

THE PREMONITIONS CLUB

I've never shared a prediction with anyone before.

For years I kept them hidden, not sure if

they were

out as simple knowings of what would happen

GWENDOLYN WOMACK

that day, like -USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR *in backwards*

THE
PREMONITIONS
CLUB

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GWENDOLYN WOMACK



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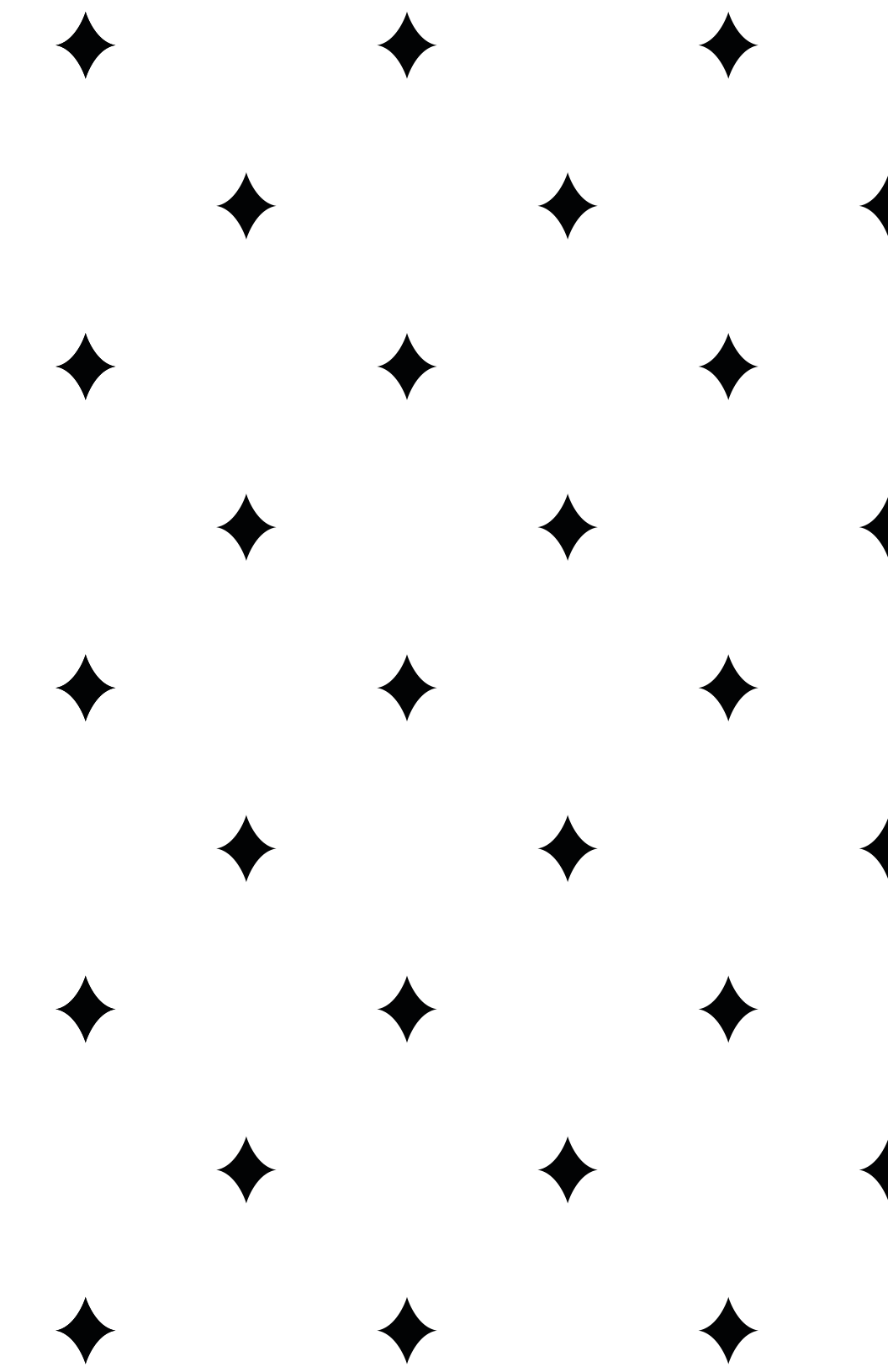
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TO MY DEAR FRIEND

Beth Szymkowski







In 1968, the Premonitions Bureau formed,
inviting people to mail in letters with predictions.
Some of those predictions came true.
With the rise of the Internet,
the Bureau finally closed its doors in the 1990s.
But where did all the letters go?

1993



GRAYSON HAD NEVER TRIED TO see so far into the future before.

The possibility of what he'd seen weighed on him like a heavy stone, still waiting to be cast into the rippling water.

This would have to be his last letter. Hopefully, it would never need to be read by the person he was writing it for. He thought about all the things he could say and then what he should say. With a deep breath, he put his pen to paper.



PRESENT DAY

1

LIV



premonition:

a strong feeling something is about to happen

LIV HALL DIDN'T BELIEVE IN KNOWING the future before it happened. If she did, maybe she would have sensed her stepdad had been cheating on her mom all year. Or maybe she would have known he would abandon them to go live with his new girlfriend. Or maybe she'd have known she and her mom—who was busy having a nervous breakdown—would pack up and leave New York City to go live with her grandfather in Hyde Park. And definitely she would have known she'd be forced to finish out her junior year, all two and half months of it, at Roosevelt High School as the new girl. “That girl from Manhattan” with the funky jewelry and silver armband. And maybe, just maybe, she would have had the inkling to know her grandfather would pass away peacefully in his sleep two months later, leaving her mom the house and everything in it.

But life hadn't been predictable. It had come at them full speed, an eighty-mile-an-hour chain of disasters. During the worst of it, Liv would

hide out in her room making jewelry, her longtime hobby. She'd stay up late, bent over her worktable with a soldering iron as if she could somehow weld her life back together again.

Her favorite piece she'd made was a silver armband that looked like braided rope, when really it was a chain of triskelions, an ancient Celtic symbol of three spirals joined together. She'd found the symbol in a design book and making the armband had gotten her through that last horrid month of the divorce. Now she never took it off.

The only other thing keeping her from completely losing it over the dumpster fire of her life was that at least she had one friend in town—Winnie—the daughter of her mom's oldest friend. She and Winnie had spent summers together as kids and fortunately stayed in touch over the years. After her grandfather's funeral, Liv's mom fell apart. She basically locked herself in her room to power through Kleenex and watch Netflix all day. It didn't help that the house suddenly had become one big ghost of her grandfather's memory. He had lived there forever and amassed enough stuff to prove it.

Liv was planning to go through his things over the summer and organize the house for her mom, but her grandfather's estate attorney kept calling and leaving messages about coming to sort her grandfather's things right away. Liv asked her mom to stall them because she wanted to go through everything before strangers did.

She decided to start with the attic and work down. The house was a two-story Victorian style riddled with nooks and crannies. The attic was huge, the kind that could be turned into a spare bedroom or a loft. It had a pitched-roof ceiling with enough room to stand, and an old-timey circular window looked down onto the street. The space was crammed with a smorgasbord of keepsakes, knickknacks, and junk waiting for a flea market. Countless boxes, storage chests, castoff furniture, luggage, and her grandfather's golf clubs filled the space.

Liv had convinced Winnie (more like begged and pleaded) to come over to help, even bribing her with fresh cinnamon rolls and mochas

from the local bakery. They spent all Sunday morning in the attic listening to music while sorting and opening boxes.

"I think there's more stuff behind this thing." Liv stood on a step stool and tried to peer over the stack of wood panels draped with a black tarp.

"Sorry. I draw the line with heavy lifting." Winnie fanned herself, beginning to look wilted. She was *not* in let's-go-through-the-attic attire. She always wore black pencil skirts, no matter what, and dressed in vintage clothes. Her hair was the star, a 1920s pageboy, blunt cut and dyed jet black with the edges ringed in sapphire blue. The dramatic style framed perfect black eyeliner, siren-red lipstick, and cat-eyed glasses. She was sitting on an old blanket like a queen, and Liv had brought up a fan for her an hour ago when it got warm.

"Come on, please?"

"And destroy my manicure?" Winnie flashed her nails. They were painted silver with purple stars and moons stenciled on them. "Maybe Matty can help. He should be off work soon."

Liv raised her eyebrows without comment. Matty was Winnie's best friend. He was even shorter and skinnier than she was. He also liked to dress like a fashion designer from *Next In Fashion* and had already told them he refused to touch anything dusty today. Liv sighed and twisted her long hair back up into its clip. "Who knows when he'll get here? I want to move it now."

"Good luck." Winnie teased. She reached into her purse, pulled out the Tarot cards she always kept with her, and drew a card.

She flashed it playfully to Liv. The image on the card was an old man walking alone with a lantern and said *The Hermit*.

"See? You're on your own."

Liv rolled her eyes. Winnie loved to use her Tarot cards to make a point. She drew another card. *The Ten of Pentacles*. "But I do see buried treasure up here."

Winnie showed her a card filled with gold coins.

“Yeah, it’s behind this wood if you help me.” Liv shot back. She tried on her own to get it to budge and put her hands on her hips in frustration.

Winnie pulled a third card, *Death*, and held it up with dramatic flair. “Or maybe the wood’s not meant to be moved.”

Liv stared at the Death card and tried to shake off the sudden unease it gave her. Winnie had taught herself Tarot over a year ago and gotten good at it. She’d even done a reading for Liv last summer when Liv was in town visiting. At the time, everything Winnie told Liv sounded so far-fetched. Over a spread of cards, she said Liv’s parents would get divorced and Liv would leave New York City. Now it’d all come true.

Liv asked her, only half joking, “Should I be worried?”

“Yeah, if I don’t get a break soon.” Winnie put the cards away and stood up to fix her skirt. “I vote we grab lunch.”

Liv looked out the window. Her neighbor across the street was washing his car, an old Ford Mustang, in the driveway. He was wearing board shorts, a workout tank, and flip-flops. The tank showed off every muscle on his tanned arms.

“I bet he could he move it.” Liv nodded to him.

Winnie joined her at the window, her eyes going round. “No. Way. You live across the street from Forester Torres? How did I not know this?”

Forester went to their school, but Liv had never talked to him. He was the football team’s quarterback and the most popular guy at school. Looks-wise he reminded Liv a little bit of her stepdad with his thick, wavy black hair tied back. Maybe that’s why she was feeling so fearless and started opening the window.

“Wait! What are you doing?” Winnie gripped her arm in alarm.

“Asking for help. He looks like the Hulk down there. He can totally move this thing.”

“Have you completely lost it?” Winnie tried to stop her. “You can’t ask Forester Torres to come move your furniture.”

"Why not? It's not like either of us like him." Only one guy at school was the object of Liv's fantasies, and he was *not* Forester Torres. "Seriously, Win. Who cares?"

"I care! It'll look weird. What if he says something to his friends?"

Liv turned to Winnie in surprise. "I thought you didn't buy into all that social clique crap."

"I don't. I'm not. But you haven't lived your whole life going to school with these people."

At school, Winnie was a loner and sometimes hung out with the Drama Club with Matty. Liv didn't know where she fit into the scheme of cliques and cool status at school, and right now she was beyond caring. All she wanted to do was move this stupid wall of wood.

"Win, come on. What if he's really nice? And like you said, *I* need help." Liv cranked the window open with the handle before Winnie could stop her and called out, "Hey! Hello down there!"

Forester looked up, and Winnie ducked down to hide.

Liv laughed and yelled down, "I'm your new neighbor and clearing out the attic with my friend and we need help moving some wood panels. Think you can come over for a minute?"

Winnie was laughing now too. "Oh my God. I can't believe you're doing this." She put her face in her hands. "What's he saying?" she whispered.

"He nodded and put down the hose."

"You're kidding me."

"No, he's coming over." Liv grinned and closed the window back up. "See? That was easy."

"I hate you." Winnie picked up the electric fan and blasted her face to cool off. The doorbell rang and Liv ran downstairs, knowing her mom was still asleep. She whipped open the door, a little harder than she intended.

Forester took a step back and put a friendly hand up. "Whoa there."

"Sorry, hi." Liv smiled, trying to play it cool even though she was sure she looked wrecked. She was wearing frayed cutoff jeans she'd chopped

off herself and an old tank top that showed off her armband. Her hair was up in a messy bun with a clip that liked to slip off every hour.

Forester towered over her. He was huge, well over six feet. She stared up at him, wondering if this was really a good idea. But it was too late now. "Thanks for coming over. I'm Liv."

"I know. The new girl." He gave her an easy grin.

"Yeah, that's me." Liv grimaced. "I really appreciate the help."

"No prob. Let's do it." He shrugged off the thanks and followed her up the stairs.

When they got to the attic he gave Winnie a friendly salute. "Yo yo."

Winnie raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Yo yo yourself."

He teased them, "So ladies, what are we moving today?"

"Um . . . these wood panels." Liv pointed. "There might be stuff behind it I need to go through."

Forester circled around the chaos. "No prob. Why don't you guys take one end, and we can angle it over this way?"

"Sorry team," Winnie announced, shaking her head regretfully. "I gotta sit this one out. My nails." She wiggled them for effect.

"It's fine, Win." Liv rolled her eyes with an exasperated smile. She and Forester each took a side and tried to lift it together.

They made several failed attempts until Forester finally said, "I think we need more muscle." He pulled out his cell and speed dialed someone.

Liv looked at Winnie in alarm. *What* was he doing?

Whoever he called picked up on the first ring. "Yo, dude." Forester walked over to the window and stared out. "You still stopping by? I'm at the house across the street from mine. We need help moving some wood. It'll just take a sec. Think you can come over?"

Winnie was looking at Liv in alarm too, frantically signally. *Who is he calling?*

Forester hesitated, listening to whatever the person was saying. His back to the girls, he dropped his voice. "Seriously? She is? Whatever, man. I don't care. She can come." He sounded annoyed.

Winnie made several more frantic gestures: *Who is she and what is happening?*

Liv threw up her hands with an *I don't know!* Just as stressed.

Forester hung up and turned back around, and they dropped their hands. "Jax can help. He'll be here in five minutes with Nebony." He said it casually when it was anything but.

Liv turned back to Winnie, her expression one of absolute horror. Jaxon Coleson and Nebony Price were coming over here?

To her house?

Even Liv, in her new girl bubble, knew who they were. Nebony was the most popular girl. Alpha head cheerleader and social media superstar, she had a gazillion followers online from all her cheerleading posts, not to mention she was a physically perfect goddess. Nebony and Forester had been a hot item for two years until they broke up over spring break. No one knew who had pulled the plug. Rumor was Nebony had moved on, with—gasp—Forester's best friend.

Jaxon Coleson.

The star of every romantic fantasy Liv had had in the past two months.

Beginning on her first day of school.

She and Winnie had pulled into the parking lot in Winnie's car. Jaxon had been standing near a Jeep with friends. The moment Liv saw him, a visceral reaction hit her full force and she had to wrench her eyes away and keep on walking. She couldn't tell if he noticed her or not. He was standing still, his eyes hidden by reflective shades, his brown hair more gold in the sun.

When she crossed the parking lot, she could have sworn he *was* watching her—but when she glanced back he was looking away. She quickly discovered he was not in any of her classes. Every day she found herself looking for him. In the parking lot. At lunch. On the field. She rarely saw him, only the taillights of his Jeep zipping in and out of the school lot with the top down. Sometimes Nebony was in the car with

him, her long black hair flying in the wind. Liv never told Winnie about her secret crush. It was more like an obsession, really. She dreamed of him practically every night—and not just normal dreams; they were IMAX 4D versions where she came to his house and hung out in his room. It wasn't exactly stalking. She couldn't help what she did when she went to sleep. A lot of people had vivid dreams and overactive imaginations. That's all it was—at least she kept telling herself that.

And now he was on his way over to move her granddad's old stuff?

This was a nightmare. She tried to do damage control. "You guys don't have to help. Really. My mom will get someone to do it. Why don't you call him back?"

She did *not* want Jaxon Coleson here—or Nebony Price. Today was supposed to have been a mellow Sunday. She couldn't even remember if she'd brushed her teeth this morning.

"Relax, it's no biggie." Forester waved off her concern, already heading down the stairs. "Got anything to drink while we wait for them?"

"Uh . . . sure." Liv had no idea what to do. "I have lemonade?"

"Awesome sauce," Forester shot back, heading to the kitchen. Winnie and Liv hung back and followed more slowly so they could talk.

Winnie whispered, "Did he just say awesome sauce?"

Liv grabbed Winnie's arm and gave her a little shake, whispering, "Jaxon Coleson and Nebony Price are coming over here! What do we do?"

"Roll with it. You're the one that started this, *dude*."

Liv tried not to laugh, but her heart was now racing out of control. The impulse to call out to Forester from the window was having an unforeseen ripple effect. The enormity of which she had yet to realize.

2

WINNIE



*predestined:
determined in advance by fate*

WINNIE FELT THE MANIC URGE TO laugh. She wasn't sure if this was hysterically funny or about to become one of those days you looked back on and cringed. The star quarterback of the school was standing in Liv's kitchen, and his ex-girlfriend and Mr. Popular were on their way over. Things were about to get surreal.

Forester leaned back against the counter with a laid-back air, and Winnie couldn't help but stare at him and wonder . . . She squinted her eyes, focusing hard, and waited for her vision to adjust. Whenever she stared at someone long enough, she could see their aura. The energy field emanated from them like a halo of light.

Liv gave her a silent signal to stop, knowing Winnie was seconds away from looking cross-eyed, but Winnie ignored her. Right now, she was concentrating on Forester with extreme focus until the space around him began to come alive in a vibrant swirl of color.

What she saw didn't surprise her. Usually someone's aura favored one or two colors, like the palette of their personality. Forester's aura was mostly red with a little bit of yellow. Reds were passionate, goal oriented, extremely competitive, energetic, and forceful. They were also temperamental and stubborn.

Winnie was focused so hard on seeing it, she was sure her right eye was beginning to cross. Matty always said she looked disturbing when it did.

Liv purposefully stepped in front of her to block her view.

"So what are you up to this summer?" Liv asked, diverting Forester's attention. "Just hanging out?"

Winnie caught Forester giving her a perplexed look before shifting his focus to Liv. "I'll be working at the River Connection doing kayaking expeditions. Right now I work weekends." He grinned. "You should try it sometime. On the house."

Winnie stopped aura-gazing to shoot Liv a look. Was he flirting with her? Probably. Liv was seriously pretty without having to try. Even with no makeup and her hair in a messy twist, she still looked beautiful. Liv's aura was usually vibrant green with a swirl of blue. Greens were nurturing, generous, and compassionate. The problem was, Liv's aura had dimmed and gotten mottled since she'd moved here—even more after her grandfather died. The muddy hues signaled confusion, sadness, and a lack of confidence. It was why Winnie had given up her entire Sunday to come help her clean out the attic and forced Matty to come too.

Liv glossed over Forester's open invitation with an awkward "Thanks" and opened the fridge. "We've got boysenberry ginger-mint lemonade." She poured him a glass. "My mom's a food reporter. She gets samples of new stuff to try."

"No way." Forester leaned forward to study the label. "That's rad."

"Yeah, real rad," Winnie agreed flatly, still staring at him, and Liv shot her a look.

When the doorbell rang, Forester tensed up, and Liv hurried to answer it. Winnie hovered in the kitchen doorway to watch because this was going to be good.

Jaxon Coleson and Nebony Price were here. Matty was going to flip out.

Liv opened the front door and Jaxon's eyes widened in surprise. Nebony cocked an eyebrow at Liv and said to no one in particular, "The new girl's the neighbor?"

"The name's Liv. Nice to meet you." Liv sounded nervous, but then, Nebony was intimidating to most people. It was just one of the reasons Winnie couldn't stand her. Miss Look At Me I'm Head Cheerleader with a Gazillion Followers. Nebony's clique had made fun of her for years. Maybe Nebony hadn't said anything rude herself, but she'd been there with a condescending smirk on her face.

Today, Nebony was looking very sports glam in a running outfit that showed off every perfect curve. Her long jet-black hair was streaked with coppery highlights and accentuated by dramatic bangs. She and Jaxon made a striking couple. Jaxon was almost as tall as Forester and dressed in black cargo pants and a T-shirt. His reserved air made him seem older, like a college guy.

In her periphery, Winnie caught Liv's aura flooding with pink. The pink quickly bloomed into a full-on Barbie Dreamhouse love cloud and Winnie let out a surprised laugh. Liv had a thing for Jaxon Coleson?

Everyone turned to look at her. Winnie shook her head with a grin. "Don't mind me."

Jaxon cleared his throat, his eyes back on Liv. "Forester said you needed help?"

"Yeah, thanks." Liv opened the door wide, now staring at the floor.

Nebony breezed past Winnie and greeted Forester with a "Hey you." There was an edge to her voice. "Long time no see. What have you been up to?" Mirroring his nonchalant pose, she leaned back against the kitchen counter across from him.

“Not much. Just being a good neighbor.” Forester raised his glass in a snarky toast. Gone was the laid-back friendly guy who’d been smiling a few minutes ago.

Nebony stared at him a long moment and said, “I guess you’re good at a lot of things.”

“I guess I am.”

The tension between them was hard to ignore. No one said anything for an awkward moment. Winnie wished she could tune into the aura fireworks sure to be erupting between them but didn’t want to make things weirder.

Jaxon was staring at Liv but glanced over to Winnie. “Hey.”

“Hey.” She nodded and then offered a reluctant “Hey” to Nebony who replied with the same. “Hey” was all anyone had to say to each other. It was downright painful. Liv hovered in the doorway looking ready to bail.

Jaxon asked her, “So what needs moving?”

Liv’s face turned pinker than her aura, in an obvious I’m-blushing-badly way. “Some wood.” Then she added, “in the attic,” and abruptly turned to lead the way.

On the way up the stairs, Forester teased Jaxon. “Think those arms can handle one end?”

“Yeah. I’m used to taking up your slack.” Jaxon shot back, sounding irritated.

Winnie wondered if it was for being dragged over here. Or maybe since he was together with Nebony, now there was bad blood with Forester. Matty would know. He knew all the gossip.

While the boys got busy figuring out how to maneuver the wood to the other corner, Nebony sauntered over to the window and pulled a neon-orange mini Polaroid camera from her purse. She took a selfie with it and lazily fanned the photo to help it develop. Then she started streaming music on her phone. She twirled around, doing some effortless dance moves.

She caught Winnie watching her and said breezily, “Party in the attic.”

Winnie couldn’t tell if that was sarcasm or a diss. She tried to think of a comeback, but her mind went blank. Before she could recover, she heard the front door open downstairs and Matty called up.

“Oh yooooo-hooooo! I’m here! Sorry I’m late. Hey, whose Jeep is that outside?” Matty kept talking in a steady stream, Matty-style, his voice getting progressively louder as he bounded up the stairs. “Did you guys find anything amazing to warrant my being here?”

Winnie watched Matty come to a full stop at the door and his mouth drop open when he took in the scene:

Forester and Jaxon were seriously flexing as they competed against each other in a studfest *let’s move the wood* competition. Liv stood nearby, suddenly the shyest girl on the planet, looking like she was trying hard to become invisible. Winnie seriously needed to talk to her when this was over.

Matty slid up and whispered furiously in her ear, “What. Is. Happening?” His eyes darted around the room.

Winnie nodded to Nebony, who was still dancing. “We’re having a party in the attic.”

Nebony saw Matty and called to him. “Hey I know you! It’s Macbeth!” she said, recognizing him from the school’s spring play. “Come dance with me, Macbeth!”

Without hesitating, Matty joined her in the corner and launched into his goofy breakdance robot moves.

Nebony and Winnie both laughed at the same time and their eyes met. Then Nebony surprised her by launching into her own robot. Of course she was a good dancer too. Winnie rolled her eyes to herself and turned away to the boys just as they finished clearing the wood panels. The pile fell to the floor with a loud bang.

Winnie startled. She and Liv could both only gape at what had been hidden behind it.

Over a dozen boxes stood stacked against the wall. Written across them in black marker were the same three words in all caps:

DO NOT OPEN
DO NOT OPEN
DO NOT OPEN

The writing had an unsettling frantic vibe, as if it'd been written in a hurry. Winnie suddenly felt like she was staring at a crime scene. All that was missing was the yellow tape. She came closer to read the shipping labels. The boxes were all addressed to Liv's house to someone named Grayson Spencer.

She gasped when she saw who the boxes were from.

The Premonitions Bureau.

3

LIV



psychography:

foretelling the future through the written word

LIV STARED AT THE BOXES, READY to die of embarrassment. What in the world was the Premonitions Bureau? Why were so many of their boxes up here?

And why were they addressed to Grayson Spencer of all people?

“What’s the Premonitions Bureau?” Jaxon came to stand beside her.

Liv shook her head, at the moment unable to formulate a coherent thought. Even Jaxon was taking second place to the tumult of questions whirling in her head.

Winnie was the one who answered. “It’s really wild. I read about it. They were paranormal researchers who put out ads across the country for people to mail in predictions to see if they came true or not.”

“For real?” Jaxon asked, crossing his arms.

Winnie nodded and put her hand on one of the boxes. “Liv, how is your grandfather connected to the Premonitions Bureau?”

"I have no idea." Liv racked her brain for a logical answer and said the first thing that came to mind, "He was a psychiatrist before he retired. Maybe he worked with them and patients . . . ?"

"To see if they were psychic?" Nebony sounded skeptical.

It did sound like a stretch.

"Can we open one?" Winnie was practically jumping up and down. "Please please please?"

"I guess." It wasn't like her grandfather was there to mind. Liv grabbed the utility knife but then hesitated. "Or maybe we shouldn't." *Do Not Open* was written all over them for a reason.

Winnie pointed out. "Your grandfather left you and your mom everything in the house. So technically these boxes are yours. You can't just throw them away without knowing what's inside."

Liv agreed, but still she hesitated.

"I vote you open it," Forester said. He was intently checking all the boxes' return addresses as if he suddenly worked for UPS.

"I second!" Matty hovered nearby.

"I vote no." Jaxon shook his head. "It says do not open for a reason."

Only Nebony seemed like she couldn't care less. She was busy taking another Polaroid selfie in front of the boxes.

Liv *did* want to know what was inside. She grabbed the knife again and sliced one open.

Old, stamped envelopes spilled out. They were all addressed to the Premonitions Bureau, and the letters had been opened.

"No way," Winnie said in hushed excitement as she bent down to take a closer look. "It must be all the predictions people mailed in! Can we read them?"

"Do we want to?" Liv shivered, suddenly feeling as if they'd just let a ghost into the room. She caught Jaxon glance at her with a frown.

"Are you kidding?" Winnie took a letter from the top of the stack and slipped it from the envelope. "This is awesome. I told you there was treasure up here."

But as Winnie began to read, her smile quickly faded.

"What is it?" Liv asked, her voice barely a whisper.

"Yeah, what does it say?" Matty spoke up. "Read it out loud."

Winnie cleared her throat. "'Dear Madam or Sir, I keep having a dream of a car crashing. The car explodes and there's a girl trapped inside. I don't know who she is, but I can see her face through the glass as she pounds on the window, trying to get out. I feel the desperate need to save her, but I never can. Is this a premonition or a dream, and how can I tell the difference? Please help me, Beverly Wicks.'"

No one said a word. Silence had descended on them like a vise.

Until Jaxon turned to Forester and asked him, "Is this some kind of joke?"

"What?" Forester blinked, looking taken aback.

Jaxon ran his hand through his hair. "Seriously. Did you put them up to this?"

"No man—I would never, Jax, I swear." Forester lowered his voice, as if the group couldn't hear them. "Why would you even think that? Are you tweaking, bro?"

Liv glanced from Forester to Jaxon. She had no idea what they were talking about.

"This letter's postmarked 1989," Winnie pointed out to Jaxon. She flipped to the back page. "And look, guys. There's an analysis attached!" She read it. "'Unable to verify premonition. Most likely a dream, psychological in nature.'"

"I want to read one!" Matty announced and made a big deal out of choosing his. "Eenie-meenie-miney-mo." He plucked a letter from the bunch. "Dear Premonitions Bureau, a girl is going to be kidnapped," he hesitated at the letter's chilling opening, "in Brooklyn on the morning of December tenth. The kidnapper is alone, driving an old brown Lincoln Town Car with out-of-state plates. I can't make out the license number. He lures the girl to his window, asking for directions, and grabs her.'"

The play-by-play account was unnerving. Nebony posed in front of the box and snapped a Polaroid selfie with an over-the-top horrified expression on her face.

Winnie shot her an annoyed look.

Matty read on, now somber. "The girl's name is Carrie. I don't know her last name. She's in fifth grade and has brown hair. The kidnapper is going to take her to an old boathouse. I believe it is Hammonds Cove Marina in the Bronx. Please help. This will happen, but there is still time to save her. Sincerely, Jerald Peterson."

Winnie snatched the letter from Matty and flipped it over to read the investigator's notes aloud. "Verified. Interviewed Jerald Peterson and contacted NYPD. A copy of the letter was forwarded to them. Carrie Williams was kidnapped on the morning of December 10, 1989. Premonition determined to be authentic." Winnie put down the letter. "Holy shit. Guys, this is a real prediction."

"Did they save the girl?" Nebony said, actually sounding concerned.

"I don't know." Winnie flipped the letter over.

Forester said, frowning, "Hopefully the police acted on it."

Matty took the letter back from Winnie to read the back of it too.

Liv stared at the boxes, appalled. Were they all filled with letters like these? Predicting death, fires, and kidnappings? Was her grandfather's house secretly Doomsday Central?

Forester asked her, "So your granddad was some kind of psychic investigator?"

"No." Though Liv wasn't sure how to justify the mountain of boxes. "I mean . . . I don't think so."

"But all these letters are to the Premonitions Bureau." Forester examined a stack of letters like evidence.

Liv didn't know what to say. She took a letter too and studied it closely. "He was a psychiatrist, helping people with standard shrink stuff like depression and divorce." She felt the need to point out, "I'm sure this isn't his handwriting on the analysis." She glanced at Jaxon,

who had his arms crossed and was staring at the open box of premonitions like it was full of poison.

They locked eyes and he gave her an unfathomable look. She was standing close enough to see his eyes were a startling blue with brown at the center, as if amber were trapped inside.

“Then why does he have them?” he asked her.

She swallowed, unable to look away, and her heart raced into a gallop again. He was waiting for an answer when—

Bang! Something crashed hard into the attic window. Everyone jumped, and Nebony screamed.

Liv whirled toward the sound to find a crack now splintering the glass.

She rushed over and looked down to see a black bird hopping and cawing angrily in the yard, its wing broken.

Winnie came to stand beside her. “Oh my God! It just flew right into the window!”

Matty peered over their shoulders. ““Oh ominous bird of yore. Take thy beak from out my heart,” he said, getting into full thespian mode.

Winnie laughed at him. “Is that Poe?”

“Of course. It’s *a raven* and it’s creepy.”

Nebony joined them, asking, “What’s a poe?”

Winnie gave her a look, and Matty explained it was Edgar Allan Poe and lines from his poem *The Raven*.

The bird kept cawing. Liv tried to calm her racing pulse and gently ran her finger down the deep fissure in the center of the window. Fortunately, it hadn’t shattered.

Jaxon backed away toward the door, looking unnerved, as if the attic were an Escape Room and he needed to get out.

“Liv?” Her mom called up from the kitchen. “Honey? Are you home?”

Her mother’s voice broke the spell on everyone.

Liv hurried to the stairs, and Jaxon shifted to make room, standing behind her. She called out. “I’m in the attic! Be down in a sec.”

Her hair fell again. Jaxon caught the clip before it landed on the floor. Liv whirled around, startled. "Oh! Thank you."

Instead of giving it back, he turned it over and over in his hand, staring at it as if it were some kind of puzzle. Then his eyes shot up to hers and her breath hitched.

For a moment, she was sure he knew she secretly dreamed of him at night. She grabbed the clip out of his hand with a thanks and hastily twisted her hair back up while he leaned against the wall, watching her.

Liv turned to the group with an overly bright smile. "Thanks for the help guys!" The subtext was clear: *we're all done here*. She could not wait for this disaster to be over.

Forester teased her. "Anytime neighbor. I'm right across the street. Day or night." He said it, clearly flirting.

Liv caught Jaxon frown and she glanced over at Nebony whose face had become a storm cloud.

Nebony sauntered over to Jaxon and laced her arm possessively in his. "Let's go, Jaxy. We've got fun to do."

Jaxy? Liv met Winnie's eyes.

Nebony blew a kiss to the group, "Ciao," and was the first one down the stairs with Jaxon right behind her. Liv brought up the rear.

Outside, she risked a glance at Jaxon to find him studying her. He asked, "Are you going to go through the letters?"

Winnie was the one who answered. "Heck yeah! It's gonna be a prediction party." She hooked her arm around Liv's shoulder. "We're reading all the letters."

Liv couldn't help but grimace. At least one person was excited about the letters. She didn't know what to think.

Jaxon's eyes shifted from Liv to Winnie and back again. "Or maybe don't," he suggested, his voice soft. "See you." He put on his sunglasses and headed to his Jeep where Nebony was already perched in the passenger seat, watching Forester cross the street to his house.

“Well that was fantastically weird.” Winnie announced as Jaxon drove off.

“In more ways than one.” Matty chimed in, looking at his phone as they headed back inside. “Nebony just followed me on Instagram.”

“Seriously?” Winnie grabbed his phone to look.

“Liv?” Liv’s mom called again from the kitchen.

“I’ll meet you guys upstairs in my room,” Liv told them and headed to the kitchen.

Her mom was busy making coffee. Liv’s first feeling when she saw her was relief her mom didn’t look like she had been crying all night, but she still looked disheveled. Who wore a bathrobe in the afternoon? Before the breakup, her mom had always looked good. Sometimes she could pass as Liv’s older sister. Today, her mom looked her full forty-five years with serious bedhead and no makeup. She looked more than that—she looked defeated.

Her mom nodded to the kitchen window where she must have seen Jaxon’s Jeep. “Sweetie, I’m glad you’re making friends, but I’m not exactly dressed for company.”

“Sorry. Those guys coming over wasn’t planned.”

“Well, give me some warning next time.”

“I would have texted you if I had a phone.”

Her mom turned to her with her hand on her hip. “You’ve lost three phones since the move. I refuse to get you another one until your next birthday.”

“Mom, seriously I don’t know how—”

Her mom cut her off. “We’ve been over this a hundred times. I don’t want to discuss it anymore, sweetie. I understand this has been a rough time for us both and things have been chaotic and you’re scatter-brained. But three times? You need to learn responsibility to keep track of your things or pay the consequences.”

Liv sighed, knowing it was an argument she couldn’t win. The problem was her mom had every right to be mad. After the second time she

lost the phone, the cell insurance wouldn't replace it and her mom had paid out of pocket. Liv felt horrible about it, which was why she let the discussion go.

Liv opened the pantry, eying the eclectic assortment of gourmet snacks from companies wanting a review from her mom. Right now, it was the only food in the house. She grabbed a bag of jerky made out of shitake mushrooms. "Can we eat these?"

"Sure." Her mom turned to her. "Oh, your grandfather's estate attorney's office called again. They want to come over this week to go through things, and we need to be in Manhattan on Wednesday to read the will."

Liv shook her head. "Can you ask them to wait? I still need time." She'd just started on the attic and now had thousands of predictions to deal with. "Do you know if granddad was ever involved in psychic investigations?"

Her mom blinked in surprise. "Psychic investigations?"

"Like researching premonitions, that kind of thing."

"Not that I know of. Why?"

Now she had her mom's full attention. Liv tried to downplay it. The last thing she needed was her mom up in the attic in her bathrobe going through boxes. "I found some old letters in the attic addressed to the Premonitions Bureau and didn't know what they were."

"The Premonitions Bureau? That doesn't sound like something your granddad would be into."

Liv thought so too. Her grandfather didn't seem like the kind of person who kept secrets, but hiding boxes of premonitions in the attic was a big one.

But what if it wasn't his secret?

The boxes hadn't been addressed to him.

They'd been addressed to Grayson Spencer, a name she hadn't heard in years. Her real father. The man who'd abandoned her and her mother when she was born.

Which was the only reason Liv agreed with Winnie. She planned to open all the boxes and find out why her father had hidden thousands of old premonitions in this house—and why he'd wanted no one to read them.

<Encrypted transmission>

<Defense Intelligence Agency Server>

<From: MIRIAM>

<Priority: HIGH>

The Premonitions Bureau mentioned online.

Posted by @nebonycheergoddess:

*Reading a spooky old letter from the
Premonitions Bureau.*

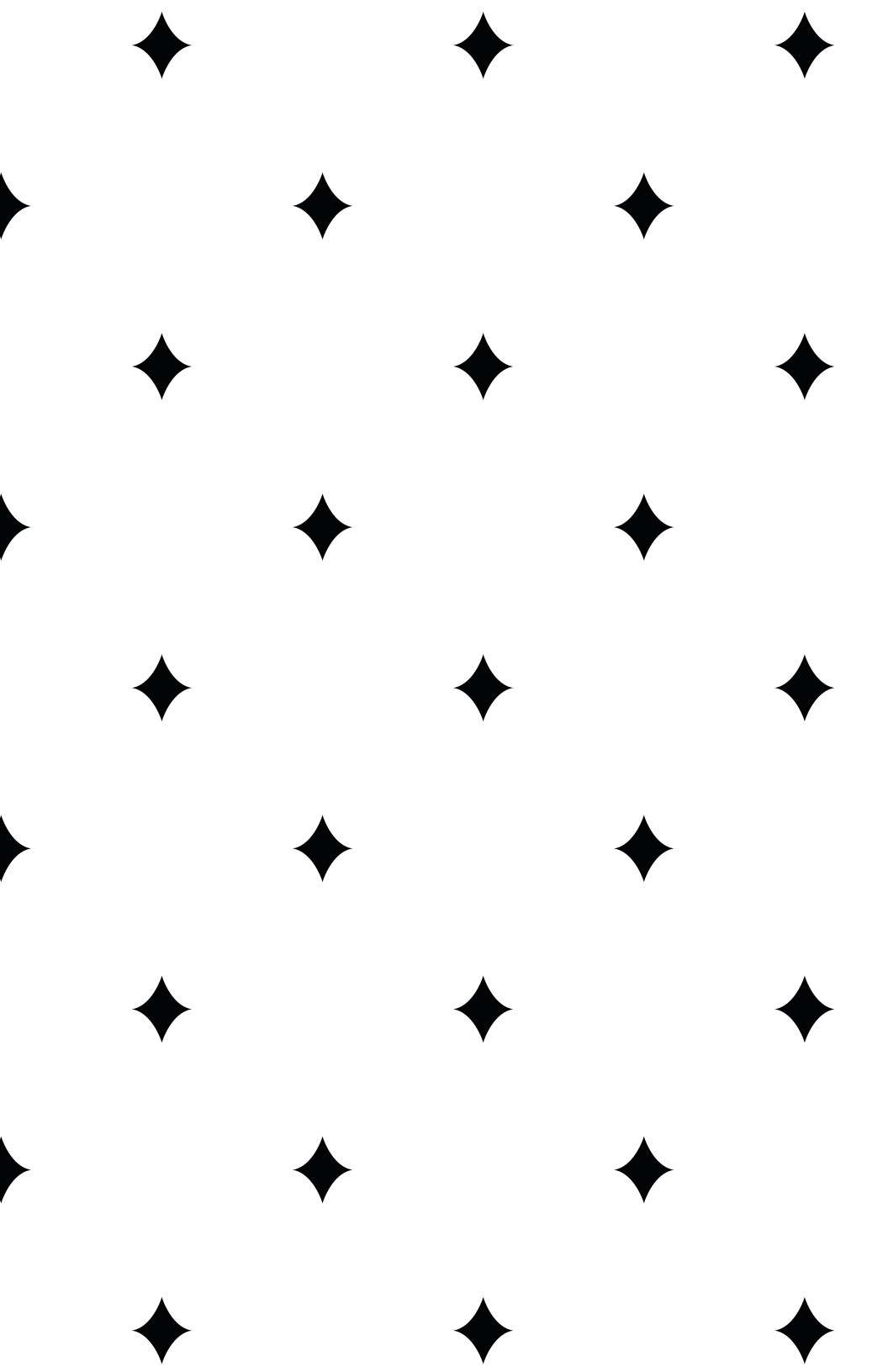


#mystery #premonition #psychic

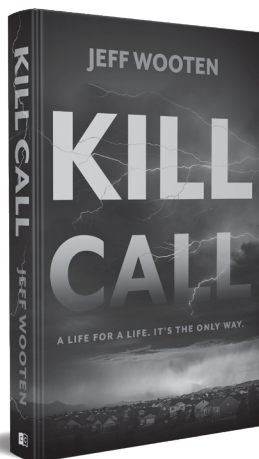
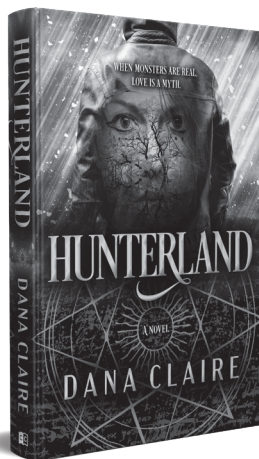
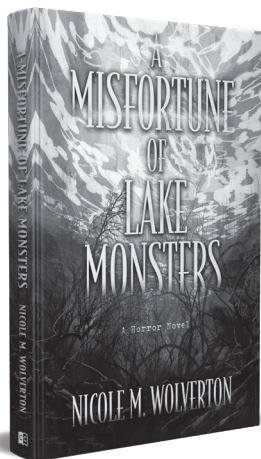
Cannot confirm authenticity of the letter or where Polaroid photo was taken.

@nebonycheergoddess is located in Hyde Park, New York.

Will monitor and decide next course of action.



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THE FUTURE CAN BE CHANGED. THE TRICK IS YOU HAVE TO SEE IT FIRST.

WHEN LIV HALL AND HER FRIENDS FIND BOXES OF LETTERS hidden in her grandfather's attic, they discover thousands of psychic predictions addressed to the Premonitions Bureau, a bureau to investigate psychic abilities that mysteriously closed in 1993. As the group reads decades-old premonitions, they stumble on letters from powerful psychics who mailed in their predictions and then disappeared.

A post online about the found predictions alerts a black ops group in charge of the military's paranormal research, who will do anything to get their hands on the letters and the psychics who wrote them. Liv and her friends now know too much, and they're directly in the crosshairs. To survive, they're going to have to rely on each other and the unlikely help of psychics who thought they'd left the dangers of the Bureau behind forever.



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