

101
BEST
AUTH
OMBIT



Str

Brother Diaz crawled fr
knees, like Saint Bruno
ing of his sins.

He struggled up the gen
spray and buffeted by break
by salt. He knelt quivering
at the high-water mark, re
through the shingle. He slu
of Saint Beatrix and his clim
turned so baggy by water he
aching, disbelieving, his lead
mute stock of his surrounding

They were not promising.

To either side grey sweeps
at by the grey sea, scattered w
rippled puddles in which the
rising shingle gave way to scrub
trees all bowing one way, like a
selves before a cardinal.

He felt a chilly prickling on h
"Seriously?" he screamed at the

The only reply was the careless

He took a few heaving breaths.

with a groan he fought his way up

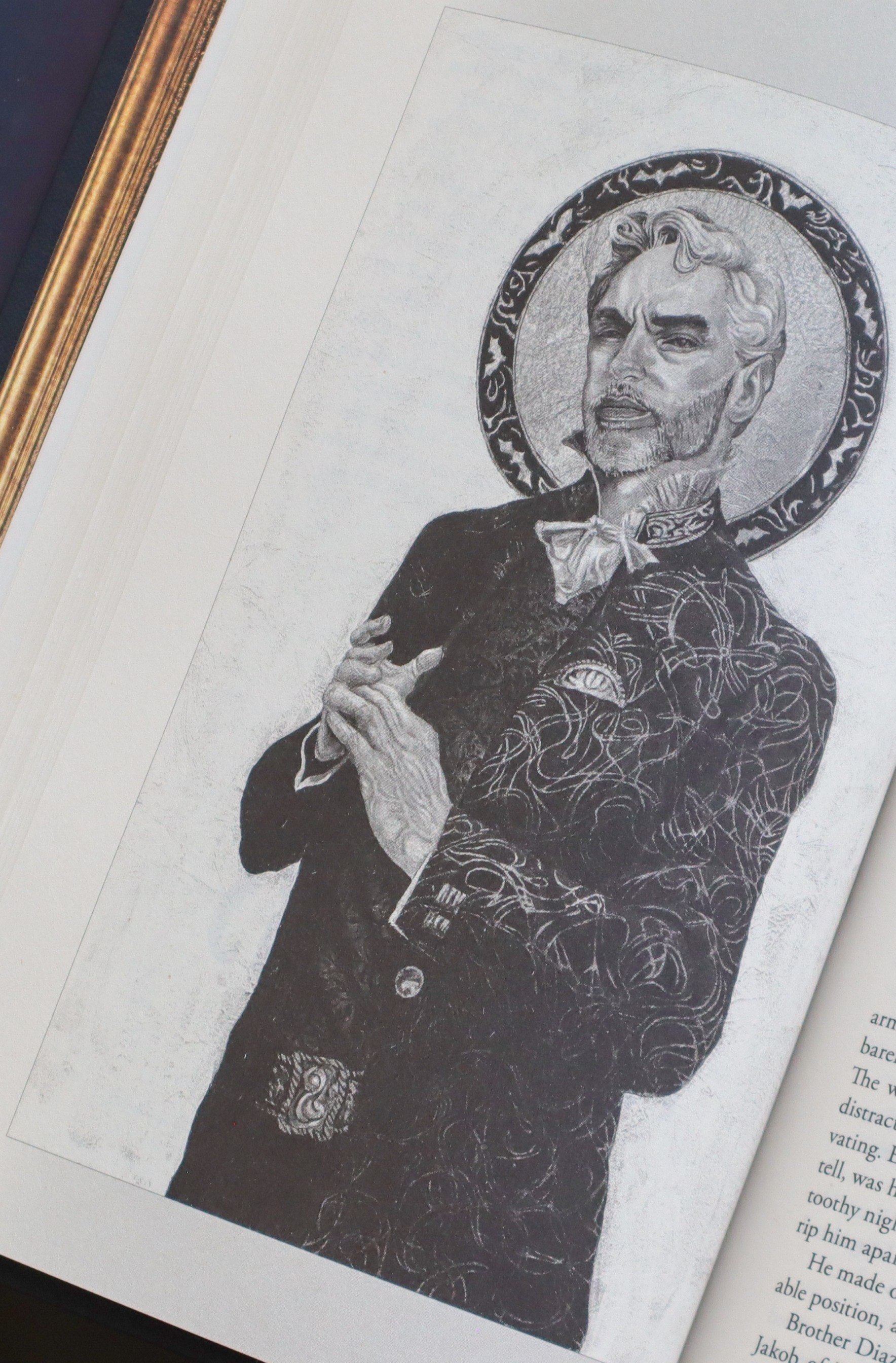
swaying, arms hugged about him

God, how far had he swum?

The galley still burned near the
into the white sky to drift off as a v
beach and frowned. Was there a pa
rotter forwards, grimacing as the p
eyes against the wind—

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The rain ca
It had b
avoid the main
grew it on both
of the Chapel o
Brother Diaz's hoc
balls and, in unhol
chafed them raw. H
torments inflicted up
"I'm *not* at my best i
skies.

"It was sunny a while
with a perpetual drip on
drowned cat's carcass. "You
"I'm not at my best out o
"Don't think anyone's enjo
"I'm enjoying it!" called Vi
arm. The wetter it got, the mor
barefoot in a leather vest with a
The way the unfortunate garmen
distracting, her good humour in tr
vating. Especially since the worst da
tell, was her. He lived in constant terr
toothy nightmare and rip him apart. C
rip him apart while in human form. She
He made one more futile effort to wor
able position, and failed. "How *bloody* far
Brother Diaz was in charge, of cour
Jakob of Thorn was actually
mortal battle with th
surrender.

ORK
MES
ABEY



It was
with
"Go
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ears or