

inside
the
mind of
gideon
rayburn

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who am i?

Like most girls, I want a lot. Fame and fortune. Equal rights. Shoes no one else has. But I'd trade all that in for the Perfect Guy. (Don't tell me there's something wrong with that. I don't know of a single person who doesn't spend most of her time thinking about love.) Anyway, ever since I could think, I have been imagining and reimagining the exact sort of boy I want to love and who would love me back. Basically, I imagine someone who has all the good attributes of the male species and whose bad ones wouldn't ruin my life.

I never thought it would be a guy like Gideon Rayburn. He's not gorgeous, not overwhelmingly brilliant, not all that great at sports. Jesus. Why am I bothering to explain to you why he isn't stereotypically crushworthy? Trust me, you'll see for yourself soon enough.

The point is, he's so not the kind of guy I ever thought I would fall for. But then again, how would I have guessed that I'd be seeing what goes on inside his head? That my eyes and thoughts would go with him everywhere? When you know someone like Gideon this

well, it's kind of impossible not to fall in love with him. And when I say I know him well, understand: As I tell you his story, as it happens, I not only know what he's doing, I know what he wishes he were doing, what he thinks he should be doing, and what he would wish he were doing if he were just a slightly better person. (Don't get me wrong. Gideon's amazing. But he's a boy. He's fifteen. And he's a typical American kid from the suburbs. My point: He's got a lot working for and against him.)

By the way, Gideon has no idea I'm inside his head. Guys are cute, but they're not very observant.

My feelings, though perhaps passionate for someone of my age and experience, are pretty normal. But my situation—that is unique, and that's what puts me in a position to tell you everything. I mean it. Everything you've ever wondered about what guys think (and feared about what they want), I'm going to tell you. You are going to learn what boys say when girls are not in the room and how they feel when they're on top of one. I will, for now, leave out one very crucial thing: who I am. I'm in this story too, and not just inside Gid's head. But there are a lot of girls—and women—in this story. Which one am I?

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