

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 shoes.

"We're on a tight schedule. He laughed again, long, light tan sweater on, white sneakers, blue jeans, and blue jeans. I'd forgotten my keys and my wallet.

I locked the door to the truck.

He waited by the door, his expression that of a man who had just been told that he was going to be late for work.

"We made a mistake. We should have called you before we left.

"Where are you going?"

"Put on your seat belt."

I got into the truck.

"I'll be there in five minutes."

Super Reader!

road driving me to town.

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