

I didn't buy it. I couldn't buy it. I felt barred from doing anything further. Perhaps this seemed the only way to keep the clowns sacred. To me, SACRED CLOWNS was not a book to be read. Why don't I want you to look it up and to find out if it's real? Well, quite simply because it CAN'T have been real. I

I have good reason for doing this, too. Because I'd like for you to experience SACRED CLOWNS as I experienced it. And my experience went like this: I picked it up. I read the title. I savored it for a moment. I turned it around. I read the jacket copy. I savored that for a moment. And then I placed the book down again.

Can you do this for me?

I must strictly require you that, if you are to continue reading and go with me on this sally, that you resist from looking up anything to do with the book SACRED CLOWNS. This is paramount. I know the urge must be incredible to go out with your smartphones and to find out if the book is real and if this is what the jacket truly read, but I must INSIST that you just let it be. I don't know if it's possible for you to exercise that kind of self-restraint in this modern age, but you must. Of all the things I could ask of you, this seems so small and simple.

sacred artifact.

In true Navajo style, Officer Jim Chee and Lieutenant Leaphorn of the Tribal Police go back to the beginning to decipher the sacred clown's message to the people of the Tano pueblo. Amid guarded tribal secrets and crooked Indian traders, they find a trail of blood that links a runaway schoolboy, two dead bodies, and the mysterious presence of a