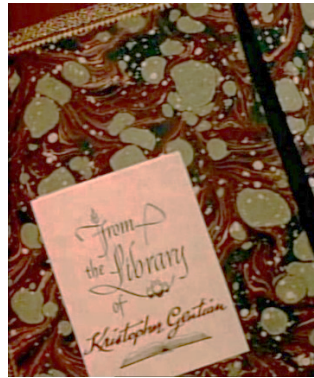


# From the Library of Kristopher Gentian

By Cindy Rae



I began on a rich man's shelf, rarely read, but often 'petted.' (The fate of a great book owned by many a businessman.)

Every book changes hands, and I was no different. From heirs to friends, sometimes lent, and sometimes returned. Sometimes.

And then...

Traded for rent! The ignominy! Traded before the ghost became a ghost! Back when he was an artist, but never really became a 'man!' (For how could anyone ever call Kristopher Gentian a man?)

I collected refined dust.

And I'm now the property of a man who is not a man, again! What are the odds?!