

500
CREATIVE
DESCRIPTIONS
FOR
SECONDARY
SCHOOLS
BOOK 2

THE 2RS THE PROFESSIONAL WAY

People

1.	Tall and leggy with midnight black hair and eyes the colour of anthracite, Victoria Miller was making her come-back as a singer.
2.	In the first moment of waking, he had no idea who he was.
3.	He floated, his mind rising slowly from the dim pool of sleep.
4.	Her golden mane hung past her shoulders in a glossy wave. She had full lips, a pert nose and delicate, feline cheek bones.
5.	She was a woman in her late twenties, and because of this even more of a taunting presence.
6.	He had a shock of carrot red hair.
7.	The woman was perched on her barstool, sipping a rum and lemonade.

8.	Now that he assessed her properly, he saw finger and toenails painted gold, a chain around her left ankle decorated with moons and stars.
9.	He was never cold and stuffy with her, the way other people tended to be.
10.	When she removed her mirrored shades, subtle grey shadow accentuated a pair of startling blue eyes.
11.	The expression on his face was priceless.
12.	The woman had short, mouse-brown hair, and wore a red cardigan, blue cord trousers and walking boots.
13.	Duncan walked to the station, his coat collar turned up, neck swaddled in a wool scarf, gloved hands shoved deep in his overcoat pockets.
14.	Lowering his head, he trudged on.

15.	Sweeney's hair was still damp and trendily spiked, his cheeks red from his healthy exertion.
16.	In his late twenties, with ruffled blond hair, dark blue eyes, and a face that might be thought handsome if not for its intensity, Andy looked like rock star girls would swoon over.
17.	Anglo male, dyed black hair, thin on top, brown eyes, approximately seventy years but he could be older, I guess, and his crucifix tattoos on both palms.
18.	My view was blocked by a woman in a freshened white T-shirt and shorts, and two men in dark coats.
19.	His head was shaped like an upside down pyramid with a broad forehead and a pointy chin.
20.	His hair showed the stark black of a bad dye job and thin widows peak.

21.	He didn't look particularly old, just weathered and sad.
22.	The crucifix inked into his left palm made it like he was holding the cross, and more tattoos showed on his stomach.
23.	His pinched face looked intent.
24.	I turned off the television, then went out onto my deck, feeling listless and unfocused.
25.	He was wearing a cloth mask like doctors wear in an operating room, and handed a similar mask to me.
26.	When I got out of my car, a thin man in a form-fit pink shirt came out of a service door. His arms were filled with cardboard boxes that had been flattened, and his face pinched into a pruned knot when he saw me.
27.	Pike was in the street, his sunglasses

	reflecting red like night time cat eyes.
28.	Sometimes, the woman in the next suite stepped onto her balcony to sun herself. Her selection of bikinis was impressive.
29.	She was a competent but not a confident driver.
30.	No one sees anything out on the Hill. People walk, run, ride there but find nothing, report nothing to alarm them.
31.	She looked into the mirror. The acne was worse. Her whole face was scarred and blemished by the angry, infected rash. It spread down her neck and on to her shoulders.
32.	She let out a long sigh, releasing the tension in her neck and shoulders. Her hands were damp on the steering wheel.
33.	He was a thin man with a fat stomach, making him lean backwards like a pregnant

	woman when he walked to the kitchen at the rear of his flat.
34.	His hair leaned in the same direction growing like a pelt from the base of his bald head. Picking up his feet when he walked, tartan slippers on his feet.
35.	Three men were fishing, their lines in the water, hooded yellow oilcloths worn to keep the damp out.
36.	Fergus hadn't been down here by the water in five years.
37.	Slowly, she uncurled her fists. Her hands were knotted with scar tissue, her nails bitten to the quick.
38.	Simone had threaded her braids with lemon beads glass. The beads tapped together as she moved.
39.	Hope was lying on a trolley parked against the hospital's grazed wall. A white waffle

	blanket covered her, from chest to feet.
40.	Under it, she wore a hospital gown, papery against her skin.
41.	Ed was five foot ten. Slim and soaked, rain running down his face, making a skull cap of his dark hair.
42.	She wore her hair in a tight pony tail at the back of her head, her arms wrapped around her chest.
43.	He'd always been bright, clever even, but now that cleverness was tempered with something close to maturity. His days of seizing life by the throat had gone.
44.	He seldom did anything without good cause and a bit of a think.
45.	"How many are we talking?" I seemed like hundreds. We weren't counting of course, but they just came and came."

46.	“What sort of kids?” “All sorts, and some of them young too, really young thirteen, fourteen years old, swarms of them.”
47.	Buzz might have a reputation, but at least he speaks these people’s language.
48.	The greying bearded figure walking towards him was unmistakable.
49.	With his car door open, Faraday took off his jacket and then had a stretch, his face to the sun, his chin tilted up.
50.	Guy, the oldest of the three kids, was a born explorer. At home, he thought nothing of patrolling the acres of fenced-in meadow on his own, chasing one or other of his sister’s horses.
51.	In Sundown Road, once the novelty of the pool had worn off, he’d take a wander around the garden.
52.	Decker hated to admit it but he was bored;

	his days were stultifying.
53.	Tyler McAdams, aged twenty-six and Harvard educated, was five ten, one fifty, with hazel eyes and dark brown hair that was expertly cut. His aquiline features included a Roman nose. He wasn't slight but he wasn't muscular either. He looked what he was; a kid from a wealthy family. His clothes were expensive, his overcoat was cashmere and he rotated gold watches on his wrist with the days of the week.
54.	Within a very short time, Mr Adams had managed to alienate everyone in the department with his endless carping that he was smarter, better looking and better educated than everyone around.
55.	McAdams hiring had been nepotism.
56.	He wasn't young but he wasn't ready for the glue-factory either.
57.	He still had a head of thick, grey hair, a full

	moustache with traces of its former red colour, and a mind that was quick and perceptive.
58.	She was garbed in a thin blue cotton sweater and a knee length denim skirt.
59.	He is nasty and condescending.
60.	There were a lot of loquacious people in Greenbury as well as a lot of old ducks.
61.	The night watchman was a dead ringer for an undertaker with a long face and extended skeletal frame and sunken eyes unsuitable for daylight. Eccentrics were everywhere in the world.
62.	“How’s the kids?” “obnoxious as usual. I did see a glimmer of curiosity.”
63.	“His brain is not the problem. He needs a personality transplant.”
64.	The man who emerged from the Mercedes

	was in his late sixties, white haired but with a lively step. He was around six feet and had a ski-tanned face, milky blue eyes and a prominent chin.
65.	He was dressed in a cable-knit sweater and jeans, loafers but no socks.
66.	In tow was a younger, shorter man with brown eyes and curly brown hair. He was wearing a black suit, white shirt and a red bow tie. On his feet were black Oxfords over black socks.
67.	She got up and looked at him. Slim, dark, sultry, brilliant, a little bad boy, a little evil.
68.	He must have been eighty at least, a bent figure in a soup-stained cardigan with smokers fingers and wisps of snow-white hair.
69.	Kind as the day is long, that fellow.
70.	“What colour is he?” “He’s black just like

	that car of his.”
71.	He said there’s no way he’s going to be tucked away with a bunch of geriatrics.
72.	“I don’t blame him; he’d be knitting cardigans by Christmas.
73.	A child with an upturned face as bland as the moon was looking into 7-7’s lens. The fall of light from a nearby window threw deep shadow across the child’s features.
74.	It wasn’t clear whether this was a boy or a girl but there was something profoundly haunting about the eyes. They were the eyes of a cat, mysterious, beautiful, empty and J-J had somehow judged the shot to perfection.
75.	After a lousy night’s sleep, Winter was up early. He prowled around the big living room in his silk dressing gown, pausing now and again to peer out at the rain, wondering when to make the call.

76.	The little girl had a mop of curly blond hair bright blue eyes, and a perpetual sunny disposition.
77.	Over her clothes, she wore a butterfly print apron that was dusted with flour, and her blond curls were pulled back into a messy bun.
78.	The girl was about five ten and a hundred and ten pounds judging by her stick like arms.
79.	Long blond hair, bright blue eyes, a small upturned nose, thick red lips.
80.	His mouth was slightly agape. Julia smiled, obviously used to male attention.
81.	She plopped down on her bed and sat cross-legged.
82.	“So what’s going on with Angelina?” she said.

83.	She might not be beautiful, but she might have appeared fit: a good figure, nice tan, brown, straight hair cut in a neat bob.
84.	She had a lithe body and long arms and legs.
85.	Her face was long with thin lips and light, red-rimmed eyes with deep circles under it. Her voice was husky.
86.	Her husband also had an athlete's build-long and lean with broad shoulders.
87.	They appeared to be in their fifties. They had dressed strictly for comfort: sweat pants and sweat shirts.
88.	Karen's eyes watered. Decker clenched his jaw.
89.	She gasped and then broke into open sobs.
90.	McAdams grew impatient, got up, and a moment later, a surly student took their orders.

91.	“One of the few things that my father and I have in common.”
92.	He drummed his fingers. That and we both live of my grandfather’s money. That guy was a true visionary. Not the most grandfatherly type.
93.	The server brought over their drinks. McAdam sipped the richly coloured bourbon.
94.	It took our already explosive relationship and brought it that much closer to total obliteration.
95.	Decker saw that McAdams had polished off his drink and ordered another one for him.
96.	He munched on a celery stick.
97.	Chase couldn’t figure out what to do with his hands. First he clasped them together. Then they dropped by his side. Finally he elected

	to shove them into his tweed jacket patch pockets.
98.	He was in his fifties with a long face, short blond hair, blue eyes, thin lips and a Roman nose.
99.	Under his jacket he wore a pastel blue V-neck sweater over an open-collar white shirt.
100.	His nails were clipped short and his left hand sported a gold wedding band.
101.	He continued to fidget.
102.	You didn't tell him anything specific but you piqued his interest.
103.	He stood up: a large man in height and girth, bald except for a ring of unruly grey curls around the base of his head Bushy grey eyebrows arched over large brown eyes. He had a full face, a full nose, full lips and a big chin.

104.	He was curious to see inside, but not enough to make a nuisance of himself, resting his hands on the steering wheel instead and waiting.
105.	Marnie's front door was dark blue, glossy like her eyes. The kind of door with deadlocks like herself.
106.	She came down the steps to the car, wearing a dark trouser suit over a white shirt, a tooled leather bag at one shoulder.
107.	Everything about her was neat, from her short red curls to her low heels.
108.	The doctor's eyelids dropped like those of some South American lizard sunning itself on a stucco wall
109.	Alex blinked and stirred at a groan of pain. She had been hovering in some purgatory between sleep and wakefulness.

110.	William muttered with annoyance as he inspected his face in the mirror. He struck a pose, sucking in his cheeks and raising an eyebrow.
111.	He was all right, really. His pale blue eyes were as bright as they ever were.
112.	Every afternoon as Yuri walked home from school, the man had been sitting there. Sometimes he was reading a paperback. Sometimes he seemed to be just thinking.
113.	He was a block of a man, made even bulkier by the thick coat and fur hat he wore.
114.	The man with broad face similar to that of hundreds of thousands of Russians did, not look up from his book.
115.	Yuri was the fastest boy in his form at school. Thin, pale-skinned with blond hair under his ear flapped wool hat, he had nothing much to look forward to when he got to the apartment where his mother

	might be and his father certainly would not be yet.
116.	His grandfather would be in front of the television.
117.	His mother worked in the Coca-Cola bottling plant. Her job was quality control. She was well paid but she had frequent headaches.
118.	His mother stood, a small stick of a woman with arms folded, looking at him with a reprimand Sasha had known since he was a small child.

Animals

1. My heart is leaping in my chest like a startled squirrel.

2. My rescued greyhound presses closer to me and I place my hand on his head to calm him.

3. When a stag emerged from the fog in front of them, they had to jam on the brakes. The majestic beast had simply stepped on the road, tall profile and the handsome spread of antlers.

4. It stood still stock-still for a second and then galloped off into the roadside foliage.

5. Large black ants crossed the earth in an irregular line.

6. A black cat hopped onto the deck by the corner of my house. He froze when he saw someone; all angry yellow eyes; but his fury passed when he recognised me.

7. An ultraviolet light burned high on one wall,

	and a bug zapper hissed as it cooked a fly.
8.	Sometimes, the seagulls flew inland, floating in the air like white porcelain kites, blinking at him with beady eyes.
9.	The dog was at his feet, grizzle chin tucked into its paws.
10.	A couple of swans were on patrol amongst the pedalos on Canoe Lake.
11.	There was a stand of trees on Thorney Island that became a daily roost for hundreds of egrets. J-J had always been mad about these stately little birds. By seven, the trees would be white with the egrets.
12.	The three of them were standing in the long shadow of the sea wall. The stand of trees was fifty metres away, maybe less, clothed in white.
13.	The egrets shuffled and muttered in the still warmth of the evening air. J-J was transfixed.

14.	“They’re all weasels!” he said.

Setting

1. She found an overgrown path behind the barn that took her into the woods. Buds had started to appear, an eruption of bright green spots on otherwise bare and stark black branches.

2. Last autumn's pine needles and old leaves, now soggy and clumped together, covered the ground.

3. London was miserably cold for mid-March. There were a few hardy crocuses showing their heads in the parks and private gardens, but hard frost had nipped the daffodils and turned the early blossoms on the fruit trees crystalline.

4. It was approaching nine o'clock now and the sun was setting, fiery red stripes lying across the encircling moorland.

5. It had been a vintage August day in the West Country, but the heat was finally seeping from the land, the balminess of the evening

	receding. An indigo dusk layered the hills and valleys.
6.	There was only the greyness of nightfall.
7.	Ahead, the road sped on hypnotically, the vastness of the encircling moor oppressive in its emptiness.
8.	An unmade lane of dry rutted earth was lit up by the headlights and branched away between two granite gateposts and arched off at a slanted angle amongst dense stands of yellow-flowered furze.
9.	The starlit sky broke out ahead; the radiant orb of the moon was suspended there, its reflection shimmering on an expansive body of water lying to their right.
10.	Veils of milk-white vapour reduced their vision to two or three yards.
11.	The Pikes were not hugely extensive, but they were dominant features even in the

	dramatic heart of the Lake District; colossal granite pyramids with deep, wooded glens knifing through the middle of them and fast becks tumbling and cascading down their rolling rocky slopes.
12.	The walls had been repainted so many times that the gloss resembled pimples skin.
13.	A shallow desk held a pile of library books and course work from the remote-learning school.
14.	The rain had stopped, street lights sitting in flooded puddles in the road.
15.	In the cold half-light of dawn, the seafront was deserted. A highish tide nibbled at the bank of shingle that passed for a beach and when he slowed down on the approach to the pier, he could just make out the figure of a lone fisherman at the seaward end, silhouetted against the blush of pink away to the east.

16.	Cranes water lay inland beyond the Rose Garden and the tennis courts.
17.	The water in the lake was slime green, the colour of a heavy cold.
18.	In twenty years he'd rarely seen so many vehicles at a single scene. Traffic cars. CID Skodas, Ninja Vans, Minibuses and ambulance.
19.	The last of a spectacular sunset had spilled across the Solent and he could see lights pricking the soft grey shadow of the Isle of Wight.
20.	Only a few feet of road were visible in front. To either side, they caught hints of grassy, stony verges. The rest was obsidian blackness.
21.	It was almost eerie how peaceful it was, how tranquil. A classic English summer's night.
22.	The starlit moor unrolled itself; a sweeping

	georama of grass and boulders, obscured by patches of low-lying mist but rising distantly to soaring tor-crowned summits.
23.	The ground sloped steeply.
24.	She was ploughing downhill through soft, springy vegetation.
25.	This was Dartmoor. A National Park. A green and hazy paradise, picturesque, famous for its pristine flora and fauna and notorious for its bottomless mires.
26.	Craigwood Road was actually a perilously narrow single-lane which would go downhill over steep, rock-strewn slopes for several hundred feet, sometimes tilting to a gradient of one in three.
27.	The name “Witch Cradle Tarn” had been applied in times past purely to reflect the small mountain lake’s ominous appearance: a long, narrow, very deep body of water high in the Langdale Pikes, thirteen hundred feet

	above sea-level to be precise, with sheer, scree-covered cliffs on its eastern shore and mighty wind-riven fells like Pavey Ark.
28.	The pub added to this homely feel. A rather austere-looking building at first glance, slate on the outside, famous for its smoky beams and handsome oak settles, its range of cask ales, its crackling fires in winter and its pretty lakeside garden.
29.	At the back of the garden, a hedge separated the property from numbers 15.
30.	The house had been empty for some months and the hedge had seen better days.
31.	Since the spring, Guy had made himself a tunnel through the tangle of dead briar and discovered a sandpit on the other side.
32.	It had a triplex movie theatre, a half dozen cheap dress boutiques, several nail salons, bike rentals, a health food store and lots and lots and lots of bars, grills and restaurants.

33.	It was with a full sun and an iridescent blue sky, the scent of pines and burning wood wafting through the town.
34.	White-covered hills undulated in the distance.
35.	Miles away, a huge tanker was noising up the Solent towards Southampton.
36.	Most of the streets were one-way, with cars parked on both sides of the road.
37.	The cemetery seemed quaint, much less foreboding in the daylight with old headstones carved with names like Whitestone, Potter, MacDoogaland Hawthorne. It was part of the scenery.
38.	The sun was emersed in a sea of deep blue.
39.	The sidewalks were awash in a thin, salty sludge that was often slippery.

40.	The sky was dove grey and while not gloomy, there wasn't a hint of sunshine.
41.	In appearance, this was more like a Lakeland cottage, low and squat, built from whitewashed stone. Despite its dramatic perch on the very edge of the ravine, a small carpark was attached to one side of it.
42.	The sky was as dark as gunmetal, a blast of wind almost pushed him off his feet.
43.	Two sleek yellow Eurostar trains bound for Paris idle on their platforms.
44.	Late during one of those perfect twilights when the sky shimmered with copper like the last pulse of heat burning out of a body, they turned off the highway onto the narrow residential street that brought them directly into the Californian sun.
45.	Ford pickups and an occasional boat were parked in the driveways.

46.	Out here, landscaping was lava rock, blue gravel and dead grass.
47.	The copper sky had purpled in the west as darkness chased the sun. the house was quiet.
48.	Sliding glass doors opened to a deck that jutted like a diving platform over the canyon behind my house.
49.	The world grew unstable when rain fell, soil held firm only moments before it would run without warning like lava, sweeping away cars and houses like toys. The earth lost its certainty and anchors failed.
50.	Beside the window was an armchair surrounded by a litter of open newspapers.
51.	Across the room, a new-looking TV was tuned to the evening news.
52.	There was a phone on the floor beside the armchair. A nearby ashtray was brimming

	with fag ends.
53.	Suttle glanced down at the newspapers, all of them open at the racing pages, runners ringed in green.
54.	A chill in the air seemed to promise more rain, and he paused for a moment to catch a pair of swans flying low towards the black silhouette of South Sea Castle.
55.	Then came the blackness of the harbour spiked with the light of the wharf and the pale looming presence of the Spinnaker Tower.
56.	Eastfield Road was one of the streets that latticed the south-east corner of the Isle of Wight way back, the endless lines of terrace houses had been built for workers from the naval dockyard.
57.	Generation after generation of families had grown up in streets like these but lately they'd been surrendered to a small army of

	jobbing builders who smelled the profit in subdivision.
58.	The last of a cold sunset expired over the low black swell of the Isle of Wight.
59.	As the kid predicted, the place was arid hot, noisy and stinky, especially at ten in the evening.
60.	They found a corner table away from the oversized and overcrowded bar.
61.	Six hours earlier, the streets had been empty, but now pedestrians churned the sidewalks, bike messengers whipped between cars like tweaked-out hummingbirds.
62.	The two enormous security lamps that automatically came on when it got dark, hadn't. the lamps were perched on their poles like two dead owls.
63.	Westwood was an affluent area, in a twine

	of gracious residential streets and comfortable, well-to-do homes.
64.	He studied the house. A sloping front lawn led to a two-story brick home with a steep slate roof, surrounded by elm trees and feathery hedges. The house looked stable, traditional and strong.
65.	They stepped into a large circular entry with a winding staircase up to the second floor. A towering grandfather clock stood guard at the stair.
66.	That morning, the sky was milky, bright, cool, but not chilly. The French doors were open so he could enjoy the air.
67.	A Thursday morning in December. Six thirty. Still dark. Foggy. It had been that sort of autumn, mild, damp, lowering to the spirit.
68.	In the town centre, people were already about but what lights there were seemed distant, small furred islands of amber whose

	glow gave neither illumination nor comfort.
69.	The dance floor was packed with students doing all kinds of moves and it took a while before a server was even visible.
70.	The business districts of the beach were made up of quaint villages: cute little shops and cafes, one after another.
71.	At three-thirty in the afternoon, the sun was sinking behind the skyscrapers, casting long shadow over the avenues.
72.	The three of them were standing crammed into his office, a small room with a chair, a desk and piles of paperwork.
73.	Chase had everything in no particular order; some of it was displayed, some of it seems incidental.
74.	There were furniture, paintings, silver, porcelain, old lamps and lighting fixtures hanging from ceilings, carpets on the pine

	floors.
75.	There were sets of china, antique linens, vintage cookware and fireplace accoutrements.
76.	Shelves on racks and rows of curios were stuffed in every nook and cranny.
77.	The space was a step back to a previous time: walnut panelling, parquet floors, Persian floor rugs, wooden bookshelves and a view of the plaza. It was warmed by an electric fireplace as well as modern heating.
78.	She drove slowly. It was the cyclists she feared most, appearing suddenly in front of her, out of the darkness and fog, usually without any reflective strips on clothing, quite often even without lights.
79.	Later the sun rises, blood red over the scrubby bushes and brambles and mossy grass, touching the Wern Stones, picking out scraps of blown paper, the white scut of

	fleeing rabbit, a dead crow.
80.	It is just the same as always, with its standing stones and crown of trees, yielding no secrets. Vehicles keep to the paved paths and in any case, it had rained; any tyre marks had been washed away.
81.	Thursday morning and the dawn just coming up through a dove-grey mist. Mild air.
82.	On the hill, a velvet-green island emerging out of a vaporous sea, the trees are all but bare but the patches of scrub and bramble which tie like body hair in the hollow and folds, are still berried and have the last of their leaves.
83.	Halfway up the hill are the Wern stones, ancient standing stones like three witches squatting next to an invisible cauldron.
84.	An ambulance, there's an ambulance, but it's standing silent, no sirens or sweeping lights.

85.	Her face is wet and she looks for rain.
86.	The rear of the flat overlooking the well between this block and its neighbours.
87.	An enormous ebony L-shaped desk hosted the Maths professor who was sitting in a tufted leather chair.
88.	From the road, Marnie's flat was stucco-fronted, very neat and narrow.
89.	Jake imagined she'd furnished it plainly, with an eye for functional style.
90.	Wooden shutters at the windows, a stone coloured vase filled with upright orange flowers.
91.	A half-floor flat with two bedrooms.
92.	The villa was nestled in a hollow cut into the side of a cliff, overlooking the sea.

93.	A strange, low, sprawling building, shaded by the massive fir trees that surrounded it, almost encroaching on to the small paved patio at the front.
94.	The grounds of the house curved upwards steeply so that you could look in through the windows on the top floor, high enough to overlook the forest and give panoramic views of the sea and a glimpse of the beach below.
95.	The river thinks, black crows gorge on bright mangoes in still dustgreen trees.
96.	Red bananas ripen. Dissolute bluebottles hum vacuously in the fruity air. Then they stun themselves against clear window panes and die, fatly baffled in the sun.
97.	The nights are clear but suffused with sloth and sullen expectation.
98.	Four blocks in total, built around a concrete area where wheelie bins and bike sheds took

	up most of the space.
99.	The river moved reluctantly, resisting the tug of the tide. A long bank led to the road where Marnie had parked.
100.	Slippery mud hauled at their boots as they made their way to the water's edge.
101.	Three men were fishing. The mud was like the river, hungry, belching at their boots. The sound rose from deep inside the wide muscle of water coiling across London, carrying God knows what out to sea.
102.	She watched the city guttering in the water's edge, London's land marks reflecting in the turning tide.
103.	Everywhere around, the mud flats were fired by orange street light into abstract sculptures, as if the city's salvage was being thrust up from the shore.
104.	The river's breath sat wet and slick on the

	yellow oilskins of the three fishermen.
105.	The clouds had beaten the sun in submission.
106.	The screaming had stopped abruptly. An obese girl in a black tracksuit stood with her hands over her mouth.
107.	The room had wide windows hidden by curtains and murals on the walls: jungle animals in tall grass. Surreal.
108.	No wardrobe, just a hanging rail for clothes, holding a couple of chain-store jumpers and a jersey shirt. Lined curtains covered the windows.
109.	The path quickly narrowed and started a gradual decline.
110.	Twigs whipped into her face even as she grabbed at the branches in front of her.
111.	Thorny vines snagged her pant legs sunlight

	filtered down in streaks. Birds provided flashes of colour and song-bright yellow finches, red-winged black birds, a cardinal.
112.	Below her, a shallow stream zigzagged through the brush. On the other side, the woods continued.
113.	But from above, Maggie could see in the distance the ribbon of interstate traffic.

The 5 senses

1.	From behind him, he heard the sounds of Vianello opening and closing drawers in the kitchen, then the woosh of the opening refrigerator. He heard the rush of flowing water and the clink of a glass. Brunetti found the noises comforting.
2.	Just as she was about to leave, she heard the bleep of her mobile.
3.	The clangour of the phone violates the relentless roll of rain beating the roof like drumsticks.
4.	The hard ridge of his own knuckles pressed against his cheek bone.
5.	Experimentally, he ran his tongue around his mouth.
6.	Sound began to filter in, little bursts like old radio static.
7.	Was it girls' voices? For a moment he

	thought it was his daughters, giggling with their friends.
8.	But no, there was urgency in this conversation, not laughter. People were arguing. There was a female voice, then a male.
9.	He shifted, feeling his sleeping bag slither against his skin, then the press of the hard boards of the old wooden floor beneath him.
10.	The smell of frying chicken rose from the takeaway on the ground floor, making his already queasy stomach turn over.
11.	He realised that the hand under his face was icy. The flat was cold.
12.	The voices grew louder, nearer.
13.	They caught hints of grassy, stony verges.
14.	Fog was not just fog; it was cold mist.

15.	It was difficult to ignore the black-grey nothingness outside.
16.	There was a loud rapping on the door.
17.	“Hello, I’m here!” Bessie shouted as she blundered forward, feeling her way down the gentle slope of the garden with cautious steps.
18.	And then awareness of her situation broke over her like a dash of iced water.
19.	A beastly chuckle, hideous and pig-like snorted from his face.
20.	But that voice, it could only have been a whisper in truth, a gloating guttural whisper.
21.	She kicked the shoes off as she ran, flinching as twigs and sharp-edged stones spiked the soles of her feet, and thorns on thistles raking her naked legs.
22.	The hum of voices, the clatter of keyboards,

	the ringing of phones were all fading into a soporific buzz.
23.	Directly below, he could see musicians setting up for the concert.
24.	A slight girl with spiky ginger hair knelt and lifted a bass guitar from a case while a blond bloke fiddled with an amp.
25.	The big station clock ticked round to five thirty.
26.	The musicians played a few sound-check bars on their instruments.
27.	The music came to her faintly, in intermittent burst, but she recognised it instantly.
28.	Blinded by the flare of light, Melody instinctively threw her arm up to protect her eyes.
29.	“Anyone hear any shouting, fighting,

	anything like that?"
30.	They approached the house, the ground crunched under their boots.
31.	The air was still in the way it can only be still when it floats in the emptiness of the desert.
32.	The called me when darkness webbed my house.
33.	He smelled the river before he saw it, a deeper earthier dampness carried by the cold wind.
34.	He saw nothing but a few ordinary-looking, umbrella-wielding pedestrians.
35.	A gentle onshore breeze carried the smell and the taste from the sea, six blocks away.
36.	I followed the coroner investigator into a long narrow room where the air was cold; a rash of goose bumps sprouted over me.

37.	The fog dampened neighbourhood sounds and left the world feeling empty.
38.	We stood in the street. A horn blew. A dog barked as if fighting for its life and then the barking abruptly stopped. I smelled garlic.
39.	The fields of light on either side of us that marked the city and the valley did not glitter that night. They were hidden behind lowering clouds.
40.	There was a rich scent of braising beef.
41.	The dread, not of crashing into another car, but running over a cyclist or a pedestrian was always with her.
42.	She could still see the outline of police helmets through the frosted pane of glass.
43.	Her eyes were sore, with tiredness and the strain of peering through the windscreen into the streaming fog.

44.	She had gone to the doctor about it once, months ago. He had given her foul-smelling yellow ointment to spread on twice a day.
45.	It had greased her clothes and made the bedclothes stink and done her spots no good at all.
46.	“I hate doctors.” She said to Sandy, sitting in their kitchen, full of cheap DIY units whose doors kept falling off. Sandy had made toast and two more mugs of tea.
47.	When the blue-and-green bus drew up at the stop in the market square, Debbie had a moment of absolute panic, which turned her stomach to water and made the sweat break out in a band round her neck.
48.	Until meeting him, her life had begun to seem hollow. Anxiety about future illness, infirmity, old age, had crept up to the edges of her consciousness, grinned at her.
49.	Outside the car, she could taste the fog like

	damp cobwebs across her skin, but from the hill a slight breeze was blowing towards her.
50.	Fred's crying again, a snotty noise with a whine in it, like the puppy when she's shut outside.
51.	His brother is fed up of drying Fred's tears and wiping Fred's nose when mum and dad aren't around. Most of all, he's fed up of Fred it's going to be okay. He doesn't like telling lies, especially not to his little brother.
52.	"I want a banana," Fred sobs. "Elevenses I have my banana.
53.	Marnie looked pin-neat in a charcoal suit, her short red curls tidied back from her face.
54.	The plant was a cactus which, when it was in the mood gave out spidery white flowers.
55.	The picture books were swollen, the way a telephone-directory swells if it's left in the rain on the doorstep of an empty house. Ink

	had run across the covers, making monsters of ducks and puppies and robots.
56.	A low pyramid of food cans was stacked against one wall.
57.	Damp had stripped the labels away and eaten into the tin. The cans had ring-pulls in their lids, tricky for small fingers.
58.	The soft toys-a monkey in a striped T-shirt, a squirrel with a red tail-sagged with damp.
59.	An abandoned jigsaw puzzle had peeled into pieces of green card. The lid of the box showed a busy farmyard under a blue sky. The jigsaw was simple enough for pre-schoolers, but thanks to the damp, its sky was indistinguishable from grass. Its corners gone for ever.
60.	The river ran not far from the foot of the garden; she could smell it.
61.	Rust whispered under her gloved touch, like

	feathers.
62.	Her body was cramping, sending a scramble of distress to her brain.
63.	“Can I help you?” Thanks. Two lattes, one with an extra shot, one skinny, three Americanos and two flat whites.
64.	The flat smelt warm and starchy, of rice boiling.
65.	She’s shivering before she’s out of the car.
66.	Marnie stands on the pavement, her teeth knocking together with cold.
67.	Her eyes are itchy with mascara, her tongue dry and patchy with tequila.
68.	She feels like a snake has crawled inside her left boot and strangled her toes to sleep.
69.	Silence and that dark zoo stink that’ll be in her clothes for hours and on her skin for

	longer.
70.	Denis Walton eyed Noah Joke with the air of a spinster appraising the white elephant stall at a village jumble sale.
71.	Noah shivered. His shoulders were hunched in a bid to keep the cold from creeping into his ears.
72.	The back of his neck spooked into goose bumps when he heard the scream. As he reached the room. The screaming stopped abruptly, as if someone had thrown a switch.
73.	His heart was pelting in his chest.
74.	Ayana bit her lips together as if to stop herself from speaking. Silence stuffed the small bedroom.
75.	It was chilly by the time she reached home.
76.	Her flat had the sterile chill of a meat locker.

77.	Her back ached after the long drive. She stretched it, wincing.
78.	The spine stores the memory of pain.
79.	Her phone woke her from semi-sleep, red whorls in the blackness at 5:25 a.m.
80.	Leo shut his eyes, then opened them again. "Where's Hop?" he whispered and then wet his lips with the tip of his tongue.
81.	Her voice remained bland despite the agitation of the man in the hospital bed.
82.	Noah put his hands in his pockets. A muscle played in his cheek.
83.	Abby was out of breath, her face flushed from running.
84.	Let's try the bus stop, maybe someone saw them get on a bus. Noah wasn't hopeful.
85.	No one at the bus stop had seen an African

	woman with braided hair, or a blond woman answering to Hope's description.
86.	The early morning quiet was shattered by a roar of voice and the distant thunder of stamping feet.
87.	Then came the noise again, louder if anything.
88.	He'd quickly sussed what a pain inner-city life could be. It was like a kind of collective toothache, he'd decided.
89.	"So how's it been?" The trouble he said, had started around ten.
90.	The music had started soon after the arrival of the kids. Quite decent stuff to begin with, melodic, bit of a tune, but then coarser, much uglier, much louder.
91.	"I think it must be the frequency they play this stuff in. it's totally unreasonable. It gets to you. It shakes you up. So in the end, we

	decided to phone the police.
92.	Winter caught sight of the label on the neck of the broken bottle. Cheap vodka. Co-op's own brand.
93.	Pretty soon afterwards, a white van arrived full of more policemen.
94.	The old man looked down again and spotted a smear of blood on the pavement. The dog had his paw on the glass.
95.	As he inspected the final work, holding it up to a bare bulb, he was blinded by the array of brilliant hues in every colour of the rainbow. The opalescent glass in the emerald greens, the ruby reds and the sapphire blues that gave the piece its pop, casting tinted rays of spectacular light onto his walls and furniture.
96.	Every popular cuisine was represented including a kosher eat – in or take – away store front cafe.

97.	The house was warm wafting cooking aromas.
98.	Finally, the meal could begin in earnest: soup, salad, rib toast, lentils with red peppers and onions, green beans with hazelnuts and mixed berry cobbler for desert; enough to break the zippers and pop buttons on my waistline.
99.	The two of them were walking to the house in a cold that had turned positively polar.
100.	He usually paced while talking on the phone; at least this time, his movement had a purpose.
101.	The effort to make it as far as the landing showed on his face. He was holding onto the banisters, fighting for breath.
102.	The flat smelled of roll-ups and a weak bladder.

103.	Suttle began to wonder how often this old guy got out.
104.	She was looking eager, buoyed by the prospect of a breakthrough.
105.	For the first time he became aware of the messages awaiting him on the answerphone. He picked up the receiver and dialled 157.
106.	The second voice was equally familiar.
107.	He had done a lot of damage to a bottle of vodka before houling the chicken jalfrezi out of the micro wave and ladling it onto a plate of luke warm rice.
108.	I hate winter: the long, dark, cold nights.
109.	“I know it sounds pedestrian, but I watch those crime shows. It seems pretty easy to get some low-life to shoot someone”.
110.	But Latham’s murder did not have the hallmarks of being an amateur hit.

111.	“I didn’t see him as the bad guy. He was too transparent with his family history.”
112.	His eyes shot open and his heart started thumping in his chest.
113.	Sometimes, the incessant squeal of a swarm of the little buggers would grate on the nerves of the blessed Virgin herself!
114.	The place was swarming with under – fives, all too young to have any sort of meaningful volume control and so the din was huge.
115.	When we’d been out, the post person had called on her wee yellow scooter.
116.	The job had involved lots of travel around Catalunya and beyond, throughout the rest of Spain. I’d enjoyed it for a while.
117.	Some days it was easy to remember London was built on plaque pits. Nothing stood still, not even the road, throbbing with traffic.

118.	The watch had cost something north of \$20.000!
119.	A sailor could sail around the world a couple of times and believe he knew the sea, when in fact all he knew was a set of waves and tides that had long since changed behind him.
120.	They would be having a dinner of salad with the vegetables chopped into little pieces, leftover bean soup with sour cream and sautéed mushroom stew with onions and sour cream served over mashed potatoes.
121.	The clangor of the phone violates the relentless roll of rain beating the roof like drumsticks.

Weather

- | | |
|----|--|
| 1. | A heavy rain splashes the driveway, flooding granite pavers and thrashing trees, the summer storm beating up an angry sky over the city. |
| 2. | In the distance, agitated trees, churning dark clouds, and farther off the railroad tracks, the canal, the river that runs through the city. |
| 3. | London was miserably cold for mid-March. |
| 4. | The visibility was so appalling that progress was reduced to a tortuous crawl in the turgid mist. |
| 5. | Fog was just fog; it was cold mist, but she didn't want to walk down that lonely road in a pea-souper like this. |
| 6. | The fog was solid – as if a blank wall had been erected a couple of feet away. |
| 7. | Curtains of mist seemed suddenly to close |

	around him.
8.	She couldn't see anything; liquid mist. The colour of purulent milk drifted on all sides.
9.	The sky was as dark as gunmetal, a blast of wind almost pushed him off his feet.
10.	The weather boffins said the wind was blowing from the Siberian steppes – Duncan wondered whether he should consider wearing one of those Russian hats with the earflaps.
11.	The lowering sky had begun to spit sleet.
12.	The lights on the opposite ridge were murky with the low clouds and mist.
13.	A light rain fell as quietly as a whisper.
14.	No rain was falling in the heart of the city, but the clouds hung low, and threatened.
15.	The rain had shrivelled to a heavy mist and

	the sky was beginning to lighten.
16.	A thin maritime fog swirled overhead, bright with reflected light.
17.	The stalled spring rain had thinned throughout the day, but now was returning.
18.	As she reached the end of Devonshire Drive the fog thinned and changed from a dense bank to thinner skeins and veils which wound themselves patches of darkness through which house – and street lights shone out clear orange and gold.
19.	The breeze would disperse the last of the fog.
20.	The sky is empty, grey, as if someone has dragged a tarpaulin across it. There is no rain, just the dull, raspy pressure that comes before the storm.
21.	It's been raining all month.

22.	At some point in the last hour, the rain had started Monsoon-force now, slapping up from the roof of the car, stuttering in the potholed driveway.
23.	Yellow light snapped across the ceiling, making the patients cringe: lightning.
24.	Lightning cut across the yard, its bright reflection trapped for a second in the kitchen sink.
25.	He counted six before the thunder came. The storm was closing in. more lightning hit the yard. Steel-coloured like a snapped cable.
26.	The rain was a constant tattoo, drumming on the windows and walls.
27.	It was full daylight by now, the rich yellow spill of sunrise throwing long shadows across the road.
28.	After a week of sunshine, the weather was

	on the turn. The forecast first thing had warned of rain, by lunchtime. Already he could feel the first shivers of wind stirring the trees along the road.
29.	The night was moonless with thousands of stars sprinkling the dark sky like salt on black velvet. Without the cloud cover, the temperature had dropped to well below zero. No wind, just cold air and the mist of warm breath wafting through darkness.
30.	The skies were grey and the sidewalks looked deserted with only a few hardy souls braving the snow drifts.
31.	It was dark, cold and misty, but the street was well lit, which mitigated to gloominess.
32.	The rain had left breath marks on the windows.
33.	A parked car with its wipers working, jerking rain from the windscreen.

34.	The rain had a metal smell, like buckets or bullets.
35.	She had known the roof was leaking before the cracks came and long before the rain tore a hole up there.
36.	Broken things were like bad mirrors, they gave out a peculiar light, like... catching sight of your face in a pail of milk spoiled by a thunderstorm.
37.	The court is stifflingly hot. Every half-hour a slice of cold makes it through the primitive air conditioning unit to snap at her ankles, before the heat eats it up.
38.	A thin rain was spitting, cold an spiky.
39.	May in Ayemenem is a hot, brooding month. The days are long and humid.
40.	By early June the South-West monsoon breaks and there are three months of wind and water with short spells of sharp,

	glittering sunshine that thrilled children snatch to play with.

Action

1. My heart is leaping in my chest.

2. I place my hand on his head to calm him.

3. Switching on a lamp, I retrieve a pad and a pen from a drawer.

4. There is an abundance of gifts to wrap for my mother and my sister.

5. They ventured left along the rugged route, bouncing and jolting, spiky twigs whispering down the car's flanks.

6. Though on this occasion, with visibility so appalling, progress was reduced to a tortuous crawl.

7. She kept trooping to the little window next to the front door and peeking out.

8. She glanced at the big wooden clock on the mantel and was surprised to see that it was after six.

9.	Bessie crossed her cluttered living room to the window.
10.	She jumped off her sofa and hurried across the room. She lifted the latch and stood stock still after she had opened the front door and only seeing swirling fog.
11.	Puzzled, Bessie stuck her head out, looking left and right.
12.	She grabbed her duffle-coat, her mittens and her hat and dashed through the kitchen, drawing the bolt on the back door and stepped out.
13.	She took the torch from her coat pocket.
14.	“Hello, I’m here!” Bessie shouted as she blundered forward.
15.	She grappled with her handbag, unsnapping it and fumbling inside. It was a quick, fluid motion.

16.	She too slumped backward, head swimming, handbag tipping into the foot well, spilling its contents every which way.
17.	With thoughts fizzled to near incomprehensibility the woman probed at her two front teeth with her tongue. They appeared to wobble; at the same time her upper lip stung abominably, whilst her mouth rapidly filled with hot coppery fluid. She coughed on it, choking.
18.	Her right hand was working frantically through the debris littering the foot well, the contents of her dropped handbag.
19.	Her fingertips found something she recognised.
20.	She found the radio and slammed it to her lips. There was a scrabble of static-ridden responses.
21.	She hurried across the carpark, but once she

	was over the wall, her heels sank like knife-blades in the soft earth.
22.	Without a word, the figure swayed around and blundered across the car park.
23.	He was hurt badly; that was clear – he lurched from side to side, but kept going in a more or less straight line uphill and away from her.
24.	Very briefly, the stranger appeared above her as a lopsided silhouette on the night sky.
25.	She too crested the ridge.
26.	On lower ground now, but a hundred yards ahead of her at least, a dark blot was struggling onward.
27.	The ground sloped steeply as she gave chase ploughing downhill through soft, springy vegetation.
28.	When she reached the top of the hill – now

	hobbling, both feet bruised and bleeding – she found she was on much softer ground, plodding through ankle-deep mud.
29.	She stretched, blinked and tried to refocus on the computer screen.
30.	Paul drew his eyes from trains and checked his watch then scanned the lower concourse again.
31.	They both reached for their sun visors at the same time, both of them squinting because it was like driving head-on into hell.
32.	She reached the front door and knocked hard three times. “Anyone home?”
33.	He leaned close to the screen, trying to peer inside, but it was too dark to see anything.
34.	They snapped on their flashlights at the same time.
35.	By the time the glow that presaged dawn

	had begun to light the eastern sky, he'd left the main road.
36.	His mobile rang. He dropped both umbrella and keys as he fumbled for the phone.
37.	"Here, pull the elastic band over your ears and squeeze the metal strip across your nose.
38.	We drove east along the spine of the mountain.
39.	Pike let me out at the mouth of my carport.
40.	The doctor had told her that she should take up a sport and she trusted him completely.
41.	If he had told her to hang upside down from the branch of a tree for a week, she would have done so.
42.	But no sport appealed to her, so she had started running – walking at first, followed by jogging working up in speed and distance

	to a daily three – mile run.
43.	During the next hour, she ate a banana chopped into a small bowl of muesli and drank a single cup of tea. An egg on toast, with a rasher of lean bacon, tomatoes and more tea would come later, after her run.
44.	Now, she set out the food undercover, the pan, loaf and butter, refilled the kettle and emptied and rinsed the teapot.
45.	In daylight, children run in and out of these three ancient stones, daring one another to touch the pock-marked surfaces and at midsummer, robed figures gather to dance and chant. But they are laughed at and known to be harmless.
46.	Jake watched Debbie swinging between the station's desk with her cake tin, like a burlesque dancer collecting big tips.
47.	He took a muffin from the tin, making appropriate noises of approval.

48.	Jake's phone buzzed.
49.	Debbie gave conspiratorial smile.
50.	She proffered the tin. "I made them fresh this morning.
51.	Noah was queuing in the local café for the team's coffee order.
52.	At a table by the window, a man was struggling to placate a shrieking child, without conspicuous success.
53.	The boy's mother reappeared, quelling the child with a look and a handful of words that Noah didn't catch.
54.	They've cordoned off the house by the time she get's home. A uniformed stranger is unwinding police tape, methodically.
55.	Marnie watches from the safety of the car, her fingers icy on the ignition key, the engine

	running as if she might make a quick getaway, drive past and keep driving.
56.	She cuts the engine, burying the keys in her fist, their teeth biting the hollow pocket of her palm.
57.	Dad's car, the brown Vauxhall – his pride and joy – manages to shine even without the sun, like windows to the house, dazzling her.
58.	Since he was soaking wet, he shook himself like a dog on the doorstep of the refuge.
59.	Noah buzzed him into the building, fetching a towel from the nearest bathroom.
60.	Marnie was waiting in the doorway to the dayroom, her face softening to a smile when she saw Ed.
61.	“There's been nothing like this before? In the three years you've known her?” Ed shook his head emphatically, “Nothing!”

62.	Winter brought the Lexus to a halt, glad of the chance to stretch his legs.
63.	Winter zipped up his new leather jacket against the early chill and stepped out of the park.
64.	Seconds later, a tight knot of blokes in full riot gear emerged from the rear of the property, dragging two youths. Handcuffed, they disappeared into the back of one of the waiting vans.
65.	Then came the noise again, louder if anything and three more youths – one of them covered in blood – made an equally brief appearance.
66.	The biggest, still full of fight, swung a leg at a nearby Police officer.
67.	He decided to take the dog for an early stroll.
68.	He frowned, jerking the lead to extract his

	dog from a scatter of broken glass.
69.	A neighbour, braver than most, had lost his rag and crossed the road.
70.	At that point, Mrs Mackenzy went home. I saw her walking down the road, she went in through those big front gates but she was out again within a minute or so. And this time she was running to the police men. There were lots of them by now, more than a dozen.
71.	The greying bearded figure walking towards him was unmistakable.
72.	Winter ducked into a front garden, watching D/I Faraday fumbling in his jacket for his car keys. Same old clapped-out Mondeo, he thought.
73.	He threaded the Mondeo through a maze of streets, avoiding the remains of the Sunday night traffic and hit the seafront just west of the pier.

74.	He switched off the engine and wondered whether he had the energy to risk a walk.
75.	He needed to clear his head, to fill his lungs with the sweet chill of the night wind, to build a dyke against the images that kept crowding in.
76.	Without waiting for an answer, he produced a mobile and keyed in a number.
77.	Suttle turned out of the car park and inched into the rush-hour traffic.
78.	He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. The lights by the dockyard gates took an age to change. He checked his watch. Five to six.
79.	The good news was he now had a manageable desk job, fielding calls that concerned senior citizens with chest pains, missing pets and controlling drunken teenagers, Saturday night binges.

80.	In the last six months, the closest he had come to real crime were the calls concerning several house break-ins where the burglars pilfered electronics – cell phones, laptops and tablets.
81.	When she said she was fine, Decker left his card. She opened the front door and waved goodbye as he walked back to the car, his boots crunching the snow.
82.	Heading back to the station, Decker cranked up the heat and rubbed his hands under the warm air of the car’s heater.
83.	He stepped back onto the waterfront, pausing to watch as the big night ferry rumbled past.
84.	She was stirring a soup for tomorrow night’s dinner, using a big cauldron, which meant guests.
85.	He illuminated each panel with his flashlight,

	letting the beam rest on each for a minute or so before moving to the next window. They probably sparkled beautifully in the day light. It's the four seasons. See, that one's winter, that's spring, and summer and autumn.
86.	The studio also made windows for wealthy people's mausoleums.
87.	The radiator was spewing out puffs of hot air.
88.	Despite himself, McAdams smiled. Maybe that can be arranged.
89.	Wan and out of breath, he forced himself to walk calmly down the hallway, knocking on her door instead banging.
90.	As soon as Angelina answered, she took one look at him and asked what was wrong.
91.	He came in and gently shut the door.

92.	Then he began to pace: hard to do in her tiny one-bedroom apartment.
93.	“They’re onto us. They know about the forgeries.”
94.	She put her finger to his lips and spoke in low tones.
95.	Angelina tried to take his hand but he pulled it away.
96.	“Great idea!” She walked over and threw her arms around his neck.
97.	He gently extricated himself from her grip. “I’ll go check the dumpster for empty boxes.”
98.	Once the car’s trunk and backseat were packed with luggage and bags, they took off at four a.m. in bitter darkness, hoping to beat the traffic.
99.	He had gotten used to the fresh snow

	crunching under his feet.
100.	He took an address, grabbed a pad and collected his car from the car park at the back.
101.	He parked across the road from the parade of converted hotels and boarding houses and located the block of flats.
102.	There was no lift. Suttle took the stairs to the fourth floor. Collaghan was waiting for him on the top landing.
103.	Suttle stared at him then stepped across to the window.
104.	He had reached for the proffered pen.
105.	He helped himself to a handful of cashew nuts from a bag on the table.
106.	He slid the balcony door open and sniffed the saltiness on the night air. Beyond lay a couple of boats nudging the pontoon.

107.	He put the phone down and headed for the bathroom. Minutes later, showered and shaved, he was riding the lift to the undercroft.
108.	Faraday turned his back on the scene, hunched over his phone, his voice barely a whisper: "Yeah?"
109.	He listened for a minute or two, nodding a couple of times, aware of Gabrielle watching him.
110.	Finally he checked his watch. "Give me forty minutes." He said, then snapped the phone shut.
111.	As soon as they walked into the living room, Lily began running around in circles, flapping her hands in sheer joy.
112.	Rachel invited them in with her wide white smile.

113.	The toddler was running amok.
114.	Stepping out into the frigid night air, the two of them began the slow trek in ankle-deep drifts of snow toward the college.
115.	Because they were involved in other thefts and did them at the behest of someone.
116.	Meaning those other burglaries might now be discovered.
117.	McAdams started snacking on nuts.
118.	McAdams pressed the green button. After being put on hold, he was finally connected to professor Gold's office.
119.	He rubbed his hands together.
120.	Decker put the car into drive and grinned.
121.	Decker got into the driver's seat, turned on the motor and warmed up the engine.

122.	Fuelled up on coffee and carbs, he drove back to Greenburg on the highway, keeping an eye out for silver vans and black ice.
123.	Tyler checked his watch. "Six-thirty, it feels like eleven..."
124.	Introductions were made.
125.	Jake checked the passenger seat of the car, even though he knew it was clean, dusting the sleeves of his suit in the hope it would pass muster.
126.	He reached across to push open for her. "Morning."
127.	She slipped into the car, dropping her bag on the floor.
128.	She folded her hands in her lap as a contingency against fidgeting.
129.	When they were alone, Welland leaned back, steeping his thumbs under his chin.

130.	Maggie took careful steps to keep from slipping and sliding.

