

THE WAY
YOU
MAKE
ME FEEL

Margene Goo

FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX
New York

Lyrics from “Let Me Back In” by Rilo Kiley included with permission from the band.

Farrar Straus Giroux Books for Young Readers
An imprint of Macmillan Publishing Group, LLC
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010

Copyright © 2018 by Maurene Goo
All rights reserved
Printed in the United States of America
Designed by Elizabeth H. Clark
First edition, 2018

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

fiercereads.com

Library of Congress Control Number: 2017956980

ISBN: 978-0-374-30408-9
International edition ISBN: 978-0-374-31195-7

Our books may be purchased in bulk for promotional, educational, or business use. Please contact your local bookseller or the Macmillan Corporate and Premium Sales Department at (800) 221-7945 ext. 5442 or by e-mail at MacmillanSpecialMarkets@macmillan.com.

To my parents, with love and gratitude

*But when the palm trees bow their heads,
No matter how cruel I've been,
LA, you always let me back in.*

—**RILO KILEY,**

“Let Me Back In”

THE WAY

YOU

MAKE

ME FEEL

CHAPTER 1

THIS PAPER PLANE WAS NEAR PERFECT.

Crisp edges, a pointy nose, and just the right weight. I held it up, closing my left eye to aim it toward the stage. Rose Carver and her short-brimmed black hat were in fine form today, a perfect target, her face lit up beatifically by the stage lights. As she went on about junior prom announcements, I grew more focused.

“Clara, aim it at her face.”

My eyes swept over to Patrick Keen sitting next to me. He was slouched so far down in his seat that his chin was touching his chest, his long, pale limbs folded into an impossible position.

“That’s not how I roll, jerk,” I said.

“Yeah, we’re here for the giggles, not tears,” Felix Benavides

whispered from my other side. He looked at me for approval when he said it, eyebrow arched.

Sometimes these two really knew how to kill a joke. Glancing around the auditorium to make sure no teachers were watching, I lifted the plane into my line of vision . . .

“Clara Shin!”

I startled, the paper plane dropping by my feet with a clatter. The voice had come over the speakers. Why was Rose saying my name up there?

I cupped my hands around my mouth and bellowed, “WHAT?” It reverberated off the wood-paneled walls and high ceilings.

Rose rolled her eyes and exhaled into the microphone, making it squawk. “I just said you’re nominated for junior prom queen.” She held up a piece of paper and stared at it, in disbelief at the words she was seeing.

Patrick and Felix burst out laughing and then reached over me to high-five each other. *Oh my GOD*. “I’m going to *kill* you guys,” I hissed. As people swiveled their heads to look over at me, I started to form an idea.

Rose cleared her throat into the microphone. “*Anyway*, the other nominees are—”

I stood up, making the folded upholstered seat bounce loudly as it closed. “Thanks, Rose!” I hollered. She frowned, then squinted into the audience to see what I was doing. I remained standing, then held up my arms dramatically. “And thank *you*, student body, for this honor.” I projected my voice as I looked around. I saw a few teachers get up. *Need to make this quick*.

“Thank you for letting me into your hearts. And now, my promise to you: if I get voted prom queen, there will be some much-needed changes made to Elysian High . . .”

Rose’s voice interrupted me from the speakers. “You don’t get to *do* anything if you win prom queen. It’s not like being class president!” she scoffed into the microphone. She would know; she *was* junior class president.

“Regardless!” My voice boomed. “I will promise you all one thing . . . as Queen Clara.” I racked my brain for what, the improvisation making me buzz. Then, an idea struck. I motioned for Patrick to hand me my backpack. He tossed it to me, and I reached into the front zippered pocket. “I promise that us girls will not be prisoners to our bodies! We will have equal rights!” Some girls cheered in the audience.

Rose spoke again. “We *do* have equal—”

“So, in the spirit of feminism and equality—THERE WILL BE FREE TAMPONS FOR ALL!” I yelled, releasing fistfuls of my tampons into the crowd. Good thing I had just bought a new box that morning. Yellow-patterned, regular-flow—they flew into the air and landed on the heads and laps of the people in the rows around me. The laughter came in waves, and girls sprang out of their seats to pick up tampons off the floor, some chasing them as they rolled down the aisles. Boys threw them at one another. More teachers stood up to calm everyone down. Rose Carver stomped offstage in a huff.

The disruption and mayhem fed my soul, and I looked around the auditorium triumphantly.

“Aren’t you glad we nominated you?” Felix asked, popping a toothpick into his mouth and grinning. Felix thought chewing on toothpicks made him look like James Dean or something.

I shrugged. “It made things interesting.”

“Clara.”

I looked down the row of seats toward the voice of my young, white homeroom teacher, Mr. Sinclair. I threw him a wide smile.

“Hey, Mr. S.”

“Hey, yourself. I’m reporting you to the principal, let’s go.” Because these assemblies were always held during homeroom, Mr. Sinclair was left in charge of me. Lucky him.

Patrick let out a low whistle. “I’ll go with you, Mr. S.” He winked at him.

Young, handsome Mr. Sinclair, with the chiseled jaw and thick blond hair, rolled his eyes. “Not this time. Clara. Now.” He adjusted his tortoiseshell glasses, a nerdy little signature gesture that made everyone in his classes swoon.

I grabbed my backpack and took my sweet time walking by everyone in my row to get to him. The audience was already starting to disperse when I followed Mr. Sinclair down the aisle toward the double doors.

“Nice stunt,” Mr. Sinclair said as we wove through the streams of students headed out of the auditorium.

“I live to please.”

He shook his head. “Aren’t you sick of detention by now?”

“Nope, can’t get enough.”

“Why can’t you channel that smart-mouth into your school-work?”

The May Los Angeles sunshine blinded me the second we stepped outside, and I pulled on my mirrored aviators. “Are you saying I’m *smart*?”

Before he could answer, someone called out my name from behind us. I turned around and made a face. It was Rose Carver.

Tall, graceful, and precise in her movements, Rose walked briskly over to me. Her skinny jeans fit her dancer’s legs like a glove, her floral-print blouse was tucked in, and the pixie cut under her hat showed off her delicate features. Rose looked like a long-lost Obama daughter.

When she reached me, I was annoyed that I had to look up at her. “What?” I asked.

Her expression was focused and determined. I could feel the bossiness rolling off her in waves.

I *hated* Rose Carver.

She jabbed a finger into my shoulder. “You need to shut this down.”

“Shut *what* down?”

“This whole prom-queen thing. You had your fun. Tampons, *hardy har har*,” she said, throwing her head back. Then she focused her laserlike eyes on me again. “Now, drop out of the running and let someone who *actually* cares have a chance to win.”

Her condescension was like manna from the gods. I squinted up at her. “You mean, someone like *you*?”

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah, or anyone else, really."

"You're so selfless, always thinking about the greater good," I said with a smile.

Her eyes closed briefly, as if she was harnessing all that impeccable self-control exercised by high-achieving ballerinas everywhere. "I didn't spend *months* as the head of the prom committee only to have you make a joke out of the whole thing." The thought of spending months caring about prom was suffocating.

I stood on my tippy-toes to try to be at eye level with her. "I'm not going to apologize for you wasting your social life on *prom*." Her eyes flashed and I continued, "You know, I was considering dropping out. But you just made me change my mind."

"Clara, Rose. That's enough," Mr. Sinclair said. "Let's go."

I patted Rose's arm before walking away. "See you at prom, Rose."

From behind me, I heard her shout, "You're *such* a child!"

I continued down the familiar path toward the principal's office.

CHAPTER 2

THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH HOT DOGS AND FLAMIN' HOT Cheetos in the world to satiate Patrick and Felix. After my inevitable detention that afternoon, I met up with them at one of the thousands of 7-Elevens in Los Angeles, this one on Echo Park's main drag—Sunset Boulevard, a few blocks away from Elysian High.

Despite what it means to popular culture, Sunset Boulevard isn't a glamorous street littered with movie stars driving around in convertibles or something. For one thing, Sunset runs here all the way from the beach. It's like twenty-two miles long. It starts at the Pacific Coast Highway, passes by mansions near UCLA, gross clubs and comedy bars in West Hollywood, tourist traps in Hollywood, strip malls with Thai food and laundromats

in East Hollywood, juice shops and overpriced boho boutiques in Silver Lake, and then lands here in Echo Park, another quickly gentrifying eastside neighborhood full of coffee shops and taquerias.

When I got to the 7-Eleven, the AC hit me with an icy blast as I stepped inside, the electronic bell chiming. Patrick and Felix were picking out change from their wallets to pay for their hot dogs, and Felix's girlfriend, Cynthia Vartanyan, was there, too. She sat in front of the magazine rack, her skinny, crossed legs encased in sheer black tights, her long, thick black hair tucked into a knit beanie, her fingers flipping through the latest issue of *Rolling Stone*. Of course. She was one of those insufferable snobs who pieced together a personality with obscure music facts.

We didn't get along. One, because Felix was my ex-boyfriend from freshman year, and she couldn't hang with that no matter how many years it had been. Two, my favorite thing to do around her was ask if she'd ever heard of *X* band—a band that was always on the radio. The self-control needed on her end not to go off on some pretentious rant about mainstream music was amazing.

"Hey, kids." I dropped my backpack down next to Cynthia, and she looked up at me with a small, tight smile.

"Please keep your belongings on your person!" barked Warren, the gawky and perpetually greasy-haired clerk.

I opened a bag of Cool Ranch Doritos and popped one in my mouth. "Only if you ask nicely, babe." He flushed but let it go. Warren secretly loved having us hang out here. Once, we ran off a potential robber by throwing candy bars at him and

screaming until the guy dropped his switchblade and bolted. There was an unspoken rule from that day on that we were allowed to loiter for as long as we wanted. And that's literally all we did. Hang out at 7-Eleven. My adolescence would end up being represented by a variety of Frito-Lay products.

"What's up, future prom queen?" Patrick asked before taking a huge bite out of his hot dog. Patrick probably ate more calories in a day than Michael Phelps, but he still looked like a Goth scarecrow.

I tossed a chip at his head. "Thanks for *that*."

Felix grinned, his teeth straight, white, and slightly vampiric. "It was a last-minute stroke of genius." Like me, Felix lived for pranks and disruption. Compact and graceful, he was basically a male, Mexican American me, but with much better personal grooming habits. And that's what ultimately killed our relationship—turns out when both people in a couple are stubborn and easily bored, things get tiresome, fast.

And if there was one thing that bonded the three of us, it was the ease of our friendship. There was never any drama or conflict. We existed in a carefully balanced ecosystem of chill—while making sure we kept things interesting, always.

And normally something like running for prom queen would be considered too much work. I looked at Patrick and Felix, who had gotten me into this mess. "You know, this backfired on you guys. I was going to drop out, but then freaking Rose Carver confronted me after the assembly," I said, swinging myself up on the counter by the coffee machine.

“Clara!”

I blew Warren a kiss. “Just keepin’ it warm.” He harrumphed but continued to organize cigarettes.

Patrick frowned. “What did Overlord Carver have to say?”

“I should drop out since I don’t *really* care about winning.”

Felix plopped down next to Cynthia and tossed an arm across her shoulders. “Who *does*?”

Cynthia snorted as she snuggled into Felix. “Dorks.”

Felix and Patrick laughed, and I let out a brief guffaw. Something about Cynthia’s jokes never flew with me, but I knew if I didn’t laugh I’d hear it from Felix later. He was always asking me to be *nicer* to her, as if we should naturally be friends by our gender alone. Or by the fact that we’ve both had his tongue down our throats.

“So, are we gonna do this? Really?” Felix asked.

I nodded. “Yup, good job, bozos. We’re in this now.”

“All right. I guess we’ve gotta up our campaign game,” Patrick said, tossing the foil hot dog wrapper into the trash. “Signs, slogan, the whole eight yards.”

My eyelid twitched. “Nine yards.”

He shrugged. Precision was not Patrick’s strong suit. He was funny, though—quick to abuse his slim body to make us laugh, and a pitch-perfect impersonator who once made me pee my pants during a school play by imitating the lead’s nasal voice, which had vibrated with phlegm on every vowel. I was never bored with Patrick.

I leaned back against the wall. “Can I just be the pretty face of the campaign?”

“Consider us your campaign managers,” Felix said, feeding Cynthia some Sour Patch Kids. *Ugh*. While Patrick and Felix brainstormed ways to win me the junior prom crown, I flipped through a celebrity tabloid magazine, making Warren rate all the outfits.

The smell of frying fish hit me the second I stepped into my apartment. Although I had eaten an entire bag of Doritos (topped off with Red Vines) mere minutes ago, my stomach grumbled with hunger.

Nineties hip-hop was blasting, and my dad was in the kitchen, fanning the smoke detector with a dish towel. Our cat, Flo, hid under the sofa, her striped tail poofed like a raccoon’s and sticking out in plain view.

“Pai, it smells like all the grease in the world came here to die,” I said, flinging some windows open to air the apartment out.

“You’re such a poet, Shorty,” he said as he tucked the towel into his back pocket and checked the pans on the stove before facing me to ruffle my hair—long, unruly, and growing out of its lavender dye job on the bottom.

“What’s for dinner?” I asked. I peered over his shoulder.

“Fried catfish. I found a cool recipe that uses a batter inspired

by KFC's secret recipe," he said, adjusting the splatter guard on one of the pans.

I swiped a bottle of some fancy root beer on the counter and took a sip. "Uh, like Kentucky Fried *Chicken* KFC?"

"No, the other one, Kentucky Fried Corn."

Root beer bubbled into my nose as I laughed. My dad hit my back, hard, when I started to choke.

My dad, Adrian, was always experimenting with recipes. As the owner and chef of a food truck, that was pretty much his job. Since before I was born, he'd always worked at various restaurants, starting off as a busboy when he first immigrated here from Brazil ("Adrian" was the Americanized "Adriano"). My clearest childhood memories were the nights when, after his late shift, my dad would pick me up from my babysitter's and carry me home on his shoulders as I dozed off. Finally, two years ago, he had saved up enough money to open his own food truck, the KoBra—a literal and metaphorical merging of Korea and Brazil. My grandparents had made the trek from Seoul to São Paulo, a city with an established Korean immigrant population, where my dad was born. Months before *I* was born, my parents packed up for LA.

The food was symbolic of my dad's upbringing. People were always confused by my dad's Korean face and Portuguese-accented English. It helped with the ladies, though, which was gross.

While it hadn't been a wild overnight success, the KoBra had a pretty loyal following. My dad's dream, though, was to open a restaurant. He was hoping the KoBra could springboard that.

I pulled myself up onto the counter and swung my legs back and forth as I watched him cook. “Guess what?”

“What?” He drizzled some olive oil on a neat row of green beans laid in a cast-iron pan.

“I got nominated for junior prom queen.”

He looked at me quizzically, a half smile on his face. “Are you serious?”

“Yeah, Patrick and Felix nominated me, and somehow I’m on the prom court. Which means people get to vote on whether or not I become prom *queen*.”

My dad cackled as he opened the oven and slid the pan of beans onto a rack. “You? Prom queen? I would pay good money to see that.”

“I know, right? Anyway, I wasn’t going to take it seriously until this uptight B literally ordered me to drop out. So I’m going to stay in the game.”

He closed the oven and grinned at me as he straightened up and wiped his hands on the dish towel. “Ah, my Clara, always shaking things up.” My dad pronounced my name differently from everyone else, *Clabhra* instead of *Clerra*.

“You know it,” I said.

“When’s prom?”

I shrugged. “I dunno. Probably soon since school’s almost over.”

“Time flies, Shorty. I can’t believe you’ll be graduating high school next year. Makes me feel old.”

I snorted. “You’re like two decades younger than everyone

else's dads." My dad was only thirty-four; he had me when he was eighteen, just a couple of years older than I was right now. Patrick called us the Gilmore Girls.

"You age me, every day," he said, smacking my leg with the dish towel. "Go set the table."

I grabbed some plates and headed over to the round dining table tucked into a small nook in the apartment. Flo finally came out of hiding and rubbed against my legs.

"Anything as epic as my prom-queen nomination happen for you today?" I asked him.

"No." He paused. "Well, actually, kind of."

I pushed piles of bills and mail aside. "Oh yeah, what?"

"Vivian can't work the KoBra this summer—she got an internship at a production company or something."

"Bummer," I said, moving another pile of mail out of the way.

"Yeah, have to find a replacement. *I wonder who?*" His voice took on a singsong quality.

"Please."

My dad sighed. "Worth a shot." Ever since he first started running the KoBra, my dad had been trying to get me to work on it. But the idea of being stuck in a hot, cramped truck for hours on end literally made me want to die. Although my dad had turned his life around from former-punk-kid to man-with-a-dream, I was happy to be kept out of it.

"Good luck, though," I said as consolation. Then a colorful postcard caught my eye.

I picked it up, already knowing who it was from. The front

of the card had a photo of a bustling outdoor market filled with beautiful baskets and textiles. When I flipped it around, the familiar handwriting made me smile. Large, loopy, and scrawled:

M'dearest Clarrrrrrrrra,

You MUST come with me on my next trip to Marrakech. It was INSANE. The hotel we stayed at—oof! Like, fountains IN MY ROOM. Tiles were bananas. I got you a few trinkets that will look GORGEOUS on you. Also, hello, the men there are no joke.

I miss you, filha. But see you SOOOOON! Tulum awaits!

X x x X x x x x X

Mãe

The contrast between my mom's life and my own was never more sharply in focus than when I got a postcard from her travels while the smell of frying fish wafted over me. She was a social media "influencer," paid to traipse around cool destinations.

"Why is August so far awaaay?" I whined as I tucked the card into my back pocket. My mom had invited me to Tulum this summer, and ever since I got the invite I had been counting the days, minutes, seconds. Because my mom traveled so much, it was really hard to pin her down. The last time we saw each other, she was in town for *twelve hours* at some launch party for a purse at the Chateau Marmont. I'm not kidding.

My dad made a noncommittal noise, not looking up from cooking. While most people thought my mom's globe-trotting life as an Instagram influencer was glam, my dad had little patience for her. Probably had something to do with the fact that she had left him to follow her dreams. First it was fashion school, which she dropped out of. Then modeling, which my dad persuaded her to quit when she started struggling with an eating disorder. And now it was having four million followers while she traveled the world looking like a babe.

Sometimes I wondered if my dad was so cautious with everything because, if you thought about it, his relationship with my mom was a big failure. And that failure had repercussions that were wide and deep for our family. My dad had been a mess for a while, overwhelmed by raising me when he was almost a kid himself. In my opinion, the level of investment needed to share your life with someone was insane, and knowing the aftermath of how it came crashing down on my young parents? I always viewed it as a cautionary tale.

"Move your butt," he barked, walking by me with the sizzling pan of fish. Placing it on the worn-out blue trivet, my dad glanced over at me. "Did you make sure your passport's not expired?"

"No, but I will tonight!" I said as I sat down at my seat.

I couldn't wait. It was going to be the best two weeks of my life.

CHAPTER 3

I PINNED ONE OF PATRICK'S HANDMADE BUTTONS onto my prom dress. It was huge, round, and filled with rainbow glitter, and featured a drawing of a tampon with the words VOTE WITH YOUR OVARIES, VOTE CLARA.

We were milking the tampon moment for all it was worth.

It was the night of the junior prom, and the past couple of weeks had been spent hard-core campaigning. There were about one billion other things I should have been focused on as my junior year came to an end, but . . .

Weren't there *always* more important things you could be doing instead? I chose to live *in the moment*.

And at *this* moment, music was blasting in my cluttered bedroom, pink twinkle lights casting the room in a warm glow. I

stepped onto the pukey purple-and-brown woven rug that my dad had bought for me when I was ten years old. The reflection in the full-length mirror bolted to my bedroom door startled me, and I covered my mouth. Oh *my*.

I was wearing a floor-length peach satin gown with thin spaghetti straps and a cinched-in waist that I had found at Goodwill. Given that I was a whole five feet two inches tall, I looked like a little girl playing dress-up in her mother's clothes. The dress pooled around my feet, so I stepped into my white platform boots. There, *much* better. My hair was twisted into a bizarre-looking updo with curled tendrils grazing my cheeks. I reached over to my desk—littered with makeup, books, and Sanrio pens—for a tube of drugstore lipstick in an old-lady coral shade. I applied it in two big sweeps.

Perfect.

I grabbed my faux-leather jacket with faux-fur trim and tossed it on before heading downstairs. My dad was sprawled across the sofa watching a baseball game in his lucky black Dodgers cap. He looked up at the sound of my clomping footsteps.

“Meu Deus,” my dad blurted, nearly falling off the sofa laughing.

“O-M-Deus is the effect I was going for,” I said with a twirl. My phone vibrated with a text. Patrick, Felix, and Cynthia were here.

“Enjoy your evening, Father. Wish me luck!” I called out as I grabbed my skateboard by the door.

My dad waved from the sofa. “Good luck, Shorty. Don’t stir up too much trouble.”

I opened the front door. “I will!”

The first person I saw when we got to the dance was Rose Carver.

She was greeting everyone at the cafeteria door and handing out little slips of paper. Rose looked every part the prom queen—wearing an airy dress in dark blue with fluttery sleeves and a deep V-neck, showing off her sculpted dancer’s shoulders. The length was short and her legs were endless in her strappy gold heels.

When I reached her, she held up a piece of paper. Her lips pursed. “*You’re* definitely going to need this.”

I tilted my head, looking at it for a second before taking it from her. “What bribery are you attempting at the eleventh hour?” When I glanced down, I saw that it was a coupon code for a ride share.

“So people don’t drive home drunk,” she said flatly, giving me and the rest of my group a meaningful glance.

Cynthia let out a snort of laughter. I smiled. “What a helpful citizen. It shall be a privilege to be your prom queen.”

Patrick reached over and took another flyer from Rose. “Just in case,” he drawled.

Her deep fuchsia lips turned down. “People *do* drive drunk, you know. It’s, like, an actual problem.”

“Thanks!” I said cheerfully, lifting up my skateboard before hiding it under my dress to head into the cafeteria.

The rest of prom was mind-numbingly boring, as expected. If I saw another guy dancing along to Bruno Mars in a sexy fashion in front of his date, I would torch him. And for some reason, the theme of our dance was *1001 Arabian Nights*, which I found offensive. It just manifested in colorful scarves draped around the cafeteria and rugs tossed on the floor.

We passed the time by taking Snapchats of people making out or groping one another on the dance floor.

Then it was time for prom queen and king announcements, and the lights dimmed before Rose stepped on the stage. Everything was dark except for a spotlight on her and the flickering LED candles hanging in decorative Moroccan-style lamps. “Good evening, junior class of Elysian High!”

Everyone cheered. Except for Cynthia, who booed. Always the subtle subversive, that one.

“It’s the time you’ve all been waiting for! The prom king and queen announcements!” More cheers. Someone yelled, “CLARA!” I waved from my slouched position.

Rose opened up an envelope dramatically. You’d think this was the Oscars. “Drumroll, please!” she commanded. We thumped the tables with our hands, Felix and Patrick doing it with gusto—making the table bounce.

“Elysian High’s junior prom king is Daniel Gonzales! And the prom queen is . . . oh. Clara Shin.”

There were some audible gasps and then roaring cheers. I

stood up, pumping my arms in the air before giving Patrick, Felix, and Cynthia high fives. Patrick handed me my skateboard from its hiding spot under the table, and I stood on it with Patrick and Felix on either side of me, pushing me toward the stage. Slowly making my way, I waved my right hand like a beauty-pageant contestant, smiling widely. Daniel Gonzales and Rose were waiting for me, him awkwardly wearing a crown and her glaring at me.

Before I got up onstage, Patrick leaned over and whispered, “It’s all ready.”

I nodded. “Wait until I say *honor* before dropping it.”

Rather than take the stairs to the stage, I hoisted myself up, hiking up my dress enough to get a few catcalls. I flipped my middle finger in their general direction, then walked over to Rose. She placed a tiara on my head, every part of her resisting—like a ghost was trying to wrestle the crown away from her.

She also handed me a pink satin sash, her fingers extended toward me with distaste. Instead of taking it, I bowed my head forward, waiting for her to place it on me. She muttered something unintelligible as she tossed it over my head.

Everyone cheered as I faced the crowd, and I soaked it all in, closing my eyes like a complete weirdo. Then I glanced at Daniel. “Do you have a speech?”

He made a face. “A speech? *No.*”

“Okay, good.” I faced the crowd again and stepped up to the microphone. “Dear wonderful classmates. I can’t believe I’ve finally become the queen of your hearts. I’ve dreamed, nay, *prayed*

for this moment since I was a little girl.” Several people laughed. Rose cleared her throat loudly behind me. I kept going. “I promise you, that in my reign as queen for the next two hours, I will keep things interesting. Things will *not* be boring.” I looked over at Felix by the side of the stage, nodding slightly. “It will truly be an *honor*.”

As soon as the word was out of my mouth, something cold and wet doused the top of my head, knocking my crown off into my hands. Within seconds, I was covered head to toe in blood.

Some people screamed, a few laughed. I blinked, the fake blood dripping off my eyelashes. When I glanced to my right, I saw Felix immediately dart off. Excellent. I smiled, and I could feel the red liquid slip over my bared teeth. My head turned toward everyone slowly, and I raised my arms. The laughter turned nervous.

And now for the finale. Dramatically holding up my crown, I opened my mouth to let out a scream, but before I could, someone shoved me so hard from the left that I toppled over, slipping in the blood.

I wiped off my face and saw Rose Carver towering over me, her gold heels planted on the bloody stage somewhat precariously. *What in the WORLD?* Before I could react, she bent over and snatched the crown from my hand.

She pointed it at me, as if brandishing a sword. “You. Little. *Freak*.” The word was picked up by the microphone, and it reverberated throughout the cafeteria. You could hear a pin drop.

Laughter bubbled out of me, uncontrollable. This was going

so much better than planned! I knew Rose was uptight, but this was new levels of cray. I pushed myself off the floor, my hands slipping a little. I could see a few teachers headed for the stage. “You’re *totally* going to get suspended for that,” I said gleefully.

The fireballs in her eyes were growing huge. “You think this is *funny*? Is *everything* a joke to you? You *ruined prom!*”

I rolled my eyes, reached over, and snatched the crown from her. “Get a *life*.” I was about to place it back on my head when Rose’s hands grasped for mine.

I held on to the tiara, enjoying watching her struggle to stay balanced. But then one of those beautiful heels slipped, and she knocked into me. We crashed onto the floor, me backward, and a sharp pain shot up my back as she fell on top of me with a surprised *oof*.

“Get *off*,” I screeched, feeling panicky—being smashed by a five-foot-nine ballerina made of pure muscle was on my top ten list of nightmares. I struggled to push her off.

“I’m *trying!*” she screamed. But she punctuated that by kneeing me in the stomach.

“OW!” I yelled.

“Sorry, I didn’t—”

But it was too late. I grabbed a fistful of her short hair. “I’m sick of this!” I yelled. She screamed again, grabbing my wrists. We were both covered in blood, so it was hard for her to hold on to me.

“*Clara! Rose!* Stop this immediately!” Mr. Sinclair yelled, his voice sounding far away.

Someone grabbed hold of Rose's shoulders, but she shook them off, still holding on to me fiercely. My breathing quickened, and my heart pounded so hard that I felt its vibrations in my jaw. "I can't breathe!" I cried out.

"I don't care!" Rose growled as she let go of one of my wrists to take another swipe at my crown. The crown was smushed behind my head at this point, poking my scalp. Everything was starting to hurt, and my panic was rising.

"Stop it! Stop it! *Stop it!*" I screamed. There were a few people onstage now, dragging us apart. Just as I was freed from Rose's death grip, my right foot got tangled up in some cables on the floor. Rose took that moment of vulnerability to lunge toward me again, pulling herself away from a couple of teachers who were holding on to her. Her arms were stretched out, and one of them got caught in the dangling chain on a lantern.

The lantern crashed onto the floor. We both looked at it momentarily before a stage light also came crashing down between us. I froze and Rose hopped back from it. The glass lens shattered and sparks flew—into the fake blood surrounding us. Then the blood caught on fire. *No way.*

People started to scream, and Mr. Sinclair ran over to the flames, taking his blazer off in one swoop and batting at the fire.

An English teacher named Ms. Leung ran up to the mic and cried, "Everyone remain calm but slowly start making your way to the exits in an orderly and—"

The stampede of feet and people screaming drowned out the rest of her words.

I was headed down the steps when the dark blue curtain hanging to my left burst into flames. I jumped back and yelled, “*Good God!*”

Someone pushed me toward the stairs. “Hurry, you idiot!” Rose screamed from behind me.

We both scrambled off the stage with the teachers behind us, including Mr. Sinclair, who had left his blazer up onstage, now a little ball of fire surrounded by burning fake blood.

I took one last glance before being rushed out of the cafeteria, the cool night air hitting my face at the same time I heard the sirens.

CHAPTER 4

THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAS FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM the cafeteria that it didn't smell like smoke. Instead it smelled like stale coffee and a barfy cinnamon pumpkin Yankee Candle.

I sank deeper into the green fiberglass chair facing Principal Sepulveda. She frowned from behind her desk. "Clara, you're getting blood all over my chair."

The chair squeaked when I sat up straighter, another smear of blood appearing as the sleeve of my jacket rubbed the armrest. I looked at her with a shrug. "I think it's a lost cause. You can hose them down later, right?"

"Or you can just sit like a human being," Rose muttered next to me. She was perched on the very edge of her seat, her back straight, chin held up high, and her ankles crossed like royalty.

A very bloody royal. There was a smear of blood on her cheek, bloody handprints on her neck, and her dress was an abstract study in blues and reds.

“Shut it, you two,” Principal Sepulveda snapped. “I don’t want to hear anything out of your mouths until your parents get here.” The stern tone was at odds with her appearance—she was wearing a fleece vest over a thin floral-print nightgown. When the fire department had called her an hour ago, she had been home in bed watching true-crime shows.

The fire was out now; luckily the firefighters got to it before it spread beyond the cafeteria. Everyone had gone home, but Principal Sepulveda had shown up with guns blazing and had trapped Rose and me in her office. Mr. Sinclair sat in the corner, trying hard to stay awake. She wanted him there as backup, I guess.

“Principal Sepulveda,” Rose started with that bossy tone of hers, “wouldn’t it make more sense to discuss this on Monday? We’ve had quite the scare.” What the heck, who *talked* like that. Did grown-ups really fall for this act?

“No.” The word sliced through the air like a knife.

I smirked. “Nice try.”

Rose ignored me, looking down at her cuticles. Oh, so *now* she was above it? Where was all this poise when she was losing her mind attacking me onstage? When I looked at her, resentment oozed out of my pores—she was the reason for me being stuck in the principal’s office at midnight. I couldn’t believe Rose had gotten me into this crap again.

Because in ninth grade, Rose Carver got me my first suspension.

It was the first time I had smoked. As I nervously lit up the cigarette in the bathroom stall, I heard someone come in and froze mid-puff. A second later, the door I'd forgotten to lock slammed open—and there was Rose. She ran out to tell on me before I could stop her. First cigarette, first suspension.

After that I had a reputation for being someone who got into trouble. At first it worried me—did I want to start high school with this label? But it stuck before I could really do anything about it. My teachers had low expectations, and I, well, I went with it.

It was easy and almost always more fun than actually trying. I saw old friends from middle school get sucked into that rigid college track. The more we drifted apart, the closer I got to Patrick and Felix, who were way more on the same wavelength as me.

And Rose? She was the epitome of all this high school drudgery. Everything about her rubbed me the wrong way: her inability to chill; her uptight, follow-the-rules compulsion; her stupid narc tendencies; and her need to get ahead in life. So, whenever I could, I made life very untidy and chaotic for her. Where I saw an opportunity to poke and irritate, I did. Like the time I coordinated a flash mob during her first dance competition. Or the time I added sugar to all the lettuce in the salad bar where she got her lunch every day. Any punishment handed to me was always worth it.

An eternity went by. I was dozing off with my neck bent at an impossible angle, my knees tucked under my long dress, when the office door flew open.

“Rose!” An elegant black woman ran over to her. She looked exactly like Rose except shorter, with long, wavy hair that was perfectly styled even in her harried state. Rose clearly got her height from her dad, a tall and ruggedly handsome black man with a little bit of dignified gray in his black hair.

“Are you okay?” Her mother grasped her by the shoulders, then widened her eyes. “Oh my *God*, why are you covered in blood?” She looked over at me. “Why are *both* of you covered in blood?”

“It’s fake, Mom. I’m fine, it’s not a big deal,” Rose said, with that arrogant self-confidence that usually drove me mad. Right now, however, I actually appreciated it. I hoped that it would get us out of this.

But her mother wasn’t fooled. She raised a thin, arched eyebrow, and her words came out measured and careful. “Not. A. Big. Deal?” For the first time ever, Rose was visibly uncomfortable and squirmed in her seat. Her hands stayed clenched.

Before anyone could react, the door opened again, and my dad’s cap-covered head popped in. *Yessss, time to bust out of this joint.*

“Come in, Mr. Shin,” Principal Sepulveda said, waving at him.

“Call me Adrian,” he said before stepping in reluctantly. My dad had gotten into so much trouble as a kid that he hadn’t graduated high school. So he never felt comfortable having to set foot on a high school campus.

He did a double take when he saw me. “What happened to *you*? Are you okay?”

“It’s fake blood,” Mrs. Carver said before I could answer. Bossy genes in full effect.

The adults stood around us awkwardly.

“So . . .” Rose’s dad started, clearing his throat.

Principal Sepulveda stepped around her desk and leaned against the edge of it, arms crossed and facing all of us. She was a tall woman who used to be an athlete—even in a nightgown she was an imposing presence. “Your daughters caused quite a scene at the prom tonight.”

“Is the cafeteria okay? How bad is the fire damage? Did anyone get injured?” Rose’s mom asked, her voice in professional lawyer mode. Joanne Carver was kind of a big deal around LA because she had been the prosecuting lawyer in a big police-beating case a few years back. She’d also been featured on the cover of *Ebony* magazine and was named one of *People’s* Most Beautiful People. So there was that.

“Well, Mrs. Carver, the fire was contained, and it was only the stage that was damaged. And, thank God, there were no injuries. No thanks to these two.”

My dad glanced over at me. “So what happened, exactly?”

Principal Sepulveda wagged a finger at both of us. “Why don’t *you two* let us know what happened? From Mr. Sinclair’s account, it was very confusing.”

From his corner, Mr. Sinclair began to stand, kind of crouching there and holding up a hand, like he was a student asking

for permission. “Uh, I think it was because Clara won prom queen.”

“You *won*?” My dad whipped around to look at me.

I shrugged.

“Yes, she *won*,” Rose interrupted. “And it was a joke. She went up there on a skateboard and gave a *speech*. I mean, who *does* that? And *then*! The best part: one of her lackeys dropped a bucket of blood on her head.”

My dad let out a snort of laughter. Principal Sepulveda shot him a reproachful look, and he turned the laugh into a cough.

Rose’s mom threw her hands into the air. “So what, Rose?” At the same time, Rose’s dad looked over at me. “Oh, like *Carrie*?”

Betrayal flashed across Rose’s face for a second as she looked at her mom. “So *what*? Mom, she made the entire thing a *joke*.”

“Well, Rosie, it’s not exactly the most important thing in the world,” her dad said with exasperation.

Rose’s voice shook with emotion. “It’s important to *me*!”

The room grew silent, and I shifted in my seat. Rose’s *feelings* about prom were seriously cramping my prank style. In the many years I’d known Rose, I’d never seen her so rattled before.

“Okay, so then what happened?” her mom asked more gently. Rose stubbornly set her jaw.

Pivoting slowly on his sneakered heel, my dad looked at me. Pointedly.

I sighed, clomping my boots down onto the linoleum floor with a loud thud. “This nutjob attacked me.”

My dad rolled his eyes. “Clara, give me a break.”

“It’s true! Tell them, Mr. Sinclair!” I twisted around to look at him in the corner.

He cleared his throat. “Well, it does seem like Rose started the fight.”

Mrs. Carver stared at Rose. “Is this true?”

Rose looked straight ahead at a spot on the wall and nodded without saying anything.

“Yeah, you *know* it’s true,” I said. “She literally tried to take this stupid crown off my head and then we ended up . . . I dunno, fighting and stuff.”

Mrs. Carver looked at me. “Can you clarify that?” Dang, no wonder Rose was always so precise in her language. And even though I tried to remain cool, being the object of Mrs. Carver’s attention was like having the Eye of Freaking Sauron on you.

“We fought.”

“Physically?” she asked, her voice a little more high-pitched this time.

“Yup. Your daughter sure knows how to fight dirty.”

My dad poked me. “Watch it.” He looked over at Rose’s parents, his face a mask of deep shame for having me as a child. “Listen, I’m sure it was all Clara’s fault. She pulled that *Carrie* stunt to provoke people, which is exactly what happened. She can take full responsibility.”

“What!” I exclaimed.

But Mrs. Carver was already shaking her head. “No, Rose is to blame, too, for losing her cool.” She turned to Rose again. “We’re having a little *discussion* later.”

Principal Sepulveda raised her hands. “*Both* of the girls are at fault here. Clara, you pulled another crazy stunt that was not only . . . disturbing, but dangerous, with the fake blood. Which happened to be *flammable*.” My dad dropped his head and shook it. Principal Sepulveda looked over at Rose. “Rose, you started a fight. And all those things added up to almost *burning down the cafeteria*. You are both suspended for a week.”

“Suspended?” Rose cried, jumping out of her seat. “I *cannot* be suspended! This is ridiculous!”

“YOU. STARTED. A. FIRE!”

Principal Sepulveda’s booming voice startled us, and I let out an involuntary nervous laugh. Everyone’s heads swiveled toward me.

My dad stared at me with an unrecognizable stony expression. Something had transformed since he walked in—his typical loose, relaxed demeanor had solidified into something tougher, more stern. “This one isn’t going to learn anything from another suspension,” he said calmly.

Pardon? *This one?* I opened my mouth to respond, but he held up a hand. “Quiet. Not another word. You’re going to pay back the damages for the cafeteria. And you’re going to do it by working the KoBra. *All summer*.”

“WHAT!” This time it was *my* turn to jump out of my seat. “There’s no freaking *way*. What about Tulum?” I sputtered to my dad, standing directly in front of him.

But Pai shook his head, resolute. “This is what a *punishment* is. All your wages from this summer will go toward paying back the school.”

Before I could respond, Mr. Carver snapped his fingers together, the sound reverberating through the room like a firecracker. “Wait! The KoBra? You mean the Brazilian Korean food truck?”

My dad blinked. “Yeah. That’s the one.”

“Are you the owner?” Mr. Carver asked, excitement propelling him as he stepped across the room toward us.

“Yeah, hi. Adrian Shin,” my dad said, holding out a hand. Mr. Carver shook it firmly. He was so tall that my dad looked twelve next to him.

Mr. Carver couldn’t stop grinning. “Jonathan Carver. Call me Jon. Amazing! Man, I love your food. I used to work downtown, at the bank building on Sixth, where you’d come by.”

My dad’s face lit up. “Oh wait! Yes, I recognize you. Kimchi pastel?”

“You got it!” The two laughed like old golf buddies.

I made a face. “Can we bromance later?”

Mr. Carver looked at me, and then a shrewd expression came over his features. “Adrian. Do you think Clara will need an extra hand this summer?”

My dad’s lopsided grin, which usually charmed everyone around him, sent a legit chill down my spine. “Yeah . . . she could *definitely* use a hand.” They both looked over at Rose, who was fanning her face.

She stopped and stared at them. “What?”

Her dad pointed at her. “If Adrian is cool with it, you’re also working for the KoBra this summer.”

Rose froze. “Huh?!” she screeched, arms outstretched.

“You heard me. You’ve been busy with summer school and internships since sixth grade—it’s time you learned how to work a good old-fashioned summer job. Minimum wage.” He looked for confirmation at my dad, who nodded.

Rose’s mom looked like she was going to protest, but Mr. Carver sent her some spousal-telepathy signal. She nodded her head slowly and said, “That’s a great idea. *All* the money you two earn will go to paying back the school. How does that sound to you, Principal Sepulveda?”

I was too stunned to speak. *What* was happening? Principal Sepulveda and our parents talked in a huddle, and Rose and I just stood there, helpless to our fates.

“Am I still suspended?” Rose asked, hands on her hips. “Hello?”

But they were absorbed in their conversation. I kicked the chair I had been sitting in, making it wobble but not fall over. Everyone ignored me.

The grown-up pack finally broke up, everyone looking satisfied. Principal Sepulveda pulled on her jacket. “All right, girls. Your parents have convinced me to hold off your suspensions since there are only two weeks left of school. *If* you work all summer to help us pay for the damages, we can revisit this in the fall when school starts.”

Rose looked relieved, but I wasn’t. “Just give me the suspension! Leave me out of this UN deal!” I cried.

Principal Sepulveda chuckled. “It’s going to be an interesting summer, Clara.”

I looked helplessly at my dad, whose grim expression wasn't changing. He turned his back to me and headed toward the door. When I looked over at Rose, our eyes met. I scowled, and a spark of hate ignited in her eyes before she swept out of the room with a flourish, her skirt twirling around her.

This is some *nonsense* you've started, Rose Carver. Ready your body for the worst summer of your life.

CHAPTER 5

MY DAD GROUNDED ME FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS OF school. I was *forbidden* to see Patrick and Felix outside of Elysian. They found that hilarious. I'd go to school then head straight home.

“What about Tulum?” Patrick had asked when I told them about my summer sentence. I swear he was more invested in my Tulum trip than I was. Patrick and Felix were kind of enamored of my mom. My mom's life was, in general, #goals. Sometimes the only thing that got me through high school was knowing that a life like my mom's was possible. Although she technically lived in São Paulo, she was barely home—never staying in one place long enough to get bored or bogged down by complicated

relationships. If someone's *life* could be a role model for us, it was hers.

I had assured Patrick there was no way my dad would hold me to this for the entire summer. He would cave, because that's what he always did. Especially this year, when I wouldn't get to see my mom as much as I usually did. Despite her schedule, my mom always made sure to show up for my birthday and the holidays. And I always got to visit her twice a year, usually in New York or some other big city. But last Christmas she was sick and stuck in Thailand, and I hadn't been able to make it out to visit her during spring break because of a visit from my grandparents. So there was no way my dad could make me skip yet another visit with her.

With this in mind, I played along with the punishment. While grounded, I didn't sneak out, especially since my next-door neighbor Mr. Ramirez would have snitched on me in a second. Mr. Ramirez basically lived by his front window. He was the first person to catch me drinking, with a boy over, and sneaking out of my bedroom window. I thought people like him only existed in 1950s suburbs.

So the last two weeks of school was Netflix and chill. Literally.

And every single day that passed was filled with more dread than the day before because I knew it brought me closer to my KoBra prison sentence with Rose. Even though I was sure this entire punishment would end prematurely, the thought of spending *any* time with her made me want to puke.

* * *

The first Monday of summer break, I woke up to the blinds snapping open and sunlight flooding my room. “Bom dia, daughter!” my dad announced cheerfully, sipping from a giant thermos of coffee.

“No!” I yelled, throwing my pillow at him.

He knocked it out of the way with a soft punch. “Yes.”

When my eyes adjusted to the ungodly amount of light, I saw my dad holding up a KoBra T-shirt and a matching cap. I groaned. “I’m not wearing that.”

“I’m sorry, do you think you have a *choice* in the matter?”

In this light, my dad looked like a merch-wielding devil-angel—the sunlight haloed around him majestically.

“What time is it?” I grumbled, grasping for my phone on my nightstand.

He took another sip. “Six a.m. We have to replenish our ingredients today, so it’s an early one.”

Ugh.

After dragging out my morning routine for as long as humanly possible, I met my dad downstairs in the kitchen, where he was making fried-egg sandwiches.

“So, I can’t believe you’re actually making me do this.” I set my elbows onto the kitchen counter, my feet kicking at the stool rung.

He cracked an egg over a cast-iron skillet, and it sizzled loudly. “Believe it.”

“You’re being so weird. Since when do you punish me?”

Pai looked up from the stove and leveled his gaze at me. The

seriousness of his expression unsettled me. “You know, Shorty. That question itself is kind of a problem, don’t you think?”

“No,” I muttered while taking a sip of the milky Masala chai that my dad made. It was usually the only breakfast I had—Indian tea made with spices in a stained and chipped Dodgers mug as big as my head.

“It’s a problem because *I am your dad*.” He leaned against the counter. “Something happened while I was in that principal’s office. Rose’s parents? They acted like parents. And I was . . . embarrassed.”

The tea burned my tongue, and I put it down. “That’s nuts.”

“No, actually, it’s not. I know I was a little punk in school, but I had my reasons. My parents and I—the gap between us was, like, catastrophic. You and I, Clara? We don’t have that problem. There’s no good reason why you should get into so much trouble. The only reason is that I’ve been slacking, trying not to be overbearing like my parents were. But it’s clearly backfired. I’ve been getting my act together for the KoBra, but not with you.”

My dad talking like this made me feel itchy, and I looked beyond him, at a spot on the kitchen wall.

He plopped an egg sandwich in front of me. “I’m not slacking anymore. And it’s starting with breakfast. Eat up.” I wrinkled my nose and lifted the corner of the whole wheat bread. Sriracha mayo.

I sniffed. “Fine.” With every gulp, unease filled me in

incremental doses. My dad's moment of enlightenment didn't bode well for my plan to get out of this punishment. Pai had told me he would e-mail my mom, but I hadn't heard from her, so it was most likely an empty threat. Or she didn't believe him. They didn't get along, and I knew my mom thought my dad was kind of a nag.

Once I finished the dishes, we headed out. My dad was locking the door when Mr. Ramirez's curtain flicked open and his face peeked through. "Good morning!" I said loudly. He cringed and closed the curtain.

"Remind me to bring him some food tonight as a thank-you," my dad said with a sly grin as he shut the screen door.

"Yeah, I'll be sure to poison it."

We headed down the steps and said hello to the occasional neighbor on the way out of our complex. It was small, holding only twelve units arranged around a courtyard.

"Good morning, Adrian!" Mrs. Mishra called out as she watered her roses in a lavender Juicy Couture sweats combo. She glared at me. "*Clara.*"

I glared back at the little old Indian lady. "Mrs. *Mishra.*" The hose got an extra glare. A couple of years ago she had seen me making out with my boyfriend and drawn that same exact hose on us.

My entire apartment complex was basically a bunch of old-people narcs. Good thing there were only a few things that would actually piss my dad off: boyfriends in the apartment, drugs, and

being a jerk to elders. Being a jerk to jerks was sanctioned, but old people were off-limits. My dad asked for very little, and I was pretty good at avoiding any of his major no-no's. So this sudden, very strict grounding and his forcing me to have a summer job was something new. I hoped it wasn't an alarming trend.

It was still early enough in the morning that there was a chill in the air. Our summers were brutal scorchers that lasted until Thanksgiving, but the evenings and mornings were almost always cool no matter how hot the day. I hugged my sweatshirt tighter around me as I kept in step with my dad. The parking lot where the KoBra lived, called the commissary, was a few blocks away from our apartment, and Rose was going to meet us there.

We walked down our hilly street filled with duplexes, old Craftsman homes, and small apartment complexes like ours. Just a block down, we hit Echo Park Avenue, one of the main drags in our neighborhood. Palms and mature jacaranda trees lined the street where the beginning of commuter traffic passed by. A coffee shop was already bustling with hipster moms pushing strollers. Right across the street was a little liquor store in a strip mall where two workers were changing shifts for the day—the one off duty getting into his ancient Toyota Corolla, the car protesting with a groan when it started.

While we were waiting on the corner for the light to turn green, a homeless white man sporting a full head of snowy hair and wearing a soccer jersey walked up to us.

My dad held up a hand. "Jerry, I don't have cash today."

Jerry cackled, his blue eyes flashing with good humor before he spat onto the sidewalk. “Maybe not you, but Clara here?”

I shook my head. “I wish. I’m about to spend my entire summer working on this guy’s food truck.”

“Bummer,” he said. Jerry used to be a bike messenger in the 1960s. One too many concussions brought him to our neighborhood streets, but he claimed he loved the “yokeless life.”

My dad promised him some food when we were done at the end of the day, and we crossed the street. A couple of blocks later, we passed by my favorite fruit stand, a rainbow-umbrella-adorned cart run by a middle-aged Latina woman named Kara who sliced fruit, then tossed it with lime juice and chili powder. Fruit crack, basically.

“Bom dia, Adrian,” she said with a wink.

He winked back at her. “Buenos días, Kara.”

I rolled my eyes as we walked past. “You’re like freaking Mr. Rogers of Echo Park.”

“That reminds me, been thinking of getting a cardigan.”

I stopped in my tracks. “WHAT?”

My dad kept walking, pulling on his mirrored Wayfarers. “No, Shorty, they’re cool now.”

I kicked a purple jacaranda blossom. “Cool for grandpas like you.”

“When are you gonna learn that I’m just innately cool?” He had the nerve to do a little spin. My dad used to be a break-dancer back in the day; it’s how he got my mom’s attention. With his sweet moves.

My feet flew as I walked ahead of him. “New rule: you must always walk five feet away from me.”

But that only got me to the commissary quicker—and waiting for us, standing in the middle of the parking lot holding a giant Starbucks cup, was Rose Carver.