



Deft hands tear at fragile  
wings.





He owned plenty of  
designer pieces, but  
they paled in  
comparison.

A thousand people watch the dirt  
fly on its journey and bow their  
heads in silence.



1143  
Mertzwa, Anton  
Co. E, 9 Missouri S.M. Cav.

Private

CARD NUMBERS

with Hirtzwa, Anton

That some amalgam of  
men with any mass of  
power, with any talent  
of elite organization to  
kill a President, might  
make its long play for  
Teddy.

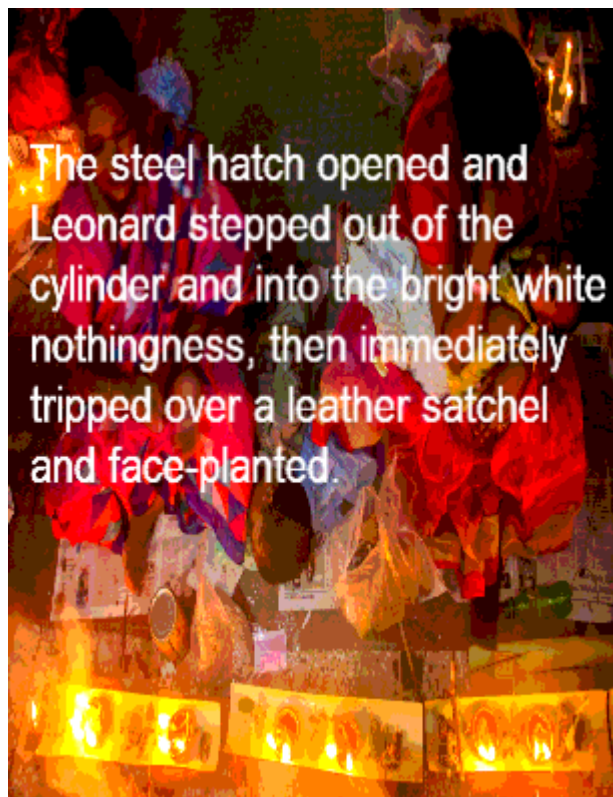
John H. H.

See also

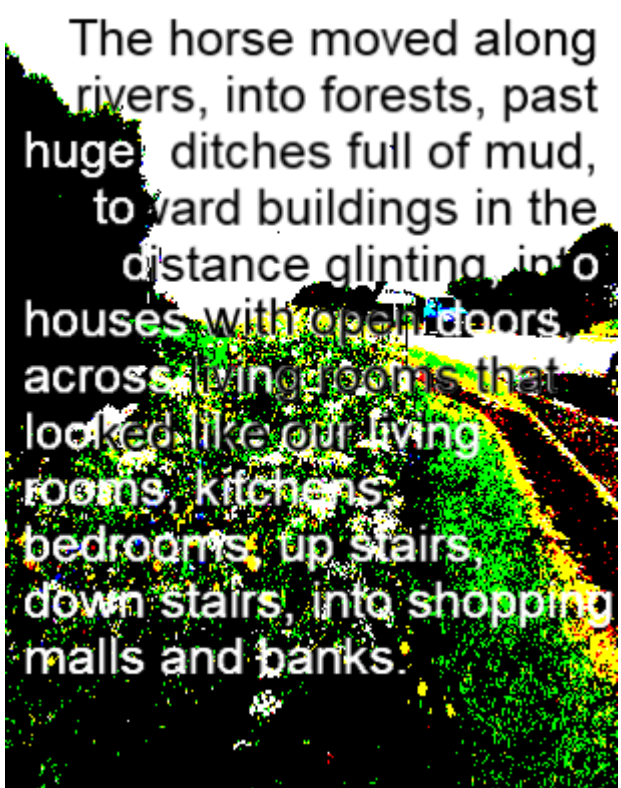




The steel hatch opened and Leonard stepped out of the cylinder and into the bright white nothingness, then immediately tripped over a leather satchel and face-planted.







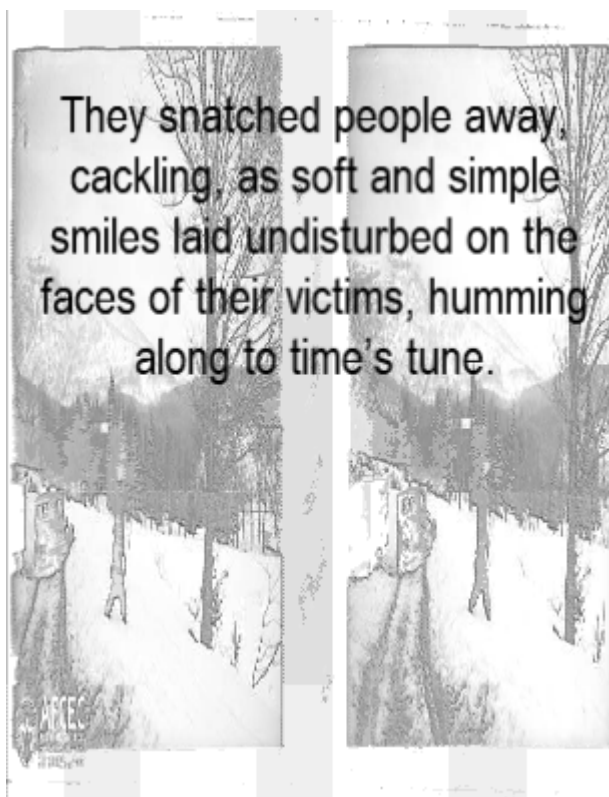
The horse moved along  
rivers, into forests, past  
huge ditches full of mud,  
toward buildings in the  
distance glinting, into  
houses with open doors,  
across living rooms that  
looked like our living  
rooms, kitchens,  
bedrooms, up stairs,  
down stairs, into shopping  
malls and banks.



It wasn't that it was  
affecting our marriage,  
just as our plant had  
promised us it wouldn't.

**Gotta love the  
minibar.**

They snatched people away,  
cackling, as soft and simple  
smiles laid undisturbed on the  
faces of their victims, humming  
along to time's tune.



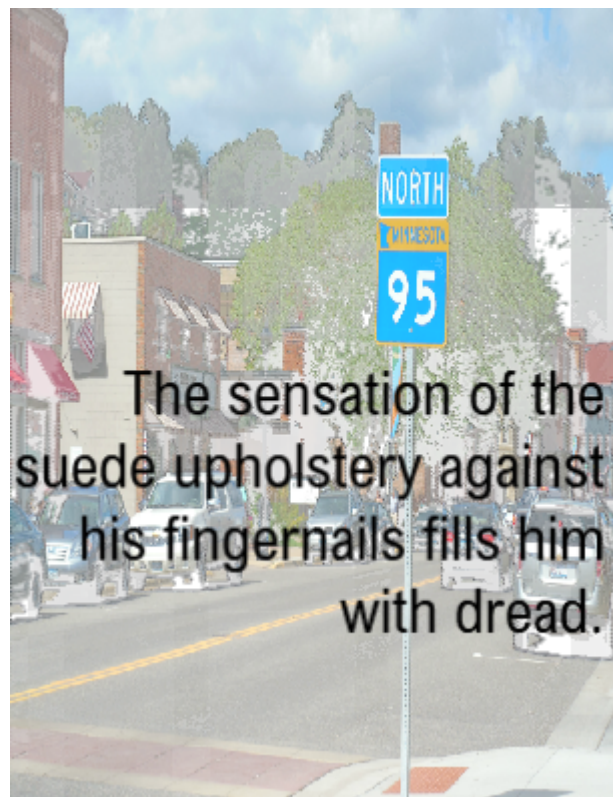
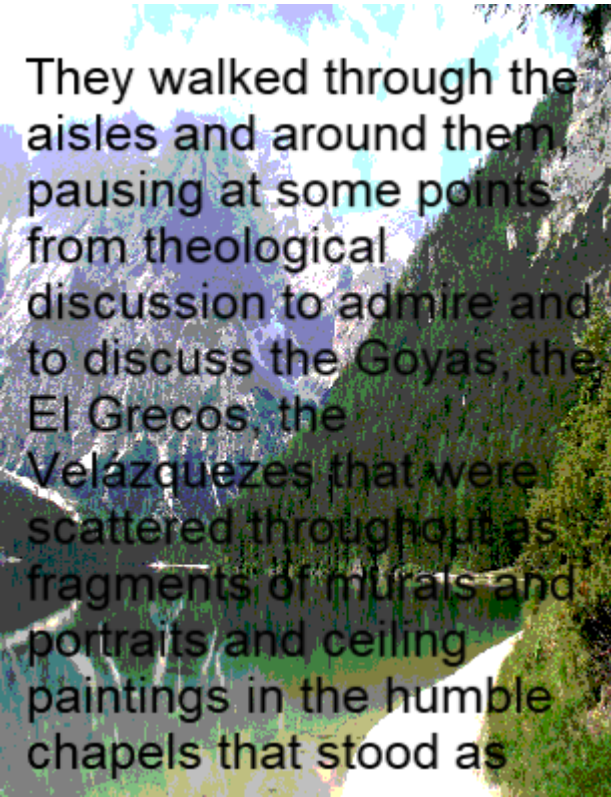




PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES

The background image shows a scenic mountain landscape. A narrow, winding road leads up a steep, rocky hillside. In the distance, a small, white chapel with a dark roof is visible, nestled among the rocks. The sky is a mix of blue and white, suggesting a hazy or overcast day. The overall tone is serene and somewhat somber, fitting the context of the text which mentions a chapel and a journey.

They walked through the  
aisles and around them,  
pausing at some points  
from theological  
discussion to admire and  
to discuss the Goyas, the  
El Grecos, the  
Velázquezes that were  
scattered throughout as  
fragments of murals and  
portraits and ceiling  
paintings in the humble  
chapels that stood as



weary bastions of an old faith  
that existed no longer, the  
mummifications of  
slow-beating heart.

