

BITCH IN SUBURBIA

PROLOGUE

You know what you did.

I jam on the accelerator hard enough to feel the floor of my beat up wood-paneled station wagon right through the pedal – as if my foot can stamp out the noise in my head. But no matter how I try to obliterate the continuous loop of those five little words, I can't make it stop.

Here's the thing: I didn't do anything to her. Not intentionally at least.

Haven't you noticed that nobody's talking to you?

If that wasn't a rhetorical question, my answer would have been *no*. Some chart their course for the top of the social strata, but not me. I like to fly under the radar, so I tend to miss the chatter because I'm not tuned to those frequencies. But now I realize that people are talking, and oddly enough, it's about me. I don't know if I should be flattered or freaked out.

You know what you did. Nobody's talking to you.

I tried to fit in – truly, I gave it my all for the sake of my husband and son. I actually thought I was doing a pretty damn good job, too. But it's clear that I'm no more equipped to take on the mean girls who rule the school as an adult than when I was a kid. Back then as long as I kept my head down and avoided certain tables in the cafeteria and corridors in between classes, I managed to get by relatively undetected... and unscathed. Two decades later, and so much more is on the line. My son is in Kindergarten, and it's time for him to grow up. For us both, actually, to grow up. Who knew that his entry into elementary school would send me careening back to the starting line in the game of life?

I give the gas another nudge, and as the car surges ahead, I open the window and let the wind smack me in the face. I am going so fast that I realize I might kill someone – maybe even myself. I want to slow down, be responsible, and get a grip. But something inside of me says, *don't stop*.

As the speedometer hits 90 miles per hour, I have to wonder; *Are there cliques in Heaven, and if so, will I do any better there than here?*