

mean it's true. You need to see for yourself. Besides, his name is the same as a beautiful Greek island with turquoise water and white-sand beaches and all the lamb and peppers you like so much at street fairs. Picture that when you meet him tomorrow."

"I just wish I could have had Avery," I say.

"That wouldn't have been fair and you know it. She's like family. And don't forget, Jules. At school, she's Ms. Kaplan."

I snort at this. How am I supposed to call a girl who does yoga headstands on my bed while blasting rap music Ms. Kaplan?

"Anyway," my mom says, "at least they kept the four of you together."

By "the four of you," my mom means Elinor, my best friend forever whose

beautiful British accent makes everything better every day; Charlotte, my ex-best friend forever, who acts like a gigantic snob most of the time but who sometimes is nice by accident; Teddy Meant-to-Be Lichtenstein, who still calls me by my Periodic Table of Elements name, and who will definitely find a whole bunch of new ways to bump into me every day; and me. The lucky ones who did not get Mr. Looks-Like-Lamb-and-Peppers Santorini are Abby and Brynn, who will be spending their time with a certain yoga-posing teacher who will probably have pizza parties at least once a week. Or maybe tapas parties. Tapas are small plates of food. Avery loves tapas.



“Right,” I say to my mom. “The four of us.”

“Bed, Jules.”

“What time is it?” I ask.

“8:20,” she says.

“What time exactly?” I ask. The exact time is important.

“8:19.”

“Perfect.”

“Why?”

“Because that gives me eleven minutes to fall asleep at an even number.”

My mom shakes her head and shoos me away. I stop to look at my brother, who is asleep with his hands behind his head. Suddenly, he opens his eyes for one second, yells “I WANT LEMONADE!” at the top of his lungs, and closes his eyes again.

I run over and hop onto my bed and laugh hysterically into my pillow. He was probably dreaming about the lemonade lady at the street fair. He was so thirsty after bouncing on the giant bouncers he whined about lemonade until we finally got to the lady who sings her lemonade jingle all day so you can find her easily. I was thinking *she*