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<?xml version="1.0" encoding="UTF-8" standalone="no"?>
<!DOCTYPE html>
<html xmlns="http://www.w3.org/1999/xhtml" xmlns:epub="http://www.idpf.org/2007/ops">
  <head>
    <title>Chapter 29</title>
    <link href="css/idGeneratedStyles.css" rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" />
  </head>
  <body id="chapter29" lang="en-US" xml:lang="en-US">
    <div>
      <p class="Chaptertitle">29</p>
      <p class="lettergreeting">For Laurel Summers</p>
      <p class="lettertext">I found your tree. You're lucky I was already planning to go on one of those bus tours up to the Highlands because I
      <p class="lettertext">I just took a leaf from the ground. I hope that's OK. It took me forever to find somewhere to laminate it. My roomma
      <p class="lettertext">The tour guide saw me take a leaf and he told me a lot of random facts about this damn tree. Turns out it grows in t
      <p class="lettertext">Well, I hope you have a good life. I really do, that wasn't sarcastic. Sorry you've got dead people. Sorry we've bot
      <p class="lettertext">By the way, my name is Dany.</p>
      <p class="lettergoodybeline">From all the way in Scotland,</p>
      <p class="lettertext">Danielle M.</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">The leaf looks like any other leaf. It's green and the edges are spiky, like somebody cut the leaf out with those edge
      <p class="Bodytext">"I wish she'd left her last name," Hanna mutters after reading the letter. "Then we could have found her and thanked h
      <p class="Bodytext">"I don't think she was looking for gratitude." I remember her, the girl in the airport with the laptop who looked so i
      <p class="Bodytext">Grandpa asks me, "What is it?"</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"It's a leaf from a rowan tree."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">That makes him say "Oh" very quietly and tear up.</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"I've seen this before," Hanna says. She's staring at the leaf and holding it up to the light.</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"Well, apparently they grow here too. So, I bothered this girl for nothing."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">She still did it for you. That was nice of her.</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"It's kind of funny."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">I hold the pressed rowan-tree leaf next to the pressed maybe-not-tansy. I should start a collection of pressed flowers
      <p class="Bodytext">I would have been watching him—I was always looking and watching and seeing all the things my siblings didn't want me
      <p class="Bodytext">"I miss them."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"Me too."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"We could go on another adventure," Hanna suggests. "We could try and find a rowan tree here."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"I like my leaf from Scotland."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"And you like the tansy that might not be a tansy."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"I still don't believe that boy from the flower shop."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"He was rude."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">Grandpa is still standing in my doorway and staring at the leaf in my hand. He doesn't seem to be listening, because i
      <p class="Bodytext">"I, yes, he'll like that."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"Did you know?" I ask. Grandpa frowns at me. "Did you know that's what he was looking for? That's why he disappeared i
      <p class="Bodytext">Grandma is in my doorway now too. Grandpa stares at me with an unreadable expression and Grandma shakes her head and s
      <p class="Bodytext">"And he thought that finding them would make it better."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"He must have."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">"So this will make it better. It has to."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">Grandma and Grandpa both look at me with very sad eyes. Even Hanna looks concerned, though I guess she always looks ki
      <p class="Bodytext">"I don't know, Laurel," Grandma says. "But it will make him happy and a bit sad too." I'm learning that apparently, ge
      <p class="Bodytext">"He's going to love it," Hanna reassures me.</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">Grandpa starts to cry. "Laurel, you are the most beautiful of us all." He takes the pressed plants in his hands and tu
      <p class="Bodytext">I always thought Mom was the soft one and Dad was the hard one, or at least, that was the direction they were heading.
      <p class="Bodytext">A part of me doesn't want to give the pressed leaves to Dad. I want to keep them for myself. The pressed maybe-not-tan
      <p class="Bodytext">Ghost Rowan puts his hand over mine, the hand that is holding the rowan tree. Ghost Tansy puts her hand over the one t
      <p class="Bodytext">"Remember," Grandma says, "when your father gets home, you still have to tell him about that damn tattoo."</p>
      <p class="Bodytext">That makes all four of us burst into laughter. Six of us, if you count Ghost Tansy and Ghost Rowan.</p>
    </div>
  </body>
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