

## CHAPTER ONE

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**A**methyst Matthews put on her black dress. Her mother bought it for her before their family trip to London. “Maybe we’ll see a play, or the symphony,” Mom had said. “You can wear it then.” But Amy didn’t think she’d have another chance, so she wore it now. In mourning.

Her brother Ben gave her a look that said, “I knew you were weird, but not that weird.” She ignored him and sat down on one of the ugly chairs in their hotel room, trying desperately to hold back a storm of tears, so she could tell Ben the bad news.

She took a deep, shuddering breath, and said: “Our parents are dead, and it’s my fault.”



The morning began with an argument. Dad wandered between the two rooms of their suite, buttoning his