

Chapter 1—A Walk through Northeast Portland

Darian straightened his dark brown slacks, olive green shirt, and black and red sport shoes as he got out of his white 1967 Ford Fairlane in the cul-de-sac where three streets converged. He left the gun in the car for now and walked briskly across Skidmore Street and into the dark woods. He needed to go through the motions of setting up his alibi before sunset, which left him only about an hour to get to the top of the hill. Shortly after entering the woods he turned left, off the beaten path and into a stretch of sharply sloping five-foot tall dirt mounds that had been built up by teenage boys.

Two teenage boys and one teenage girl on small bicycles rode up and down the dirt mounds. He pulled his camera out of his backpack and took a picture. As he walked away he imagined all the different ways he could go with that image later in a painting: the bicyclists have feathery wings, the bicyclists breathe fire as they fly through the air like dragons, the bicyclists are centaurs—he could just count the possibilities.

He moved back to the beaten trail, going eastward, then suddenly ran off to his right—southward—on the first side trail.

There he saw eight and ten foot boulders on the ground covered by years of moss, debris, and small plants. Under the rocks was litter—beer cans, shredded *Hustler* magazines with pictures of women with unnaturally large breasts shoving plastic toys into themselves with deadened looks on their faces, cigarette butts, and one used hypodermic syringe. He stopped to take another picture. This place was very alien and interesting to him.

On top of one of the rocks was a broken radio from maybe the late 1970's or early 1980's for no apparent reason. He continued along. From atop the rock he could see there was a long cliff side, maybe 100 feet tall, in front of him. On it were lines of English ivy either growing up or growing down the sides of it, large patches of yellow mold, small green-leaf maple trees, and some indistinguishable graffiti in blue and peach, with one black swastika over it all. He took another picture.

As he ran ahead he found a tiny cave, about three and a half feet tall at the front of the ample cliff side. Curious and fearless he went inside of it, finding it got tighter within the first few feet. There were empty bottles of water and orange juice in it. He could imagine painting a corpse into it. He took a picture looking into it and one looking out of it. The flash on the inside shot revealed that there was a blanket and pillow in there. He was surprised to find that someone actually slept in there. He shuddered just to think of it so he stopped thinking of it and left. He continued onward and upward.

Progressively thicker ivy vines climbed up the cliff as he ran along the narrow ascending path. Eventually there was a small trickle of water and the cliff was slick, after that there were more large boulders. He put his camera away and began to climb up over the boulders with his hands and feet, one after the other after the other, up the hillside. He imagined huge filthy rats with large eyes peering out of the large spaces between the boulders...or possibly politicians. He took another picture on his way up.

Eventually he looked behind him and saw how far he was up the hillside. Turning back towards the cliff side he saw more graffiti: a black swastika with white graffiti over it that read “Fuck Nazi Sympathy”. Here there were rocks with ferns, ivy, small violet flowers, and various other green plants. He took another picture.

In another 20 feet he came upon a hole in the dirt that led under the rocks atop the cliff side and up towards the light. It was a porthole that would save him the trouble of having to climb over the most difficult part of the cliff side. He grinned at his good luck in finding it, put away his camera, and crawled up through it. It was big enough that he could fit through it without even getting his fresh clothes very dirty.

On the other side of the porthole he was atop the cliff side, running along the edge of it until he was able to get a good view through the trees. He could see some of the I-205 freeway as it stretched out over the Columbia River, the light rail line that ran out to the airport, the overpass over it on Sandy Boulevard, creepy Maywood Park the cloistered little community, and the Portland International Airport control tower.

He carefully approached the edge of the cliff. Standing right on the edge he peered down over it and saw a straight fall of about 50 feet to all the large boulders he'd climbed over. He didn't feel uneasy standing there so precariously, in fact he felt quite comfortable and in control. Turning away from the view he saw he was directly across from the large white dome that was a part of a Catholic school.

He ran on a trail along the edge of the cliffs swiftly and without any concern for the danger. He eventually came upon a tunnel that looked like it had been built during the Great Depression. He ran through it and onto the road, Rocky Butte Road, which he ran alongside for quite a ways before he saw another shortcut up the hill—a small, almost indiscernible trail leading up through English ivy, which was always out of place in Oregon but grew wildly none the less. He walked off the road and up the trail, carefully avoiding the hypodermic needle and the two used condoms he saw on the way up.

“Why would anyone have sex *there*?!” he said to himself in disgust. “And how would they without sliding off the hill?” he continued in confusion. He tried to push the notion of that out of his mind by pressing onwards quickly but with great care not to touch anything. Towards the top of the little trail was a lot of loose gravel that was very hard to walk on without sliding down. It strained his legs considerably not to use his hands to help him up such an incline but he really couldn't bear to sully them with what might be on that ground.

He walked onto Rocky Butte Road again and looked up at Joseph Wood Hill Park, a circular structure of rockery with grass and park trails through it. He ran across the road and to the stairs that were on the north side of the circular structure. He ran up the stairs two steps at a time until he reached the top. Then he breathed deeply and calmly walked around the park taking in the incredible view, looking for mile in every direction; Mount Hood about 50 miles eastward, Glen Jackson Bridge about three miles northward running two miles over the Columbia River as it divided Oregon and Washington, Mount Saint Helens about 100 miles northward over in Washington, downtown Portland about seven miles westward, and all the vast green scenery in between the landmarks. He loved this view. He'd seen it many times but he'd never gone through any work for it before, he'd always just driven up there quite casually. There was something much

more satisfying about putting the work in for it, even if this really wasn't why he'd just gone to all that trouble.

The sun was low over towards the Tualatin Mountains, the southwest hills behind downtown Portland. The clouds floating over the city were gigantic and turning into hues of peach, pink, and red. He took some pictures as he watched the city blazing under the fantastic lights. 10 minutes later the sun was down, the clouds were limp and colored a stale gray, and the city was dark everywhere he looked, which was what he wanted.

He took his cell phone out of his backpack and dialed a number.

"Hello? Yes, I'd like a cab up at the top of Rocky Butte, right by the gravel opposite the side with the stairs. Yeah, thanks. Bye."

He walked back towards the stairs as the red rock gravel on the path crunched beneath his feet. Somehow it seemed louder now. He'd hardly noticed it before but now it was beginning to annoy him. He'd never had to set up an alibi before and he was finding that it was a hell of a lot of work. He walked back to the road and around the park to take pictures of it.

After a while a Radio Cab pulled up near the gate. Darian walked over to the cab, where a grizzled man sat in the drivers' seat.

"Hi, I'd like a lift back down to the bottom of the hill, near 82nd and Sandy," Darian said as he got in the cab.

The cabby nodded his head and began their descent in silence. Darian took out a small book and began reading it.

"What is little book?" the cabby asked with a thick Russian accent.

"Oh, it's a little phrasebook my aunt in Quebec sent me for my 19th birthday months ago. I've been having the hardest time getting through it. My aunt thinks I should learn French but I don't know, it's very confusing. See, like here, see how this reads?" Darian said, leaning forwards and showing the driver a line from the book: *C'est combine pour une nuit?* "But it's supposed to be pronounced *Say kon-byan poor oon nwee?* And that's how you say 'how much is it per night?' All of French is like that. My aunt thinks that because I know English and Spanish I should be able to learn French, but you know, I started learning Spanish early in childhood and it's basically phonetic so it's easy to learn both spoken and written Spanish. I think that perhaps two languages are enough anyway."

"I agree. I speak Russian and when I move here I learn English. Two is plenty."

"Yeah, I mean look at this...we want to stay one night/week is spelled like this," he said, showing the page, *Nous desirons rester une nuit/semaine.* "And it's pronounced *Noo dayzee-ron restay oon nwee/smen.* And you have to do a lot of inflections and raise the sound at the end. It sounds very pretty but it just about gives me a headache."

"Is worse than English!" the cabby shouted. "I work very hard to learn English I never want to learn another language! What do you need learn another language for anyway?"

"I don't really need to. So, what part of Russia are you from?"

"Saint Petersburg, where I was doctor. I move here and they tell me I need go back medical school. My education does not count. I think is ridiculous! I was top student in Russia and good doctor! American policy is ridiculous!"

"Oh, I agree. I could see them having you do your residency over, but not all of medical school. That sounds like complete and utter nonsense to me."

“Yes, is!”

“So, why did you decide to move to Portland, Oregon? This isn’t exactly a well-known place.”

“I have brother here with wife and children in Parkrose neighborhood just few miles from here. They like it there. We have cousins here and they help us move. Is much better than in Russia, even with stupid American policies. Is more rights, more food, more everything.”

“Well, I’m glad you like it here. I’m glad we haven’t been too bad to you, even with the stupid policies.”

“Yes. I do not mind job. I like drive around city, see sights. Is good.”

“Yes, it is a nice city,” Darian agreed as they drove down past the white dome.

“What is it you do for living?”

“Oh, I paint.”

“Buildings?”

“No, scenery. Fantasy scenery.”

“And you get paid for this?”

Darian laughed, and settled into the comfort of a conversation with a stranger. Someone he’d never seen before and would probably never see again. Someone he could unload some of his thoughts and worries to without any consequences. He found it was calming his nerves and relieving the mounting tension of his plans as they reached 82nd Avenue.

“Well, not yet, but I hope to soon. My mother always wanted for me to be a painter. Turn right here and onto Sandy and then Skidmore.”

“Is your mother no longer with you?”

“No, neither of my parents are.”

“Mine too. They died in bombing. Problems with Chechnya. Politics. I hate politics.”

“My dad died in a shooting. Radical anti-choice Republican Christians. Politics. I hate politics. He was a doctor too.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. My mom was also a doctor. They shot her too but she lived.”

“But she is no longer with you?”

“She was murdered. A man broke into our house and raped and murdered her. I was in Vancouver British Columbia up in Canada at the time. I’d gone on a road trip for scenery, for new inspiration when I got the call from our maid. I rushed down as fast as I could but by the time I got to OHSU she was already dead.”

“OHSU? Hospital on hill, yes?”

“Yeah. She worked there actually. Both of my parents did. They were researchers, they got grants. They moved here from New York to start a new life together and they worked on pioneering research on stem cells and hosted fundraisers for family planning clinics. That’s why they were targeted by those fanatics.”

“Politics. I hate politics.”

“Politics and religion. I hate them both.”

“I believe in God. I don’t think you can get through life without God. I know my parents are with God. You must believe your parents are with God.”

Darian smiled and turned more inwardly again.

“Turn right here, and over to that street,” he said as they reached Sandy Boulevard, where Skidmore Street ran into it. “I’ll try to believe. But God and religion aren’t always the same thing. Religion has too much of man.”

“I do not know about that.”

“God doesn’t justify gunning down doctors on their lunch break. Only man does that.”

“You have good point.”

“Pull into this parking lot.”

The cabby pulled into the parking lot of the Our Lady of Sorrows Catholic grotto.

“Interesting place for man who does not like religion.”

“It’s a lovely grotto, nice to visit,” he said dubiously through a smile.

“What is your name?”

“Darian. What’s yours?”

“Gennady, is very good to meet you,” he said and turned around to shake Darian’s hand vigorously. Then Darian pulled some money out of his wallet.

“Here’s \$20. Keep the change.”

“Thank you.”

Darian got out of the cab and took a walk through the grotto, past a gift shop, a miniature waterfall with many coins in it, a statue of Jesus holding a cross, and an open cathedral built into a rock face, with an altar with a statue of Mary holding a bloodied Jesus surrounded by lit candles on both sides.

“It looks like witchcraft to me,” he said quietly to himself.

He walked out to the street and ran into the dark woods. He ran through them by the faint light trickling down from the houses built at the edge of the solid rock face high above and back to his car. Nothing was going on in the cul-de-sac, nothing to attract the attention of anyone living there. After almost half an hour of waiting he grabbed his backpack, and quietly opened the door to his car and just as quietly closed it by closing it part way then hitting his hip against it to close it the rest of the way without having to slam it shut and make excess noise. Then he ran into the woods, which had descended into near pitch-blackness.

By the tiny amount of light that filtered in from the street Darian took off his clothes and shoes and put them in the middle compartment of his backpack. He took a black hooded sweatshirt, black sweat pants, black sport shoes, and black gloves from the back compartment of his backpack and put them on. He put a silencer on the gun then slipped it back into the backpack.

He had his car keys with him but not his wallet, not any I.D. He had been planning this for almost a year now, thinking of how he could do it and get away with it. He’d considered all of the details and thought he had them pretty well covered. It had been in the back of his mind during every waking and sleeping moment of his life. Soon he would finally be able to be released from the darkness.

He moved through the woods, making his way down the trail, and back the way he’d just come. He ran to 90th Avenue then Sandy Boulevard. On Sandy Boulevard he ran several blocks up the road, across the overpass over the I-205 freeway, several more blocks, past the tavern, and finally into the cemetery.

He slipped through the cemetery as noiselessly as he could and to the cul-de-sac on the other side, crossed 99th Place, and walked up three houses, hopped over the four-foot tall

chain-link fence and slipped alongside the house. He could hear someone talking in the backyard so he leaned tightly against the house and inched towards the backyard one painstakingly soft step at a time.

He'd been waiting through a lot of painfully long days to reach this moment. He felt flushed with excitement and rigid with fear of making the slightest misstep. He very carefully peered around a laurel hedge at the back corner of the house and there he was, sitting on a lawn chair, smoking a cigarette, drinking a beer, and talking to someone on the phone. Acting as if he had a right to even take breath, let alone do anything else he enjoyed. The very sight of the man made Darian feel like his heart was being crushed in a vice. He had waited so long for this moment that waiting even a few more moments felt like an eternity. His immense grief turned into a blinding rage and all the fear that made him feel like his heart was racing and his stomach churning turned into a numbing uncontrollable heat that burned the cool night air and the worry right off of him. As the man hung up his phone Darian took out his gun and without further inhibitions walked out in front of him.

"Who are you and just what the hell are you doing in my yard?"

"I'm here to kill you," Darian said, quietly enough that he was sure no neighbors could hear him and surprised himself with his calm and straightforward answer.

"What?"

"You raped and murdered my mom," Darian said, the rage rising in his voice as he lifted the gun to the level of the man's chest, against his teenage boyhood gun training, to only hold a gun up or down but never point it at someone. He could see recognition in the man's eyes. "Oh, good, you remember me. I remember you standing in that courtroom so smugly after getting off on that technicality, claiming police brutality and threatening to sue the Portland Police Bureau just because they had a human reaction to what you did. I remember you looking over at me like I was just some pathetic weak little rich boy who couldn't do anything about it."

"No, don't," the man began, "I have money—I mean I can *get* money, uh, you have money, but I can get something else, something you'll want. Come on..."

Darian surprised himself again by beginning to laugh. He was glad to see the *thing* so afraid of facing up to the same thing he'd done to his mom. Darian began to grin. He was enjoying this. He pointed the gun at the man's heart and fired it. The man fell to the ground, dying within seconds. Darian looked coolly at the corpse and contemplated if he should shoot it again, just because. Then he held himself back, knowing that multiple shots would make it look more personal. He wanted it to look like a random shooting or one for petty reasons.

He put his gun back in his backpack and walked over to the corpse. He took the man's wallet out of his back pocket and took all the money out of it, then tossed it on the ground. He was surprised by how calm he was in the situation. He felt very satisfied. He took a deep breath and looked around the yard, feeling oddly comfortable with the corpse still oozing blood onto the patchy and weed-ridden lawn.

He casually walked back across the yard, hopped the fence, and walked into the cemetery. He looked around and noticed for the first time that the night was altogether pleasant. It was brisk but only mildly so, the air was lightly perfumed with spring blossoms, and the moon was just starting to rise over the hills and cast its enchanting light. He smiled at how pleasant it all was.

Halfway through the cemetery his odd and unexpected euphoria wore off and a certain panic began to set in. He decided to use the panic to his advantage and began running. "Everything will be okay if I just follow the plan," he said to himself under his breath. "No one will know, I won't go to prison, it's okay," he continued under his breath, only half believing himself.

He ran back the way he'd come and into the woods again, trying to keep his heavy panting quiet. There he changed back into his regular clothes and walked almost blindly back to the cul-de-sac, his heart pounding so hard he felt like his chest would explode, and his lungs so labored he felt slightly lightheaded.

He got in the car and put the backpack on the floor by the passenger's seat. He took his camera out of it and set it on the passenger's seat. He drove from the cul-de-sac and turned right onto 92nd Avenue, turned right onto Prescott Street, took it to 102nd Avenue, and followed it to Sandy Boulevard, where he turned right, to where it met Killingsworth Street and the off and on ramps to I-205 while strictly following the speed limits. He waited at the lights then turned right, onto the freeway.

He took the freeway at 55 miles per hour, turned on the radio, tuned to All Classical 89.9^{FM} and listened to some Pachelbel to calm his nerves. Then they played Rachmaninov, which wasn't really music to calm down to but he was a little too distracted to try fiddling through his iPod for Brahms.

He drove with his hands stiff on the steering wheel across Glen Jackson Bridge, which oddly had no guardrail on it, just large cement blocks that a car could easily plough, lunging into the depths of the very deep, cold, and fast Columbia River waters.

He drove into the downward slope at Government Island where he saw the familiar white sign that read: "Oregon thanks you, please come back". Then he began the long ascent into Washington. There the bridge curved slightly and was lined with white lights like a runway. On the Washington side there wasn't much to look at. He took the first off ramp, which led under the bridge and around to the first on ramp, to drive back to Oregon.

Part of the way back down the bridge he could see all the shining lights in outer northeast Portland scattered over the miles. From there Rocky Butte looked like a bump in the landscape, its giant neon cross by the Catholic Grotto small and its search light at the very top of the hill a dot.

Between the top of the bridge and Government Island he pulled suddenly but carefully to the side of the road. Knowing that it was illegal to stop on the bridge and that a police officer could easily and quickly be called out there he rushed to grab his backpack and run to the edge of the bridge to hurl it as far as he could from the bridge. The bridge was so high and the night so dark he couldn't even see the backpack reach the waters below.

"It's a shame to let that gun go," he said. "I know it was dad's favorite. Oh well, I've still got the White Knight," he said while looking up at the car.

He rushed back to the car, grabbed his camera, and took a few pictures, then he used the zoom lens to make sure the backpack had sunken underwater. After carefully but quickly scanning the area he could see it was nowhere to be found. He breathed a partial sigh of relief then rushed back into his car.

He pulled quickly back into traffic and moved over into the left lane so he wouldn't wind up taking the exit onto Airport Way. He took the freeway the seven miles back into mid southeast Portland with his heart pounding and breath rushing so loudly he could hardly hear the music still

playing on the radio. He rolled down the window with the manual control and breathed in the fresh night air until his heart rate began to go down and he could finally catch his breath. He rolled the window back up just before he turned onto the Division Street exit. He waited at the stoplights politely, and continued from 92nd Avenue to 60th Avenue, where he turned right and drove up Yamhill Street, a very steep and uneven hill that zigzagged sharply over the patches of cobblestone that had yet to be paved over, and to one of the houses across from Mount Tabor Park.

He felt relieved as he pulled into the long, semi-oval driveway. He took his camera with him as he walked up the slight ramp to the large brick archway over the ornate antique wood and stained glass front door, unlocked it, and entered the large house.

In the spacious front room he took off his dirty shoes and left them by the door so he wouldn't disturb the hardwood floors or the colorful wool rugs. He walked past the vintage stained wood furniture and various Romantic and Post-Impressionistic paintings by the likes of John Constable, Nicolas Pousin, Gustave Monreau, and Henri Rousseau and into the kitchen where he made himself a cup of black tea since it always calmed him down in spite of the caffeine.

He walked out onto the large enclosed back porch and sat down on one of the soothingly comfortable chairs as he looked out at the silhouettes of the apple orchard.

"Hmm, mom's trees are doing better this year," he commented to himself.

Beyond the silhouettes he could see the downtown Portland skyline, which was about three miles west of his home. On a clear night he could see all the way into northwest Portland, to the high arches of Saint Johns Bridge, and all the way down into southwest Portland and Ross Island Bridge.

He remembered his parents teaching him by discussing issues. They'd all sit out here every Saturday after doing some light gardening and have a discussion and debate, sometimes inviting hired help to offer a working class perspective on some issue. They'd go over the Voter's Pamphlet with him every two and four years and discuss every candidate and measure. They didn't just tell him who and what they were voting for but why, and they'd discuss it with him, help him to draw his own logical conclusions about social issues, teaching him to read between the lines, not teaching him what to think but how to think.

He remembered the first time his mother sat out there after she returned from the hospital when Pro-Life Christians murdered his dad and nearly murdered her. He was upset that she was going to go forward with their help funding a new female wellness clinic in rural India despite how dangerous the opposition. She heard him out in her steady, decisive, analytical, and calm-only-on-the-surface manner, and then she spoke very steadily, looking at him through eyes that were still red from mourning, just as his were. She told him to get one of her files from his parents' den office, which he did. She said she hadn't wanted to show him because of how young he was but he would grow up fast now. She showed him pictures of women who'd had illegal abortions or abortions that were legal but not performed by medical staff because their country was too impoverished. Women dead from infections, women with intestines protruding from their vaginas because whatever non-medical implement had been used had perforated the uterine wall and the intestines had come out through it. "This," she said, "is why our family is pro-choice. This is why we never back down. If we don't stand up for these girls and women who will? Darian, they don't have anyone or anything, and look at us—we have everything." Her words echoed in his

head and he clung to them, determined never to forget what her voice sounded like. He had some old family videos they took of him when he was a toddler, but he wanted to remember their voices in his own head, without the aid of technology. He remembered what she talked about for hours that day as he, a nurse, and their maid all circled around, tending to her needs, asking “What does Señora Siobhán need?” She said that as a doctor and a mother it was hard to know there was a fetal heartbeat and it would be stopped, but illegalizing abortion never kept it from happening. She said when she and his dad volunteered in Sierra Leone every woman they met had a story of a girl or woman they’d known who’d died from an unsafe, illegal abortion. And they’d known many more who’d died from pregnancy and childbirth. And their mothers and fathers, Darian’s own grandparents back in New York, had grown up with girls in high school who’d been hospitalized from unsafe, illegal abortions. She said where it was illegal the law was wrong and she and his dad had been right. It was just that laws typically didn’t value the lives of women much.

He couldn’t help but relate to his parents’ deaths; his dad’s murderer was in prison but his mom’s murderer had raped women then been let out of prison to rape and murder his mom and then he didn’t go to prison again. He’d sued for police brutality, claimed he’d had a hard childhood, and been set free. The message was clear: murder a man and you get life in prison, rape and murder a woman and you’re set free. Darian knew he was right and what he’d done was right, it was the law that was wrong.

She’d continued to raise money to save women’s lives, and he’d gone with her to greet guests of art auctions and other fundraisers, in spite of the occasional Pro-Life protesters outside that always made Darian worried they would shoot and kill his mom just as they’d murdered so many others with guns and explosives, and threatened them with anthrax, and made other death threats. They sometimes sent her death threats but she never gave up, never cowered, and was the picture of quiet, insurmountable strength.

Dirk Watkins had been hit, kicked, scratched, and bitten by her. It had been no easy task subduing her... Darian tried to put her torment out of his mind. It was over and done now, her killer was dead. He breathed heavily trying to feel relief and there was some, but she was still dead. He’d been through this before and knew how it would go; the first year is the hardest, going through all the holidays and everything without a loved one, and then as the years go by it gets less and less painful, but they’re always not there so it will always hurt to some extent but you have to get on with your life anyway.

Almost an hour passed before he finally felt calmed down. It was the house and the yard that did it for him. There was so much about the place that reminded him of his parents that he could never really feel alone while he was there. He sat up drinking his tea until he finally began to feel drowsy. He tried to calm himself down further by telling himself that they would not come after him. That any evidence they could come up with—the fact that he was in the area of the *thing* that night for example—was purely circumstantial. Besides, he was a rich white man who lived in a good neighborhood and who’d come from parents who were the same way, so really who would ever come after him or believe that he of all people could be capable of such a thing? And, if all else failed, the man had raped and murdered his mom, so really what jury would be able to hold his act of *vengeance* against him? Who would want to see him in jail? No one would.

He put on All Classical, which was playing Bach—Darian’s favorite—while he made and drank another cup of tea. He left the tea half unfinished in the kitchen sink, turned off the radio,

and went upstairs with his camera. He put his camera by his computer and printer in his painting room, which was basically another enclosed deck atop the first one, overlooking the city with an even better view of everything.

He walked through the large double doors he'd had put in between his bedroom and his workroom and took off all his clothes. They seemed dreadfully dirty to him by now and he was happy to throw them in the clothes hamper. He took a quick hot shower before going to bed.

As he lay on fresh purple cotton sheets under a fluffy red down comforter he felt exhausted and relieved. Exhaustion won over quickly and he fell fast asleep.

(From *Live Boldly, Fear Nothing: a Vigilante and a Painter, a Novel, 3rd Edition* by Ava Collopy; Available through Amazon/Kindle, for free on Kindle Unlimited, and elsewhere.)