke again, her voice sounded a kingdom away: "Will you tell Bartholomew ... ?".That Olympian purge had, however, made him appear to be both emotionally and physically devastated by the loss of his wife. He couldn't have calculated any stratagem more likely to convince most..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..He couldn't much longer take advantage of Paul Damascus's hospitality. Since bringing Wally to town, Tom had been staying in Paul's guest bedroom. He knew that he was welcome indefinitely, and the sense of family that he'd found with these people had only grown since January, but he nevertheless felt that he was imposing.."-called himself King Obadiah, Pharaoh of the Fantastic. He traveled all over the country playing nightclubs-".When Junior tried to lift Victoria, her voluptuousness lost its appeal. As dead weight, she was heavier than he expected..He chased after none of these lovelies beyond a few dates, and none of them pursued him when he was done with them, although surely they were distressed if not bereft at losing him..And like John Kennedy's death, Zedd's passing was cloaked in mystery, inspiring widespread suspicion of conspiracy. Only a few believed that he had committed suicide, and Junior was certainly not one of those gullible fools. Caesar Zedd, author of You Have a Right to Be Happy, would never have blown his brains out with a shotgun, as the authorities preferred the public to believe..He doused the light and crouched motionless in the absolute darkness, leaning against a wall of the dumpster to steady himself, because his feet were planted in slippery layers of fog-dampened plastic trash bags..SHORTLY BEFORE one o'clock, the Hackachaks descended in a fury, eyes full of bloody intent, teeth bared, voices shrill..He waited for Otter to nod, but Otter stood motionless..with an encircling and suggestive lick, and then licked his lips, too, when the cold steel slipped free of them..Now Junior threw back the covers and sprang out of bed. In double briefs, he restlessly roamed the hotel room..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?". "It isn't that, Daddy. You remember, when we were all together the day before yesterday, how afraid Phimie was of this man. Not just for herself ... for the baby.".. "I don't ... don't understand." Blinking sleepily, pretending to be still thickheaded from tranquilizers and whatever other drugs they were dripping into his veins, Junior was pleased by the note of perplexity in his

hoarse voice, although he knew that even an Oscar-caliber performance would not win over this critic..Inexplicably, each repetition of Bartholomew heightened Junior's anxiety. The name resonated not just in his ear, but in his blood and bones, in body and mind, as if he were a great bronze bell and Bartholomew the clapper..From the plush pillowy shadows of the bed, Barty said, "Oh, look. Christmas lights."..As kinky and thrilling as it had been to make love to the girl while playing the recorded rough draft of a new sermon that she had been transcribing for her father, Junior could now recall nothing of what the reverend had said, only the tone and the timbre of his voice. Whether instinct, nervous irritation, or merely the sherry should be blamed, he was troubled by the thought that there was something significant about the content of that tape..Still seeking some missing fact, some insight that would help him understand the maniac's Bartholomew obsession, Tom asked more questions until Celestina suddenly realized and revealed what might be the information that he sought: Cain's perverse insistence on playing the reverend's taped rough draft of "This Momentous Day" throughout his long assault on her sister..Agnes knew now why this prognostication had dismayed rather charmed her: If you dared to believe in the good fortune predicted he cards, then you were obliged to believe in the bad, as well..He'd acted boldly, recklessly, without scoping the territory to be sure Prosser was alone. The accountant lived by himself, but a visitor might be present..If Junior were weak-minded enough to succumb to madness, this was the moment when he should have fallen into an abyss of insanity. He heard an internal cracking, felt a terrible splintering in his mind, but he held himself together with sheer willpower, remembering to breathe slowly and deeply..Unable to speak, the girl kissed her and then gently placed her head against Agnes's breast, capturing forever in memory the pure sound of her heart..Skinny, pasty-faced, chattering sissy," he hissed, still so furious with Neddy that he wanted to jam the pianist's head in the toilet even though he was dead. Jam his head in and stomp on him. Stomp him into the bowl. Flush and flush, stomp and stomp.."Do you want me to call and confirm how Vanadium was harassing you up here?" asked Magusson..If the directory proved to be of no help, Junior would proceed next to the registry office at the county courthouse, to review the records of births going back to the turn of the century if necessary. Bartholomew, of course, might not have been born in the county, might have moved here as a child or an adult. If he owned property, he'd show up on the register of deeds. Whether a landowner or not, if he did his civic duty every two years, he would appear on the voter rolls..I believe the universe is sort of like an unimaginably vast musical with an infinite number of strings."..He worked in your shipyard, your highness." Losen liked to be called by kingly titles..He closed his eyes to know the kitchen as Barty knew it. The fine aromas, the musical clink of spoons, the tinny rattle of pans, the liquid swish of a stirring whisk, the heat from the ovens, the women's voices: Gradually, denying himself sight, he was aware of his other senses sharpening..Had Kathleen Klerkle been a man, she would have enjoyed larger quarters in a newer building in a better part of town. She was more gentle and respectful of the patient's comfort than any male dentist Nolly had ever known, but prejudice hampered women in her profession..The walls were barren. The only art in these rooms was a single sculpture. Junior was taking university extension courses in art appreciation and almost daily haunting the city's countless galleries, constantly deepening and refining his knowledge. He intended to refrain from acquiring a collection until he was as expert on the subject as any director of any museum in the city..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..Too late, Paul thought of the one more thing he had wanted to say. Too late, he said it anyway, "God bless you."..Neither of them was aware that their personal drama, in all its clumsiness and glory, had focused the attention of everyone in the restaurant. The cheer that went up at Celestina's acceptance of his proposal caused her to start, knocking the ring from Wally's hand as he attempted to slip it on her finger. The ring bounced across the table, they both grabbed for it, Wally made the catch, and this time she was properly betrothed, to wild applause and laughter.."Well, it's true," he said, finally turning the key in the proper direction and firing up the engine..Celestina almost begged off, almost told him that she had no interest in whatever curiosity of medicine or physiology he might have witnessed. The only miracle that would have mattered, Phimie's survival, had not been granted..Apparently, he didn't lean back far enough, because amazingly he landed on his feet in the winter-faded grass. The shock buckled him, and he dropped to his knees. Still cradling Grace, he lowered her to the ground as gently as he'd ever lowered fragile Perri onto her bed-quite as if he had planned it this way..The infant Bartholomew was here in San Francisco. He must be found. He must be dispatched. By the time Junior devised a plan of action to locate the child, he was so hot with anger that he was sweating, and he stripped off one of his two pairs of briefs..The busboy swept the empty appetizer plates away as the waiter arrived simultaneously with small salads. Fresh martinis followed..She proceeded down the shadowy center aisle, genuflected at the chancel railing, and went to the votive rack..He left by the back door, to avoid the aftermath seeping across the foyer floor. Fog enveloped him, cool and refreshing..As yet, he hadn't taken either an antiemetic or antihistamine to ward off vomiting and hives, because he wanted to medicate -against those conditions as shortly before the violence as was practical, to ensure maximum protection. He'd intended to dose himself only after he followed Celestina home from the gallery and could be reasonably certain that he had located the lair of Bartholomew..When Agnes was surprised to discover that Barty's name had been inspired by the reverend's famous sermon, Paul was startled. He had heard "This Momentous Day" on its first broadcast, and learning that it would be rerun three weeks later by popular demand, he'd urged Joey to listen. Joey had heard it on Sunday, the second of January, 1965-just four days before the birth of his son..The spirit of Bartholomew . . . will find you ... and mete out the terrible judgment that you deserve..Nolly raised his martini glass in a toast. "To Kathleen Klerkle Wulfstan, dentist and

associate detective." He hit Celestina with the big question, the huge question, just as she paused in her babbling to suck in a deep breath, the better to spout even more nonsense, whereupon this panicky inhalation caught in her breast, caught so stubbornly that she was certain she would need the attention of paramedics to start breathing again, but then Wally popped open the box, revealing a lovely engagement ring, the sight of which made the trapped breath explode from her, and then she was breathing fine, although snuffling and crying and just generally a mess. "I love you, Wally." He had learned many things about himself on this momentous day--that he was more spontaneous than he had ever before realized, that he was willing to make grievous short-term sacrifices for long-term gain, that he was bold and daring--but perhaps the most important lesson was that he was a more sensitive person than he'd previously perceived himself to be and that this sensitivity, while admirable, was liable to undo him unexpectedly and at inconvenient times..At the head of the line, Paul waved a red handkerchief out of the window of the station wagon..So many stops, too little time at each, a dazzle of Christmas trees decorated every one to a different taste, offers of butter cookies and hot chocolate or lemon crisps and eggnog, morning chats in bright kitchens steeped in wonderful cooking odors and--in the chillier afternoon good wishes exchanged in front of hearth fires, gifts accepted as well as given, cookies taken in trade for pecan cakes, "Silver Bells" and "Hark How the Bells" and "Jingle-Bell Rock" on the radio: Therewith they arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, Christmas Eve, their deliveries completed before Santa's had begun..For a while, she couldn't get enough air. Felt suffocated. She drew great, raw, shuddering breaths, and thought that she would never be able to quiet herself but quiet came..At one point late in the afternoon, as all three Hackachaks were hurling scorn and invective at Junior, he noticed Vanadium standing in the doorway, observing. Perfect. He pretended not to see the cop, and when next he sneaked a look, he discovered that Vanadium had vanished like a wraith. A thick slab of a wraith.."Don't worry," Celestina told him, "after what we've seen this past week, we're still with you." "You're better at concentrative meditation without seed than anyone I've ever known, better than me. That's why you, especially, should never undertake a long session unsupervised," Chicane scolded. "At the very least, the very least, you should use your electronic meditation timer. I don't see it here, do I?"..Everywhere in the fabled city, calves and knees and magnificent expanses of taut thighs were on display. This brought out the dreamy romantic in Junior, and more than ever he yearned desperately for the perfect woman, the ideal lover, the matching half of his incomplete heart..O foolish writer. Now moves. Even in storytime, dreamtime, once-upon-a time, now isn't then..Grace dropped the phone. Harrison let the frosting knife slip out of his fingers..Paul in the guest room again. Sweeping a bedside lamp to the floor, lifting the nightstand..After undressing for the night, he sat on the edge of the bed for a while, rubbing the coin between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, brooding about Thomas Vanadium. He tried rolling it across his knuckles; he dropped it repeatedly..Maria's belief in the efficacy of this ritual was not as strong as her faith in the Church, but nearly so. As she leaned over the votive glass, watching the final fragment dissolve into ashes, she felt a terrible weight lifting from her..Frowning at him, she said, "You don't mind them around, do you, Joey? They're eccentric, but I love them very much." "You're the one who said your cold's just here. Maybe it stays in the kitchen, hoping it'll get a piece of pie."..efficiency of a nurse, but as a courtesan might perform the task: smiling enticingly, a flirtatious glimmer in..Paul's Mediterranean complexion didn't make a blush easy to detect, but Tom thought his face brightened until it was a shade or two closer to the color of his rust-red hair. His eyes, usually so direct, evaded Celestina..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..Nolly shrugged. "He can't know for sure. And anyway, he didn't get the pushed idea until he'd already taken the case."..He was nearly forty years old, and a life spent fearing nature could not be turned easily into a romance with her. Some nights he still stared at the ceiling, unable to sleep, waiting for the Big One, and he avoided walks on the shore in respect of deadly tsunamis. From time to time, he visited his brother's grave and sat on the grass by the headstone, reciting aloud the gruesome details of deadly storms and catastrophic geological events, but he found that he had also absorbed from Jacob some of the statistics related to serial killers and to the disastrous failures of manmade structures and machines. These visits were pleasantly nostalgic. But he always came with roses, too, and brought news of Barty, Angel, and other members of the family. When Paul sold his house to move in with Agnes, Tom Vanadium settled into Jacob's former apartment, now a fully retired cop but not yet ready to return to a life of the cloth. He assumed the management chores of the family's expanding community work, and he oversaw the establishment of a tax-advantaged charitable foundation. Agnes provided a list of fine-sounding and self-effacing names for this organization, but a majority vote rejected all her suggestions and, in spite of her embarrassment, settled on Pie Lady Services..When Junior checked his Rolex, he realized that he didn't know how long he'd been sitting here since Ichabod had driven off in the Buick. Maybe one minute, maybe ten..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..Once, he had been a superb driver. For the past decade, his performance behind the wheel depended on his mood..Barty, at the head of the table, sensed Mary's approach only as she was about to touch him. She put a hand on his arm and said, "Daddy, will you turn your chair away from the table and let me sit on your lap?"..If the state police did get involved, and even if they found evidence that the accident was staged, they would most likely point the finger of blame at the man for whom Victoria had been preparing dinner..She walked the corridor until she came to a room with empty beds. Without turning on the lights, she entered, put down the suitcase, and sat in a chair by the window..PZ7.L52I5 Tal 2001 [Fic]-dc21 2001016554..Junior gave the Raisinets to him, and Google left the theater with his candy and his cash..Intending to keep the front of the gallery under surveillance from behind the wheel of his Mercedes, Junior checked the time as he walked toward the car. His wrist was bare, his Rolex missing.."See this?" He placed the pepper shaker in front of her on the room-service table and held the

salt shaker concealed in his hand..Before he taught himself to read books, he also taught himself numbers, and then how to read a clock. The significance of time had a more profound impact on him than Agnes could understand, perhaps because acquiring an awareness of the infinite nature of the universe and the finite nature of each human life-and fully understanding the implications of this knowledge-takes most of us till early adulthood if not later, whereas for Barty, the vast glories of the universe and the comparatively humble nature of human existence were recognized, contemplated, and absorbed in a matter of weeks..Junior had thought the news was the lab report, which had found no ipecac in his spew. All that had been distraction..She didn't have an appetite, anyway. Joey was too much on her mind. The safe birth of a healthy child was a blessing, but it wasn't compensation for her loss. Although by nature resistant to depression, she now had a darkness in her heart that would not relent before a thousand dawns or ten thousand. If a mere nurse had insisted that she eat, Agnes would not have been persuaded, but she couldn't hold out against the insistent importuning of one special seamstress..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..He got in the Suburban, pulled the door shut, but didn't at once start the engine..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." "Not only coal miners. Old as you are in some ways, you're still too young for me to explain. I will someday." 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..The runt was so out of proportion to his office furniture that he appeared to be a bug perched in the giant leather executive chair, which itself looked like the maw of a Venus's--flytrap about to swallow him for lunch. He allowed such a lengthy silence to follow Junior's question that by the time he answered, his reply was superfluous..Beyond the windows, the winter night sifted sootily down through the twinkling city, as he sat in his living room with a glass of Dry Sack in one hand and the picture of Celestina White in the other..Fortunately, he recognized his vulnerability. Until the evening reception for Celestina White, he must spend every hour of the day in calming activities, soothing himself in order to ensure that he would be cool and effective when the time came to act..In the face of his kindness, however, she couldn't refuse his request. She nodded.."Brush your teeth, too," Celestina said, leaning against the jamb in the open doorway..He added verisimilitude to his threats by concluding with a few hard punches where they wouldn't show, in her breasts and belly, and then he, went home to Naomi, to whom he'd been married, at that time, less than five months.

[Leaders A Twin-Bred Novel](#)

[Runes Hope \[Paranormal Wars Juarez 3\] \(Siren Publishing Classic Manlove\)](#)

[Jazz Piano Trios](#)

[Town of Chance Fight for Freedom \[The Dare Series 6\] \(Siren Publishing Menage Everlasting\)](#)

[The Other Idahoans - Regular](#)

[Severe Compassion The Gospel According to Nahum](#)

[The True Story of the Kelly Gang of Bushrangers](#)

[Kais Butterfly \[Paranormal Wars Juarez 7\] \(Siren Publishing Classic Manlove\)](#)

[Writers Journal Coloring Book](#)

[An Enchanted Spring Mists of Fate - Book Two](#)

[Tech Timeout Grade K](#)

[Tech Timeout Grade 2](#)

[Culmination](#)

[Tech Timeout Grade 3](#)

[Whimsy Word Search Volume 1](#)

[On the Natural History of the Aru Islands](#)

[The Blood Thief](#)

[Irresistible A Science Fiction Alien Mail Order Bride Romance](#)

[The Bird and the Buddha - A Before Watson Novel - Book Two](#)

[Hello from Planet Earth! Dwarf Planets - Space Science for Kids - Childrens Astronomy Books](#)

[The Decker Approach A Common Sense Approach to Retirement Planning](#)

[Stunning Beauty! Awesome Pictures of Famous Places in the World - Photography for Kids - Childrens Arts Music Photography Books](#)

[The Glass Mask Todd Georgine #2](#)

[Everything Worth Fighting for An Exploration of Being Black in America](#)

[My Name Is Emily](#)

[The Story of Civilization Timeline Poster Volume I - The Ancient World](#)

[Remarkable](#)

[Cute Cats Adult Coloring Books Featuring Stress Relieving Cat Designs](#)

[Love Like Fire The Story of Heidi Baker Mother to Nations](#)

[Modern Odyssey](#)

[My Monthly Money Matters - More](#)

[Mi Mama Me Adora](#)

[If You Need Me Ill Be Over There](#)

[A Hole in My Life Battling Chronic Dizziness](#)

[The Cat Says Meow Caring for Your Cat for Kids - Pet Books for Kids - Childrens Animal Care Pets Books](#)

[Wrecked in Yellowstone Greed Obsession and the Untold Story of Yellowstones Most Infamous Shipwreck](#)

[Jump Jive and Wail 6 Swing Bands on a Hot Tin Roof Music Minus One Drummer](#)

[Bird Sisters](#)

[The Sunlit Night](#)

[Approaching Our Destination](#)

[Lee Street School and Its Community 1925 - 1969 Black Schools in Pierce County](#)

[Justin and His Incredible Adventure](#)

[Meow Rawr Frillzies](#)

[Totos Tale An Adaptation of L Frank Baums the Wonderful Wizard of Oz](#)

[Millennial Leadership The Ultimate Management Guide for Gen y Leaders](#)

[Death Takes Time Make the Best Use of Your Time](#)

[Unite to Restore Africa as One Nation Under God](#)

[7 Krokow Do Doskonalej Komunikacji - 7 Steps to Flawless Communication \(Polish\)](#)

[From Tragedy to Triumph A Fathers Story of the Loss of Three Children and the Faith to Overcome](#)

[From the Fire](#)

[Holiness](#)

[True Love at Last](#)

[Poemas a la Pasiin 7 Y Sus 40 Canciones](#)

[Bird](#)

[Aimer Eperdument](#)

[Handel My Journey to a Better Life](#)

[Toy Soldiers](#)

[Marys Logic Puzzles](#)

[Diomhair Vol 3](#)

[Just Lucys Luck \[Grey River 2\] \(Siren Publishing Menage Amour\)](#)

[Creation the Curse and Culture Womans Journey Back to Wholeness Dignity and Significance](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Mandala Illustrations Turquoise Stripes\)](#)

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

[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Floral Illustrations Le Fleur\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Animal Illustrations Turquoise Stripes\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Mandala Illustrations Tribal Floral\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Animal Illustrations Purple Mist\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Animal Illustrations Ladybug\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Floral Illustrations Cats\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Animal Illustrations Purple Bubbles\)](#)

[Legend of the Tall Tree](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Mandala Illustrations Abstract Trees\)](#)

[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Floral Illustrations Abstract Trees\)](#)

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

[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Animal Illustrations Pastel Elegance\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Floral Illustrations Purple Bubbles\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Floral Illustrations Polka Dots\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Pet Illustrations Nautical Floral\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Pet Illustrations Pastel Floral\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Animal Illustrations Polka Dots\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Mandala Illustrations Tribal Floral\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Floral Illustrations Bubblegum\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Relationships \(Animal Illustrations Cats\)](#)
[Adult Coloring Journal Gratitude \(Mandala Illustrations Rainbow Canvas\)](#)
[Life Gave Me Lemons and I Made Champagne!](#)
[The Land of Poppies \(Esp\)](#)
[Dont Swap Your Sweater for a Dog](#)
[Stefan of Caeli](#)
[The Secret Revelation](#)
[Never Swim in Applesauce](#)
[Soul Winning Made Simple](#)
[Miss Match](#)
[The Boy Who Couldnt Be Seen!](#)
[Paradise of the Blind](#)
[Inspirations Poems of Life and Love](#)
[Tree of Life Advanced Colouring Book](#)
[One Immortal One to Hold](#)
[One Insatiable One to Hold](#)
[Business Legal Lifecycle How to Successfully Navigate Your Way from Start Up to Success](#)
[Camp Fear](#)
