

letters from nowhere

hadn't he ever learned how to pick a lock? he thought irritably. Or at the very least, how to break down a door—though this one seemed f

“I don't  
around. We're  
time soon. A  
of keys or so

Camden  
their flashlig

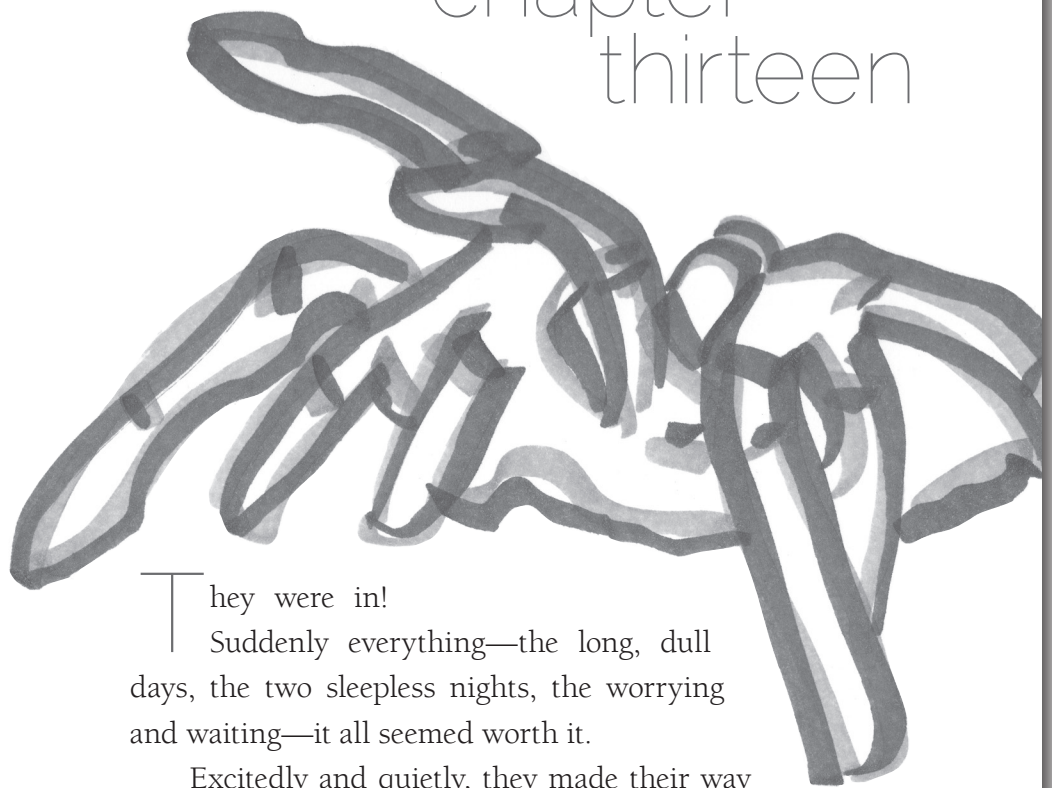
The room  
pose (except  
passing in it,  
dank, with a  
and tools an  
high ceiling  
crisscrossing

Ivy mac  
along one wa  
headed in th  
he was looki  
finally, after  
flashlight fell  
feet high and  
corner.

Camden  
a closet or sc  
or buckets o

200 ::

## chapter thirteen



They were in!

Suddenly everything—the long, dull days, the two sleepless nights, the worrying and waiting—it all seemed worth it.

Excitedly and quietly, they made their way across the darkened room, until they came to the door—and found it locked!

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” Ivy said, tugging futilely at the unmoving door, tears of frustration in her voice.

Camden pushed her aside and determinedly took hold of the door, only to be met with exactly the same result. (At which point, he very nearly started to cry, too.) “Great,” he whispered. “What are we supposed to do now?” And why