APPENDIXES

Biography of Philip Margolin

PHILIP MARGOLIN is a retired criminal defence lawyer in Oregon where he tried many high-profile cases. He is an avid chess player and is married with two children. Also by Philip Margolin: Heartstone, The Last Innocent Man, Gone but Not Forgotten, After Dark, The Burning Man, The Undertaker’s Widow, and Wild Justice. First published in the United States in 2001 by Harper Collins Publishers Inc. this edition published by Time Warner Paperbacks in 2002. The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Philip Margolin received invaluable information about the life of an associate at a major law firm from Alison Brody, an associate ate at Portland's Miller, Nash law firm, and Scoot Crawford, Mike Jacob, Melisa Robertson. He is also want to thank Stoel, Rives Partners. He is want to make understand ture that my readers understand that the reed, Briggs firm is The Associate is an invention and that the partners and associates in it are non based on any real person. About printed and bound in Great Britian by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc. Visit our website in www. Time Warner Books.co.uk.

The Summary of Novel

An icy wind whipped down Mercer Street, rattling awnings, scattering paper scraps and raking Gene Arnold’s cheeks raw. He turned up his coat collar and ducked his head to avoid the arctic chill. This wasn’t the Arizona lawyer’s first visit to New York City, but it was his first winter visit and he was unprepared for the biting cold.

Arnold was an unremarkable man, someone you could sit opposite for an hour and not remember live minutes later. He was of average height, tortoiseshell glasses magnified his brown eyes, and his small, bald head was partially ringed by a fringe of dull gray hair. Arnold’s private life was as placid as his personality. He was unmarried, read a lot, and the most exciting thing he did was play golf. Nothing that had happened to him had even registered as an blip on the world’s radar screen expect for a tragedy he had endured seven years before.

Arnold’s law practice was an tedious as his life, business transactions mostly. He was in New York to secure financing for Martin Alvarez, the king of the Arizona used car market, who wanted to expand into New Mexico. Arnold’s successful meeting with a potential investor had ended sooner than expected,
leaving him time to wander around SoHo in search of a painting he could add to his small collection of art.

Arnold’s eyes teared and his nose started to run as he looked around desperately for shelter from the wind. An art gallery on the corner of Mercer and Spring streets was open and he ducked into it, sighing with relief when a blast of warm air greeted him. A thin young woman dressed in black was leaning on a counter near front of the store. She looked up from the catalog she was reading.

“Can I help you?” she asked, flashing him a practiced smile.

“Just looking,” Arnold answered self-consciously.

The art hanging on the white walls of the gallery did not fit into one category. Arnold glanced briefly at a series of collages with a feminist theme before stopping to admire some paintings that were more his style. Back home he owned several western scenes, brown and red mesas at sunset, cowboys on the trail, that sort of thing. These landscapes were of New England, seascapes really. Dories on raging ocean, waves breaking on a deserted beach, a cottage scarred by the sea’s salt spray. Very nice.

Arnold wandered over to a group of black and white photographs entitled Couples. The first grainy shot showed two teenagers holding hands in a park. They were viewed from behind, leaning into each other, their heads almost touching. The photographer had captured their intimate moments perfectly. The picture made Arnold sad. He would have given anything to be that boy with that girl. Being alone was the hardest thing.

The next photo showed a black couple sitting in a café. They were laughing, his head thrown back, mouth open, she smiling shyly, delighted that she was the source of such joy.