

September 2nd.

MY BELOVED SISTER,

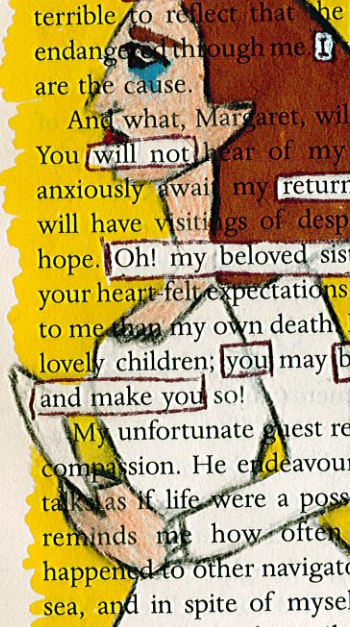
I write to you, encompassed  
whether I am ever doomed  
and the dearer friends that  
by mountains of ice, which  
threaten every moment to  
fellows, whom I have persuaded  
look towards me for aid; but  
There is something terribly  
yet my courage and hopes  
terrible to reflect that the  
endangered through me. I  
are the cause.

And what, Margaret, will  
You will not hear of my  
anxiously await my return  
will have visitings of despair  
hope. Oh! my beloved sister,  
your heart-felt expectations  
to me than my own death. But  
lovely children; you may be happy: Heaven bless you,  
(and make you so!

My unfortunate guest requires  
compassion. He endeavours  
talk as if life were a possession  
reminds me how often  
happened to other navigators  
sea, and in spite of myself,

I am surrounded  
no escape, and

to be my comfort  
have none to  
filling in our  
not desert me  
of all these  
lost, my mad  
the state of your  
action, and  
will pass, and  
yet be fortunate



beauty and  
its romantic

Hills  
filled him with

admira-

tion.

Edinburgh, passing

St Andrew's, and along the banks of the  
north, where our friend expected us. But I was  
not to laugh and talk with strangers, or enter  
their feelings or plans with the good humour expected  
from a guest; and accordingly I told Clermont that I wished  
to make the tour of Scotland alone. 'Do you,' said he,  
'enjoy yourself, and let this be our rendezvous. I shall  
be absent a month or two; but do not interfere with my  
motions, I intreat you: leave me to peace and  
for a short time; and when I return, I hope to be  
with a lighter heart, more congenial to your  
temper.'

Henry wished to dissuade me; but seeing me  
his plan, ceased to remonstrate. He intreated me  
then. 'I had rather be with you,' he said, 'in your  
troubles, than with these Scotch people, whom  
I hasten, then, my departure, and, to return,  
I feel myself as if I were at home which

I

cheerful

I saw Rachel, too. She had a dark look in her eyes. Like she hadn't slept. Like something was really wrong.

Even Cassie seemed grim. It had gotten to all of us. It's not so easy to just forget terror. It's not easy to just forget the memory of your leg being ripped off.

Of being dismembered. Torn apart.

One of these days I thought, one of us is going to go crazy. Really. lock-me-up-in-a-rubber-room nuts. It was too much. This wasn't how life was supposed to be.

One of us would snap. One of us would lose it. It could happen, even to strong people.

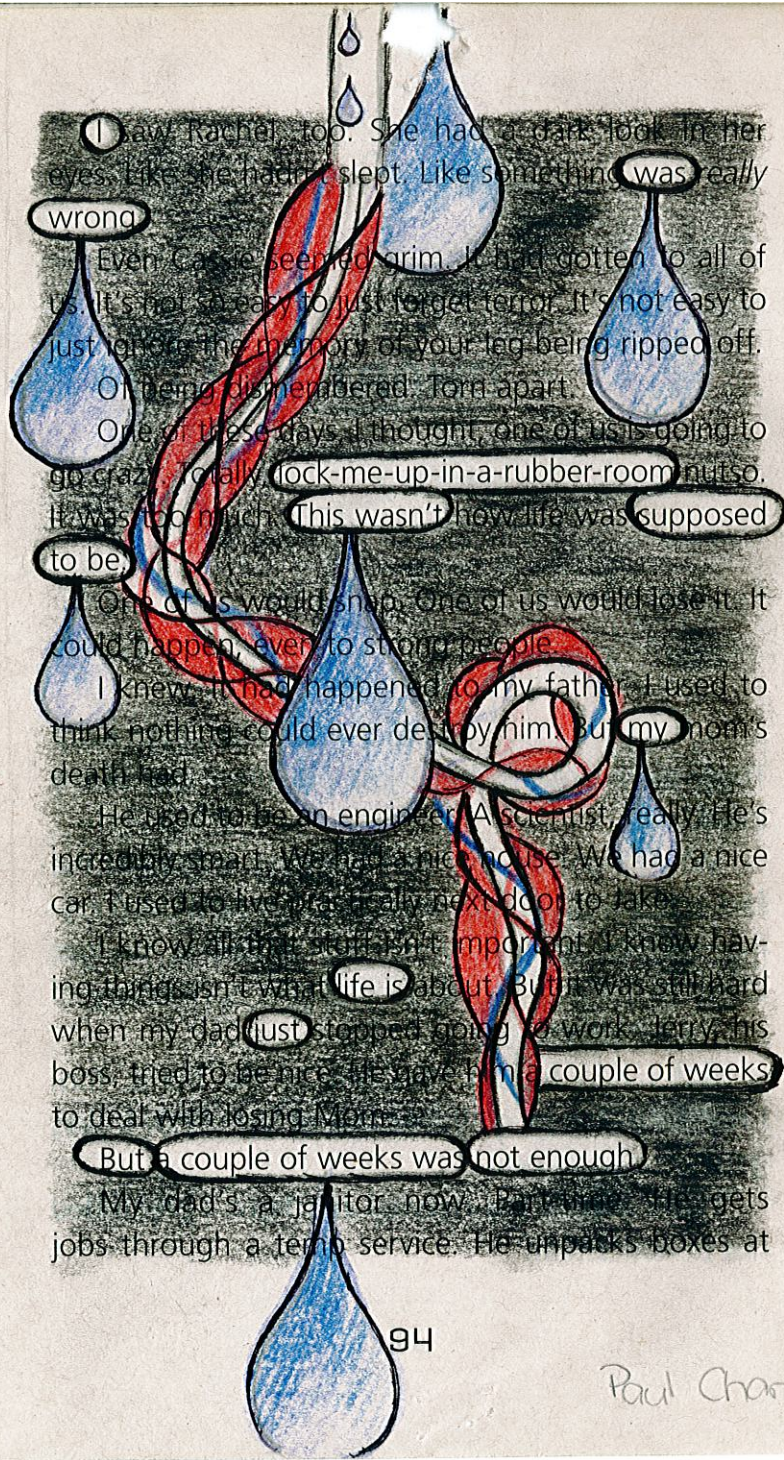
I knew. It had happened to my father. I used to think nothing could ever destroy him. But my mom's death had.

He used to be an engineer. A scientist, really. He's incredibly smart. We had a nice house. We had a nice car. I used to live practically next door to Jake.

I know all that stuff isn't important. I know having things isn't what life is about. But it was still hard when my dad just stopped going to work. Jerry, his boss, tried to be nice. He gave him a couple of weeks to deal with losing Mom.

But a couple of weeks was not enough.

My dad's a janitor now. Bam works. He gets jobs through a temp service. He unpacks boxes at



With a mad, terrified burst of energy Ed just managed to get his hands round the boy's neck and hold him off at arm's

length. The boy was snarling and snorting, which made green foam ooze from his nose. Pinkish-looking saliva foamed from his teeth, flecked with blood. It mingled with the sweat and fell into a dribble that hung down like a rope, dangling from his mouth. A drop fell from the end and spat onto Ed's nose. He jerked his head to the side and spat. The blood pooled in his ear.

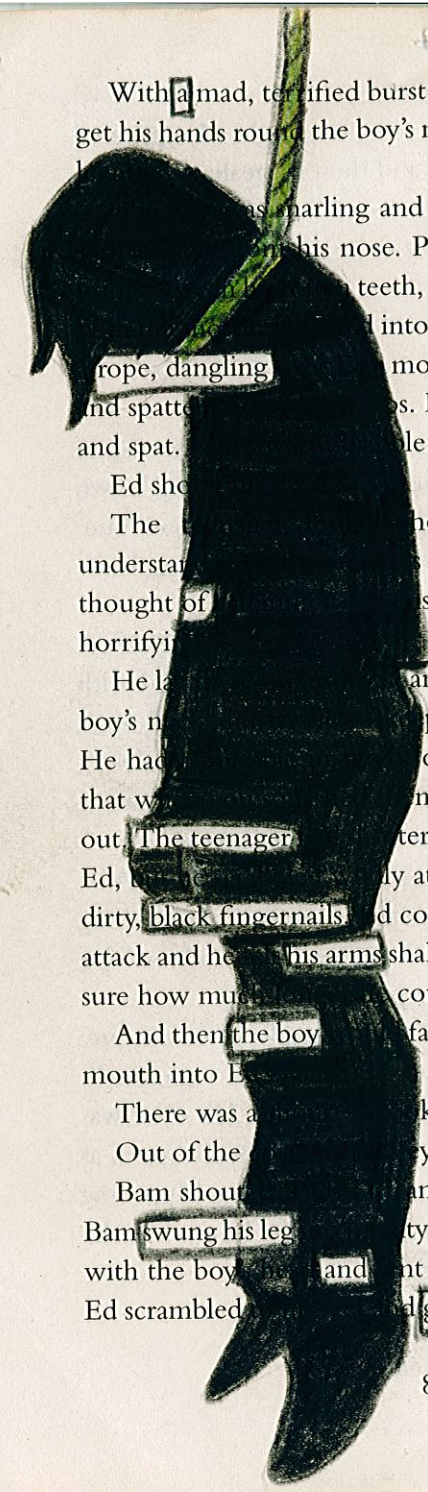
Ed shook his head, trying to clear it. The boy was horribly diseased. Ed didn't understand how it worked, nobody did, but the thought of the boy drooling, pizza-faced git was horrifying.

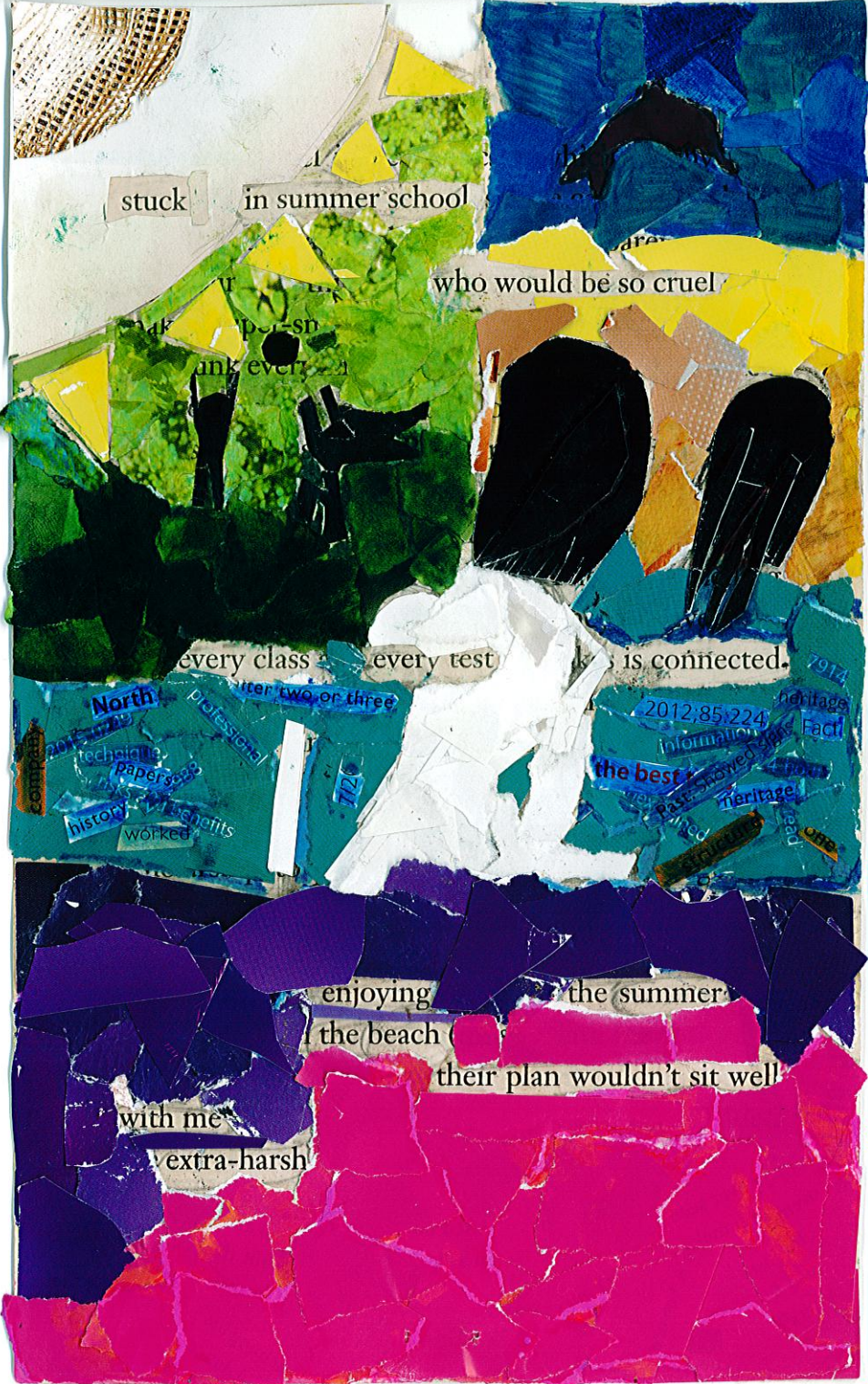
He laid his arms straight out, squeezing the boy's neck. The boy's head popped up at the same time. He had a rubber toy head. One of those rubber toy heads that was made from the eyes and tongue popped out. The teenager's arms came out. He couldn't quite reach Ed, but he was scratching his skin with dirty, black fingernails. Ed could do little to stop the crazed attack and he felt his arms shaking with the strain. He wasn't sure how much longer he could hold out.

And then the boy fell on him and press that gaping mouth into Ed's neck.

There was a loud thud, Ed!

Out of the corner of his eye Ed saw Bam pounding over. Bam shouted and Ed let go of the boy just as Bam swung his leg in a heavy drop-kick. His boot connected with the boy's back and sent him spinning over backwards. Ed scrambled to his feet and glanced at his attacker, who lay





stuck in summer school

who would be so cruel

every class every test is connected.

enjoying the summer  
the beach

with me  
extra-harsh

North

after two or three

2012,85,224

7914

the best

heritage

history

worked

712

the best

pear

the border of glowing blue bioluminescent plankton back into the green ocean that seemed so much darker by comparison. When we broke the surface, I looked back towards Blue Cave. I had been careful to swim north of the cave's opening, so even if Jacques and Crystal were looking directly out of the entrance Shelby and I would have been screened from view. I didn't want to take any chances with being heard so I just pointed further north towards where I hoped the rest of The Outriders had found a place to hide.

Kayaking against the current is one thing, but swimming against it is another. Shelby and I had used up so much adrenaline during our original swim into Blue Cave and while we were spying that we had very little left in the tank for open-water swimming. Plus, we wanted to stay underwater as much as possible in case Jacques and Crystal decided to get in their sailing sloop and patrol the area.

A few hundred yards to the north we spotted another giant bite taken out of the cliff-sandwich. It wasn't a cave, more of a big indent in the rock face, and best of all it was almost entirely concealed from view - which is why Wyatt, Din, Nar, Bettina and Ty had chosen it as a waiting spot. Ty and Bettina had "rafted" their canoe, snugging it lengthwise against

I spun around

BLAM! BLAM!

It was the first guy. The one I'd thrown over my shoulder. He was up on his feet, gun pointed.

I was big. I was powerful. But a gun was a whole different story. And loud! Man, are those things loud.

"Hah! Come and get some, monkey man!"

I barreled behind the Dumpster. I leaned my mass against it and sent it rolling and spinning

the way with the gun.

with the gun.

ive isn't happy, but he  
ow can be seen.

though that went okay. Now, find

call 911 to come arrest

and come in time to

I forgot something.

monster!"

The guy's life to save.

shaking with

gun went.

was pointing at me

closer."