

# CHAPTER 1



WELCOME TO GAZEBO SQUARE!

Eight-year-old twins Charlie and Meg beamed as they read the sign. The street was bustling with brightly colored tents and happy, smiling people.

“I can’t believe we’re really going to live here!” Charlie exclaimed, hoisting up his heavy backpack.

Meg sniffed the air. “Yum!” she murmured. “Chocolate and spices and flowers . . .”

Dad heaved an enormous suitcase down the last step from the train station and paused to catch his breath. “This is a very special place,” he said with a grin. “The farmers’ market is open every day. Gazebo Square makes everyone feel at home.”

“You’re going to love Great-Great-Aunt Saffron’s hotel!” Mom added.

“I hope we love Great-Great-Aunt Saffron,” Charlie whispered to Meg. “She must be very, very old.”

