

In a maneuver that would have done Baryshnikov proud, I vaulted myself up and past all three. What had stopped him was apparently the body of a young woman with blonde hair, leaning up against the westernmost door pilaster, in what looked like an almost relaxed and comfortable repose. Her face was turned to one side and down. In a *dance macabre*, her blonde locks were held in place by her pulled-askew coat collar and the scarf under it, masking her identity, while sharp exhales of air from the capricious storm, laced with ice pellets, tried to yank them aside. As I rapidly scoured the street and opposite sidewalk, training my .40 as I went, out of the corner of my eye I saw Colsne reach to free her tresses from the tightly pulled tippet. An invisible fist rammed into my stomach; at least my guts felt like it. I stared in complete disbelief at Eleanor's younger sister, Allison.