

WHERE THE SMALL THINGS ARE

by

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CHAPTER I

WISHFUL THINKING

Whoosshhh...

The wind buffeted dangerously through Adrienne's short curls. She knew exactly how high up she stood on this building, and she did not need to look down to confirm it. The queazy feeling in her stomach settled somewhat as she lowered herself in a crouch, but even the steadying index finger with which she caressed these red clay roof tiles would do little to slow the pounding of her heart.

Some rogue she was.