

PARIS

for two

PHOEBE STONE



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*For Rachel Griffiths*



## Prologue

In seventh grade, it was Windel Watson. I was beside myself over him. I was swept away. He seemed to be everywhere. He was in the halls at school. He was in the air I breathed. He was even in the clouds in the sky when I looked up.

“Doesn’t that cloud look like Windel Watson at the piano?” I would say to my only friend, Ginger.

“No way. That cloud looks like someone playing the drums,” she would assure me.

But unfortunately during that year, I bumbled the whole crush thing with Windel. It all turned into disaster and embarrassment and humiliation. I was only twelve years old and I was already hoping to spend the rest of my life on a desert island!

Then near the end of seventh grade I found out my family was leaving town. Moving away for a year, which was a very good thing. Best cure for a terrible crush is a lengthy trip across the ocean. I was hopeful until I found out *where* we were going.

“Oh, no, no, no,” I said. “Not Paris! Not France! Please not Paris! I mean, going anywhere would be better, to the North Pole, to South America, even to the moon!” Because I knew Windel Watson was also going to Paris.

I was at school when I heard. I rushed to find Ginger. She's a kid fortune-teller. Her mom is teaching her. We went into the cafeteria and sat at a table. Ginger got out her crystal ball and peered into it. "Oh! Petunia Beanly," she said, "something wonderful is going to happen to you in Paris! I see three bouquets."

I looked up at the ceiling. My heart lifted.

Then Ginger paused. "I think. I mean, maybe." She blinked and smiled at me in a pale, quivering way. "Sorry, I guess I'm not sure. The crystal just went cloudy on me."

But it turned out Ginger seemed to have a quirky way with magic. Because there *were* three bouquets in Paris. And each one opened a door and brought with it a sparkle and a spell. And who was at the heart of it in the end? Well, that was the biggest surprise of all.