



AMBER'S LIFE IS SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL.

All she wants is to turn up the volume on her iPod until all of the demands of family and friends fade away. So she sneaks off to the beach to spend a day by herself.

Then Amber meets Cade. Their attraction is instant, and Amber can tell he's also looking for an escape. Together they decide to share a perfect day: no pasts, no fears, no regrets.

The more time that Amber spends with Cade, the more she's drawn to him. And the more she's troubled by his darkness. Because Cade's not just living in the now—he's living each moment like it's his last. LISA SCHROEDER is the author of Chasing Brooklyn, Far from You, and I Heart You, You Haunt Me, a 2009 ALA Quick Pick for Reluctant Young Adult Readers. She is also the author of two middle-grade novels. Lisa loves to write in verse because it allows her to really get at the emotional core of the story. She is grateful to all of the people who have read her books and told their friends about them, since being an author is more fun than ponies or waterslides (most of the time, anyway). Lisa lives in Oregon with her husband and two sons. You can visit her on the web at lisaschroederbooks.com.

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Simon Pulse

New York London Toronto Sydney

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Summary: Sixteen-year-old Amber, hoping to spend one perfect day alone at the beach before her world is turned upside down, meets and feels a strong connection to Cade, who is looking for his own escape, for a very different reason.

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PZ7.5.S37Day 2011 [Fic]—dc22 2010034567 ISBN 978-1-4424-1745-8 (eBook) This one is for all of you who feel the fear and do it anyway, in writing and in life.

You inspire me!

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a different kind of day

Some mornings, it's hard to get out of bed.

Sleep lures you like a stranger with a piece of candy.

Follow me. It will be okay. I promise.

You know better, but still you follow, because you really do love candy.

When you finally open your eyes, late for everything and your whole day screwed, you curse that bastard, Mr. Sandman.

It's happened to me a hundred times. But not today.

Today was different.

Anticipation is the best alarm there is, and it shook me awake before my phone even had the chance.

As I move around my room

with my iPod on and earbuds in, my girl P!nk sings strong, and I feel like I have superpowers.

The power to let myself go, let myself be, let myself live the next twenty-four hours in a way I have never lived before.

ready, set, go

In the bathroom I get myself ready, quiet as a sunrise.

I grab my backpack containing the essentials— extra clothes, just in case; my drumsticks, just because; my camera, just for fun; and a box of jelly beans, just like always.

Islink into the dark kitchen, clutching the note I wrote last night.

I thought of everything.

The note goes in front of the food-splattered Betty Crocker Cookbook that sits on a stand in the middle of the counter, like a revered queen on her throne.

The hardest part is unlocking the door, walking out, and leaving it all behind me.

There's a moment when the dead bolt clicks and I

freeze,

waiting to hear if footsteps will follow.

The footsteps don't come,

so I go.

practice makes perfect, I hope

So long. Good-bye. See ya later.

Every day for the past month, when I've left the house, I've tried to pretend it was the day.

So long, Mom.
I'll think of you
when I watch movies,
see birds in the sky,
and read all your motherly notes
that I've saved over the years.

Good-bye, Kelly.
I'll think of you
when I hear a violin's song,
see a pile of library books,
and remember all the secrets we've whispered
since we were small.

And even though
he doesn't live here anymore,
I still say to him,
See ya later, Dad.
I'll think of you
when I hear about the latest techie gadget,
watch a Mariners' game,
and bravely confront the spiders
you used to battle for me.

Today I think the words.

Tomorrow they'll expect me to say them. I hope I can say them.

good morning

The chilly air slides its arms around my warm, anxious body, and as I breathe in its faint floral scent, I feel myself begin to relax.

While Mom watched the news last night,
I stayed and watched too, instead of retreating to my drum set.
The weatherman said it's supposed to be nice today. A sunny day in March, a rare treat for Oregon.
Next week is spring break.

It'll be raining by then.

Sure as Mom will be curled up on the sofa with her afghan, drinking tea by the gallon, watching movie after movie, and hoping, wishing, praying for an escape from the heartbreak, it will r

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I walk down the sidewalk of Englewood Avenue.
Ten years of memories line the street and wave.

Images
of riding bikes,
jumping rope,
playing hide-and-seek
swarm my brain
like bees.

I shake my head and walk faster.

When I turn the corner, the limousine is waiting.

The driver says, "Good morning."
My response to him
is quick and awkward,
the way it is
when I have to say
those words to someone
I don't know.

And then I tell myself, You better get used to it.

Three years ago

Dear Amber,

It breaks our hearts that you don't want to meet us. We are hurt, but we als understand that it is a bigshock. Perhaps you just need more time to get used to ti idea.

We think about you every day, and have so manyquestions for you. What do yo look like? What activities do you enjoy? What foods are your favorite?

I will tell you a little bit about us, and maybe as we move toward meeting or another, it will help you to not be so afraid.

The most important thing to know about me is that I love children. I have been child-care provider for over twenty years. I get notes from parents telling me thos first children I cared for years ago are now doing well in college!

Allen also loves children, and has spent his life working in the educational system as a teacher, a vice principal, and now, for the past few years, a principal. He the kindest man you'll ever meet. He has a big heart with a huge capacity to love.

We'd love to hear from you. Please write back? I've enclosed our containformation along with our picture. I thought you might be curious about us the way we are curious about you.

We really hope to hear from you.

Love,

Jeanie and Allen

only good things

I don't have to tell the driver where we're going. He knows. I arranged this weeks ago.

Since there's no bus that goes to the beach, my choices were a taxi or a limo. I chose the limo because the next twenty-four hours are not about holding back, being cheap, thinking hard, taking crap, feeling bad.

They're about being me, loving life, finding joy, playing hard, taking risks, and who knows what else.

To plan it all would take away from the fun and excitement of what's to come.

Let the day reveal itself to me in its own time, in its own way.

I am yours, Today.



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