

**Purple Post-it  
Found between the pages of Kaitlyn's journal**

Remember to behave tonight. Only one night, OK?

PS: Grabbed you one of those gross marshmallow concoctions you love from the canteen. Under the bed.

Also, Jane Eyre from the library.

Go nuts. Be good.

XOXO

C

*4:04 am*

Where was I? Oh, yeah. Now that we're heading back to Elmbridge High School, it's safe to write in the Message Book again. For a while, back in late June, Dr. Lansing read it without our knowing, and would say things that could only have come from reading our exchanges. But we figured it out soon enough, and that was the last time we wrote in it. Lansing wanted that, of course. She saw it as Carly indulging in her alter ego—an "enabling behavior." When Carly wasn't writing to me there, Lansing probably smiled and put a neat little tick next to a task box that read "stop all messages." But she was wrong if she thought that would stop us.

We wrote to each other in the bathroom mirror, in steam. We wrote Post-it notes, which we hid in unlikely places and swallowed after reading (not the nicest thing to force down your esophagus, but they checked the bins to make sure I wasn't smoking). She forced us underground, and underground we'll stay, until the day we pack our bags and head for the city, where the night never sleeps.

For now, my nights are full of nothings, and Carly's days are full of everything.