


"An extraordinary debut." — ELLE COSIMANO, author of *Nearly Gone*

EVERYTHING STARTED WITH THE BODY AT  
THE EDGE OF THE LAKE. I KNOW THAT NOW.

# THROWAWAY GIRLS

ANDREA CONTOS



CAROLINE LAWSON is three months away from freedom, aka graduation day. That's when she'll finally escape her rigid prep school and the parents who will never accept her for who she is.

Until then, Caroline is keeping her head down, pretending not to be crushed by her family or heartbroken over the girlfriend who took off for California.

But when her best friend Madison vanishes, Caroline knows she has to get involved. She has her own reasons not to trust the police, and she owes Madison — big time.

Soon Caroline discovers that her own uncomfortable secrets about the hours before Madison's disappearance are nothing compared to the secrets Madison's been hiding.

It's only when Caroline learns that there are other missing girls that she begins to close in on the truth. But as every new clue leads Caroline closer to the connection between these girls and Madison, she faces an unsettling fact.

There's only one common denominator between the disappearances: Caroline herself.

# THROWAWAY GIRLS



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BY ANDREA CONTOS



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To my daughters, Evangeline and Josephine, who will  
always be my greatest inspiration.

And to my brother, Andrew, who was always  
meant to live amongst the stars.





# THE EDGES OF THINGS: AN UNNAMED GIRL BY AN UNNAMED LAKE

Everything started with the body at the edge of the lake. I know that now.

But back then, all I knew was the rush and gurgle of water where the stream fed into the lake, the gentle sway of yellow irises as the wind lifted their downturned petals. And the way the body's legs bobbed in time with the lap of water against the shore, like part of the girl's spirit was still trying to run from whatever had brought her there.

Left her there.

Hastily pulled half onto the shore.

Eyes closed. Mouth open. Full lips a watercolor blend of pink roses and the sky before a storm.

I knew what dead bodies looked like — even then. I'd been the one to find Edna Drake's body when she collapsed from a heart attack on the way to her mailbox when I was seven. By twelve, I'd seen two of Mom's boyfriends OD.

But this girl wasn't like the others.

I inched closer, careful to avoid the soggy spots where I might leave a footprint, and my shadow fell over the girl's face,

shielding her from the blaring sun. Her dark hair fanned in a halo around her pale skin, mingling with the grass.

I didn't know her. Hadn't seen her around the estates.

The estates. I choked back a snicker, and tears followed right behind. Leaning in, but not too close, I whispered, "Sorry. I'm sorry. That was wrong. Defense mechanism. Sometimes I laugh when things are terrible, like —"

Like a beautiful girl with a necklace of bruises.

I sucked in a shuddering breath. "Really though, who was the first idiot to tack 'Estates' on to the name of every trailer park?"

My knees hit the ground before I realized I was moving, cold mud coating my jeans and seeping through the fibers. I whispered, "Who did this to you?"

I wasn't expecting an answer, but it felt right to ask. Like maybe some part of her would have the chance to scream out a name in a final shout of justice from her spot in the heavens. Instead there was only the creak of a heavy branch on a twisted tree.

Her thin arm lay outstretched, her inner elbow marked with faded scars.

I scooted toward her legs and yanked the sleeves of my shirt down to cover my hands, then I pulled her all the way onto the shore.

She was still then. No more running.

No more running. No more wanting. No more pain.

Just a beautiful girl lying on the shore in a forever dream.

I could've called the cops, but I'd seen the shows. How they'd stick her in a drawer after they cut her up. Gather their evidence even though no one would look too hard for a girl no one wanted to find.

THROWAWAY GIRLS

For some people, life begins too far behind the starting line  
to have any hope of crossing the finish.

I closed my eyes and whispered a prayer — and an apology.  
Then I left her there to dream.

At the time, I saw the peacefulness of death. A quiet slip into  
blissful stillness. A relief.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

I know that now too.



# CHAPTER ONE

Sometimes I try to convince myself Madison isn't really missing.

I decide she was brave enough to do what I couldn't and left everything behind.

But the delusion never lasts long, because I know she wouldn't leave.

I know she never *wanted* to leave.

She loved everything about her life.

She's never been the girl who wanted to escape. And she isn't the girl with all the secrets.

I am.

But it's Madison's mom on stage, positioned against a backdrop of fog-drenched hills and clustered trees, the sun blanching what color she has left in her face. She looks paler every hour, and it's been thirty-six.

She tugs her coat tighter against the rain-scented burst of wind as she says, for the third time, that someone must know something.

Mr. Bentley isn't up there with her. He's not even on campus.

He answered the phone when Mom called the Bentleys' house the night Madison disappeared. She suggested this vigil. A showing of support, she said.

His response carried through the phone and spilled into the hallway, because Mr. Bentley knew vigils wouldn't bring Madison home.

They're nothing but a way for all the parents and students on this lawn to hide their fear behind the illusion of action. And to hide their guilt over how grateful they are it's Madison and not them. Not their family.

Mom called back the next morning, when she knew Mr. Bentley would be gone. And now I'm standing at a vigil in broad daylight, holding a flameless candle so there's no threat of melted wax on the new football field turf, and plotting to get my mother off campus before she has a chance to talk to anyone.

Projected pictures of my missing best friend flash behind Mrs. Bentley as she says, for the fourth time, that someone must know something.

Every time the words strike the air they feel less like a statement and more like a plea.

I hold my breath, begging for someone to announce they know exactly where Madison is. That she's not missing at all. Because there are moments when I can't stop my thoughts from sliding into the horrors of where she could be. Places where she isn't fine. And futures where she doesn't come back.

Mrs. Bentley is alone up there, bookended by cops and faculty but no one who actually cares, and pressure builds behind my eyes, caging the tears I've forgotten how to let fall.

Madison would know what to do if she were here. She's the daughter Mom wanted but definitely did not get. The one who felt at ease in any room, who always knew the right thing to say and the right people to talk to during the outings, the fundraisers, the brunches and the dinner parties. When conversations turned to grades and accomplishments, futures and prospects, Madison always knew to turn it to me:

*Caroline's in the running for valedictorian, you know.*

*Her team won last year's National Speech and Debate Tournament.*

*Caroline's already been recruited by Ivy League soccer teams.*

We made up for each other's weaknesses.

Not today though. Today I'm alone, wishing, just for a moment, that it were Madison's feet frozen to the million-dollar turf that looks like grass but isn't. Her hand strangling this ridiculous flameless candle whose light no one can even see because there's a reason candlelight vigils are held at night.

It's the darkness and shadows, the way they hide the pain you don't want others to see, and the way they shield you from the truths you don't want to know.

Like the way Mrs. Bentley's fists clench every time her gaze finds mine.

I need to leave. Right now. But Mom's fingers dig into my arm, her elbow jabbing where my skin is still raw from the tattoo that will always remind me of Willa.

Mom doesn't speak, but in my head, I hear every syllable of my name. The way her tongue slides over every consonant of "Caroline" with a practiced ease that doesn't sound like the reproach it is.

It's a language only the two of us understand.

*I planned this vigil. We're in the front row. You are not leaving.*

Never make a scene. That's one of Mom's unbreakable rules.

St. Francis is a family — that's what all the brochures say.

The trouble with families is they know your weak points. Mom makes sure we never show ours.

Dad rubs my back, but it's a false comfort and my skin prickles with the need to shrug him off.

His arm falls when Mom glares at him.

A gust of spring wind draws rhythmic clangs from the flag-pole, and the crowd surrounding me stirs, like they're grateful to focus on anything other than Mrs. Bentley.

Her sobs are replaced by the soft notes of whatever song my mom picked for Aubrey Patel-Brennan to sing. Apparently, no vigil is complete without entertainment.

It's impossible to ignore Aubrey's voice, but I'm doing my best. By the time it fades into the clouds, the field is filled with tears and sniffles.

In an hour, all the cars will leave the grounds and all the students will be back at class. Restoring normalcy, they call it. Giving kids the comfort of routine. Besides, it's not like she went missing from campus. She was on a home visit and told her mom she was going shopping. She was only twenty miles from St. Francis, only six miles from home. They still haven't found her car.

That all adds up to St. Francis being officially free from responsibility. But not from response, especially when news of Madison's disappearance sent shocks through the community and the police launched searches right away.

Rumors of a temporary St. Francis shutdown followed close behind. So even as tears fell to tile floors and stares remained vacant, there were phone calls to Headmaster Havens.

*It's a terrible thing that's happened to that poor girl, but ...*

*We pay a lot of money to attend this institution.*

*My son shouldn't be denied his education.*

*My daughter has scouts scheduled to watch her next game.*

The resident-assistance council, the yearbook club, the party-planning committees, they've all set up shrines to Madison



in their offices. Their members still stumble through campus with red-rimmed eyes, but in every one of them, someone has offered to step into Madison's place. Just in case.

They never say the rest. *Just in case she never comes back.*

Headmaster Havens finally escorts Mrs. Bentley off the stage, the dome of his bald head catching in the glow of the sun, and then she's gone, disappearing into the car Mom has waiting to escort her back to Olivet Hall, where trays of salmon tartare and chocolate truffles await. Like maybe hors d'oeuvres are the trick to bringing Madison back safely. She'll just follow the fucking trail of smoked trout blinis straight from Grandmother's house in the woods.

Detective Brisbane steps toward the mic, his scuffed shoes thudding against the stage.

I've watched those shoes clip against St. Francis's marble floors every day since Madison disappeared, each echo a reminder that the world outside the manicured campus grounds can infiltrate ours.

But the other set, the ones that belong to Detective Harper, remind me of far more. Fake smiles and false assurances.

Detective Harper is a liar. That score to settle goes back nearly three years.

And if there's one thing I'm sure of, it's this: if things are ever going to be right again, it's not Detective Harper who's going to get them there.

I wrench my arm from Mom's grip and step back, making it impossible for her to recapture me without making it obvious.

I mumble, "I forgot to take my vitamin," and her jaw snaps shut, a flush coloring her face.

I walk away, and when a voice whispers my name, I move faster.

I'm nearly to the edge of the crowd when Jake Monaghan catches up to me and whispers, "Hey, wait up," even though we're standing in the same square foot of space.

I glance back to my parents and find Mr. Monaghan sandwiched between them, arms draped around their shoulders, like they're old friends and not just acquaintances who exchange pleasantries at St. Francis fundraisers. Mom's practically beaming — the delight of garnering attention from one of the school's most influential parents more than she can smother — and my anger toward her rivals my gratitude for him.

The screen behind Brisbane and Harper pauses on a shot of me and Madison, our faces pressed together, her blond hair tangling with mine — we're always the most extreme versions of ourselves when in contrast. But our smiles matched, because neither of us knew then what we know now.

I remember that picture.

Madison took it at the beginning of our fall outreach soccer camp for disadvantaged youth. She came with me in her official capacity as head yearbook photographer, and, as official co-captain of St. Francis Prep's soccer team, I made sure she got on-field access.

I know why my mom chose that picture, and it's got nothing to do with Madison.

It's because of me. Because it's been years since I've smiled like that in my mom's presence.

I want to tell her that smile wasn't just for the kids we taught that day. I want to shatter all my mother's delusions and tell

her the other reason was because, after years of waiting and wondering, that was the morning I saw Willa again.

But I'm too close to ruin everything now — only months away from graduation and leaving this version of my life behind forever. I've spent years giving each of my parents the part of me they can accept. All the rest is mine. And when I'm finally free of them both, I won't have to pretend for anyone.

A collective gasp rises from the field as the whine of a drone slices the sky — some desperate reporter trying to fill a five o'clock news segment. Then another drone joins the fray — from the team Mom hired — and they twist and tangle until they both whiz out of sight.

The crowd murmurs, uncomfortable coughs a clear indication that no one knows the protocol for a drone-crashed vigil. Even Mr. McCormack looks confused, and he's never confused about anything. He's the most decent and competent teacher St. Francis has.

A second later he regains his composure, murmuring something to the crowd of students surrounding him: Kids whose parents live too far, or couldn't make it. Kids who feel more comfortable with him than with their families. Whatever he said, they all look calmer for having heard it. I should've stood with them.

I shove my flameless candle into Jake's hand while he's still too stunned to question it, and then I'm gone.

He's two steps behind, silent the entire walk past the dorms. I grab my vape from my coat pocket and take a long vanilla-flavored drag. All the happy-making chemicals hit my bloodstream in a dizzying swirl of relief, muddying my thoughts for a few blessed seconds.

At least until Jake says, “Are you vaping?”

“Clearly. But it’s embarrassing enough to watch myself do it, so please pretend you don’t see me.”

“Then why —”

“Cigarette smoke smells.”

“No, why do it at all?”

Self-destructive tendencies, my therapist says.

I extend my arm, letting the vape dangle from my outstretched fingers. “Why did you follow me?”

Weight lifts from my fingertips as Jake grabs the vape and narrows his eyes, like a single inhale will lead to his rapid descent into rampant addiction and a lifetime of broken dreams. “You seemed upset.”

There’s nothing Jake Monaghan can do to fix all the things making me that way, so I say nothing, leading him past the chapel and around the back of Pearson Hall before he thinks to ask where we’re going.

I say, “I am going to see Dr. Hern. I don’t know where you’re going.”

“Why are you going to see Dr. Hern?”

When I don’t answer, he slides in front of me so I have to stop, raking grooves through his mussed blond hair. “We’re friends, right?”

The question hangs in the air as the wind sends leaves skittering across the cobblestone walk between us.

We *are* friends. Have been from the moment I broke away from Headmaster Havens’s exceptionally condescending speech at freshman orientation. Jake found me on the soccer field and challenged me to score on him. When I said no, he assumed I

sucked, so he promised he wouldn't even move from his spot in the middle of the goal.

He didn't think I'd aim for his nuts any more than I believed he'd actually refuse to move. It was a good lesson for both of us, to never underestimate the other.

We *are* friends. But we're not friends who fill each other's weaknesses, because we have the same strengths. And the one time mine faltered, my weaknesses on display, he never looked at me the same again.

So now we're friends who are the other's biggest fans on the field and biggest opponents in the classroom, constantly knocking each other out of valedictorian contention.

We're the kind of friends who have had plenty of conversations but none of them the right kind of honest.

We are *not* the kind of friends who talk to the school's head counselor together.

My gaze drops to the e-cig in his hand and I tell myself I'm not daring him to prove he's more than his Snapchat photos and lacrosse trophies, to say the words he always holds in when we talk. But when he tilts the vape onto its side and focuses on the amber liquid as it levels itself, I know I'm a liar.

He brings it to his lips and his eyes flare as he wheezes, cheeks puffing. He makes two hard coughs, his voice strained as he says, "Why does it taste like I'm smoking a cupcake?"

I shouldn't laugh, but I do. "It's vanilla, you asshole, now give it —"

He smacks away my reaching hand. "Wait your turn. I'll do it better next time."

If I had a gold star I'd stick it to his forehead.

I pull my coat tighter, but my tights do nothing to stop a rash of goose bumps over my legs. Because maybe I've been too afraid to be honest too. With everyone. And now Madison isn't here to listen to all the things I should've said. "I'm going to see Dr. Hern because we have an agreement. She understands it causes me 'undue hardship' to have my mother on campus, so she sort of ... makes her go away."

Behind him, the green and yellow ribbons hugging every tree and lamppost flicker in the force of the wind, a few already reduced to a knot instead of a bow. No one could find a final answer on which color represents missing children, and everyone pointed out that Madison hates the color yellow, but no one listened until the grounds crew had already tied half the campus.

We're not allowed to participate in the searches. St. Francis Preparatory Academy released an official statement. *Our foremost concern is the safety of our students, and with the high concentration of boarders, we're unable to guarantee that safety outside of school grounds. We have the utmost faith in the ability of law enforcement to bring Madison home safely.*

Jake takes another hit, and true to his word, he does better. "It could be worse."

"Doubt it."

I've barely finished speaking before I want to take it all back. Jake's mom died when he was barely old enough to remember her. "Shit. I'm —"

He shrugs a single broad shoulder. "It's okay. I went to boarding school for elementary too. I had to with how much my dad travels. Then I was just like everyone else — no one in

boarding school has parents.” He gives me a crooked smile, and it’s obvious I’m not the first idiot he’s had to deflect comments from.

We’re nearly to the door when he hands me back the vape, but when I reach for it, he doesn’t let go. “Did you really use taking your vitamin as an excuse to bail?”

This will be impossible to explain. “It’s a code word.”

My hand curls around the frigid handle as I swing open the door to Henson Hall, the brass placard beside it proclaiming the famous Maryland explorer it was named for.

I step inside, the soft hiss of radiators carrying musty heat, its warmth battling against the chill.

“Are you gonna tell me what for?”

I drop my voice to avoid the echo, my wet saddle shoes squeaking on the polished floors. “I take meds for anxiety.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“I didn’t — I mean, you don’t seem like you have anxiety.”

I raise an eyebrow that I hope translates to “do you not see a correlation there?” so I don’t have to say it and sound like a bitch.

“Is that why ...”

He waits for me to fill in the blanks from the night we don’t talk about — when I led my team to nationals and scored the winning goal, when they carried me off the field and Jake ran on to help. There are pictures of that moment — pictures taken by Madison — that, years later, still hang in St. Francis’s halls. Me, smiling, radiating all the joy that propelled me to tell my mom the things I’d been holding back.

Jake found me on the roof late that night, one of my last in the dorms, and I fell asleep sobbing into his arms.

He never asked why. I never told him.

I shake my head. “No. That’s not why.”

This kind of honesty may be what I need, but right now, it’s more than I can handle. “Anyway, my mom has depression and she takes meds too, but my dad doesn’t know about any of that because he thinks big pharma is trying to turn us all into chemically dependent zombies, when instead we should be searching out our mind-body balance through holistic means. My mom claims she and my dad were never closer to divorce than when the subject of childhood vaccinations came up.”

What I don’t say is my mother would never stand for divorce, not when she married Dad against *her* mother’s wishes — a fact Grandma Caldecott has never let her forget. And my dad would never be able to undergo the confrontation long enough to try it, not to mention it’s Mom’s family that has the real money.

Sometimes I’m convinced they both want to keep me home forever because they’re terrified of being left alone with each other.

Jake says, “Jesus, Caroline,” but I don’t hear any of the rest, because I’m frozen, steps away from Madison’s locker.

I’ve autopiloted through this walk more times than I can count. Madison let me use her locker because mine is four buildings over, in a hall where I’ve had exactly two classes in four years, because I got last dibs on placement after Mom yanked me from the dorms middle of freshman year.

But I can’t use Madison’s locker anymore, and not just because there’s a rainbow-colored collage of notes and messages



tacked to the door. Or because of the haphazard mound of flowers and plushies covering the space beneath it.

It's because her locker is empty, off-limits now. I know, because the coat and books I had in there when Madison went missing were confiscated by Detectives Brisbane and Harper.

The next day, identical versions appeared on my desk, like replacing them might make me forget the reason they were gone.

Jake whispers, "Do you think it's true? What Madison's mom said?"

I should say something. Point out I don't even know what part of what Mrs. Bentley said he's talking about. But I can't stop the vision of the cops with their hands in Madison's locker, pulling out pieces of her life one by one. Searching for secrets she didn't have, like it's her fault she's not here right now.

She's not even supposed to have a locker. Only day students are eligible since lockers are limited and St. Francis is 95 percent boarders. But when your family name is etched into the stone of the campus's newest building and generations of your family are proud graduates of the academy, locker rules don't apply.

Jake finishes, "About someone out there knowing something but not saying it?"

My gaze snaps to his. "Do you?"

He doesn't answer, but my thoughts are too busy tripping over each other to listen. And then I'm walking before I can put together the reason why.

Madison knows my combination as well as I know hers. If she needed a place to hide something no one would find, my locker would be the perfect spot.

It's barely a theory, but I don't slow down when Jake calls my name, and by the time I burst through the doors, I'm in a full sprint, racing through the hushed campus.

He has no problem matching my speed, and neither of us let up, even as we climb the stairs to the second floor of Barton Hall.

Our breathing fills the silence, my fingers trembling over the ridges of the lock I haven't opened in months, and it's all I can do to remember what number comes next.

The metal creaks open and even the air smells empty.

Empty.

Just like the locker with the shrine around it. Like the parking spot she used to claim, right next to mine, so we could leave each other stupid notes beneath the windshield wipers.

Heat washes over my back as Jake steps closer, peering over my head and into the locker.

He reaches inside but I block him, hoisting myself higher with the help of the locker's bottom edge. Cold metal greets my palm as I run it over the top shelf, expecting a layer of dust and finding none.

My finger snags on a sharp corner and I grasp tight to whatever it is, tugging it free from where it's lodged along the shelf's edge.

I'm still wedged in the locker, my body shielding my discovery from Jake, which is good, because I have no idea how to explain this.

The matchbook from *The Wayside* sits heavy in my palm, black background fraying at the worn edges to reveal papery white.

This isn't mine. My second life at The Wayside isn't something I risk mingling with the one I have here. Too dangerous. Too many chances of someone seeing the wrong thing.

The Wayside is my secret. The one not a single living soul at this school knows about. Not even Madison.

Jake says, "What did you find?" and I hear myself respond that it's nothing, but my hands are sweaty where they grip the edge of the locker, and I hold my breath as I flip the cover open to reveal a phone number I don't recognize scrawled in handwriting I do.

Looping, scripted. Madison is the only person I know who writes every number like she's practicing calligraphy.

Madison went to The Wayside. She talked to someone there, wrote down their number. And now she's gone.

A deep voice calls, "Ms. Lawson," and I jump so hard my head cracks against the top of the locker.

I stumble back and Jake catches my shoulders, propping me upright so I have no choice but to look at Mr. McCormack instead of running away.

Mr. McCormack carries himself with the kind of confidence that comes from rarely being denied anything, and the kind of self-esteem that comes from being born with phenomenal genetics and the kind of pedigree St. Francis Preparatory Academy salivates over.

I'd hate him for it if I didn't owe him for more mercies and favors than I can track.

He's also the person I've worked the hardest to avoid the last few weeks.

He's planning to force me into a conference. I've learned the

signs from the teachers that came before him. If he succeeds, it'll be my fourth "I'm worried about you, Caroline" conference of the semester — holding at a steady two-per-month pace. The others were easy enough to pacify, but Mr. McCormack will be a challenge.

And by challenge, I mean he won't believe me when I lie to him. Which is a problem, because he could ruin everything for me. A single meeting where he tells my parents what he knows — *everything* he knows — and my years of planning toward escape will crumble.

I rub my throbbing head with the pad of my finger, hoping I'll need a few stitches so I can avoid this conversation.

But I freeze when Mr. McCormack's eyes narrow on what's in my hand.

He says, "I'd like to speak to you for a moment."

I was wrong about the whole "not a single living soul at St. Francis knows about The Wayside" thing. There is one person.

Jake edges closer to me, his spine straightened to full height. "Caroline and I were in the middle of something."

Mr. McCormack raises an eyebrow and puts on his teacher voice. "Mr. Monaghan, I'm fairly certain 'loitering in the hallway' appears on neither of your schedules for third period. You're dismissed."

I need Jake to stay so I don't have to have talk to Mr. McCormack, but if Mr. McCormack is going to force the issue, I don't want Jake around for whatever he's going to say.

I'd pray for divine intervention, but the smarter bet is to walk away and hope they'll both be so busy staring each other down they won't notice I'm gone.

But my escape route collapses under the clip of familiar footsteps that draw closer with every second. When I turn, Detective Brisbane flashes me a shiny badge and says, “Are you Caroline Lawson?” even though he knows I am.

Mr. McCormack’s voice sounds over my shoulder, cutting through the empty hallway. “Ms. Lawson is a student on her way to class. And a minor.”

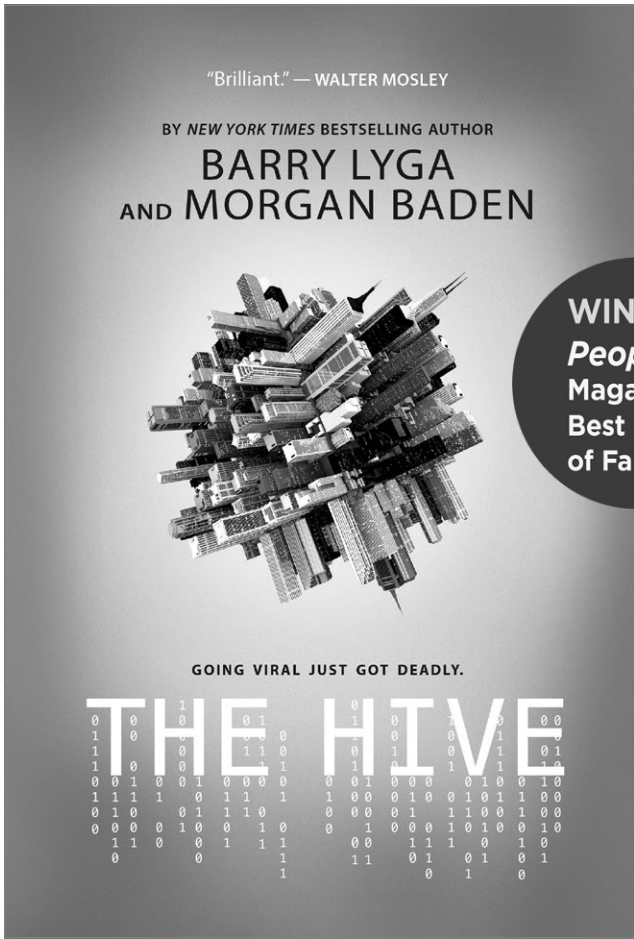
Except I wasn’t on my way to class, and sometimes the devil you *don’t* know is the lesser threat.

I step toward the detectives. “What is it you need from me?”

Detective Brisbane rocks on his heels. “Ms. Lawson. We’d like to speak to you about the disappearance of Madison Bentley.”



# NEW YA NOVELS FEATURING STRONG YOUNG WOMEN



*New York Times* bestselling authors Barry Lyga and Morgan Baden have teamed up for the first time to create a novel that's gripping, terrifying and more relevant every day.

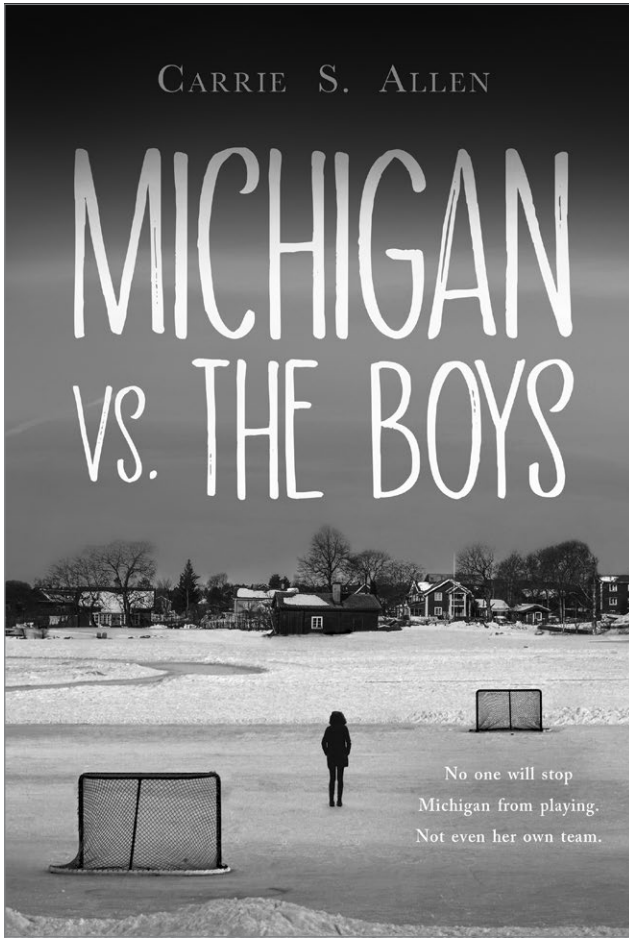


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# NEW YA NOVELS FEATURING STRONG YOUNG WOMEN



When a determined girl is confronted  
with the culture of toxic masculinity,  
it's time to even the score.

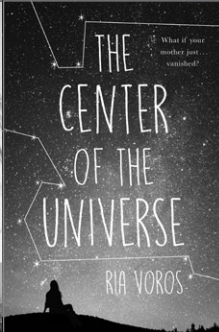
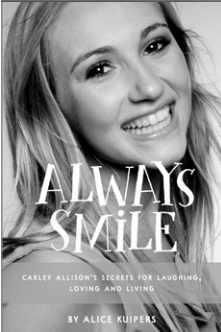
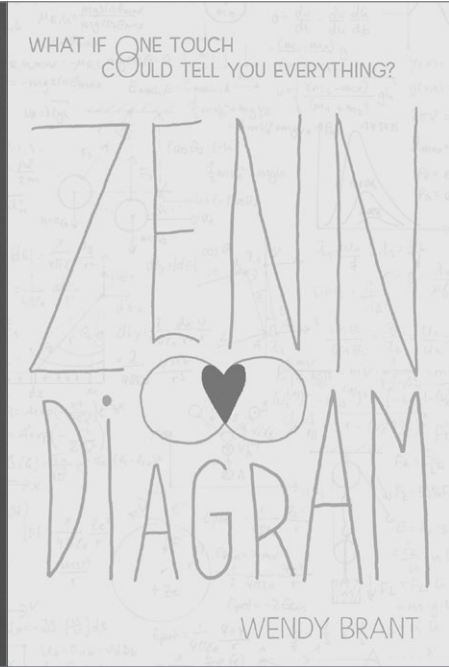
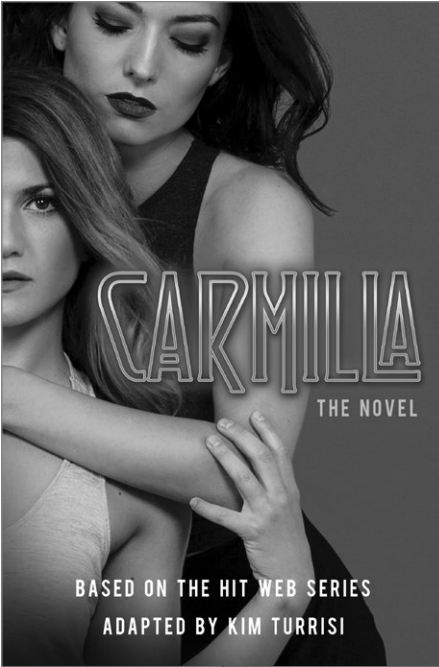


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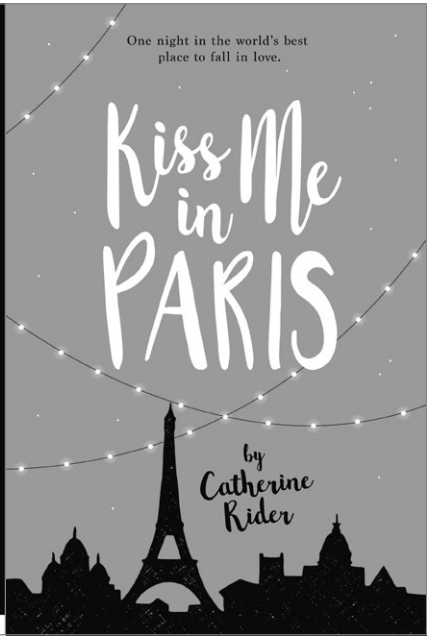
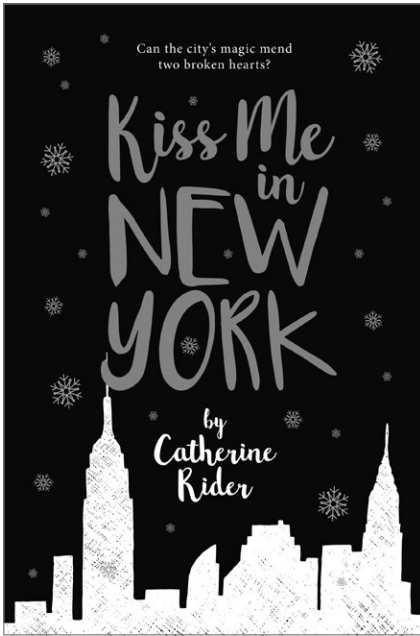


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**ANDREA CONTOS** is a writer of young adult mysteries and thrillers. She grew up in Detroit, Michigan, and thanks to the tours given by her policeman father, she can tell you exactly where the morgue is. She currently lives outside the city with her tiny-feminist daughters, her husband and their very fluffy pets. You can find her on Twitter at [@Andrea\\_Contos](#), Instagram at [@andreacontos](#) and her website at [www.andreacontos.com](#).

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