

***READ AN EXCERPT FROM "FIRST FOLIO" BY SCOTT EVANS:***

Jack pushed around the corner of the building, but he was knocked backward momentarily, squinting as wind-whipped rain pelted his face. About as wide as a sidewalk, the deck went around all four corners of the inner part of the tower that rose another seven stories above him. To his left, the walls of the building; to his right, the short guard wall and railings through which visitors could look.

But not today. The clouds and sheets of heavy rain obscured Jack's view. He staggered forward. At the southwest corner of the observation deck, he could climb up on the telescope platform and reach the low bars, which curved inward at the top corner.

Jack struggled, not having counted on the wetness. He placed a foot inside a brace—it provided a foothold that allowed him to straighten up and straddle the barrier. In throwing his right leg up over the high railing, he caught a glimpse of the dark figure rushing toward him. Jack used all his strength to swing the rest of his body over the railing. He slid down on the other side, but his right foot slipped off the edge. Regaining his foothold, he gripped the wet bars tightly.

Jack stared into the killer's face. Shortly cropped black hair framed the man's sharp features under a baseball cap. The man's blue eyes squinted in the wind and rain, under thick black eyebrows. A few pockmarks scarred the hollows of his cheeks. His nose dripped with rain over thin lips and straight white teeth.

"What are you doing, Dr. Claire?" yelled the killer over the roar of the wind. "Climb back over, old man." He pointed a black pistol at Jack's heart.

Jack glanced at the gun and smiled. "All morning, I've been trying to think of the right thing to say. 'Once more into the breach!' doesn't seem to fit. 'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world.' That doesn't seem quite right, either, does it?"

"Tell me where the papers are, and I'll let you live."

"What an ass am I?" Jack roared. "Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words and fall a-cursing."

"WHO DID YOU SEND THOSE PAPERS TO?"

A shard of lightning cut through the boiling clouds overhead as thunder exploded around them.

"Do you know Dickens?"

"What?"

"You must know *A Tale of Two Cities*?"

"Is this some sort of clue?"

Jack smiled broadly, staring into the quizzical eyes of Maggie's murderer.

"Yes, a clue. Listen carefully."

The man turned his ear toward the old professor, who said, "Tis a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done before. A far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

The killer switched the gun from his right hand to his left, then grabbed Jack's raincoat and tugged him hard against the wet iron bars.