

F THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST POPULAR VARIETIES OF GARDEN FIELD AND FL

He squirmed deep under the covers, clamped a plump pillow over his head to muffle the singing, and chanted, "Find the father, kill the son," until at last he fell exhausted into sleep. One nurse and one nun brought Celestina into the creche behind the viewing window. Regrettably, his radiant smile only emphasized, by contrast, the dire shortcomings of the face from which it beamed. Lumpish, pocked, wart-stippled, darkened by a permanent beard shadow with a bluish cast, this countenance was beyond the powers of redemption possessed by the best plastic surgeons in the world, which was no doubt why Nolly applied his resources strictly to dental work. From his motel room, he telephoned Hanna Rey in Bright Beach. She still looked after his house on a part-time basis, paid the bills from a special account while he traveled, and kept him informed about events in his hometown. From Hanna, he learned that Barty Lampion's eyes had been lost to cancer. Then the boy put new and puzzling shadings on his meaning when he said, "Daddy died here, but he didn't die every place I am." Ordinarily, when Celestina was troubled, her art was a perfect sanctuary from all woes. When she was planning, composing, and rendering, time had no meaning for her, and life had no sting. From the corner armchair, as if he could see so well in the dark that he knew Junior's eyes were open, Detective Thomas Vanadium said, "Did you hear my entire conversation with Dr. Parkhurst?" In a monotone that gave new meaning to deadpan, the detective added: "I'm the only one who was there who doesn't have a dry-cleaning bill." He turned the brochure in his hands, to look at the front of it again. Gradually he began to suspect that the title of the exhibition might be what had brought to mind the reverend's unremembered sermon. Sitting in the client's chair, across the cigarette-scarred desk from Nolly, Junior heard or imagined that he heard the scurry of tiny rodent feet behind him, and something chewing on paper inside a pair of rust spotted filing cabinets. Repeatedly, he wiped at the back of his neck or reached down to rub a hand over his ankles, convinced that insects were crawling on him. Tom Vanadium was too unnerved by the Cain scare to be interested in the newspaper anymore. The strong black coffee, superb before, tasted bitter now. After just twenty-one days, the boy's adaptation to blindness was amazing but clearly the gathered audience stood in anticipation of something more remarkable than his unhalting progress and unerring sense of direction. "Tom, a couple minutes ago," Agnes said, "Celestina mentioned your. . . 'certain awareness.' Which is what exactly?" What good was she to anybody, what good could she ever hope to be, if she couldn't even save her little sister? Robert Heinlein saved her. Over hot dogs and chips, she read to Barty from Red Planet, beginning at the top of page 104. He had previously shared enough of the story with Agnes so that she felt connected to the narrative, and soon she was sufficiently involved with the tale that she was better able to conceal her anguish. Ichabod passed Bartholomew through the open door to Celestina in the passenger's seat, went around the Buick, put the tote bag in the back, and climbed behind the wheel once more. "Ouch," said Edom, and this earned him loving smiles from Maria, Agnes, and Barty. Barty turned away from her, surveyed the kitchen, and said, "Ah. The twisty is me." Although her hands were shaking and her knees felt as though they might buckle, Agnes lifted two pies off the table. At those cutting-edge galleries where he attended receptions, no one got in without a printed invitation. And even with the authentic paper in hand, you might still be refused entry if you failed to pass the cool test. The criteria of cool were the same as at the current hottest dance clubs, and in fact the bouncers controlling the gate at the finest avant-garde galleries were those who worked the clubs. Second, Thomas Vanadium received no mention: Therefore, his body hadn't been found in the lake. He still ought to be under suspicion in the Bressler case. And if new evidence cleared him of suspicion, then his disappearance should have been mentioned, and he should have been listed as another possible victim of the Shamefaced Slayer, the Bandaged Butcher, as the tabloids had dubbed Junior. With his startling combination of a Mediterranean complexion and rust-red hair, his good looks, and his fit physique, Paul had the exotic appearance of a pulp-fiction hero. In particular, he liked to imagine that he might pass for Doc Savage's brother. "Last I noticed, his car was out. Let me check." Sparky put down his phone and went to look in the garage. When he returned, he said, "Nope. Still out. When he parties, he usually parties late." Some acts were distasteful, too, such as searching the lunatic lawman for his car keys and his badge. "One hour," he announced, establishing a countdown. In sixty minutes, his internal clock would rouse him from a meditative state. Month by month during Barty's first year, Agnes's belief in his exceptional intelligence was only confirmed by his development. By the end of the second month of life, most babies will smile in response to a smile, and they are able to smile spontaneously in the fourth month. Barty was smiling frequently in his second week. In the third month, many babies laugh out loud, but Barty's first laugh came in his sixth week. Drawing from a well of inspiration deeper than instinct, Junior knew that if ever he crossed paths with a man named Bartholomew, he must be prepared to deal with him as aggressively as he had dealt with Naomi. And without delay. "Oh," Celestina White replied, "yes, every day. I'm currently engaged on an entire series of works inspired by Bartholomew." At the end, with the salt Tom and the pepper Tom standing side by side in their different but parallel worlds, Maria said, "Seems like science fiction." "You'd never cheat me. I know you. We'd have Christmas twice a year and parties for half birthdays." Using all his powers of concentration, which were formidable, Junior sought to silence the phantom Chicane. At first, the voice steadily faded, but soon it grew louder again, and more insistent. If the state police did get involved, and even if they found evidence that the accident was staged, they would most likely point the finger of blame at the man for whom Victoria had been preparing dinner. One, two, three, four—Edom took away all the remaining pies. He pointed at Barty and then at the empty table. Tom had acted with the best intentions—but also with the intelligence and the good judgment that God had given him and that he had spent a lifetime honing. Good intentions alone can be the cobblestones from which the road to Hell is built; however, good intentions formed through much self-doubt and second-guessing, as Tom's always were guided by wisdom acquired from

experience, are all that can be asked of us. Unintended consequences that should have been foreseeable are, he knew, the stuff of damnation, but those that we can't foresee, he hoped, are part of some design for which we can't be held responsible. Instead, as he settled into the offered chair, he withdrew a picture of Perri from his wallet. It was an old black-and-white school photograph, slightly yellow with age, taken in 1933, the year he'd begun to fall in love with her, when they were both thirteen. Edom did as asked. Then he cut the deck into two approximately equal stacks when requested to do so. Knacker or Hisscus, or Nork, was talking about an offering, as though Naomi were a goddess to whom they wished to present a penance of gold and jewels. They introduced themselves as Knacker, Hisscus, and Nork, but Junior didn't bother to associate names with faces, partly because the men were so alike in appearance and manner that their own mothers might have had difficulty figuring out which of them to blame for never calling. Besides, he was still tired from his recent ramble through the hospital and unnerved by the thought of some baleful-eyed Bartholomew prowling the world in search of him. Filled with the songs of swallows that evidently preferred these precincts to the more famous address of San Juan Capistrano, this mild March morning was perfect for pie deliveries. Agnes and Grace had produced a bakery's worth of glorious vanilla-almond pies and coffee toffee pies. Most likely, Reverend White's ramblings were as greasy with sentiment and oily with irrational optimism as were his daughter's paintings, so Junior was in no hurry to learn the name of the radio program or to write for a transcript of the sermon. For her, the suspense that grew throughout dinner didn't have much to do with whether or not Wally would pop the question, because if he didn't broach the subject this time, she intended to take the initiative. Instead, Celestina was more tense about whether or not Wally expected that a heartfelt expression of commitment should be sufficient to induce her to sleep with him. As he'd proved to himself on his previous two visits—his first night in town and then two nights thereafter—this number was merely part of the pianist's repertoire. Nothing supernatural here. "I know Edom and Jacob have been a burden," said Vinnie, "you having to be responsible for them." Junior found no answers before the owner of the diner blocked him from proceeding out of the kitchen into the storeroom and the service alley beyond. Simultaneously sweating and chilled, Junior cursed him, and the confrontation became ugly. Any reasonable person would agree that the line between legitimate and harassment was hair-thin. The wedding reception—big, noisy, and joyous—spread across the three properties without fences. His mother's name was so often mentioned, her presence so strongly felt in all the lives that she had touched, that sometimes it seemed that she was actually there with them. "There's no clear evidence of birth defects, but a couple tests reveal some worrisome anomalies. We'll know when we see the child." Apparently, he didn't lean back far enough, because amazingly he landed on his feet in the winter-faded grass. The shock buckled him, and he dropped to his knees. Still cradling Grace, he lowered her to the ground as gently as he'd ever lowered fragile Perri onto her bed—quite as if he had planned it this way. Because he hadn't heard Victoria Bressler speak in so long—and then only on two occasions—and because the woman on the phone had spoken so softly, Junior couldn't tell whether or not their voices were one and the same. Unbuttoning her blouse, Celestina said, "Traditionally, puppies don't have a role in weddings." Shortly after six o'clock, Saturday morning, she stirred from a fretful dream and saw Barty sitting up in bed, reading. Angel was lying on a towel on the convertible sofa, where Grace had just changed her diaper. They wanted to go up to Barty's room, but she refused them, because there was nothing more they could do for the boy than they had done for her. "He wants to finish reading Starman Jones, and I'm not letting anything interfere with that. We're leaving for Newport Beach at seven in the morning, and you can see him then." Sparky wasn't a bad guy, not easily bought, and if he'd been asked to sell out any tenant other than Cain, he probably wouldn't have done so at any price. He greatly disliked Cain, however, and considered him to be "as strange and creepy as a syphilitic monkey." Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn that bush into the seeming of a tree," he said, and promptly Otter did so. Illusion came so easy to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's. He ardently wished that he hadn't killed her with such merciful swiftness. If he'd tortured her first, he would now have the memory of her suffering from which to take consolation. If her beautiful son was to be a prodigy of any kind, she would thank God for his talent and would do anything she could to help him achieve his destiny. hooves. This was no demon child. Its father's evil wasn't visibly reflected in its small. replace her. I'd never be able to spend a penny of it. Not a penny. I'd have to give it away. What would be the point?" Junior was educated. He wasn't merely a masseur with a fancy title; he had earned a hill bachelor of science degree with a major in rehabilitation therapy. When he watched television, which he never did to excess, he rarely settled for frivolous game shows or sitcoms like Gomer Pyle or The Beverly Hillbillies, or even I Dream of Jeannie, but committed himself to serious dramas that required intellectual involvement—Gunsmoke, Bonanza, and The Fugitive. He preferred Scrabble to all other board games, because it expanded one's vocabulary. As a member in good standing of the Book-of-the-Month Club, he'd already acquired nearly thirty volumes of the finest in contemporary literature, and thus far he'd read or skim-read more than six of them. He would have read all of them if he had not been a busy man with such varied interests; his cultural aspirations were greater than the time he was able to devote to them. Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following address: "We do look somewhat alike," Edom said, shifting his attention to Jacob's left ear. AFTER UNDERGOING TESTS for brain tumors or lesions, to ascertain whether his seizure of violent emesis might, in fact, have a physical cause, Junior was returned to his hospital room shortly before noon. One moment, girl and yellow vinyl ball. The next moment, gone as if they'd never been. The

quarter, silvery. Under the patriot's neck, the date: 1965. Coincidentally, the year that Naomi had been killed. The year that Tom had first met Cain. The year that all this had begun..It could only be made better by the presence of her parents. They had planned to fly down to San Francisco this morning, but late yesterday, a parishioner and close friend had died. A minister and his wife sometimes had duties to the flock that superseded all else..Raised by a father to whom any form of amusement was blasphemy, Agnes had never seen a magician perform until she was nineteen, when Joey Lampion, then her suitor, had taken her to a stage show. Rabbits plucked out of top hats, doves conjured from sudden plumes of smoke, assistants sawn in half and mended to walk again; every illusion that had been old even in Houdini's time was a jaw-dropping amazement to her that evening. Now she remembered a trick in which the magician had poured a pitcher of milk into a funnel fashioned from a few pages of a newspaper, causing the milk to vanish when the funnel, still dry, was unrolled to reveal ordinary newsprint. The thrill that had quivered through her that evening measured I on the Richter scale compared to the full 10-point sense of wonder quaking through her at the sight of Barty as dry as if he'd spent the afternoon perched fireside..Either operating on first-aid knowledge of his own or responding to an instruction from the medic, the cop slipped a foam pillow under Agnes's head..One of the coin seekers knocked against Junior, jarring him loose of his paralysis, but when he stumbled out of the line of fire of the second vending machine, a third machine shot quarters at him..He loved Naomi, of course, and never could deny her. Although he had been especially sweet to her that night, if he had known that they would have less than a year together before fate tore her from him, he might have been even sweeter..Focus, Caesar Zedd teaches, is the sole quality that separates millionaires from the flea-ridden, sore-pocked, urine-soaked winos who five in cardboard boxes and discuss vintages of Ripple with their pet rats. Millionaires have it, winos don't. Likewise, nothing but the ability to focus separates an Olympic athlete from a cripple who lost his legs in a car wreck. The athlete has focus, and the cripple doesn't. After all, Zedd notes, if the cripple had it, he would have been a better driver, an Olympic athlete, and a millionaire.."Don't worry, love. I'll make sure the snap's are constructed so you can get it off me easily enough." "Once out of the coma and stabilized for a few weeks, I was transferred to a hospital in Portland, where I had to undergo eleven surgeries." Junior had no idea who the driver of the Buick might be, but he hated the tall lanky son of a bitch because he figured the guy was humping Celestina, who would never have humped anyone but Junior if she had met him first, because like her sister, like all women, she would find him irresistible. He felt that he had a prior claim on her because of his relationship to the family; he was the father of her sister's bastard boy, after all, which made him their blood by shared--progeny.."I don't stumble. Not much, anyway." To the girl, Bartholomew said, "Angel, are you okay?"..Slowly rotating his raised hands before his eyes, as if he saw them young and supple-fingered, the magician described the amazing manipulations that a master card mechanic could perform. Though he spoke without flash or filigree, he made these feats of skill sound more sorcerous than hares from hats, doves from scarves, and blondes bisected by buzz saws..Sweet-tempered, generous, honest, kind Naomi had surely been incapable of murdering anyone-least of all the man she loved.."I'd give anything if it hadn't happened," he said earnestly. And now a tortured note wrung wet emotion from his voice "I only wish it had been me who died." Junior had the picture now. Clear as Kodachrome. Victoria was in a relationship, and she had come on to him in the hospital not because she was looking for more action, but because she was a tease. One of those women who thought it was funny to get a man's juices up and then leave him stewing in them..From late morning until dinner, people arrived and departed, raised toasts to a merry Christmas and to peace on earth, to health and to happiness, reminisced about Christmases past, marveled about the first heart transplant performed this very month in South Africa, and prayed that the soldiers in Vietnam would come home soon and that Bright Beach would lose no precious sons in those far jungles..Max hung up. The Ansaphone made a series of small robot-mouse noises and then fell silent.."There's nothing here for you," she said, stepping back from the door in order to close it..Standing at graveside, Junior was in a foul mood. He was weary of pretending to be deep in grief..The door was falling shut. With no more sound than the day makes when it turns to night, the detective had gone.."Why? What was he going to get out of it?"..Dr. Lipscomb brought his hands to his face, covering his nose and mouth as earlier they had been covered with a surgical mask, as though he were in danger of drawing in, with his breath, an idea that would forever change him.."Well, you're sweet, aren't you? And you're all bright red on the outside and milk chocolate inside," Celestina said, gently tweaking the girl's light brown nose..When his stomach rolled uneasily and his scalp prickled, he was seized by panic, certain that he was going to suffer both violent nervous emesis and severe hives, breaking out and chucking up at the same time. He popped the capsules into his mouth but couldn't produce enough saliva to swallow them, so he turned on the faucet, filled his cupped hands with water, and drank, dribbling down the front of is jacket and sweater..He couldn't work up sufficient saliva to get the rasp out of his voice: "Then you could learn to do it."..Yet for all his love of reading and of music, events suggested that for mathematics he had a still greater aptitude..After two years of rehabilitation, Tom had been pronounced as fit as ever, a miracle of modern medicine and willpower. But right now he seemed to have been put back together with spit and string and Scotch tape. Arms pumping, legs stretching, he felt every one of those eight months of coma in his withered-and-rebuilt muscles, in his calcium depleted-and-rebuilt bones..Suddenly Junior intuited the identity of the man in the chair. Beyond question, this was the plainclothes police officer with the birthmark..Otter shook his head..As Tom reached Celestina, she said, "Shots." She said, "Gunshots." She held the receiver in one hand and pulled at her hair with the other, as if with the administration of a little pain, she might wake up from this nightmare. She said, "He's in Oregon."..The street in front of the gallery was as flooded by a sea of fog as the alleyway at the back. The headlights of passing traffic probed the gloom like beams from deep-salvage submersibles at work on the ocean floor..Clearly touched and intrigued, the magician nevertheless circled the offer in search of reasons to decline, before at last shaking his head sadly. "I doubt that

I'm the caliber of person you're looking for, Mrs. Lampion. I wouldn't be entirely a credit to your project.". You have the teeth to do it, Junior thought, but he restrained himself from saying it. "This can't be a dead end.". As he turned the corner onto Jasmine Way, he felt his heart lift in expectation of the sight of his home. It wasn't a grand residence--a typical Main Street, USA, house-but it was more splendid to Paul than Paris, London, and Rome combined, cities that he would never see and would never regret failing to see.. Casey and Tutti, her sister Skipper, and dreamboat Ken-and soon the girls had Barty enthusiastically involved in a make-believe world far different from the one in which Heinlein's teenage lead owned an extraordinary alien pet with eight legs, the temperament of a kitten, and an appetite for everything from grizzly bears to Buicks.. Spacious, the living room was furnished for two purposes: as a parlor in which to receive visiting friends, but also with two beds, because here Paul and Perri slept every night.. Recognizing the danger of saying the wrong thing, the potential for self-incrimination, Junior clenched his jaws and waited.. He stopped straining to see through the black room to the corner armchair. He closed his eyes and tried to lull himself to sleep by summoning into his mind's eye a lovely but calculatedly monotonous scene of gentle waves breaking on a moonlit shore.. Nurses were supposed to be angels of mercy. She had shown him no mercy. And she was certainly no angel.. In the kitchen, he fussily avoided the blood and stepped around Victoria to switch off both ovens. He killed the gas flame under the large pot of boiling water on the cook top.

[Classic Planes](#)

[The Little Pearson Handbook + MyLab Writing](#)

[My Double Life Sixty Yeers of Farquharson Around with Don Harn](#)

[The Power of the Pen The Politics Nationalism and Influence of Sir John Willison](#)

[Jacques Marquette and Louis Jolliet Exploration Encounter and the French New World](#)

[Seeking a Better Future The English Pioneers of Ontario and Quebec](#)

[Jewish Stories of Love and Marriage Folktales Legends and Letters](#)

[Study Guide to Accompany Garrett Houghs Brain Behavior An Introduction to Behavioral Neuroscience](#)

[From Native Son to Kings Men The Literary Landscape of 1940s America](#)

[Cemetery of the Nameless](#)

[Post-Conflict Archaeology and Cultural Heritage Rebuilding Knowledge Memory and Community from War-Damaged Material Culture](#)

[Judicial Review and Contemporary Democratic Theory Power Domination and the Courts](#)

[English-English-Malayalam Dictionary](#)

[The Last Train to Budapest](#)

[Jacaranda Geography Alive 10 Australian Curriculum 2e learnON Print](#)

[Adolescents and their Music If Its Too Loud Youre Too Old](#)

[Design Anthropology Object Cultures in Transition](#)

[Gender Class and Food Families Bodies and Health](#)

[The New Public Benefit Requirement Making Sense of Charity Law?](#)

[Researching Resistance and Social Change A Critical Approach to Theory and Practice](#)

[Writing Analytically](#)

[Landmark Cases in Medical Law](#)

[The Developing Mind A Philosophical Introduction](#)

[Listening in Action Teaching Music in the Digital Age](#)

[Philosophical Foundations of Leadership](#)

[Sheridan Nurseries One Hundred Years of People Plans and Plants](#)

[Sketchnoting in School Discover the Benefits \(and Fun\) of Visual Note Taking](#)

[Planetary Modernisms Provocations on Modernity Across Time](#)

[American Plagues Lessons from Our Battles with Disease](#)

[Prime Minister for Peace My Struggle for Serbian Democracy](#)

[Understanding Jurisprudence An Introduction to Legal Theory](#)

[The Life and Career of David Beckham Football Legend Cultural Icon](#)

[The Freach and Keen Murders The True Story of the Crime That Shocked and Changed a Community Forever](#)

[Working at Relational Depth in Counselling and Psychotherapy](#)

[Secession and Security Explaining State Strategy against Separatists](#)

[Cultures of Defiance and Resistance Social Movements in 21st-Century America](#)

[Experiencing Big Band Jazz A Listeners Companion](#)

[The Devil at Genesee Junction The Murders of Kathy Bernhard and George-Ann Formicola 6 66](#)

[The Value of Academic Discourse Conversations That Matter](#)

[The Evangelicals You Dont Know Introducing the Next Generation of Christians](#)

[Women Still at Work Professionals Over Sixty and On the Job](#)

[Supreme Injustice Slavery in the Nations Highest Court](#)

[Nonhuman Photography](#)

[So You Want to Sing A Cappella A Guide for Performers](#)

[Airbus A380 Manual 2005 onwards \(all models\)](#)

[The Age of Longevity Re-Imagining Tomorrow for Our New Long Lives](#)

[The Enterprising Musicians Guide to Performer Contracts](#)

[Do More with Less A Guide for Uncertain Times](#)

[The Uncommon Reader A Life of Edward Garnett](#)

[Taiji Fencing Principles Vol 1](#)

[Arendtian Constitutionalism Law Politics and the Order of Freedom](#)

[Tomb Of Dracula The Complete Collection Vol 1](#)

[Reality to Rags to Riches - The Story and Life of an Ex-NFL Wife](#)

[Australian Signpost Maths 1 Teachers Book](#)

[Yayoi Kusama \(Revised and Expanded Edition\)](#)

[Dexters Laboratory - Collected Experiments](#)

[Addressing the Sexual Rights of Older People Theory Policy and Practice](#)

[America Enters the Cold War The Road to Global Commitment 1945-1950](#)

[Heavyweights The Military Use of Massive Weapons](#)

[Despedirse de la Vida Ayunando Una Gua](#)

[Anne Boleyn Adultery Heresy Desire](#)

[The Alien Cookbook](#)

[Keywords in Remix Studies](#)

[Virgie](#)

[Poems for Patriots](#)

[Theres a Mouse at My House! Theres a Bug on My Rug!](#)

[Nicks Joke Book](#)

[Revolutionary Rosanna Resolution](#)

[Theoretical and Technical Basis for the Optimization of Wind Energy Plants](#)

[The Animal Rhyme](#)

[The Lord-Protectors War Chronicles of the New Earth Book Two](#)

[Nazareth Jesus Christ Les Annees Cachees](#)

[LAme de Minuit Roman Inedit Postface Par Jean-Luc Buard](#)

[Traffic Lights](#)

[Pack a Bigger Punch 7 Steps to Uncover Your Real Message](#)

[Understanding Employment Law First Edition](#)

[Open and More Magic Begins](#)

[Joe Louis Is Coming to Town!](#)

[One Forbidden Night](#)

[Transfusion and Transplantation Science](#)

[Gold in a Tin Dish The History of the Eastern Marlborough Goldfields Vol 2 The History of the Eastern Marlborough Goldfields](#)

[Psychosis Under Discussion How We Talk About Madness](#)

[Mind Your Christmas](#)

[Fred Sandback Vertical Constructions](#)

[Gramsci and Foucault A Reassessment](#)

[Headlines from the Holy Land Reporting the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict](#)

[Grand Melbourne Gardens](#)

[Leadership Can Be Learned Clarity Connection and Results](#)

[On Board RMS Titanic Memories of the Maiden Voyage](#)

[Tasks for Part 3 MRCOG Clinical Assessment](#)

[The Welsh Law of Women](#)

[Artefacts of Writing Ideas of the State and Communities of Letters from Matthew Arnold to Xu Bing](#)

[Early Modern Prayer](#)

[The Lazy Universe An Introduction to the Principle of Least Action](#)

[Israel Jihad in Tel Aviv](#)

[Australian Signpost Maths F Teachers Book](#)

[Pathways Reading Writing and Critical Thinking 1](#)

[How the Childs Mind Develops](#)

[The Story of Innovation](#)

[The Naughty Crocodile and the Big Red Kangaroo](#)
