

"I'm kind of busy right now, Dad." She fanned out the brochures in her hand, flipping through them distractedly, then laying them down on her desk. "I'll look at them later, maybe when I've finished my homework."

Dad's face sagged with a disappointment he couldn't conceal, but Hannah hardened her heart. She knew *exactly* what he was excited about and it was having the opposite effect on her. Her insides were churning as if she was on a Ferris wheel.

As her dad slipped quietly out of the room, pulling the door shut behind him with a soft click, Hannah closed the book she was reading and slid the brochures over. The one on the top showed a picture of a rocky cove, sparkling turquoise water, an aqua sky and people in bathing suits frolicking in the sand. She shivered, but she wasn't sure if it was with dread or delight.

Someone rapped on her bedroom door again, but this time it was more urgent. Hannah slapped her book down over the top of the brochure.

"Who's there?" she called.

"It's Mum. Can I come in?"

The door creaked open before Hannah could reply and she quickly opened her novel again,

burying her face in it, trying to look preoccupied. Her mother padded over and sat down on the edge of her bed. Hannah couldn't look at her, dreading what she was about to hear. She squeezed her eyes shut and listened.

"Your father's very disappointed," said her mother. "He was really counting on a positive reaction from you. He knows how much you love the island."

"To *visit*," blurted Hannah. "*Not* to live there. *Never* to live there."

"Your brother's ecstatic. He can't wait to leave."

"Jake's only twelve. He won't have so much trouble making new friends."

"Neither will you, Hannah." Her mother tried to squeeze Hannah's shoulder, but Hannah pushed her hand away. "It's not forever, honey. Just for two years. That's not very long."

"It's a long time when you're *my* age. By the time I get back, all my friends will have forgotten about me."

"That's not true." Her mother's voice was losing its soft, patient tone. Now there was something hard there. Something hard and blunt. "I think you're just looking for excuses. You know how