

ABHINAVAGUPTAS COMMENTS ON AESTHETICS IN ABHINAVABHARATI AND LOCANA

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..At eleven o'clock Saturday morning, having just settled in the hotel after arriving from St. Mary's, they were waiting for the SFPD to deliver suitcases of clothes and toiletries that Rena Moller, Celestina's neighbor, had packed according to her instructions. While waiting, the three of them took an early lunch-or a late breakfast-at a room service table in the living room..Koko changed directions with a fantastic pivot turn and bounded after the girl..Harmonizing with Diana Ross, Mary Wilson, and Florence Ballard, he drove to the granite quarry three miles beyond the town limits..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.If the policeman's gray eyes had earlier been as hard as nailheads, they were now points, and behind them was willpower strong enough to drive spikes through stone..A pink spot in the center of Victoria's forehead marked the point of impact. Soon it would be an ugly bruise. The skull bone did not appear to have been cratered..In July 1967, at two and a half, he finally contracted his first cold, an off-season virus with a mean bite. His throat was sore, but he didn't fuss or even complain. He swallowed his medicine without resistance, and though he rested occasionally, he played with toys and paged through picture books with as much pleasure as ever..The Hackachaks were present, of course. Junior had not yet agreed to join them in their pursuit of blood money. They would give him little privacy or rest until they had what they wanted..Glancing at the plump pie in Edom's hands, the gentleman replied to Agnes in a musical yet gravelly voice worthy of Louis Armstrong: "You must be the lady Reverend Collins told me about."A door slammed, and after the briefest of internal debates about whether to ize or act, Junior left Ichabod straddling the threshold. He must get to Celestina before she reached a telephone, and then he could come back and finish moving the body..Celestina looked up from the scarred top of the desk toward the fog-white sky beyond the window, from reality to the promise..With a paper towel, Junior wiped the revolver. He dropped it on the floor beside the riddled nurse.."Well, we have earthquakes here," Jolene said, "but back east they have all those hurricanes."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..Shaking with a fear that had nothing to do with Junior Cain and flying bullets, or even with memories of Josef Krepp and his vile necklace, Tom Vanadium closed the sketch pad and put it on the window seat. He opened the window, and in rushed the susurrant of breeze-stirred oak leaves.."Nervous," he said, and howled when one of the paramedics proved to be a sadist masquerading as an angel of mercy..This device, which could automatically pick any lock with just a few pulls of its trigger, was sold strictly to police departments, and its distribution was tightly controlled. On the black market it commanded such a high price that Junior could have bought the better part of a small Sklent painting for the same bucks..So that my mind could move about among the years and centuries without getting things all out of order, and to keep contradictions and discrepancies at a minimum while I was writing these stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the first big map I drew of all the Archipelago and the Reaches, when I began to work on A Wizard of Earthsea over thirty years ago: I needed to know where things are, and how to get from here to there-in time as well as in space..Here, now, the dinner guest, entering the kitchen. He carried the wineglass and the rose in his left hand. The Merlot was tucked under his arm. In his right hand was a small, brightly wrapped gift box..Down the stairs, through the ground floor, quickly, soundlessly, breath held at times, listening for the other's breathing, listening for the softest squeak of rubber-soled shoes, although the hard clack of cloven hoofs and a whiff of sulfur would not have been surprising. At last he went to the kitchen, full circle from the shiny quarter on the breakfast table to the quarter again. No Cain.."Once out of the coma and stabilized for a few weeks, I was transferred to a hospital in Portland, where I had to undergo eleven surgeries."."No. Just tricks. Turn a leaf to a gold piece. Seemingly."."I already told you-anything in your heart is as easy to read as the open page of a book."."The police. The stupid police. Ringing the bell when they knew he'd been shot. Ringing the damn doorbell when he lay here helpless, the Industrial Woman lurching toward him, his toe on the other side of the kitchen, ringing the doorbell when he was losing enough blood to give transfusions to an entire ward of wounded hemophiliacs. The stupid bastards were probably expecting him to serve tea and a plate of butter cookies, little paper doilies between each cup and saucer..Another of Junior's self-improvement projects, since moving to California, was to become a knowledgeable gourmet, also a connoisseur of fine wines. San Francisco was the perfect university for this education, because it offered innumerable world-class restaurants in every imaginable ethnic variety..At the conclusion of the ceremony, he relinquished his secondhand sight. He would live in darkness until Easter of 1986, though every minute of the day was brightened by his wife..After a few racing steps, when the dog realized that Mary hadn't thrown the ball, it whipped around and sprinted back..Filled with the songs of swallows that evidently preferred these precincts to the more famous address of San Juan Capistrano, this mild March morning was perfect for pie deliveries. Agnes and Grace had produced a bakery's worth of glorious vanilla-almond pies and coffee toffee pies..Dr. Chan's manner remained professional, providing the strength that Agnes required, but his pain was evident when his gentle voice softened further: "These tumors are so advanced, we won't know until surgery if the malignancy has spread. We may

already be too late. And if we aren't too late, we'll have only a small window of opportunity. A small window. Eight days would entail too much risk." Barty whispered: "The North Pole Society of Not Evil Adventurers is now in session." The upper shelf of the closet held boxes and two inexpensive suitcases: pressboard laminated with green vinyl. He took down the suitcases and put them on the bed. The boy didn't at once answer, and when Agnes looked up from Red Planet, she saw that he was staring oddly at her. He squinted, as if puzzled, and said, "The twisty spots just jumped off the page right up on your face." Like a spring-loaded novelty snake erupting from a can, Junior exploded up from the chair, nearly knocking it over. The fact that Barty saw twisty spots with either eye closed had prepared Agnes for this bleak news. Yet in spite of the defense that foreknowledge provided her, the teeth of sorrow bit deep. Although he didn't believe in destiny, in fate, in anything more than himself and his own ability to shape his future, Junior couldn't deny how extraordinary it was that this woman should cross his path at this precise moment in his life, when he was frustrated to the point of cerebral hemorrhage by his inability to find Bartholomew, confused and nervous about the phantom singer and other apparently supernatural events in his life, and generally in a funk unlike any he had ever known before. Here was a link to Seraphim and, through Seraphim, to Bartholomew. With a portion of his profits from Tammy Bean's stock picks, Junior had bought a second painting by Sklent. Titled *In the Baby's Brain Lies the Parasite of Doom, Version 6*, it was so exquisitely repellent that the artist's genius could not be in doubt. A nurse fussed over him as she helped him into bed, concerned about his paleness and his tremors. She was attentive, efficient, compassionate but she wasn't in the least attractive, and he wished she would. "Come with me," Paul Damascus said at once. "To Bright Beach. It is far away from San Francisco, and he'd never think of looking for you there. Why would he? You've no connection to the place. I've got a house with enough room. You're welcome. And you wouldn't be among strangers." Action. just concentrate on action and ignore the disgusting aftermath. Remember the runaway train and the bus full of nuns stuck on the tracks. Stay with the train, don't go back to look at the smashed nuns, just keep moving forward, and everything will be all right. After carefully wiping her fingers on a paper napkin, Maria examined the garments with interest. She carried her living as the seamstress at Bright Beach Dry Cleaners. At the sight of each rent, popped button, and split seam she clucked her tongue. "No. It's stopped. The thing now is to prevent a recurrence of the emesis, which could trigger more bleeding. He's getting antinausea medication and replacement electrolytes intravenously, and we've applied ice bags to his midsection to reduce the chance of further abdominal-muscle spasms and to help control inflammation." "Some places, it has to be like that." some places it has to be that your eyes are okay? After the latest concerned nurse departed, Sheena leaned close. She cruelly pinched Junior's cheek between thumb and forefinger, as if she might tear off a goblet of flesh and pop it into her mouth. She was four years older than Phimie. They hadn't seen a great deal of each other during the past three years, since Celestina had come to San Francisco. Although distance and time, the press of her studies, and the busyness of daily life had not made her forget that she loved Phimie, she had forgotten the purity and the power of love. Rediscovering it now, she was shaken so badly that she had to pull a chair to the side of the bed and sit down. playing cards, Agnes fixated on Deed's blond bangs, which curled across his broad brow. If someone were here in the hallway with him, it couldn't be Angel, because she would be chattering enthusiastically in one voice or another. Uncle Jacob would never tease him like this, and no one else was in the house. "You'll be out of ICU tomorrow, I bet. You'll have a phone, I'll call. And I'll come soon as I can." Once satiated, what she desired was a reason to deceive herself into believing that she was not a slut, that she was a victim. She didn't really want to tell anyone what he had done to her. Instead, she was asking him, indirectly but indisputably, to provide her with an excuse to keep their passionate encounter secret, an excuse that would also allow her to continue to pretend that she had not begged for everything he'd done to her. Friday, December 29, was a grand day: cool but not cold; high scattered clouds ornamenting a Wedgwood-blue sky. The streets were agreeably abustle but not swarming like the corridors of a hive, as sometimes they could be. San Franciscans, reliably a pleasant lot, were still in a holiday mood and, therefore, even quicker to smile and more courteous than usual. "Why do they let a man like that keep his badge?" Junior asked. "He's outrageous, wholly unprofessional." Onward he came, past the left front fender, gleefully hopping up and down, as if on a pogo stick, still waving. Junior wanted to kill her. Kill him. Whatever. But he sensed that Renee knew more than a little about dirty fighting and that the outcome of a violent confrontation would not be easy to predict. "Naomi--she popped out of my oven twenty years ago, not out of yours," Sheena continued in a fierce whisper. "If anyone's suffering here, it's me, not you. Who're you, anyway? Some guy who's been boinking her for a couple years, that's all you are. I'm her mother. You can never know my pain. And if you don't stand with this family to make these wankers pay up big-time, I'll personally cut your balls off while you're sleeping and feed them to my cat." "It's a lot," Angel insisted. "Wally gave me an Oreo, last time I saw him. You like Oreos?" Too late, Paul thought of the one more thing he had wanted to say. Too late, he said it anyway, "God bless you." "Then I'll attend to everything right away," the doctor said, reaching for the privacy curtain that surrounded the ER bed. Maria turned sideways in her chair and dealt from the top of the four-deck stack, onto the table in front of Barty. "Not so bad, two thousand," Tom heard himself say idiotically. "I mean, compared to nearly four million." Junior was stunned that the bitch had come back into his life, to ruin him, almost two years later. Zedd teaches that the present is just an instant between past and future, which really leaves us with only two choices--to live either in the past or the future; the past, being over and done with, has no consequences unless we insist on empowering it by not living entirely in the future. Junior strove always to live in the future, and he believed that he was successful in this striving, but obviously he hadn't yet learned to apply Zedd's wisdom to fullest effect, because the past kept getting at him. He fervently wished he hadn't simply broken up with Tammy Bean, but that he had strangled her instead, that he had strangled her and driven her corpse to Oregon and pushed her off a fire tower and bashed her with a pewter candlestick and sent

her to the bottom of Quarry Lake with the gold Rolex stuffed in her mouth..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. . .Shivering, Junior slammed the trunk lid and warily surveyed the lonely landscape. Black pines spread bristled arms through the chary night, and the moon cast down a jaundiced light that seemed to obscure more than it illuminated..The blonde was coming on to him, just as a score of other women had done since his arrival, so Junior tried to balance seduction with information gathering. Putting his hand over the hand with which she was gently massaging his thigh, he said, "I knew her brother in Nam. Then I got wounded, shipped out, lost touch. Like to find him."..She looked down at her clasped hands. Made for work, these hands, and always ready to take on any task. Strong, nimble, reliable hands, but useless to her now, unable to perform the one miracle she needed. "Barty's birthday is in eight days. I was hoping. . .". "If he gets back within the next hour, better ring me at his place so I can scoot."..Ever since he'd searched Vanadium's house, over fourteen months ago, Junior had enjoyed learning about other people by touring their homes in their absence. Because he was unwilling to risk arrest for breaking and entering, these explorations were rare, other than in the homes of women whom he'd dated long enough to justify swapping keys. Happily, in this golden age of trust and easy relationships, as little as a week of hot sex could lead to key-level commitment..He wanted to say: The vain, power-mad politicians who milk cheers from ignorant crowds, the sports stars and preening actors who hear themselves called heroes and never object, they should all wither with shame at the mention of your name. Your vision, your struggle, the years of grueling work, your enduring faith when others doubted, the risk you took with career and reputation--it's one of the great stories of science, and I'd be honored if I could shake your hand..In the time of the kings, mages gathered in the court of Enlad and later in the court of Havnor to counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were good. But in the dark years, wizards sold their skills to the highest bidder, pitting their powers one against the other in duels and combats of sorcery, careless of the evils they did, or worse than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and years with no summer, the birth of sickly and monstrous young to sheep and cattle, the birth of sickly and monstrous children to the people of the isles--all these things were charged to the practices of wizards and witches, and all too often rightly so..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..The poor girl's blood pressure soared in spite of the medication. She suffered a violent seizure..Precisely what type of prodigy Barty might be was initially not easy to deduce. He revealed many talents rather than just one..As was true of the entire house, the bedroom was immaculate. The wood floor gleamed as though polished by hand. A simple white chenille spread conformed to the bed as smoothly and tautly as the top blanket tucked around a soldier's barracks bunk..Tucking the covers around Angel, Celestina said, "Would you like Uncle Wally to be your daddy?" "That would be the best." "I think so, too." "I never had a daddy, you know." "Getting Wally was worth the wait, huh?" "Will we move in with Uncle Wally?" "That's the way it usually works." "Will Mrs. Ornwail leave?" "All that stuff will need to be worked out." "If she leaves, you'll have to make the cheese."..In a sudden desperate burst of action, Junior tore at the dead man's closed hand, sprang open the trap of fingers and palm--and did not find a quarter. Nor two dimes and a nickel. Nor five nickels. Nothing. Zip. Zero..IMPLODE To burst inward under pressure. Like the hull of a submarine at too great a depth..Rising, Celestina said to Tom, "Last Tuesday night, we had to switch on the lawn sprinklers. This will be much better."..Dusk had arrived, strangling the day, and the throttled sky hung low, as blue-black as bruises. The streetlights had come on. Gouts of red light from pulsing emergency beacons alchemized the rain from teardrops into showers of blood..He was in a mood to shoot her, but this weapon was not fitted with a sound-suppressor. He'd left that gun in Celestina's bedroom. This was the pistol that he had taken from Frieda Bliss's collection, and it was as full of sound as Frieda had been full of spew..Fortunately, at least the desk was cigarette-scarred, because it came with the office. It had been the property of a skip-tracer named Otto Zelm, who'd made a good living at the kind of work Nolly avoided out of boredom: tracking down deadbeats and repossessing their vehicles. On a stakeout, Zelm fell asleep in his car, while smoking, thereby triggering the payoff of both life- and casualty-insurance policies, and freeing the lease on this furnished space..Beyond the window, behind veils of rain and fog, the metropolis appeared to be more enigmatic than Stonehenge, as unknowable as any city in our dreams..AGNES ALWAYS ENJOYED Christmas Eve dinner with Edom and Jacob, because even they tempered their pessimism on this night of nights. Whether the season touched their hearts or they wanted even more than usual to please their sister, she didn't know. If gentle Edom spoke of killer tornadoes or if dear Jacob was reminded of massive explosions, each dwelt not on horrible death, as usual, but on feats of courage in the midst of dire catastrophe, recounting astonishing rescues and miraculous escapes..EDOM AND THE PIES, into the blue morning following the storm, had a schedule to keep and the hungry to satisfy..The middle finger on his right hand throbbed under the pair of Band-Aids. He'd sliced it earlier, while using the electric sharpener to prepare his knives, and the wound had been aggravated when he'd had to strangle Neddy Gnathic. He would never have cut himself in the first place if there had been no need to be well-armed and ready for Bartholomew and his guardians..Panic set in when he began to wonder if these intestinal spasms were going to prevent him from leaving Spruce Hills. In fact, what if they required hospitalization?.Lipscomb said, "We're only two and a half blocks from the best Armenian restaurant in the city. I'll dash over there, bring back some chilled bubbly and an early dinner, if you'll allow me."..After a silent moment of surprise, Nork or Knacker, or Hisscus, said, "Your sentiment is understandable, Mr. Cain, but it's customary in these matters--".Instead of gazing at her as though she had been

possessed by an inarticulate demon, Wally urgently fumbled a small box out of his jacket pocket and blurted, "Will you marry me?" "Yes, you did, and it's exactly what experience has no doubt taught you to think. But I'm forty-seven and you're twenty-". With everyone in the diner now aware of Junior, with every head turned toward him and with every wary eye tracking him, he dropped the bun cap and the mustard dispenser on the floor. Barging through the swinging gate at the end of the lunch counter, he entered the narrow work area behind it. Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following address: He reached toward the dead man's closed hand, but he couldn't find the courage to touch it. He was afraid that if he pried open the stiff fingers, he would discover a quarter inside. When he got no response, he wedged the toe of his right loafer under the guy's chest and, with some effort, rolled him onto his back. Junior could only imagine how flattered Victoria would be to receive the attentions of a twenty-three-year-old stud, flattered and grateful. When he contemplated all the ways she could express that gratitude, there was barely enough room behind the wheel of the Suburban for him and his manhood. "Wouldn't live in the Caribbean if you paid me," Bill said. "All that humidity. All those bugs." "I don't want an attorney." He closed his eyes, lowered his head to the pillow, and sighed. "I just want ... peace." Neither hesitantly nor recklessly, the boy set off across the lawn toward the porch steps. He maintained a far straighter line than Agnes would have been able to keep with her eyes closed. She was also a cat lover, working with the Kitten Conservatory to save abandoned felines from death in the city pound. She was the charity's investment manager. Within ten months, Tammy grew twenty thousand in Conservatory funds into a quarter million by speculating in the stock of a South African firm that hit it big selling germ-warfare technology to North Korea, Pakistan, India, and the Republic of Tanzania, whose chief export was sisal. The Worry Bear carries worries in his pockets. Under his Panama hat and in two gold locket. Carries worries on his back and under his arms. Nevertheless, dear old Worry Bear has his charms. "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." Putting an arm around Paul's shoulders, Dr. Salk walked with him along a street lined with eucalyptuses and Torrey pines, to a nearby pocket park. They sat on a bench in the sunshine and watched duck waddle on the shore of a man-made pond. "At the back of the second gallery, on the left, there's a corridor. The rest rooms are at the end of it, beyond the offices." Raising his revolver, Tom squeezed off two shots, but the gun didn't discharge. Junior hurried out of the kitchen and along the hallway to the front door. He ran silently, landing on his toes like a dancer. His natural athletic grace was one of the things that drew so many women to him. Ordinarily, when Celestina was troubled, her art was a perfect sanctuary from all woes. When she was planning, composing, and rendering, time had no meaning for her, and life had no sting. WHEN A GLASS OF chilled apple juice at dawn stayed on his stomach, Junior Cain was allowed a second glass, though he was admonished He was also given three saltines. The girl was creepy, no doubt about it, and Junior felt now precisely as he had felt on the night of Celestina's exhibition at the Greenbaum Gallery, when he had come out of the alleyway after disposing of Neddy Gnathic in the Dumpster and had checked his watch only to discover his bare wrist. He was missing something here, too, but it wasn't merely a Rolex, wasn't a thing at all, but an insight, a profound truth. "Even when I was a young boy," Tom continued, "the world felt a lot different to me from the way it looked to other people. I don't mean I was smarter. I've got maybe a little better than average IQ, but nothing I could brag about. Flunked geography twice and history once. No one would ever confuse me and Einstein. It's just, I felt ... such complexity and mystery that other people didn't appreciate, such layered beauty, layers upon layers like phyllo pastry, each new layer more amazing than the last. I can't explain it to you without sounding like a holy fool, but even as a boy, I wanted to serve the God who had created so much wonder, regardless of how strange and perhaps even beyond all understanding He might be." Six captain's chairs encircled the big round table, one for everybody, including Agnes, but only Paul and Barty stayed seated. Junior found the acclaim gratifying, but the widespread use of his photograph was a high price to pay even for the recognition of his contribution to art. Fortunately, with his bald head and pocked face, he no longer resembled the Enoch Cain for whom the authorities were searching. And they believed that the bandages on his face, at the church, had been merely an exotic disguise. One psychologist even speculated that the bandages had been an expression of the guilt and shame he felt on a subconscious level. Yeah, right. "I can try, your highness." Nolly, telling the story of his day's work, paused as the waiter delivered two orders of the crab-cake appetizer with mustard sauce. "Nolly, Mrs. Wulfstan--enjoy!" His eyes were strangely radiant, as she had never seen them before, as if the shining angel who would guide him elsewhere had already entered his body and was with him to begin the journey. Had Junior been chest-deep in wet concrete, he would have been more mobile than he was now. He had no feeling in his legs. "Everybody needs cheese," Angel said, which apparently meant that Mrs. Ornwall would never lack work. "Mommy, you're wrong.

[Team Fourth Grade 4th Grade Class Back to School Students Creative Writing Activity Book](#)

[Abigails Journal Libra Personalized Astrology Zodiac Sign Diary with Name Abigail](#)

[Teaching Is My Jam College Ruled Lined Notebook](#)

[Yo Quiero Memo Field Notebook Journal Diary Log Book](#)

[Good Things Come to Those Who Plank Motivational Exercise and Workout Journal](#)

[Fueled by Hog Hunting Blank Lined Journal](#)

[Awesome Since 2010 Blank Lined Journal for 8th Birthday](#)

[Interesting History of Mumbai Aka Bombay](#)

[Ninjutsu Because You Might Run Out of Ammo Journal Notebook for Martial Art Fan](#)

[Drifting on the Belt of Orion](#)

[Lil Miss 4th Grade Back to School Fourth Grade Kids Writing Activity Book](#)

[This Mermaid Is 9 Mermaid 9th Birthday Journal](#)

[First Day of Pre-K Pray for My Teacher Funny Back to School Preschool Kids Activity Book](#)

[Women Make the Best Attornys](#)

[Pre-K Princess and Fabulous Preschool Girls Back to School Activity Book for Kids](#)

[Draw and Write Journal 4th Grade Fourth Grade Students Back to School Class Activity Book](#)

[If Youre Happy You Know It Clap YourOh Funny T-Rex Joke Kids Drawing and Writing Activity Book](#)

[Lil Miss 2nd Grade Back to School Second Graders Writing Journal for Girls](#)

[Siren Journal 6x9 In Notebook Diary Field Memo Log Book](#)

[59 Fabulous Blank Lined Journal for Anyone Who Is 59 and Fabulous](#)

[Lil Miss 1st Grade Back to School First Grade Students Writing Notebook for Girls](#)

[2nd Grade Princess and Fabulous Second Graders Back to School Girls Activity Book](#)

[The Groom Engagement Wedding Bachelor Party Journal Notebook Planner for Men](#)

[A New Beginning Dragonfly Notebook for Exploring Personal Change and Growth](#)

[This Mermaid Is 4 Mermaid 4th Birthday Journal](#)

[1st Grade Princess and Fabulous First Grade Back to School Class Diary for Girls](#)

[Abduct Me](#)

[First Day of 1st Grade Pray for My Teacher Back to School First Grade Students Funny Writing Notebook](#)

[3rd Grade Just Got a Lot Cooler Third Grade Student Back to School Study Notebook](#)

[J Journal Monogram Initial Letter J Notebook for Women Marble Gold Pink Design](#)

[O Fantasma Da Igreja](#)

[2018-2020 28 Month Daily Planner Beautiful Degas Art Themed Daily Planner to Keep You Focused on Daily Goals and Appointments](#)

[Pink Dots Personal Note Book \(Flower\) College-Ruled 130-Page Lined 6 X 9 in \(152 X 229 CM\)](#)

[3rd Grade Just Got a Lot Cuter Back to School Composition Notebook for Third Grade Kids](#)

[All I Need Is Coffee and My Bulldog Blank Lined Journal for Bulldog Dog Parents](#)

[Celebrating You a Birthday Journal Birthday Celebration Fun Memories Keepsake Diary](#)

[Music Studio Guitar Tabs Book with 100 Pages and a Glossy Cover](#)

[Im This Guy and You Could Be Too MLM Blank Lined Journal Notebook](#)

[Yellow Strings Guitar Tabs Book with 100 Pages and a Glossy Cover](#)

[Game on 3rd Grade Video Gamer Funny Back to School 3rd Grade Draw Write Journal](#)

[Zapatillas Rojas Ilusiones Rotas](#)

[Coffee Teach Grade Repeat Teacher Blank Lined Journal Notebook](#)

[First Grade Squad Colorful Back to School Activity Book for 1st Grade Students](#)

[Best Ordained Minister Ever Blank Lined Journal](#)

[Bachelor Party Thank You for Playing Wedding Blank Lined Journal Planner](#)

[Id Rather Hustle 24 7 Than Slave 9-5 Blank Lined Notebook](#)

[Get Your Cray on Its the First Day of 2nd Grade Back to School Second Grader Unicorn Journal for Girls](#)

[Nsfw Not Suitable for Work Notebook Journal Diary 110 Lined Pages](#)

[4th Grade Rocks Cute Dabbing Unicorn Back to School Journal for Fourth Grade Girls](#)

[Be the CEO Your Parents Wanted You to Marry Blank Lined Notebook](#)

[Octavo Dia Un D](#)

[Best Buckin Carnivore Ever Blank Lined Journal](#)

[Dot Grid Journal Gorgeous Floral Bullet Journal Notebook 140 Pages Diary Planner Organiser Sketch Book Calligraphy Practice Perfect for Home Office or School](#)

[Kindergarten Squad Back to School Colorful Workbook for Kindergarten Students](#)

[This Guy Rocks the Cradle Blank Lined Journal](#)

[4th Grade Just Got a Lot Cuter Back to School Creative Writing Journal for Fourth Graders](#)

[My Cat Loves Me I Have the Scratches to Prove It!](#)

[Camping Is My Bff](#)

[I Love My Students as Much as the Summer Holidays](#)

[Her Husbands Best Friend Cheating Goes Both Ways](#)

[Dear Preschooler Be Awesome Be Yourself! Xoxo Your Unicorn Unicorn Back to School Memory Diary for Preschool Girls](#)

[4 Year Old Girl Journal Girls 4th Birthday Cat Draw and Write Activity Notebook](#)

[The Passion Guitar Tabs Book with 100 Pages and a Glossy Cover](#)

[Unicorns Are Born in January](#)

[Fetch My Unicorn](#)

[A Good Dentist Never Gets on Your Nerves](#)

[Latinos Do It Better Blank Lined Notebook](#)

[8 Year Old Girl Journal Fun Memories Girls Kitten Diary for 8th Birthday Celebration](#)

[Hard Samurai Sudoku 100 Puzzles Vol2 Sudoku Extremely Hard](#)

[TV Tracker Log All of Your TV Shows So You Never Miss an Episode](#)

[Summary and Analysis of the Miracle Morning by Hal Elrod](#)

[Choose Kind Notebook Journal Diary 110 Lined Pages](#)

[Happy Birthday Journal Birthday Keepsake Fun Memories Diary for Girls](#)

[Enchantments Reach3 Orbelons World](#)

[Marble Journal Blank 150 Lined and Composition Journal Notebook for Home Decoration](#)

[Loose Your Mind Find Your Soul Blank Dot 100 Pages 6x9 Journal Notebook with Inspirational Quote on Cover \(Journals to Write in for Women\)](#)

[Im Exhausted from Trying to Be Stronger Than I Feel](#)

[Beer Beer Beer Beer](#)

[All You Need Is Jazz and a Journal](#)

[This Mermaid Is 11 Mermaid 11th Birthday Journal](#)

[Kings Are Born in April Blank Lined Journal for Men Born in April](#)

[Giraffe Mama Blank and Lined Journal](#)

[1st Grade Cutie First Grade Back to School Unicorn Writing Notebook for Girls](#)

[Proud - True Colors - A Writing Journal A Notebook for Those with the Tolerance to Believe in Gender Equality Lgbt Gay Lesbian Feminist](#)

[Bi-Sexual Gender Neutral and Basic Human Rights](#)

[Rawr! Im 7 Blank Lined Journal for 7th Birthday](#)

[Kindergarten Cutie Back to School Kindergarten Unicorn Writing Notebook for Girls](#)

[Arr Im 5 Funny 5th Birthday Celebration Pirate Memory Book for Kids](#)

[Kendo Because You Might Run Out of Ammo](#)

[Please Abduct Me](#)

[U Journal Monogram Initial Letter U Notebook for Women Marble Gold Pink Design](#)

[Dalmatian Mama Blank Lined Journal for Dalmatian Mom](#)

[Poodle Mama Blank Lined Journal for Poodle Mom](#)

[All I Want for Christmas Is You!](#)

[Q Journal Monogram Initial Letter Q Notebook for Women Marble Gold Pink Design](#)

[Genuine 1962 Limited Edition Vintage Old Model Young Heart Made to Last Living Legend Mint Condition 99% Authentic Parts Blank Lined Journal for Anyone Born in 1962](#)

[53 Fabulous Blank Lined Journal for Anyone Who Is 53 and Fabulous](#)

[Made in Durham 100% Lined Note Book Journal](#)

[Vintage 1978 Original Celebrating 40th Happy Birthday Keepsake Message Notebook](#)

[P Journal Monogram Initial Letter P Notebook for Women Marble Gold Pink Design](#)

[Baby Log Book for Twins Neon Hearts Infant Tracker Journal for Newborns Record Your Childrens Feeding Diaper Sleeping More](#)