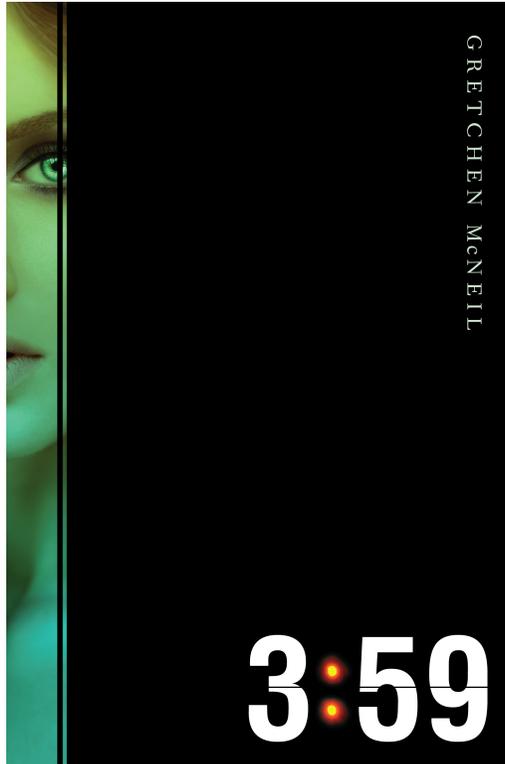


3:59 TEASER



3:57 P.M.

Josie's hands were shaking as she tossed her cell phone onto the bed.

She wasn't the only one going through life drama, but in her own pain and grief she'd managed to box out the one person in her life she cared about most. She pictured Nick's face Monday during their last conversation. There had been something wrong, something he desperately wanted to talk to his girlfriend about, and Josie didn't have time.

Josie leaned against the windowsill and stared out into the backyard. The yew bushes that lined the fence on all three sides were ridiculously overgrown. The lawn was mostly weeds, dotted with barren patches of dirt and a minefield of gophers holes. It seemed like everything was falling apart: yard, house, life . . .

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Josie's heart ached for Nick. He and his older brother were very close, and though Nick wasn't always the best at expressing his feelings, Josie knew he must be devastated at the thought of losing Tony.

Maybe Nick was right. Maybe Josie was partially to blame. Maybe she did need to take a look at herself. Josie turned away from the window toward the old mirror.

Only Josie didn't see her own reflection.

From where she stood at the window, the antique mirror reflected her bed. And there, snuggled under the same blue-and-white floral comforter cover, was a girl. She wore a sleep mask, but even with it obscuring part of her face, in the bright lights of the room, Josie realized she was staring at someone who looked exactly like her. A doppelgänger asleep in her bed.

Josie glanced at her bed. Nope, it was empty, the covers and pillows a disheveled mess, just the way she'd left them that morning. But there, in the mirror, she could clearly see the image of herself sound asleep in her room.

Wait, was it her room? The girl, the bedclothes, even the nightstand were the same. But the room in the reflection clearly wasn't Josie's. The floor was different—lush, cream-colored carpet where the hardwood floors in Josie's room were covered in worn, striped throw rugs. The giant print of Seurat's "*A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*" that hung above Josie's bed wasn't in the reflection, replaced by a black-and-white panorama photo of Paris. And the alarm clock on the nightstand wasn't Josie's old hand-me-down from her mom, but a sleek, modern clock with solid blue numbers that cut through the brightly lit room.

Numbers? Josie took a step closer to the mirror and squinted at the clock. The numbers were backward, so it took her brain a moment to register the time it showed. It dawned on her slowly. 3:59.

Wait, didn't she just have this exact same dream? But in reverse? Josie whipped her head around to look at her own alarm clock and caught the read out just as it clicked over to four o'clock. 3:59? Again?

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Josie turned back to the mirror.

The girl in the bed was gone.