



THIS BOOK IS FOR W.R., TO WHOM I WISH ALL GOOD THINGS

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*is for W.R., to whom I wish all good things*

Sophie Sanders

For Tim

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This is a work of non-fiction. Names, places and/or incidents in this book's  
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This book is for W.R., to whom I wish all good things. For Scotty and Gracie. For Beth and Emmett Richardson, who got me hooked on crime. Thanks for the felonies. For Travis Wilhite, because there is always hope. For Eve. For Peter Ginsberg. To Aqa Jaan, so I can let him go. For Bill and Mildred Groth, my uncle and aunt, thanks for a million laughs. For my sisters, five of the strongest, most beautiful women I know. For my brother, Khalid Aboulela. For Molly Friedrich. For Albic, alma de mi vida. For Philip, luz Y dulzura. for Michael Maar. For Roana, Ruby Ann and Reva. Light, love and strenght regained. For the dads, together twenty-five years, and for Rachael Arthur, with love. To Dad, for sponsoring the arts. for Steve Vender. To my fellow commuters on the Santa Cruz - Churchgate local line. Dedicated to Hanne Adler - Olsen. Without her, the well would run dry. For Georgina, who believes... Rocco and Jay; The greatest gifts, Both, at the same time. For Mimmie. For my Fairy Godmother, Sarah Kelly. To my wonderful family, especially my wife Helga Ahmad. For Jonathan Randal. To my mother and Marc H. Glick. To my uncle Mike, the first of *many* musicians in my life who made me say, "I want to play like *that*." For Nicole Aragi. Demon Destroyer. Luscious Dove.

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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT, THIS  
WORK IS, BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S PERMISSION, MOST  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S  
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This memoir is dedicated to my brave and beautiful family. For everything. To Noj, Andrew and Isabella. To Andrew and Isabella. To William, Marcel, Peter and Brian. For Amy. for Eric Buchanan. For my beautiful sister. For Paul, a wonderful man, with love. To Even, my friend and brother. To Sarah. Twenty-five years on from *Mythago Wood*, you are still *cariath ganuch trymlyd bwstfil*. For my parents, Tony and Pamela Hope. For My two very best friends, who also happen to be my sisters, Lin and Murphy. To 'Adam'. To Erik Langbraten, who has taught me so much about The Important Things.

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This book is dedicated to my friend and fellow book-lover, Peter Campbell, OAM. Many years ago, I moved into a semi-rural community on the outskirts of Brisbane in Australia. My husband had purchased land from a local real estate agent who was representing the owners of land development in the area. Later, I was to discover that Peter Campbell was a member of a

long-established family who had settled in our area when most of it was still little more than wilderness. His family is proud of their district and they have been notable for their civic contributions to the inhabitants of Albany Creek. Over the years, I have had the pleasure of seeing Peter at first hand as he grew from being a very competent young businessman into the patriarch of his family. I have been amazed at the variety of his interests and his devotion to those who live around him. As an active member of a number of service organisations, his contributions towards the everyday loves of our villagers is of great value to all of us. As a knowledgeable and critical reader of good literature, he has often put a smile on my face when he has spoken of my novels. His promotion of my work over the past six years has touched me and given me hope, for it is good for the soul when admirable people give sincere support, not just for the sake of friendship, but because they believe in you more than you believe in yourself. A dedication is all I can give in return, other than to offer my sincere gratitude and admiration. I thank you, Peter, for all you have done for so many people. M.K. Hume.

This book is dedicated to Dr. Maurice Heiner, a thoracic physician *par excellence* who achieved the impossible task of convincing my recalcitrant husband, Michael Hume, that if he did not give up smoking his tenure on life would be measured in months. That he was successful is a measure of Maurice’s professional ability and the personal qualities that Michael admires in all of his friends.

Michael has survived to continue his adventurous life for twenty-three years after coming under Maurice’s care, twenty-three years of leaping (small) buildings at a single bound and only tripping on rare occasions. He hasn’t touched a cigarette, not for fear of the Grim Reaper, but for the sole reason of not wanting to fail

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I wanted to dedicate this book to two of my friends. They refused to read it and said they didn't want their names to be associated with it. So I dedicate the novel to my wife, Katya. She has absolutely nothing at all to do with this story, but her love helps me survive in this beautiful world.



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Lisa Marie Sawyer, MY LOVE AND MY LIFE, AND TO OUR CHILDREN. Back to basics, this book is to Lisa Marie Sawyer. Once again, to Lisa Marie Sawyer, my endless love. As always, to Lisa. To Kathryn Detzer, Andy Jalakas, and again (always) to Lisa M. Sawyer. For my father, who used to sit, hour after hour, night after night, outside our house in Africa, watching the stars, 'Well', he would say, 'if we blow ourselves up, there's plenty more where we came from!'

For Mara Faye. For my Father. For Carmen Farina. For my darling children. Dedicated to my inspirational friend, Helena Kennedy, QC, who has promised to defend me when I kill my first book critic. For my sister Liz, with love. To my mum and dad who are celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary this year, proving that a good marriage lasts forever, while a bad one just seems to. Completed in August, 1966, in Wilton, Connecticut, and dedicated to Gabrielle. For my daughters. To JED LEVIN, NICHOLAS LEVIN, ADAM LEVIN. To Sadie and Leila, so dear, always. For Stella Elstob, a true friend, with all my love and thanks. For Robert Haskins Funk. For John and Sandie Holton, friends for many years past, and I hope for many more to come. To James, just because.. I'd like to dedicate this book to everyone who has been in Josie's or Bel's position. To my wonderful partner, James, with all my love. And to my two endless sources of inspiration, Michael and Luke. To James, for everything we've shared, and more to come. To quietly flowing Don. For Dave and Sonia. Once again, for my mother and for Andreas, Alexander and Elisabeth. For Karenna. For my grandmothers, mother, aunts, sister, daughter, and granddaughters yet to be born. For Genna Leigh. For every woman I know, but in particular the three L's - Lauren Milne Henderson, Linda Perlstein, Lizzie Skurnick - who manage, despite vast distances, to keep me well

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the ribbon with an axe, letting everyone see for the first time that building's name. It'd be called 'the Debbie'. Mom, *Bird Box* is for you. To Maurizio, who played with fate ceding it ten points; and never losing his smile, allowed it to win. To Mum and Dad. To Kathryn Arnold. To Greystoke and his brothers. TO ROBERT COOVER, KAREN KENNERLY, SARA KHALILI, JAMES KIMMEL AND JANE UNRUE, WITHOUT WHOSE FAITH AND FELLOWSHIP WRITING THIS NOVEL WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE.

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This book is about the unbreakable bond between sisters and I'm lucky enough to have that three times over so, Jean, Lorraine and Madeleine, this is for you with love and thanks. For my family, and for A. For my mum, with love and gratitude. To Elsie and Lütfü who took me to Mexico. And to the Maya, without whom this book would not have been written. To Ragnar, with whom I have had many good discussions about books, and for Olaf, who reads Russian novels.



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In 2013, Typhoon Haiyan devastated the Philippines. In order to raise funds to help the survivors of this disaster, Authors for the Philippines held an auction in which authors, agents and publishers offered items for auction. My offering was an acknowledgement/dedication in my next book. This is that book and the winning bid was one which helped to push the total raised over £55,000. The bidder wants to remain anonymous but I am delighted to dedicate this book, as requested: To Jean, from her three much-loved sons. To Colm. To the Burke and O’Flanagan ladies, past and present, always inspirational. to F.P.A. To Tom

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WHEN MY SON, JACK, was four, I had to make a trip to Los Angeles. I asked him if he was going to miss me. "Not so much," Jack told me. "You're not going to miss me?" I said. Jack shook his head, and he said, "Love means you can never be apart." I think that's the basis on which this story was built, and I suppose that it revolves around a belief that nothing is more important in life than giving and receiving love. At least, that has been my experience. And so, this is for you, Jack, my son, with much love. And for Suzie - your mom, my best friend and wife, all in one. And, finally, for Richard DiLallo, who helped tremendously at a key point in the development of the final story - J.P. For Betty Jane - M.S. For Suzie and John, Brendan, Alex and Jack. To our spouses and children, Susie and Jack, John and Brendan.

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For Steve, who reads to me. For Julia. For my father, Hal Tritel. FOR MY FAMILY - DAD, MOM, MEGAN & MICAH. For my children, who saved my life. FOR MY TEACHERS AND MY STUDENTS. For Stephen A.F. For Stephen, who in many ways -freckles, restlessness, short temper, loud snoring, left-handedness, dislike of horses, speed with a sword, impatience with superior officers, and that one muscle under the left shoulder blade that collects all your tension - is quite a lot like Vix. For Maria Krovatin, the star. Fearless, powerful, utterly amazing. I want to be you when I grow up.

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EXANDER. MAY BOTH YOUR LIVES SHINE AS BRIGHTLY AS ALL THE STARS. For Sam, Jack, Bart and Ruby. To David, who keeps me both grounded and flying high... not an easy feat! To Dad, because it's about time (and you are too often unsung). To Shay and Bryce, because you both rock. To Mom. With all my love. From James: To Anne Rice. For showing us the beauty in monsters. And the monstrous in the beautiful. From Rebecca: To my husband and son, for keeping the monsters at bay. TO CAROLYN MCCRAY, who read all my earliest scribblings and didn't laugh too much.

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This book is for Kai. (Everything that matters is.) The dedication of this book is split seven ways: to Neil, to Jessica, to David, to Kenzie, to Di, to Anne, and to you, if you have stuck with Harry until the very end. To Jill Prewett and Aine Kiely, the Godmothers of Swing. To Neil. for three beloved tyrants, Biscoot, Rukun, Christopher. For Mary Roy who grew me up. Who taught me to say 'excuse me' before interrupting her in Public. Who loved me enough to let me go. To my brilliant daughters, Sophia and Louisa. To Amy, only, always and to Sophia and Louisa. To my father, Sydney. For Georgia, Rudy, and Isabel. For Marilyn. To Bill Buford. For Caroline. For Holger and Lotte. For Gary Fisketjon. For Alan. For Wendy. For Wendy. For Wendy. For Deborah. For Charlie. For Anne Marie, with love. To Bella. And for Clive Powell, a proper Leigh Pal. to Roberta Hatch, the light on the horizon that means home. to Douglas Keith Kidd, for loving her, and all of us, so much, and to love at first sight (and Chiquita bananas). For my parents, Mike and Ellen. For John and Gilly and the men and women of The British Berlin Airlift Association. Dedicated to Doris McPherson and what is left of (the original) Meadowvale, Ontario, Canada. To My Little Angels. For Joan Ramón Planas, who deserves better. For my mother,

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When I was seven years old, we lived in a green house. One of our neighbours, a talented tailor, would often beat his wife. In the evenings we listened to the shouts, the cries, the swearing. In the mornings we went on with our lives as usual. The entire neighbourhood pretended not to have heard, not to have seen. This novel is dedicated to those who hear, those who see. To my wonderful Nanny Southall, who always encouraged me to write and had to suffer reading all my endless pony stories. You are much missed but never forgotten. This book is for you.

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This trilogy is dedicated to John Whiston, Bill Silag, Steve Mortensen, and Jack Canning, with many thanks for decades of patience, laughter, insight, information, and assistance.

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This trilogy is dedicated to John Whiston, Bill Silag, Steve Mortensen, and Jack Canning, with many thanks for decades of patience, laughter, insight, information, and assistance. For Mum and Dad. And for my brother, Mike, who always shared the adventure. For Tara. For Thomas Moore, with love and gratitude. I dedicate this book to my wife, Niso. From the day we first met she has been a constant and powerful inspiration to me, urging me on when I falter and cheering me when I succeed. I truly do not know what I would do if she were not by my side. I hope and pray that day never comes. I love and adore you, my best girl, words cannot express how much.

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great blessings. May your impact on others be kind, theirs on you always loving, and may you always, always know and remember how infinitely I love you, with all my heart, now and forever. With all my love, Mommy / d.s. To my very wonderful children, Beatrice, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Sam, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara -who are the light of my life. May your lives always be full of joy and blessings, and happy times! With all my love, Mommy/d.s. To my infinitely precious children, Beatie, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Sam, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara, who provide the love and laughter in my life, keep me honest, give me hope, and inspire me to do the very best I can. All nine of you are my heroes! I love you so much! Mom/D.S. To my beloved children, Beatrice, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Sam, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara, may the surprises in your lives always be good ones. And may the people in your lives treat you kindly and fairly. Any may the choices and sacrifices you make in your lives be the right ones for you. May you be blessed in every way, and happy in your lives. I love you with all my heart, Mommy/d.s. To my wonderful, beloved children, Beatie, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Sam, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara. Please be safe, be careful, be happy, be loved, and, whenever possible, wise, compassionate, and forgiving. And may you always be lucky and blessed. A perfect recipe for life. With all my love, Mommy / d.s. To my beloved children, Beatrice, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Samantha, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara, may you be forever blessed, lucky, and happy, and may you have the strength, courage, and perseverance to be winners! I love you so much, Mommy/DS. To my beloved children, Beatrice, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Samantha, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, Zara, with all my thanks and love for the wonderful people you are, with deep gratitude for how good you are to me, how kind, how loving, how generous with your hearts and time. May your lives unfold with

ease and grace, may you find joy, serenity, and love, and may all the opportunities you dream of be yours. I wish you happy endings, happily ever afters, friends, companions, and spouses who treasure you and treat you with tenderness, love, and respect, and children as exceptionally wonderful as you are. If you have children like mine, you will indeed be blessed. With all my love, Mom / d.s. To my wonderful and very special children: Beatrix, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Samantha, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara, for all their courage and grace as they grow up. For the wisdom, laughter, and love they share with me so lavishly. With my thanks for all you have taught me, about what matters in life, and the precious times we share. May you be forever blessed. With all my heart and love, Mom / d.s. To my beloved children, Beatrix, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Sam, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara, who are the Hope and Love and Joy in my life! With all my heart and love, Mom/d.s. To my beloved children: Beatie, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Sam, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara: Sadly, there is evil in the world, unseen, unheard, often undetected, but nonetheless still there, a powerful force to be reckoned with. May you always be protected from harm, in all its forms. May you be wise, safe, and shielded from all those who wish you ill. May only goodness and kindness touch you for all of your days. May goodness always prevail in your lives. Good is more powerful than evil. And may my love for you, beyond measure, warm you on dark days. With all my love, Mommy / d.s. To my beloved children, Beatrix, Trevor, Todd, Nick, Sam, Victoria, Vanessa, Maxx, and Zara, my prayer for each of you is a happy ending, with the right people and partners. May your lives be sweet, and life be kind to you. I wish you peace, happiness, and love, with all my heart and all my love, Mom/DS. To the good women – the great women! The Best women I know: Beatrix, Sam, Victoria, Vanessa, and Zara. Each one special and

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To my mother, Norma, who never read any of my books, but was proud of me anyway, I hope. To the challenging relationships between some less fortunate mothers and daughters, the missed opportunities, the good intentions gone awry, and in the end the love that carries one through, whatever the story looked like, appeared to be, or was. In all the ways that mattered to me at the time, I lost my mother when I was six, when she was no longer there to comb my hair, so I wouldn't look silly at school.

We knew each other better as adults, two entirely different women, with such different views of life. We disappointed each other often, understood each other little, but I give us both credit for trying and hanging in till the end.

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so near to Earraid, or why the printed trial is silent as to all that touches David Balfour. These are nuts beyond my ability to crack. But if you tried me on the point of Alan's guilt or innocence, I think I could defend the reading of the text.

To this day you will find the tradition of Appin clear in Alan's favour. If you inquire, you may even hear the descendants of 'the other man' who fired the shot are in the country to this day. But that other man's name, inquire as you please, you shall not hear; for the Highlander values a secret for itself and for the congenial exercise of keeping it. I might go on for long to justify one point and own another indefensible; it is more honest to confess at once how little I am touched by the desire of accuracy.

This is no furniture for the scholar's library, but a book for the winter evening schoolroom when the tasks are over and the hour for bed draws near; and honest Alan, who was a grim old fire-eater in his day, has in this new avatar no more desperate purpose than to steal some young gentleman's attention from his Ovid, carry him awhile into the Highlands and the last century, and pack him to bed with some engaging images to mingle with his dreams. As for you, my dear Charles, I do not even ask you to like to tale. But perhaps when he is older, your son will; he may then be pleased to find his father's name on the fly-leaf; and in the meanwhile it pleases me to set it there in memory of many days that were happy and some (now perhaps as pleasant to remember) that were sad. If it is strange for me to look back from a distance both in time and space on these bygone adventures of our youth, it must be stranger for you who tread the same streets – who may tomorrow open the door of the old Speculative, where we begin to rank with Scott and Robert Emmet and the beloved and inglorious Macbean – or may pass the corner of the close where that great society, the L.J.R., held its meetings and drank its beer, sitting in the seats of

Burns and his companions. I think I see you, moving there by plain daylight, beholding with your natural eyes those places that have now become for your companion a part of the scenery of dreams. How, in the intervals of present business, the past must echo in your memory! Let it not echo often without some kind thoughts of your friend. R.L.S.

To George Haddington with deep affection. For my husband, Erik. Sometimes you are right, and I am wrong. For Piper, my favorite girl! For Tom and Carmel Ramsey, who taught me the meaning of true love. For Bram, thank you for your inspiration, and your guidance. TO MY DEAR FRIEND HOMMY-BEG<sup>1</sup>. For: Hyacinth, Dwayne & Aimee, Janice Brown, Colin Bromfield, and Nadine Radford, QC. To Sally. For Dad. For Margo. To Jacob. For... My wife, Hyacinth. My agent, Lesley Thorne. My first editor, Beverley Cousins. My good friends, The Count and The Prince. The author respectfully dedicates this novel to the legendary Alan Dean Foster, and to the memory of the late, great Brian Daley, for showing us what it looks like when this stuff is done right. Thank you, gentlemen. We are in your debt. For Nina, who made moving to Ohia sound like fun, and for the Rutland Readers, with gratitude for seven years of neighborly affection.

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For my father, who sailed, and my mother, who waited. And for Eric LeMay. For Jackie Coventry and Merrey Hooper. to Larry. for Dis & Dubh. To my father, Xiao Ma. For Lynny and Rich, who have always been there for me. For Richard, PP, and H. To Ellen Datlow, who has always been and always will be the best. For my wife, Laurie, the reason why everything I write is really about love, and for my daughters, Zoey and Sabine. For Robert and Hector, and to Emma and Suzanne, my own 'coven'. To Bill and Virginia Zupan. And to Janet. For my mum: my beautiful best friend, agony aunt, shopping partner and confidante all rolled into one. For Miara. TO MY COLLEGIANS. You have been a joy, a surprise, a source of wonderment for me at every stage of your young lives. So I suppose I shouldn't be astonished by what you have done for me and this book; but I am, and dedicating it to you is a mere whisper of my gratitude. I gave you the manuscript hoping you might vet it for undergraduate vocabulary. That you did. I learned that using the oath *Jesus Christ* establishes the speaker as, among other things, middle-aged or older. So does the word *fabulous*, as in "That's fabulous!" Today the word is *awesome*. So does *jerk*, as in "Whatta jerk!" It has been totally replaced by a quaint anatomical metaphor. Students who load up conversations with *likes* and *totallys*, as in "like totally awesome," are almost always females. The *totallys* now give off such whiffs of parody, they are fading away, even as I write. All that was quite in addition to the many times you rescued me when I got in over my head trying to use current slang. What I never imagined you could do - I couldn't have done it at your age- was to step back in the most detached way and point out the workings of human nature in general and the esoteric workings of social status in particular. I say "esoteric" because in many cases these were areas of life one would not ordinarily think of as social at all. Given your powers

of abstraction, your father had only to reassemble the material he had accumulated visiting campuses across the country. What I feel about you both I can say best with a long embrace. For Jayd Grossman - many thanks to a great friend. Hard to say which conversations helped which pages here, but I absolutely know that they did.



They say writing books is a lonely job. Truth to be told, it isn't. It's just what people around me gradually start wishing it were. As always, the more important the text, the smaller the type. So here's my warmest gratitude, expressed in the most illegible of fonts. Wilhelm Behrman for telling me to write this book. Bettina Bruun for standing the fact that I did. Skelle, My and Nevas just because. Mum and dad and sister for never asking when I'm going to get a real job. I guess by now that ship has sailed for good. Calle Marthin for an enthusiasm I hadn't expected. Jonas and Agnes and Celine and Julie at Partners in Stories for an adventure I hadn't been able to come up with myself. Hélène and Katarina and Klara and Isabella and everyone else at Wahlström & Widstrand for warm guidance in a new landscape. And not least Mats Almegard for the Christmas buffet. You're next, goddammit. Finally, my warmest thanks to everyone who read and asked me clever questions. Bettina, of course. Wille, incessantly. Kerstin Almegard, Birgitta Wannström, Jerk Malmsten, Fredrick Tallroth. I'd be lost without you.

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responsible forestry

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