THE MILLHAVEN FILES — BOOK ONE

THE WATERSHED MAN

A Reed Calder Novel

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Long Run Press

A FREE READING SAMPLE

Prologue · Chapter One

Eleven people died in Paris.

The French called it a gas leak.

Reed Calder was sent to a small town in Virginia.

IN THIS SAMPLE

PROLOGUE

Paris, France — Six weeks before Millhaven

CHAPTER ONE

Sterile Environment

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PROLOGUE

Paris, France

March — Six weeks before Millhaven

The device was set for ten minutes.

Robert Marsh had been a civil engineer for thirty-one years. He had spent the better part of his professional life making sure that structures stayed up, water went where it was supposed to go, and the gap between what was designed and what was built was as small as human error allowed. Methodical by nature and patient by practice, he had a reputation in the Columbus, Ohio office for being the man you sent when you wanted it done right and didn't care how long it took.

Helen taught seventh-grade English, and she had been fierce about it for twenty-eight years. Words mattered. How you said a thing was sometimes as important as the thing itself. She was generous with her students and unmovable about grammar, and she had a reputation among former students for being the teacher who made you feel, at thirteen years old and furious about a semicolon, that the semicolon was worth the argument. Her younger sister Ruth ran a diner in a small Virginia town, called every Sunday, and had been telling Helen for years that she and Robert needed to start traveling before they ran out of reasons not to.

They had met at a church social in 1983, married the following spring, and raised two daughters in a house on Linden Avenue with a deep backyard and a vegetable garden that Robert maintained with the same methodical attention he gave his drainage calculations, and that Helen declared every summer was the best one yet, regardless of the tomatoes. By every ordinary measure, they were happy. Not the effortful kind that comes from surviving something together, but the kind you stop noticing because it's always been there: the Tuesday habit, the same side of the bed for forty-one years, the basement flood of 1997, the health scares, the thousand ordinary irritations neither of them ever stopped forgiving.

Robert retired in September. Helen held on through the school year because she had promised her students. That summer they sat on the back porch and talked about what came next, and the answer they kept arriving at, from different directions, was the same: they wanted to go somewhere neither of them had ever been, somewhere that required a passport and a phrase book and the willingness to feel, for a little while, like they didn't know what they were doing. Helen had wanted Paris since she was twenty-two and a graduate student reading Hemingway. She had never gone. There had always been a reason, and the reason had always been sufficient, and Paris had remained the place she was going to get to eventually. Ruth had been on her about it since the girls went to college.

Their forty-first anniversary was in March. Robert booked the flights in November, which was unlike him, and told Helen at Christmas with a folded itinerary tucked inside a card he had written himself. Three paragraphs, which was also unlike him, because he was not a man who wrote cards. She read them twice and decided she'd call Ruth after they returned, when she had photographs, when the thing she'd been saying she would do since she was twenty-two was a thing she had actually done.

The restaurant was called Le Ciel Ouvert — the Open Sky — and it occupied the top floor of a narrow building on Rue de Monttessuy, seven blocks from the Champ de Mars. A terrace extended over the street on iron brackets and gave, on clear evenings, an unobstructed view of the Eiffel Tower two hundred meters away. The tower was always lit after dark, its iron lattice strung with amber lights that made it look like something suspended between the earth and the sky by a force that was more architectural than physical, and on the hour, the amber gave way to a cascade of twenty thousand white bulbs that turned the structure, briefly, into something that shimmered against the dark.

Helen had found the restaurant in a guidebook, verified the view online, and printed the confirmation email that said "terrace." They were shown to their table at seven-fifteen: round, white linen, set for two. Robert held her chair, the same way he had held it for forty-one years, with the combination of ceremony and naturalness that comes from a gesture performed so many times it has become part of the person who performs it. They ordered in the careful French they had been practicing since November. Helen was better because language was her instrument. They ordered the same Bordeaux they had drunk on their first date, a choice Robert made by pointing at the menu while maintaining the expression of a man who knew what he was doing. He had not known. He had told her this sometime in the second decade. She already knew.

They ate, and talked, and watched the tower, and laughed at the birthday celebration at the next table — the cake, the slightly chaotic candles, the couple who looked thirty years younger and thirty times more nervous. Helen observed them in the dry way she made all her observations, and Robert laughed the laugh that forty-one years produces, the one that requires no performance and no qualification. She made a note to tell Ruth that one. She would appreciate it.

When the tower's lights shifted from amber to their hourly cascade, Helen said "Oh," because it was more than she had expected, and then said it again because the first time hadn't been enough. Robert reached across the table and set his hand on hers — palm down, fingers open — and she turned her hand over and laced her fingers through his, the same way she had for forty-one years, without calculation, without anything in it except the forty-one years.

The man at the far end of the terrace had been there for forty minutes.

He had ordered water and the cheese plate and had consumed approximately a third of each. He was well-dressed in the way designed not to be remarkable: good fabric, correct cut, nothing that caught the eye. His age was difficult to fix, somewhere between forty and fifty, the years worn smoothly, the face presenting a surface rather than a history. He sat with his back to the wall and a clear sight line to the terrace entrance, to the street below, and to the small black ventilation housing mounted to the exterior wall above the eastern railing, which had been in place for eleven days and which the restaurant staff had noticed and assumed belonged to someone else's jurisdiction.

He did not look at the housing. He did not look at the couple at the round table with white linen as they held hands and watched the tower. At seven forty-seven he touched his phone once, sending a single-character message to a number that would not exist by morning. At seven forty-nine he left two hundred euros folded under his water glass and walked out through the terrace doors without looking back at anything.

He had learned a long time ago not to look back. It changed nothing about what had happened, and it changed something about the person who looked, and he could not afford the change.

He was a full block south on Rue de Monttessuy, moving at a steady pace in leather-soled shoes that made almost no sound on the pavement, when he turned the corner onto the cross street and the terrace disappeared from his sight line. The sounds of the city closed around him — traffic, cafés, the river two blocks east. He adjusted his jacket with one hand and kept walking.

The expression that crossed his face was brief and did not reach his eyes. It was not satisfaction, exactly. Satisfaction implies wanting something. He had moved past wanting a long time ago and arrived somewhere more precise: confirmation. Whatever came next — the classified reports, the attributed explanation, the institutional machinery grinding through its process — was no longer his concern. His concern had been the proof, and the proof was now behind him.

He walked south toward the river. The Eiffel Tower was visible between the buildings, still cycling through its hourly light show, twenty thousand bulbs flashing in a cascade that the city had been performing every night for years, indifferent to what happened beneath it.

10:00

On the terrace of Le Ciel Ouvert, the birthday table was singing. Slightly off-key, the way birthday songs always are, the kind that makes everyone smile anyway. Helen caught Robert's eye across the white linen and he gave her the look — the forty-one-year look that required no translation — and she turned back to her wine.

7:22

The waiter cleared their plates. Helen ordered the crème brülée because it was Paris and she had promised herself she would, and Robert ordered the cheese because he was Robert, and the tower went through its hourly cascade again while they waited, twenty thousand bulbs doing what they always did, and Helen watched it this time without saying anything because some things you stop trying to put into words.

4:51

The crème brülée arrived. Helen cracked the top with her spoon — the small, satisfying resistance of it, the sugar giving way — and thought that she would tell Ruth about this too, all of it, the tower and the Bordeaux and the card with three paragraphs, when they got home. She would call from the airport if she had to. Ruth would want to know.

2:17

Robert was telling her something about the drainage survey he'd read on the flight over, something about the Seine's flood management infrastructure, and Helen was listening the way she always listened to Robert on technical subjects — genuinely, if partially, the way you listen to someone you love talk about the thing they love.

0:43

The candles on the birthday cake at the next table had been relit. Someone was laughing. The tower was doing its thing. A couple near the railing stood to leave, the man holding the woman's coat open behind her, and she slipped her arms in without looking, the practiced ease of two people who had stood in this

arrangement many times before.

0:00

The woman at the birthday table put her hand to her throat. Not because it hurt. Because something was different about the air.

A second later she coughed — a single sound, like a note played on the wrong instrument — and the man beside her turned to ask if she was all right and then stopped asking because his eyes had begun to water and he didn't understand why, and his chest was doing something it hadn't done a moment before, a tightening that wasn't pain but was moving toward it, the way pressure moves before something gives.

Across the terrace, a woman knocked over her wine. Not intentionally. Her hand simply stopped working correctly for a moment. The glass went off the table and hit the stone floor and broke, and in any other moment someone would have laughed or apologized or called for a waiter, but nobody laughed because by then there were other sounds, the same sound from different directions, sharp and involuntary, the sound a body makes before the mind catches up.

Helen noticed the smell first. Metallic, with something underneath it. The way certain industrial facilities smell near the fence line. She thought it must be something in the kitchen. She thought: I should mention this to the waiter. She thought these things and then couldn't, because her eyes had begun to sting, and she looked across the table at Robert and saw that he was looking at her with an expression she had not seen from him in forty-one years.

She reached across the table because reaching for him was the thing she did when she didn't understand what was happening. Robert's hand closed around hers. His grip was wrong — too hard, and then not hard enough — and his face was going through something she had no frame for and she wanted to say his name but her lungs were doing something they hadn't been doing thirty seconds ago and the word didn't come. Around them the terrace was in motion, people pushing back from tables, someone standing and then sitting down immediately, the birthday cake on the floor with the candles still lit, the small flames tilting in the disturbance of air made by bodies moving and then not moving.

The last thing Helen saw clearly was Robert's face across the white linen, his hand in hers, his eyes finding hers and staying there the way they had been staying there for forty-one years.

The tower was still flashing. The city was still warm and lit and going about its evening. For three minutes, nobody on the street below understood what they were seeing on the terrace above them, and Paris was just Paris — the river, the light, the iron tower cycling through its nightly performance, faithful and indifferent and ongoing.

The event at Le Ciel Ouvert was classified within six hours. The French government released a statement attributing the incident to a gas leak from a faulty exterior HVAC unit. Eleven people died. Twenty-three were hospitalized, of whom four sustained permanent neurological injury. The ventilation housing was removed before the scene was fully processed. The man who had sat at the far end of the terrace was never identified from the restaurant's security footage, which experienced a fourteen-minute gap beginning at seven thirty-eight PM.

The incident was listed in Agency files under the designation PRELIM-7 and flagged for correlation with three other events across five years in as many countries, each attributed locally to gas, or contamination, or equipment failure, each closed without prosecution.

The analyst who made the correlation was twenty-nine years old. She worked sixty-hour weeks and had never heard of Millhaven, Virginia. She sent her analysis to a handler named Tom Raines on a

Thursday afternoon. Tom read it on Friday morning, and by Friday afternoon he was on the phone with a field officer named Reed Calder, telling him to pack for a long-duration assignment in a town of seven thousand people that had no reason to appear in any collection system.

The town was called Millhaven, Virginia. Population just under seven thousand. One main street. A diner.

CHAPTER ONE
Sterile Environment

The coffee ring was three inches in diameter, roughly elliptical, and had been on the debriefing table long enough for its wet adhesion to transition to dried residue. Someone had set a mug down without a coaster—or a napkin, or a file folder, or literally any barrier between ceramic and surface—and the tannins had wicked outward in a pattern that, if I were feeling generous, I might describe as organic. I was not feeling generous. I moved my file folder six inches to the left and tried to focus on what Tom was saying.

"—asset in Vilnius confirmed the shipment route, which gives us the last piece of the Eastern European corridor. Good work, Calder. Clean operation."

"Copy." I looked at the coffee ring again. It was the kind of stain that suggested habitual negligence. Someone used this table regularly and didn't care. In a facility where information was classified at levels that required three separate access protocols to enter the room, someone could not be bothered to wipe down a table. It was evidence of a world that operated at a lower standard than it should.

Tom Raines watched me from the monitor on the far wall, his face rendered in the blue-gray palette of encrypted video. He looked the same as always—tired in a way that had calcified into a permanent feature, wire-rimmed glasses slightly crooked, the collar of his Oxford shirt wilting like it had given up hope. Behind him, I could see the edge of his office at Langley: a bookshelf, a government-issue desk lamp, the corner of a framed something that was either a commendation or a photo of his kids. In three years of working together, I'd never asked which.

"You're looking at the table," Tom said.

"There's a stain."

"There's always a stain. It's a black site, not a surgical theater."

"Those aren't mutually exclusive concepts."

Tom exhaled the way he did when he was choosing not to engage with something I'd said. It was an exhalation—two-thirds sigh, one-third professional restraint—and I'd learned to read its variations the way some people read facial expressions. This particular version meant: I'm going to change the subject, and you're going to let me.

"We need to talk about your next assignment."

I reached into my jacket pocket and retrieved the Purell. Unscented, travel size, 70% ethyl alcohol. I'd restocked at a CVS in Arlington two days ago, always Arlington, never the one near headquarters, because patterns are vulnerabilities and I wasn't going to let anyone build a profile on me through hand sanitizer purchases. I pumped twice, rubbed thoroughly, and returned the bottle to my pocket. The whole sequence took four seconds. I'd timed it once, out of curiosity, and then out of something less comfortable than curiosity.

"I'm listening."

"Long-duration cover. Small town, rural. You'd be embedded for a minimum of eight weeks, possibly longer. We've got signals intelligence suggesting a logistics operation is running through a

location that doesn't match any known infrastructure. Somebody's moving material through a town that, on paper, shouldn't have any reason to show up in our collection systems."

"How small?"

"The kind of small where people notice a new face."

I let that settle. In operational terms, a small town is a controlled environment with a passive surveillance network built into its social architecture. Every resident is a sensor. Every interaction is logged, not in any database, but in the collective memory of people who have nothing better to do than observe who's new, what they're driving, and whether they attend church. A city gives you anonymity. A small town gives you an audience.

"Cover?" I asked.

"Environmental consultant. Independent contractor watershed survey. It gives you a reason to be on private property, access to county records, and a built-in explanation for why you're asking questions. The work is real enough to hold up if someone Googles you—we've built out the digital footprint. Website, LinkedIn, two published papers on riparian buffer zones that are actually decent. Don't ask who wrote them."

"Equipment?"

"Standard NOC kit. Encrypted mobile, satellite phone for emergency extraction, cover documentation. Speaking of which—" Tom paused and looked at something off-screen. "Your identity package is in the room. Top drawer, left filing cabinet."

I stood and crossed to the cabinet. The safe house was in a nondescript office park off Route 7 in northern Virginia, the kind of building that housed dental practices and insurance adjusters and apparently, rooms where CIA operations officers received their next cover identities. The fluorescent lighting was the particular shade of institutional white that made everyone look slightly deceased. The carpet was gray. The walls were gray. The air tasted recycled, which it was. I'd already noted the three exits (front door, rear fire exit, window in the bathroom that opened onto a six-foot drop to a service alley), the two security cameras (hallway and entrance, blind spot near the vending machines), and the fact that the cleaning crew had last visited sometime in the previous forty-eight hours based on the vacuum tracks in the carpet and the bleach scent in the restroom. The restroom, at least, had been acceptable.

I opened the drawer with my knuckle, a habit that drew occasional commentary from colleagues but had never, in fifteen years of intelligence work, given me a contact-transmitted illness, so the commentary could go directly to hell, and removed the identity package.

The wallet was good. Virginia driver's license, two credit cards in the cover name (Alan Mercer, which was close enough to my real name to respond naturally but different enough to matter), insurance cards, a REI membership (nice touch—environmental consultants shop at REI). The business cards were in a separate envelope. I opened it, slid one out, and stopped.

They were embossed.

"Tom."

"What."

"The business cards are embossed."

"Is that a problem?"

I turned the card over in my hand. Alan Mercer, Environmental Consulting, with a phone number that routed through a Langley switchboard and a website that would show a perfectly adequate portfolio of watershed assessments and soil surveys. The text was raised. Someone in Technical Services had decided that an independent environmental consultant operating in rural America would carry cards with tactile lettering pressed into premium cardstock.

"Embossed cardstock has a textured surface," I said. "Textured surfaces trap particulate matter, skin oils, and microbial residue at a rate roughly three times higher than smooth laminate."

"Calder."

"Every time I hand someone a card, I am handing them a bacterial transfer medium that I then have to touch again when I put the stack back in my pocket."

"You could just—"

"Who approved embossing? Was there a meeting? Did someone sit in a room at Langley and say, 'You know what this cover identity needs? Cardstock that functions as a petri dish?'"

Tom removed his glasses and cleaned them with his tie. This was his equivalent of a deep breath. "The cards stay. They look professional. You'll survive."

"Professionally, yes. Microbiologically, the jury is out."

Tom replaced his glasses. The left temple was still slightly askew. I knew better than to mention it. "Can we talk about the actual operation?"

I set the business cards on the table, not near the coffee ring, because I wasn't an animal, and sat back down. "Go ahead."

"The town is called Millhaven. Population just under seven thousand. County seat, barely. One main street, surrounding agricultural land, nearest city of any size is about forty-five minutes by highway. It's unremarkable in every measurable way, which is exactly why it flagged—unremarkable places don't generate the kind of signals intelligence we've been picking up."

"What kind of signals?"

"Encrypted communications consistent with an operational logistics network. Financial transactions that don't match the local economic profile. Shipping patterns through a property on the outskirts of town that suggest professional staging, not commercial activity. Someone is using this town as a waypoint in a supply chain that we haven't fully mapped yet."

"There's a related file you should read on the plane," Tom said. "Designation PRELIM-7. An incident in Paris six weeks ago, a restaurant terrace, eleven dead, classified as a gas leak. The French closed it fast. Our analysts flagged it as a field test of an assembled binary agent. Somebody wanted to know if the delivery mechanism worked in an open-air environment with civilian density." He paused. "It worked."

He let that sit for a moment. I let it sit.

"The logistics signature from that incident," Tom continued, "matches the operational pattern coming out of Millhaven. Same corporate infrastructure. Same shipping channels. We believe the material being staged in your town is not a prototype. It's production inventory."

"Any identification on the principal?"

"Not yet. That's part of your job. We've got a property of interest—place called the Hendricks farm. Deeded to a family that hasn't lived there in three years, currently under management by a local property company. The shipping activity is centered there. We need eyes on the ground, Reed. Not a drone pass. Not a signals intercept. A human being in that town, building the picture."

I processed this the way I processed all operational briefings: structurally. Environment: small, insular, high social visibility, limited physical infrastructure for cover activities. Duration: extended, meaning the cover had to sustain casual scrutiny over weeks or months. Target: unknown principal running a logistics operation, with a known property of interest and a local property management company as a potential access point. Risk factors: proximity. In a town of seven thousand people, there is no background. You are foreground from the moment you arrive.

And proximity meant exposure. Exposure meant contact. Contact meant people leaning in to shake your hand and handing you plates of food and sitting too close on benches and asking questions that

required you to stand within conversational distance, which any epidemiologist will tell you is well within the droplet transmission zone for most respiratory pathogens. A small town was an environment purpose-built for the kind of human contact I had spent my adult life engineering my way out of.

"Timeline for insertion?" I asked, because that was the operational question, and operational questions were where I lived.

"End of the week. Drive in, don't fly—an environmental consultant working a rural contract would drive. We've got a rental house set up. You'll meet your initial local contact points through the cover work. The watershed survey is your skeleton key, it gets you onto properties, into records offices, and into conversations."

"Rules of engagement?"

"Observe and report. Build the intelligence picture. Identify the principal. Do not engage the target until we have a full operational understanding. This is a collection mission, not an action mission." He paused. "Yet."

Tom was careful with language, not literary, but precise the way people are when imprecision can get someone killed. "Yet" meant the Agency anticipated escalation. It meant there were contingencies being planned at levels above Tom's desk that would activate depending on what I found. It meant that Millhaven, for all its unremarkability, had attracted attention from people who moved resources in response to threat assessments, not curiosity.

"Anything else I should know?"

"One thing." Tom leaned forward slightly. On the monitor this had the effect of making his face larger and more pixelated, which did not increase his gravitas. "This isn't a hostile urban environment. You're not running surveillance in Moscow or servicing dead drops in Beirut. This is a small American town where people are going to want to talk to you, feed you, invite you to things, and generally treat you like a human being. Your cover depends on letting them."

"I can manage social interaction."

"You can execute social interaction. That's not the same thing."

This was closer to personal commentary than Tom usually ventured, and I filed it accordingly: acknowledged, noted, disregarded. I didn't need a handler to tell me that my interpersonal approach had a clinical quality. I was aware. The clinical quality was the point. Every interaction was a data exchange. You offered information calibrated to your objectives, you collected information relevant to your assessment, and you terminated the exchange before either party exceeded their informational budget. This was not coldness. It was efficiency. The fact that efficiency and coldness were visually indistinguishable was a problem for other people to manage.

"I'll be fine," I said.

"I know you'll be fine. I need you to be convincing."

I looked at the coffee ring one more time. Three inches in diameter. Dried tannins. Evidence of someone who moved through this space without thinking about what they left behind. Most people were like that—careless with their traces, unconscious of their residue. They touched surfaces without considering what they deposited, stood too close without calculating the exposure, offered trust like it was free.

I had never been like that. My earliest operational instinct, before the Agency, before the training, before any of it, was containment. Control your inputs. Manage your outputs. Don't touch what you don't have to. Don't let anyone close enough to leave a mark.

It had made me an exceptional intelligence officer. Tom had said so himself, once, in the closest thing to praise the CIA's bureaucratic culture permitted: "You're the best I've got, Calder. You're also the loneliest, but that's not my department."

He wasn't wrong about either count.

"End of the week," I confirmed. "I'll review the full operational package tonight."

"There's one more thing in the drawer. Physical item."

I opened the drawer again. Beneath where the identity package had been, there was a smaller envelope. Inside it: a key to the rental house, a vehicle registration for a Honda CR-V (silver, three years old, unremarkable to the point of invisibility, exactly what an environmental consultant would drive), and a laminated card with emergency extraction protocols.

I also found a map. Not a digital file, not a satellite image—an actual folded paper map of Millhaven and the surrounding county, the kind you'd buy at a gas station if gas stations still sold maps. Someone had circled the rental house in blue pen and drawn a dotted line to the main street. There were small handwritten labels: Diner. Hardware. Library. Post Office (closed).

It looked like something a parent would draw for a child on the first day of school. Here's where you eat. Here's where you'll go. Here's where the nice people are.

"Who made this?" I asked.

"Analyst in the support division. She said the satellite imagery didn't give a good sense of the town's layout at street level, so she made a reference map." Tom paused. "She also said, and I'm quoting here, 'Tell him the diner has good pie.'"

"I'm not going to eat pie at a diner."

"I'm just relaying the message."

"Do you know how many hands touch a communal pie server in the course of a single lunch service?"

"I do not, and I'd like to keep it that way. Safe travels, Calder. First check-in is seventy-two hours after insertion. Secure channel, standard protocol."

"Copy."

Tom's image blinked off. The monitor went dark. I sat in the fluorescent silence of the safe house with my cover identity spread across a table I didn't want to touch, a map to a town I'd never heard of, and a set of embossed business cards that were, at this very moment, collecting ambient particulate matter on their textured surfaces.

I gathered everything into the envelope, sanitized my hands, and stood. The chair left a slight impression in the carpet—evidence I'd been here. In twenty minutes, the fibers would recover and the impression would disappear. No mark. No residue. No proof that anyone had occupied this space at all.

That was how I preferred to move through the world. Clean insertion, clean extraction. Touch nothing. Leave nothing. Be no one's memory.

I pocketed the Purell, tucked the envelope under my arm, and walked out of the room, past the blind spot near the vending machines, through the hallway with the single camera, and into a parking lot where a silver Honda CR-V was already waiting, freshly washed, keys in the envelope, not a fingerprint on it.

In four days, I would be in Millhaven. A town of seven thousand people who, according to every operational profile I'd ever studied, would want to know my name, my business, my opinion on the weather, and whether I'd tried the pie at the diner.

I started the engine and pulled out of the lot. The hand sanitizer was in my right pocket. The embossed business cards were in the envelope on the passenger seat. The map was folded on top, the dotted line pointing toward a town that, at this moment, was nothing more than a collection of coordinates, census data, and signals intercepts.

I didn't know yet about Ruthie and her booth near the back hallway, about Earl and the one sentence buried in twenty minutes of raccoon stories that would crack a logistics operation, about Dale or Faye or Diane and her locked doors that sometimes weren't.

I didn’t know about Meg.

What I knew was this: the world is a contaminated surface, and the safest way through it is to touch as little as possible. I had built a career on this principle. I had built a life on it. It had cost me things I tried not to inventory, because inventorying losses is an operational indulgence, and I do not indulge.

The highway stretched out ahead of me, clean and gray and empty. I drove toward Millhaven with both hands on the wheel, ten and two, because some protocols aren’t about safety, they’re about control, and the absolute certainty that I would move through that town the way I moved through everything: without leaving a mark.

I was wrong about that. But I didn’t know it yet.

YOU’VE REACHED THE END OF THE SAMPLE

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“You can’t control who walks through that door. But you can make sure there’s a seat for them when they do.”

— Ruthie, *The Watershed Man*

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