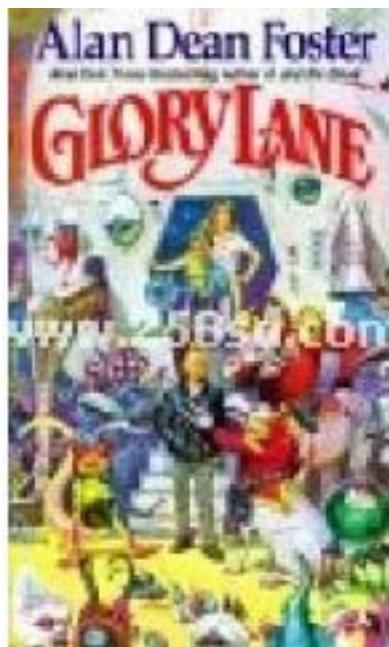


# Glory Lane



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著者:

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It was always slow in Albuquerque on Tuesday nights but tonight was worse than usual. Man it was dead. Seeth Ransom fumed. He couldn't even find a stray cat to kick around. So he was forced to fall back on the old standby of giving passing motorists the finger and smirking as they pretended not to notice speeding up slightly as they hurried on past their eyes fixed unwaveringly to the road ahead. The pleasure this provided was decidedly muted but it was better than nothing. At least the world was compelled to take notice of him. Still there was no denying the night was dull enough to bore a turtle. He checked the watch he wore high up on his forearm so that his friends wouldn't know he had the slightest interest in what time it was. A little past nine. He considered returning to the

apartment<sup>1/4</sup> just giving up on the night<sup>br</sup> and crashing til tomorrow. Trouble was<sup>1/4</sup> the day would<sup>br</sup> be more boring than the night. Besides which<sup>1/4</sup> the place<sup>br</sup> was probably full to overflowing by now. The bed<sup>1/4</sup> couch<sup>1/4</sup><sup>br</sup> and kitchen table would be occupied. The Hole filled<sup>br</sup> up fast. If you showed too late you had your choice of<sup>br</sup><sup>br</sup>

作者介绍:

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