

One Degree (A Rather Unanticipated Rapture Book 1)

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Clover Books

One Degree

by

Devin Baker

Thank you to the people around me that keep my crazy dreams alive:

My parents for their support.

My friends for their brains.

And to my three unknowing mentors Mark, Jim and Neil.

It's been fun guys.

(A secret thanks to Red Amp: without you 3am wouldn't be the most productive hour of the day.)

Chapter 1

It is bitch-ass cold outside. I'm not complaining, simply making an observation: it is bitch-ass cold outside. That's what Northern Missouri will do to your world, make it really freaking cold all the time during winter. It's not even snowing, we're stuck with this seeping cold and have nothing to tell for it. ent wide snowball fights, no watching high schooler's slip on ice and end up in ditches. Just cold. In the house, in my bones. Cold everywhere.

I could move, I'd probably be able to work as a good canon in Miami or San Francisco. Someplace warm with beaches and marks and so much good food. I could, but I don't. I like this weather, it keeps people away from each other and I enjoy that. Less people on the streets the better. Rednecks and hicks have to keep their eyes to themselves when you're all bundled up and everyone gets through the day fine.

Probably not San Francisco, people there have tight pants, harder to get things out of. Miami then. Like I said: I could move, but I don't.

The walk from the gas station was bitter but I got dollar hotdogs and a coffee. Middle of winter and we let the coffee run dry, it's ridiculous. And you can't walk by dollar dogs and ignore what fate has given you. I reveled in my feast and knocked back a caffeine headache that had sat in late afternoon.

Mr. Brett Daniels was kind enough to pay for dinner by way of the wallet sticking out of his winter jacket pocket. A brief bump, fluttered eyes and a sorry later he was apologizing to me for stealing two twenties. I'd dropped the wallet off at the toys section of Walmart for some good natured adult pick up. Setting a positive example for their kids, and noticing there was no cash in it, they'll turn it in to the cashiers. They're a good samaritan and have an awesome day, I'm no longer broke and am eating hotdogs. No one but Brett Daniels is hurt, and he looked like an asshole. The wind whipped up Franklin and I followed it.

You'd probably guess this charming weather is what kept me here, and you would be only partly wrong. There was just something about this town that makes it so hard to consider leaving. Even if I moved, I would probably find myself coming right back. I'd just miss this place too much. It felt my own, a playground I never had to leave. I've just done my own thing for so long, nowhere else would feel as free as home. I mean, it's not like I literally thought was a playground, but it just felt so perfectly arranged. Never graduated highschool, dropped out last spring. No real job to speak of, but plenty of work if you were willing. Work enough to stay alive, play enough to make it worthwhile. Given my lot, I was having fun.

Back up the doubletall flight of stairs inside, with wet shoes lying by the door, my bare feet framed the television. The little guy on the screen ran around the medieval town, a puppet to his dark lord. "Oh dear Adrian Brody," I told my vassal, "you are a grand adventurer with great deeds to do. Let's go kill a chicken." The little man did as I instructed and started whacking the villager's fowl.

Blake snuck up behind me and whispered, "You are a cruel god." I jumped. He was the only person I knew that could sneak up on me. I'm pretty good at keeping in the back of my mind the locations of each person in the house. It's a gift, one that Blake ignored constantly to his own amusement.

"Jackass," I mumbled, "I didn't even know you were staying here again."

Blake shrugged nonchalantly and flopped back first onto the couch. His arm fished a book out from underneath. He began to read while simultaneously preaching at me. "You know how it is, a life on the road is unpredictable. It's nice to have a place to kick back and relax. A good couch can make all of life's problems go away. Good couch and good books."

The poultry began to fight back and killed Adrian Brody. It's the way of life: mess with the chicken and the chicken messes with you. They picked at his corpse until the screen faded to black. "If you believe that, I think Tom's couch is better. You should sleep there," I barbed, "I hear he takes in vagrants."

"Oh little Stephanie," Blake patted my head sardonically, "you think too hard. Go make me a sandwich while you ponder your actions."

"Blow me." I went to my room and napped.

An alarm clock somewhere in the house started ringing. Rousing myself, I clambered out of bed and migrated to the kitchen. The alarm continued to ring as I made a pb&j. The sun was down; I realized between bites that I was the only one home, so I located the noise in Chris's room and unplugged it. A prominent 9:00 slowly faded away. I washed the sandwich down with more coffee and put my boots back on. There are things to be smoked.

I scuttled down the stairwell in my ratty jeans and Pantera hoodie. It was colder than before. Even bundled up, the wind tore into me for the four blocks between home and the bars. Due to today's emergency food run there was no money left for liquor. It was only Wednesday, so I can't convince some poor college boy that he'll get lucky after I get a few shots in me. A sigh of resignation, I trotted down the street to the smoking lounge for shit shooting with townies.

The door jingled and Matt wolf whistled. "Jailbait has arrived." I sized him up, book in hand with one of Drew's cigarettes in his mouth and no hookah on his table. Yup, broke again. Mike pulled me out a chair while I flipped Matt off who waved a book at me, something with horses on the cover.

"No hookah for minors," Drew reminded me, "not even for roommates."

I walked to the edge of the bar and pulled a cigarette out of his pack, "Don't worry, hookah's too fruity for me, just like Matt." The transient stuttered out some sort of response that I didn't pay attention to. I took the seat Mike offered.

The place wasn't packed by any means, but people outside the regulars were here. A couple in the back, a guy by himself at the end of the bar. The room was entirely flat, but with a stage on the back end for large groups to occupy. I've never seen music up there but tales from the ancient ones say that a hippy once brought in a guitar and played. No live music has been heard since.

All the boys kept talking while I took a long drag off the cig. The haze of smoke filled our air. Studies say I should probably quit, but it really didn't seem worth it when I doubt I'd make it out of my teens anyways. The conversation flitted around, I got bits and pieces Drew is broke and wanting to buy more trading cards. Matt is desperate for a girl and willing to pay if necessary, even if he has to find money to do it. Mike is flirting with a girl from the college.

I flicked my ash into a tray and joined in. Buchard educated us about the a reaper over the stereo as Drew ran through his regular playlist. Twelve college students filtered in. A blonde haired, blue

eyed, polo'ed up jock stood in the middle of the group and laughed, drawing the attention of the room as he entered.

They all looked like chumps; everyone is a potential mark. I thought about how I could take advantage of them. The whole group seemed to rotate around the blonde. Possibilities raced through my mind, but I shoved them out: Do not do jobs at home. That's the rule, and I'm here often enough that it was too risky to try. But damn do some of these kids look easy. Life is so boring some nights. The blonde waved a little black card in the air and announced, "All on me tonight, keep."

With my attention on the students, Matt reached his hand over to my thigh and started running it up. I snapped mine down and took him by the fingers, "Touch me again and you will suddenly become left handed." Whimper, stutter, and then nothing. He intently stared at his book again and we ignored him being a dirty perv.

I focused back in on the conversation at hand. Mike peeked up from the frumpy little girl he was talking to. She looked like a skunk. "Hey Steph, I won't be home tonight. House for yourself till Drew gets back. Chris and Clayton are out of town working until Friday." The skunk-girl tugged on Mike's arm impatiently. "Tab me Drew, I'm out like a Cubby stealing second." The regulars snickered.

The skunk looked around genuinely offended, "Hey, I'm from Chicago."

"Sounds like a personal problem," I announced, "you should get a doctor to check that out." Everyone at the bar chuckled. She did not chuckle, in fact, the skunk's fur seemed to rise on end. She all but dragged Mike out the door kicking and screaming. Tee ball.

"That wasn't nice," Drew chided, "at least you could have let me try to get her to pay his tab."

"You're right. Next time, I'll let you take people's money before I traumatize them." I lifted another cigarette out of his pack and took back off out a door, bored, into the wind. A lady of the night stood in the alleyway across the street. She discretely plied her trade back there most nights. I waved, she flipped me off. I pulled my hood up and shuffled away. The bitch always had nicer clothes than me.

Our flat is essentially a small theft-proof fortress. If an enterprising person decided to invade our third floor apartment, they'd either have a double tall, single step hallway or three flights up the stairwell ripped straight from every Stephen King novel ever. The doors were narrower than normal ones and jammed if the weather outside was less than boiling. Once inside you would be struck by the lack of space and the boxes lying around. All but the most determined thief would turn back now, assuming nothing of worth was contained inside. But that one in a million robber might make it to the living room and soon beaten to a pulp by any one of the three overprotective twenty somethings that occupied the residence. Or me; I too can punch a guy in the face, as it turns out. It was rare for the apartment to ever be empty for more than an hour.

I turned my coat against the wind and scaled the rickety boards. Thirteen steps west, another nine east, twelve more after that and I'd make it to the door. I stood on the small second-flight platform and looked up. Blake was sitting at the top smoking a cigarette and looking at the sky, unfocused. His eyes traced the stars, outlined in light from his marble. It seemed to glow brighter and brighter

as he ran it over his right knuckles, left ones occupied with the stick of tobacco. Smoke trailed into his vision only briefly before being washed away.

Slowly I ascended, waiting for a comment. It never came. He just kept staring at the sky, emotionless. I stayed quiet when I came to him, scooting by on the right. The orange glow from the little glass ball made his face look shifty, made him seem volatile. It wasn't until I grabbed the doorknob that he finally breathed out an almost silent, "I'm sorry." Blake never stopped staring at the sky, and I'm not even sure he meant to say it out loud.

I twisted the door handle and shouldered my way in. "You're sorry for what? The kitchen joke? Forget it," I muttered back. The door fell inward, me along with it.

Blake exhaled. "Nevermind, I'm just being dumb."

My toes nailed a stack of books when I got to my room and let loose a small cascade. Books are my favourite thing to steal. At least half the time getting caught just results in a sigh and a blind eye. I like to think they understand the quiet desperation some of us live in, eagerly getting our fixes in ink. Paperbacks lined every inch of the far wall, and now the first column lay in ruins. I'd have to fix it tomorrow, the bed called to me. The forecast predicted warmer temperatures, so I decided to hit the park come sunup and take the day off. A quick, restful sleep segueing into a long peaceful afternoon. I can't tell you what I dreamed about, but I can tell you that I slept great.

A fog descended on town, divine intervention. The silhouette of a lanky man backs up against a wall behind a garbage can and groaned. A large shadow kneels on the ground in front of him. A stranger stands backlit at the mouth of the alley. A man would lose his life tonight, it only made sense to reignite the world's oldest war by ending the world's oldest transaction.

The moans came more frequently now and the stranger, apparently fed up with the situation, moved into position. The lanky man leaned back with his eyes closed. He quietly slid behind the woman and ran a blade smoothly across her throat. Shock registered on her face and the life drained from her. She couldn't have screamed if she wanted to. Eschewing professionalism, the stranger stuck the knife in the lanky man's throat and violently ripped upward, splitting the neck wide open. Blood poured out with air bubbles.

The stranger wiped the blade off with a cloth and tossed the rag beside the dying man and unceremoniously left.

When aiming to wake the sleeping the smell of bacon works better than an air siren. That unmistakable sizzle and pop perked my ears as the smell floated under nose, and I all but threw myself out of the bed. Bacon doesn't last here, House Rules: Makin' bacon, everyone gets a slice. God help you if you decided to get thick cut, you'd be eaten down to a fourth of your fund before the taste ever got to you. Someone tried to sneak in a package while the boys were out of town; clever, but not clever enough to get past me. Yet it wasn't just bacon in the air but syrup as well. Someone must have gotten maple bacon and hid it for this precise opportunity. Hell hath no fury as I.

Tossing myself around the corner, I followed the smell into the kitchen. My eyes tracked the invisible perfume to a stove occupied by a wet haired Blake in a grey tee. He dropped a few slices on top the pile of bacon in his hand. Behind him lay a mess of food. Pancakes, waffles, eggs and coffee, served out for two. "I might have been too rash in my assertions," I realized out loud.

Blake looked up from the plate and cocked an eyebrow at me. The bacon was set with the rest of the food, completing the rural Rockwell before me. It was nice, but kinda surreal. "I think you're missing the two and a half children," I joked.

"If you don't like it, you can leave it. Whatever," he said emotionlessly. "I just felt like doing something nice for once." He sounded like a beaten puppy, or a child that just lost their favourite toy. I'd seen Blake in the mornings, he's that chipper jerkoff who won't stop reminding you how great life is. Morose was certainly in his vocabulary, but not until at least lunchtime.

I averted my eyes and sat down. He really did make a ton of food. I could eat for days on what was just here. "So, did you pay for this?"

"Yeah, got a job in town. Figured I'd spread the love." He pulled out a chair across from me and sat down. He assembled a bit of food on his plate, but only poked at it while I ate. Waffle fell from my mouth and syrup stained my tee. After a minute of silent dining he got up, walked out the door and lit a cigarette on the steps. Subtle.

I walked out, plate in hand. Blake perched himself at the top of the stairwell and let his feet dangle down the steps. He looked at his toes and rocked his head from side to side examining something that wasn't there. A crystal ball wasn't needed to tell something was on his mind. The cigarette burned quickly, probably a bad sign. I waited.

After another extended moment, he spoke.

"Matt died last night. Someone fucking stabbed him. In the neck."

Oh.

"I thought I'd make something nice, you know, to kinda make up for it? Put some good in the shithole of a morning." Blake got up and screwed on his baseball cap. "Drew got the news this morning, the scene is across from the bar. He's opening it for the day so we can be there without actually being there. Drew says you can't be there because you're still seventeen and cops are going to be crawling around that street. Personally I think you should go, they're not going to care about your age when they find out you knew him; they're pigs not monsters." The stairs shook as he walked down them, "But do whatever. You're the boss, boss."

He turned the corner, disappearing, and leaving me in my own cold and empty apartment.

I was mad. Someone had taken something out of my life without my permission. The dude was a creep, but he was my creep. I could make him feel like shit, but if that doesn't mean it's okay for others to do it. Matt was a sit in beacon for my anger. He was everything that I disliked: dirty, lazy, a pervert. But he was always there, less a person and more of a staple of the community.

Walking around the apartment, I flitted from here to there, never focusing on anything, racing forward to no end. Matt might have been a lecher, he might have had an awful work ethic and been a homeless git, but that doesn't mean he deserved to die. If everyone who was a little awful died, the world would be empty. I didn't cry, I wasn't close to the guy; I did know him though, and my insides churned as my heart decided how it felt.

Because as much as I was angry, I was also scared. I racked my brain for the last murder in the Ville, but details were fuzzy. I might have been five? Maybe six? Some crazy guy chopped another guy up and lit a bunch of shit on fire. Not that it matters, what matters is that we don't have murders here. Homicide in this town is a double shot of vodka and cranberry, not an act. People just don't kill each other up here. There's probably a guy in jail right now who ended Matt's existence. The thought was scary. But I couldn't just sit here and do nothing. All this shit inside me just churned and boiled. I was going to explode.

Matt was gone. He said "someone", did that mean they didn't even have the guy? I unsuccessfully kept myself from running uselessly rampant with the thought for ten minutes.

I couldn't just sit here. Someone off'ed my... what was he, a friend? An acquaintance? Whatever he was, he is now dead in an alleyway. Someone killed someone close to me and I need security. I needed the safety of a crowd. It might have been my animal instinct but I just wanted to be around people for a while. The bar was open but I couldn't go there, not yet. There was only one place in town that was filled with people and entirely locked out from the real world. I pulled my coat off the hanger and put on pants with big pockets. Time to steal from stupid college kids.

It was a mile to the local university, a place full of money and stupidity that just demanded a ne'er do well's presence. No kid has ever been more distracted than while reciting proofs to himself before his next test. It was almost too easy, the challenge of petty theft wasn't here. I was a twelve gauge shotgun and they were a barrel of very wealthy fish. It was hardly fair.

I passed through town to get there; past the courthouse and the police station, past the chinese buffet and Poor Richard's Emporium. All staples of the city, and all places that wanted nothing to do with me. I ventured across Franklin and Normal, the threshold that protected the town from presumptuous college brats. To everyone else, I probably looked like a freshman, lost and in a daze surrounded by so many peers. But in my head I was a snake, analyzing the crowd and looking for weaknesses.

A boy on my right was busy texting, his watch strap was already undone and his keys hung off his neck. A girl in front of me had a giant square bag, holding art or posters, easily 48x48. Her purse was hanging open, dangling by a single strap. Hell, a wallet just fell out of the back pocket of the guy in the red sweatshirt. Someone else had to run up and give it back. This was child's play. It took no effort, how was I supposed to distract myself with these minnows?

For two hours I wandered, never finding a worthwhile mark. Too pathetic, too tired, too poor, no one seemed like the kind of Robin Hood act I needed to pull to feel good about myself. My mind kept going back to Matt last night, his last night, the last evening he had before being thrown in the ground, and how shitty I treated him. There would be no joy in stealing something easy. I wanted to destroy something pure, something strong, and no one fit the bill.

At last, just as the winter sun was starting to set, I found him: The perfect mark.

The boy was tall, blonde, and holy shit did he smell like arrogance. That reek of never having been told you were wrong, of imitation perfection never tempered. It was that same boy from last night, the rich one who paid for everyone. The one I wanted to nab but couldn't afford to. It was a sign from heaven. Now he was out in the open and I was thousands of people away from home, nothing to hold me back. I tracked him for the better part of ten minutes as he wandered the path with a pack of comrades. They formed an imposing group in the eyes of any would be thief; crowds were hard.

A plan ran through my head, it was stupid, which was why it was going to work. Anywhere else I wouldn't have tried it, but a college campus is made for this stuff. I refined the plan, tweaked it a bit with the innocent-stranger for drama and set myself up behind a pole. The whole idea was for the lead man, in this case my mark, to bump into me and insert me inside the group in the ensuing confusion. When I was brought in, I'd forcefully run out and slip anything loose into my pockets. It was ballsy and required the entire group to act like scared cats while I shoved my way out between them. Luck already sided with me by having this boy be at the front, the most startled and the most easily stolen from. The rest was up to me.

The innocent-stranger was a personal trick, it only really works with me. You have to look weak, too cute to accuse. I banked on the male instinct of protection to keep a boy occupied after he knocks me down or bumps me. It needed a girl, the smaller the better, and a professional sense of performance. I've been acting my whole life, acting like I cared, acting like I was happy, acting like I mattered, what was one more charade for the good cause? I located the group without my eyes, heavy steps and laughter giving them away. Here we go. They were around the corner. I took a big deep breath, and moved.

It was art.

I threw my elbow at his hip the moment we made contact, while also slipping my hand into his jacket; wallet secured. Gravity yanked me as I unlocked at the knees and the shock brought group attention downward without a point of contact to look at, I looked up at leadman as to establish eye contact and keep him from looking at the free hand slip his wallet into my pocket. I got up, maintained eye contact for a second, and broke into his little group crying. My hands made contact with people and split decisions were made: Lead boy on right, lanyard left pocket, risky, worth it, palmed and hidden. Girl one deep on left, bracelet almost undone, fifty-fifty, her lucky day. Girl back right, Ipod in purse, purse open, Ipod gone.

I fell out of the group at an angle and hit the ground on my side. I sobbed even harder, and ran towards town. The group laughed to each other in the distance. I shit you not, I had tears in my eyes, but tears of laughter not pain. Those kids don't even know what happened, and they think I'm the sucker.

Early night was being ushered in on the chill breeze, and for the first time since bacon, I smiled.

The cops were clearing out when I walked past the bar, slipping in the back door and chillin for ten minutes inspecting my prizes. The lanyard was purple and had the college logo on it. Holy shit, my aim was perfect; there was a Maserati key on the ring. What a pretentious douche. The music player was full of nothing but tunes with shelf lives. She must have filled this up every month with the top 40 charts. As for the wallet, the assumption of wealth was confirmed by the black, nameless credit card above the license and leaf of twenties in the fold. People should never carry this kind of cash around, something nearing three hundred dollars. He was basically asking for this. *

Stephanie is a relatively happy seventeen year old highschool dropout who continuously curses, smokes too much, and steals things. Unfortunately for us, she's also the Arbiter- a mostly normal human on whose shoulders the fate of the Apocalypse is weighs. Heaven and Hell are going to war, the Champions have been chosen, and each uses the last moments of calm before the first shots to court the Arbiter to their side. Before today her problem was being nobody, now Stephanie has a different issue: what's a nobody, from nowhere kinda girl to do when the world beyond her flat begins to take notice in all the wrong ways?

Author note: One Degree is a short novel I wrote in the spring of 2013, showcasing and inverting all the boring cliches of supernatural teen fiction. The first printing was fall of '13, made possible by Kickstarter. This edition is newly revised and much better than the physical edition, and I'm happy to bring it to the Kindle audience. By now I've grown quite attached to our little Stephanie and hope that you enjoy her bumbling, sometimes questionable, logics as she tries to survive her own very strange version of the Rapture.

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