



BY MARY HIGGINS CLARK

*Kiss the Girls and Make Them Cry*

*I've Got My Eyes on You*

*All By Myself, Alone*

*As Time Goes By*

*The Melody Lingers On*

*Deaths Wears a Beauty*

*Mask and Other Stories*

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MARY  
HIGGINS  
CLARK

# All Around the Town

*Simon & Schuster Paperbacks*

NEW YORK AMSTERDAM/ANTWERP LONDON  
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An Imprint of Simon & Schuster, LLC  
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New York, NY 10020

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This Simon & Schuster trade paperback edition July 2026

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Manufactured in the United States of America

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data has been applied for.

ISBN 978-1-6682-2150-1 (pbk)  
ISBN 978-0-7432-0619-8 (ebook)



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# Part One



# I

June 1974  
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Ten minutes before it happened, four-year-old Laurie Kenyon was sitting cross-legged on the floor of the den rearranging the furniture in her dollhouse. She was tired of playing alone and wanted to go in the pool. From the dining room she could hear the voices of Mommy and the ladies who used to go to school with her in New York. They were talking and laughing while they ate lunch.

Mommy had told her that because Sarah, her big sister, was at a birthday party for other twelve-year-olds, Beth, who sometimes minded her at night, would come over to swim with Laurie. But the minute Beth arrived she started making phone calls.

Laurie pushed back the long blond hair that felt warm on her face. She had gone upstairs a long time ago and changed into her new pink bathing suit. Maybe it reminded Beth again . . .

Beth was curled up on the couch, the phone stuck between her shoulder and ear. Laurie tugged on her arm. "I'm all ready."

Beth looked mad. "In a minute, honey," she said. "I'm having a very important discussion." Laurie heard her sigh into the phone. "I *hate* baby-sitting."

Laurie went to the window. A long car was slowly passing the house. Behind it was an open car filled with flowers, then a lot more cars with their lights on. Whenever she saw cars like that Laurie always

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used to say that a parade was coming, but Mommy said no, that they were funerals on the way to the cemetery. Even so, they made Laurie *think* of a parade, and she loved to run down the driveway and wave to the people in the cars. Sometimes they waved back.

Beth clicked down the receiver. Laurie was just about to ask her if they could go out and watch the rest of the cars go by when Beth picked up the phone again.

Beth was *mean*, Laurie told herself. She tiptoed out to the foyer and peeked into the dining room. Mommy and her friends were still talking and laughing. Mommy was saying, “Can you *believe* we graduated from the Villa thirty-two years ago?”

The lady next to her said, “Well, Marie, at least *you* can lie about it. You’ve got a four-year-old daughter. I’ve got a four-year-old *grand-daughter!*”

“We still look pretty darn good,” somebody else said, and they all laughed again.

They didn’t even bother to look at Laurie. They were mean too. The pretty music box Mommy’s friend had brought her was on the table. Laurie picked it up. It was only a few steps to the screen door. She opened it noiselessly, hurried across the porch and ran down the driveway to the road. There were still cars passing the house. She waved.

She watched until they were out of sight, then sighed, hoping that the company would go home soon. She wound up the music box and heard the tinkling sound of a piano and voices singing, “‘Eastside, westside . . .’”

“Little girl.”

Laurie hadn’t noticed the car pull over and stop. A woman was driving. The man sitting next to her got out, picked Laurie up, and before she knew what was happening she was squeezed between them in the front seat. Laurie was too surprised to say anything. The man was smiling at her, but it wasn’t a nice smile. The woman’s hair was

hanging around her face, and she didn't wear lipstick. The man had a beard, and his arms had a lot of curly hair. Laurie was pressed against him so hard she could feel it.

The car began to move. Laurie clutched the music box. Now the voices were singing: "All around the town . . . Boys and girls together . . ."

"Where are we going?" she asked. She remembered that she wasn't supposed to go out to the road alone. Mommy would be mad at her. She could feel tears in her eyes.

The woman looked so angry. The man said, "All around the town, little girl. All around the town."

## 2

Sarah hurried along the side of the road, carefully carrying a piece of birthday cake on a paper plate. Laurie loved chocolate filling, and Sarah wanted to make it up to her for not playing with her while Mommy had company.

She was a bony long-legged twelve-year-old, with wide gray eyes, carrot red hair that frizzed in dampness, milk-white skin and a splash of freckles across her nose. She looked like neither of her parents—her mother was petite, blond and blue eyed; her father’s gray hair had originally been dark brown.

It worried Sarah that John and Marie Kenyon were so much older than the other kids’ parents. She was always afraid they might die before she grew up. Her mother had once explained to her, “We’d been married fifteen years and I’d given up hope of ever having a baby, but when I was thirty-seven I knew you were on the way. Like a gift. Then eight years later when Laurie was born—oh, Sarah, it was a miracle!”

When she was in the second grade, Sarah remembered asking Sister Catherine which was better, a gift or a miracle?

“A miracle is the greatest gift a human being can receive,” Sister Catherine had said. That afternoon, when Sarah suddenly began to cry in class, she fibbed and said it was because her stomach was sick.

Even though she knew Laurie was the favorite, Sarah still loved her

parents fiercely. When she was ten she had made a bargain with God. If He wouldn't let Daddy or Mommy die before she was grown, she would clean up the kitchen every night, help to take care of Laurie and never chew gum again. She was keeping her side of the bargain, and so far God was listening to her.

An unconscious smile touching her lips, she turned the corner of Twin Oaks Road and stared. Two police cars were in her driveway, their lights flashing. A lot of neighbors were clustered outside, even the brand-new people from two houses down, whom they hadn't even really met. They all looked scared and sad, holding their kids tightly by the hand.

Sarah began to run. Maybe Mommy or Daddy was sick. Richie Johnson was standing on the lawn. He was in her class at Mount Carmel. Sarah asked Richie why everyone was there.

He looked sorry for her. Laurie was missing, he told her. Old Mrs. Whelan had seen a man take her into a car, but hadn't realized Laurie was being kidnapped . . .

# 3

1974–1976  
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

**T**hey wouldn't take her home.

They drove a long time and took her to a dirty house, way out in the woods somewhere. They slapped her if she cried. The man kept picking her up and hugging her. Then he would carry her upstairs. She tried to make him stop, but he laughed at her. They called her Lee. Their names were Bic and Opal. After a while she found ways to slip away from them, in her mind. Sometimes she just floated on the ceiling and watched what was happening to the little girl with the long blond hair. Sometimes she felt sorry for the little girl. Other times she made fun of her. Sometimes when they let her sleep alone she dreamt of other people, Mommy and Daddy and Sarah. But then she'd start to cry again and they'd hit her, so she made herself forget Mommy and Daddy and Sarah. *That's good*, a voice in her head told her. *Forget all about them.*

# 4

At first the police were at the house every day, and Laurie's picture was on the front page of the New Jersey and New York papers. Beyond tears, Sarah watched her mother and father on "Good Morning America," pleading with whoever took Laurie to bring her back.

Dozens of people phoned saying they'd seen Laurie, but none of the leads was useful. The police had hoped there'd be a demand for ransom, but there was none.

The summer dragged on. Sarah watched as her mother's face became haunted and bleak, as her father reached constantly for the nitroglycerin pills in his pocket. Every morning they went to the 7 A.M. mass and prayed for Laurie to be sent home. Frequently at night Sarah awoke to hear her mother's sobbing, her father's exhausted attempts to comfort her. "It was a miracle that Laurie was born. We'll count on another miracle to bring her back to us," she heard him say.

School started again. Sarah had always been a good student. Now she pored over the books, finding that she could blot out her own relentless sorrow by escaping into study. A natural athlete, she began taking golf and tennis lessons. Still she missed her little sister, with aching pain. She wondered if God was punishing her for the times

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she'd resented all the attention paid to Laurie. She hated herself for going to the birthday party that day and pushed aside the thought that Laurie was strictly forbidden to go out front alone. She promised that if God would send Laurie back to them she would always, *always* take care of her.

# 5

The summer passed. The wind began to blow through the cracks in the walls. Laurie was always cold. One day Opal came back with long-sleeved shirts and overalls and a winter jacket. It wasn't pretty like the one Laurie used to wear. When it got warm again they gave her some other clothes, shorts and shirts and sandals. Another winter went by. Laurie watched the leaves on the big old tree in front of the house begin to bud and open, and then all the branches were filled with them.

Bic had an old typewriter in the bedroom. It made a loud clatter that Laurie could hear when she was cleaning up the kitchen or watching television. The clatter was a good sound. It meant that Bic wouldn't bother with her.

After a while, he'd come out of the bedroom holding a bunch of papers in his hand and start reading them aloud to Laurie and Opal. He always shouted and he always ended with the same words, "Hallelujah. Amen!" After he was finished, he and Opal would sing together. Practicing, they called it. Songs about God and going home.

Home. It was a word that her voices told Laurie not to think about anymore.

Laurie never saw anyone else. Only Bic and Opal. And when they went out, they locked her in the basement. It happened a lot. It was

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scary down there. The window was almost at the ceiling and had boards over it. The basement was filled with shadows, and sometimes they seemed to move around. Each time, Laurie tried to go to sleep right away on the mattress they left on the floor.

Bic and Opal almost never had company. If someone did come to the house, Laurie was put down in the basement with her leg chained to the pipe, so she couldn't go up the stairs and knock on the door. "And don't you dare call us," Bic warned her. "You'd get in big trouble, and, anyhow, we couldn't hear you."

After they'd been out they usually brought money home. Sometimes not much. Sometimes a lot. Quarters and dollar bills, mostly.

They let her go out in the backyard with them. They showed her how to weed the vegetable garden and gather the eggs from the chicken coop. There was a newborn baby chick they told her she could keep as her pet. She played with it whenever she went outside. Sometimes when they locked her in the basement and went away they let her keep it with her.

Until the bad day when Bic killed it.

Early one morning they began to pack—just their clothes and the television set and Bic's typewriter. Bic and Opal were laughing and singing, "Ha-lay-loo-ya."

"A fifteen-thousand-watt station in Ohio!" Bic shouted, "Bible Belt, here we come!"

They drove for two hours. Then from the backseat where she was crunched against the battered old suitcases, Laurie heard Opal say, "Let's go into a diner and get a decent meal. Nobody will pay any attention to her. Why should they?"

Bic said, "You're right." Then he looked quickly over his shoulder

at Laurie. “Opal will order a sandwich and milk for you. Don’t you talk to anybody, you hear?”

They went to a place with a long counter and tables and chairs. Laurie was so hungry that she could almost taste the bacon she could smell frying. But there was something else. She could remember being in a place like this with the other people. A sob that she couldn’t force back rose in her throat. Bic gave her a push to follow Opal, and she began to cry. Cry so hard she couldn’t get her breath. She could see the lady at the cash register staring at her. Bic grabbed her and hustled her out to the parking lot, Opal beside him.

Bic threw her in the backseat of the car, and he and Opal rushed to get in front. As Opal slammed her foot on the gas pedal, he reached for her. She tried to duck when the hairy hand swung forward and back across her face. But after the first blow she didn’t feel any pain. She just felt sorry for the little girl who was crying so hard.

# 6

June 1976  
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Sarah sat with her mother and father watching the program about missing children. The last segment was about Laurie. Pictures of her taken just before she disappeared. A computerized image that showed how she would probably look today, two years after she'd been kidnapped.

When the program ended, Marie Kenyon ran from the room screaming, "I want my baby. I want my baby."

Tears running down her face, Sarah listened to her father's agonized attempt to comfort her mother. "Maybe this program will be the instrument of a miracle," he said. He did not sound as if he believed it.

It was Sarah who answered the phone an hour later. Bill Conners, the police chief of Ridgewood, had always treated Sarah as an adult. "Your folks pretty upset after the program, honey?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I don't know whether to get their hopes up, but a call has come in that may be promising. A cashier in a diner in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is positive she saw Laurie this afternoon."

"This afternoon!" Sarah felt her breath stop.

"She'd been worried because the little girl suddenly became hysterical. But it was no tantrum. She was practically choking herself trying to stop crying. The Harrisburg police have Laurie's updated picture."

“Who was with her?”

“A man and woman. Hippie types. Unfortunately the description is pretty vague. The cashier’s attention was on the kid, so she hardly got a glimpse of the couple.”

He left it to Sarah to decide whether it was wise to tell her parents, to raise her parents’ hopes. She made another bargain with God. “Let this be their miracle. Let the Harrisburg police find Laurie. I’ll take care of her forever.”

She hurried upstairs to offer her mother and father the new reason to hope.

# 7

The car started to have trouble a little while after they left the diner. Every time they slowed down in traffic the engine sputtered and died. The third time it happened and cars had to pull out from behind them, Opal said, “Bic, when we break down for good and a cop comes along, you’d better be careful. He might start asking questions about her.” She jerked her head toward Laurie.

Bic told her to look for a gas station and pull off the road. When they found one, he made Laurie lie down on the floor and piled garbage bags filled with old clothes over her before they drove in.

The car needed a lot of work; it wouldn’t be ready till the next day. There was a motel next to the gas station. The attendant said it was cheap and pretty comfortable.

They drove over to the motel. Bic went inside the office and came back with the key. They drove around to the room and rushed Laurie inside. Then, after Bic drove the car back to the gas station, they watched television for the rest of the afternoon. Bic brought in hamburgers for dinner. Laurie fell asleep just when the program came on about missing children. She woke up to hear Bic cursing. *Keep your eyes shut*, a voice warned her. *He’s going to take it out on you.*

“The cashier got a good look at her,” Opal was saying. “Suppose she’s watching this. We’ll have to get rid of her.”

The next afternoon, Bic went to get the car by himself. When he came back he sat Laurie on the bed and held her arms against her. “What’s my name?” he asked her.

“Bic.”

He jerked his head at Opal. “What’s her name?”

“Opal.”

“I want you to forget that. I want you to forget us. Don’t you ever talk about us. Do you understand, Lee?”

Laurie did not understand. *Say yes*, a voice whispered impatiently. *Nod your head and say yes.*

“Yes,” she said softly and felt her head nodding.

“Remember the time I cut the head off the chicken?” Bic asked.

She shut her eyes. The chicken had flopped around the yard, blood spilling out from its neck. Then it had fallen on her feet. She had tried to scream as the blood sprayed over her, but no sound came out. She never went near the chickens after that. Sometimes she dreamed that the headless chicken was running after her.

“Remember?” Bic asked, tightening his grip on her arms.

“Yes.”

“We have to go away. We’re going to leave you where people will find you. If you ever tell anyone my name or Opal’s name or the name we called you or where we lived or anything that we did together, I’m going to come with the chicken knife and cut your head off. Do you understand that?”

The knife. Long and sharp and streaked with blood from the chicken.

“Promise you won’t tell anybody,” Bic demanded.

“Promise, promise,” she mumbled desperately.

They got in the car. Once more they made her lie on the floor. It was so hot. The garbage bags stuck to her skin.

When it was dark they stopped in front of a big building. Bic took

her out of the car. "This is a school," he told her. "Tomorrow morning a lot of people will come, and other kids you can play with. Stay here and wait for them."

She shrank from his moist kiss, his fierce hug. "I'm crazy about you," he said, "but remember, if you say one word about us . . ." He lifted his arm, closed his fist as though he was holding a knife and made a slashing motion on her neck.

"I promise," she sobbed, "I promise."

Opal handed her a bag with cookies and a Coke. She watched them drive off. She knew that if she didn't stay right here they'd come back to hurt her. It was so dark. She could hear animals scurrying in the woods nearby.

Laurie shrank against the door of the building and wrapped her arms around her body. She'd been hot all day and now she was cold and she was so scared. Maybe the headless chicken was running around out there. She began to tremble.

*Look at the 'fraidy cat.* She slipped away to be part of the jeering voice that was laughing at the small figure huddled at the entrance to the school.

# 8

Police Chief Conners phoned again in the morning. The lead looked promising, he said. A child who answered Laurie's description had been found when the caretaker arrived to open a school in a rural area near Pittsburgh. They were rushing Laurie's fingerprints there.

An hour later he phoned back. The prints were a perfect match. Laurie was coming home.

# 9

John and Marie Kenyon flew to Pittsburgh. Laurie had been taken to a hospital to be checked out. The next day on the noon edition of the TV news, Sarah watched as her mother and father left the hospital, Laurie between them. Sarah crouched in front of the set and gripped it with her hands. Laurie was taller. The waterfall of blond hair was shaggy. She was very thin. But it was more than that. Laurie had always been so friendly. Now even though she kept her head down, her eyes darted around as if she were looking for something she was afraid to find.

The reporters were bombarding them with questions. John Kenyon's voice was strained and tired as he said, "The doctors tell us Laurie is in good health, even though she is a touch underweight. Of course she's confused and frightened."

"Has she talked about the kidnappers?"

"She hasn't talked about anything. Please, we're so grateful for your interest and concern, but it would be a great kindness to allow our family to reunite quietly." Her father's voice was almost pleading.

"Is there any sign that she was molested?"

Sarah saw the shock on her mother's face. "Absolutely not!" she said. Her tone was appalled. "We believe that people who wanted

a child took Laurie. We only hope they don't put another family through this nightmare.”

Sarah needed to release the frantic energy that was churning inside her. She made Laurie's bed with the Cinderella sheets that Laurie loved. She arranged Laurie's favorite toys around her room, the twin dolls in their strollers, the dollhouse, the bear, her Peter Rabbit books. She folded Laurie's security blanket on the pillow.

Sarah bicycled to the store to buy cheese and pasta and chopped meat. Laurie loved lasagna. While Sarah was making it, she was constantly interrupted by phone calls. She managed to convince everyone to put off visiting for at least a few days.

They were due home at six o'clock. By five-thirty the lasagna was in the oven, the salad in the refrigerator, the table set for four again. Sarah went upstairs to change. She studied herself in the mirror. Would Laurie remember her? In the past two years she'd grown from five-four to five-seven. Her hair was short. It used to be shoulder-length. She used to be straight up and down. Now that she was fourteen her breasts had begun to fill out. She wore contact lenses instead of glasses.

That last night, before Laurie had been kidnapped, Sarah remembered that she had worn jeans and a long T-shirt to dinner. She still had the T-shirt in her closet. She put it on with jeans.

Crews with television cameras were in the driveway when the car pulled up. Groups of neighbors and friends waited in the background. Everyone began to cheer when the car door opened and John and Marie Kenyon led Laurie out.

Sarah ran to her little sister and dropped on her knees. “Laurie,” she said softly. She stretched out her hands and watched as Laurie's hands fled to cover her face. She's afraid I'll hit her, Sarah thought.

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It was she who picked Laurie up and took her inside the house as her parents once again spoke to the media.

Laurie did not show any sign that she remembered the house. She did not speak to them. At dinner she ate silently, her eyes looking down at the plate. When she had finished she got up, brought her plate to the sink and began to clear the table.

Marie stood up. "Darling, you don't have to—"

"Leave her alone, Mom," Sarah whispered. She helped Laurie clear, talking to her about what a big girl she was and how Laurie always used to help her with the dishes. Remember?

Afterwards they went into the den and Sarah turned on the television. Laurie pulled away trembling when Marie and John asked her to sit between them. "She's frightened," Sarah warned. "Pretend she isn't here."

Her mother's eyes filled with tears, but she managed to look absorbed in the program. Laurie sat cross-legged on the floor, choosing a spot where she could see but not be seen.

At nine o'clock when Marie suggested a nice warm bath and going to bed, Laurie panicked. She pressed her knees against her chest and buried her face in her hands. Sarah and her father exchanged glances.

"Poor little tyke," he said. "You don't have to go to bed now." Sarah saw in his eyes the same denial she had seen in her mother's. "It's just everything is so strange for you, isn't it?"

Marie was trying to hide the fact that she was weeping. "She's afraid of us," she murmured.

No, Sarah thought. She's afraid to go to bed. Why?

They left the television on. At quarter of ten, Laurie stretched out on the floor and fell asleep. It was Sarah who carried her up, changed

her, tucked her into bed, slipped the security blanket between her arms and under her chin.

John and Marie tiptoed in and sat on either side of the small white bed, absorbing the miracle that had been granted them. They did not notice when Sarah slipped from the room.

Laurie slept long and late. In the morning Sarah looked in on her, drinking in the blessed sight of the long hair spilling on the pillow, the small figure nestling the security blanket against her face. She repeated the promise she had made to God. "I will always take care of her."

Her mother and father were already up. Both looked exhausted but radiant with joy. "We kept going in to see if she was really there," Marie said. "Sarah, we were just saying we couldn't have made it through these two years without you."

Sarah helped her mother prepare Laurie's favorite breakfast, pancakes and bacon. Laurie pattered into the room a few minutes later, the nightgown that used to be ankle length now stopping at her calves, her security blanket trailing behind her.

She climbed on Marie's lap. "Mommy," she said, her tone injured. "Yesterday I wanted to go in the pool and Beth kept talking on the phone."



# Part Two



# 10

September 12, 1991  
Ridgewood, New Jersey

During the mass, Sarah kept glancing sideways at Laurie. The sight of the two caskets at the steps of the sanctuary had clearly mesmerized her. She was staring at them, tearless now, seemingly unaware of the music, the prayers, the eulogy. Sarah had to put a hand under Laurie's elbow to remind her to stand or kneel.

At the end of the mass, as Monsignor Fisher blessed the coffins, Laurie whispered, "Mommy, Daddy, I'm sorry. I won't go out front alone again."

"Laurie," Sarah whispered.

Laurie looked at her with unseeing eyes, then turned and with a puzzled expression studied the crowded church. "So many people." Her voice sounded timid and young.

The closing hymn was "Amazing Grace."

With the rest of the congregation, a couple near the back of the church began to sing, softly at first, but he was used to leading the music. As always he got carried away, his pure baritone becoming louder, soaring above the others, swelling over the thinner voice of the soloist. People turned distracted, admiring.

"I once was lost but now am found . . ."

Through the pain and grief, Laurie felt icy terror. The voice. Ringing through her head, through her being.

*I am lost, she wailed silently. I am lost.*

They were moving the caskets.

The wheels of the bier holding her mother's casket squealed.

She heard the measured steps of the pallbearers.

Then the clattering of the typewriter.

*“ . . . was blind but now I see.”*

“No! No!” Laurie shrieked as she crumpled into merciful darkness.

Several dozen of Laurie's classmates from Clinton College had attended the mass, along with a sprinkling of faculty. Allan Grant, Professor of English, was there and with shocked eyes watched Laurie collapse.

Grant was one of the most popular teachers at Clinton. Just turned forty, he had thick, somewhat unruly brown hair, liberally streaked with gray. Large dark brown eyes that expressed humor and intelligence were the best feature in his somewhat long face. His lanky body and casual dress completed an appearance that many young women undergraduates found irresistible.

Grant was genuinely interested in his students. Laurie had been in one of his classes every year since she entered Clinton. He knew her personal history and had been curious to see if there might be any observable aftereffects of her abduction. The only time he'd picked up anything had been in his creative writing class. Laurie was incapable of writing a personal memoir. On the other hand, her critiques of books, authors and plays were insightful and thought-provoking.

Three days ago she had been in his class when the word came for her to go to the office immediately. The class was ending and, sensing trouble, he had accompanied her. As they hurried across the campus, she'd told him that her mother and father were driving down to switch cars with her. She'd forgotten to have her convertible inspected and had returned to college in her mother's sedan. “They're probably

just running late,” she’d said, obviously trying to reassure herself. “My mother says I’m too much of a worrier about them. But she hasn’t been that well and Dad is almost seventy-two.”

Somberly the dean told them that there had been a multivehicle accident on Route 78.

Allan Grant drove Laurie to the hospital. Her sister, Sarah, was already there, her cloud of dark red hair framing a face dominated by large gray eyes that were filled with grief. Grant had met Sarah at a number of college functions and been impressed with the young assistant prosecutor’s protective attitude toward Laurie.

One look at her sister’s face was enough to make Laurie realize that her parents were dead. Over and over she kept moaning “my fault, my fault,” seeming not to hear Sarah’s tearful insistence that she must not blame herself.

Distressed, Grant watched as an usher carried Laurie from the nave of the church, Sarah beside him. The organist began to play the recessional hymn. The pallbearers, led by the monsignor, started to walk slowly down the aisle. In the row in front of him, Grant saw a man making his way to the end of the pew. “Please excuse me. I’m a doctor,” he was saying, his voice low but authoritative.

Some instinct made Allan Grant slip into the aisle and follow him to the small room off the vestibule where Laurie had been taken. She was lying on two chairs that had been pushed together. Sarah, her face chalk white, was bending over her.

“Let me . . .” The doctor touched Sarah’s arm.

Laurie stirred and moaned.

The doctor raised her eyelids, felt her pulse. “She’s coming around but she must be taken home. She’s in no condition to go to the cemetery.”

“I know.”

Allan saw how desperately Sarah was trying to keep her own composure. “Sarah,” he said. She turned, seemingly aware of him for the first time. “Sarah, let me go back to the house with Laurie. She’ll be okay with me.”

“Oh, would you?” For an instant gratitude replaced the strain and grief in her expression. “Some of the neighbors are there preparing food, but Laurie trusts you so much. I’d be so relieved.”

*“I once was lost but now am found . . .”*

A hand was coming at her holding the knife, the knife dripping with blood, slashing through the air. Her shirt and overalls were soaked with blood. She could feel the sticky warmth on her face. Something was flopping at her feet. The knife was coming. . .

Laurie opened her eyes. She was in bed in her own room. It was dark. What happened?

She remembered. The church. The caskets. The singing.

“Sarah!” she shrieked, “Sarah! Where are you?”