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## Pretty little liars books pdf

Are you sad that Pretty Little Liars is coming to an end? Do not worry, I have a treat for you: Dead Girls Society by Michelle Kryz, next month, is the perfect book for fans of the mystery series. This book has it all: drama in high school, unrequited love, and dangerous secrets. Moreover, everything revolves around a fascinating premise: secret societies. Hope has cystic fibrosis, a condition that keeps her at home more often than she would like. She just wants to experience life the way her friends live life - free from health restrictions, free from her mother's dominating nature, free to desire her best friend, Ethan. Then an invitation arrives in her inbox — a request that she join the mysterious Society at a suspicious location. At first she thinks it's a joke, but when she realizes it's a very real invitation, she jumps at the chance of some excitement. But Hope soon learns that joining the Society is not a demand; it's a request. And she has no idea who is really responsible. Seriously, how good does that sound? Dead Girls Society isn't out until November 8, 2016, but Bustle is proud to present an exclusive clip to enjoy now. Read more, if you dare: I can not sleep. I never get to sleep. I am awake, completely alert, my heart pounding in the mattress. Pale moonlight blows through the creature from the Black Lagoon poster in front of my bed. Fluffy guitar riffs ingling with the saxophone tunes honking with street artists from the French Quarter, a few blocks away, creep into my open window. It really shouldn't be open. Mom wouldn't approve. The hour of my awakening looks at me in large numbers of neon. A .m. I wonder what Ethan is doing right now. He's probably sleeping. Or maybe he's leaning over the desk in his room, crammed for a test, dark hair coming out straight around his ears. Or maybe he's texting Savannah. It's probably texting Savannah.I giving up sleep and dragging my laptop out of my bedside table, connecting to all known human social media sites. Ethan's offline. Everyone I know, too. I guess some people have school in the morning. I guess some people have lives. Sighing, I click on my e-mail. A new message. I lean closer to reading the sender's name: The Company. Weird. Sounds like spam, but you know what they say: life is short, read spam. I'm opening the e-mail. The whole screen turns black before a pix-exalted rose slowly enters into discussion. Words flash across the screen: Dear Hope You are cordially invited to participate in a game of thrills and dares. That is, if Mom lets you out of the house. Come to 291 Schilling Road at midnight tomorrow. Don't tell anyone, and come alone. If you dare. The sounds of the neighborhood are fading, and all I can hear is the boom boom boom boom of my heart. The adrenaline pumps me in the veins, the computer has pedded like a bomb in my hands. Who could have sent this? My My thought is dad. Whenever something bad happens in our lives, it's usually because of him. Maybe he someone off, an angry loan shark who wants to take advantage of me for money or something. At least I would know he cared. But he's been gone for more than a year this time. He may not even remember that he has two daughters. Whenever something bad happens in our lives, it's usually because of him. Maybe he someone off, an angry loan shark who wants to take advantage of me for money or something. At least I would know he cared. A practical joke, then? I imagine five girls huddled on a computer, passing around a bottle of wine one of them stole from his parents and laughing as they typed this message. But why me? Why go after the sick child? Maybe Ethan.As as soon as I get the idea, I know I'm right. Ethan can always tell when I get into a cage, and I probably looked desperate today. And who can blame me after six weeks of forced isolation? So he thought he'd help me have fun. It would be like he would do something like that. I'm typing an answer. Very funny, Ethan.I hit Send, put my laptop on the bedside table, and go back to not sleeping. Of course, as soon as I finally fall asleep, it's time to get up. All night I turned around and shot, parsing Ethan email for every possible sense. We've been best friends for three years, the kind of best friends where nothing is weird between us — he sins in front of me. I tell him when I have my period. But lately, things have been different. I always thought Ethan was decently beautiful, but then he started wearing his hair pushed back from his face that way that makes his cheekbones and jawline look cut glass. And then I noticed how his shoulders got from swimming tricks, and how the muscles in his forearms move and flex when he moves. And then I noticed the cute way he chews his nails when he thinks, and then it was like I couldn't stop noticing all the cute things about him. The next thing I knew, I had a crush on my best friend. And now there was this e-mail. The next thing I knew, I had a crush on my best friend. Did he really want me to meet him at this address? And what would he say when I arrived? Which naturally led to many hours of sleep fantasizing about him confessing his eternal love for me and then pressing me against a wall with a kiss It was all I could do to not call him at four in the morning and tell him I love him too. I'm dragging my laptop, still hot the thousandth time I checked my email last night in case Ethan had answered. No new messages, but I have another idea. I plug the address into Google Maps. I don't even have to check the email - the number is pan-fried in my brain: 291.291 Road. I press Enter, and the map turns away from my sagging neighborhood of Iberville at a place a few miles away. The target stops on a terrain that seems totally isolated. I go to Street View and I find the image of a fence very high and very locked. Some distance beyond is an old warehouse, slouching and gaping like a living being. Why would Ethan want to take me there? There's a quick knock on my door. I'm downplaying the window that Mom pushes her head inside. Hey, hon. Ready for your treatment? I make an announcement, slide the computer from my knees, and is in my designated place in the center of my bedroom floor. I've spent so much time here that I'm surprised there's not a permanent outline of me in the carpet. Mom sits next to me and starts the whole routine, pounding my back with a severed hand to loosen the secretions that plug my lungs and make it impossible to breathe, which I then go hork in a plastic basin. It's very glamorous. How's Ethan? Mommy asks. It is ok. The word comes out agitated, punctuated by the beats on my back. It hasn't been by as much this week. He's busy with the school. I frown in the carpet, replaying our conversation last night: Mom knocked on the door to say I had a visitor, and then Ethan was there. I suddenly felt self-aware in my ratty brown bathrobe, but it didn't seem to notice or care. He dropped his duffel near the door of my room, dropped a bag of contraband skittles, and flopped on my bed, all in one continuous motion. His hair was too shiny not to get wet, and he smelled weakly of chlorine. He would come straight back from swimming training. I tore the bag of Skittles and probably looked like a pig, stuffing the colorful candy into my mouth. Mmm, I moan. Should I leave you alone? Ethan asked. I threw a candy on his forehead, and he laughed. You didn't call me back last night, I said. I know, I had a calc test today, and I didn't study. How did it go? Let's just say I'm going to get another Karin Sato conference looming. Ouch. I had the pleasure of being present for one of his mother's legendary lectures, and it was . . . Unpleasant. This is one of the many things we have in common: our very invested mothers. So tell me about the school, I say. All the details. I want to feel like I'm here. This is one of the many things we have in common: our very invested mothers. There's a new child, says Ethan, Isaiah something or something. He's in my chemistry class, and he's trying to swim too, so he's kind of hooked on me. Oh no, I but Ethan knew exactly where I was going and jumped in. Don't worry about it. This is not a Sam 2.0. I smiled, remembering the weird girl who followed me for a few months last year. Although she was harmless at first, I drew the line when she cut her ash ash hair to match mine and began to carry an inhaler in her handbag. It wasn't funny at the time — it was completely creepy — but when I complained to the principal, it turned out that it didn't matter, because Sam had already transferred to another school. We can laugh about it now. Is Savannah still trying to fuck you? I asked. Ethan smiled, and the Skittles suddenly felt heavy in my stomach. I forced a smile and needed him in the ribs. Okay, what happened? She wants to go to the Tucker St. Clair party together tomorrow. It's a party. Another thing I couldn't go to. I thought you hated Tucker St. Clair. That's what I'm doing. He sat down and grabbed cacharel Anais Anais' bottle on my bedside table, turning it from side to side so that the liquid would get clorked. I asked French mom perfume for my birthday last year and practically had an aneurysm when she actually got it for me. Even though I'm not allowed to wear it. I like the way the bottle looks next to the neat pile of French novels on my bedside table. Then? I pushed. So everybody's going. His parents are out of town for something charity. But it's a weekday, I almost said it. Are you going to go, then? I asked instead. I don't know. I felt his eyes on me, so I pretended to be very focused on twisting the closed Skittles bag. Do you want to hang out instead? Yes, Oh, my God, yes. No, it's not. You should go to the party. Are you sure? My stomach turned. I didn't expect him to accept so quickly. But why wouldn't he? Savannah Thompson is blonde, tanned and sweet, and I'd be willing to bet she wouldn't cough and hack if he tried to kiss her. Or the taste of a salt lick. So many attractive qualities in a girl. I nodded. Yes, I'm sure. Hope . . . Something about his voice made me unable to lift the air. I felt like he could see it written on my face, all my pathetic desire and despair. He put on the perfume. I hope, look at me. I felt like he could see it written on my face, all my pathetic desire and despair. Yes, I did. I had spent so much time looking at his face that I could probably have described him perfectly to a draughtsman. He had a small bump on his nose and a scar that cut off his left eyebrows, and when the sun hit his eyes, they looked not only brown, but speckled with amber, as the galaxy marbles Jenny and I used to play with in sandboxes in elementary school, at where I was allowed to do things like play. Her lips were gone, and I could suddenly not look away from them. There was a knock at the door at that time. I shook back from Ethan as Mom popped her head in. It's time for your treatment, she said. Sometimes I could accept my illness. Other times, I wanted cystic fibrosis to die in a ditch. Ethan slit his throat. I could smell his musky scent through the chlorine on the old NYU sweater he wears after training, and it was intoxicating. Our Our were so close that they were almost touching. If Mom was there, I could have reached and traced my finger along the hem of her jeans. He would have known, without a shadow of a doubt. The phone rang, and Mom disappeared. What do you mean before? I asked, jump at the chance. He's got toy with the cord on his hood. I, well, the bell stopped, and the door opened again. Mom was there with the phone in her hand. Just the bank. She gave me a knowing look. Mom never answers when the bank calls. What's the point when she has nothing to say other than I can't pay now? Ethan got out of bed. I'll call you later, kay? I nodded on my lap, and then he was gone. Out of a life that did not include me, at school and parties and kisses in the moonlight with Savannah, while I got on the mat in preparation for another round of chest physio. And then he sent me this mysterious email. I didn't say anything yesterday, I didn't kiss him when I should have, but tonight I can make up for it all. Things can change. But they won't be, I realize. Because I'll always be there, holed up in this apartment with its thin paper walls. It's hard to have a relationship when your mom is there all the time. Another point for Savannah. I bet she doesn't have her mother hovering over her 24/7 in case she's not breathing well. Hey, Mommy? I'm asking. Mmm-hmm, she replies in absentia. Do you think I'm ready to go back to school? It stops. Just for a second, but I notice. I feel pretty good. I breathe slowly, and I have no oxygen. I don't get screwed when I walk, and I really miss seeing my friends. She shakes her head in my peripheral vision. Everything in me tightens and liquefies, all at the same time. I may seem like you're getting better, she says, but you're not out of the woods yet. This chest infection almost got you in, and it's the cold season. Becky at work has an unpleasant cough, and her children are all sick too. It's just a bad idea. She shakes her head in my peripheral vision. Everything in me tightens and liquefies, all at the same time. I take a first step, but I think of Ethan, Savannah, sitting in the same bed for another day, another week. Someone's still sick, I say. I can't stay cloistered in my room all my life just in case someone sneezes near me. Please, Mommy. I want to go back. I need it. My little sister, Jenny, appears in the door. She wears pajamas, and her ash blonde hair is pulled into a messy bun on top of her head. I'm pretty sure there's mascara stained under his eyes. You can't keep her locked up all the time. You say that like I'm hurting, said Mum, her hands momentarily leaving my back. His life is in danger! But what is life anyway if you you pass lying in bed every day? Jenny counters. Jenny, that's enough! Mommy says. Jenny huffs and disappears into the hallway. I focus on a crack in the plaster so I don't cry. Smooth jazz and snoring tires come in through my window. I thought I told you to keep the window closed, mom says irritably. I'm not answering. Do. Mom sighs a lot, and I know what she looks like even if I can't see her: a balloon with the air left out, deflated and sad. I'm sorry, darling, she says, softer this time. But it's too dangerous. I know, Mom, I say, because I can't stand to upset her. I just thought I'd try. She climbs on my back and hands me a plastic basin. Don't forget to breathe. I take a first step, and she leaves my room to get ready for work. I'm desperate to talk to Ethan, and for a while I'm considering skipping breathing exercise. But I promised her, and she seemed so sad and helpless. She usually does a good show, but sometimes, like now, when she has to remind me that I'm a ticking time bomb, I can see how much my illness weighs on her. So I force myself to finish the exercises, breathe and then blow as energetically as I can until I cough everything in my lungs. Once I feel clear, I put the pelvis aside and take my phone. I wait to hear the shower running around in the bathroom before dialling her number. He picks up on the third ring. Hope? Is there something wrong? Ethan asks drowsy. I repel the image of him crumpled and shirtless, languidly kicking off his sheets. I got your email, I said. What e-mail? He asks. He he. I smile on the phone. Seriously, what are you talking about? You really didn't e-mail me last night? I hope I have no idea what you are talking about. My heart gives a deep thud as my shoulders sag with disappointment. If it wasn't him, then I'm back to square one: who would have sent me this email, and more importantly, why? My heart gives a deep thud as my shoulders sag with disappointment. I received an invitation last night, I said. He told me to go to that abandoned warehouse tomorrow night. Or I guess it's tonight now. If I guess it's tonight now, then I was invited to play a game. What kind of game? I hear him yawning through the phone. I don't know, it didn't say. One second. I'll read it to you. I refresh my computer screen and read the email aloud. Weird, he says when I finished. That's an understatement. I wait more, and when nothing else comes, I ask: So to go? He pulls out a short laugh. You're joking, aren't you? I'm not answering. Hope, it's probably a stupid joke. Forget it. I'm gnawing on my lip. I hate that he brushes my teeth. I hate that he makes me stupid. And most of all, I hate that it's probably probably Are you still here? My mother calls me, he whispers. I'll talk to you later. Jenny asks how she breaks in the kitchen. She wears a short indecent miniskirt paired with scuffed boots and a loose t-shirt. Her recent fashion choices are more mature than I am, and she's thirteen. Isn't skirt a little short? I'm asking. What do you care? She grabs a bowl from the cupboard and sits in front of me. I roll my eyes as she shakes the branded grape sound out of the mark in her bowl. Jenny can do just about anything she wants, because Mom is too busy hovering over me to worry about anything her healthy daughter could do. More and more, Jenny is beginning to realize it. I'm worried about that. There's a horn outside. Jenny looks at the time on her phone. Damn. I have to go. She solves down two more bites before giving up her bowl; then she simultaneously hangs her bag from her seat by the door and slams the bolt back with a deafening crack. There's no way to do this slowly, but Jenny doesn't try. The door slams behind her, and I take her bowl to the sink. Let me get that, says Mom as she enters the kitchen. She reaches out to take the dish from me. I can do it. I'd rather you should rest. She gently pulls the dish out of my fingers. I cringe and bite my answer — that I can wash a dish without dying — then I walk to my room and slam the door. I curl up on the bed under my paisley duvet, plug in my headphones and start again French lessons. I'm lost, says a monotonous female voice. I'm lost. I'm lost, I repeat. I pause the lesson and drag my computer on my lap. The page is still open at 291 Schilling Road. The decrepit warehouse fills the screen. Half of the windows are smashed, the entire lower level is marked with graffiti, and the seeds sprang up around the sun-d fan seen brick as if the place had been abandoned for years. A shiver slips on my spine. If it wasn't Ethan . . . Who wanted to meet me here? It's probably a stupid joke. I frown at the computer. If I had something interesting in my life, I wouldn't be obsessed with something that is obviously a farce. Mom pushes her head into the room, and I close my computer. Do you agree? She said. She already has her blue CVS apron around her neck, and the ash blonde hair she gave Jenny and I are twisted into a bun. I'm taking out my headphones. I'm fine. Are you sure? You seem to be Today. I feel a guilt. It's not like I'm going to turn against Mom — she's just trying to help. I'm fine, I'm fine. I'm sorry I got mad at you. I guess I'm tired. Tired? She bows her head, looking at me with scientific interest. Didn't you sleep well? No! No, I slept well. I know what I'm saying, that goes, and I don't want her to peck me all day in her hen mother way. All right... she says reluctantly. I'll be home for lunch to do your treatment. Do you want me to bring you something? I shake my head. And here it is, the elaborate farewell routine. When Mom doesn't threaten me with death and don't hold the disease on my head, she sometimes tries to protect me from the ugliness of my destiny. I don't know why she bothers. It's hard to forget that I die when she does this all the time, says goodbye as if it might be the last time. I love you too. So many things. I know, Mommy, I love you too. You mean the world to me. She's pressing me in her chest. I let him do his thing. I can't feel sorry for that. It would hurt. She gives me one last kiss on the temple, and then she's finally gone. When I hear the engine rumbling to life in the parking lot, I push the computer out of my knees and out of my room. The apartment is quiet, the dust floating lazily in the streams of light beaming through the Berber carpet. I spent countless hours, days, weeks holed up in this apartment, but for some reason I see it now with new eyes. The banknote tower stacked on the counter in the shape of a pitch. Water stains on the ceiling of the storm last summer. The brown checked sofa with the gum stain, where I'll spend my morning watching boring talk shows in which middle-aged women compete to shout loudest on hot topics. The small square window with broken Venetian blinds and a view of the parking lot full of overflowing dumpsters. If it's not hell, it's at least purgatory. I can't be home for another second. I quickly crossed to the front door and get out, sitting on the creaking metal stairs and breathing in warm, cotton air. My chest immediately feels lighter, as if a heavy weight has been lifted and I can suddenly breathe again. I point my head to the sky, so perfectly blue that it seems Photoshopped. Did Jenny notice? Does anyone who doesn't get close to their expiration date understand how beautiful this world is, that they have everything at their fingertips if they would just lift the air off their phones and notice? I wonder what Jenny would think of the invitation . . . Is someone who doesn't get close to expiration date understands how beautiful this world is, what do they have at their fingertips if they

would just lift the tunes of their phones and notice? I shake my head. I don't think about it anymore. A bird flies into whipped cream I follow his trajectory as he sails high, then dives low, wings spread wide, like a work of performance art. What would it be like to cut through the pink clouds, to feel the wind on my face like that? My peace breaks as our downstairs neighbour leaves her apartment. She simultaneously moans in her cell about her boyfriend and smokes a cigarette. I catch a puff of smoke and I feel my chest tighten. But it's impossible. It's too far away, the smoke is too thin. I'm paranoid. If Mom were there, she would whip me inside, whisper about the smoke, and urge me not to come back here again. If Mom knew I was planning a midnight appointment in an old abandoned warehouse, she would put a padlock on my door. She would say that if a little smoke is enough to get me to my inhaler, imagine what awaits me at 291 Schilling Road: dust, chemicals, mold. Or, in other words: death, death, death. I aim for a fickle look at the bird, then tuck my severed wings and return to my cage. Dead Girls Society by Michelle Kays, \$17.99, Amazon Amazon

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