

Grace was the one who had started them on this dangerous roller coaster. (p. 3)

In his wake fluttered a blizzard of shredded paper . . . (p. 13)

Her dread chilled her from within, as if her spine had been infused with liquid nitrogen. (p. 34)

Her uneasy thoughts popped like a soap bubble . . . (p. 41)

The autobahn wound through the Austrian Alps like a ribbon twisting among the feet of giants. (p. 58)

The nightmares closed in on Amy like circling sharks . . . (p. 73)

It was as if a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle had miraculously assembled itself . . . (p. 103)

And a three-in-four chance that we're toast. (p. 112)