

JESSE Q. SUTANTO



A NOVEL

I'M

NOT DONE

WITH

YOU YET



"NOT SINCE *GONE GIRL* ... HAS A SOCIOPATH BEEN THIS BEWITCHING."

—May Cobb, author of *A LIKEABLE WOMAN*

Titles by Jesse Q. Sutanto



DIAL A FOR AUNTIES
FOUR AUNTIES AND A WEDDING
VERA WONG'S UNSOLICITED ADVICE FOR MURDERERS
I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET

Young Adult and Middle Grade

WELL, THAT WAS UNEXPECTED
THE OBSESSION
THE NEW GIRL
THEO TAN AND THE FOX SPIRIT



I'M
NOT DONE
WITH
YOU YET

JESSE Q. SUTANTO

BERKLEY
New York

BERKLEY

An imprint of Penguin Random House LLC

penguinrandomhouse.com

Copyright © 2023 by PT Karya Hippo Makmur

Penguin Random House supports copyright. Copyright fuels creativity, encourages diverse voices, promotes free speech, and creates a vibrant culture. Thank you for buying an authorized edition of this book and for complying with copyright laws by not reproducing, scanning, or distributing any part of it in any form without permission. You are supporting writers and allowing Penguin Random House to continue to publish books for every reader.

BERKLEY and the BERKLEY & B colophon are registered trademarks of Penguin Random House LLC.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Sutanto, Jesse Q., author.

Title: I'm not done with you yet / Jesse Q. Sutanto.

Other titles: I am not done with you yet

Description: New York: Berkley, [2023]

Identifiers: LCCN 2022058254 (print) | LCCN 2022058255 (ebook) | ISBN 9780593546918 (hardcover) | ISBN 9780593546925 (ebook) | ISBN 9780593549087 (International edition)

Subjects: LCGFT: Novels.

Classification: LCC PR9500.9.S88 I6 2023 (print) | LCC PR9500.9.S88 (ebook) | DDC 823/.92—dc23/eng/20221209

LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2022058254>

LC ebook record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2022058255>

Cover design by Eileen Carey

Cover images: (bottom) Magdalena Russocka / Trevillion Images; (top) Irina Bg / Shutterstock

Book design by Daniel Brount, adapted for ebook by Maggie Hunt

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

pid_prh_6.1_144626031_c0_r0

CONTENTS

[Cover](#)

[Titles by Jesse Q. Sutanto](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Epigraph](#)

[Part One](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Part Two](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Part Three](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[*Acknowledgments*](#)

[*About the Author*](#)

144626031

*To Laurie Elizabeth Flynn, my soul twin, without whom I wouldn't have the
courage to even start this book.*

When did you first realize you're not normal?



PART ONE



TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO

Aunt Claudette, she's the best. So everyone says. By everyone, I mean my mother. My mother loves Aunt Claudette because she is always ready to help out with "the cutie pie" (i.e., me). "Cutie pie" is the first clue that should tell you that my mother doesn't give a shit about me, because really, how fucking generic a pet name can someone get for their only child? She can't even be bothered to come up with a more unique pet name, one that's tailored to fit me. No, I remain known as "cutie pie" up until even my idiot mother can't pretend that I'm cute anymore.

But anyway. Back to Aunt Claudette. Not technically my aunt. She's just an elderly neighbor who Mom swears loves me like "her own." Her own what? Aunt Claudette never had kids. And the thing about Aunt Claudette is, she doesn't look after me out of love, no matter how much Mom would like to believe she does.

Sure, maybe she did it out of love at first, when I was little enough not to have any personality. When I really was a generic little cutie pie. But now that I'm seven, I realize she's not looking after me because she cares about me. She does so because she cares about what I would do if I wasn't being watched.

This morning, Mom made me cocoa pancakes for breakfast before rushing out the door to get to work. Cocoa pancakes, not chocolate pancakes. She'd read that unsweetened cocoa powder is full of antioxidants, so today, my pancakes come out brown as shit and tasting no better. I hate the color brown. That's what my hair is. Mom sometimes tries to call it "chestnut" or "chocolate," but we both know it's neither of those things. And here are my pancakes, the same disgusting mud-brown as my hair. I can drown the pancakes in syrup, but the only syrup allowed in the house is agave, which tastes like melted plastic. Clint Eastwood nudges my foot. The name's a joke that stuck—Clint is a loyal rescue mutt of an indeterminate age, but he looks about as old as God. I look into his trusting face and tear a tiny bit of shit pancake off. His stumpy tail wags, and he stands on his hind legs and paws my knees with a desperate whine.

But before I can give him the piece of pancake, Aunt Claudette rushes in like a hurricane and grabs my wrist, almost painfully. "What are you doing, child?"

I gaze at her. I have huge hazel eyes. Whenever people describe their eyes as "hazel," it's always brown. But mine have that warm honey hue that makes people do a double take. They're also stupidly big and round. Legit Bambi eyes. I widen them

now, because I know that's what people do when they're taken by surprise. "Clint is hungwy," I say.

Most people, including my own mother, would soften and say, "Aww," at that. But Aunt Claudette's mouth thins. I've miscalculated. She knows I'm too old for such mispronunciations. "Hung-ree," she says. "You know how to pronounce it properly."

I do.

"And you know Clint isn't allowed chocolate. It's bad for him."

It's not even a huge amount of cocoa. Not enough to do any permanent damage, only enough to give Clint the runs. I was going to really enjoy watching Mom clean up after Clint's diarrhea.

"I'm sorry." I cast my Bambi eyes down. All of my picture books show kids doing that when they're sorry. "I forgot." I look up at Aunt Claudette again, and this time, I've weaponized my Bambis—they're shining with tears. "Please don't be mad at me, Auntie."

That's something I'd learned from Jayden, Mom's current "special friend." Whenever they argue, Jayden looks at Mom a certain way and says, "Don't be mad at me, babe," and she sighs and her shoulders slump in defeat, and even at the age of seven, I know what a conniving asshole Jayden is, because telling someone not to be mad is putting all of the responsibility on them. *Sure, I may have done something wrong, but YOU do the labor of getting over it.* Jayden may be a grade A asshole, but he's taught me some really great tactics. And women fall for that shit all the time.

Even Aunt Claudette is no match for it. She flushes, her eyebrows coming together, and she quickly says, "Of course I'm not mad at you, angel," and I know for sure she's mad because she knows I'm no angel. Then she taps a palm against her fat thigh and says, "Here, Clint," and herds Clint away. Away from me. I shrug, running a finger down the edge of my butter knife. I fleetingly entertain the thought of plunging the point of that knife someplace soft and warm, someplace with a steady pulse, so the blood would come out in a rhythmic spurt. But I could never hurt Aunt Claudette. She's special. She's the only one who can always see right through my bullshit, and she loves me anyway, which just goes to show how flawed humans are.

She may as well love a cockroach.

2

PRESENT DAY
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The thing about crazy bitches is there's usually some man who's pushed and prodded and gaslit her to that point.

I've never been a tidy person, but I like the idea of it; I enjoy the feeling of having tidied up, of sitting in an uncluttered room with a cup of tea and a good book. I like it enough to spend some time at the end of each day putting things away. I never get the room to "pristine," because I've been raised with clutter and never quite got the hang of cleaning, but I put in enough effort to make sure the space is livable. Ted, on the other hand, is an all-or-nothing guy. When I ask him to help declutter, he'll say, "Why bother? It's all just going to get messy again." If he can't have perfection, then we may as well live in a hovel.

This evening is no different. After dinner (in front of the TV so we won't actually have to make conversation with each other), Ted shuts himself away in his man cave for a round of Fortnite—apparently, it's not just for twelve-year-old boys; it's also for thirty-seven-year-old men—while I putter about the house putting away our daily bric-a-brac.

Normally, I wouldn't mind it, but today, our neighbor Kimiko stopped by to "borrow" some flour (I say "borrow," but Kimiko is always coming by to borrow cups of sugar or an egg or two, and not once has she returned anything), and while she waited in our foyer, Ted had said, laughingly, "Sorry about the state of the house. Jane's just really messy like that."

I'd come out of the kitchen then, carrying a Tupperware of flour, and said with more bite than I'd intended, "What? I'm not the messy one here."

Ted had raised his arms in a theatrical way, eyes wide, and laughed. "Whoa, it's okay, babe. I don't care that you're messy."

"But I'm not—" I caught it then. The shrill tone of anger in my voice that sounded like cracking glass. I stopped myself, but I could tell that Kimiko and Ted had both caught it too.

Kimiko had left pretty quickly after that, not bothering to stay around for a chitchat like she usually does. Which was just as well, because it gave me a chance to nip down to the basement and be alone. Lock myself away so I could cool down before I did something I'd regret. Something irredeemable.

Now, as I pick up Ted's half-drunk glasses of water and tea from the coffee table, my resentment mounts. Why is it always down to me to clear away all this shit? The

random remnants of our daily lives—socks on the floor, pens and bits of paper everywhere, a half-eaten sandwich abandoned on, of all places, the TV cabinet. And I wouldn't mind it so much if Ted weren't such a fucking asshole about it all, if he'd at least acknowledge that I put in more effort than he does. I may be messy by nature, but I'm trying, and he's not seeing it, or maybe he's refusing to. Maybe he enjoys pushing my buttons, seeing how far he can twist the dials before I crack and show anger, like this morning, so he can say, "Geez, why're you getting so worked up over nothing?" He'd do his little incredulous snort and share a look with whoever he's talking to, and in the end, I'm always the crazy bitch who shoveled molehills into my own Mount Everest.

I can feel the old anger rising up again. I don't want to have to go down to the basement for the second time in a day, so I fling down the balled-up Fortnite T-shirt I'd picked up and stride out of the living room and into the dining room, where my laptop lives. Let Ted deal with his own mess.

Taking a deep breath, I sink into my chair and turn my laptop on. I scroll through Twitter for a while, losing myself in the usual cacophony of intense emotions. Everyone on Twitter is always either manically happy or completely enraged, and it makes me feel a bit better. More normal. When I get tired of all the virtual yelling, I switch over to check my email.

And that's when I see it. A newsletter from the *New York Times* with their latest bestseller list. The words scream at me through my computer screen, flashing in huge capital letters, neon bright.

Well, okay, the *New York Times* doesn't ever do anything that's as uncouth as screaming, and they sure as hell do not do headlines in huge caps and neon colors—what are they, the *Daily Mail*? But they might as well have, because there, right in front of me, is her name. Surely, it can't be written in plain black font; it's radiating with so much light. Blindingly bright, like the way she was. And just seeing those two words, that beautiful, uncommon name of hers, is enough to swallow me whole again. I'm whisked back into the common room at Pemberton, nervously skirting the edges of the crowd, biting my nails as I watch her hungrily.

Thalia Ashcroft.

In Greek mythology, Thalia was a Muse. Someone who inspired others to write. To create.

This version is no different. Even back at the program all those years ago, our classmates were drawn to her, always buzzing around her like bees swarming the queen, wanting to drink from the well of inspiration. Hands always touching her, a pat on the shoulder here, a brush on the arm there, as though she were Jesus and they were lepers desperate for a cure. I detested them all, not because I judged them for their insipid personalities, grown lazy and bland through privilege. No, I couldn't give two shits about our classmates. But I despised them their audacity. The way they felt entitled to be near her, to converse with her as though they were even close to being on the same level as she was.

No one was on the same level as Thalia the Muse, Thalia the Beautiful, Thalia the Perfect.

And now here she is again, her name right there in front of me, blasting her way back into my life in the most Thalia-esque fashion. Right at the top of the *New York Times* bestseller list.

NEW THIS WEEK
A MOST PLEASANT DEATH
by Thalia Ashcroft, writing as May Pierce

The squeak of creaking plastic wrenches me out of my reverie. With a start, I see that I've been squeezing my mouse so hard that it has cracked in my hand. I peer down at the mouse. It was a bargain buy, made in China, cheap and unloved. Just like everything in my house, yours truly included.

If Ted knew I think this badly of the house his parents helped us to get, he'd have a go at me. And I suppose I should be grateful for it, thankful that his parents, unlike mine, are generous enough to help out with the down payment. But Ted's a contract data analyst and I'm a midlist writer, and the house is just a bit beyond our means. The mortgage alone is almost crippling. Almost, but not quite. Enough that each month, when we make the payment, I feel embittered that we have to pay so much for a house where I don't even have my own study. Ted's man cave doubles as his office, so he's just fine and dandy, but me? I have to make do with the communal spaces. The spaces that are dominated by his mess.

So I write at cafés. Of course, the tech boom in the Bay Area means that a cup of coffee costs me an arm and a leg and half a kidney, but it's worth it to give me a few precious hours away from the house and the mess.

I wonder if Thalia writes at cafés too. No, I reject the thought as soon as it surfaces. I can't see her at a hipster café with a mocha latte next to a rose gold laptop. No, Thalia isn't the type to soak up attention like that. Even back then, I could tell she hated it, hated that she was the sun and everyone else was a sunflower turning their wide, open faces toward her, feeding off her warmth.

She'd write in her apartment. Or maybe a house? My heart leaps to my throat, forming a lump as I open up a new tab and type down her name. Each letter a heartbreak.

T-h-a-l-i-a A—

I don't even get to finish before Google finishes the search for me. Because of course, she's the only Thalia worth Googling. My chest squeezes into a jealous fist. How many have done this search before me? I've done it so many times, but until now, I have only ever been able to find a ghost. Hits that were years old—a few blurry Facebook photos of her from college, from high school. Nothing from our master's course, certainly. After what happened in our year, Oxford had extended its powerful hand and crushed everything, scrubbed every last bit of news until all that remained were the ramblings of a couple of local tabloids. Nothing that anyone of consequence would pay attention to.

But now, oh my god. So many hits. A Goodreads page. An Amazon page. And a website. How is this possible? How have so many hits sprouted up without my

knowledge? In the early days, I used to do a search for her name obsessively. She used to blog. I'd read and reread her posts in my room, devouring every word, marveling at the elegance of her writing. Then that final formal had happened, and Thalia disappeared. I often wondered if Oxford had been responsible for scrubbing her off the Internet too. And, years later, I've moved on, sort of. My search became more sporadic.

And now here she is.

The tip of my tongue edges out, moistening my lips ever so slightly. I press down on the inside of my wrist, noting my heart rate. Slightly elevated. The way it gets whenever there's anything Thalia-related. I swallow and move the cracked mouse so the cursor hovers over her website. I watch as the arrow turns into a pointing hand.

Our time at Oxford flashes before me: the heavy, damp English air; the wet cobblestones; the books—*oh god, all the books*—the feverish writing; the heady wine and sweet cider; and the blood. By now, I'm breathing heavily, the way I always do when my mind wanders over to that blood-soaked night. I lick my lips again before biting down hard enough to taste a metallic tang, as though my body can't wait to go back to that night, the night that should've bound me to Thalia. The night I lost her.

But here she is, after all these years. And this time, I'm going to do things right. I'm not losing her again.

I grip the mouse tight, until it squeaks in near death, and I click Enter.

3

NINE YEARS AGO
OXFORD, ENGLAND

The sky in England is different from the sky in California. It's the first thing I notice when I walk out of Heathrow. It seems lower somehow, and even though it's a beautiful English summer day with wispy white clouds frosting the deep blue sky, it feels slightly oppressive. Or maybe it's just my mood. I'm nervous, and when I'm nervous, I get cranky, which is bad. Really bad. Because I can't control my anger like the normals do.

Mom has never bothered taking me to see anyone, because she insisted nothing was wrong with me. She'd say things like, "Why do white people come up with so many mental health issues? All of a sudden, everybody has mental health issues. It's all made up so they can medicate us and take our money." I think she just didn't give a shit, but tomatoyto, tomatoyto. It doesn't matter, anyway. Early on in my teens, I researched my condition and diagnosed myself with the help of Dr. Google.

Pretty sure I'm a sociopath. I'm not ashamed of it; in fact it's something I quite like, and I carry the thought in the recesses of my mind like a lucky charm, returning to it the way one might stroke a rabbit-foot once in a while. Caressing it mentally. My own little touchstone. Sociopath. As long as I can identify it, I can deal with it.

Sociopathy.

Antisocial Personality Disorder.

Behaviors: antisocial (check), deceitful (check), hostile (check), irresponsible (okay, check), manipulative (I suppose, though I'm not as good at it as I'd like to be), aggressive (yeah).

The thing that most people don't know about sociopaths is that we do actually get lonely. At least this one does. It's hard to explain. I don't like people—I don't know how to be interested in them the way everyone else seems to be. But god, I wish they'd like me. Not much luck in that aspect though.

But England will be different. It's the whole reason I chose to do my master's here instead of California. California is basically the worst place in the world for antisocials. It's too loud, too sunny, too fucking friendly. Everyone gets revved up on kale smoothies and cocaine so I can't even get a tub of hummus without the Trader Joe's checkout lady grinning at me and calling me honey and asking me how I'm doing and what are my plans for the weekend? Californians just can't help themselves. If I stayed there any longer I was bound to kill someone.

Just kidding. Sort of.

So I researched the world's rudest, unfriendliest places. Top two are apparently Russia and France, which I dismissed because I don't speak French or Russian. And then there it was. Number 3: United Kingdom. What do I know about England?

1. Surly people (Yay, means I should fit in perfectly. Maybe they won't notice that I'm a sociopath?)
2. Gloomy weather (If even the English find me too surly for them, I could blame it on the weather!)
3. Terrible food (. . . or I could blame it on the food.)
4. Brilliant writers

The last bit has been the deal clincher for me. I've always wanted to write for a living. When I was little and magazines were still a thing, I'd daydreamed about writing for them. It seemed very glamorous at the time. I'd pictured myself in New York City, a place teeming with people just as vicious and cruel and empty as myself. Not a single person is allowed to be bubbly in New York City; I was sure of it. I'd wear sky-high heels and lipstick the color of a gaping wound and stride around with a cigarette hanging from my lips, getting paid to talk to people, manipulate them into giving up information, and then write down my observations in the most wickedly delicious way.

But then the Internet swallowed up the magazine industry whole and I just couldn't bring myself to write for online news sites. All those bright colors and dementedly cheerful headlines:

TEN LOL-WORTHY PUPPIES!

SEVEN SMOOTHIES WORTH BUYING A BLENDER FOR!

FIVE WAYS TO TELL WHETHER YOU'RE A SOCIOPATH!

To be fair, I actually found the last one useful.

The thought of my impossible New York dream rankles me, even now, so many years after its death. I give myself a little shake. Whatever, forget New York. I'm in England, for god's sake. I locate the bus headed to Oxford and pay the driver.

"Which stop?" he says.

"Um." It takes a moment to recall the name that had been included in the welcome e-mail. "Glow-chester?"

"Nope, sorry, don't know that."

I frown at him and peer at the sign above the bus, which clearly says "OXFORD."
"This is going to Oxford, right?"

"Yep," he says, and turns away from me.

Jesus. I'd been warned that people here would be unfriendly, but this guy is on a whole other level. A familiar tendril caresses the depth of my guts. Oh no, please. Don't lose your temper here. Do not. I take a deep breath and snap the rubber band at my wrist. The rubber band is one of the things that my extensive research had suggested as a method to control my sociopathic rage. A literal way to "snap" myself

out of the spiral that would otherwise grab me like a riptide and fling me into dark oblivion, leaving nothing but broken detritus in my wake.

It works, most of the time. My stomach settles and I step aside to open up the welcome e-mail on my phone. I was right; it says right here: Gloucester Green.

I wait until the elderly man boards the bus before approaching the driver again. “Hi, it says here my stop is Glow-chester—”

“Nope,” he says, beckoning at the next passenger to come up.

The slick caress again. My cheeks grow warm. Oh no, I’m going to lose it right here, less than an hour after arriving in a foreign country where I’m supposed to make my fresh start.

“But it says right here—”

“I think she means Gloucester Green,” a female voice says from behind me, pronouncing it Gloss-ter, “and I think you knew all along what she meant.”

I turn around and that’s when I see her. The most beautiful girl I have ever laid eyes on outside of Instagram. My mouth parts, and all of the bubbling anger that had been ready to erupt just moments ago dissipates. She looks like she might have mixed ancestry, too, though unlike the uneasy way that the different lineages have converged on my face, Thalia’s features are a work of art. She looks like a literal angel. Gold hair that looks like threads of pulled sunlight, huge, huge eyes—distracting, so distracting. But it’s not the face that arrests me; it’s the kindness in it. Like she’s the long-lost best friend you didn’t know you had and she knows every gross secret about you and doesn’t judge you for it. She makes me want to make a motherfucking friendship bracelet for her and buy one of those obnoxious heart necklaces that say “best friends” when you put them together.

She quirks one corner of her mouth up at the bus driver in what I can only describe as an empathetic smirk. “Come on, luv, let’s stop messing about, okay?”

She sounds very clearly American, but somehow she carries off “luv” with so much flair that the bus driver is obligated to give a grin in return.

He winks at me and says, “Ah, just messing with ya. Off you go, then. Two for Gloucester Green, is it?”

“Yep,” the girl says, and cocks her head at me. “Let’s go, before this cheeky bugger decides to fuck with us again.” She winks at him as she says this before hopping onto the bus.

The driver roars with laughter, and I clamber up after her. Already my mind is going at breakneck speed, analyzing every microsecond of the encounter. It’s what I do most times I have an awkward encounter with people.

Was that a normal interaction? Did I react in a socially acceptable manner? How would a normal person behave? How would a bad-tempered normal person behave? What might I have done differently to pass under the radar next time?

As though reading my mind, the girl turns her head and gives me a rueful smile. “You okay? He was an asshole, wasn’t he? I bet he thought he was being real cute too.”

My mouth drops open but nothing comes out. It’s not that my mind’s empty; on the contrary, there are way too many thoughts zipping around in it. Chief among

them: *What should I say?* I'd nearly blown my cover of normalcy just moments ago, and as much as I hate to admit it, I'm rattled. I've burnt so many bridges back in Cali. People I thought were my friends ghosted me. I can't let that happen here, not at my laundry-fresh start.

I've stayed silent far too long. I know it. The atmosphere thickens the way it always does when I know I'm not Being Normal. I stare helplessly at the girl, feeling that old heat travel up my chest and into my cheeks. I wish she'd end my suffering and leave me alone already.

Instead, she slides into a seat, scooting over so she takes the window seat, and then cocks her head at me. "Come on, the bus will get full soon and I don't really wanna sit with some random stranger."

"I'm a random stranger," I blurt out.

God damn it.

Sociopathic tendency #57: Lacks filters.

She laughs, and it's the best laugh in the world. Very different from the manic, need-for-attention-driven shriek-giggles I got used to in California. It's low and husky, a laugh so soft I know it's meant for my ears alone.

"True, but I just saved you from that asshole out there, so I think you owe me one," she says.

I swallow, gripping my bag with sweaty palms, and slide in before I can talk myself out of it. This close to her, I can smell her scent. Lavender and the musky, tired smell of travel. It's a surprisingly pleasant combination, one that relaxes me. If I were a cat, this is where I'd retract my claws.

"I'm Thalia," she says.

Thalia. What a beautiful name. Different. Unexpected, with a hint of foreign flavor. Again, I find myself wondering about her lineage.

As though reading my mind, she adds, "It's Greek. Half my ancestors came from there; the other half came from Italy. Of course, this was, like, five generations ago, so don't ask me anything about either place, aside from the food." She grins sheepishly and my mind goes blank. Like her, I know nothing about my ancestral heritage. I don't even speak Chinese. A similarity, a bond fusing us to each other.

No. This is not how normal people think. We've just met. There is no bond. I focus instead on her name.

It suits her perfectly, and I realize she must have parents who love her and know her the way I wish my mother knew me. Parents who cared enough to find the perfect name for their little girl. Parents that are very much unlike mine.

"I'm Jane."

"I love that name."

I roll my eyes and instantly regret it. Why am I so thorny?

But Thalia smiles, seemingly unperturbed by my bitchiness. "No, really. You know *Jane the Virgin*? I love that show. Ever since season one, I've loved the name Jane."

"Never saw it." A small lie. My mom watched it religiously with my aunt, and I'd sometimes catch snippets of it. It enraged me—the saccharine-sweet, fairy tale—perfect relationship between Jane, her mother, and her grandmother. And the fact