when the market crashed, all his dreams for his sons and daughters died. The situation left him without hope.Could this be the end of the family business? The Madnontons had been in the textile industry for two centuries. The effects were simply too unique to contemplate.

Nick’s sullen mood colored everything that day. Not even his favorite book, *Treasure Island*, could improve his outlook, although the leather volume stood ready on the coffee table. When Jordan entered the room to water her prized coleus collection, he barely noticed. Nothing could unlock his lethargy.

How would he find the energy to prepare for his evening meeting with the lawyer? The lawyer. Indeed. The man was perhaps twenty-five years old, so what could he possibly know about repairing this horror?

Suddenly, a shot rang out!

Terrorist thugs armed with carbines surged into the foyer. One of them had fired a quick round into a cream-colored urn that had stood on a side table for two decades.

“That vase is all wrong for the room,” he said.