

For me there was no such thing as a quick getaway, but we made our way down the stairs, Augustus holding my cart, and then started to walk back toward the Filosoof on a bumpy sidewalk of interwoven rectangular bricks. For the first time since the swing set, I started crying.

"Hey," he said, touching my waist. "Hey. It's okay." I nodded and wiped my face with the back of my hand. "He sucks." I nodded again. "I'll write you an epilogue," Gus said. That made me cry harder. "I will," he said. "I will. Better than any shit that drunk could write. His brain is Swiss cheese. He doesn't even remember writing the book. I can write ten times the story that guy can. There will be blood and guts and sacrifice. *An Imperial Affliction* meets *The Price of Dawn*. You'll love it." I kept nodding, faking a smile, and then he hugged me, his strong arms pulling me into his muscular chest, and I sogged up his polo shirt a little but then recovered enough to speak.

"I spent your Wish on that doucheface," I said into his chest.

"Hazel Grace. No. I will grant you that you did spend my one and only Wish, but you did not spend it on him. You spent it on us."

Behind us, I heard the *plonk plonk* of high heels running.

I turned around. It was Lidewij, her eyeliner running down her cheeks, duly horrified, chasing us up the sidewalk. "Perhaps we should go to the Anne Frank Huis," Lidewij said. "I'm not going anywhere with that monster," Augustus said.

"He is not invited," Lidewij said.

Augustus kept holding me, protective, his hand on the side of my face. "I don't think –" he started, but I cut him off.

"We should go." I still wanted answers from Van Houten. But it wasn't all I wanted. I only had two days left in Amsterdam with Augustus Waters. I wouldn't let a sad old man ruin them.

John Green,
The Fault in Our Stars,
Penguin Books, England, 2013, p. 195-196