

letters from nowhere

ting close to them now and walking quickly. (That was the girl's name, you see—Ivy). A few more steps would bring her directly in front of him. He thought, deep in his mind,

Just as she  
looked straight  
thought. She  
with her. No  
hot sun and  
deeper into the

Keep walking  
keep walking  
ing to peek  
shrugged and  
He heaved a  
disaster.

“Ahem.”  
him, and ins  
her still leafi  
look on her f

“But—”

“You kn  
“No books v  
Now, go on.”

Camden  
tries to argue  
she was one o

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## chapter one

Camden was reading comfortably in his shaded beach chair when he saw her, and instantly, he knew—his summer vacation was ruined. He had never seen the girl before in his life, but he was certain, nonetheless. And I will go ahead and tell you now that he was right. Or at least, almost—but then, I'm getting ahead of myself.

As the girl drew closer, Camden glanced over at his aunt, his babysitter for the day, and breathed a sigh of relief. She was still idly turning the glossy pages of her magazine. Maybe, he thought, if he was lucky and didn't make any sudden moves, she would go right on reading and never even see the girl walking by.

Carefully, so as not to draw any attention to himself, he lifted his book a little higher and glanced back up the beach. Ivy was get-