with a little spine." It re

My own fear snarls at that. It re

the rope, possessive, but I pay it no

"You're a writer," I breathe l

of the world.

"More of a reader," she says.

Does reading make you h

that bring her joy.

reading makes me feel," she sa

size of my pa

smooths down the cr

of a figure holding a box

her like dancers.

"You think I'm beautiful?" I brea

"All readers are," Hikari says.

And when I look back up, sh