

He wasn't smiling at first — his face was somber, then his expression lightened as he looked at me and laughed.

"Good morning," he chuckled.

"What's wrong?" I glanced down to see if I'd forgotten anything important, like a sweater.

"We're marching." He laughed again. "It's a long, light tan sweater on, white sneakers, blue jeans, and blue jeans. I don't have a secret twinge of regret — I don't want to be a runway model when I go to work."

I locked the door to the truck. He waited by the door with an expression that was a mix of surprise and concern.

"We made a mistake. We should have driven into the drive."

"Where are you going?"

"Put it on."

I grabbed the sweater.

"Put it on."

Super Reader!

road driving me to town.

"Were you planning to make it out of Forks before?"