

oment, Garrett doesn't speak—he just turns onto
. Simon and Nick's neighborhood looks like a
ustration, with its carefully mowed lawns, painted
buds on all the dogwoods. He pulls up along the
's house and turns off the ignition.

anyone ever told you that you cuss a lot?" he says

k you." But the corners of my lips twitch upward.
ou're right. Morgan was an asshole," he says. Then
face me, head-on. "How do you know so much

don't." My heart leaps into my throat.

ooks at me strangely. "Okay."

out of the car, and there's Taylor, sitting on the
two guitar cases. "Hey, birthday girl," I call out,
rd her. She flashes me an electric-bright smile that
her eyes.

beside her, punching her softly in the arm. "You

se!" She nods. "Hey, have y'all heard from Nick?"

, but, uh. We're at his house."

Taylor nods. "But, like . . . no one's home?"

is parents are at a workshop?" I mean, they're doc-
ns.

ally," Taylor says, looking unconvinced. "But Nick

"Weird," C

"Do you t

"I'm sure

shrug. "He pro

"Maybe."

ing down ther

"Or he's p

Taylor no

Moments late

backyard. "Ba

to do? Should

rett to Taylor

"I don't kn

"I could te

Taylor sig

we've called. I

"He's fine

why don't we

"Let's just

then her voice

driveway, the garage door rumbling open. Taylor's whole face

lights up. But he doesn't drive in or get out or anything. He just

sits there, frozen, like he's in a trance.

So I stand. "I'll go talk to him."

I jog over to his car. It's like he doesn't even see me

What about
second
breakfast?

...

to games." I

ra are check-

ed her finger.

ath from the

do you want

ks from Gar-

morning, and

."

says. "Burke,

or begins, but

's car is in the

driveway, the garage door rumbling open. Taylor's whole face

lights up. But he doesn't drive in or get out or anything. He just

sits there, frozen, like he's in a trance.

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