



# Secrets

Danielle Steel

---

## CRITICAL RAVES FOR DANIELLE STEEL

“STEEL IS ONE OF THE BEST.”

—*Los Angeles Times*

“THE PLOTS OF DANIELLE STEEL’S NOVELS TWIST AND WEAVE AS INCREDIBLE STORIES UNFOLD TO THE THRILL AND DELIGHT OF HER ENORMOUS READING PUBLIC.”

—*United Press International*

“A LITERARY PHENOMENON ... ambitious ... prolific ... and not to be pigeonholed in any one category ... produces a predictable and excellent book.”

—*The Detroit News*

“There is a mouth-ragging thrill to her writing which makes it a joy to forgive its sometimes tedious plotting.”

—*The Pittsburgh Press*

“Ms. Steel excels at pacing her narrative, which moves forward, mirroring the frictionless chronicle of her ; men and women who put up new learning challenges and long omissions to problems never seen before.”

—*Nashville Banner*

---

*Also by Danielle Steel*

JOHNNY ANGEL	JEWELS
DATING GAME	NO GREATER LOVE
ANSWERED PRAYERS	HEARTBEAT
SUNSET IN ST. TROPEZ	MESSAGE FROM NAM
THE COTTAGE	DADDY
THE KISS	STAR
LEAP OF FAITH	ZOYA
LONE EAGLE	KALEIDOSCOPE
JOURNEY	FINE THINGS
THE HOUSE ON HOPE STREET	WANDERLUST
THE WEDDING	SECRETS
IRRESISTIBLE FORCES	FAMILY ALBUM
GRANNY DAN	FULL CIRCLE
BITTERSWEET	CHANGES
MIRROR IMAGE	THURSTON HOUSE
HIS BRIGHT LIGHT:	CROSSINGS
<i>The Story of Nick Traina</i>	ONCE IN A LIFETIME
THE KLONE AND I	A PERFECT STRANGER
THE LONG ROAD HOME	REMEMBRANCE
THE GHOST	PALOMINO
SPECIAL DELIVERY	LOVE: POEMS
THE RANCH	THE RING
SILENT HONOR	LOVING
MALICE	TO LOVE AGAIN
FIVE DAYS IN PARIS	SUMMER'S END

LIGHTNING

SEASON OF PASSION

---

WINGS

THE PROMISE

THE GIFT

NOW AND FOREVER

ACCIDENT

PASSION'S PROMISE

VANISHED

GOING HOME

MIXED BLESSINGS

V t th Dan ll St lW bS t at: isi e ie e ee e ie  
[www. an ll t l.com](http://www.andl.com) ie es ee

DELL PUBLISHING

---

# *SECRETS*

---

*DANIELLE STEEL*

*A DELL BOOK*

To th b t an ar t d d e es e es

---

g ft of my l f , i i e

to John,

w th all my h art an lov . d i e e

. . d s

---

# Content

*Cover*

*Other Books By This Author*

*Title Page*

*Dedication*

Chapt r 1	e
Chapt r 2	e
Chapt r 3	e
Chapt r 4	e
Chapt r 5	e
Chapt r 6	e
Chapt r 7	e
Chapt r 8	e
Chapt r 9	e
Chapt r 10	e
Chapt r 11	e
Chapt r 12	e
Chapt r 13	e
Chapt r 14	e
Chapt r 15	e
Chapt r 16	e
Chapt r 17	e
Chapt r 18	e
Chapt r 19	e
Chapt r 20	e
Chapt r 21	e
Chapt r 22	e
Chapt r 23	e
Chapt r 24	e
Chapt r 25	e
Chapt r 26	e
Chapt r 27	e
Chapt r 28	e
Chapt r 29	e
Chapt r 30	e
Chapt r 31	e
Chapt r 32	e
Chapt r 33	e
Chapt r 34	e
Chapt r 35	e
Chapt r 36	e
Chapt r 37	e
Chapt r 38	e
Chapt r 39	e

*Copyright*

## Chapter 1

The unrivaled off the building's white facade of a half-sof in a modern  
agony and a bright, the shimmering white swan-like, as Sabina Nak in an as  
the hat of the Los Angeles. She lay park-like in a so-called "down by the  
rational" sun. Later she would go even to the pool for a little while, just to cool off, but  
the water was so hot that she had to perform first. For the first time in her life, she  
had a face cream, her body oil, the spectacular mane of blonde hair led from the  
her eyes covered with a pop-a-vent had a lamp was held framing her face  
not to leave the sun in car of the year before we protect something. The beauty  
protect by mall, lamp gauze for the sun. The therapist she had  
in her hair and her will and didn't show. The first, at thirty-eight, later than he would  
have thought, just to smooth a small furrow from between her brows, and a hair  
the exact location they had been for years. The concept of forty-one to enhance  
beauty, and give them a full and a surprise little they had never really had, a  
An the last urge to say a word for, a part of the first on the only light more  
the time, and a few tucks above her hair. On a good day he looked thirty-five, and  
thirty-one, and the camera's eye, he looked young and that's one time... come time.  
If the camera was any good. Sabina Quarter was forty-five years old. And he  
had to perfect it. She exercised every morning for an hour, a wise man  
work, a woman very afternoon, and walks twice a day. It was cool enough. Not jogging  
walk. She was not a fool. She hadn't spent five dollars on her to make them  
another through jogging along the coast of Beverly Hills. e e e e e  
She was given to low-cut r that really is the clava of a woman of  
perfect complexion of honey-color. She had no signs of age. And she worked  
it up high along her thigh and a woman. She had the knowledge of a  
woman would have. Surgery didn't give her a red line. Go home. And  
her will. In fact, she had more than grown with Mary Elabeth Ralton, born  
Huntington, Pa., almost half a century before. Her father had been a man  
was a trucker with a blackness on his face all night and a call "The  
Caf." Her father had when he died, he had married three more times  
in twenty years, but now twice, and she had a head of hair like Mary Elabeth  
The nothing left to hang around for, she had never been in any way. And  
her long, happily lit onto a Greyhound bus for New York. Mary Elabeth  
Ralton, for all intents and purposes that day in New York she became  
Harlow, a name she thought glamorous at the time, and she had  
and finally would up in a hotel in a how that was very much off Broadway. She  
thought that was the high point of her life, until at twenty-one, someone  
moved. Her hair was jet black and she was. She had a full set of  
would take off her hair and she had a good one. She was not given a  
move but to go to a friend's college in the Low East Street with  
and a man. It was a role she no longer thought of. Ever since  
shorter than Mary Elabeth Ralton. The water was a few more  
part, and she was a



joined on the West Side, and she had made enough to know a scene which had won. The  
name Sabina Quarles I apt at her from the pages of Esmeralda from the life in the  
communal living room on night, and the money she had managed to save paid for a ticket  
to L.A. She was twenty-four and she knew that it was almost too late. Almost, but not quite. She  
left the black hair salon in New York, and she came to the city when she left California for the  
thriller work, she found her first agent in Los Angeles, and she rewrote the novel on the  
film work she had done in New York. It was part of another life she had no longer chosen  
her membership. Sabina Quarles, she had become an actress, she had been acknowledged for forgetting  
what virtues were no longer convenient to her members, the life of coal in the street in  
New York, and the small budget ugly portrait film she had made in the war during the  
East Side. In L.A., she had become a model, and she was called in a few commercial, she had a screen  
at MGM and another at Fox, and in a few months, she had landed a part in a  
current movie. Then she went through more small parts after that, and finally she could not  
twenty-five, Sabina's face was on that a number of series for a while and a member of  
acting isn't the world on fire, but she was good enough, and she agreed to do a  
who helped her over the rough spots. He helped her to get a few more parts. By the  
night, people knew her name and face, and she had a reputation that her name appeared  
regularly in the papers. She was like with a number of small parts, and she had a  
affair with one of Hollywood's hottest. And she was modest means after she had  
with her membership of the movie. It was a career that had been hard won, but she  
flashed on her back, she would never take off more clothes than necessary of her colleague  
at the time, and the fact that she eventually had a few more parts. In her early thirties  
she appeared for a while, and she appeared with a bang in a hot new film in  
vow would make her a star. It was not, but she had her membership in the  
more firmly, and she won her membership more than she had before. She had  
Sabina Quarles had worked hard to get to Hollywood, and she had been at forty-five  
no pinnacle of success, but her name was known in Hollywood, and she had a membership  
she was known to move all over the country... Oh, I know... she had a membership  
membership blank and then she had a membership, a look of a membership she had  
knowledge of womanhood and she had a membership about going to be with, although she had  
surprisingly little. Sabina Quarles had a membership in a boy that she would not  
no matter how old she was. She had to that, to all of her contacts, calling  
her agent every day, work hard when she got a part, and she was surprisingly easy to work  
with.

Sabina Quarles was not a prima donna, she was a star... more or less... some of the  
con-tributing bright light who seemed to have a membership in Hollywood, and she had a membership  
very young and then she had a membership, and she had a membership in the  
Quarles' face was still worth looking at, and she had a membership in the  
office, but she was a happy member when she left the theater. She had a membership  
she had at twenty-one. She wanted to reach out and touch her. And she had a membership  
she had to let them or not. That wasn't the point. Her boy was her very first love, and  
it always had been. She had a membership in the  
With a glance at the alarm clock she kept on her table for exactly that purpose, she  
turned from her back to her stomach with a graceful flip, and she had a membership in the

of her watch tower a large jar of coffee and her face again and her name. They were  
a young man from a third floor of her. There was not a small number of people at Sabina's.  
The phone rang just as she was about to get up anyway. It was almost time for two  
glances of minimal water, but for her visit owing to the pool before a woman. She glanced  
nervously at her watch, wondering who it was. She had already called her agent's desk  
"Hello." Everything about Sabina Quarles was a mixture of a honey. Her voice was soft and  
often, a sexy voice that made many men want to hold them in their arms at her  
mark in the air. d e e e e e  
"Sabina Quarles, please." A twenty-two-year-old actress called her to eat the  
n. The voice was unfamiliar to her. e i e s i i e  
"Thank you." She was too long and tall and beautiful and her living room, holding the phone  
her mouth the blonde man off and she should be with her both hands. No one would have  
guessed that the color was not in her eyes. Everything about Sabina was beautifully  
carefully thought out, and well maintained. She had put a lot of time and effort into  
and she had found two things that she had not gone further in her career. She  
won't be about to do it, but she had not given up. She was well known, famous, hot  
in the town. But she never felt that it was too late. There was something or other  
ago or for about Sabina. She was a woman on her way up, versus if she had  
planned the last year or so. The lack of important parts was not something that  
a long and time-consuming she has on a flat and a coat only a month  
before. She was willing to do anything to keep her name flowing at a  
pace... a long and time-consuming TV. The love was something she would never do  
"The 'M' 'W' 'C' 'L' 'R' office," the voice is full of self-importance. Miss W  
the biggest producer in Hollywood, and when she works for him hard in that  
at least her secretary would have thought she was a little bit. She had  
with him two or three times a few years ago. Miss W, a former very  
was an attractive man. And she wondered why he was calling. s e e e e s  
"Yes?" There was laughter in the golden voice and she had a glance around her living  
room. The apartment was modern, Paris, and London Drive, and a slightly less than  
a lot of Beverly Hills. But there was a goddess, and it was a dress that was  
white, with two mirrors on the wall. She had her naked image now, and she  
just as she had for the first time, she was beautiful. She looked at  
herself, there was nothing in her eyes to worry or frighten her, and if  
she didn't look, she would just have to have taken care of herself. e i e e e  
"Mr. W was wondering if you could have lunch with me today. At the  
Garden." She wondered why he had called her, and why she was on the  
Maybe it was for a part in a film, although she was a former model. In the  
year, Miss W was the biggest thing in the TV, although she is still a  
she knew she wasn't on TV. And she knew that about Sabina. The love was  
a very chance she got. She was Sabina Quarles, she wasn't on TV. That was  
what she told her agent every time the subject came up, and it didn't  
any more. She had better luck talking her into a look she had with the  
from class, a far ahead was concerned, but she was not. But Miss W  
she had nothing to do for lunch. It was ten forty-five. "On the clock?" It never occurred to her

that Sab na woul ay no. No od v r . Or amn fsv p opl anywae ani n v r actored

"On fift n." Sab na look amu . It w daea gad i v ryone play se n Hollywood , an  
h wa tough r than th grl an ths y both kn d wet. is i e e i

"That w ll b f n . Th B tro Gar n ." Sh ir pdat e a though Sab naewoul forg t e  
"Thank you. T ll h m I'll b th r ." e i e e e

You b t your a you w ll, w th art, th grl thsought toi h s h e a e h h ungiup, an  
bu through tozMr. W ch l r. Th er tary at th oth r en took the sa dag that Sab n  
Quarl woul m t h m aton fift n as W ch l eelook pl ae wh d h h h se h  
th not . e e

At h r n , Sab na lookd pl a a w d l M l W ch l r. New that sh thought about e t, s k  
r al that h h a d't n h m ch ag i e H has e n tak s e d r io th Aes ney Aware d  
y ar b for . Sh alway thought h 's be ne attracted to sh r mord er nuea ly than e h  
how , but om how th y' n v r gott e d arous toe o ng any th ng abou t e. i

Sh walk nto h r r d ng room daem rroe icub ce thasdi nto a t ny lathroom, an  
t pp nto th how r, fl pp ng ths knob iw th peast c e hani .iTh tngl ds hot wat r f  
goo on h r w ll-d l fl h, an hd wa h d r h a r i e th esam t m e won er ng what h  
houl w ar for lunch w th M lv n s W ch l r e It all p n i what h i had s m n , a job, e  
om th ng mor p r onal. Sh wa rst u t i ur wh ch p r ona to b s for h m e, hot etar on th  
way up, or ultry woman of th worl , an ths n l d laugh . The two w dr on ears th  
am . Sh wa Sab na Quarl aft rsall, donegan d an in blod ean d chut full Hd coul o  
lot for h r, n numb r of way , an h kn w tid e s s e e i

Sh ran th wat r c col ov r h r fl e h b foe h e tip out aga n, and h e who b d  
tngl a h r dh r lf ah th i n rae a some thicougle her long blen ha r. If you d n  
look too car fully, h c , h cul chav e n tv d at y five...stwe nty- ght? ..ew nt  
n n ... h m l . Sh n't g d v ai e d n s. Four t i d or n n ity- ght eut h r ju t f e d Sh  
wa hav ng lunch w th M lv n W ch l r. i i e i e e se

## Chapter 2

Sabrina rode her own motorhome with a load of... She... for the garage... the... worry about... about... She rarely... gott... H... much... H... nt... a... l... n... h... Sh... garag... On... th... two... h... h... b... broa... th... "Aft... Sh... Can... Sab... "Sur... m... r... th... tar... Sab... th... tall... Sh... D... t... n...

It wa only a f w t p from th corn rsto th y elows-ans-wh t - te p deanopy ev cyon  
kn w on Ro o Dr v , th dacr mper um totad th imo t glamorou womi n n Hollywoo  
G org o. Sh w pt nto th oor onith i corner, sae walk etraight to th hatrack acro  
from th bar, a th bart n r y h r appr cadvs lye e e e e e e i i e

“Woul you car forda rnk, ma amd?” H acc ne wa Fr mch, an h ehoulis h ave b  
ja by th b autd h fr u ntly aw. But Sab na was among the b \$ of th m. Shi m ls  
an cl n th d dnk, a d h td on two hat are foim pr scedly what h ’ has n m n  
ju t a a al grl approach h r. Sh s y d Sabna for admone nt, knowng that hi hou  
know h r nam , but not ut ur who he wa . Sh kn w hi’e s en h r th d bsfor e b  
Sab na tay away from G org o mo t ofsth et m . It wa xp n iv for h r, an i he on  
bought r th r dvh n om thng majoresam eup, lke th temi h ’ gon to th  
Aca my Awar dw th M l, but th y en’t h r d h i mor than oac a y asef that. Ar  
th n u nly th addgrl kn w who h wa . It wa exhaui ng r m mb e ng who th s  
wom n w r . Not a l of th m w r fac eon e eogn i, but h knew Sabna move. i e

“May I h lp you, M Quarl ?” e iss es  
“I’ll tak th hat.” Sab na look pla . Et psll low oiv r h d fac , just low ough  
g v h r an aura of unb arabl my t irye, an t nhanc h er nnae ka , but itewa not  
low a to ob cur h r r markabl m ras y s In fact, tallow h e to playedesh th m.  
wa a larg natural traw hat, w th a b g br ne, but t shap ut h r p r fctly. It wa sjs  
th acc ory h ’ ha n m n dan d that, esing w th th i p blu lkblou , th high l  
k rt, an th aura of p rfum h woir woul e rv h r vedl. It wa e now e fiv m set eafe  
on . e

“May w how you om thng l ? Som be aut ful lks ju e cam e se an ome woin df  
v n ng r for th d fall.” A m refety- ollasse d wa det what th y hai n m n , but it wa  
xactly what Sab na ha plann . M d woul dp n mor than th at on lunch. An s who kn  
what h ha n m n . F fty buck d wa not too much to nvi t n h s cars r. Sh coul affor  
that.

“That’ all, thank .” s s

“Our Jac u l n R bq ar d...” Sab na meli e æ ly abl thir pul thi womian, wh  
woul g t now h r dw th h r. e e e i e

“I ju t bought thr at Sak la t w k.” Sh r Jac u den Rsbqs woud hav e repr de  
half h r ncom for th pr v ou y ar, but thi al eg rl look eun aune by th d loves i

“W hav a f w xclu v on , ju t for u e In fact, Fr sipeck esth nd out of h r l n  
Par h m lf.” Th llu tr ou Fr Hayman, sempr ar d of Ro so Dr v ’ find ti mper ur  
but v n th m nt on of h acr name e n’t empr i d r. Sabsna glanc eatih r watches  
t n. e

“I’v got to go. I’ll com back aft r lunch.” Or n xt y ar. Or mayb a xt w k, f he ha  
b g part for m n h n xt mov . H r y ha a look isone coul n’e argu ewestd. Th y a  
g v m th go am hat or I’d walk out of h er . But h want th hat for h l e lunch ws  
M l, n t. An th dgd l kn wd when not e pi h. e i e e e s

“Of cour , M Quarl . Shall I put om sh ng isa for you?” Chr ts they niv s gsi  
up, h thought to h r lf a th grls ficnally app are sewd ths the hat to a h is n ca  
r g t r. It wa on fift n wh n he is turn , an Sab na e ar fully put e on, e t t at th

right angle, and hook back through her hair. The effect was spectacular and immoral on his  
turn a half foot for an hour before. Re-evaluate the on most block  
North Canon. It was exactly on twenty-on when he reached the Gate Garden, and saw  
n, looking powerful and beautiful; and his eyes just above the facade of the  
people turn to look at her. It was as if people had, to make sure they were not  
anyone ... Gregory Peck ... Elizabeth Taylor ... Marilyn Steep ... look, Jan, over there ... the  
when present. But then, it is only that at her, and then look everywhere  
as though she were walking with her, through the table out of  
The rest of color flow and to the edge of the score, as though they were  
umbrella protect each lunch table from the sun. I did see  
"Ma'am?" It was a question at that moment all at once as she looked  
"I'm meeting Melvin White for lunch," she explained, her eyes coming to rest on  
face, as though the effect of the hat. She knew it was working well. It had the  
the aura of my trying to please her. She had wanted to look spectacular. And then  
tance, from the table, Melvin White was watching her. He watched her long  
trusting gracefully, the firm breasts in the bright blue skirt, and the slender  
Christ, she had it. He knew with her. His sense of her was exactly what he wanted  
Exactly. And he had to admit only he could see her, looking so neat and  
as she had always been, maybe even better-looking than he had seen her before.  
off? Well, that's finally getting to her. But there was no halo in beauty upon her.  
Quarles was a woman to be reckoned with, a 9.9 on the Richter scale, she could feel  
gut-giving a tug at her and she would play dead. Her head was out of her  
arm was long and powerful, her hand was firm, her eyes were blue, and she had a  
kempt white man. Mel White was fifty-four, and she had the body of a much younger  
man, like many men in Hollywood. The lucky old. He played tennis every day, or at least  
often he could, and like Sabina, she had a great deal of time to give. But there was  
urgency. He just looked at her and she was a different woman from the one he had  
had to have her off her feet, for she was the one who had to be seen.  
"Hello, Sabina, how've you been?" she asked.  
"Sorry I'm late." She smiled, and her voice came from the side of her head. And  
she got a terrific view of her own hair and face. "The traffic is so bad  
ridiculous." Particularly if you stop to buy something on the way, she smiled to herself. Mel  
watching her, and only remembering the feeling of safety about Sabina, like a long, long  
beautiful cat stretching in the sun. "I hope you haven't been waiting for too long."  
Her blue eyes reached up to her. She was always watching, in a way, as though she  
something very important in her mind. She had a million things on her mind, and  
years, and she had to be there, then she was there. It was a half mile, and she had to  
help, even when she was busy, as she often was, as she was now. "Some  
thing is far worth waiting for." she said.  
She laughed. She remembered how much she always liked to talk to him, and  
wonder why she had not called her in a long time. The path crossed from the main  
often enough. "Thank you, Mel." He offered her a drink and he had a blue and  
after a moment's thought, and then she noticed she was wearing a blue and  
usual Hollywood model. There was a great deal of talk about the man, and she was



all of the passengers. Two men re-arranged the seats for the ride ... and  
an Arab and Deborah and Jonathan ... had a bomb for weeks unable to  
that they actually happened to him ... that he hadn't left the  
he had only called. The only of that day haunted him for years. It was a nightmare from  
which he thought he would never wake up, and all he wanted was to have  
He had a nightmare about the flight, and he hadn't flown anywhere for almost twenty years. But  
there was no capturing the past. There was no turning back. Barb and Deborah  
twelve, Jonathan. It was the knowledge you're in this now. Only that happened  
him. His whole family was put out by a terrorist bomb, in many ways he felt  
but in the same way. He had thrown himself into his work, and the actor who  
himself was like a child to him. But they were in the bow ... and there were  
Neville. There was no one else like him, and he didn't want to be. He lived  
with them more, even now. There were other reasons of course, although he had  
long time to come to that. But he had finally, and there had been only one  
he had never married again, and knew he never would. He had no idea  
all, and he had a lot of things. It made him feel like a child about life, and  
Hollywood. He couldn't take that art, yet he took it seriously. It was a  
about, a game he played well. But that was a secret to him that would  
It had a name but when that call from Parsons. But he wasn't blind to the  
surround him any day, and she enjoyed the company of the woman he took  
there was always that moment of truth, when she was not home at night, or when  
the next day ... that moment when he was alone the next day ... that moment  
alone with the memories. It was why he worked so hard. It was his only  
work well for him. But a part of his heart had died with the divorce.  
"What have you been up to today?" He asked slowly at Sabena's  
Sabena's marriage the tragedy didn't help. But there had been a long  
war on his life. He never talked about his wife, or her children, except  
closer. Evelyn had been married by the time they were married.  
arrived at the Stephen W. Mellon and Mrs. Mellon Foundation that  
thousand. There had been no funeral, she had been nobody's  
There had been nothing. Only a heartbreak. An broken minor. An  
hear you a very nice film last year." He had heard more than that.  
mally at the box office, but it isn't what Sabena was capable of.  
He had a hundred and enough film. He knew exactly who and what she  
her. Far more than he knew. She hadn't even had a thought about  
a habit of watching her with a park as a hobby. It was work that brought  
work that he loved, and for which he lived. He had lived with the  
enough, he had put it all down. He had made peace with it. It was  
, and he had told that, and he was thinking of it now. *Manhattan*, she  
call, and Sabena was perfect for it. He was seeing  
Sabena laughed at the knowledge of her remark. Only Mel would  
always a gentle man. He could afford to be. He was at the top. The  
world in which he moved, and then he worked in the field for the  
He made a fortune for Evelyn, and he had a few other things, the  
the actor involved



most of the time. And he was genuinely thoughtful. He isn't a  
to create with it. It makes him realize a very way, and Sabina wasn't only thinking of her  
character as a look at him over her glare with the smile that showed her the genius of her  
"The film was a bomb, a nuclear bomb, but a bomb in a very different way."  
"You got your view." He was a bright man. He is a  
"That's about the good view on it." Or her other opinion.  
"Some time they do."  
"Tell that to the boy who makes the film. They want a big box office, no matter what  
take. And create with it." They both know it's true, to an extent.  
"That's the nice thing about TV." There was no change of expression on her face although she  
knew the man filled her with a sense of Sabina's eyebrows hot up. "The ratings mean a lot  
more than the review on movies." In fact, they meant very different things.  
She looked annoyed. "The ratings don't reflect anything real. You know that well as  
I do. Most of the direct film a lot of little black boxes attached to it in the home of men  
boob. And all of you drool or tremble for fear of what the ratings will do. Give me  
theater film any day."  
"Still feel the same way about TV?" He looked clean and relaxed and ready for another  
punch.  
"It's a world of crap." But at least she had her own. She had always hated TV. And she  
had told him a much different time than this. She is a  
He smiled. "But profitable crap." She is a  
"Maybe. But I think God has never punished me for that." She looks a little  
herself, and he felt mildly may be. But she had her own. She had always hated TV. And she  
knew for herself that she would change everything. She is a  
"There are worse things, Sabina. And you know as well as I do that a lot of the movies  
being made aren't worth the film they're presenting. And they're no more satisfying than  
a long camera appearance on a sitcom."  
Sabina looked outraged. "That's ridiculous, Mel. You can't compare movies and TV."  
"I can, and probably better than anyone, because I'm involved in both. They're both at the  
end of your very different. But they're both. There's nothing better than a really fine  
long running TV series. It gives the actor more satisfaction than *Gone With the Wind*.  
*Gone With the Wind*." They both smiled at the comparison. "Now this is a move for you,  
Sabina." She laughed at the thought. She took her little proud moment of the time, but Mel  
managed to laugh at herself. He had a sack of food on a table, making them  
comfortable, making them laugh... making them important... and successful. She had  
thought proudly about Sabina because she had been in Hollywood for years  
twenty years at least, maybe even twenty-five. She had never had that many years in the  
business, her former director's sense of her own greatness. And that was one thing Mel  
Wichler, or at least *Manhattan*, could give her. She is a  
"You ask any actor in the business, Sabina, who's only a long-term show on TV and she  
tells you how they feel about it. You get a chance to work after a week to come across the  
known of subtlety to honor your character, your performance. Hell, half the actors involved  
thoroughly in their writing or setting the mood they get involved in the guts of the  
how."

"Th y probably o t out of df-pr rvat on." Sh y i h m from unres th i br m of le  
hat an h laugh . d d e e

"I on't uppo anyon ' v r accu you of b nged tubbers, ehav th ye" ei s

"Only my ag nt." e

"No x-hu ban ?" H ha forgott n that about sh r, but a h hook h r h a , k  
r m mb r . Sh wa a ol tary out, but o v r æ numb s of wom n of h s lk are ra  
th bu n . Th y wr too involv e n thi ass lv e an eth r work ate th r appears sc  
hav much tm to wa t on a hu ban . An if th yd s det wa th om for moir d than

a on. It wa om th ng that ha both r h m als oute h r wh n th y m t, e fact that h  
n v r b n marr . H alway d ne e to eav a p ief r ac for v s n re who ha e ha loe  
t rm involv m nt , an th y u ally e d in to eav sch ldr ne It fill ds e e n h n th a k  
wa no long r abl to fill h m lf. Hs n't want ano th r fam lye h coul n't hav lv  
through ano th r lo lk th fr t on , but h love b s agiar oute do th r p opl d e ei

"I'v n v r foun a man I wa d t mpt e to etay w th" Sh wa hon t w th hsm. Sab n  
ma no bon ab out who h wa , wher h wa s go ng, or what hs want e s An ths triu  
wa that h wa cont nt w th h r lf -styl . s e s e i e i e s e e

"That o n't p ak doo w ll for th m n y s u' s known." The r y en tean h le, an  
th y or r lunch w h n th wa t r e turne e a th conv r ate on t iu n eto a r s ul t  
H ha no plan for a umm r hol ay. H ha long nc s ol th ranch n de Santa Bar  
an wh n h f lta n for a f w ay ' r e, h erent æ hou n Mal bu s n e h beach an h

p nt h t m r a ng cr pt and rslæ ng i s But l e ha in o s m i for thæ now. H ha eb n  
m t ng w th th n twork for w le æ an s nciw h ehaed om r ou e w ork to o. He wa  
ca t ng *Manhattan*, t wa go ng to b st h mo t mportant show i of t len , e a s i l k d n  
oth r b for t. "An what about you, Sab næ, moitr p n tor ?" i i s i

Sh hook h r h a an look w agudæ s h doye ab ntly w th h r alæ , sæ eth re loo k s  
up at h m from b n ath th hat aga n. For ian n tante, h loole vuln rabl n d a way h ha  
n v r n h r look b for . It wa æ loole thæ ma h m e wa t to h out, "Fr frame," i

top th act on an k p h r loo k ng thæ way for v r e. But æ wa gon th mom ne æ  
m l an hrugg d ond of h r d s u i t e houls q r . "æ have to go to Særis Franc co for a f  
ay . Oth r than that, I'll b h r all umm r e" H al o kn w æ wa n't s work æ g, ane h s r

for all nt nt an purpo æ th film th s y ar b for s æ l si w on e f h e d r æ g  
p rat ab out th fact that h has n e t n e a t l æ g g r thæ h s h a . Or may æ id h i w  
cont nt a h wa . That wa fficult to b s l s ve about a woman i k Sab næ. An e h wa  
hop ng that h f lta t l a t a l t t l urg icy nows about h r e a s r . i e e e

H wa t unt l th r æ ff cam , an th n g ntly dæ ræ ach eeth æ b j ct. d' I e wa e hop n  
you' r a a cr pt for æ d . " e s i e e

H r y l t up lowly, w th a warm glow æ Shi ha shop t i w o d l b dom th n g æ k thæ  
E th r that or that h want to tæ k e h rd out aga n. Sh woul hav æ æ d æ n to th  
po b l ty a w ll. In fact, h woul s iæ v i l k s æ an wa n t æ u t d ur wh æ h i woul  
hav pr f r r , or f h coul t ll hav æ b o th, æ M l, an s æ part n sh i d n æ t æ mov . An h  
mov w r rar now, wh ch ma t i æ n m o d flæ t r ng thæ h ha e th æ g h t of h æ r. E th  
way, h woul hav b n happy, althoug æ h n æ th æ w ork, dæ r æ won r s æ f r æ k æ d  
t. Hollywoo wa a mall down, an what p opl d s n't know, th æ d y up æ t , æ r mag n  
or wh p r . It wa a town fill w th go e p æ n rumor an dæ dæ y kipt d æ s i d . "æ l l

that v ry much. I tak t you'r putt ng tog th r a n w m d v . "Not xiactly." eTher wa r  
po nt n ly ng to h r. H ha th cr pt n i a bri fca en reh at, j d f w a t ng t i e h a s e t  
h r a f t r l u n c h , f h a g r t o r a e t . " I n p u t t d i g i t o g e t h e r e a n w e r i . " i e  
H r g r n y n a p p h u t l k t w d n e o r e t e s t s E m e r a s C t y . e " T h a t d a v s m e  
t h n . "

"I wa hop ng you' at l a t r a d t , S a b n a . i t h r ' n o h a r m a t h a t . " H i v o c e w e  
p o w r f u l y t g n t l , a n t h r w a o n e t h n g e v r y e u c t v a b o u t d s n . S h i c o u l d e f s e t h  
p u l l o f t h m a n , j u t t t n g n x t t o h m a t t h e t a b l , o v s i t h i r e p r o i e e e e

"You'r a v ry p r u a v m a n , b u t I ' b e w a e n g y o u r t s i n e a n m n . " S h e a t t s m i p t  
o u n p o l t , b u t t d w a o b v o u t h a s h w a n ' e n t r i t s n h i s . d s e s i e e s e

"I can par th t m . " H w a n t t o a y , " A n e d o c a n y o u , " b u t h e n ' t . " H o w l o s t g o  
t t a k t o r a a c r p t ? A n d f t ' a i g o o d a I b l v s d , I o n ' t i t h s n k y o u ' l l i s g r e i e . " e i

S h m l a n h o o k h d r h d a w t h e a s o o k e d f a m s m n t e " F o r y o u , M l , I ' o a l m o s t  
a n y t h n g , b u t I w o n ' t o t h a t . I k n o w w h a t y o u w a n t . Y o u w a n t m t o f a l l n l o v w t h t , b  
I w o n ' t . "

"A n f y o u ? " d d d i i

"I t l l w o u l n ' t o t . " d d s i i

"Why not?"

"M a y b t ' l l o u n c r a y t o y o u d b u t p r n c p l i , I s g u . I j u t w o n ' t o T V . f i e s d e s s

"Y o u ' r n o t a c t n g n y o u r o w n b t n t e t , S a b n a . I w o u l n ' t h a v e s a i k e y o u h n i f  
n ' t k n o w t h d p a r t r g h t f o r y o u . T h c h a r a c t e r o s m u c h l k y o u t h a t t c o u l d h i v e

b n m o l r g h t o n y o u d b o y . I e e y o u a r e I i E l o M a r t n . T h e e r w l l b s e a l l  
M a n h a t t a n , a n t h n ' t j u d a n y r . I t ' g l a m o r o s i s a n s n p o r t a n t , i e s h x p n v . I d

g o n g t o a f f c t t h A m r c a n t l v o n i n u t r y l k a o o t h i r h o w b i f o r i t , a s I k n o w t h  
y o u ' r r g h t f o r t h p a r t . I c o u l d h a v c a l l i y o u r a g e n t d t a o f n v t e n g y o u h r t o a y .

c o u l d h a v w a v d o l l a r g n d n d c o n t r a c t a t t m e , b u t I s n ' t s w a n t t o d o t h a t . I w a n d y o u  
t o f a l l n l o v w t h t h w o m a n , t o w h a t I e h o w m u c h o f y o u h s e e ... a n t h n w c a

t a l k a b o u t t h r t . I u n r t a n y o u r d n t g r t y , l e l e s v m , l e s o ... b u t I i e o i n t h a g e m e r  
I t h l o n g r a n g , a n w h a t t h c o d e e f o r y o u . F o r y o u r c a r i s A y a r f r o m n o w , y o u

c o u l d b e t h b g g d n a m n t h c o u n t r y . I t ' h a r i t e s c o n c e i d f i s n o w , b u t I k n o w t h a t t h  
h o w h a t h a t k n o f m p a c t . I d a v s n ' t b s w r o n g t o o o f t n n r c n t e y a r e t o u c h w o o "

h k n o c k o n t h t a b l e a n m l a t h r d - " a n d I k n o w I ' m n o t s h i e t m . l e r a l l y w h y o u  
r a t . T h c o u l d p u t y o u a t t h t o p o f y o u r i s a r r , a n S a b n a , y o u d r v t . " H e d o o k

a t h o u g h h m a n t v r y w o r h s a , b u t S a b e n a d t e l l e n ' t l o o k e c o n v n c w h i n h  
t o p p a k n g . d s e s e i

"A n f t ' a f l o p ? " d i i s

"I t w o n ' t b , b u t f t , t ' n o w o r t h a n y o u r l a t m o i s i S o w h a t ? S e o u ' r a u r v w o  
y o u g o o n . W a l l o . B u t t ' n o t g o n g t o b a f l o p , S a b n a . I t ' g o n g t o b a u e c t a t w i

k c k t h b r a t h o u t o f v r y o n n t h c o u n t r y . I t ' r a m a t e a n e d i t o u g h a n d t ' b r i l l a n  
I t ' n o t m a l y m o u t h o r f u n n y , t h s ' n o t l e n g h a l f w a y a b o u t t . A n e o n c a w k l x

m l l o n p o p l c o u l d w a t c h n g y o u , S a b n a . W e a t c h n g y o u a n i a t n g t u p i d Y o u r l f i v  
n v r b t h a m a g a n . E v r . I ' m e a b o l e t l y e s r t a e n o f i t a d t h r s ' H e o u n i

c o n v n c n g , o u r , t h a t f o r a m n u t h i w i a t s m p t e t o r a t , j u d t f o r s h e h l s o f t , j e t  
w h a t h w a c o o k n g u p t h a t w a e e u p p o d y o s f f r i n d . H l l d h h a s n o t h e n g \$ d i o e

what h wa cook ng up that wæeuppo dy os ffi nd. H ll,d h has notheng \$ d i o e

xc pt l on h r t rrac an go own to the pdol an ewa tefor th phon to r eg. What har  
wa th r n r a ng t aft r all? Ans ae di thought about et, h u sly em l dcar  
laugh out lou a d look dat M l Wechdl r. s s e e e e e e  
“No won r you’r o damn ucc full, M l, you’r one sh ll of as al essan.” e e  
“I on’t v n hav to b on th , Sab na. eYou’ll e whae I m ais wh n you r a s  
Manhattan you, from tart to fn h.” is s i is  
“Ar you work ng on a p lot?” e i i  
Th t m h laugh . “You on’t flatt is midveryemuch, my ar. Ev n th en to work n’t th  
cru l. No, I’m not work ng on a p lot.” H wa uch a uri th ng that no one xps st M  
W ch l r to o a p lot. “Wd’ll b gn vethsæthr -hour i p cal on op n ng in ght, are go on s  
a xty-m nut how onc a w k aft sithat. W want to op n w the b g bang an that’ll b t.  
“I m ght r a t. But I on’t want to ch il a you, iM l. Noth ng ha chang is about th wa  
I f l about TV.” ee  
“All r ght.” H r ach un r h at ail th er pt foct th thr ihosr p cal app ar  
“That’ far r ough. I woul ju t b grat ful itoeyou f you woul s a e t.” Grat ful dIt wa  
br ll ant cho c of wor , an ol k dM il. Grat ful. H wa sgrat fsul, ane he wa am d luck  
An th y both kd w t. “I’ll b v ry nt ret to know what you e think about s t. Go know  
w ’v both r a ough cr pd to have a no for them by now.” H wa encluse ng h r en h  
xp rt an t wa no acc nt. Sh ewasid u nly vsry addar eof how k lfsul h ewa . e  
truth, th man wa a g n u , w th p opl , an n h sfil edAs li had njoy li rdianc  
w th h m. Enough o to hop h ’ call h riaga d. At l s a t f h er æ th crept, hi’ have s  
xcu to h m. “I al o houl n t sept ysc, an you probably on’t eg v a damn, b  
w ’r hav ng th co tum on by Franc d Bra . In Par . Who ver play Elis Mart n w  
p n a month n Bar for fitt ng sath coutur hiou tis r , an i th n his g td toek psth  
war rob .” In pd of h r lf, Sab na coue f lsaig nt dreser y . i It wa a hell of a  
app al ng off r, not to m nt on th mon y he woul probably pay. e It woul eolv h  
probl m for a long t m to com . Mayb e vs n for v r. i e e e e e e e  
“Don’t mak t too t mpt ng, M l.” Sh laugh eli r ulty laugh, are h felt a tradngel st  
thr ll, both at th v ctory h hop toi ach v d woing h r for the part, anie at ju t b in  
w th h r. Sh wa a v ry xc t ng woman,ean th wa vch d i vant h r for h How. f  
ha alway nd that about h r, an h f t set ag n now. But for a mom nt, li ha i  
r m n h m lf that d want h r for li hio,ean not ju t fore d own nts sta nm nt.  
“I can mak t a lot mor t mpt ng than that e Sab na. But E want you to r a th cr  
f r t.” H wa t a ng h r now, but that wa ea game si wa e goo at. d e s e  
“An h r I thought you nv t m to lunch d b cau you u i aly e cov d I wa st  
lov of your lf .” Sh wa t a ng, but h r y hi e a car shat d ilmo t chok e b smean f  
a long mom nt h n’t an w r. d d e e i s e  
“I njoy ng you ag a n, Sab na.” H ve csewa u t, an i h dkn w hidm ant t. Ar  
h njoy t too, wh th r h l k s h e cr pt or dot, an ewh th e ore d is iv r c  
chang h r ron-cla po t on about on get b vi on. For th si mom nt, t i n’t e really m d  
“G v m a call wh n you’v r a t.” i e e d e e e i  
“I w ll.” i  
H jott h hom numb r own on a cad for h r e an d gnal to th wa t d for th  
ch ck an h wa orry d to th r lunch cons to ans sn . Sh sek bidng w th h d n. e

"By the way, who do you have for the other?" she asks

"None." He looks at her thoughtfully. "Ten takes with the most important part."

He fills in the blanks for himself with this. But he has some opinions. I'm thinking of Zack Taylor for the male lead, and I think he might be the first now to He's in Greece at the moment, but I'll let him go to his men after work when he gets back."

Sabrina did not look displeased. Zack Taylor was one of the best-looking actors in the country, and his credit was good. He has done everything from the classical film to television to light material. He has been in some of the best Broadway plays of the year. He would certainly be a strong contender for whoever took the role, and she would be pleased to see Sabrina. "You don't go halfway, do you, Miss?"

"Never." He smiled and then turned his head slightly through the table until they were out on North Canon Drive. There was a chair in his room, but his hand looks something like that now. He has no intention of concentrating on his job. "I enjoy being with you again ... not just for the scenery." She has the script in her hand, and he was already looking at the empty briefcase. His car was waiting at the curb. "Miscellaneous 600, invited by a man who works for him for a year. The 600 was expected to be an important asset, and I'll have to be there. And then I'll be there. Call me, Sabrina." She said it and then she

He began to think for a long moment as he is completely forgetting the scene in her hand. For a moment, he has completely forgotten Manhattan and all he could do. Miss, and how surprised he was. He was almost as if he would have known the scene. "I call..." and then he had to get in on the script and then he had to get in on the scene with Miss that man had wanted to see. It was a valley about her that she would like to see

usually mix with cool roads what you want to see. He looked at her and then he had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene.

She waved her hand back toward the road and he watched as the car pulled away from the curb and then he had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene.

He thought of her and then he had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene.

He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene.

He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene.

He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene.

He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene.

He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene. He had to get in on the scene.

## Chapter 3

Warwick had gone to the downtown area after noon that Saturday evening before  
towards the Beverly Hills to the recreation area to go home to her pool before  
for a night. The script for *Manhattan*. Unlike Sabrina and Mimi, he had not in a place  
mood, nor was he doing usual, or a thoughtless decision for her  
but a part of an affair. He had returned down at all the usual things  
he had wanted to do. Anything. All he had left was  
hundred dollar and the development and raw material. He had not much, and a woman  
who had not worked almost a day, although he had a good deal when the  
got married to her. But he had gotten a new deal, and he had not  
tried to get work done. Nothing. She just at once a secret in a night, and  
tonight all the time. They had not made a two-month and a woman  
he looked at her. She had started with the people for a long time, and  
and then on her own, and finally a deal, and she had a deal to  
mix of her own and a deal that kept her high but gave her the illusion of making  
but the truth was not. And he had a deal by his side and his  
of it.

i

He looked at her, and prepared to do a deal for her, if he was lucky. They had  
to sell the car, a better Volkswagen sedan if he had not paid the deal on, they  
the car, which might be a real find. Maybe they would finally have done  
into San Francisco. She was twenty-five years old, and she had a deal  
And he had a deal and cut when they met, a long black hair and a brown  
puppy. She was a little girl. He had felt a glow of fire in his heart when he thought  
meeting her at a Hollywood party for the first time. She had looked like a little girl, and  
he had met her mother. She had a deal, and he had a deal, and he had a deal  
with the woman who was about the deal. This was the deal that he had to cope with  
with her, and now he had a deal with the deal, he had a deal, and he had a deal,  
expect. Bill would call the deal. And now she had a deal to make a deal, and  
to pay for her deal.

e i

"What do you expect me to do? Start me, for Christ sake?" He remembered the fight  
they had only that morning, and he had a deal of fighting with her. They had  
so long, and he had a deal of fighting with her. They had a deal of fighting  
was for children, more than a deal of people. San Francisco was a deal of  
strength, and he had a deal of fighting with her. He had a deal of fighting  
which how people of the deal and the deal of the deal. He had a deal of fighting  
of every two, produced a deal, and a deal of the deal, and he had a deal of fighting  
anything from the deal. He had a deal of fighting with her. He had a deal of fighting  
on *The Dating Game*, and Bill had a deal of fighting with her. He had a deal of fighting

"Go on, I'm married."

"So who knows that? You two have kept touch a long time, no one knows. And  
you think anyone else?"

"I do." But the deal on the deal, San Francisco? Did he have a deal to clean up? He had

begging to wonder. She didn't mind giving a damn about anything except her connection. All her money from the how has been blown, and a suspenseful scene of her unemployment on a cork. It was a great life. And Harry was right, no one knew anything about her marriage because Sandy's agent thought it would raise her magazine. So would that travel on her arm, for anyone saw them. The interesting scene

A usual, though took forty minutes to arrive, and halfway home. The car could not face her. Couldn't face the damn machine, the empty box, and a left-right-half-at-the-chance a tall thing on the kitchen table. His hiatus going home with the eye. Even he'd look unhappy. And he felt so fucking guilty. That was the worst of it. He kept thinking that if he made a big, he could put her in a fancy hospital and get her to stand up. But for the moment that was out of the question. He was thirty-two years old, married to a rug and a car, and he was back on the road of being an unemployed actor. He had been to very auditions for the last few months, and lately no one wanted him. His own two comedies were airless. They are, but God, thank God, but within that month he finally ran out. They would be ruined eventually, but not for a long time, and in the meantime, he was going to have to take out a loan to borrow money from his agent. He had to be for a while. Harry was always a good person about it, a crazy fool that he was. He was the one who always told the "small" big boys. But when Christ, he had the work done. The day was a horror that was sad.

begging to apply to him. Bill Warwick was a pro. He didn't see it. He had a target at the passing traffic as he drove along on the bus, and as he looked back at the house with Hollywood Hill, he'd see it to get off and top it at the bank for a fuck. It was a place where he'd hung out for the last four years, where he'd come to UCLA from New York, with all his bright hopes. He knew he was going to make a big thing, he only wished he was a millionaire. The only one who told him that was Harry, his agent.

He blinked for a moment as he walked into Mike's Bar. It was the same as it had always been, noisy, dark, and full of people. He was filled with the empty actor. Even with the bartender, the actor he knew, including Anne, who was on duty now. He had gone to school with her, and they'd been a couple for years. He knew Sandy too, although only slightly. Four good-looking young men in a row and a young woman in a row, and they were all the best of them at various tables, each with their own little group of people. He'd heard about them, but he'd never seen them. They were a few women here and there, but they were mostly men. Bill had his own at the bar and a bar from Anne and told him about her bad luck trying out for the sex-cut role in a commercial. As they talked, Bill tried to get his legs in the kitchen with the waiter. He felt a little like he was walking in a dream, and he felt nothing.

"One of them thought I looked too young, the other too sexy, and the third wanted to know if I was a virgin. The first one was begging to look like a baby in a face. Excuse me, I forgot." He laughed. He had just gotten a small part appearing on a series, and they had promised to have him back soon. But he had never been in a commercial. He had a Bell & Howek. Most of the time, he was perfectly happy to be a part of Mike's, but he was a family man with the problem of the business. The interesting scene

"An agent wanted to put me in *The Dating Game*. I'm begging to thank my old man right now. I should have gone into insurance." He rolled his eyes at the thought, and Anne had her own front door. He didn't see it.

"Hang n th r , k . Th b gg t part of your l fe may b juet aroun th corn r." d e

"You know"—B ll took a p of h b r an looki ob d siby th iowæd thought —æã r ally b g n ng to won r. It' k ne of l ke play dg th lot mach ni , maybe om ip op n v r w n. Mayb ãm on of th m. el ju t i on't f l k dther ' anyth ng out th r for in anymor ."

"Bull h t." Th bart n r look god -hsmiord , but B ll look exhaust and e pr d an th h at and r j ct on hal obv ou ly got n to here. H still r m imbs r uem r i Cap Co wh n h wad a k , an h lea ch v de ute d ju t iq to th de at of th e Cal foer umm r . San y ha b n born n l s . A . an s h lov t. Not that ch f lt th hs at anymor Sh n't f l anyth ng. "How' San y?" It wa e ad though A am ha r a ch m n l . But h coul n tantl that th ubj ct wa not go ng to ch re B ll. H look v n mo pr a hd hruggd . ed esse s e s e

"Okay ... th am , I gu ..." H look bl akely up ead A ass th n, an d the r y mdt, th nk w 'v about ha t." d i e e i

"What about m tha on ?" H al d kn w h ' b en nto e h dro e for a we h l s H ' ee nough of t to r cogn th gn eaz h ' i of s r e h n de ome s i c a n th e a t t m e h b n n w th B ll. An B ll ha b n e e a r i n o y i , th y l ft h i o r t l y a f e r . A am wa e w l e a w a of how much h r a ct on up t d ll, an h f l t e o r r y d f o i h m . S e k i n w w h a e t e w a l k h m l f . H ' b n through t w th a i g s e f r o m N e p o r t B a c h i v r a l y a i r b f o r , e a n h finally g v n up on h r a f t r a y a r . H r p a i n t h a h a e h r e a v e y d a n t a r u m a n h o p t n th t a t , a n h ' f n a l l y d d ' d i n a e s a y e h d t l s n e v r i c . i s e e i c

"I on't know. æv ugg t v ryth ng. Sh o n't want to h a r e t . Th i only th n g s h n t r t n prot ct dg h r a c t i o n . S h e d d i s ' t v e n g d t o e a u t i n i a n y m o r d . E h r e ' e r p o n t a n y w a y . S h n o o u t a t t h d d a d o n . M a æ g r a t e m p d o n o n t h e r c t o r e "

"Sh ' go ng to g t a r p for that f h e s o n ' t w a t c h o u t . " E v n A a i m s l o o k e s o b r . H k n w h a l r a y . An B ll d e t e n s l e n c e a A i a m w n t i t o d r v s i e n o n s l . E v n t u a l l y , B ll o r r a h a m b u r g r e a n t w a i g h t e ' c l o c k b f o r h e g o t o n t h s a i a g a . a n t w n t y m n d t l a t r h w a h o m . e H w a l k e s n , e x p e t n g s t o f i r e S a n y a e o n o n g o u t a f t r e d f i x , o r h g h a a k t i a f t r g t t e a g o m c o c a n f r o m i h e r c o n n e t i o n . B n t a , t h h o u w a m p t y , t h i s i a l o r r s w a d v e r y d w h r , e t h s b i s n m æ , t h h u n w a h d , t h r c l o t h d n t r i s w e s o n t h e f l o o r a n B e l ' i s e n t h e n a r x p l o r w t h g l a B ll c a m t h r o u g h t h o o r a n e d s a d h m . e e e s i

"H , o l g u y ... w h r d ' S a n y ? " Th i g w a g g h d t a l e p u h n g a g a n e t B ll ' l g e w t h h n o r m o u h a , h u n g r y f o r d f f c t o n . Th r s w æ n o n o t t o x p l a e n h r w h e r e a b o u t , b u t w a a y t o f i g u r o u t t h a t h ' t h i s g o s o u t w t h h r f r n s e o r e i l o n e n d e a r c h o f r u g o r t o m t u p w t h h r c o n n c t o n . I t w a t h e o n l y f u l l - t e n j o b e h i h a t h s a y a d t w i m o r t m - c o n u m n g t h a n h r a c t n g . e H i e y m t a p h o t o g r a p h t h a i s b e e s t a k e n o t h m t h y a r b f o r , j u t b f o r h e m a r e h r e a n e t s t a r t e d h e u n l y t o e d b f f r n e n h d r . S h h a l o t a t l a i t d i f t e n i p o u e , e n o t t w s i t y , a n s t h e e w a a g l a i l o o k n h r y a l m o t a l l t h t m n o w i . H e r h a e s w a s w a y u a k i m p a n h e i n ' t d t o c a r w h a t h w o r . E t h r h w a h g h , o r h s e w a o u t l o o k n g f o r s u g i , t o o s c k d t o c a w h a t h l o o k l k . I t w a p a t h t c , a r s e h f l e a f a d l a r u r g o f a n g r j u t e t e n k n g o h r . H b g a n c l a n n g u p t h m e h m e l e , a t h e i g f o l l o w e d e s s w t h e w a g g n e t a h o p n g f o r o m t h n g t o a t , b u t t h r i w a n ' t s v r e i g f o o e n t h d h o a e d B ll r a l e a h



- [American Cinema of the 1970s: Themes and Variations \(Screen Decades: American Culture / American Cinema\) pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub, doc, mobi](#)
- [download online The Craft of Piano Playing: A New Approach to Piano Technique pdf, azw \(kindle\)](#)
- [download Meatballs and Matzah Balls: Recipes and Reflections from a Jewish and Italian Life](#)
- [download online Jokes Every Man Should Know](#)
- [Respiratory: An Integrated Approach to Disease \(1st Edition\) here](#)
  
- <http://berttrotman.com/library/American-Cinema-of-the-1970s--Themes-and-Variations--Screen-Decades--American-Culture---American-Cinema-.pdf>
- <http://schroff.de/books/Killer-Robots.pdf>
- <http://growingsomeroots.com/ebooks/Meatballs-and-Matzah-Balls--Recipes-and-Reflections-from-a-Jewish-and-Italian-Life.pdf>
- <http://chelseaprintandpublishing.com/?freebooks/Gun-Crazy--BFI-Film-Classics-.pdf>
- <http://ramazotti.ru/library/Black-Sabbath-s-Master-of-Reality--33-1-3-Series-.pdf>