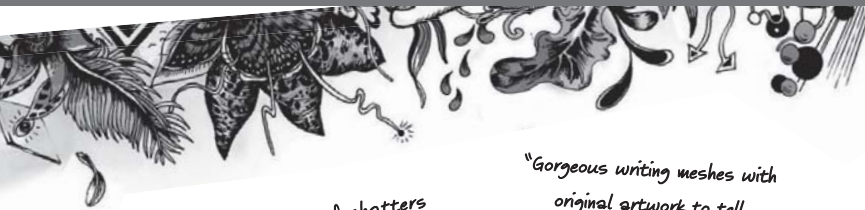


Maddy & Olly's story is
EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING
to readers everywhere because . . .



"The rare novel that lifts and shatters
and fills you all at once."

—Jennifer Niven, *NEW YORK TIMES* bestselling
author of *ALL THE BRIGHT PLACES*

"It reminds me to keep hope
and dream big, always."

—Jess, CA

"Everything, everything that
I love in a book
is in *EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING*."

—Gabriela, IL

"It speaks to me as someone
who has been in Madeline's place—
afraid to leave the house."

—Cristina, TX

"It reminded me that while
books are truly amazing . . . the
special people in our lives
make life a gift."

—Sam, IL

"Gorgeous writing meshes with
original artwork to tell
a love story like no other."

—David Arnold, author of *MOSQUITOLAND*

"*EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING* has
everything . . . romance, heart,
and intelligence."

—Danielle Paige, *New York Times* bestselling
author of *DOROTHY MUST DIE*

"It makes me
believe in young love."


—Kennia, CA

"Every book deserves
to be loved the way
Madeline Whittier loves her books."

—Heather, VA

"It reminded me to
listen to my soul. It will
direct me regardless of how
trapped I may feel in my life."

—Tiffany, WI

 EverythingEverythingBook
#EverythingEverythingBook


Delacorte
Press



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.



alloyentertainment

Copyright © 2015 by Alloy Entertainment and Nicola Yoon

Jacket art by Good Wives and Warriors

Illustrations by David Yoon

Childhood diary entry hand-lettered by Mayrav Estrin

All rights reserved. Published in the United States by Delacorte Press, an imprint of Random House Children's Books, a division of Penguin Random House LLC, New York.

Delacorte Press is a registered trademark and the colophon is a trademark of Penguin Random House LLC.

Excerpt from *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, translated by Richard Howard. Copyright © 1943 by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. Copyright © renewed 1971 by Consuelo de Saint-Exupéry, English translation copyright © 2000 by Richard Howard. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Picture from *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, translated by Richard Howard. Copyright © 1971 by Consuelo de Saint-Exupéry. English translation copyright © 2000 by Richard Howard. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

randomhouseteens.com

Educators and librarians, for a variety of teaching tools, visit us at RHTeachersLibrarians.com

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Yoon, Nicola.

Everything, everything / Nicola Yoon. — First edition.

pages cm

Summary: "The story of a teenage girl who's literally allergic to the outside world. When a new family moves in next door, she begins a complicated romance that challenges everything she's ever known. The narrative unfolds via vignettes, diary entries, texts, charts, lists, illustrations, and more"— Provided by publisher.

ISBN 978-0-553-49664-2 (hardback) — ISBN 978-0-553-49665-9 (glb) — ISBN 978-0-553-49666-6 (ebook)

[1. Friendship—Fiction. 2. Love—Fiction. 3. Allergy—Fiction. 4. Racially mixed people—Fiction.] I. Title.

PZ7.1.Y66Ev 2015

[Fic]—dc23

2015002950

The text of this book is set in 12-point Garamond.

Jacket and interior design by Natalie C. Sousa

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

First Edition

Random House Children's Books supports the

First Amendment and celebrates the right to read.

**ATTENTION READER:
THIS IS AN UNCORRECTED ADVANCE EXCERPT**

THE WHITE ROOM

I'VE READ MANY more books than you. It doesn't matter how many you've read. I've read more. Believe me. I've had the time.

In my white room, against my white walls, on my glistening white bookshelves, book spines provide the only color. The books are all brand-new hardcovers—no germy secondhand softcovers for me. They come to me from Outside, decontaminated and vacuum-sealed in plastic wrap. I would like to see the machine that does this. I imagine each book traveling on a white conveyor belt toward rectangular white stations where robotic white arms dust, scrape, spray, and otherwise sterilize it until it's finally deemed clean enough to come to me. When a new book arrives, my first task is to remove the wrapping, a process that involves scissors and more than one broken nail. My second task is to write my name on the inside front cover.

PROPERTY OF: Madeline Whittier

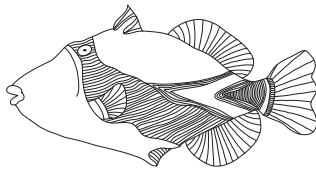
I don't know why I do this. There's no one else here except my mother, who never reads, and my nurse, Carla, who has no time to read because she spends all her time watching me breathe. I rarely have visitors, and so there's no one to lend my

books to. There's no one who needs reminding that the forgotten book on his or her shelf belongs to me.

REWARD IF FOUND (Check all that apply):

This is the section that takes me the longest time, and I vary it with each book. Sometimes the rewards are fanciful:

- Picnic with me (Madeline) in a pollen-filled field of poppies, lilies, and endless man-in-the-moon marigolds under a clear blue summer sky.
- Drink tea with me (Madeline) in a lighthouse in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in the middle of a hurricane.
- Snorkel with me (Madeline) off Molokini to spot the Hawaiian state fish—the humuhumunukunukuapuaa.



Sometimes the rewards are not so fanciful:

- A visit with me (Madeline) to a used bookstore.
- A walk outside with me (Madeline), just down the block and back.
- A short conversation with me (Madeline), discussing anything you want, on my white couch, in my white bedroom.

Sometimes the reward is just:

- Me (Madeline).

SCID ROW

MY DISEASE IS as rare as it is famous. It's a form of Severe Combined Immunodeficiency, but you know it as "bubble baby disease."

Basically, I'm allergic to the world. Anything can trigger a bout of sickness. It could be the chemicals in the cleaner used to wipe the table that I just touched. It could be someone's perfume. It could be the exotic spice in the food I just ate. It could be one, or all, or none of these things, or something else entirely. No one knows the triggers, but everyone knows the consequences. According to my mom I almost died as an infant. And so I stay on SCID row. I don't leave my house, have not left my house in seventeen years.

DAILY
HEALTH
LOG

Madeline Whittier

PATIENT NAME

May 2

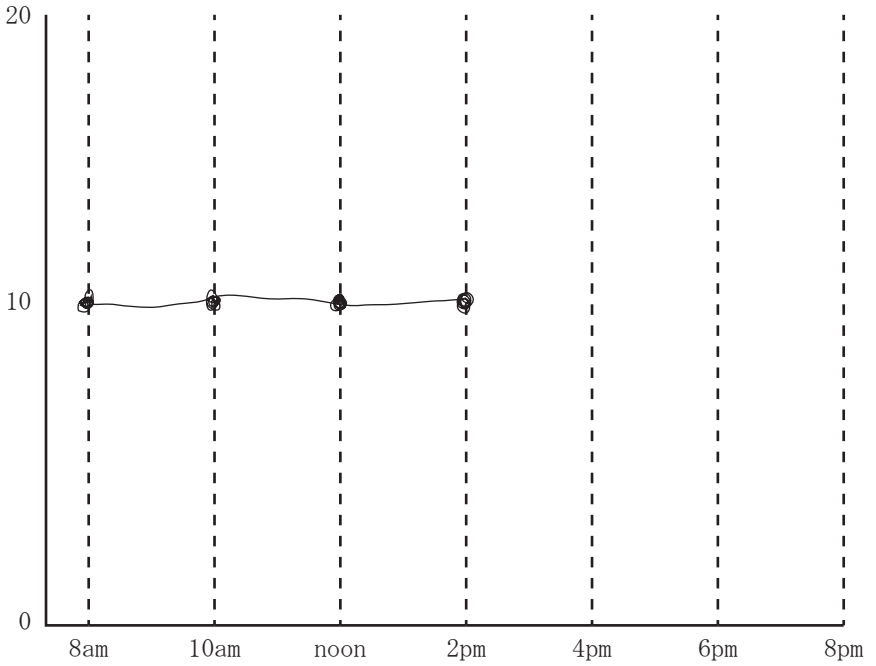
DATE

Dr. Pauline Whittier

CARETAKER

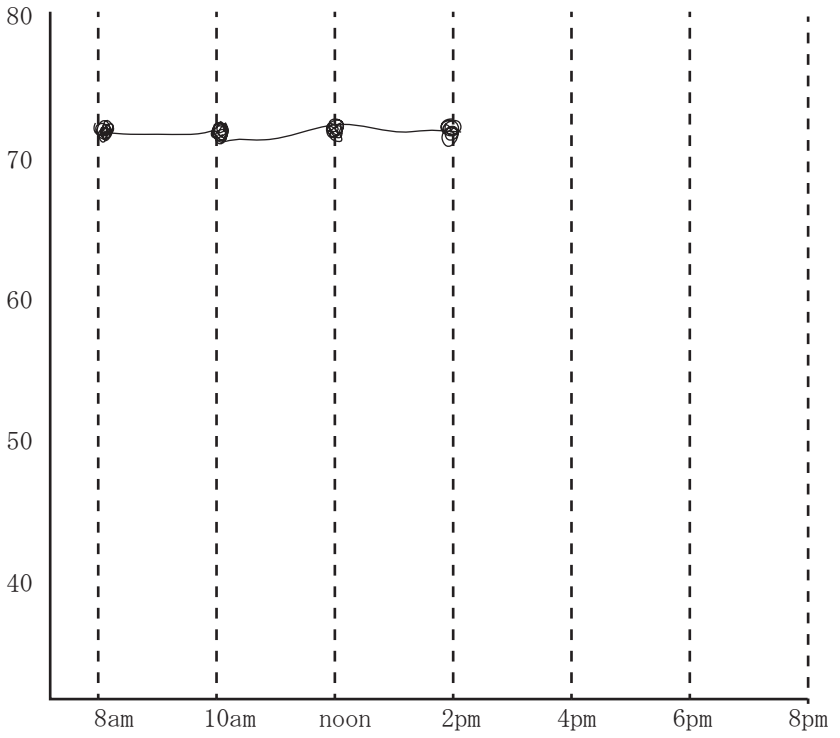
0002921

BREATHS PER MINUTE



0002921

ROOM TEMPERATURE



0002921

AIR FILTER STATUS

| | |
|------|----|
| 8am | OK |
| 9am | OK |
| 10am | OK |
| 11am | OK |
| 12pm | OK |
| 1pm | OK |
| 2pm | OK |
| 3pm | |
| 4pm | |
| 5pm | |
| 6pm | |
| 7pm | |
| 8pm | |

0002921

BIRTHDAY UISH

“MOVIE NIGHT OR Honor Pictionary or Book Club?” my mom asks while inflating a blood pressure cuff around my arm. She doesn’t mention her favorite of all our post-dinner activities—Phonetic Scrabble. I look up to see that her eyes are already laughing at me.

“Phonetic,” I say.

She stops inflating the cuff. Ordinarily Carla, my full-time nurse, would be taking my blood pressure and filling out my daily health log, but my mom’s given her the day off. It’s my birthday and we always spend the day together, just the two of us.

She puts on her stethoscope so that she can listen to my heartbeat. Her smile fades and is replaced by her more serious doctor’s face. This is the face her patients most often see—slightly distant, professional, and concerned. I wonder if they find it comforting.

Impulsively I give her a quick kiss on the forehead to remind her that it’s just me, her favorite patient, her daughter.

She opens her eyes, smiles, and caresses my cheek. I guess if you’re going to be born with an illness that requires constant care, then it’s good to have your mom as your doctor.

A few seconds later she gives me her best I'm-the-doctor-and-I'm-afraid-I-have-some-bad-news-for-you face. "It's your big day. Why don't we play something you have an actual chance of winning? Honor Pictionary?"

Since regular Pictionary can't really be played with two people, we invented Honor Pictionary. One person draws and the other person is on her *honor* to make her best guess. If you guess correctly, the other person scores.

I narrow my eyes at her. "We're playing Phonetic, and I'm winning this time," I say confidently, though I have no chance of winning. In all our years of playing Phonetic Scrabble, or Fonetik Skrabbl, I've never beaten her at it. The last time we played I came close. But then she devastated me on the final word, playing *JEENZ* on a triple word score.

"OK." She shakes her head with mock pity. "Anything you want." She closes her laughing eyes to listen to the stethoscope.

We spend the rest of the morning baking my traditional birthday cake of vanilla sponge with vanilla cream frosting. After it's cooled, I apply an unreasonably thin layer of frosting, just enough to cover the cake. We are, both of us, cake people, not frosting people. For decoration, I draw eighteen frosted daisies with white petals and a white center across the top. On the sides I fashion draped white curtains.

"Perfect." My mom peers over my shoulders as I finish up. "Just like you."

I turn to face her. She's smiling a wide, proud smile at me, but her eyes are bright with tears.

“You. Are. Tragic,” I say, and squirt a dollop of frosting on her nose, which only makes her laugh and cry some more. Really, she’s not usually this emotional, but something about my birthday always makes her both weepy and joyful at the same time. And if she’s weepy and joyful, then I’m weepy and joyful, too.

“I know,” she says, throwing her hands helplessly up in the air. “I’m totally pathetic.” She pulls me into a hug and squeezes. Frosting gets into my hair.

My birthday is the one day of the year that we’re both most acutely aware of my illness. It’s the acknowledging of the passage of time that does it. Another whole year of being sick, no hope for a cure on the horizon. Another year of missing all the normal teenagery things—learner’s permit, first kiss, prom, first heartbreak, first fender bender. Another year of my mom doing nothing but working and taking care of me. Every other day these omissions are easy—easier, at least—to ignore.

This year is a little harder than the previous. Maybe it’s because I’m eighteen now. Technically, I’m an adult. I should be leaving home, going off to college. My mom should be dreading empty-nest syndrome. But because of SCID, I’m not going anywhere.

Later, after dinner, she gives me a beautiful set of watercolor pencils that had been on my wish list for months. We go into the living room and sit cross-legged in front of the coffee table. This is also part of our birthday ritual: She lights a single candle

in the center of the cake. I close my eyes and make a wish. I blow the candle out.

“What did you wish for?” she asks as soon as I open my eyes.

Really there’s only one thing to wish for—a magical cure that will allow me to run free outside like a wild animal. But I never make that wish because it’s impossible. It’s like wishing that mermaids and dragons and unicorns were real. Instead I wish for something more likely than a cure. Something less likely to make us both sad.

“World peace,” I say.

Three slices of cake later, we begin a game of Fonetik. I do not win. I don’t even come close.

She uses all seven letters and puts down POKALIP next to an *S. POKALIPS*.

“What’s that?” I ask.

“Apocalypse,” she says, eyes dancing.

“No, Mom. No way. I can’t give that to you.”

“Yes,” is all she says.

“Mom, you need an extra *A*. No way.”

“Pokalips,” she says for effect, gesturing at the letters. “It totally works.”

I shake my head.

“P O K A L I P S,” she insists, slowly dragging out the word.

“Oh my God, you’re relentless,” I say, throwing my hands up. “OK, OK, I’ll allow it.”

“Yesssss.” She pumps her fist and laughs at me and marks

down her now-insurmountable score. “You’ve never really understood this game,” she says. “It’s a game of persuasion.”

I slice myself another piece of cake. “That was not persuasion,” I say. “That was cheating.”

“Same same,” she says, and we both laugh.

“You can beat me at Honor Pictionary tomorrow,” she says.

After I lose, we go to the couch and watch our favorite movie, *Young Frankenstein*. Watching it is also part of our birthday ritual. I put my head in her lap, and she strokes my hair, and we laugh at the same jokes in the same way that we’ve been laughing at them for years. All in all, not a bad way to spend your eighteenth birthday.

STAYS THE SAME

I'M READING ON my white couch when Carla comes in the next morning.

"Feliz cumpleaños," she sings out.

I lower my book. *"Gracias."*

"How was the birthday?" She begins unpacking her medical bag.

"We had fun."

"Vanilla cake and vanilla frosting?" she asks.

"Of course."

"Young Frankenstein?"

"Yes."

"And you lost at that game?" she asks.

"We're pretty predictable, huh?"

"Don't mind me," she says, laughing. "I'm just jealous of how sweet you and your mama are."

She picks up my health log from yesterday, quickly reviews my mom's measurements and adds a new sheet to the clipboard. "These days Rosa can't even be bothered to give me the time of day."

Rosa is Carla's seventeen-year-old daughter. According to Carla they were really close until hormones and boys took over. I can't imagine that happening to my mom and me.

Carla sits next to me on the couch, and I hold out my hand for the blood pressure cuff. Her eyes drop to my book.

“*Flowers for Algernon* again?” she asks. “Doesn’t that book always make you cry?”

“One day it won’t,” I say. “I want to be sure to be reading it on that day.”

She rolls her eyes at me and takes my hand.

It *is* kind of a flip answer, but then I wonder if it’s true.

Maybe I’m holding out hope that one day, someday, things will change.

LIFE IS SHORT™

SPOILER REVIEWS BY MADELINE

FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON BY DANIEL KEYES

Spoiler alert: Algernon is a mouse. The mouse dies.

ALIEN INVASION, PART 2

I'M UP TO the part where Charlie realizes that the mouse's fate may be his own when I hear a loud rumbling noise outside. Immediately my mind goes to outer space. I picture a giant mother ship hovering in the skies above us.

The house trembles and my books vibrate on the shelves. A steady beeping joins the rumbling and I know what it is. A truck. Probably just lost, I tell myself, to stave off disappointment. Probably just made a wrong turn on their way to someplace else.

But then the engine cuts off. Doors open and close. A moment passes, and then another, and then a woman's voice sings out, "Welcome to our new home, everybody!"

Carla stares at me hard for a few seconds. I know what she's thinking.

It's happening again.

MADELINE'S DIARY

August 5

The family in the house next door moved away. ~~The~~ The boy cried.

He hid in the garden and ate dirt until his mom found him but she didn't yell at him for eating it like she usually does.

Outside is so quiet now.

Last night I had a dream that they-

didn't really move away.
They got kidnapped
by aliens. The aliens
didn't take me because
I'm sick and they only
wanted healthy people.
They took mommy and
Carla away and the
family next door and I
was all alone.

I woke up crying
and mommy came and
stayed in bed with
me. I didn't tell her
what the dream was
about because it would
make her sad, but
I told Carla and
she gave me a hug.

THE WELCOME COMMITTEE

“CARLA,” I SAY, “it won’t be like last time.” I’m not eight years old anymore.

“I want you to promise—” she begins, but I’m already at the window, sweeping the curtains aside.

I am not prepared for the bright California sun. I’m not prepared for the sight of it, high and blazing hot and white against the washed-out white sky. I am blind. But then the white haze over my vision begins to clear. Everything is haloed.

I see the truck and the silhouette of an older woman twirling—the mother. I see an older man at the back of the truck—the father. I see a girl maybe a little younger than me—the daughter.

Then I see him. He’s tall, lean, and wearing all black: black T-shirt, black jeans, black sneakers, and a black knit cap that covers his hair completely. He’s white with a pale honey tan and his face is starkly angular. He jumps down from his perch at the back of the truck and glides across the driveway, moving as if gravity affects him differently than it does the rest of us. He stops, cocks his head to one side, and stares up at his new house as if it were a puzzle.

After a few seconds he begins bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet. Suddenly he takes off at a sprint and runs literally six

feet up the front wall. He grabs a windowsill and dangles from it for a second or two and then drops back down into a crouch.

“Nice, Olly,” says his mother.

“Didn’t I tell you to quit doing that stuff?” his father growls.

He ignores them both and remains in his crouch.

I press my open palm against the glass, breathless as if I’d done that crazy stunt myself. I look from him to the wall to the windowsill and back to him again. He’s no longer crouched. He’s staring up at me. Our eyes meet. Vaguely I wonder what he sees in my window—strange girl in white with wide staring eyes. He grins at me and his face is no longer stark, no longer severe. I try to smile back, but I’m so flustered that I frown at him instead.

MY WHITE BALLOON

THAT NIGHT, I dream that the house breathes with me. I exhale and the walls contract like a pinpricked balloon, crushing me as it deflates. I inhale and the walls expand. A single breath more and my life will finally, finally explode.

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

HIS MOM'S SCHEDULE

- 6:35 AM - Arrives on porch with a steaming cup of something hot. Coffee?
- 6:36 AM - Stares off into empty lot across the way while sipping her drink. Tea?
- 7:00 AM - Reenters the house.
- 7:15 AM - Back on porch. Kisses husband good-bye. Watches as his car drives away.
- 9:30 AM - Gardens. Looks for, finds, and discards cigarette butts.
- 1:00 PM - Leaves house in car. Errands?
- 5:00 PM - Pleads with Kara and Olly to begin chores "before your father gets home."

KARA'S (SISTER) SCHEDULE

- 10:00 AM - Stomps outside wearing black boots and a fuzzy brown bathrobe.
- 10:01 AM - Checks cell phone messages. She gets a lot of messages.
- 10:06 AM - Smokes three cigarettes in the garden between our two houses.

10:20 AM - Digs a hole with the toe of her boots and buries cigarette carcasses.

10:25 AM-5:00 PM - Texts or talks on the phone.

5:25 PM - Chores.

HIS DAD'S SCHEDULE

7:15 AM - Leaves for work.

6:00 PM - Arrives home from work.

6:20 PM - Sits on porch with drink #1.

6:30 PM - Reenters the house for dinner.

7:00 PM - Back on porch with drink #2.

7:25 PM - Drink #3.

7:45 PM - Yelling at family begins.

10:35 PM - Yelling at family subsides.

OLLY'S SCHEDULE

Unpredictable.

I SPY

HIS FAMILY CALLS him Olly. Well, his sister and his mom call him Olly. His dad calls him Oliver. He's the one I watch the most. His bedroom is on the second floor and almost directly across from mine and his blinds are almost always open.

Some mornings he sleeps in until noon. Others, he's gone from his room before I wake to begin my surveillance. Most mornings, though, he wakes at 9 A.M., climbs out of his bedroom, and makes his way, Spider-Man-style, to the roof using the siding. He stays up there for about an hour before swinging, legs first, back into his room. No matter how much I try, I haven't been able to see what he does when he's up there.

His room is empty but for a bed and a chest of drawers. A few boxes from the move remain unpacked and stacked by the doorway. There are no decorations except for a single poster for a movie called *Jump London*. I looked it up and it's about parkour, which is a kind of street gymnastics, which explains how he's able to do all the crazy stuff that he does. The more I watch, the more I want to know.

MENTEUSE

I'VE JUST SAT down at the dining table for dinner. My mom places a cloth napkin in my lap and fills my water glass and then Carla's. Friday night dinners are special in my house. Carla even stays late to eat with us instead of with her own family.

Everything at Friday Night Dinner is French. The napkins are white cloth embroidered with fleur-de-lis at the edges. The cutlery is antique French and ornate. We even have miniature silver *la tour Eiffel* salt and pepper shakers. Of course, we have to be careful with the menu because of my allergies, but my mom always makes her version of a cassoulet—a French stew with chicken, sausage, duck, and white beans. It was my dad's favorite dish before he died. The version that my mom cooks for me contains only white beans cooked in chicken broth.

"Madeline," my mom says, "Mr. Waterman tells me that you're late on your architecture assignment. Is everything all right, baby girl?"

I'm surprised by her question. I know I'm late, but since I've never been late before I guess I didn't realize that she was keeping track.

"Is the assignment too hard?" She frowns as she ladles cassoulet into my bowl. "Do you want me to find you a new tutor?"

“Oui, non, et non,” I say in response to each question. “Everything’s fine. I’ll turn it in tomorrow, I promise. I just lost track of time.”

She nods and begins slicing and buttering pieces of crusty French bread for me. I know she wants to ask something else. I even know what she wants to ask, but she’s afraid of the answer.

“Is it the new neighbors?”

Carla gives me a sharp look. I’ve never lied to my mom. I’ve never had a reason and I don’t think I know how to. But something tells me what I need to do.

“I’ve just been reading too much. You know how I get with a good book.” I make my voice as reassuring as possible. I don’t want her to worry. She has enough to worry about with me as it is.

How do you say “liar” in French?

“Not hungry?” my mom asks a few minutes later. She presses the back of her hand against my forehead.

“You don’t have a fever.” She lets her hand linger a moment longer.

I’m about to reassure her when the doorbell rings. This happens so infrequently that I don’t know what to make of it.

The bell rings again.

My mom half rises from her chair.

Carla stands all the way up.

The bell sounds for a third time. I smile for no reason.

“Want me to get it, ma’am?” Carla asks.

My mom waves her off. “Stay here,” she says to me.

Carla moves to stand behind me, her hands pressing down lightly on my shoulder. I know I should stay here. I know I'm expected to. Certainly I expect me to, but somehow, today, I just can't. I need to know who it is, even if it's just a wayward traveler.

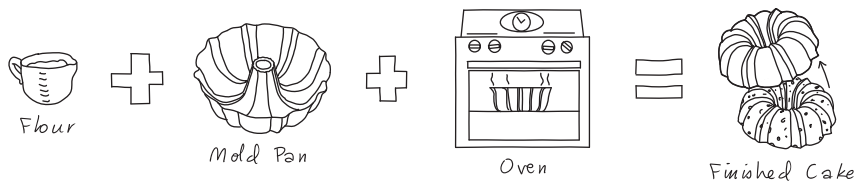
Carla touches my upper arm. "Your mother said to stay here."

"But why? She's just being extra cautious. Besides, she won't let anyone past the air lock."

She relents, and I'm off down the hallway with her right behind me.

The air lock is a small sealed room surrounding the front door. It's airtight so that no potential hazards can leak into the main house when the front door is open. I press my ear against it. At first I can't hear anything over the air filters, but then I hear a voice.

"My mom sent a Bundt." The voice is deep and smooth and definitely amused. My brain is processing the word *Bundt*, trying to get an image of what it looks like before it dawns on me just who is at the door. Olly.



The Bundt Cake

"The thing about my mom's Bundts is that they are not very good. Terrible. Actually inedible, very nearly indestructible. Between you and me."

A new voice now. A girl's. His sister? "Every time we move she makes us bring one to the neighbor."

"Oh. Well. This is a surprise, isn't it? That's very nice. Please tell her thank you very much for me."

There's no chance that this Bundt cake has passed the proper inspections, and I can feel my mom trying to figure out how to tell them she can't take the cake without revealing the truth about me.

"I'm sorry, but I can't accept this."

There's a moment of shocked silence.

"So you want us to take it back?" Olly asks disbelievingly.

"Well, that's rude," Kara says. She sounds angry and resigned, as though she'd expected disappointment.

"I'm so sorry," my mom says again. "It's complicated. I'm really very sorry because this is so sweet of you and your mom. Please thank her for me."

"Is your daughter home?" Olly asks quite loudly, before she can close the door. "We're hoping she could show us around."

My heart speeds up and I can feel the pulse of it against my ribs. Did he just ask about me? No stranger has just dropped by to visit me before. Aside from my mom, Carla, and my tutors, the world barely knows I exist. I mean, I exist online. I have online friends and my Tumblr book reviews, but that's not the same as being a real person who can be visited by strange boys bearing Bundt cakes.

"I'm so sorry, but she can't. Welcome to the neighborhood, and thank you again."

The front door closes and I step back to wait for my mom. She has to remain in the air lock until the filters have a chance

to purify the foreign air. A minute later she steps back into the house. She doesn't notice me right away. Instead she stands still, eyes closed with her head slightly bowed.

"I'm sorry," she says, without looking up.

"I'm OK, Mom. Don't worry."

For the thousandth time I realize anew how hard my disease is on her. It's the only world I've known, but before me she had my brother and my dad. She traveled and played soccer. She had a normal life that did not include being cloistered in a bubble for fourteen hours a day with her sick teenage daughter.

I hold her and let her hold me for a few more minutes. She's taking this disappointment much harder than I am.

"I'll make it up to you," she says.

"There's nothing to make up for."

"I love you, sweetie."

We drift back into the dining room and finish dinner quickly and, for the most part, silently. Carla leaves and my mom asks if I want to beat her at a game of Honor Pictionary, but I ask for a rain check. I'm not really in the mood.

Instead, I head upstairs imagining what a Bundt cake tastes like.

PIÈCE DE REJECTION

BACK IN MY room, I go immediately to my bedroom window. His dad is home from work and something's wrong because he's angry and getting angrier by the second. He grabs the Bundt cake from Kara and throws it hard at Olly, but Olly's too fast, too graceful. He dodges, and the cake falls to the ground.

Remarkably the Bundt seems unharmed, but the plate shatters against the driveway. This only makes his dad angrier.

"You clean that up. You clean that up right now." He slams into the house. His mom goes after him. Kara shakes her head at Olly and says something to him that makes his shoulders slump. Olly stands there looking at the cake for a few minutes. He disappears into the house and returns with a broom and dustpan. He takes his time, way longer than necessary, sweeping up the broken plate.

When he's done he climbs to the roof, taking the Bundt with him, and it's another hour before he swings back into his room.

I'm hiding in my usual spot behind the curtain when I suddenly no longer want to hide. I turn on the lights and go back to the window. I don't even bother to take a deep breath. It's not going to help. I pull the curtain aside to find that he's already there in his window, staring right at me. He doesn't smile. He doesn't wave. Instead, he reaches his arm overhead and pulls the blind closed.

SURVIVAL

“HOW LONG ARE you going to mope around the house?” Carla asks. “You’ve been like this all week.”

“I’m not moping,” I say, though I’ve been moping a little. Olly’s rejection has made me feel like a little girl again. It reminded me why I stopped paying attention to the world before.

But trying to get back to my normal routine is hard when I can hear all the sounds of the outside world. I notice things that I paid very little attention to before. I hear the wind disturbing the trees. I hear birds gossiping in the mornings. I see the rectangles of sunlight that slip through my blinds and work their way across the room throughout the day. You can mark time by them. As much as I’m trying to keep the world out, it seems determined to come in.

“You’ve been reading the same five pages in that book for days now.” She nods at my copy of *Lord of the Flies*.

“Well, it’s a terrible book.”

“I thought it was a classic.”

“It’s terrible. Most of the boys are awful and all they talk about is hunting and killing pigs. I’ve never been so hungry for bacon in my life.”

She laughs, but it’s halfhearted at best. She sits on the couch next to me and moves my legs into her lap. “Tell me,” she says.

I put the book down and close my eyes. “I just want them to go away,” I confess. “It was easier before.”

“What was easier?”

“I don’t know. Being me. Being sick.”

She squeezes my leg. “You listen to me now. You’re the strongest, bravest person I know. You better believe that.”

“Carla, you don’t have to—”

“Shush, listen to me. I’ve been thinking this over. I could see this new thing was weighing down on you, but I know you’re going to be all right.”

“I’m not so sure.”

“That’s OK. I can be sure for both of us. We’ve been together in this house for fifteen years, so I know what I’m talking about. When I first started with you I thought it was only a matter of time before depression would take you over. And there was that one summer when it came close, but it didn’t happen. Every day you get up and learn something new. Every day you find something to be happy about. Every single day you have a smile for me. You worry more about your mother than you do about yourself.”

I don’t think Carla has ever said this many words all at once.

“My own Rosa,” she continues, but then stops. She leans back and closes her eyes in the grip of some emotion I don’t understand. “My Rosa could learn a thing or two from you. She has everything I could give her, but she thinks she has nothing.”

I smile. Carla complains about her daughter, but I can tell she spoils her as much as she can.

She opens her eyes, and whatever was bothering her passes. “You see, there’s that smile again.” She pats my leg. “Life is hard, honey. Everyone finds a way.”

LIFE IS SHORT™

SPOILER REVIEWS BY MADELINE

LORD OF THE FLIES BY WILLIAM GOLDING

Spoiler alert: Boys are savages.

FIRST CONTACT

TWO DAYS PASS and I've stopped moping. I'm getting better at ignoring the neighbors when I hear a ping coming from outside. I'm on my couch, still mired in *Lord of the Flies*. Mercifully, I'm close to finishing. Ralph is on the beach awaiting a violent death. I'm so eager for the book to end so that I can read something else, something happier, that I ignore the sound. A few minutes later there's another ping, louder this time. I put the book down and listen. Pings three, four, and five come in rapid succession. Something's hitting my window. Hail? I'm up and at my window before I can think better of it. I push the curtains aside.

Olly's window is wide open, the blinds are up, and the lights are off in his room. The indestructible Bundt is sitting on his windowsill wearing googly eyes that are staring right at me. The cake trembles and then tilts forward, as if contemplating the distance to the ground. It retreats and trembles some more. I'm trying to see Olly in his darkened room when the Bundt leaps from the sill and plunges to the ground.

I gasp. Did the cake just commit suicide? I crane my neck to see what's become of it, but it's too dark out.

Just then a spotlight illuminates the cake. Unbelievably, it's

still intact. What is that thing made of? It's probably best that we didn't try to eat it.

The light goes out and I look up just in time to catch Olly's black-clad hand and flashlight retreat into the window. I stay for a few minutes, watching and waiting for him to come back, but he doesn't.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

NICOLA YOON grew up in Jamaica (the island) and Brooklyn (part of Long Island). She currently resides in Los Angeles with her husband and daughter, both of whom she loves beyond all reason. *Everything, Everything* is her first novel.

DAVID YOON is a writer and designer. He lives with his wife Nicola Yoon (see above) in Los Angeles, where they spend their days talking about stories and reading to their three-year-old daughter, Penny. David created the illustrations for *Everything, Everything*.



Photo © Sonya Sores

WELCOME TO FIRST IN LINE

A brand-new and exclusive YA experience that lets you
BE THE FIRST TO READ THE LAST LINE
of the next big thing.

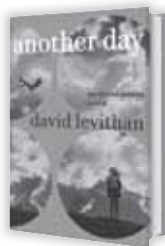
Secure your place in line: [t](#) FirstInLineReaders #FirstInLine

EXCLUSIVE FIRST IN LINE MEMBERS-ONLY PERKS

- Access to Locked Sections of the FIRST IN LINE Tumblr
- Newsletters Delivering Never-Before-Seen Behind-the-Book Content
- Deleted Scenes, Cover Reveals, Annotated Chapters, and More!
- Author Videos, Q&As, and Twitter Chats
- First Access to Advance Reader's Copies
- Digital Chapter Samplers
- Branded FIRST IN LINE Swag
- Exclusive Giveaways and Sweepstakes
- VIP Invitations to FIRST IN LINE Events

→→ Summer 2015 FIRST IN LINE picks: →→→

JULY



On Sale
8.25.15

AUGUST



On Sale
9.1.15

SEPTEMBER



On Sale
10.20.15



MY DISEASE IS AS RARE AS IT IS FAMOUS.

Basically, I'm allergic to the world. I don't leave my house, have not left my house in seventeen years. The only people I ever see are my mom and my nurse, Carla.

But then one day, a moving truck arrives next door. I look out my window, and I see him. He's tall, lean, and wearing all black—black T-shirt, black jeans, black sneakers, and a black knit cap that covers his hair completely. He catches me looking and stares at me. I stare right back. His name is Olly.

Maybe we can't predict the future, but we can predict some things. For example, I am certainly going to fall in love with Olly. It's almost certainly going to be a disaster.

