

Copycat, by Hannah Jayne. Best book around. And now the signed copy was mine.

I finger the pages of my book, so clean and white beneath my hand. I almost don't want to open it, leave a crease in the spine. But what use is it otherwise? A brand new book sitting untouched and unread on my shelf as merely decoration?

Thinking back, that option would've been better than what I chose – to open the book.

Now, please don't laugh. I'm serious. It may sound simple; "Ooh! You opened a book!" but... I'll get to that later.

It was all very cliché.

Spencer and Colton wanted to punish Addie for what her dad did, and used me for bait.

I died, putting it simply.

Murdered inside my favourite book.

Because when I opened to the first page of this thrilling read, I got sucked in straight away. In more than one way. For starters, I got sucked into the characters, the plot. But literally, too. I got sucked into the book. No joke.

I'd read the book a number of times, considering it's my favourite, so I knew the plot.

If I'd been thinking clearly, I would've run straight to Addie's house, tell her who the murderer was. But... It was overwhelming. You can't blame me for not thinking straight. So instead I ran to Addie's house, let myself in, blabbering to my favourite character about what a fan I am, how I love reading too and have a blog, just like her. Oh, and I love to write, and am 100% going to be an author.

She kicked me out of her house.

All of a sudden, Spencer was upon me, light flashing, blinding.

Nothing but coldness evouring me, the thud of my heart dying out, until...