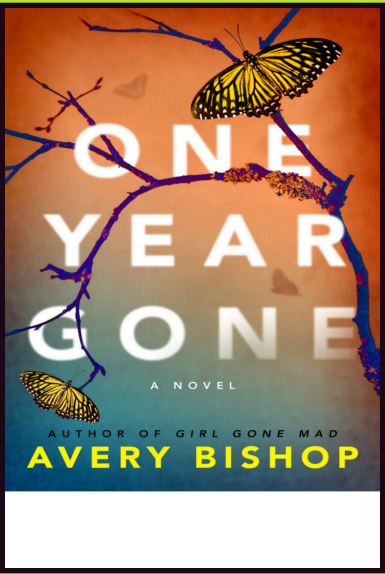
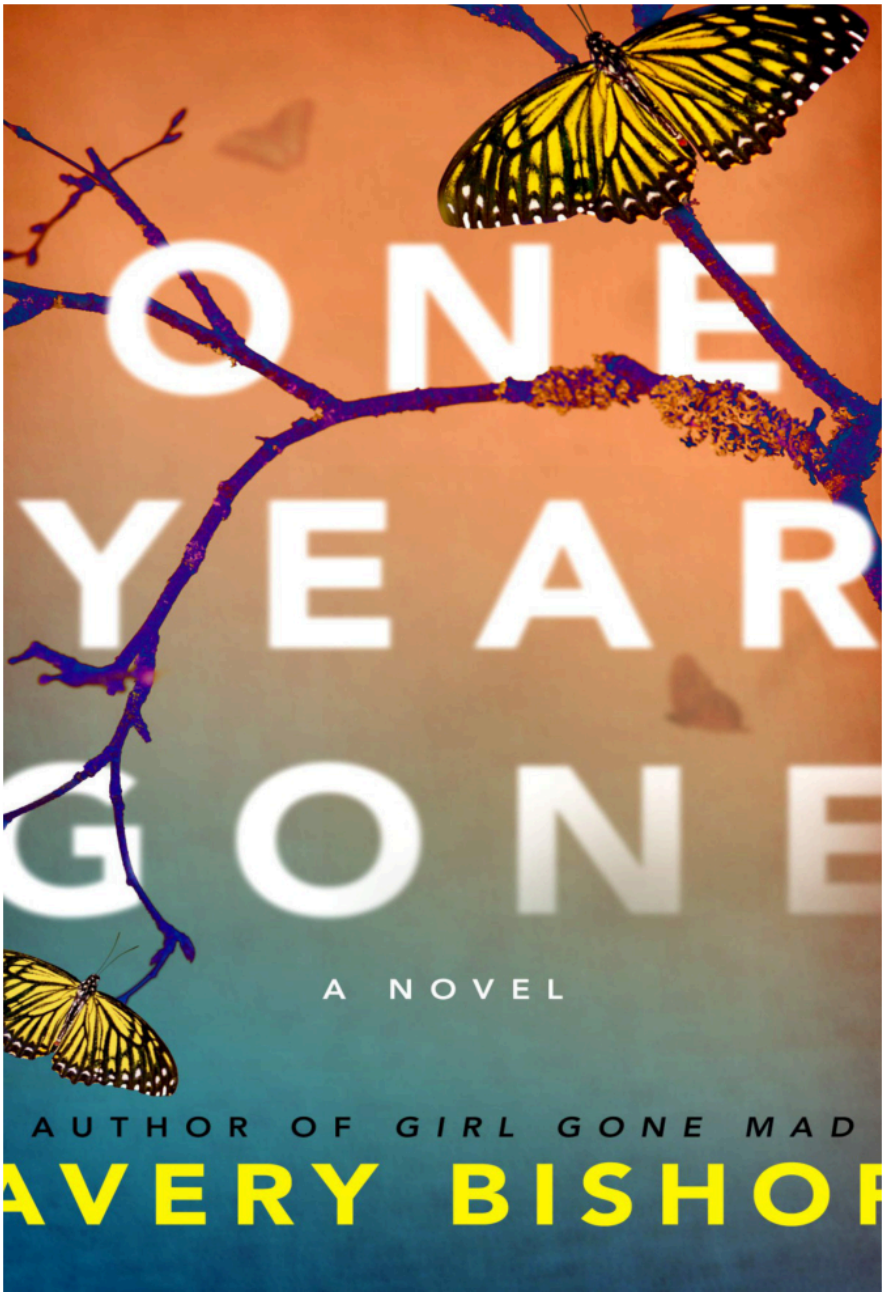
Bishop)



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ONE
YEAR
GONE
A NOVEL
AUTHOR OF GIRL GONE MAD
AVERY BISHOP

ONE YEAR GONE

Also by Avery Bishop

Girl Gone Mad

ONE YEAR GONE

A NOVEL

AVERY BISHOP

LAKE UNION
PUBLISHING

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For the missing

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PILOGUE
CKNOWLEDGMENTS
BOUT THE AUTHOR

But she didn't know
Didn't know the truth
And now she's gone
Gone forever

—Bronwyn Hayden,
"Her Dark Secret"

PROLOGUE

obody just disappears.

Not like in movies. Or on TV. Or in books.

People can't just one day up and vanish. Life isn't an elaborate mag ck. There is no magician standing in the wings whose fingertips are werful they can make a person disappear with one simple snap.

Of course, there were times when you were younger—barely sixteen hen you wondered if that were true. If there was in fact some mysterio usionist who had one day decided to make your father disappear in in air.

But you knew those thoughts were silly. Foolish. Naive.

Your father was never around much in your life, even when he w ere. He worked fifty hours a week. Oftentimes went to the bar at night ink. When he was home, he spent time in his ratty recliner, the footr anked up and aimed at the television, a can of beer sweating on the wo aster protecting the cheap side table your mother found at the Salvati my.

Your mother, who was the sweetest woman in the world. The one w ways had a smile for you. Who was always there when you were feeli k. Who always took care of you when nobody else could.

Your mother who, when you turned sixteen, learned she had cancer.

Stage 4 Hodgkin's lymphoma, the doctors said. It had come out where. And it had come fast, and it had come strong, and while yo other was encouraged to start treatment, you could hear the truth in t ctors' voices that there wasn't much time left.

That was when your father decided to show his true colors.

He packed a single suitcase and walked out the front door and nev me back.

You didn't even have the heart to tell your mother at first, not ur daily visits to the hospital in the cramped room with all the medic uipment and the wires and the dry-erase board with the shift nurs me scrawled in black, erasable marker.

Your mother didn't ask where your father was. Didn't even ask if anned to make an appearance. Somehow she just knew.