Halloween

At lunch the next day, Summer asked me what I was going to be for Halloween. Of course, I'd been thinking about it since last Halloween, so I knew right away.

"Boba Fett."

"You know you can wear a costume to school on Halloween, right?"

"No way, really?"

"So long as it's politically correct."

"What, like no guns and stuff?"

"Exactly."

"What about blasters?"

"I think a blaster's like a gun, Auggie."

"Oh man . . . ," I said, shaking my head. Boba Fett has a blaster.

"At least, we don't have to come like a character in a book anymore. In the lower school that's what you had to do. Last year I was the Wicked Witch of the West from The Wizard of Oz."

"But that's a movie, not a book."

"Hello?" Summer answered. "It was a book first! One of my favorite books in the world, actually. My dad used to read it to me every night in the first grade."

When Summer talks, especially when she's excited about something, her eyes squint like she's looking right at the sun.

I hardly ever see Summer during the day, since the only class we have together is English. But ever since that first lunch at school, we've sat at the summer table together every day, just the two of us.

what are we don't know w might be eren wearing costu What! That's Iknow, right? I thought you She shrugged a "So, what dorl her, smiling. *Promise not shoulders, embarr Ismiled and I "Hey, you pro "Okay, okay," "I know!" she the head out of p the mane gold, to "Okay." I shr other people thi "Maybe wha she said, snappi brschool. Yeah Sounds like Thanks, A hest about you. "Yeah?" 1 a Cool beans."