

Free Fall (PI Eli Katz Book 1)

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Free Fall

Robert Fisher

Pygmalion admired his own work, and at last fell in love with the counterfeit creation. Oftentimes he laid his hand upon it as if to assure himself whether it were living or not, and could not even then believe that it was only ivory.

1

Monday, 13 March 1995

Six-twenty AM

No one would dare phone that early, except for my father who was losing track of time and called at the strangest hours. He might want to chat, the fud, and would expect me to be there for him. I always was. I was all he had.

I sat on the edge of the bed, reached for my smokes, remembered I'd quit six months before and cursed. Lisa stirred and murmured, touched my back to remind me of her presence. I reached around and patted her bottom—I'm nothing if not attentive—picked up the receiver and grunted.

"David?" I said, expecting the old man.

"Mr. Katz?" A woman's voice asked. Mellow, low, throaty.

"Who's this?" I asked warily.

"Mary Cobb."

"Do I know you?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"I'm hanging up," I said. "Usually I don't give warning."

"Please don't. Detective Quinn recommended you."

"The hell."

"I called the police last night when my husband didn't come home and was put through to him. He said there wasn't much he could do."

"There never is."

"He suggested that I call you."

"I'll get even with him later."

"Will you help me find Roy?"

"Sure. Put an ad in the Chronicle for him to come home with his tail between his legs. That'll be cash, please."

"I tried his office several times yesterday afternoon thinking he might be working," she said without acknowledging my rudeness. "But there was no answer. I finally called the Stubbs' house, but no one was there."

"Daniel Stubbs?" I asked, fully awake now. "The architect?"

"Yes," she said. "My husband works for him. He left home yesterday at nine for a tennis match. They play in his private court every Sunday. Roy's usually back no later than one-thirty, but he never returned. I'm afraid something terrible has happened to him."

"Your husband's left you," I said. "Women aren't the only ones who ship out. Now, buck up."

"Roy wouldn't have left me, I can promise you that," she said emphatically. "He loves me very much."

"Then you should have kept better track of him."

"You could be right about that," she said quietly. "I called all the hospitals in the Bay Area last night, but there was no record of Roy being admitted to any of them."

"He could have taken a trip," I suggested. "I ended up in El Centro once without the slightest idea why."

"He wouldn't have gone far," she offered. "We don't have a car."

"People go as far as they want, Mrs. Cobb," I said tiredly. "Wheels or not."

"Couldn't I see you?" She asked, insistent. "I'm frantic. I've never been through anything like this."

"I'm at home in bed," I began patiently. "It's six-thirty in the morning, I'm naked, there's a force five gale blowing outside, and I'm fairly well pissed over your call. I'd be more blunt, but I don't want to offend you."

"I know I must be imposing, but I just now got the courage to call. Please help me."

I listened to the sound of rain against the window, the howl of the wind. The Telegraph Hill building I lived in was under siege from every side. But there was something that helped take my mind off the foul weather: Daniel Stubbs. I saw his suntanned bald dome rise in the gloom before me like a Halloween pumpkin wearing half-moon glasses. It was creepy.

"Do you know the Commodore?" I asked, deciding to plunge in, not that I wasn't already hooked. "It's a rat hole, but I get a great break on rent."

"It sounds familiar," she said doubtfully.

"Take Third east from Market and you'll find it on the corner of Brannon. There's a coffee shop just off the lobby. Wait in there and be careful what you eat. I'll see you ninish."

"I have to be at work by eight."

"Isn't your husband more important than a job?"

"Of course, but we need the money."

"Who doesn't? Coming or not?"

"Yes, I'll be there," she said after a moment's hesitation. "How will I know you?"

"You won't. Have a picture of your husband?"

"Yes."

"Bring it. Goodbye, Mrs. Cobb."

I disconnected and immediately called Directory Assistance for Daniel Stubbs' home number, stabbed the buttons and waited.

There was no answer.

"Who was it?" Lisa asked.

"A woman in distress," I said, wondering how she always looked so good in the morning. "I'm going to see her. It might be something, it might be nothing."

"I thought you were taking a few days off for us to go to Carmel."

I scrunched back down next to her. "The weather will be just as crappy there."

"We could use the time together."

"We're together now."

"Is everything all right between us, Eli?"

"Couldn't be better."

"I think something's missing that we used to have."

"I still admire you as much as ever."

"Is that what I get after three years? A testimonial?"

"Damn right." I said, getting a little fire in the belly. "You've done great for yourself considering you came here from Germany when you were only eighteen and a virgin."

"I'm a branch manager, Eli, she said with a touch of resignation. "That's as far as they'll ever let me go in the bank, and you know it."

"But it's an important branch, Lisa. What more could you want?"

"Just you," she sighed.

"I love dirty talk."

We stayed that way for a few more minutes. After a little encouragement on her part, she climbed on top. But too quickly it was over. No bulletin there. It had been happening that way for me lately, though she never complained.

She slid out of bed and began to dress, pulling on bra, panties, jeans, and sweatshirt over her trim, athletic body, bronzed from years of tanning booths that I was convinced was shortening her life. As usual when she stayed over, Lisa would go back to her little condo to dress before heading to work.

"Will you call me later so I'll know what you decide?" She asked, pulling on running shoes, finger combing her springy, frosted hair that always looked perfect no matter how mussed. "I have to give notice if I'm going to take some time off."

"I'll call around noon. It won't take me long to find out if this thing's a dud."

"Who's Daniel Stubbs?"

"A name from the distant past," I said quietly.

She retrieved a windbreaker from the closet, slipped it on, then bent over and gave me a quick kiss. I told her to be careful in the storm. With that she left, closing the bedroom door quietly. I heard the dead bolt open out in the living room, then a muffled click as she sealed the entry behind her. I stayed in bed for several more minutes listening to the storm slam into the building like a great force trying to get inside.

And thought of Daniel Stubbs, wondering what had just come to me.

2

Nine-fifteen

On the way to my office I put on Dvorak's Piano Quintet in A. Richter in Prague. Brilliant. About the only thing there was to that miserable day. But I did have a twinge in my gut. Amazing how a hated name from the past will get your juices moving.

The Commodore was built in twenties mystical style, a two-story multi-colored box decorated with crested birds, orbs and medallions like some weird lodge hall. Tenants in those days were of the highest caliber: theatrical agents out to relieve no-talents of their money, an impoverished dance studio, a photographer with a "models wanted" sign, a bent-nose collection agency, a blackout bar, and a coffee shop named Gunther's, owned and operated by a sickly Bavarian.

Then there was The Katz Eye. I'd let my secretary choose the name one night when I was loaded.

Was that fair?

I pulled into the rear and parked my old Volvo wagon down by the trash bins, my usual spot. Whipped by the wind and rain, I almost lost my footing before getting to the back door of Gunther's, my usual point of entry.

He was there in a dirty apron, tending a bobbing crop of frying donuts like they were little sailboats. Lank, colorless hair fell over a doughy, flour-caked face that made him look like a poorly made up clown. A cigarette dangled from one corner of his mouth with an inch long ash. He looked up at me wearily with sleepy eyes.

"How ya doin, Gun?" I asked cheerfully.

"Bah," he exclaimed, and turned back to his boats.

I pushed through a swinging door and stepped into the practically deserted coffee shop. Mary Cobb was sitting by an arched window framed by potted palms, wearing a cheap raincoat over white sweater, gray skirt, and flat shoes. On the table was a damp, floppy rain hat. A wet, half-folded umbrella sat on a chair next to her. She was staring out to the street where a crew was tearing up the pavement to replace a water line. I poured myself a cup of brew and watched her for a few moments.

"I'm Eli," I said, finally ambling over. There was a half-empty cup of tea in front of her along with a powdered donut, a mouse-sized nibble taken from one side.

She looked up at me with blue, melancholy eyes flecked with gray. Puffiness indicated she'd been crying, but it hardly detracted from her beauty. Her face was strong, Nordic, with full lips and a dimpled chin. A long neck slid gracefully down into the V of her collar. Thick, dirty blonde hair tumbled almost to her waist. She wore no make-up and didn't need any. There was a bigger-than-life presence about her, like a forties movie starlet filling up a black and white screen, promising your every dream without uttering a sound.

"Thank you for seeing me," she said, offering up a hand, elbow tucked shyly into her ribs.

We shook and I sat down opposite her, scooting an ashtray close out of habit.

"I don't know what Carlos Quinn told you," I began, wanting to light up more than owning a yacht in Portofino. "I contract for insurance companies. Insurance is the biggest scam in the world and sometimes people try and get even. I trip them up and get rewarded. I've just finished a case and sent off a whopping bill." An exaggeration, but so what? She didn't know any better. "I don't need someone's domestic problem."

"Then why did you agree to see me?"

"I liked your voice," I said. "Now that I'm here I like your looks, and you can sue me if you think that's abuse."

"You sounded like you might know Daniel Stubbs."

"He and my father used to be partners."

"Your father's an architect?"

"Yes. I was, too, in another life. Have you ever met Stubbs?"

"Once," she said. "He and his wife invited us up for coffee and cake not long after Roy joined the firm."

"Cozy. What did you think of big Dan?"

"If you mean Mr. Stubbs, he was very nice."

"He's not."

"I found him quite charming, the perfect host," she insisted.

"You're too easily impressed. He's a conniving asshole without a single moral fiber."

"I can't be the judge of that."

"What about Irina?" I asked of Stubbs' wife, whose real name was Lucrezia Borgia.

"She seemed a little distant."

"She's a walk-in freezer. But I'm wandering. How long has your husband worked for Stubbs?"

"Almost two years."

"How'd he come to be Dan's tennis partner?"

"Roy plays very well. He used to be a tennis pro."

"Good for him. What's his position at the office? Ball boy?"

"Roy's a very talented designer," she said proudly. "Mr. Stubbs depends on him a great deal."

"Stubbs depends on anyone who has talent, since he has none himself. Where are you from?"

"The East Bay. Martinez."

"How do you like San Francisco?"

"It's a nice city, I guess, but I find it very impersonal. I hate the fog, too."

"We all do, but deny it and have the nerve to call ourselves non-conformists." I toyed with the ashtray, took a sip of bitter coffee. "Maybe Roy's family would know his whereabouts. Did you try calling them?"

"I have no idea where they are," she said. "Roy's parents are divorced. His father is a construction engineer who works all over the world. I'm not even sure Roy knows where he is. And he rarely speaks of his mother. She's somewhere in Pennsylvania. That's all I know."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three"

"And Roy?"

"Twenty-five."

"How long have you been married?"

"Almost three years."

"Any children?"

"No. Roy wants to wait."

"Good idea. How did you meet him?"

"When he was at UC Berkeley."

"Were you students there together?"

"I was never a student at Berkeley, Mr. Katz," she said with an unwavering gaze as though daring me to disagree. "Or at any college. I met Roy in a bar in Martinez when he was still studying architecture. We married shortly after that."

"You're beautiful enough to be a model. Are you?"

"I sit in front of a computer all day and type reports for a real estate company," she said without a trace of rancor.

"Roy ever belt you around?"

"Never."

"Is he jealous of you? Don't bullshit me."

"Sometimes he doesn't like the way men look me over," she admitted. "But it's never made any real difference between us. He says there's no one else but me, and I believe him."

"Does he use drugs? Drink to excess?"

"No," she said with a quick shake of her head. "Roy doesn't even smoke."

I pushed the ashtray away. "Have any big debts? Collectors breathing down your neck?"

"Our rent's a little high, but Roy refuses to live out of town where it's cheaper. He says it would hurt his work to be that far away."

"What about checking with your friends?"

"We really don't have any. Roy spends most evenings and weekends at the office. When he has any time to himself he likes to stay at home and work on his own projects. He's a very gifted artist and hopes to publish a book of his drawings someday."

"He sounds too good to be true, except he's gone." I smiled at her in a fatherly way. What did it cost? "But I can't believe he's without any friends. He may be having a job-related crisis you know nothing about. Try to think of someone Roy might confide in."

Her brow creased. "There's a minister from the Calvary Church in Daly City," she said. "Reverend Jessup. But Roy's only seen him once since we moved to San Francisco."

"How does Roy know him?"

"From when he was a boy in Vallejo. His father was stationed there in the Navy. Roy and the minister used to be close, I think, but they had some kind of falling out when he came to see us."

"When was that?"

"Not long after we moved here."

I leaned back and sighed. "You're not giving me much."

"I'm doing the best I can, Mr. Katz."

"Call me Eli. Has Roy ever been in trouble before?"

"Roy's never been in trouble of any kind."

I let that go.

"Have his picture with you?"

She opened a vinyl pocketbook, poked through the contents and extracted a snapshot. I took it, glanced at it a moment, dropped it into my coat pocket.

"Good looking guy," I said. "What was he wearing yesterday when he left for the big game?"

"A gray sweat suit and Rebocks," she said. "He changes into his tennis whites at the Stubbs'."

"So he was carrying a bag?"

"Yes, a tote for his racquet and gear."

"Any of his personal items missing? Jockeys, socks, toothbrush? Stuff he wouldn't normally take to the Great Man's court?"

"I don't think so, but I didn't check."

"Where do you live?"

"In the Casa del Rey apartments at Larkin and Green."

"I know it," I said, recalling a vaguely Spanish looking apartment building on the Southwest corner. "Stubbs lives in Sea Cliff. How does Roy get over there? By bus?"

"Roy never takes the bus," she said firmly. "He walks everywhere. He likes the exercise."

"Admirable, but it's quite a trek."

"Yes, I know," she said. "It takes him almost an hour."

I glanced at her inexpensive wristwatch, childish and oversized.

"If I work for you it could get a little expensive. How do you intend to pay me?"

She didn't blink. "I have a few hundred dollars of my own. Roy's not very good with money, so I hold a little back each week from our paychecks."

"Then you have a little secret from him."

"I suppose you might say that."

"He might have one, too."

She didn't respond, only looked at me with a certain amount of resignation before glancing down at her watch.

"I know this may sound foolish to you under the circumstances, Eli, but I have to get to work. My boss is not so understanding."

"No boss is."

"Perhaps not. But I'd rather have something to do. If I stayed home waiting to hear about Roy it would be too much like last night. I actually felt that I was in a nightmare I couldn't wake up from."

"That's the way I feel about alimony."

"Will you try to find him?" She asked, tears forming in those melancholy eyes.

I stood. "Come upstairs and tell me everything again. Then you can write a check for a hundred dollars, a bargain but don't thank me yet. After that you can go to your job."

She just stared at me for a few seconds, then suddenly brought up two strong hands with neatly clipped nails and cupped her face. There were no sobs, but her body visibly shook, the long, dirty blonde hair rippled.

“Thank you,” she said, dropping her hands. “I don’t know what I would do if I hadn’t found you. This is the worst day of my life.”

And so it was.

Mine, too.

3

Nine-fifty

My office was a simple affair: two rooms, inner and outer, wood furniture along poverty lines, worn linoleum, gray walls, dusty mini-blinds, a computer, and a Piranesi engraving I’d picked up at a flea market in Rome for a buck. The frame cost me two hundred.

Bertha McKim, my secretary since the inception of *The Katz Eye*—and some say *The Year of the Flood*—sat in the outer office opening a Word doc on Mary Cobb. The door between us was never shut. Ever. Don’t even ask.

I sat behind my desk, feet up, looking at Roy Cobb’s photo. He looked back at me with a squint and sly grin, a kid with thick, dark hair parted down the middle, high forehead, dark brown eyes, and healthy tanned cheeks, wearing a white crew neck sweater that fit him like a dream. He looked like one of Scott Fitzgerald’s characters. The picture begged for a caption that read “Tennis Anyone?” He was standing near the top of Twin Peaks, the area where I’d grown up and where David still lived in the old family homestead.

I dropped the snapshot and called Daniel Stubbs’ office. His secretary was curt. She told me The Prince was in Orange County attending an important meeting. I asked for the number and was informed that he couldn’t be disturbed. Then I matter-of-factly asked if Roy Cobb had showed up for work. He hadn’t put in an appearance yet, she said after a pause. A long pause. I left my number, said it was urgent, and slammed the receiver down.

I dialed Stubbs’ home again. Nothing.

“I’ll sure try, Eli,” Detective Carlos Quinn said after I was patched through to his car. “Of course, it will take some time.”

“Just check for a John Doe that’s five-ten, has dark hair neatly combed down the middle, brown eyes, and healthy cheeks, the kind women love to tweak. He was wearing a sweat suit and carrying a tote with tennis gear. Last seen, as far as I know, by his wife yesterday morning around nine. Don’t put yourself out.”

“I’m here to serve you, Eli,” he said sanctimoniously. “Anything else you need?”

“What time did the girl call?”

“I’m not certain. It might have been around ten.”

"Working a little late, weren't you?"

"There were some real bad asses out last night, Eli."

"What color were they?"

"Such sarcasm," he sighed. "You should work my side of the street sometime."

"There's plenty on mine, but it's all from greedy white folks. Why did you give her my number without written permission?"

"The young lady was quite different from the usual caller," he said as I visualized his drowsy eyes and protruding lips in a misshapen head that looked like a half-deflated basketball. It wasn't pretty. "She was distraught, naturally, but I found her to be quite in control, considering the circumstances. I thought that by putting her in touch with you, I could, in some small way, be helping to alleviate her apprehension."

I grunted. Carlos had sent me work over the years since I'd left Western Casualty down in Palo Alto. It wasn't exactly kosher for a cop to refer a private dick, but we'd always kept it between us. It might have been called a gentleman's agreement if he had been a gentleman.

"Something smells here, Carlos," I said. "You're too crafty to give my number to someone you haven't checked out. She could have been a crank."

"She'd found your ad in the yellow pages and inquired if I knew you. I felt the least I could do was help her."

I didn't like it, but then I didn't like anything about Carlos.

"Call me back," I said.

"Of course, Eli. Naturally you will keep me abreast of what transpires on your end."

"Naturally."

When I hung up, Bertha came and stood in the doorway. She was wearing her usual muumuu to hide her girth and satiny slippers to ease her bunions. A year before, her ad-exec husband had announced that he couldn't go on working anymore, and didn't.

"A hundred bucks," she said, irony heavy as she waved Mary Cobb's check in the air like the ink was still wet."

"It's a lot for her," I said.

"We're not a charity."

"Have you ever not been paid?"

"No, but that's because I balance your checkbook. Quite a dish, didn't you think?"

"That skinny kid?"

"Get a life. She's Mary Poppins crossed with Raquel Welch. You should be careful."

"Looking for a missing husband? I'm just going to nose around and see what turns up."

"You were trying to impress her. And you did. She held onto every word you said like you had a heart. It's pathetic to see a middle-aged man slobbering over a young woman."

"I'm not middle-aged and I wasn't slobbering."

"You're forty-six, Bub. If that isn't more than half-way gone, I'm Ingrid Bergman."

"She's dead."

"And isn't it interesting that Daniel Stubbs is somehow involved?"

"Probably doesn't mean a thing."

She stared at me, running stubby fingers through her salt-and-pepper hair. "You're full of shit."

"And?"

"How is David?" She backed off, speaking of my father.

I groaned. "He's losing it, Berth. The other day he called for me to bring his mail from the office. I said, 'David, you haven't worked there since seventy-eight and neither have I.' It's like he falls into a time warp and it's bloody scary."

"I never understood why he and Stubbs broke up. But because I'm not a busybody, I never asked."

"Stubbs stole all of his ideas, then forced him out, that's all."

"And you'll never forgive him."

"Never. David deserved better. At least I managed to get out and drift into this."

"You were lucky you could drift. Some of us can't."

"Don't be a know-it-all. You're the one who said we should call ourselves The Katz Eye, and I've been stuck with that doofus name ever since."

"Your mother died about the same time as the split-up, didn't she?"

"You talk too much."

"You don't talk enough."

"David didn't want to fight Stubbs because there was no hope for her, hadn't been since the cancer was diagnosed." I threw up my hands. "How did we get off on this?"

She leaned heavily against my desk, gave me a hard look. "That girl just came out of nowhere. I don't like it, Eli."

"I like her. She's got guts."

"You were supposed to take a few days off and go to Carmel with Lisa. Now you're backing off."

"Not yet."

"You don't sound very convincing. Is there anything wrong between the two of you? She's perfect."

"That's just the problem," I said, dropping my feet from the desk. "She has an even disposition, she's organized, she's in great physical condition, she never loses her temper, her fettuccine is better than Alfredo's, and her feet are beautiful. Feet are supposed to be ugly."

"Picky, picky."

"It's not just that," I blabbered on. "Lisa has a way of throwing up her life to me. I know she doesn't do it intentionally, but it's like I can't measure up to her standards."

"You can't, but you'll be sorry if you lose her."

"I've lost women before and didn't curl up and die. Or have you forgotten my two marriages?"

"Lisa's different. She's a real find, Bogey."

"I'm not a simpleton, old woman. I know what I've got. I'm just not sure what to do with it."

"Just don't blow it."

I ignored her remark, reached over and tapped Roy Cobb's photo.

"I want your flat out opinion," I ordered. "Would he really leave a woman like that?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"He's well-educated with a bright future. She's white trash. He knew she'd get in his way and just got out."

"White trash? Strong words from someone who grew up in Arkansas believing ringworm was a birthmark."

"You're not listening. Underneath her just-so expressions and carefully coordinated movements she's acting out a part."

"That's bullshit."

"Katz for the defense," she intoned, rolling her eyes. "Somehow that just doesn't have a ring."

"So she's given herself a little class? What's the big deal?"

Bertha sighed heavily. "I don't like phoniness in people."

"I didn't find her phony at all."

"Just watch yourself on this one, Archer. I don't have a good feeling about it."

I stood, put on my coat and stuffed the photo in my pocket. At the door I turned to face her.

"Just so you know, I told Mary over the phone that he'd walked out. But one look at her and I knew he didn't. No man would leave a woman like that and you damn well know it. He's missing for another reason."

"Could it be that you want another reason?"

"Like Stubbs? Maybe." I opened the door. "Carlos is looking for a stiff. Stick by the phone, I'll be checking in."

"Be careful."

"My middle name."

"You don't have one."

Outside I was hit with a gust of wind that almost knocked me over. When it died down I lurched over to the Volvo and climbed in. It was a crappy day, but I felt good.

Top of the world, Ma.

4

Ten forty-five *

San Francisco, 1995. A missing husband, a beautiful but distraught wife, a hated name from the past, crooked cops, assorted lowlifes, the greedy rich—characters in a case I should have avoided but couldn't resist. Before the first day was over, and impatient for the end, I made a fatal mistake, fell into a trap, and was shot and left for dead. Then oblivion, months of recovery, learning to walk again, guilt, remorse, fear, and finally the will to live. A year goes by, a chance encounter on a European street, a jogged memory, and it all comes back—so simple, so obvious now. All I had to do was prove it by facing the same people who had nearly finished me the first time around. Book revised 12/16/15

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