

SARFIELD OR WANDERINGS OF YOUTH AN IRISH TALE VOL I

His dry tongue, his parched mouth, his desiccated throat felt packed fall of sand, and his voice lay buried alive down there..One hand on the railing, he ascended the first three steps slowly. Pausing on each, he slid his foot forward and back on the carpet, runner to judge the depth of the tread relative to his small foot. He ran the toe of his right shoe up and down the riser between each tread, gauging the height..Second, Thomas Vanadium received no mention: Therefore, his body hadn't been found in the lake. He still ought to be under suspicion in the Bressler case. And if new evidence cleared him of suspicion, then his disappearance should have been mentioned, and he should have been listed as another possible victim of the Shamefaced Slayer, the Bandaged Butcher, as the tabloids had dubbed Junior..To his room then, where they sat side by side in bed, a plate of chocolate-chip cookies between them. Through the evening, they stepped off this earth and out of all its troubles, into a world of adventure, where friendship and loyalty and courage and honor could deal with any malignancy..Junior wanted to shoot all of them, but he said, "Take it. Keep it. Get it the hell out of here..".Celestina finally zipped shut the satchel. "You better watch out for the big bad wolf..".Junior considered leaving before Vanadium-still seventy-five yards away-arrived. He was afraid he would appear to be fleeing..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.Initially, when told that his patient was a Negro, Junior had been reluctant to serve as her physical therapist. Her program of rehab required mostly structured exercise to restore flexibility and to gain strength in the affected limb, but some massage would be involved, as well, which made him uncomfortable..The only light came from a reading lamp. An adjustable brass shade directed the light down onto a chair..Initially, Helen Greenbaum, at Greenbaum Gallery, had taken on three canvases, and had sold them within a month. She took four more, then another three when two of the four moved quickly. By the time that she'd placed ten pieces with collectors, Helen decided to include Celestina in a show of six new artists. And now, already, she had a show of her own.."Oh!" She blotted her eyes on the heels of her hands. "Wait! Give me a second chance. I can do it better, I'm sure I can..".He visited the bank in which he maintained a safe-deposit box under the John Pinchbeck identity. He withdrew the twenty thousand in cash and retrieved all the forged documents from the box..Embarrassment flushed her when she realized that the paramedic had cut away the pants of her jogging suit. She was naked from the waist down..Clinging to the desperate hope of an ultimate reunion, he put the gun away, went to the kitchen, and made a grilled-cheese sandwich: cheddar, with dill pickles on the side.."I can talk to you," he said to Salk. "You'll understand. She was here, the only one I ever knew till I met you. I've read about them all my life, in pulp magazines and paperbacks. But Perri ... she was the real thing. She didn't save tens of thousands-hundreds of thousands of children like you've done, didn't change the world as you've changed it, but she faced every day without complaint, and she lived for others. Not through them. For them. People called her to share their problem, and she listened and cared, and they called her with their good news because she took such joy in it. They asked for her advice, and though she was inexperienced, really, so short of experience in so many ways, she always knew what to say, Dr. Salk. Always the right thing. She had great heart and natural wisdom, and she cared so much..".From the devil to the sacred and then beyond, Junior drove north on State Highway 160, which was proudly marked as a scenic route, although in these predawn hours, all lay bleak and black. Following the serpentine course of the Sacramento River, Highway 160 wove past a handful of small, widely separated towns.."The girl's baby," said Nolly, "was placed with Catholic Family Services for adoption..".Perhaps she was afflicted with only expressive aphasia, but she must be confused to some degree. The baby, which would be placed for adoption, was not hers to name..He briefly closed his hand around the three coins, then with a snap of his wrist, flung them at Nolly, who flinched. But either the coins were never flung or they vanished in midair-and his hand was empty..In a neatly groomed neighborhood of unassuming houses, Vanadium's place was as unremarkable as those around it: a single-story rectangular box of no discernible architectural style. White aluminum siding with green shutters. An attached two-car garage..From Sparky, Tom Vanadium had borrowed a master key with which he could open the door to Cain's apartment, but he preferred not to employ it as long as he could enter by a back route. The less often he used the halls that were frequented by residents, the more likely he would be able to keep his flesh-and-blood presence a secret from Cain and sustain his ghostly reputation. If too many tenants got a look at his memorable face, he would become a topic of discussion among neighbors, and the wife killer might tumble to the truth..He threw away his necktie, because in the elevator, on the way down from Renee's-or Rene's--penthouse, and again on the walk back to his apartment, he had scrubbed his tongue with it. On further consideration, he threw away everything that he had been wearing, including his shoes..Besides, Junior was reluctant to kill Vanadium, for real this time, and risk discovering- that the detective's filthy-scabby-monkey spirit would in fact prove to be a relentless haunting presence that gave him no peace..Already, he was up two hours past his bedtime. In recent months, he'd exhibited the more erratic sleeping habits of older children. Some nights, he seemed to possess the circadian rhythms of owls and bats; after being sluggish all day, he suddenly became alert and energetic at dusk wanting to read long past midnight..He smiled ruefully. "Might be ready for a wedding by then, but not a honeymoon..".Under Celestina's guidance, the menfolk-Wally, Edom, Jacob, Paul, Tom-had packed cartons of canned and dry goods, plus numerous boxes of new spring clothing for the children on their route. All those items had been loaded into the vehicles the previous evening..As Barty ascended higher, Agnes's fear became purer, but at the same time, she was filled with a wonderful, irrational exhilaration. That this could be accomplished, that the darkness could be overcome, struck music from the harpstrings of the soul. From time to time, the boy paused, perhaps to rest or to mull over the three-dimensional map in his incredible mind, and every time that he started upward again, he put his hands in exactly the

right place, whereupon Agnes would speak a silent inner yes! Her heart was with Barty high in the tree, her heart in his, as he had been with her, safe inside her womb, on the rainy twilight that she had ridden the spinning, tumbling car to widowhood..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..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..A residual tension drained out of Junior. He was somewhat surprised that he had still been concerned about the song..The wine tasted bitter, but Celestina knew that it was sweet. The bitterness was in her, not in the legacy of the grape..As he rose from his chair, Barty began to reacquaint himself with the feeling of all the ways things are, began to bend his mind around the loops and rolls and tucks of reality that he had perceived on the roller coaster that day, and by the time he had followed Angel and Tom to the bottom of the stairs and into the oak-shaded yard behind the house, the day faded into view for him..Fear clotted in Junior's veins, and he stood like an impacted embolism in the busy flow of pedestrians, certain that he himself would at any moment succumb to a stroke..Although Dr. Lipscomb spoke almost as softly as the long-winded pianist, and though the physician's narrow face was homely and devoid of any trace of violent temperament, Neddy Gnathic flinched from him and retreated across the threshold, into the hallway..He hadn't seen Thomas Vanadium since Monday, at the cemetery, and Vanadium hadn't pulled any tricks since leaving twenty-five cents at his bedside that same night. Almost four days undisturbed by the hectoring detective. In matters Vanadium, however, Junior had learned to be wary, prudent..Leaving the children under the tree, Tom returned to the house to phone the police..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..He slipped behind the door and raised the pewter candlestick over his head. Weighing perhaps five pounds, the object made a formidable bludgeon, almost as good as a hammer..Police identified Junior as the prime suspect, and newspapers featured his photograph in most stories. They referred to him as "handsome," "dashing," "a man with movie-star good looks." He was said to be well known in San Francisco's avant-garde arts community. He got a thrill when he discovered that Sklent was quoted as calling him "a charismatic figure, a deep thinker, a man -with exquisite artistic taste so clever he could get away with murder as easily as anyone else might get away with double-parking. " "It's people like him," Sklent continued, "who confirm the view of the world that informs my painting."..The detective wasn't the only person in the world who liked "Someone to Watch over Me." Anyone in the lounge might have requested it. Or maybe this number was part of the pianist's usual repertoire..Leaving the engine running and the heater on, he got out of the car, leaned back inside, said, "Better lock up while I'm gone," and then closed his door..Celestina wanted nothing to do with it, was offended by the very sight of it, and she..He said, "There's a whiteness in Barty's right pupil ... which I think indicates a growth. The distortions in his vision are still there, though somewhat different, when he closes his right eye, so that indicates a problem in the left, as well, even though I'm not able to see anything there. Dr. Chan has a full schedule tomorrow, but as a favor to me, he's going to see you before his usual office hours, first thing in the morning. You'll have to start out early."..The moment that the roof of the car vanished beneath the water, Junior hurried away, retracing on foot the route he had driven. He didn't have to go all the way back to Vanadium's place, only to the dark house where he'd left Victoria Bressler. He had a date with a dead woman..Remember the beauty of rage. Channel the anger and be a winner. Act now, think later..Beside her, the passenger's door barked and shrieked as though alive as though suffering, and these sounds were uncannily like the cries of torment that only Agnes could hear in the haunted chambers of her heart..Judging by his great pleasure in learning, Barty didn't feel robbed of anything. To him, the world was an orange of infinite layers, which he peeled and savored with increasing delight.. "I've seen them," Tom assured her. "My dear, you've never smelled anything better than a field full of bacon vines."..Lientery's work met the criteria of great art, about which Junior had learned in art-appreciation courses. It undermined his sense of reality, left him wary, filled him with angst and with loathing for the human condition, and made him wish he hadn't just eaten dinner..Angel, on the window seat, wore nothing but white. White sneakers and socks. White pants. White T-shirt. Two white bows in her hair..Celestina succumbed to a fit of giggles. Before she could control them, she used up two Kleenex to blow her nose and to blot the laughter from her eyes..Gifted with unusual powers of visual observation, the girl was quick to notice the slightest changes in her world. The sparkling engagement ring on Celestina's left hand had not escaped her notice..Looking up at the mirror above the sink, he saw reflected not the self-improved and fully realized man that he'd worked so hard to become, but the pale, round-eyed little boy who had hidden from his mother when she had been in the deepest and darkest end of one of her cocaine-assisted, amphetamine-spiced mood swings, before she traded cold reality for the warm coziness of the asylum. As if some whirlpool of time was spinning him backward into the hateful past, Junior felt his hard-won defenses being stripped away..She repeated this ritual eleven more times--"For Andrew, for James, for John"--frequently glancing into the nave behind her, to be sure that she was unobserved..Although he related well to the theme of moral relativism and personal autonomy in a value-neutral world, Junior grew apprehensive about each impending scene of violence, and closed his eyes against the prospect of blood. He resented having to endure ninety minutes of the film before Google finally settled into the seat beside him..Bill wasn't impressed. "They build houses out of mud in China. No wonder everything falls down." "I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal.

Watermetal eats all the other metals, even gold, see..His inner turmoil boiled ever more fiercely, and the external evidence of it grew more obvious. In the cool air of the fading afternoon, he perspired as profusely as a man already being strapped into an electric chair; it streamed, gushed. He shook, shook, and he was half convinced that he could hear his bones rattling together like the shells of hard-boiled eggs in a rolling cook pot..And in time, the surgeon did appear, bearing the good news that neither of the malignancies had spread to the orbit and optic nerve, but he had no greater miracle to report..The walk-in closet, which Vanadium next explored, contained fewer clothes than he expected. Only half the rod space was being used. A lot of empty hangers rang softly, eerily against one another as he conducted a casual examination of Cain's wardrobe..Avoiding the graveled driveway, on which he was more likely to scuff his freshly polished loafers, he approached the house across the lawn, beneath the moon-sifting branches of a great pine that made itself useless for Christmas by spreading as majestically as an oak..This philosophy had worked for him previously, but forgetting the aftermath was more difficult when the aftermath was your own poor, torn, severed toe. Your own poor, torn, severed toe was infinitely more difficult to ignore than a busload of dead nuns.. "What room has Mrs. Lombardi been moved to?" she asked. "I'd like to ... to see her before I go..".Martinis were ordered all around. None here observed a vow of absolute sobriety.. "That's just ... an old joke," she heard herself saying, as from a distance. "You didn't really walk between the drops?".In his right hand again, the real gun, loaded with ten hollow-point rounds, felt charged with supernatural power: to Bartholomew as a crucifix to Dracula, as holy water to a demon, as kryptonite to Superman..His silent tears accomplished what his words could not: Nork, Knacker, and Hisscus retreated, urging him to speak to his attorney, promising to return, once more expressing their deepest condolences, perhaps as abashed as attorneys and political appointees could get, but certainly confused and unsure how to proceed when dealing with a man so untouched by greed, so free of anger, so forgiving as the widower Cain.. "Tom," Kathleen said, "I know why you became a cop, I guess. St. Anselmo's Orphanage ... the murders of those children..".Junior discovered more tears than could have been found in ten thousand onions. His wife and his unborn baby. He had been willing to sacrifice his beloved Naomi, but maybe he would have found the cost too high if he had known that he was also sacrificing his first-conceived child. This was too much. He was bereft..If that was the bright side, however, it was a piss-poor bright side (no pun intended), because he was still stuck in this men's room with a corpse, and he couldn't stay here for the rest of his life, surviving on tap water and paper-towel sandwiches but he couldn't leave the body to be found, either, because the police would be all over the gallery before the reception ended, before he had a chance to follow Celestina home..Like a disc fish with silvery scales, the coin lay in the cup of Junior's palm. Directly over his life line..CELESTINA RETURNED TO Room 724 to collect Phimie's belongings from the tiny closet and from the nightstand..He hadn't killed this one, of course. A traffic accident. Wasn't that what Vanadium had said? Ten months ago, following tendon surgery for a leg injury, Seraphim had been an outpatient at the rehab hospital where Junior worked. She was scheduled for therapy three days a week..Junior intended to add one stocky ghost to the party. Perhaps on a summer night in years to come, at the edge of the light fall from his Coleman lantern, a fisherman would see a semitransparent Vanadium providing entertainment with an ethereal quarter..Seraphim's child had been alive as long as Naomi had been dead, almost fifteen months. In fifteen months, Junior should have located the little bastard and eliminated him..If killing the wrong Bartholomew had broken a dam in Junior and released a lake of tension, whacking the right Bartholomew would set loose an ocean of pent-up stress, and he would feel free as he'd not felt since the fire tower. Freer than he'd been in his entire life..Not understanding, thinking that he was inexplicably asking if she loved him, she said, "Yes, of course, you silly bear, you stupid man, of course, I love you..". "Some places, it has to be like that." some places it has to be that your eyes are okay?".He tried to lean back as he dropped, with the hope that he would fall under her, providing cushion if they met with sidewalk instead of lawn..He knew the sermon, of course. The example of Bartholomew. The theme of chain-reaction in human lives. The observation that a small kindness can inspire greater and ever-greater kindnesses of which we never learn, in lives distant both in time and space..He hurried the length of the diner, pushing past waitresses, checking out all three of the possibilities, but of course, none of them was the dead detective--or anyone else Junior had ever seen before. He was looking for--what?--a ghost, but vengeful ghosts didn't sit down to a meat-loaf lunch in the middle of a hauntin."You'll need time to ... adjust to this," he said. "Perhaps you've got to call family..".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..Thus far, there were only two unexpected developments, the first being his explosive vomiting. He hoped he would never have to endure another such episode..By ones and twos, the festive crowd eventually deconstructed, but for Celestina, an excitement lingered in the usual gallery hush that rebuilt in their wake..Throughout this procedure, Barty appeared solemn and thoughtful. When he had squeezed the tenth toe, he stared at it, brow furrowed..Sunday evening, here he was, cracking open four new decks, as if fresh cards might enable the magic to repeat..The mummified moon had unwound itself from its rags of embalming clouds. Its pocked face glowered in full brightness on the spreading branches of the pine, on the yard, and on the graveled driveway..AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, where Wally had brought Angel into this world three years ago, he was now fighting for his life, for a chance to see the girl grow and to be the father she needed. He'd been taken to surgery already when Celestina and Angel arrived a few minutes behind the ambulance..The port-wine birthmark appeared to be darker than before and differently mottled than he remembered it..They were married in September of that year, much later than even Grace White's wager date. As Grace's guess had been closer than her daughter's, however, Celestina paid with a month of kitchen duty..This sight that might inspire celebration among sailors was denied to Barty, who rode in the backseat with Agnes. Neither could he see how the crimson sky studied its painted face in the mirror of the ocean, nor how a

burning blush shimmered on the waves, nor how the veil of night slowly returned modesty to the heavens.. "Simon's a funny duck," Vanadium said, "but I like him more than a little and trust him implicitly. He wanted to know what he could do to help. Initially, my speech was slurred, I had partial paralysis in my left arm, and I'd lost fifty-four pounds. I wasn't going to be looking for Cain for a long time, but it turned out Simon knew where he was." The baby felt too light to be real. She weighed five pounds fourteen ounces, but she seemed lighter than air, as though she might float up and out of her aunt's arms.. 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. Thereafter, Junior managed to drive four miles before he was forced to pull off the road at another service station, after which he felt that his ordeal might be over. But less than ten minutes later, he settled for more rustic facilities in a clump of bushes alongside the highway, where his cries of anguish frightened small animals into squeaking flight.. AT THE END OF THE fourth book of Earthsea, Tehanu, the story had arrived at what I felt to be now. And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could guess, foretell, fear, hope, but I didn't know.. LATE TUESDAY AFTERNOON in Bright Beach, as a darker blue and iridescent tide rolled across the sky, seagulls rowed toward their safe harbors, and on the land below, shadows that had been upright at work all day now stretched out, recumbent, preparing for the night.. "Where did it go?" Grace asked her granddaughter, making as much effort as she could to lighten the mood for the girl's sake.. "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.. Tom Vanadium was no alarmist, and the most logical explanation came to him first. Paul had wanted to learn how to roll a quarter across his knuckles, and in spite of being dexterously challenged, he practiced hopefully from time to time. No doubt, he had sat at the table this morning--or even last evening, before bed-dropping the coin repeatedly, until he exhausted his patience.. Celestina put Angel down, and the girl raced to the bathroom as Wally stepped into the public hall and pulled the apartment door shut behind him.. He was about to go in search of the canapes when he half heard one of the guests mention Bartholomew to the reverend's daughter. Only the name rang on his ear, not the words that surrounded it.

[Environmental Journalism](#)

[GCSE 9-1 Maths Foundation Revision Guide](#)

[Coming Home to Wiswell](#)

[El Calculo Mental Es Un Juego](#)

[Bible Themed Readiness](#)

[Marvel - Super Hero Adventures Mighty Colouring](#)

[Forbidden To The Gladiator](#)

[Apple Countdown](#)

[A New Journey Being Human](#)

[Disney Pixar - Toy Story Magic Readers](#)

[Ljs Financial Education Activites Book for Children Ages 9-12](#)

[Spider-man Demolition Days](#)

[Northern Lights](#)

[Falcons Angel Historical Romance](#)

[Anglers Journal Almanac 2019 Tide and Fising Predications](#)

[The Plano Adventures Trouble in Murktown](#)

[The Canterville Ghost A Full-Cast Audio Drama](#)

[Marvel - Spider-Man The Story of Spider-Man](#)

[Trim the Tree 123](#)

[They Shall Mount Up with Wings](#)

[Otter Tales Volume II](#)

[Calm Beasts](#)

[The Governesss Convenient Marriage](#)

[The Irish Rogue Historical Romance](#)

[Coloring Book for Boys \(Flowers\) Advanced Coloring \(Colouring\) Books for Adults with 30 Coloring Pages Flowers \(Adult Colouring \(Coloring\) Books\)](#)

[The Tycoons Shock Heir The Tycoons Shock Heir One Night with the Forbidden Princess \(Monteverre Marriages\)](#)

[Vintage Railroad Playing Cards](#)

[What Really Happened in the Garden of Eden](#)
[Absolutely Legendary Waiter 52 Week Planner 2020](#)
[Lobsters Are Red \(Ripleys\)](#)
[Disney Baby What Do You See Look Find](#)
[Its a Circle \(Ripleys\)](#)
[The Art of Dying](#)
[Creative Haven Artful Jewish Designs Coloring Book](#)
[People Who Changed the World Science and Arts](#)
[Concise Garden Bird Guide](#)
[Who Saw Turtle?](#)
[Hocus Pocus](#)
[Bodyguard for Christmas](#)
[Titanic The Ship of Dreams](#)
[Relax Coloring Book Word Search](#)
[Piano Theory in Practice Made Easy 3A](#)
[Cambridge Global English Starters Cambridge Global English Starters Learners Book A](#)
[1858 Samuel Hart Poker Deck](#)
[Relationships and Consent](#)
[Who I Am with You](#)
[Love You Always](#)
[365 Gifts A Daily Devotional for Women](#)
[Herbstspaziergänge Und Frühlingserwachen](#)
[The Dancing Tree](#)
[Pop-Up Peekaboo! I Love You](#)
[1105 Yakima Street](#)
[Tamed by the She-Wolf](#)
[Last Stand In Texas Last Stand in Texas Shadow Point Deputy](#)
[Protection Duty An Anthology](#)
[My Take-Along Tablet Spring Activities Ages 4 - 5](#)
[Heist 2](#)
[The Lego\(r\) Movie 2 The Awesomest Most Amazing Most Epic Movie Guide in the Universe!](#)
[King Charles the Wise The Triumph of Universal Peace](#)
[Celebrate! The Way Im Made](#)
[New KS2 Maths SAT Buster Geometry Measures Statistics Book 2 \(for the 2019 tests\)](#)
[My Take-Along Tablet Sunny Day Activities Ages 4 - 5](#)
[#herofail Superheroes Anonymous Book 4](#)
[Scourged](#)
[Hex Vet Witches in Training](#)
[The Presence When Twilight Comes An Anthology](#)
[American Quarter Horses](#)
[The River at Night](#)
[A Phantom Traveler Novella](#)
[Get Out of That Box Unleash the Giant in You](#)
[Ethan Marcus Stands Up](#)
[Keep Calm and Let Lily Handle It Blank Lined 6x9 Name Journal Notebooks as Birthday Anniversary Christmas Thanksgiving or Any Occasion](#)
[Gifts for Girls and Women](#)
[Dog Mother Brunch Lover A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Notebook Journal with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Animal Loving Pet Dog](#)
[Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[I Turn Coffee Into Education A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Teaching Cover Slogan](#)
[All I Need Is a Cupcake a Roadtrip A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Foodie Travel Cover](#)

[Slogan](#)
[Dog Mother Wine Lover A 6x9 Matte Softcover Notebook Journal with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Wine Drinking Animal Lover Cover Slogan](#)
[Live Laugh Teach A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Teaching Cover Slogan](#)
[Secrets to Baking Your Best Bread Ever](#)
[All I Need Is Love and a Dog A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Animal Loving Pet Dog Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[Two Weeks in Corfu](#)
[Life Goal Pet All the Dogs A 6x9 Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Animal Loving Dog Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[Dog Mother Caffeine Lover A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Animal Loving Pet Dog Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[I Wrote This Book for You](#)
[Life Goal Pet All the Dogs A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Notebook Journal with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Animal Loving Pet Dog Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[Truly Foul Cheesy Bayeux Tapestry Facts Jokes Book](#)
[Dog Mother Caffeine Lover A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Notebook Journal with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Animal Loving Pet Dog Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[Goal Crusher A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Uplifting Motivational Cover Slogan](#)
[Good Things Take Time A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Uplifting Motivational Cover Slogan Patterns](#)
[Goals Are Dreams with Deadlines A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Uplifting Motivational Cover Slogan](#)
[Goals Are Dreams with Deadlines A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Notebook Journal with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Uplifting Motivational Cover Slogan](#)
[Please Direct Me to the Nearest Puppies A 6x9 Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Animal Loving Pet Dog Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[Salty and Lit Matt 5 13 A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and an Uplifting Christian Bible Verse Cover Slogan](#)
[I Can and I Will A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Uplifting Positive Cover Slogan](#)
[Eat Sleep Teach - Notebook for a Nursery School Teacher Blank Lined Journal Medium Spacing Between Lines](#)
[Dog Mother Caffeine Lover A 6x9 Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Coffee Loving Pet Dog Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[Start with Coffee End with Wine A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Wine or Coffee Lovers Cover Slogan](#)
[Julian A Spy Thriller and Fantasy Collection](#)
[Dog Mother Wine Lover A 6x9 Inch Matte Softcover Journal Notebook with 120 Blank Lined Pages and a Funny Animal Loving Pet Dog Owner Cover Slogan](#)
[Appraiser Market Value Daily Writing Notebook Journal for Men Women](#)
