

Where'd you get her contact information, anyways?

Pardon?

The only woman qualified in this town to make prosthetics and mobility aids?

I suppose it makes sense that you would be similarly acquainted with her, now that I think about it.

Obviously. She doesn't exactly advertise her services.

And as adept as I've gotten at wood carving, I'd rather leave canes to the professionals. It's difficult to balance them properly. Most people can get away with an imperfect walking stick for short bouts of time, but I'm not one of them.

Mine is certainly on a more permanent basis. It's wise to invest in these sorts of things.

She happened to stop by the congregation, one Sunday. I inquired as to her line of work, and one thing led to another. Friendly conversation.

I have the sort of face that invites open candour.

Really now? She never struck me as the overly religious type.

It sounds like you should have been a politician.

I'm not willing to get my hands *that* dirty.

And is it truly overly religious, when the main demographic of this town is Roman Catholic?

You know as well as I do that that's less because people are true believers, and more because the vast majority of exorcists belong to the Vatican.

There's paperwork involved, you know. Only so many people are qualified.

Are you?

My work record speaks for itself.

That's not answering the question.

Sharp.

As a tack, dove. I wouldn't still be alive and roaming these days if I weren't.

A mind like a scalpel. Do you dissect your fiancée like this?

Nightly.

I should have anticipated that Tony would keep a woman who's lethal.

Flirting with death has always been her style, hasn't it?

To hear her put it- there's nothing like the adrenaline rush of brushing shoulders with Death and escaping unscathed.

I can't say that I don't agree with her. We all pay our tolls in the end, I have *certainly* paid my pound of flesh for that kind of rambunctiousness- but good God, the high.

There's nothing like it.

I'll have to take your word for it.

I know you understand it. You wouldn't throw yourself headlong into so many exorcisms otherwise. No one obligates you to it. Not God, not religion, not your fellow man. No one would blame you. There are other exorcists who would have happily taken up the mantle, shouldered that burden. But you stepped in.

Are you a martyr like Cavello? Or are you a man seeking glory in the name of his God?

Neither.

Tell yourself that.

Whatever helps you sleep at night.