



TALES
of the
OTHERWORLD

KELLEY ARMSTRONG



BANTAM BOOKS | NEW YORK



THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

JENNA BLACK

DELL BOOKS | NEW YORK



*The
Good
Mayor*

ANDREW NICOLL

DELACORTE PRESS

GOOD MAYOR KROVIC WAS UNHAPPY BUT so was Mrs Agathe Stopak. On cold winter nights, she lay, shivering, in bed, listening to the rain drumming on the window, watching the curtains billow in the draught and wondering if they moved because of the wind outside or because of Stopak snoring beside her. He lay there, flat on his back, dead straight down one side of the bed as if a sword lay between them, with the sheets belled over his huge, hard belly like a circus tent. The wind whistled down the chasm between them but, even without it, the bed was icy.

Stopak smelled of putty and whitewash. There were spots of paint on the grey vest he wore in bed, it clung under his finger nails and he snored like the steamroller she had seen spreading tar along Ampersand Avenue on the way home from work.

Tibo waited until a coal lorry from Schmidt and Hodo lumbered '*Ce n'est pas une mer, c'est un potage,*' the Chief Surveyor—memorably remarked although nobody in Dot understood him. Unlike the Russian nobility, the people of Dot did not express themselves in French. Neither did they speak Russian. For, despite the claims of the Empress Catherine, the people of Dot did not count themselves as Russian. Not at that time. At that time, the men of Dot—if anyone had cared to ask them - might have spoken of themselves as Finns or Swedes. Perhaps, at some other time, they might have nodded to far-off Denmark or even Prussia. Some few might have called themselves Poles or Letts but, for the most part, they would have stood proudly as men of Dot.

**BLACK
AND
WHITE**

**JACKIE KESSLER
CAITLIN KITTREDGE**

BANTAM SPECTRA

NO

W

CHAPTER 1

IRIDIUM

The thing people seem all too happy to forget is that where there be superheroes, there also be supervillains. It makes one wonder: If the heroes went away, would the villains follow?

Lynda Kidder, "Origins, Part Five,"
New Chicago Tribune, April 23, 2112

Heroes always need someone to play the villain. Iridium saw the truth in this when a hero tried to slip up and coldcock her on the back of the head.

She spun around and blasted him with a strobe—nothing crippling, strictly visible spectrum, but the hero landed on his ass and started yelling. Probably "Ahhh, my eyes, my eyes!" That one was the most common.

"That was sloppy," Iridium tsked. "Where's your mentor? Did he go get a latte and leave you all alone?"

By her feet, a bank guard whimpered under his gag. "Shut it," said Iridium. "It's not like you won't get a fat settlement in the lawsuit that you're going to file against the bank for hazardous working conditions. Right?"

The guard considered this for a minute, shrugged as

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The Blue Knight
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The Black Marble
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The Delta Star
The Secrets of Harry Bright
The Golden Orange
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Finnegan's Week
Floaters

The Onion Field
Lines and Shadows
Echoes in the Darkness
The Bleeding

THE CHOIRBOYS

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH

with an introduction by

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Floater

THE ONION FIELD

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DELTA TRADE PAPERBACKS

BLACKOUT

CONNIE WILLIS

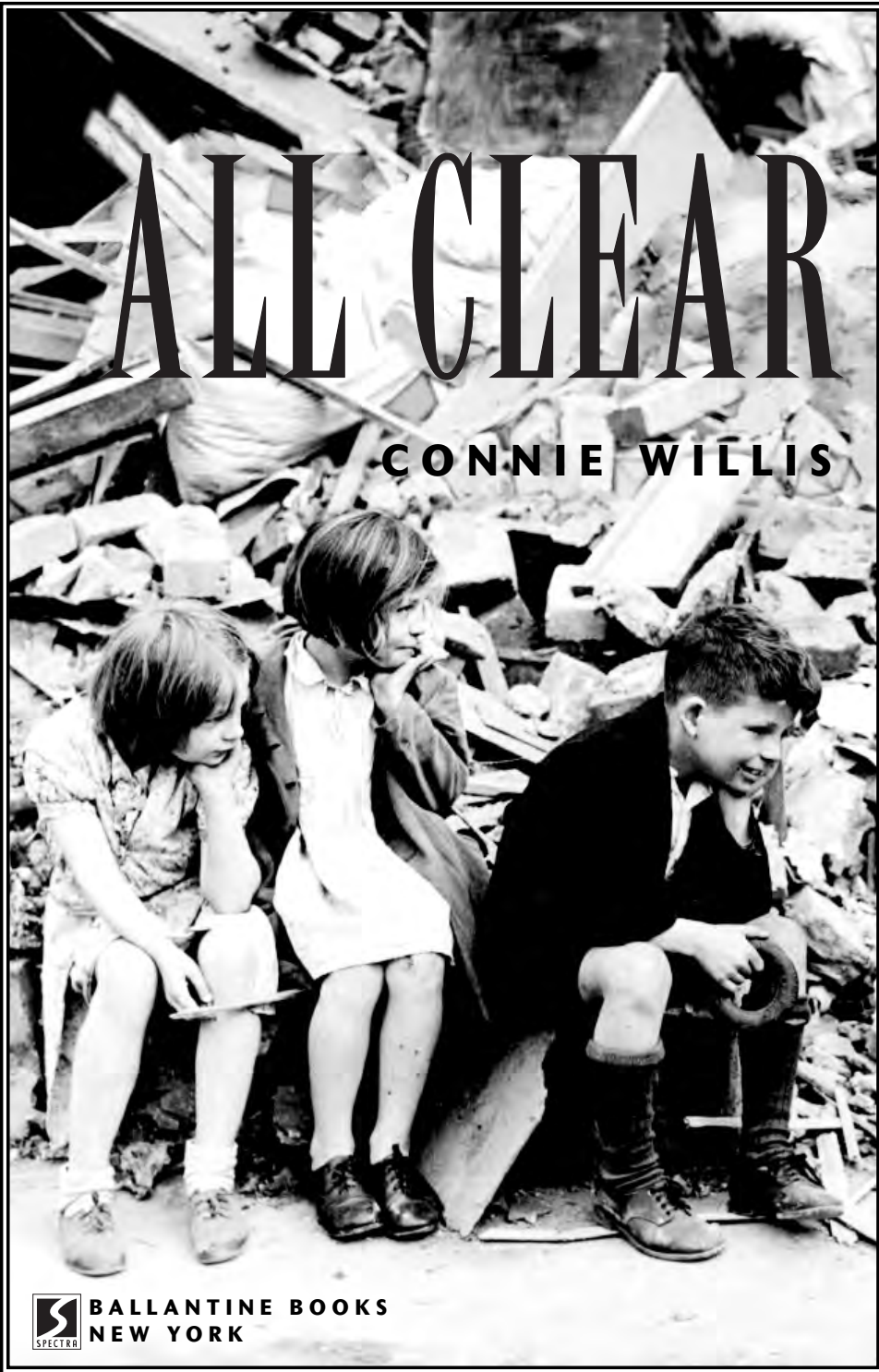
 BALLANTINE BOOKS
NEW YORK

*Firemen at work in bomb-damaged street in London,
after Saturday night raid, ca. 1941.*

New Times Paris Bureau Collection. (USIA)

Nara File #: 306-NT-901C-11

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ALL CLEAR

CONNIE WILLIS

 BALLANTINE BOOKS
NEW YORK



**DON'T MAKE
A SOUND**

LISA GARDNER

BANTAM BOOKS

By Lisa Gardner

THE PERFECT HUSBAND

THE OTHER DAUGHTER

THE THIRD VICTIM

THE NEXT ACCIDENT

THE SURVIVORS CLUB

THE KILLING HOUR

ALONE

GONE

HIDE

SAY GOODBYE

THE NEIGHBOR

And look for

LIVE TO TELL

Summer 2010

Alone


Lisa Gardner



BANTAM BOOKS
NEW YORK

OUT
OF
THIN
AIR

CARLA BUCKLEY

 DELACORTE PRESS



SPIRAL

A NOVEL

Paul McEuen



THE DIAL PRESS | NEW YORK

PACIFIC OCEAN, MARCH 1946



On the bridge, the commander of the North Dakota raised his megaphone: “Turn around. This is your last warning.”

Another spit of bullets from the guns, and the boat vanished again in a cloud of spray. This time the line was closer, near enough to soak the men. Connor saw fear clinging to their faces like the drops of water. If the gunner raised his sights by a few degrees, they’d be shredded.

The leader of the lifeboat sat down on the gunwale, the white shirt falling from his hands. The boat floated listlessly, slowly twisting while the three argued among themselves, their words carrying over the waves. The tall one pointed toward the North Dakota, shaking his head, mouthing the phrase: No other way.

“The stupid bastards are coming,” Willoughby said.

The tall one stood, facing the North Dakota, held his white shirt overhead. “Go!” he called out and the rowers began rowing, plowing the sea as hard and fast as they could.

The commander of the North Dakota stood straight. The megaphone hung at his side.

He gave a slight nod.

It was over in seconds. Two Oerlikons fired simultaneously and the sea erupted. The lifeboat exploded red, fragmented into an array of splinters and planks of wood. In an instant, both the men and the lifeboat were gone, nothing left but the mist and a stain of flotsam and debris on the water.

Liam saw something moving, flopping on the surface. At first he thought it was a dying fish. But it wasn’t a fish. It was an arm, severed at the shoulder.

He vomited over the side of the ship.



DAY 4
MONDAY, OCTOBER 22

THE CRAWLERS IN THE GARDEN

· 3 ·

LIAM CONNOR LOVED CORNELL. HE HAD TAUGHT AT THE university for over half a century, and expected full well to die shuffling between the Arts quad and the Big Red Barn. Cornell was a chimera, both a member of the Ivy League and the New York State agricultural school. Nabokov wrote *Lolita* here and Feynman started his scribbling about quantum electrodynamics, but Cornell was also a place where you could also get your wheat checked for smut or your cow autopsied.

The campus was perched on a hill overlooking the city of Ithaca, population 29,000, tucked between a pair of glacier-carved gorges. It was founded in 1865 by the millionaire and philanthropist Ezra Cornell, founder of Western Union and a free-thinker who believed that the practical sciences should be taught with the same zeal as the classics. Cornell had made his money on the telegraph, the new communication technology that had remade society as fundamentally as would the internet one hundred and fifty years later. He used his fortune to create a new kind of university, utterly different from the religion- and tradition-bound schools of the era: An institution where any person could find instruction in any study, a quote that would become the school's motto. Co-ed and non-denominational from the day it opened, the university graduated its



The Garden of Evil

David Hewson

Delecorte Press



Part One
The Little Death

One

ALDO CAVIGLIA GLIMPSED HIS REFLECTION IN THE OVER-head mirror of the crowded 64 bus. He was not a vain man but, on the whole, he approved of what he saw. Caviglia had recently turned sixty. Four years earlier he had lost his wife. There had been a brief, lost period when drink took its toll, and with it his job in the ancient bakery in the Campo dei Fiori, just a few minutes' walk from the small apartment close to the Piazza Navona where they had lived for their entire married life. He had escaped the grip of the booze before it stole away his looks. The grief he still felt marked him only inwardly now.

Today he was wearing what he thought of as his winter Thursday uniform, a taupe woollen coat over a brown suit with a knife-edge crease running down the trousers. In his mind's eye he was the professional man he would have been in another, different life. A minor academic, a civil servant, an accountant perhaps. Someone happy with his lot, and that, at least, was no lie.

It was December the eighth, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Christmas stood on the horizon, its presence finally beginning to make itself known beyond the tawdry displays that had been in store windows for weeks. Every good Catholic would

attend mass. The Pope would venerate two famous statues of the Virgin, in the Piazza di Spagna and at Santa Maria Maggiore. Catholic or not, families would flock to the city streets, to shop, to eat, to gossip, to walk around and enjoy the season. In the vast race-track space of the Piazza Navona, which followed the lines of the Imperial stadium that had preceded it, the stalls occupied almost every last square metre: toys for the children, panini of *porchetta* carved straight from the warm pig's carcass for the parents, and the Christmas witch, La Befana, everywhere, on stockings and pendants, decorations and candies, a half-hideous, half-friendly spectre primed to dispense gifts to the young at Epiphany.

Caviglia gripped the handrail as the bus lurched through the traffic past the stranded temple ruins of Largo di Torre Argentina, smiling at his memories. Theirs had been an uncomplicated, innocent marriage, perhaps because it had never been blessed by children. Even so, for Chiara's sake, he had left out a traditional offering for La Befana—a piece of broccoli, some sausage, and a glass of wine—every year of their marriage, right to the end, when her life was ebbing away like a winter tide retreating gently for the last time. He'd never had the money for expensive presents. Nor did it matter, then or now. The pictures that still remained in his head—of rituals; of simple, fond, shared acts—were more valuable than any lump of gold or silver could ever have been. When his wife was alive, they served as visible symbols of his love. Now that he was alone, the memory of their giving provided comfort during the cold, solitary nights of winter. In his own mind Christmas remained what it always was: a turning point for the year at which the days ceased to shorten, Rome paused to look at itself, feel modestly proud of what it saw, then await the inevitable arrival of spring and, with it, rebirth.

Even in the weather the city had endured of late—dark and terribly wet, with the Tiber at its highest in a quarter century, so brown and muddy and reckless it would have burst its banks without the

modern flood defences—there was a spirit of quiet excitement everywhere, a communal recollection of a small, distant miracle that still bore some significance in an ephemeral world of mundane, fleeting greed. He saw this in the faces of the children spilling down the city streets and alleys, excited, trying to guess what the coming weeks would bring. He saw this in the eyes of their parents, too, remembering their youth, taking pleasure in passing some fragment of the wonder on to their own offspring in return. Nor was the weather uniformly vile. Occasionally the heavy, dark clouds would break and a lively winter sun would smile on the city. He'd seen it drift through the dusty windows of his apartment that morning, spilling a welcome golden light onto the ancient, smoke-stained cobblestones of the alley outside. It had made him feel at home, glad to be a Roman born and bred.

CAVIGLIA HAD LIVED IN THE CENTRO STORICO ALL HIS LIFE and worshipped in the Church of San Luigi dei Francesi around the corner. His wife had adored the paintings there, the Caravaggios in particular, with their loving and lifelike depiction of Matthew, at his conversion, during his work, and finally at his death. One December eighth, twenty-five years ago it must have been, Caviglia had marked their visit by spending what little money he had from his baker's wages on a bouquet of bright red roses. Chiara had responded by choosing the most beautiful stem and pinning it into the strap of his floury overalls—he had come straight from work—then taking him in her arms in an embrace he could still recall for its strength and warmth and affection.

Ever since, even after she was gone, he had marked the day, first with roses, bought before breakfast from the small florist's store that stood close to the piazza, then a brief visit to the church, where he lit a single candle in his wife's memory. He no longer attended mass, though. It seemed unnecessary.

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FAMILIAR
QUOTATIONS



*A collection of passages, phrases, and proverbs traced
to their sources in ancient and modern literature*

SEVENTEENTH EDITION

John Bartlett
JUSTIN KAPLAN, GENERAL EDITOR



Little, Brown and Company
BOSTON • NEW YORK • LONDON

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

*The Song of the Harper*¹
c. 2650-2000 B.C.

- ¹ There is no one who can remain from there,
To describe their names, to describe their
dissolution,
That he may still our desires,
Until we reach the place where they have gone. *Ibid.* 5
- ² Remember: it is not given to man to take his
goods with him.
No one goes away and then comes back. *Ibid.* 10

Ptahhotpe
Twenty-fourth century B.C.

- ³ Teach him what has been said in the past; then he
will set a good example to the children of the magis-
trates, and judgment and all castigation shall enter
into him. Speak to him, for there is none born wise.
The Maxims of Ptahhotpe (c. 2250B.C.)² introduction
- ⁴ Do not be arrogant because of your knowledge,
but confer with the ignorant man as with the
learned. . . . Good speech is more hidden than
malice, yet it is found in the possession of
women slaves at the millstone. *Ibid.* maxims no. 1
- ⁵ Truth is great and its effectiveness endures.³
Ibid. 5
- ⁶ Follow your desire as long as you live and do
not perform more than is ordered; do not lessen
the time of following desire, for the wasting of time
is an abomination to the spirit. . . . When riches are
gained, follow desire, for riches will not profit if
one is sluggish. *Ibid.* 11
- ⁷ Beware an act of avarice; it is a bad and incurable
disease. *Ibid.* 19

¹Modern Egyptian quotations from *The Song of the Harper*,
Ptahhotpe, *The Teaching for Merikare*, *The Man Who Was Dead*
of Ayn, and *Love Songs of the New Kingdom* are from WILLIAM
KIMMEL BURNETT, ed., *The Literature of Ancient Egypt* (1971).
Those from *The Book of the Dead*, *Queen Hatshepsut*, *Sin and*
She, *The Great Sphinx in the Area*, and *Amenseneb* are from
MIRIAM LICHTHEIM, *Ancient Egyptian Literature*, vol. II, *The*
New Kingdom (1974).

²From the tomb of King Inyotef. Translated by WILLIAM KIMMEL
BURNETT.

³Transcribed from the earliest manuscript of the *Maxims* (the
Primo Papiro in Fara) by R. O. FAULSTICH.

⁴See *J. Salvo* 641, 361A, and *Fausto*, 183:10.

- ⁸ Do not repeat slander; you should not hear it,
for it is the result of hot temper. *Ibid.* 23
- ⁹ One who is serious all day will never have a good
time, while one who is frivolous all day will never
establish a household. *Ibid.* 25
- ¹⁰ Be cheerful while you are alive. *Ibid.* 34

*The Teaching for Merikare*⁴
c. 2135-2040 B.C.

- ¹¹ Be skillful in speech, that you may be strong;
[. . .] it is the strength of [. . .] the tongue, and
words are better than all fighting. . . . a wise man is a
school for the magistrates, and those who are aware
of his knowledge do not attack him. *Ibid.* 4
- ¹² Copy your forefathers, for work is carried out
through knowledge; see, their words endure in
writing. . . . Do not be evil, for patience is good;
make your lasting monument in the love of you.
Ibid. 5
- ¹³ Wretched is he who has bound the land to him-
self [. . .]; a fool is he who is greedy when others
possess. Life on earth passes away; it is not long; he
is fortunate who has a good remembrance in it.
Ibid. 6
- ¹⁴ Do justice, that you may live long upon earth.
Calm the weeper, do not oppress the widow, do
not oust a man from his father's property, do not
degrade magistrates from their seats. Beware of pun-
ishing wrongfully; do not kill, for it will not profit
you. *Ibid.* 8
- ¹⁵ More acceptable is the character of the straight-
forward man than the ox of the wrongdoer. Serve
God, that He may do the like for you. . . . Provide
for men, the cattle of God, for He made heaven
and earth at their desire. He suppressed the greed
of the waters, He gave the breath of life to their
ruses, for they are likenesses of Him which issued
from His flesh. *Ibid.* 22
- ¹⁶ Instill the love of you into all the world, for a
good character is what is remembered. *Ibid.* 24

⁴A tablet on kingly addressed by a king of Hattushatta,
whose name is lost, to his son and successor Merikare. Translated
by R. O. FAULSTICH.

⁵These bracketed lines represent an omitted gap in the original;
unbracketed lines represent our own emendations from the text.

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations 17th Edition

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