

"On the Internet, you live forever. Everything you read could have happened today. Or last year. Or never."

—Torrey Grey, Beautystarz15

CHAPTER ONE

BEAT THE BLUES AND LEARN FRESH BEAUTY TIPS

In September, my parents moved me and my dead sister to Texas.

Today, just one week after the moving trucks left us here, my parents are going to put her ashes in the ground out in the middle of nowhere. The thought of it makes my stomach churn.

"Are you sure you don't want to come with us, Torrey?" my dad asks as he paces back and forth in front of the couch. My mom stares off into space, her hands clenched in her lap.

"I'm sure," I say. "I went to the funeral." And we all knew how that turned out. Pictures of my grieving face ended up on Instagrams everywhere. There was talk that a camera was even hidden in the huge spray of pink roses. They never found out for sure.

Mom seems to want to argue with me, and then just doesn't have the energy. Like she doesn't have the energy to eat dinner or brush out the tangles in her curly blond hair. She did, however, have the strength to keep going down to

that corner at Pearl and 10th Street back in Colorado. My dad found her there, night after night, staring at that little pile of wilting flowers and teddy bears and holding handwritten cards from strangers.

"We all need a new start," my dad says now, looking at my mom. I know that part is about me, too. I can't really blame him. He's trying to fix things. That's what Dad does. That's why we're here in Texas, sitting on a couch the color of dead leaves and talking about putting what's left of my sister in the dirt.

Right after the funeral in Colorado, my parents discussed the move to Texas. Well, the truth is, my dad talked about it and my mom just stared at things like forks and lamps. I tried to not get in the way, and didn't say anything at all, even though the thought of moving away from Boulder was another thin layer of sadness pushed down on top of all the grief.

"It's just for a little while," Dad said. Like we'd come back again after a few months.

When my mother finally agreed to go, there was only one condition.

My sister, Miranda.

My dad, ever the planner, already thought of this and had an answer ready. "My family has a cemetery plot down in Huntsville. We can put her there and be close by."

The next day, Mom carefully rolled up the silver vase containing my sister's ashes into bubble wrap and placed it in a specially made travel box the funeral people gave us.