

PROLOGUE

Today, May 30

Georgie, my brindled goofball of a canine, hated the river. Despite my cajoling, he'd dig in his paws and pull against his leash. Treats or no treats, he wouldn't go into the water. I probably should've followed his example. Because the river deceived me. It's there where my story begins or ends, depending on your point of view, and sets the stage for my unexpected, otherworldly reunion with Ginny—a special woman I fell for a year ago.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Let me introduce myself. My name is TC, short and sweet, an abbreviation for Tyrus Cal. Why my parents foisted this ugly name on me, their then-scrawny firstborn, is beyond me. Something about famous baseballers, my dad's heroes...but come on. No one names a kid Tyrus Cal these days.

Whatever. I can't worry about my name now. Other concerns

press on my mind. I don't know where I am or why I'm going. All I know is that I'm headed for Ginny's, torn about seeing her again. But I'm told she needs me. This is a shot at a do-over. Today is the day to set things right.