

## CHAPTER ONE

IT WAS JANUARY OF OUR SENIOR YEAR, AND WHILE OUR CLASSMATES WERE PLANNING PROM PARTIES AND GRADUATION FETES, LILY AND I WERE PLOTTING A SERIES OF GRUESOME DEATHS. LIKE THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER MUHAMMAD ALI ONCE SAID, "DIFFERENT STROKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS."



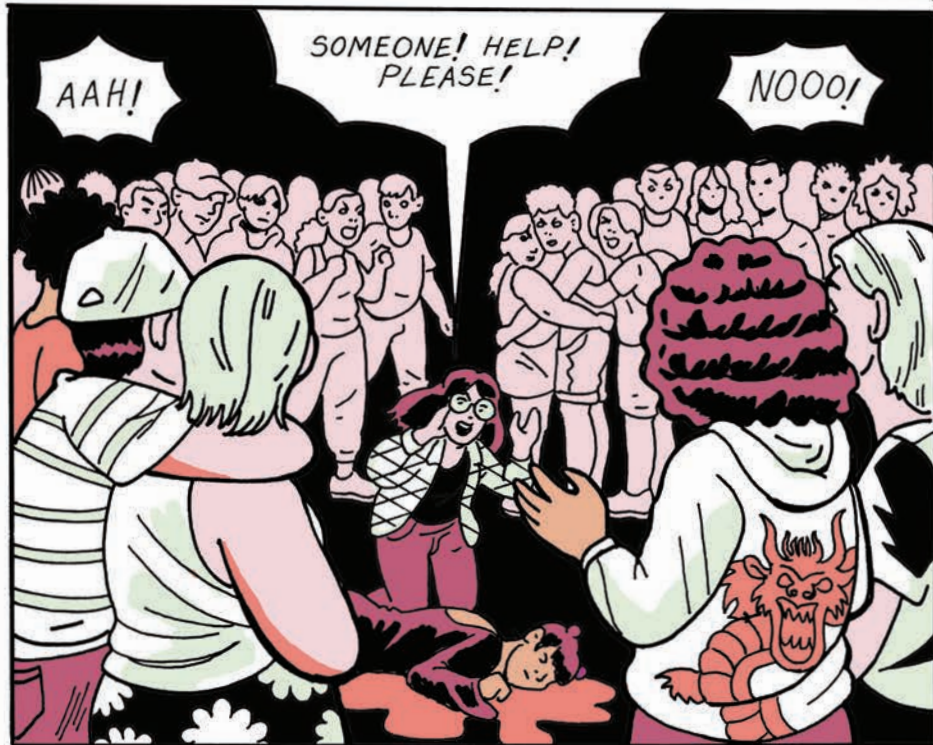
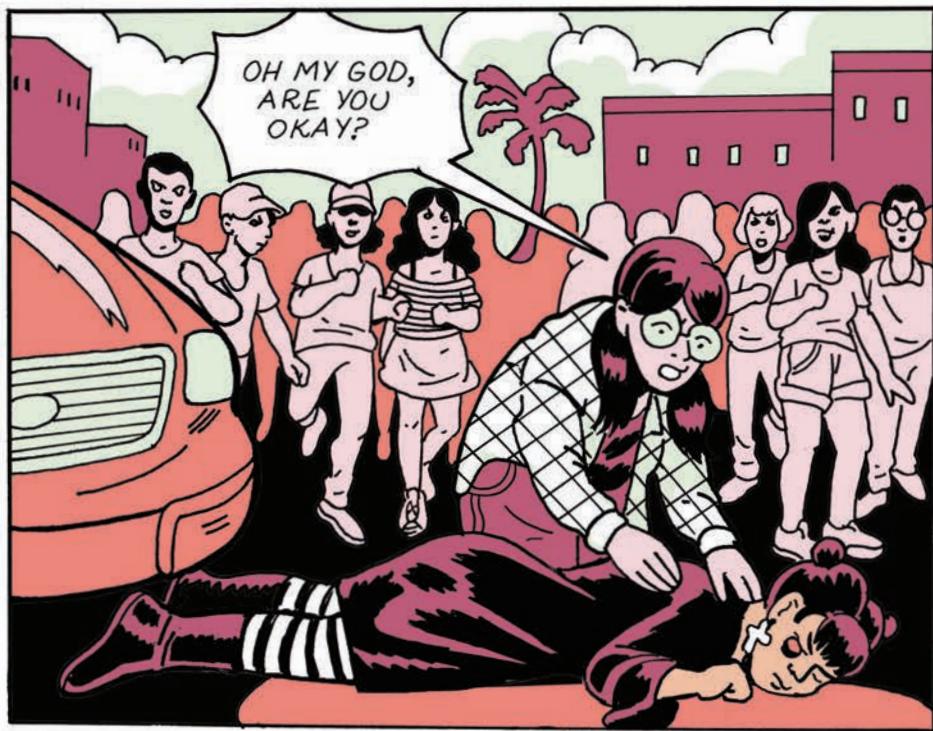
SHARP TONGUE / COMES AS  
NO SURPRISE / ♪



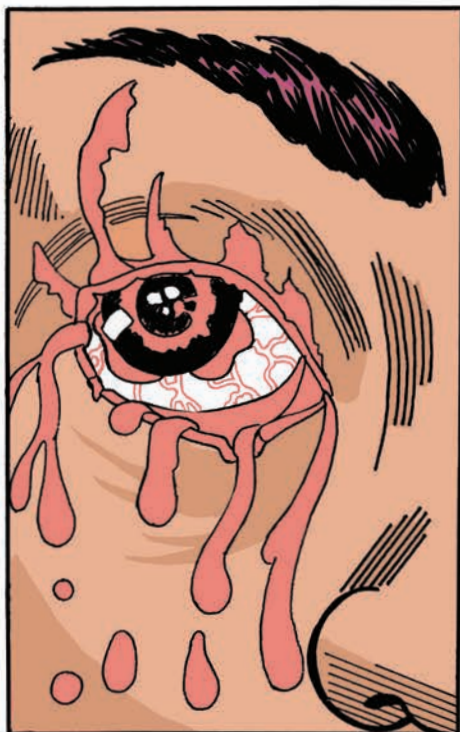
I'M A MONSTER /  
M-M-M-M MONSTER / ♪











HELLO, 911? I'M IN  
THE PARKING LOT OF  
CALAMONDIN HIGH AND  
THERE'S BEEN AN  
ACCIDENT.



THE VICTIM IS LILLIAN  
VILLASEÑOR, AGED 17,  
AND SHE'S BEEN HIT  
BY A CAR.

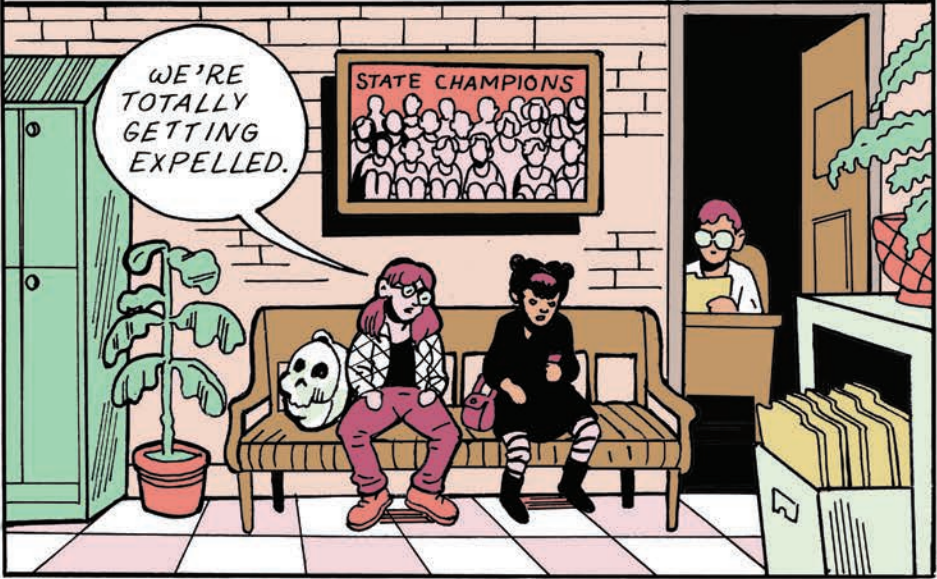


SHE'S BLEEDING  
PROFUSELY FROM A  
HEAD WOUND AND SEEMS  
TO HAVE SUFFERED  
SERIOUS TRAUMA TO  
HER RIGHT EYE.

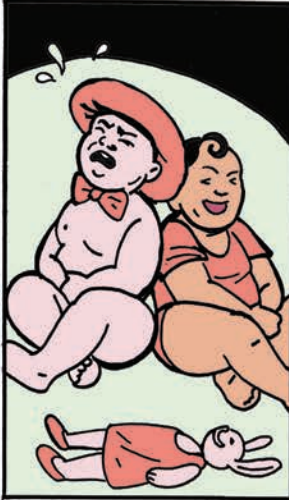




LILY HAS NEVER HAD THE FEAR RESPONSE OF NORMAL MORTALS, BUT I WAS LOSING MY MIND...



WE'D BEEN WAITING TO LEAVE BOCA BELLA BASICALLY SINCE BEFORE WE WERE BORN, AND OUR PLAN WAS ROCK SOLID: GET SCHOLARSHIPS TO NYU, SHARE AN APARTMENT IN BROOKLYN, AND WORK IN DINERS WHILE WE BUILT OUR FOLLOWER COUNT.



PRINCIPAL LOBLAW HELD OUR ENTIRE FUTURE IN HER HANDS. SHE HAD MELLOWED OUT A LOT SINCE HER DIVORCE, BUT I WAS STILL JUSTIFIABLY FREAKED.





