

Chapter One

Through the window, I can see South Potttsboro is frozen solid. It's icy and windy out there. In this case the word *south* is misleading. I don't see any palm trees. *Dumpy, boring* Potttsboro would be more accurate. There's another snowstorm on the way and my grandma is having an indoor yard sale in the foyer of our condo building. A yard sale during a snowstorm?

My grandma is like, "Blah blah blah. We're the first people this season to have a sale. We'll be swamped."

My grandpa is all huffy because he doesn't want to put his slippers in the yard sale. He's wearing them to keep them safe, which is totally embarrassing because these slippers look like roadkill. Seriously.

And the lady downstairs already has plenty against my grandpa because he does noisy limbering-up exercises in our living room and then that lady starts pounding on our door. My grandma is very two-faced at these times. She's so sweet to that lady then, but later, in the middle of the night, I can hear my grandma and grandpa laughing and giggling and calling her a big jerk.

In the middle of the night through the walls, I hear my grandma and grandpa talking about other things too. Sometimes they aren't giggling. They're talking about me. Sometimes my grandma starts sobbing and my grandpa goes, "Baby doll, give her a little time. She just needs more time. Relax. Relax." And then the room goes stone silent like they both died in there.

Right now my grandpa and I are going outside to the steps to put up a flyer on the glass front door. It says YARD SALE TODAY: EXERCISE BICYCLE, DISHES, BOOKS,