



Far from You

By Lisa Schroeder

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Lost and alone down the rabbit hole.

Alice thought she knew

what solitude was:

Her mother—gone

Her father—remarried with a newborn
daughter.

Now...

trapped

in the icy embrace

of a deadly snowstorm

Alice faces the true meaning of loneliness.

But hope

may not be as far away

as she thinks....

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Editorial Review

About the Author

Lisa Schroeder is the author of the teen verse novels *The Day Before; I Heart You, You Haunt Me* and its companion novel, *Chasing Brooklyn; Far from You*; and the teen prose novel *Falling for You*. She is also the author of the middle grade prose novels *It's Raining Cupcakes, Sprinkles and Secrets*, and *Frosting and Friendship*. She lives in Beaverton, Oregon. Find out more about Lisa and her books at LisaSchroederBooks.com or on Twitter at [@Lisa_Schroeder](https://twitter.com/Lisa_Schroeder).

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here she comes

Muffled voices

outside my door

that October morning

woke me

and took me

from a peaceful place

to one I'd come

to hate.

When one of them

stepped into my room,

the hallway light

landed on my

closed eyelids,

urging them

to open

like a hand

pulling on a

doorknob.

"It's time," Dad said.

I didn't open my eyes.

I didn't move.

I didn't speak.

"Ali, you awake?"

I gave a little grunt.

The event

wasn't worth

wasting breath on.

"We'll call you later.

When she's here."

Pause.

"I love you," he said

quickly and quietly.

It's pretty sad

when you have to

think about it

before you say it.

just breathe

The clock read

4:13 a.m.

My dog, Cobain,

slept at the foot

of my bed.

I changed directions

and curled up

next to his warm body,
feeling the rhythm
of his breathing.

I stroked his golden fur,
and my heartbeats
s o f t e n e d.

He breathed.

I breathed.

Soon my breaths
were slow and steady,
in sync with his.

Cobain.

My oxygen tank.

He breathed.

I breathed.

The garage door
rumbled open
beneath me.

They were gone.

Gone until
they'd come back
with her.

Then there'd be me.

He breathed.

I breathed.

They knew her name.

But they wouldn't tell me.

It'll be a surprise, Victoria had said,
like a surprise is a *good* thing.

My stepmom.

Victoria.

She reminded me
of a chameleon lizard,
with her annoying habit
of curling her tongue up
just slightly,
and touching her top lip,
when she was
concentrating.

A chameleon.

One minute sweet as chocolate cake.

The next, sour and possessive,
like an old banker.

Once upon a time
he and I were close.

Dad.

We'd cook together,
watch basketball together,
and make up silly jingles together,
since advertising
is his line of work.

Things changed.

Victoria moved in.

He changed.

It's like he tried
to move on
to greener pastures,
but the tractor in the barn,
once adored,
became a nuisance
and kept him connected
to the painful past.

I squeezed in closer
to Cobain.

He breathed.

I breathed.

I could see Dad
holding his new
baby girl.

Smiling.

Happy.

Totally in love.

He'd breathe.

She'd breathe.

Then there'd be me.

the short version

Mom got cancer.

Cancer sucks.

She died.

Dad remarried.

The end.

our time is now

After a while

I got up,

showered,

and put on my favorite jeans,

a white shirt,

my black jacket,

and my combat boots.

I grabbed my battered,

scuffed-up

guitar case

and headed outside.

The sunlight streamed

through the tree in our front yard,

lighting up the yellow leaves,

creating a brilliant

golden statue

that moved magically

when the breeze blew.

Amazing.

I love fall.

Fall in Seattle.

The season of

warm colors.

I thought about calling Blaze,

to see if I could talk him into going,

but he likes church

about as much

as the queen likes profanity.

It's the one thing

between us

that feels like

a tiny splinter

in your foot.

Painful and annoying,

but difficult to remove.

Blaze and I met

at a concert

last spring.

Our eyes locked

just as Mudhoney

took the stage,

and it was like a rocket

blasting off

into space.

I felt heat

and my body trembled

and forces

beyond my control

pulled me

to him

as the music ripped

through our bodies.

I didn't know his name.

He didn't know mine.

And yet,

it was like

we'd known each other

forever.

My best friend, Claire,

was with me,

and she kept trying

to pull me away,

like she was afraid

for my life.

Silly girl.

Nothing to worry about.

If anything,

he sparked

a fire

inside of me,

making me want

to live

again.

the peace I need

I pulled up in my old Nova.

Claire got in

wearing a long, flowing purple skirt

and a silky, smooth black blouse.

She makes

all of her own

clothes.

Fashion

is her

passion.

I think she

should be a singer.

She's the voice

to the music we make

at church.

Like hot cocoa

and a soft blanket

and fuzzy slippers,

warming you up

top to bottom.

Raspy and sweet

all at the

same time.

I used to envy her,

but then I decided

to just be thankful

for making

incredible music

together.

My music

was complete

because of Claire.

She got in

and threw a CD

in my lap.

"Your turn to listen."

The church we go to,

Center for Spiritual Living,

makes CDs

of the sermons

and the music.

After I backed out,

I looked at Claire,

but my smile

didn't want to come out

and play.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

She knows me

like a druggie knows

his best vein.

"They went to the hospital.

Early this morning."

She gave a nod

of understanding.

I drove

in silence.

That is,

until she reached over
and popped the CD in the player
Blaze had installed for my birthday.

We listened to her sing
the words:

*Pain in your heart.
You're playing the part
of a human in need.
You beg and you plead
Wash it away.
Wash it away.
Give me the peace,
the peace I need.*

I wrote that song.

Funny how
time goes on,
things change,
and yet,
some things stay
exactly the same.

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Users Review

From reader reviews:

Mark Logan:

What do you ponder on book? It is just for students because they are still students or that for all people in the world, the actual best subject for that? Only you can be answered for that concern above. Every person has different personality and hobby for every single other. Don't to be pushed someone or something that they don't would like do that. You must know how great and also important the book Far from You. All type of book can you see on many resources. You can look for the internet methods or other social media.

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