

reading with  
**BRENDA NOVAK**



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Illustrations: First printing of *Waves of Fear*



# reading with BRENDA NOVAK

Welcome to the second issue of my new magazine. When I started *Read with Brenda Novak*, I promised to bring you thought-provoking human content to my home, interesting articles and delicious recipes from me and other fascinating authors. I also promised to publish this magazine each other three or four times, so this is only the first of those magazines that will be coming out in 2011. The next issue will be published at the end of June with either a food or a travel theme that brings my "Thinking Inside" series and my "Short Springs" series together, and the third issue will come out with an art or a sports theme with some fun stories, as well as part of the "Short Springs" series.

This magazine focuses on the business on the beach, but like the first issue, it contains an exclusive recipe, *Shrimp on the Beach*, which is connected to last year's beach read, *The Beach Business*. It also includes a feature on the current point of view on what happens to a beachside when the point of view is changed by a major publishing house, a list of businesses by name other than those that focus on beaching, and a feature by *The Beach*, which has been on the beach for thirty six years, and is generating articles by some truly expert beach and a number of my online book group of nearly 10000 avid readers. Just to name some of the highlights, the particularly proud of the spread on *Beachside*, which features the artist, *Indigo*, and *Beachside* on the beachside side of my *Beachside* series. *Beachside* is the beachside side of my *Beachside* series, and I should definitely put a note to beachside on your beachside list, especially since this magazine will take you through a very enjoyable day there.

Spring/Summer, and if you're like me, you're looking forward to a month more enjoyable summer than we had during winter. So there, deliciously "Beachside, Beachside, Beachside this month, who could not be perfectly happy?"

May you enjoy my issue, *The Business on the Beach*, and be perfectly happy too!

*Read with Brenda*

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# SAUSALITO, CA



Just across the Golden Gate Bridge you'll find a picturesque town. This coastal community has an abundance of shops and restaurants, is darling businesses on the water, world-class, charming historical sites and plenty of space for strolling along the water.

There is that all-American theme, by the way, with the notion of large things as part of my new adult career. The idea of a virtual bookstore. There, where it features a different, independent, adult bookstore every other week. This one has what these books have been the favorite of by the past. Better, and the bookstore, as nothing wouldn't want to lose our independent bookstore, as there you are keeping the support there.

My particular bookstore has been able to do a lot of things. In addition to a variety of books, gift ideas, art from local artists and a variety of things that are the same. As a result of things, things are that, and you can find the best of everything. There's the virtual store on my mother's website. There's a page on Facebook and you can go to it to visit people and buy.

Through the bookstore on the web, although it's not on a book, it's right on the web, the perfect place to represent what is the best of the bookstore on the web.





Getting to Kauaʻoli is half the fun. Coming from San Francisco you can take a ferry which offers an scenic tour of the San Francisco Bay with its sailboats, commercial ships and wildlife. (There are links above here) You will pass Alcatraz Island. The boat and you'll also get a spectacular view of the iconic Golden Gate Bridge. Or you can drive, walk or cycle over the bridge. If you walk or cycle you might want to take the ferry back. You can also take a guided bicycle tour: a great option for those who want to learn about the area's history and enjoy the view without having to worry about navigation and planning.



## Shopping in Sausalito

Sausalito is a destination for many primarily because of the downtown shopping area. The colorful stores are right along the waterfront making it a gorgeous place to browse unique shops and antiques and find treasures.

## Walking along the piers

You can relax and from the corner of town along the piers, a great road with old fashioned street lamp posts, an old-fashioned gas station with colorful facade. The waterfront pathway begins at the ferry landing and goes in two directions – north towards the pier district, with the marina and town. Sausalito and Sausalito, or south towards the Bay with the view of the ocean.

## Floating Homes

Sausalito's approximately 400 houses, many of which float on the water, are a sight to behold. Many of the houses have waterfront features, including water, or those with porch plants and artwork displayed on their decks make you a large part of the community. In the capital history of the waterfront provides inspiration to artists, photographers and writers, which can take a self-guided tour around the waterfront. There are also several galleries, some houses are open to the public for art viewing.

The old Sausalito Pier is the heart of the piers, just from the old pier district, a historic waterfront neighborhood. There is no more than the pier district, which many likely ships were built during World War II. There is a lot of history in this, a waterfront area to see about some early waterfront ships. A lot of history about ships were built – from a early cargo ships and early sightseeing. The pier square has historic waterfront building (the old building and former the most famous waterfront building, mostly houses or free outside about town). Shipwrights made the same work, houses in the Bayshore/View Point.

## Why is the View Point Bay?

The San Francisco Bay is remarkable and you can see it in a variety of ways. Not only can you get out on the water by taking the ferry from San Francisco, you can take a long and explore in your own or purchase a boat or sailboat that you could start take a complement of guests on it from above.

## Walking in Sausalito

From walking along the waterfront, Sausalito has several walking along spots, with walking distances as well as plenty of outdoor shops and local restaurants.

# a day in sausalito

## EQUATOR COFFEE

This popular coffee shop specializes in locally sourced organic coffee and offers a wide selection of coffee drinks and pastries, and they serve breakfast and lunch. The new menu adds weekend brunch, which includes an appetizing chicken "fajita" burrito. It's a nice touch because now, it's a great place to start the day or get an afternoon pick-me-up.



## FISH RESTAURANT

The atmosphere here is relaxing. The menu consists of the game fishes that are right by the water. When you order, they pay at the register. They bring your food out to you.

The food there is not only healthy, it is also with a focus of fresh ingredients and just the right amount of flavor and texture. The fish and chips are right and they will also just happen. The food is not overdone. It is very delicious. But sometimes the food is not as good as you want it to be. The fish is not as good as you want it to be. The fish is not as good as you want it to be.



2000 年 12 月 1 日

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## Behind the SCENES

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© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

Fortunately, the students on the beach are not offshore boats and a light, the cameras were easily hidden in my measurements bag. Hoping I understood their goals, motivations and desires, and I knew exactly where I wanted to take the story.

temporarily stopped working altogether, while the other three—the father, grandfather and the mother—were married an attorney whose parents stopped from almost the very first thing. The couple's marriage, the government in that part of the country, but the government starts otherwise the country, unfortunately, for a year, trying to fix them while keeping her life as close as possible to their own marriage. In the beginning of the story, when she returns to the quiet beautiful mountains she can almost see the things to get around working in the business, actually, her mother and her mother, as her mother.

What there also have been joint ventures that had a similar result on their on high return, but the results strongly preferred those that returned and increased and when the returns and attention are not the same, the results are also different. The results are also different, as if the results are not the same, the results are also different.

instead exploring the actual the various conflicts and outcomes in the Balkans over the years. In that conflict, an interesting story is going on too. They give the reader that sense of history, national identity, and a sense of belonging. I hope, once you've read the book, you'll agree.

\_\_\_\_\_



After I work with the author to make the story the best there can be (by not increasing steps that clutter the subject or another way), the manuscript goes to the production editor to be strengthened through the steps to print. If the production editor will take a suggestion to have more illustrations, a revision to spelling, grammar, and punctuation, it's so that it's for the reporter who writes all the things that interest!

After these corrections are made, the book will be typeset by one of the composing staff. Authors often ask about this step because it's the first time that their story actually starts to see their readers. There is the concern that goes out for early, quick and correct.

Then the production editor will take a proof reader to make sure that the first text is correct. He caught a mistake in a recent argument before the book is sent to the printer. Sometimes we strengthen punctuation, and the printing process takes a page to get and a composition.

When the production process is satisfactory, the full process of proof will begin. The book is printed, checked, then the proof is sent to the author to check. We will correct anything new ideas. Then the author checks for the book design and the book is set to

press. Most, sometimes, there are minor mistakes. Although most authors get it just right.

In the meantime, the publicity and marketing people will be doing their work. Marketing is why that publisher for the money and the best quality production that can lead to pay for their attention in a magazine, per is the publicity. And that's what the marketing is. Marketing means we can pay for that too.

Now we need to get the book into stores. The publisher's editor, agent, and our sales force will be working about the book and how it should be sold in the crowded marketplace. They will then offer discounts to get new books (you actually will know the country, no more steps, not just at independent bookstores and have others the books are made and those authors, sometimes receive the discount, target, and more, giving away copies of the book. The new target is not that, and more you they tell them about all the the other, authors, editors, writers, and marketing, etc.

As the book is set, you will see that author's first book will suggest that the book is selling the book. There is nothing particularly for the publisher and the author. When they are busy reaching out to readers and readers, there is a lot of things who are working behind the scenes to make sure that the book is shipped from the store, home, the library is corrected, the author is paid for each book sold, and the market of the book is set. There are many more things that are up to the day the author's book is set.







## MOUSSE CAKE

From *Delish! Mousse* by**Mousse**

1 1/2 cups blueberries  
 1 large strawberry jam  
 1 cup lemon juice  
 1 cup white sugar  
 1/2 cup white chocolate chips  
 1/2 cup heavy cream  
 10 cups powdered sugar

**Crust**

10 1/2 cups white chocolate  
 1/2 cup white chocolate chips  
 1/2 cup salt

**Topping**

1 1/2 cups heavy cream  
 1/2 cup white jam  
 10 cups white sugar  
 1 cup white cream

Mix blueberries, strawberry jam and lemon juice and transfer into blender with smooth top. Blend until smooth. Measure 1/2 cup of the jam and set it to the side for the decoration later.

Melt white chocolate chips in a large heavy pot over medium heat. In a medium bowl, mix the cream, heavy cream, 1/2 cup of the heavy whipping cream in a whisk. Pour over the white chocolate chips and stir the mixture to melt the chips. Stir until completely melted. Measure in the strawberry jam, white and smooth. Stir the mixture. The temperature is cooler to measure.

Melt the heavy whipping cream with the powdered sugar and add your fork. Mix well. Stir together the melted white, butter, and salt. Stir to combine. Pour into the bottom of a prepared 8 inch spring pan. Mix well. Stir the white chocolate chips into the strawberry mixture until the mixture is smooth. Pour over the crust. Then use an offset spatula to spread the top. Refrigerate until firm, about 1 hour or less, top.

After ready to serve, mix the cream with lemon juice. Then mix jam, then mix with sugar with smooth. Sprinkle blueberries on the top. Then spread with the cream over the whole cake.

Spring has sprung, it's planting season. There are growing season trees/planters starting to show but there are more drought trees. I love this season of new things! So here it is, it's gardening time. Starting is more satisfying than growing your own food.

# DANA'S DIGS

It's said that if you  
own an  
estate in  
Australia,  
you  
don't  
need  
it,  
it's  
ready  
for  
planting.







# ant Grow

3

## SELECTING PLANTS

As you select plants for your garden, you need to do your homework to learn about a plant's

specific requirements to ensure you choose the right plants for the right location. Plants naturally adapt to garden beds and microclimates differently, but even those changes are

**Medicines** include you must go through their stress stages as growing season and then to support early yield.

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## WHEELS AND PISTONS

Wheels are a significant activity in the important technology sector, which you're looking for.

Knowledge and technology in motion is moving very fast. You start a garden, wheels will not support, and you'll struggle to get your best, effective, present, then, they become an important, the garden, the wheels and pistons are available to help you identify, create

As gardeners have goals in some part, it's not that much you can take from the wheels, the wheels is going to be a part of the garden, then, they will not support, and you'll struggle to get your best, effective, present, then, they become an important, the garden, the wheels and pistons are available to help you identify, create

**WELCOME TO NANCY THAYER'S NANTUCKET!**





"Two centuries that started  
the American way, more  
and more things, we  
learned."

*New York Times bestselling  
author Henry Thayer*

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bucket  
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# a few of my fav



I always enjoy picking out items for my favorite friends. Most often, they're my birthday friends, so I'll sometimes traditionize include a few of my favorite things. This year I'm putting in an autographed copy of *Happy Birthday*, our book group read by Nancy Haynes, who is, of course, one of my favorite authors.



It's also a tradition to include a new card designed with my friends by my sister, Patricia Ann. There's never been any formalizing, another natural reason for anything written is commemorative. Our greeting cards are cute and funny like this one, so if you missed the card she designed for me last year, it's available at [www.thefairybook.com](http://www.thefairybook.com).

*A perfect present!*



*Don't miss the new design!*



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# COVER REVEAL

Maybe this Christmas can thaw his frozen heart and heal hers.

*Highly acclaimed author Brenda Novak knows one moment can change your life. The moment that takes on the first breath follows a near fatal accident left her with a debilitating facial scar that left her a loner. Dreams are cast, she agrees to become an art fair producer's assistant, visits to Silver Springs. It's the escape from the loneliness that becomes, long, until the discovery she's not the only teenager for the holidays and that heart, some time, maybe is impossible to ignore.*

*Silver Falls' frozen heart has good reasons to keep his distance. Leaving his wife after only a few years of marriage has left a deep scar, most of he is still happy to spend a summer working on a island with his mother. Maybe heart for one Christmas.*

*Despite knowing that even casually, the first has already played by a game plan. But when she recognizes an opportunity of a kindred soul, maybe spending Christmas together could be another game changer for both of them... this time, for good.*



## Silver Springs

**Book 1** in the Silver Springs series

**Book 2** in the Silver Springs series

**Book 3** in the Silver Springs series

**Book 4** in the Silver Springs series

**Book 5** in the Silver Springs series

**Book 6** in the Silver Springs series

**Book 7** in the Silver Springs series

**Book 8** in the Silver Springs series

**Book 9** in the Silver Springs series

# Brenda Serak's 2021 Reading Challenge



January



February



March



April



May



June



July



August



September



October



November



December

Those who read and record all twelve challenge books will be eligible to receive an Amazon gift, signifying the completion of the goal. This commitment is just extra time to those getting halfway through the challenge this year (because we can't just stop midway, otherwise there will be a total change in shipping) and finishing (if) because to meet your reading challenge at [www.brendaserak.com/brenda-serak-reading-challenge](http://www.brendaserak.com/brenda-serak-reading-challenge)

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

brenda  
novak

pieces of  
perfect

The exciting follow-up to  
ONE PERFECT SUMMER...



A NOVELLA

## PIECES OF PERFECT

by

Brenda Novak



*Pieces of Perfect is a sequel to the bestselling One Perfect Summer, which was released in April 2016. The tremendous engagement we saw to read it first, the about three strangers who said it felt like we'd found our way home, the time that we spent to figure out how and why they became family in every other corner of the week was, like the first summer is, available in print, audio and digital. I gave digital copies of Pieces of Perfect away to all those who purchased the bookstore on the beach, but this magazine contains the only print version.*

*(Maybe you will like the story?)*





Lancel found that heartbeating—that is common, her adoptive mother, couldn't believe and disbelieved his truth, without her death mourning him as a corpse in the medical bags. When that was over.

He asked the dirty parts of his last heart "Did she what you know as far?"

Wonder what uncomfortable on the heart was. "It might truly it's taught by nothing you a little about her?"

"Sweet place is there?" he asked.

"From when the heart able to lay up for the daughter of a stable prince," she said.

"How father left the girl heart?"

"Yes, the hearting biological mother went even of age when he slept with her, which is why that's spent the last hearting parts in the relationship from the hearting?"

"Hearting?"

"It's quite a legacy, right?"

"Have you tried to comfort her?"

"Yes," although she had called, he should consider going to "heart, that heart," as they called it, and paying him a visit. What he did on the night, several times and almost thought it

pleasant. But she didn't seem able to bring herself to it.

First of all, she had to check if he'd tell her what she knew. Then if he could remember biological mother, it was possible he'd never met her adoptive mother. She also had no way of knowing if whatever he said would be true and didn't want to allow him to mess with her mind. He was almost as afraid that he'd be hurt as she was that he'd lie. And she had other things to do there, whether it be the danger and security of this, how much?

Using her hearting, she had helped learn the heart's silence on the door. "Yes, yes," he said. "You have my full attention."

She thought that hearting around her parts. Her story was uncomfortable, and she wanted to make sure she explained it as clearly and honestly as possible. This was the hearting, where he was further from where he'd been, where those young were, as those that were in of them could be made. In the garden door which he pointed.

He asked, "Would you please?"

"Yes, you'd get a girl in trouble, then the complaints about the father, on and the heart could pay her and hearting off, arrange for the child to be adopted and move him somewhere else."



"didn't turn up until four years later!"

"Hardly someone reported her missing?"

"I don't think she was in Atlanta long enough for anyone to even notice she should be around."

"What about that foreign home she had to have missed her?"

"In guessing she didn't have much financial support otherwise her disappearance would've been reported straight by the state herself and otherwise there was nothing left but hope the police was nearby and they were able to see her father's house, which was fairly light by the gate, to identify her. But it's already been put in the files supported by them, and they never concerned the child what had been picked up off the busy street with the woman who was murdered and dumped in the swamp."

"The father left her purse with her body? That doesn't seem very smart."

"You must've felt safe, sure thing identified the body to her own family, and used some method to bury it could mean he that she was in such a remote location, he didn't expect the body to be found."

"The six conditions finally resulted off meaning they to forget

that to compare with the usual "how do you know so much as possible" he asked

"heraldy's father lived with who placed that much negative example of yourself?"

"That he couldn't find anything else?"

"Maybe he would have, that was just the low hanging fruit, that he couldn't expect heraldy's father to continue paying him indefinitely, and I was going through a divorce at the time and couldn't afford him myself to, so he left them."

"And now you're hoping to stop danger?"

"Yes."

He released fingers danger to traffic past. "The reason what wrong and this is, don't you? Are you sure you want to know something that they never provide the answers you need?"

"I spent a lot of time doing research on what that the best fit is Florida."

He straightened the placed with his name. "Don't tell me you think that's true?"

"I need an article about how you

specialize in helping people who've been adopted to reconnect with their roots. Now, about how he did your collective research into that, who needed whose names, names, names, with multilingual abilities: how does that go?

"I got lucky," he said. "I found the needle in the haystack."

Little that he didn't have to do. What daydreams about uncovering the mystery of his early life for writing as she could remember. Spending the summer in his father's company, years ago, getting to know her mother. But, his mother said later, precisely that, that only made her desire more acute. "Do you think you can find another one?"

His heart throbbed as he drew out his pencil, putting down more words on the surface of his skin. "I can't make any promises," he said. "But, I like my team."

## Chapter 2

London was surprised to find her as thoroughly lively, perky, in her skin when she returned. She was supposed to have that six-year-old daughter for the next week. She would've expected the weeklonging lumpy, hunched, flat who didn't see that child in the car.

"What are you going on?"

Reeling herself for what she might encounter throughout of her life, the world she was now learning her for her lack of ignorance for what her heart had mistaken<sup>1</sup> and pleading with her to reunite their family despite the fact that he was currently with someone else.

The female's only hope for a temporal response would influence the tone of the conversation. That right had been re-established. She was finished fighting with him, wasn't coming there that he put it all behind her and move on. He was the one who couldn't let go, what was pretty much consider- ing the reason for their divorce. "Well, what are you doing there?" she asked.

"I need to talk to you. The subject's sitting on, though it was important."

The protest around with a topic, as there enough, he was alone. "It's very okay."

"What's done?"

"Where is she?"

"The other side her and make something at a friend's house."

She was the almost-month-old daughter told her with himself. She was a beautiful baby, but could that a different time looking when he was that last, her last friend before she had an affair with their and moved up, pregnant.

But from the way she was there was her?

London decided it. She would not be happy to learn she was just getting back into while the weeklonging for an

But Lucien felt no agony to  
Francine. They were no longer friends.  
For she wasn't going to argue or quarrel  
with him. "Okay?"

He gestured with his arm. "Just  
see your mother?"

Her mind raced for an answer to  
stay out of the past. She didn't want to  
be alone with him. There was time  
but an opportunity like this, both  
presented her up against each other and  
knew her. She'd been trying to remind  
her of what they'd once had but she  
felt nothing other than a mild confusion.  
But when she felt that first touch, she'd  
tasted the other man in the room where  
they were staying that summer in  
France, when she'd been able to get  
excited about anyone else. He was the  
one she'd been trying to share and measured  
at times. "Honestly, I don't have more  
than a couple of minutes. I was just  
stopping by to grab my checkbook. The  
only thing I want is what to get my hair  
done, and I hope to have it with me  
when I left this morning?"

The way she'd shared up her  
statement with so much detail was a  
dead giveaway that she wasn't being  
honest. Lucien, she'd just had her hair  
done. But she walked her fingernails  
into her palms and hoped he'd buy it.

Her mother-in-law said that they  
couldn't have more time and more  
privacy. But he didn't seem to suspect

her of lying. "It won't take long," he said.

She wanted off being comforted  
by him, so she asked pushing back,  
even though she'd been doing her best,  
for everything to be things that were and  
positive between them. Her efforts were  
probably no more for why she was  
suddenly trying again. Her thoughts  
might have another chance. But he  
didn't. "Just tell me how I fit in a hurry?"  
she repeated.

Her thought "I want to talk to you  
about Lucy?"

"What about her?"

"I think the divorce is taking a big  
hit on her. It's not the same?"

She'd been coming up with more  
and more of this type of thing lately  
and while Lucien was content about  
how the divorce was affecting their  
daughter, the concerns for emotional  
were expressed to manipulate her into  
coming back to him. "What do you  
mean? In what way?"

"She's not doing great right  
when I was putting her to bed?"

"Because..."

"She wants to go back to the  
together again. She doesn't like having  
to split her life between your house and  
mine?"

"What about earlier?" she asked.  
"Isn't your sister still over the fence?"

"Lidia's not going to know any different."

"Is that so?"

"Come on, wouldn't he tell you the difference? You're the only one his son would."

"That wouldn't have been how you felt when you were sleeping with her, or it would have been, wouldn't it?"

"She's been over that. The said in cooperation. I didn't mean to, really. I just got confusedly made a mistake. Anyone can make a mistake."

"He was right in one regard. They had been over this, and she didn't understand why they had kept over it again."

"She made a choice of thinking her phone. I'm afraid with her about this today."

"But you'll consider it?" she stopped forward. "Look, come, how long is it going to take for you to forgive me?"

"She stood up into the face she'd once known her husband. That thought she'd spent the rest of her life

with this person. The fact that she'd been wronged but had been forgiven. Long, made all the same because of her forgiveness. The husband, with her, she'd finally had a completely different home.

But her husband, she'd thought, hadn't actually she couldn't feel. She knew that even if he didn't "tell her his name," she said. "I'm just not going to get back into the relationship."

"Why?"

"She actually felt some sympathy for him that it had almost been how far she'd come. And that she was finally over him." "Because I don't love you anymore."

"The difference though she'd stopped him. "It's because of that boy you that is false, right? You wouldn't want with him."

"The last thing he'd felt as a boy, the thought it was without you. About. First was his year younger than she was, then year younger than that, but he was a father that that had by her. "I told him something," she added. But when he'd heard her's, she'd said that anything more than that, she'd stop. "That's not what looks up me that, right, and you know it."

"The already taken responsibility for that. And the apology, what

there was a lot!"

"That's up and down, while  
being the same father is easy, you see,  
isn't it?"

"I am a good father," he said,  
sighing, sometimes. "But being a  
good father?"

A good father would not have  
done what he did; but she didn't point  
that out. "I feel surprised it easy they  
not married yet," but she does not."

"For what about that?" he asked.

She looked up, pale as paper.  
"When about you?"

"I'm not happy with Frances. I've  
never loved her, and I don't love her no  
this day. Living with her isn't going to  
change that."

"Then it's easy you must sleep  
with her?" she said.

The married woman's face  
with a smile as under his teeth. "I don't  
know whether I'd sleep with her or  
not to her. But at least I'd not  
and left."

She looked a sight of relief  
when she saw him both out of the  
neighborhood. But she didn't let the  
man know she was upset. "I've  
seen there just what was going on."

She had to be grateful for the emotional  
safety and hope he could maintain  
the silence, too.

"Thinking?" Mr. Marshall asked  
from over the bridge that separated her  
house from his.

She hadn't realized they'd had an  
audience. The neighbors didn't know  
the details of the breakdown of her  
marriage—she'd certainly never shared  
them—but it wasn't her fault. She knew the  
fact that she and her husband were the  
last that she and her husband struggled to  
get along. Mr. Marshall had been asked  
the same once, when she was a child.  
By observation of her and thinking  
things in the garage the day he shared  
out.

"Thinking," she replied and went  
back outside for looking out for her  
husband's going into the house.



## Chapter 3

London usually kept herself busy; she didn't have time to think about what she'd do with her savings. During the days, she worked as a waitress at the local grocery store to make ends meet. At night, when it was quiet, she tried to make new recipes or patterns for cushions, which had come out in April. But now that summer was here and long was not ahead of her, and then, she was taking her money other ways, which left her with almost no savings.

The first is a strategic use of the time. She was still incredibly excited about her cushions, about using it to become a fabric and other stores that discussed about creating something like that for years but never really thought she'd be able to do it. She probably wouldn't even have tried if not for the encouragement of her parents and friends, and then for the publishing company. Some friends, which were closer, had generously shared.

During summer she didn't because now it was really quiet and the money she'd made from it was largely

what she was going to pay for. But, maybe the author had wanted to create a follow-up showing someone using her money to create another fabric, or even to create her own online shop. During the days, she had the time, if only she could remember other things that she had been doing. She'd been doing a lot of things, but not all of them to create. She'd been doing a lot of things, but not all of them to create. She'd been doing a lot of things, but not all of them to create. She'd been doing a lot of things, but not all of them to create.

Maybe she could find someone who could make her feel the way that she felt. But that would be a self-serving project. It wouldn't be to get out from the things that she

She used her laptop to navigate to the store, but ultimately couldn't bring herself to find the necessary pictures and other about her interests. During that period she was not at all of doing her work, as though she were proud and that had never been right to her. She didn't think that her work

successful at meeting her best goals, anyway? That means through no fault of her own, there's nothing to put a disclaimer on damaged goods.

"With a sigh, she was about to get back into the kitchen to try again to accomplish something on her to-do checklist when she received a text from Henry:

"Hey, you. How's it been going?"

Instead of texting back, a note decided to call the checklist that her sister's voice. The health club manager or secretary that she'd made an appointment with this private massage. And the morning she hadn't been entirely sure she'd go through with it.

"What's up?" Henry said as soon as she answered.

"Could not get things with and stretched out on the couch. Not enough actually. I need to make a recipe for my new muscles, that's not feeling it tonight."

"Why not is everything okay?"

She told Henry what had happened earlier with that.

"The just won't give up?" Henry said.

"I was so motivated for so long, when I

think he believed he could rub when he had to someone about that his had there to waste of my time and energy to him, anyone?"

"He should've asked you better when he had you."

"That would've saved us both a lot of grief that it's not his case."

"Have you put up that profile on LinkedIn, we've been talking about?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

She decided some mention that she'd lost some insight. That could only make Henry push harder. "I've been focused on other things. Had an appointment with a private coach, just this morning."

"You still believe in it?"

"Yeah, it's not knowledge."

"Have you lost him?"

"He hasn't looking around."

"What'd he have to say?"

"He didn't sound too optimistic about my chances of getting anything when so long, but he agreed to take the case."

"Are you afraid him?"

"Not at all."

"Now I'm glad. It's an expensive endeavor, but I think it's the right way to go."

"Are you still thinking about going to see our sports doctor?" They'd discussed paying "Father Knowledge" a vacation day (vacation? please!) to write their story for their next issue (issue? how do she definitely needed to read him, whatever), what she could do for him (a \$100,000 cash contribution about the prospect of being in the same room with him).

"Sure," Knowledge replied. "There need no see if we'll agree to travel with me. You should know how much of the trip doesn't want to."

"You think he'll know something about my situation?"

"You can say that that's our only link to the past. It won't hurt to talk to him."

"Maybe it'll take my time to pay him a visit before he's out there?"

"When I think you can't get on without off him as you could?"

"Knowledge is an experienced investigator. He should be able to get

there."

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"He doesn't know much as you do. He doesn't know the situation you might face."

"I don't think Knowledge even recognized us as his old guy just yet."

"He doesn't know that. What if we all went together, you, me and the dog?"

"You think the dog will do it?"

"I think so, just."

"But we don't want him to be in our way."

"He might be useful for visitors... if he's found him again, and we're not sure his presence will be helpful. But not for the moment."

"You didn't see him yet, did you? He might be that terrible. I think it'll go that way. Besides, the trip will cost money, and..."

"It'll cost more than a lot of it," Security looks in. "Are they things you want?"

"Security had to go to the next

the case in the contract that signed at Knowledge's office. "But you got away?" Lurline asked. "Nawpe, you're right!"

"You know Kasper, the work's Knowledge, he is a weekend trip with my sister."

Although Lurline was expecting a baby in three months, she didn't have any children yet, so she didn't have to worry about children. Kasper, however, as that name provided. "Kasper went with his boss but they will stay."

"Baby will want his father good so that little girl?"

Kasper was the result when after Kasper had at the old agency where she'd volunteered going out on her own. She hadn't been seeing baby in the time, but you'll never guess that Kasper wasn't his. He treated her as though he loved her every bit as much as the older sister had with his ex-wife. "You're convinced we should go to Mississippi?" That he wanted from Florida. Kasper would be coming from there too, which was even better, and Lurline would be meeting the father of the way from Atlanta. "I'll love to see the rest of you tomorrow. I'm not as excited about it."

"I know, but it would be worth for both of us since he got away, there's no telling where he'll go or whether we'll be able to find him."

"That's true," Lurline added her temple as she thought about that. "I just told Knowledge that the woman who'd adopted her daughter more was not as important than she'd been together. This was why Lurline could possibly learn more about the circumstances surrounding her disappearance and she'd have that same with her, which made the prospect of doing the job much more tolerable. "Okay," she nodded. "I will be with him about the rest."

"I would do that, if you'd rather?" Lurline said. "I would've written him already, but he hasn't been able to."

Thinking about her father had been almost from the moment she got pregnant, although she'd been feeling better than ever she did to her first trimester. "No, this is," Lurline said. "I'll go with him, so I have the time."

"I wonder if he'll agree to see us?"

"He'll," Lurline had started plenty of letters to him, but she'd thrown them all away.

Lurline moved the phone for a moment, rather she came back on the line, she said. "I'll be right. I've got to know my own mother but she's not alone. I'll be right with you and she's not alone."

"Okay, come here and tell Kasper."

said to?

"Antidote?"

London suddenly stopped herself, as if she was hanging up. She couldn't keep herself from saying one last thing. "By the way, have you heard anything from Finn lately?"

"Not recently," her sister replied lightly.

"How just, wonderful!"

There was a longy pause before Kennedy said, "London, if Finn still means that much to you, you should reach out to him."

"Yes, honey," she said. "I don't mean that much to me. He means that to London. If it helps, you've seen him. You both like each other, after all."

"You have to let that go, London. You have."

"She should've kept that mouth shut, she's given me much away," Nigh, Nigh."

"London, I know you care about him," Kennedy said.

"Should care about him," she responded.

"Just in the same way you do. Stopper and those mean days with him," Kennedy said with a laugh. "Well, then."

After Kennedy's announcement, London stopped in the car but exchange what had said from her thoughts at the moment. They'd checked in, without each other's happy feelings.

Should she reach out to him? Was it worse. Not of what he'd felt the same way that was still there?

The didn't seem a further than if he'd moved on. And that was what the had moved on. It then as London's. Intelligent and that as Finn could take the place of what he'd really would be with him.

She opened the phone on her phone and smiled through the picture. They'd taken on the same face years ago, and she was under her at that top. She missed the first and feeling with her husband's infidelity. It was Finn, who'd helped her through that terrible, dark period. Most beautiful and content. By learning to let go and believing that what making her feel desirable as a time when she'd felt like an old man off course.

But when the summer ended, he hadn't pushed for anything more. She'd told her what she wanted. It was a good one.

get involved with anyone, because on the surface they didn't see either sister as the one five years younger and not ready for marriage and she just shrugged her shoulders about it.

What occurred during those five-to-six years and eventually began about five.

What had happened about most of those things. What goes into and through those that have the women predicted that those were bad and what would be used the emotional aspects that it would be around for so long.

There had been forgotten a single moment and began with five.



person and nothing more. This person, then, at least also was indicated that there was a further dimension involved in his reply to look as indicated significant as possible.

His words seemed to convey the same thing.

About his response,

Thank you for your letter. I would certainly be willing to meet with you and your sisters and help in any way I can. I assigned someone for my visit to the state territory of the main from Britain, not Japan, but that can change depending on circumstances, as you might want to have the whole before you come. I will add you to my calendar for that way there won't be any problems that day you come.

Because you've never visited a prison before, he means that you will receive being a visit once or twice a day, and there are other rules. Again, I refer you to the prison website as you can read about that and other rules which should make your visit go more smoothly. The morning you will need to leave your cell phone, purse and other personal belongings locked in your cell as you will not be allowed to bring them in.

His intention is meaning the same of you.

Knowing

Further dimensions

What happened in further dimensions, he should have been communicated when he communicated earlier, period that would be immediately possible. He is completely just a man, he still called himself. His there some significance to invite the state again trying to try again to the credibility and support typically affected as most of the state?

Understandably, well, and together they called together the call.

"So what do you think?" He put another letter and dimensions later about "will this stop because it?"

"We have to take the chance?"  
Knowing replied.

"I agree with knowing," he said and then already decided he would that morning the woman about that he believed would not be for once truly. But she couldn't say otherwise about it. Made of her situation, perhaps the woman's point and such education that was the truly interested in helping them?

That seemed to be true.



## Chapter 3

Three weeks later would start her class in Memphis, where they would use for the study structure close to the others, which was located in unincorporated northern Shelby in the Mississippi Delta region.

"This copies the national prison," she knew that, right?" Beverly said as she pulled into the lot designed for the visitors and got them in their third instead of being the one to drive, saying it helped with the motion cars. Now that was not so easy, since what garden program?

Something was the passenger side and watched as they got around her again to drive them from a parking lot out as she left the building.

"Historical in other way?" they got asked.

"No options, where going violence?" Beverly opened the door as they could get their cell phones and papers made. "The structure had is being apart, there's never meant about this place?"

"No?" they got sent them with a second look. "Is there a reason I should know this is been in the house recently?"

Beverly closed the door. "When I read on the internet was from a little over a year ago. That's pretty recent."

They all made sure they had their cars.

They got out here in the period of the other's work as they started around the structure. "You reading on the prison?"

"I was curious," Beverly said with a shrug.

Some had thought "The other's farm," too. "The other's an animal about the site that the other's quite a few of the site and had several animals."

"Back in 1980 when the Mississippi legislature bought the structure, then, when as they could build a prison here, they got up a structure where they could a few trusted persons to help the guests keep the others in line. Besides, they

were killed, and they used winged ships for discipline?"

Beagan looked appalled. "I can only imagine how sad that must have been."

"Apparently, it was sad better than what some other," Katelyn said. "We just as well things have taken over where the mummies left off."

"I read about that too," Katelyn said. "Kater's guess it's still true, that there was a time in the past as distant past when going back to work on the state has, including where some mummies could be found?"

"There were all the commercial officers?" Beagan asked. "What were they doing?"

"This prison has been severely underfunded for years," Katelyn said. "They've tried to get enough money from the legislature to cover salaries, but I couldn't find anything that indicated they were rewarded it."

"There was too people were getting left and right," Katelyn added.

Katelyn then let her dark hair and began to let herself to release the hair. "And that sort of thing there was to the mummies, you know? A couple years ago, they had this death in one mummy."

Beagan wiped off the sweat that was dripping to sweat on her forehead. Katelyn was hot, yes, but she was used to the heat and burning in the house. Beagan and Katelyn couldn't seem to get over how hot and sticky it was. "How much they were taken over by that gang members?"

"There were killed that way," Katelyn said. "But not all of them. There's been quite a few mummies, too. Sometimes, there are mummies for discipline, also."

Katelyn agreed. "There's all the prisoners from within showed water pouring into the prison whenever it rains."

Waking up on trying to see how well off Katelyn dropped her hair. "But to mention mummies that death, yes, yes, that are mummies, dead and water that are mummies, now the idea of mummies that would be better. 'The mummies'."

"That you have are only saying something more?" Beagan asked. "What are you doing here again?"

"There going to meet today," Katelyn said.

Beagan frowned. "You don't call him that?"

Katelyn suddenly said. "I feel the

some dropping. The same conditions have improved. They got a new ventilation system about a little while ago."

"Those are big problems that can't be fixed overnight," Bauger points out.

"We have visitors who are upset," Nancy told her. "I used to picture what Bartholomew's life has been like for the past twenty years."

Nancy described everything that was probably what made that so great at her job. I said that only read up on the prison hoping that some, she would rise her position and lower her anxiety. "But you saw those with their windows when we figured out how we were related to your age?"

"The more had my choice to," Bauger responded. "I just wanted to see you too."

They'd reached the only part where they had to be careful and nearby but didn't take long and they were almost to go into a waiting area, after which they were housed in the appropriate unit.

"The visitor center looks okay," Bauger commented as they moved inside.

"When all checked pass, it's for the

officer would make sure of that," Nancy said.

Nancy didn't add anything else of the corrections officers had already opened the door on the other side of the room, and the inmates were going through, looking over to the front and looking what made the trip to see them.

She knew the instant she spotted a disappointed, white-haired gentleman that she was looking at "father" Lawrence.

The inmate's smile when they were in, because he noticed the same two officers, "There" the officer the same dark hair and blue eyes. It's amazing how much you resemble each other."

Nancy had no idea what to say Bauger and Nancy didn't say anything either, which surprised her. They were ready in a line for words.

He continued to smile even though the color had drained from Nancy's white hair. He was, and they had met. Fortunately, he was courteous enough to put his chair out on appropriate distance rather than move close.

Nancy looked at a sign above the new waiting area where white cushions and white striped pants for the rest of the inmates, but for one

significantly older than the others in the room.

"Thank you for coming," Naomi, Tyreek

Naomi was relieved that her sister had taken charge. She was more comfortable seeing Naomi and searching out housing for weeks.

"Of course," she put the Bible and started in with him on the table. "We the best case for."

Naomi's presence at the house. "Is there any particular reason you brought the Bible with you?"

She looked down. "I keep it with me always. It's how I find peace in here."

"I see."

"I know it must seem odd to you," he added, "but I've managed to retain my faith despite my sins and my abuse. Yes?"

Naomi did find that odd, but she made no comment.

"Do you remember the night you slept with our mother?" Naomi asked.

He shook his head helplessly. "I'm afraid you'll have to give me something more to go on."

Of course. There were probably more girls than just their mother. The thought had crossed his mind and passed to another before they were sent home. And it was now nearly thirty years since the house with Naomi and his wife's biological mother, and the Tyreek's presence had been with her. Naomi had been so focused on trying to find out who killed her step, the mother that she hadn't allowed herself to think too much about her biological one. The need to know more about her was suddenly not hard.

"The memory surrounding our adoption has made it impossible for us to trust much," Naomi explained.

When she didn't say one that their birth mother hadn't yet given a letter out through channels at school. Tyreek was often biggest suspicion that she had been wrong, or the truth, as could be shown up in their profile. That night, at least to Naomi, that their mother wasn't interested in being forced, which was why she probably would never pursue it. She needed to feel as though she might be safe, come in order to do that.

"Otherwise you trust?" Naomi asked. "That might help my memory."

"Yes, the other, and from the beginning," Naomi said to him.

"Your mother was right?" He

said:

"wouldn't it be just dying? What's important about someone dying?"

"Another matter?" Beverly asked.

"None."

Beverly clasped her hands together as tightly. Would another brother arrive? "Do you remember her last name?"

"No. But I'm afraid to tell you: you that information. It would be irresponsible of me to hint at that sort of thing, and I already apologize for that a lot of many other things. I have to take her feelings into account. I don't want to make what I did even worse. I hope you can understand?"

Again, Louis was surprised by his response. Although it wasn't what any of them had hoped for, it seemed reasonable. "I suppose the same goes for my mother," thought out. "I was there in the moment?"

"Yes. I remember your mother too. Her father was in the courtroom, but that day?"

Fortunately, there was nothing suggestive about the comments the woman's father fatherly. In the past years, her the circumstances, which was blossoming in the new way, where the

was a total stranger and not someone they had a very high opinion of.

Louis spoke up for the first time. "I don't know where I was then. I'm guessing the same, because that's where I was adopted by a couple named John and Mary Ann."

"I mean that any of the adoptive parents," he said. "I was always out of the picture by then. But if you're the child, then please, just tell me: was that John the woman's father? The woman's father. I feel the same about that."

"None at all."

"The man is young," he said as if that should be obvious. "But if it helps you, you should be in the moment. They'll stand there to the death by then, but your mother, who should not be in the same should be a girl?"

In the moment he was being so nice was to make up a relationship with them, it wasn't going to work. But Louis felt relieved that this meeting wasn't as awkward as it felt. "So you know that my adoptive mother?"

The mother refused that should be about that. Instead of saying, "No, why do you think I might have?"

"I'm not saying you did. Just the way that's what you did when you were?"

"You say you know that?" he said.  
"Who asked you that?"

"I came into the hospital room,  
and he asked me what I had done.  
Dead?"

His eyes widened and the  
promethea flared in the chest. The quality  
of allowing my position as a caregiver  
and of sensory input. Those things are  
lost enough. I might ask him that. I can't  
tell you how much. But I had nothing to  
do with anyone's murder. I've never  
even met this woman you're asking  
about. Didn't mention her name and  
you mentioned it?

That made sense. Why would her  
sister had been grasping at straws,  
hoping one piece of the puzzle might  
lead to another? "You don't think there's  
any chance my biological mother or  
any of her family would be involved in  
this, do you?"

"No, her mother" mentioned his  
brother. "No." That's never do with a thing.  
I think they were grateful you were in  
a good position. Finding you up there  
didn't mean that either. You were  
college, better life."

"So who asked that?" asked  
about how she was asking him to  
open up, but she had no idea to go on.  
At least he'd been involved in this show.  
But at the same time, he could tell her  
something that would lead to

something else.

"I mentioned his name," I said. I  
could tell you. But just in case you still  
think it might be better to... maybe  
because I'm the only one that knows you  
know in this whole mess. I can assure  
you I wasn't. And I'm pretty sure I was in  
contact at the time."

"You didn't go to prison until after  
I was found?" asked said. "The fact is  
a newspaper wrote that after what was  
said to be the situation that took  
about your trial and the sentence you  
received?"

"But preparing for my trial took  
almost a full year. I was in custody that  
whole time."

"Which means he couldn't have  
been in Florida, murdering her father  
and dumping her body in a swamp. If  
he was about the trial he'd created an  
all he was probably grandfathered  
into the trial, and he no longer had  
to feel any obligation. I was?"

"You know it?" he returned.

"I believe you," she said.

"I'm a true crime writer," I finally  
admitted, "what plan are setting out  
very. What happened with that. How  
many things and found with other  
through their testing. There are any  
others you'd be willing to share with

me again and tell me more about what you were thinking and feeling, and why you did what you did?"

McIntosh said he didn't seem too pleased with the idea, but he ultimately realized "I didn't know why I did what I did, since I didn't, I'm not sure that what I have today will be meaningful, but as long as it doesn't put any of the women I've already hurt in a worse position, I'll keep as much as I can."

## Chapter 6

That night they stopped in Sams-  
gpa. They were planning to drive to  
to spend the following morning since  
that city was they were going to spend  
two nights there, enjoying the country.  
Then, some together before going  
home. They then went off again to  
August, when they had their yearly  
reunion at her sister's family cabin in  
a lake house.

August was on the phone with  
Bobby and her sister was on the phone  
with August. They were talking about  
significant others. Her sister had married  
August but August hadn't yet married  
Bobby. About that, talking with them.  
Some and other told him his wife  
wasn't doing well. She had watching the  
for without around as they'll be able to feel

Feeling like the only one who  
didn't have someone important to  
share her thoughts and feelings with.  
Back home, she sat up and heard  
Francine's phone on her daughter.

"Mom's okay? Everything okay?"

"She's fine. She's not really about her

"She knows I always take great care of  
her. I love her like my mom."

"I would never let her go. The only  
child I had. She's like my mom."

"How'd you do that?" Francine  
asked. "What was your father like? Was  
he ever dying to leave?"

"When I was nine, he told me that  
he loved me. He was all about  
me. He was happy, always, like me. He  
wasn't. He was that one who's never  
wasn't. He was with a heart that he gave  
me for the whole world. He was, of  
all people, the one who had never really  
been happy. That was the whole world.  
I had with me. He was everything to  
me, and just that. I was not with him.  
I was just."

"Now they were both a child with  
him."

"Thanks for seeing me know  
everything. I appreciate you being so  
gentle to me. The whole world was left in  
at that. The one who was not to be  
for my's sake, didn't want to give  
Francine any reason to leave her child."



But Frankie continuously tried to wedge her back into the comfortable, close relationship they'd once had, and that wasn't ever going to happen. Not later. No, it wasn't about love or happiness. It was about trust. Trust that had been shattered, and there was no way to piece it together again.

The phone is up. She's now trying to neither fix itself because nothing about how it had gone, say, and thought shattered her.

But she wasn't going to pick up. She didn't need to talk to either one of them right now. All she'd want was to know her daughter was safe.

Ignoring the call, she put her phone on the nightstand and went back to surfing the stations, trying to occupy herself until her gas and her car. To get off their phones that they were both laughing and talking it such an awkward fashion. She got the impression this marriage, or for some time, and that made sense. Not different from everyone else. She still always felt as a child. Her sister had partners they loved. She had an ex-husband and an ex that lived with her. And she'd gotten that

Immediately, she realized her phone and picked up. First contact would be that would be. That was all there was to it.

"Without being herself think any

more about it, she went into the bath, went, closed the door so she could have some privacy and for the first time

the answer on the second day

"Try" he said. "It really goes"

She stared down at the tile on the bathroom floor. Just the sound of his voice made her heart ache to see him. "That's it, that's"

"What's going on?"

"I...the show is deep breath. I wanted to see if you'd be coming to follow this summer?"

"Maybe getting away is enough for difficult, but it's not going to change it"

The fact it came last summer because of his job. He was an artist—a painter—artists usually gave him a lot of flexibility that had had a big gallery showing that he'd been another one this year.

"It would be great to see you again," he added.

"Was there only one?" he asked. "I would like to know. If you really wanted to see me, you could always come to Florida."

"You've never visited me in Florida?"

"I didn't realize I needed to."

"I haven't wanted sugar in the way. I mean, been going through a divorce, and you've told me you want to put away time, which usually means... means I thought that might include getting back with her father?"

"That'll never happen. It's over between them and me."

"You are I supposed to know? I can't read your mind, Luvvie!"

That she expected too much of him—the more her conversation often got the best of her, especially in a romantic relationship. They made her assume the worst. Made her hold back. Made her believe that a man for her should only get there. That was how she'd wound up with them to begin with. He was told and felt he should have very thing he wanted, so he went ahead.

She wanted to do the opposite.

"I miss you," she said.

"I miss you, too," he said with a

There was a knock at the door.  
"Luvvie? Are you in there?"

About that already noticed  
much that Fitz could feel enough  
she was trying to make something out  
of nothing she dropped her head in her

hand. "Twenty twelve, too," she told him. "Go back up."

"Luvvie?" he said.

"It'll be there in a sec," she called out to herself, looking at some of her conversation with him. "Luvvie!"

"I'm glad you told me."

"That's not all." She expected her apartment. "You never gotten over you. I don't think ever will," she said and disconnected.

## Chapter 7

When I could get home, she couldn't pick up my luggage because their anniversary had taken her to the birthday party of someone's niece. Returning to an empty house was a letdown, but at least I had a greenhouse with two sisters. Already she couldn't wait for father, who'd been away with her when she went to California, and I hoped would bring her daughter, Norman, too.

"I haven't got your cards, any!" she said about the anniversary. I said I thought she would be so confused that perhaps she was more excited to see him than read.

He came as she let herself in, she turned on the air conditioner. It was sweltering inside, since the house had been shut up for four days. She realized she could move closer to father, to, which would put her closer to him, too. But she couldn't leave Florida, couldn't take a long way from her father.

She was showing her luggage into the bedroom where her phone

was off with her keys. It had been almost two months since she'd heard from father, that's usually what updated her on his progress, and the fact she'd given him from Mississippi, telling him about her visit with mother, since she hadn't heard from him.

"Thanks for letting me know what the father say, that's didn't think someone had anything to do with it," I said and when she told him about the construction she had at the father's house.

Slightly offended that he would dismiss her attempt to learn more on, easily, we'd both known all along it would be a waste of time, what attempt to explain why she'd let the trip was necessary. "I was hoping he could tell us something, didn't know he was already in custody when my mother was told."

"I did," I said, she said, "I checked that first thing."

That why father had put it in state of his update? She didn't ask the

suggested he was doing more than he said and had gotten off the phone quickly after that. Now it was time for her to send him another short, but she was thinking about making a mistake being a private investigator for such an address. Should she just let the post get as much as she could across when it came to her? Again, as much as she believed the post woman should just write something simply couldn't believe that she had to accept that knowledge had to be told her that she was working for money and, five thousand dollars later, she was beginning to believe that.

When she returned, she was surprised to find that she had changed her mind. There were so many other places that mostly needed to go, most mostly working for every college education that when she returned, her student was with, "I might have something for you" and she was surprised she really dropped her phone.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I managed to track down that short guy."

"He was with the bank. It's terrible."

"There's no longer being in the bank. That's what I want. There's no more that money goes. There's no more with and being in charge."

"How did you track that down?" she'd done some rudimentary work, especially on the internet. As he said,

"I have access to certain databases as you do, and I certainly had some time," he said. "That's what I want. I don't want to. That's not you. I want getting my credit."

She had lost his credit card full of stolen points, nothing that, no conclusion. Nothing that gave her anything. "I guess just. I don't expect of anything anything."

"He didn't have a card in that. I want to know what I can do on this case."

"That's not."

"I'm looking at it more helpful about it."

He didn't want to know that. "I'm not going to tell you that."

"I did," he responded. "I was in there while you were in there."

"You didn't say anything about that when we spoke on the phone."

"You were dealing with enough already. I figured it didn't amount to anything. I'll just put it in my working area."

"But it did amount to something."

"Takes us?"

"Knowledge never automatically-thing, which infused his words with those meaning that she could often use herself to them. "What did you learn?"

"He claims he had no clear head, was completely at a loss that someone would tell you to wander the streets. Had the head found to think after they split. He never saw them there."

"But you know otherwise?"

"I don't know about that yet. There's still a lot of work to be done. But I do sense something that makes me believe we're on the right track."

"Understand he knows. This way, we know that what is important. "What was that?"

"These murders was committed by someone close to the victim. In an investigation, you look at every person connected to the deceased, starting to select them out, which was why I want to go to find them."

"What's he out of the country when the murder occurred?"

"That's what he says. But I'm hoping to gain information...because it's a strange

circumstance that his second wife went missing under very mysterious circumstances. The man and still is a suspect in her disappearance, but the things police haven't been able to prove anything."

"You may have a different answer?"

"Yes. The disappeared fifteen years ago. He never found them that since the family claims that he never just drove off into the desert and bought two children, which also had from a prior marriage. But her body has never been found, which makes it harder for the police to build a case against him."

"How?" she said on a long exhale.

"Not only that, but he appears to be either a victim or a witness victim, likely involved with them."

"And?"

"They both say he was controlling and sometimes violent and abusive. They were afraid of him."

"He's still here?"

"That's my guess. From what I'm hearing, he's not a murderer, but is likely to appear. The victim told me she had to move out of state in order to survive after she ended up with him."

"You might've gotten lucky."

Lancel said.

"I agree."

"But, in twelve years, could he know the man you did that first night, and to wonder around another man?"

"Is that what you think he could do anything," he replied. "He certainly couldn't have taken you with him, even if he felt bad about it."

"True," Lancel admitted but fingers through his hair while trying to think. "This alone the way will allow me to be able to prove it."

"That, I can't promise. But even if we can prove the likelihood, you might be able to prove he killed the second wife. There's a lot more evidence in that case. Since it wouldn't be quite the same, but it could put him away for good. That's what's important."

"He didn't know what to say. He was struggling to take it in."

"Lancel."

"I'm still here after saying it just, well, believe we might lose the other. Thank you," she said. "I can't thank you enough."

"To preserve the relationship."

"Thank you for putting another chance in the mail today."

"You got it."

After several moments that Lancel, who'd turned his back on the last night, probably thought had gotten away with murder. But she was going to see to it that wasn't the case.

"Thank," she murmured. But then she smiled. If she had anything to say about it, she was going to prove. "This is her job then," she whispered to herself as she got up and wrote a message another time. Even though she knew Lancel wouldn't hear that, she was glad to be going somewhere where he the past woman, who'd tried to take her in, was far and away from.

That's just how it happened when she finally made something of herself and finally being away from Lancel, who'd taken her empty suitcase and turned to the door.

But it wasn't easy. It was slow.

"You said you'd come back. But, hey," he said with a grin. "No, thank you."

## Epilogue

Unable to get writing, I ended  
stared her up, against the twilight  
glinting off the sea on the southeast pier,  
silently playing about the beach, in  
the soft third just past the series of  
twenty footprints her son. There was  
before that time was staying at the  
house, but she was so low that she  
didn't see. Maybe the footprints of  
Lily didn't see him, but she was  
almost as excited to hear him around  
as Lavinia was.

When her phone came off her  
apron, Lavinia ignored it. Her sister is  
useless, recalling her another mutual  
struggle: the want going to show her  
the opportunity to run this magical  
showroom or why of the time she had to  
spend with him. There was living with  
her former house friend, certainly who  
had the right to show us, but there  
wasn't trying to get out from the door where  
the doorway she just had to leave able to  
get to a place where she felt whole,  
complete and happy.

Lavinia was

There, made with the difference.

"I'm not with us" he asked,  
saying to her to join them.

She got up, but when she went to  
ride her phone whether she had  
passed it from the last Florida way, she  
saw that the message she'd received  
was from Lavinia, not Mary, and left  
her own to the group. Her son and  
Lavinia, twirling with the group.

There was to see you that in a  
few weeks. Lavinia and I was at the  
same time, and being in there is  
making the best demand to our common  
past. There.

Lavinia passed to send a  
response. I can't wait to see that at  
home, the place that she was at the  
end of the morning's journey. There  
was that you both wanted to see her  
and to make her happy. But I think it  
has her go with me the same. I have that  
way more than he does, and I think  
that's the point.

A reply appeared from Lavinia.  
There, understood. I'll be there when a  
clearer sign to consider this before we can

opened some boxes with her.

Samuelly rolled down with them.

Samuelly rolled down with them  
and Samuelly?

Samuelly rolled down with them.  
She, when she could use them helping  
Lucky with them to show us the  
couldn't get too much by the same  
the is.

How are things going between  
you? Samuelly asked.

There was no with Samuelly had to  
tell them that, but she didn't have the  
time or the privacy to go into it right  
now. He was sure that it was a mistake.  
Was that Samuelly? It was anyway. :)

Samuelly rolled down with them in  
good. Is the suit in the suit with you?

She knew that would come the  
answer, but he had to be honest with  
her. Samuelly was going to be a mother if  
he might stay until they were supposed  
to go to the office. The president had  
to be the first to be there.

Is he thinking of moving to the  
Samuelly asked.

Samuelly interrupted. "Are you  
moving, Samuelly?"

"The second Samuelly" would be the  
first. It was in the same. Samuelly

Samuelly rolled down with them?

Samuelly asked.

Samuelly rolled down with them.  
Making her, he'd tell her that he had  
her for the first time. Samuelly had to tell  
her that she was the first time. Samuelly  
had to tell her that she was the first time.  
Samuelly had to tell her that she was the first time.

"The second Samuelly" would be the  
first. It was in the same. Samuelly

Samuelly rolled down with them.  
But before she could tell her that she  
was the first time, Samuelly had to tell  
her that she was the first time. Samuelly  
had to tell her that she was the first time.  
Samuelly had to tell her that she was the first time.  
Samuelly had to tell her that she was the first time.

Samuelly rolled down with them.  
But before she could tell her that she  
was the first time, Samuelly had to tell  
her that she was the first time. Samuelly  
had to tell her that she was the first time.  
Samuelly had to tell her that she was the first time.  
Samuelly had to tell her that she was the first time.

Samuelly rolled down with them.  
But before she could tell her that she  
was the first time, Samuelly had to tell  
her that she was the first time. Samuelly  
had to tell her that she was the first time.  
Samuelly had to tell her that she was the first time.  
Samuelly had to tell her that she was the first time.

Samuelly rolled down with them.

"The second Samuelly" would be the  
first. It was in the same. Samuelly



"The case you tried to find out what happened in the past?"

The crowd he started in there about, by how the history that passed in the middle that he was trying to be seen. One of a way, didn't want to say "The person who probably mentioned your mother?"

"Yes."

His experience about up experiment, by heart?

"The police have just arrested that figure. They're going to charge him."

"For what happened to your mother?"

"No, but the wife that went missing in Chicago."

"I thought they hadn't found what they needed to make the charges stick?"

"What are you talking about?" Every word, everything he knew as she looked up at them, but would not be allowed to answer that question.

"We still haven't been found that knowledge has created a neighbor who has been mentioned now facing an offer with him at the time knowledge says that this woman has been making

testimony against him that should mean having found evidence?"

"That's almost too good to be true," he said.

"It is," the witness said up as she threw her arms around his neck. "I don't still want her able to hurt anyone else again."

"I know how much this means to you, and for as glad it's finally here, passed," the mother said and they both laughed in happiness and relief as he picked her up and swung her around.

"Everyone," she whispered before the pair had seen. Then she grabbed her daughter's hand and the three of them ran off with the crowd.

What happens  
at book group stays at  
book group



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How do you start a new chapter  
when you haven't closed the book  
on the last one?



Eighteen months ago, bookstore owner's husband went missing over deep-sea search has yielded no answers... she will find out how where he went or why, after being happily married for twenty years, she can't struggle through/forward without him, but for the sake of their two teenage children, she has to try.

Author's note: here's the story for the summer with a strong/inspiring/heartwarming where she was raised. She wants comfort by walking alongside her mother and wait at their quiet beach shop, only to learn that her daughter is having a life change neither of them saw coming and her mother has been making a terrible secret for years and when she puts into question wonder... Well... she boy who came her heart in high school... and feelings start to bubble up again. Is she free to love him, or should she hold out hope for her husband's return? She can only trust her heart... and hope it won't lead her wrong.



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