

FALLOUT

ALSO BY WIL MARA

Wave

The Gemini Virus

FALLOUT

WIL MARA



A TOM DOHERTY ASSOCIATES BOOK
NEW YORK

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

FALLOUT

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For Tracey

*To everything there is a season
And a time to every purpose under heaven*

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FALLOUT

PROLOGUE

A tiny guardhouse stood off to the side where the gravelly, hard-packed road was bisected by a chain-link fence and sliding gate. The road was framed by wild overgrowth and the guardhouse was similarly untended; the glass-and-aluminum structure, scratched and dented and just slightly askew, resembling an old phone booth—the kind with a folding door. The man sitting on the worn chair inside was old enough to remember using that kind of booth, but the last one he'd seen was in a museum in San Francisco, when he'd visited there in the summer of 2043.

About halfway up the guardhouse's front window, an iPad was attached to the glass by a single strip of adhesive capable of securing more than three hundred pounds to any surface, yet could be removed without so much as a scratch or a blemish. As a veteran of the security business, Al Snyder had insisted on being given some kind of entertainment device to help him while away the long hours. When his boss scoffed at this request, Snyder grumbled something about a brother-in-law who happened to be a lawyer. The boss didn't know if he was being truthful or not but decided it wasn't worth the risk or the bother. New iPads were cheap now—an impulse purchase in the checkout line—and the

satellite connection was free. If it only cost a few bucks to shut the guy up, it was worth it.

Removing the lid from his coffee, Snyder sipped as he watched the Yankees blow another game. It was a replay of the previous night's matchup, which he had been too tired to watch. The Yanks' lead had been thin in the first place and had slipped away as soon as the middle relievers came out. Some things never changed. The guard yearned for the days of Jeter and Pettitte, Williams, and Rivera. But that was all ancient history now. Even Jeter's son had come and gone, a phenomenal talent like his father but trapped on a ship of fools. The Yankees had reached the playoffs just once in the 2030s, and had been hammered by Cleveland in the first round.

When they stranded two runners to end the eighth, the guard cursed at the screen, then told the iPad to change to ESPN when a commercial came on. There was a commercial on the new channel, too, and he cursed again.

A vehicle appeared in the distance, a cloud of dust billowing up behind it.

"Who the hell is this now?" he mumbled.

He'd held his current post for almost eight years and had seen exactly three vehicles approach the gate in all that time—until a few weeks ago, that is. Since then, the average had leaped to five or six a day. They were government rigs, military mostly, but also some agency sedans. And then, very recently, everyday people in everyday vehicles. He didn't know what was going on because no one told him anything. Something in the equation was clearly changing, and he couldn't shake the feeling he might not be pulling a paycheck much longer.

When the approaching vehicle was close enough, he saw

that it was a black limousine. This had to be the one he'd gotten the call about late yesterday afternoon.

You're going to have a special visitor tomorrow, arriving in a limo. Let them through, no questions asked.

When he inquired as to the special visitor's identity, his boss blew him off. Since then, he'd been in a foul mood. He didn't like visitors in his little corner of the universe, and the sudden increase in the volume of traffic after so many years of blissful isolation had kept him on edge for weeks now. At least he'd gotten to enjoy the power rush that came with making government personnel defer to him, if only for a few moments while he reviewed their paperwork and confirmed their appointments. But this here—*Let them through, no questions asked*—this didn't sit well at all.

Snyder turned back to the iPad. "What time is it?"

A dark moiré pattern overrode a commercial for American Airlines, and the time appeared in giant numbers—10:00:14 A.M. His highfalutin visitors were right on schedule.

"Thanks," he said, and the time vanished.

He didn't tuck in his striped uniform shirt on any other day, and he wasn't going to now. Stepping out of the booth, he defied orders and held a hand high, bringing the limo squealing to a halt. He did his best to appear indifferent while giving the car a good lookover. All the glass save for the windshield was smoked dark, denying him any glimpse of his guest and doubling his determination to be obstinate. Maybe he'd have no choice but to let them pass in the end, but for now he still had the key to the gate.

The driver's door opened and a man got out. His tie was pulled loose and he wore no jacket or livery cap.

"Please open the gate if you wouldn't mind," he said

evenly, demonstrating neither respect nor contempt. “We’ve got a schedule.”

Snyder retrieved a tablet from his booth, this one so beat up it looked as though it’d been kicked around by a bunch of kids. Taking the stylus from its clip, he said, “I need to know who’s coming through.”

“You’ve been contacted about that. Please, we’re running a little behind because of all the traffic at the last checkpoint. The media is everywhere, as I’m sure I don’t have to tell you.”

Again the driver’s tone was altogether professional, making it difficult for Snyder to estimate how far he could push.

“You know this area has been quarantined for over thirty years, right?” he asked.

“Yes, we know,”

“Okay, so I can’t just—”

A door opened on the far side of the car and its lone passenger stepped out, a fiftyish woman dressed in a black pantsuit. She was strikingly attractive and had the general air of one who lived better than most. As soon the guard saw her face, his mouth fell open.

“Is that—?”

“Excuse me for a moment,” the driver said, putting up a finger as he started toward the woman. “Ma’am, are you okay?”

“Yes, thank you, I’m fine.”

She walked to the gate and stopped, her gaze fixed on what lay beyond. The gravel road rose gently to the horizon, the overgrowth thickening to include a few scant oaks and maples. About a hundred yards along, concrete barriers shaped like giant jumping jacks had been dragged aside.

Beyond them, the hard-packed gravel became macadam, mostly broken and potholed. The weedy earth had made some progress moving inward as it attempted to reclaim its territory.

The woman barely noticed any of this; her mind was rapidly filling with the memories she had struggled for years to suppress. The relentless wail of the ambulances . . . the beating pulse of the helicopters . . . the screaming cries of both children and adults. She could still see it all in her mind so clearly. *A mother running clumsily down a road with a baby under her arm, the headlights of a military transport bouncing behind her. A middle-aged couple taking turns carrying their unconscious eight-year-old son. Two men whose cars had collided because neither would give the other the right of way having a fistfight in the street as their families watched in horror.*

The call to return to this place came two weeks ago—a call she hoped would either come sooner than later, or never at all. She had imagined it so many times, lived through it in a thousand dreams and nightmares.

“Ma’am?” the driver asked, moving closer. “We should go or we’re going to be late.”

She nodded. “I know.”

She turned back to the car. The guard hustled to the gate and pulled the keys out of his pocket. The lock was undone, the chain removed, and the gate rolled aside.

The woman got back into the limousine without another word. Then she closed her eyes and breathed deep.

1

PRESENT DAY

He'd better not use the storm as an excuse to get out of the interview, Marla thought as she followed the snakelike flow of CR-522. If he does, I'm going to make his life miserable. It had taken six months of pestering to get Andrew Corwin to commit, and he'd already rescheduled twice.

Marla took no notice of the beautiful green hills that rose and fell around her. She kept one eye on the road and another on her iPhone, which was propped against her bag in the passenger seat. She expected at any moment to see Corwin's number on the screen—a call or, worse, a text message—canceling. He backed out via text last time, so he wasn't above that kind of cowardice. He hadn't even bothered to make up an explanation; just, "Sorry, we have to do it another day." The storm that was coming would provide another excuse.

The weather had been the only topic of conversation in Silver Lake's business district, which was now about eight miles behind her. They were discussing it on the local news as she got dressed in her townhouse, in the diner as she went over her notes, and at the gas station as she filled up her little Honda. Residents traded tips about using sump pumps,

patching leaky roofs, storing lawn furniture, and whether or not they really needed to board up the windows.

There were two or three big storms every spring in this area; Marla knew this because she'd spent most of her thirty-eight years here. Some of those storms had been both spectacular and destructive. This one, however, was supposed to be on another level altogether; a "tempest for the ages," according to one forecaster. Twenty inches of rain was predicted along with gale-force winds. The kind of storm that brings everything in a small town like Silver Lake to a halt for a few days.

Marla hated all the fuss. Even as a child, she loathed the idea of letting the weather get in her way. If she wanted to go to a friend's house in the snow, she put on her boots and heavy coat and trudged over there. If she wanted to drive to the mall and the roads were icy, she downshifted into first and crawled along. Once, while on assignment in Oklahoma, she ignored a tornado warning and went to a restaurant where she'd made a reservation a week earlier. She was furious when she found a CLOSED DUE TO POSSIBLE TWISTER sign taped to the window of the front door. Her attitude hadn't changed a whit from then until now, and it never would. Life was too short to worry about the damned weather.

The road rose gradually for another quarter mile. When it peaked, Corwin's nuclear power plant—known formally as the Silver Lake Nuclear Power Facility—came into view in the valley below. Marla first noticed the two giant cooling towers, with a dense white plume rising from one of them and a broad river moving sluggishly in the background. To the east, separated from the towers by a service road, was the main campus: a pair of dome-topped reactor containments; several smaller buildings housing the turbines, generators,

and transformers; a flat-roofed administrative center; and an employee parking lot.

From this distance, Marla thought, all appeared to be peaceful, even pastoral. But she could not shake the feeling that she was looking at a sleeping monster.

With considerable apprehension, she began her descent.

2

Sarah Redmond sat in the kitchen of her townhouse, scribbling in a pocket-sized notepad despite the arsenal of electronic devices that surrounded her. The current weather report was displayed on the screen of her laptop. The iPad next to it was propped up in its unfolded leather case. Beside that, an iPhone lay on its back, the screen brightening as more text messages piled in. The small television on the counter was tuned to a morning news program, with the sound turned off.

Beyond this constellation of gadgetry was Sarah's breakfast—a plate of scrambled eggs, rye toast, and hash browns, each item less than half eaten and long gone cold.

On the TV, a low-budget commercial for a local auto center faded out and the words STORM UPDATE whirled into place against a CGI backdrop of rain and lightning. She grabbed the remote and put the sound back on.

“ . . . that we're expecting a full update any time now, but we're still predicting at least six inches of rainfall and gale-force winds of up to sixty-five miles per hour. And if that warm front

from Canada continues to roll down this way and reaches our valley, we could have a whole new ball game."

Along the bottom of the screen, flowing through a narrow red band, the looped message STORM EMERGENCY . . . PLEASE TAKE RECOMMENDED STEPS FOR SAFETY . . . SEE [HTTP://WWW.SILVERLAKEGOV.ORG/EMERGENCYMANAGEMENT](http://www.silverlakegov.org/emergencymanagement) FOR MORE . . . STAY TUNED FOR FURTHER INFORMATION . . .

When the audio began to repeat, Sarah muted it and went back to her notepad. Her husband came in a moment later, dressed in a crisp EMT uniform of navy pants and a white short-sleeved shirt. Although the outfit was not meant to flatter, it was unable to disguise Emilio Sandoval's near-perfect build, and Sarah found herself temporarily distracted. She thought again how remarkable it was that she never tired of running her gaze over him, and that one good look always launched a delightful flutter in the pit of her stomach. A certain degree of discipline was required to wrestle her attention back to the storm prep.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey, yourself."

"Ready to go, I see?"

"You bet." She stole another quick glance when he turned away to pour himself some coffee.

"When did you get out of bed?" Emilio asked.

"Around five."

"You're going to collapse if you don't get more sleep," he said.

"I'll have plenty of time to sleep after I'm dead."

He sniffed out a little laugh and shook his head. "I think one of Silver Lake's most respected councilwomen—and for the moment, its acting mayor—should be a little less cavalier with her health."

“I’ll be fine.”

“Do you want more coffee? Maybe that’ll help.”

“Sure.”

After filling her cup and returning the pot to the warming plate, Emilio got busy with his own breakfast. He composed a bowl of fresh fruit—blackberries, blueberries, and raspberries, plus cut-up strawberries, bananas, and pineapple—then scrambled some egg whites. A glass of nonfat milk completed the meal, and Emilio used the first few swallows of it to wash down a spoonful of almond butter, a selection of nutritional supplements, and a mild antidepressant.

Setting his plate and bowl on the counter and taking the chair next to his wife, he asked, “What’s the latest on the storm?”

“They haven’t given any new information in a while, but they’re still saying gale-force winds and six inches of rain.”

“Oh, man. Not good.” He shook his head in disbelief, then started into his fruit bonanza.

“I know—six inches in less than twenty-four hours. There’ll be flooding all over town. I sent another email to everyone, reminding them of the supplies they’ll need.” Sarah had long ago taken up the habit of using the word “everyone” to mean the citizenry of Silver Lake. It was an intimate, almost familial, reference, and she enjoyed using it. “I’m sure I’ll get thank-you cards from some of the town proprietors after the storm. I also got a text saying the new siren was ready. Oh, and Mrs. Hewitt said we could use her place as a shelter for pets. Isn’t she great?”

Emilio nodded and forked a strawberry into his mouth. “I’ll stop by and drop off the food and the other stuff I got, if that’s okay with you.”

She turned and looked into the wide brown eyes she had

loved from the first. As always, she found his sensitivity toward the most vulnerable—animals, children, the aged, even plant life—not just noble but downright arousing.

“Of course it’s okay,” she said. “What about your team? Are they fully prepped?”

“Yes, boss.”

“All the equipment’s in order, ready to roll?”

“Yes, boss.”

“The boats, too, since we’ll probably need them?”

“Yes, boss.”

She grinned. “You’ve really got them in line, haven’t you?” When he didn’t respond, she added, “They must be scared of you.”

“They’re scared of *you*,” he said, suddenly animated.

“Oh, no, please don’t say that.”

He grinned back, revealing startlingly white teeth. “No, they’re not. They love you to death. Who in this town doesn’t?”

“I’m sure there are some.”

“No, there aren’t.”

“Mm-hmm. . . .”

Sarah pulled over the laptop to check for new email: There were six, two of which were obvious spam. Once she was done with them, she modulated to another screen—a photograph of a freshly built single-story municipal building that was mostly huge panes of greenish glass and a long, flat roof. The latter juttied out at the front on four marble columns, with the words EDGAR G. REDMOND COMMUNITY CENTER set into the facade in simple capital letters.

“They did such a great job with it,” she said.

“Absolutely.”

“They were so appreciative of Dad.”

“They were.”

She looked adoringly at the image for a few more moments, then jumped as if poked with a hot iron.

“My speech for the opening ceremony!” She reached down and pulled a leather portfolio out of the bag at her feet. “I don’t think—oh, no, I think I left the pages—”

“Easy . . .,” Emilio said, one hand up to forestall her panic. “Easy there.” From his back pocket he produced a vertically-folded sheaf of papers, college ruled, with ragged edges where they’d been ripped from a spiral-bound notebook. Both sides of every page were covered in Sarah’s inflated but legible script.

Taking the papers, she smiled like a delighted child. “How did you—”

“They were sitting in your office by the fax machine when we left last night. I figured you’d want them, so I grabbed them on the way out.”

“What would I do without you?”

They came together in an unhurried kiss that went through several stages.

When they finally parted, Emilio said sheepishly, “Later on, do you think we could—”

Three things happened at once—STORM UPDATE reappeared on the TV screen, the iPhone lit up with another text message, and an email dropped into her inbox with a musical *bing!* Sarah noticed all of this and went for the phone first.

“Hold that thought,” she said.

“Of course.”

“Okay . . . they think they’re going to have to upgrade the storm from just a ‘gale’ to a ‘severe gale,’” she said, reading the text alert from the National Weather Service. “That

means winds over seventy miles per hour. The next step after that is a hurricane. We haven't had a storm like that here in more than a century. We could get a foot of rain. Shit. . . ."

She closed the laptop and iPad while Emilio wiped his mouth and cleared the plates.

"Let's get going," she said.

"Right behind you."

3

"Marla Hollis?"

Corwin came forward with his hand extended and a smile that almost reached his ears. He looked exactly as he did in the few photos she'd been able to find online—handsome, preppyish, and with a fair retention of collegiate youthfulness despite the flecks of gray that had settled around the sides of his otherwise light brown hair. She hadn't been able to determine his birthdate, but judged him to be in his early to midforties. He wore the standard Ivy League uniform of khaki pants, white button-down shirt, and navy blazer, the latter replete with gold buttons. There was a matching gold watch—a Rolex, and not a fake—on his right wrist, which suggested that he was left-handed. Everything about him spoke of money, privilege, and entitlement, which only served to fortify her already stout emotional defenses.

"Yes," Marla said flatly. She accepted his hand, gave it a single proper shake, and let go.

“It’s nice to finally meet you.”

“You too.”

“You haven’t been waiting long, have you?” He checked the Rolex. “We said nine thirty, right?”

“I’ve only been here a few minutes.”

“Robin has kept you company?” He glanced at the woman behind the circular desk, who looked young enough to be his daughter. She smiled back.

“As I said,” Marla told him, “I’ve only been here a few minutes.” It had been enough time to scrutinize every inch of the sunlit reception area. There were matted black-and-white photos of the plant’s original construction, in 1974; a large, brightly colored diagram of how nuclear energy was produced; and a chunk of uranium ore displayed inside a Lucite case.

A little plaque attached to the latter read, “Over 99 percent of the ore-grade uranium found in nature is of the isotope U-238, which has a half-life of more than four billion years. But don’t worry—it’s generally harmless in its unrefined state. The piece you see here was unearthed in one of our mines in Canada.”

Leather couches were arranged around a thick rug; a selection of trade publications littered the coffee and end tables. Marla thought of the space as the “Rah-Rah Room,” and as dangerously disarming as her host.

“Well,” he said, “I’m glad you weren’t left waiting too long. Let’s go back to my office so we can talk.”

He led her down a brief hallway lined with numerous awards and other citations, all hanging at eye level. Marla spotted several large potted plants that, she couldn’t help noticing, were artificial. Then they entered a surprisingly

modest workspace: bare white walls, a few shelves, a battered filing cabinet, a basic L-desk with a computer and a few family photos, and piles of paper everywhere.

Corwin lifted one particularly large stack from the single guest chair and said, "Please, have a seat." Cradling the papers in the crook of his arm, he searched for a place to set them down before finally deciding on a spot on the floor by the mini fridge. Wiping his hands together, he settled into the simple swivel chair behind his desk. The smile resurfaced.

"I apologize for the mess. It's been hectic lately and I haven't had the chance to get organized."

"You've been very busy," she said.

Her declaratory tone—a statement rather than a question—clearly puzzled Corwin. "Yes," he replied with an affable chuckle, "yes I have. We're trying to—"

"Dinner with Lawrence Navarro, one of the six members of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, at Barty's Alehouse, which, perhaps most notably, is roughly at the geographic center point between here and Navarro's office in D.C. Unless the food is the best in the world, I'm guessing the location was chosen because there was a good chance neither of you would be recognized there.

"Three days before that," she went on, "Tamra Wilson, assistant secretary of our wonderful state of Pennsylvania and a close friend of the governor, dropped by your home at ten thirty P.M.—and in her own car at that—and stayed for more than three hours. And the previous week, you spent a full morning with four of the top executives at Pendleton Investments, following which a new revolving credit line was opened in the name of Corwin Energies, infused with more than twenty million dollars in cash.

“Even the dumbest person in the world could connect those dots, Mr. Corwin. So when do you begin building the new plant? And more to the point, when were you going to tell the public about it? Or is public concern for the manifold dangers of nuclear power still at the bottom of your priority list?”

Corwin had been moving an overstuffed binder from one side of his desk to the other when Marla launched this diatribe, and he stopped with it in midair as he listened, his smile gradually dwindling away.

He set the binder down on the blotter and chuckled again, this time without a trace of humor.

“Okay, well, you do get right to the point, no doubt about that. I guess I shouldn’t be surprised. And I suppose there’s no sense in asking you where you got your information.”

“None.”

Corwin smoothed down the hair at the back of his head, then leaned forward and held both hands up, palms facing his guest.

“Look, I don’t want this to turn into a schoolyard scuffle, okay? I invited you here in part because you’ve been requesting an interview for so long, and in part because I was hoping you’d be fair to me and let me give my side of the story. I’ve got a pretty clear idea of where you stand on the issue of nuclear power, but I am also under the impression that you’re an objective and open-minded journalist. If I didn’t think that, I wouldn’t have granted the request at all. And I’m basing that opinion, by the way, on many other articles you’ve written.”

Marla was surprised that Corwin had taken the time to dig into her past work. “I’ve only written about one side of the issue,” she said, “because that’s all I’ve had to work with.

Nevertheless, the information I've given to the public so far has been based on very thorough research. The facts are the facts."

"Well, okay. I'm not going to try to pull you off the things you've written. I'm also not going to sit here and say nuclear power doesn't have its problems. I'm well aware of the dangers; I can't afford not to be. That's the truth, regardless of what you may think of me—and what I *know* you think of my father."

In a measured tone that she found difficult to conjure, Marla said, "Your father is one of the most ruthless men in the energy business. And that's not merely my opinion. The list of people who have gone on record stating similar sentiments is so long it could—"

The hands came up again. "I don't want to get into a discussion about my father, please. Since his stroke two years ago, I'm the one who's been making the decisions concerning the management of this plant, as well as all his other business interests."

Marla tilted her head slightly and grinned. "You're telling me your father has nothing to do with the day-to-day operations of Corwin Energies? That's what you're going to ask people to believe?"

"Marla, my dad can't even drink a glass of water on his own. He's got nurses around the clock. He can barely communicate."

"From what I understand, Leo Corwin can still speak and still write." She delighted in the renewed look of astonishment that crossed his face upon hearing yet another privileged revelation. "I have the feeling a man like Leo Corwin doesn't relinquish command very easily."

Corwin shook his head. "I'm sorry, but you're wrong on that point. I'm in charge."

"Well, I guess I'm going to have to take your word for it, as I don't know enough about what goes on here during the course of an ordinary day to say otherwise. Between the nondisclosure agreements you require your employees to sign and your steadfast refusal to address the media, you and your father have done an admirable job of creating an impenetrable fortress where information is concerned."

"Our employees sign nondisclosure agreements due to security concerns. If some terrorist cell gets the details of a nuclear plant in this country, I assure you it's not going to be one of ours. And as for our radio-silence policy toward the media, I'm hoping to change that."

"Oh?"

"Yes."

"I can't imagine your dad being too happy about that."

"As I said, Marla, I'm the one at the controls now."

She nodded and dropped her gaze, purposely creating the illusion of confusion and vulnerability. She didn't miss his repeated use of her first name; a subtle attempt to defrost her through familiarity. People had tried to manipulate her thousands of times in her career, and the only aspect of Corwin's attempt that disappointed her was the fact that he obviously thought she wouldn't notice. *I can play along.*

"Then I guess the buck really does stop here," she said, "and I'm talking to the right person."

"You are. And I promise you, you'll have a very different attitude toward nuclear power by the end of the day."

"Well, we'll see. Would you mind if I used this?" She reached into her bag and took out a small digital recorder.

Corwin paled at the sight of it. She might as well have produced a tarantula.

“I’d prefer if you didn’t,” he said gently. “Really, I’m sorry. But, no . . . I would really rather not.”

“No?”

“No.”

She shrugged. “Okay, your choice. Remember, the main advantage when a journalist records a conversation is that it greatly reduces the chance of mistakes. Misquotes and so forth.”

“I know. I’ll take that chance.”

“All right.” She set the recorder down on the edge of the desk, next to a row of thick directories that were sandwiched between a pair of cooling-tower bookends. “I’ll leave it right here in plain view,” she said. “And as you can see, it’s not turned on.”

Corwin nodded. “Thank you.” He rose, his smile returning again. “And in appreciation, I’d like to do something for you—how about I give you a tour of the plant while we do the interview?”

“You’re kidding.”

“Not at all. I just have to ask that you don’t take any pictures.”

“I didn’t even bring my camera.”

“Good, then let’s go.”

Marla let Corwin take the lead in the hall. As he passed her, she reached into her pants pocket and activated the digital recorder she’d put there before she even got out of her car. The device’s wireless microphone was disguised as a pendant; she wore it around her neck on a thin gold chain. The tiny recorder, bought from a dealer in Hong Kong, had cost her a fortune, but she believed it had already paid for

itself many times over. *I have him exactly where I want him*, she thought excitedly.

As Corwin opened the door that led into the plant, he was thinking precisely the same thing about her.

4

“That one has a coat hanger, and that one has a coat hanger. . . .”

Sarah was mumbling to herself in the passenger seat of their two-year-old Honda sedan. They could’ve afforded something a little better and once discussed leasing a BMW or a Saab, but Sarah felt it was important that an elected town official not appear too grandiose. She was willing to take the hit on luxury rather than risk even a whiff of impropriety. *Not while we’ve got people living on welfare on River Road*, she had said, and Emilio agreed. His family had never needed government assistance to pay their bills, but she knew they had come close more than a few times.

They were cruising along the southwest stretch of that very road now, one side hugging the twists and turns of Silver Lake’s main estuary, the other segmented by a run of low-income properties. Most of the houses followed the same simple blueprint—a small box with an A-frame roof and a bay window next to the front door. Built half a century earlier to accommodate the influx of young soldiers returning from World War II who were looking to get started on
