

Chapter 1 : A Girl Named Digit (Audiobook) by Annabel Monaghan | blog.quintoapp.com

"This novel is so much fun to read that readers will buy it all, thanks to Farrah's smart, witty voice and the gentle romance between John and Farrah." Kirkus Farrah "Digit" Higgins may be going to MIT in the fall, but this L.A. high school genius has left her geek self behind in another school [].

Soon she is personally investigating the case, on the run from terrorists, and faking her own kidnapping-- all while trying to convince a young, hot FBI agent to take her seriously. So much for blending in. After years of training in television and film, she had mastered how to apply exactly the right amount so that she would appear flawless to the camera, while not looking garish in person. Smoky gray eye shadow framed her lids, and the lightest application of mascara--waterproof for the somber occasion--darkened her lashes. To the untrained eye, she looked as if she could have woken up like this, at once tragic and gorgeous. What surprised me more was her outfit, which had taken some serious thought. Our house is painted French blue, with a darkly stained brown door, surrounded by hot pink bougainvillea that creeps down the walls like ivy. She stood perfectly framed in the doorway in a turquoise T-shirt with the thinnest stripe of the same exact hot pink. Her white linen pants looked crisp against the backdrop and picked up the trim around the door. And the fact that she was sobbing. One guy from CBS yelled out above the others, "Mrs. Higgins, when did you notice she was gone? The hungry reporters realized that, besides the dramatic clip for the evening news promo, they were getting nowhere with her. They turned to my dad, who looked a little disheveled in his normal college professor way, no different at eight a. Always direct, he spoke right into the camera. We called the police at 6: Has she ever been in trouble before? Are any of her friends involved? The police and her mother and I are treating this like what it is--a kidnapping. My daughter has never been in any danger before this. The past twenty-four hours had been a blur of constantly changing lies, all strung loosely together. I watched this whole scene from a warehouse in downtown Los Angeles on a six-inch TV with an actual antenna. He caught the tail end of the segment and watched with me as my mom opened the front door for a second time to offer a despondent wave to the cameras. He plopped down in the other chair and smiled. And, okay, maybe this is a little bit fun. And, yeah, maybe my captor, FBI rookie John Bennett, is a little cute in a way-too-old and probably-too-serious kind of way. As much as I wish I were kidding, that really is my name. I could have been named for Kate Jackson or even Jaclyn Smith. Trust me, I remember to thank them all the time. We live in L. But the environment here is teeming with inspiration and genius. Either way, people are creating something out of nothing, pulling ideas out of the sky. I love it here. And second, I do some of my best reading in gridlock. I have a secret fascination slash obsession with bumper stickers. I started collecting bumper stickers when I was ten and had my entire bedroom door covered with them by eleven. My four bedroom walls are now completely covered, each sticker carefully X-Actoed around the window frames and electrical outlets. I am constantly covering old stickers with new ones, placing more positive messages over ones that spoke to my preteen angst. I have a sixteen-year-old brother named Danny and married parents. My dad is head of the math department at UCLA. Yes, that is where all the pocket protectors go to meet other pocket protectors. He says my gift can wait, but that I only get one chance to be a kid. Oh, right, so my gift. If you can call it that. I can take thousands of pieces of data and arrange them in a logical pattern, or I can take seemingly random data and identify the pattern within it. Like when I was eleven months old I could put together a piece puzzle, 1, pieces by the time I was two. By the time I was nine, I was able to see order in a group of 2, numbers. My dad would give me temperature statistics, and I would be able to compare them to humidity predictions and tell him whether it was going to rain. The only point is that my mind does this automatically. It was pretty cool until it made me a freak. In sixth grade I started middle school in a building where the classrooms had the kind of s ceilings that had those big acoustic square tiles with tons of tiny holes in them. But the rows were uneven, and I was desperate to find order. The first row had 16 holes, then 15, then 16, then 15, then--oh! Anyway, it was obvious that I was wacked, and it was broadcast to everyone in my class when my teacher suggested that I wear a visor to keep me from looking up during class. I tried it and my grades skyrocketed, my social status. My gift quickly earned me the nickname Digit, which caught on and stuck. By the middle of sixth grade, my

elementary school friends were suddenly busy on the weekends, already sitting at a full table at lunch, and generally distant. Where Farrah had been popular in fifth grade for breezing through math assignments with extra time to help out her friends, Digit was a show-off with an obsessive-compulsive disorder. I managed to make a few friends in my accelerated classes, but not the sort of friends who got invited to parties or even had the confidence to show up at school dances. I was going to start high school with a totally clean slate. The school district was excited to get me for the effect it would have on the state testing scores and, hence, the holy grail: If I could keep the schools looking smart, people would keep paying crazy prices for houses in Santa Monica. So a few weeks before the start of my freshman year, the administration was clamoring to meet me. My parents headed the whole thing off at the pass by meeting with the principal and various division heads to ask them to be low-key about my abilities. She will outperform on your state tests, they said, but tell no one and try to treat her like a regular kid in class. All of the faculty agreed to the lie: I was never to have a test handed back to me in public, and my performance on school and state exams would never be highlighted or celebrated. No one would ever have to know. I also started seeing a hypnotherapist who helped me learn to manage my mind. A tree with a missing branch or a tulip with a few missing petals still seems to be in perfect balance. Usually, if a tree is lopsided to the right, the tree on its left will make up the symmetry. By the end of the summer, I got pretty good at controlling myself, but I have to admit it was a lot of work. I managed to learn to deal with uneven acoustic tiles, but I could occasionally become completely unhinged if someone sat down in front of me in a randomly patterned paisley shirt. She insisted I spend the summer growing out my hair and then took me to her salon before Labor Day for a few highlights. You sit down right here and let Cheryl change your life. Mom spent three days scouring the mall for better jeans, cooler tops, and higher heels. The shoes killed my feet, so I always went back to the cowboy boots our housekeeper had left me before eloping to Costa Rica. Her name was Milagros, "miracles" in Spanish, and she had always seemed a bit magical to me. I loved to watch her stomp around our house, vacuuming and dusting in her huge denim dress and cowboy boots. And on her last day of work, she gave the boots to me with a secret smile. I tried them on once a week for three years until they finally fit. I settled into a comfortable rotation of four pairs of jeans and the exact same T-shirt in six colors, and my mom eventually gave up. I just want you to learn to express yourself. Maybe some of us are better off blending in. It was right next to the one with a cat desperately clinging to a tree branch: My mom is that person, and I imagine she was in high school too. My goal for ninth grade was to ditch Digit and find a new identity. Sporty Girl was a genetic impossibility, and Slutty Girl? I resolved to blend in, to be a blank slate reflecting the personalities around me without projecting any defining characteristics of my own. I never say anything that would be classified as too smart or too stupid. I never initiate a conversation but respond in a group with "Cool" or "Me too. Also try not to use "whomever," even if it is correct to use it as a pronoun modifying the object of the verb. It qualifies as Digit-speak. And I found myself well liked for the first time since elementary school. Not exactly happy, but well liked still. They are, in order of supreme coolness: Veronica varsity tennis, daughter of Hollywood studio owner, legs that go up to my chin , Kat varsity tennis, famous for shameless drinking and dancing , Olive varsity tennis, signed up for the Biology Club in tenth grade by accident because she thought it was sex ed , Tish varsity tennis, owns exactly twenty-six pairs of black Manolos. They seemed so happy in a deep way, like no one could get to them or take away the confidence that they got from one another. They were surprised to learn that their favorite band was also my favorite band and that I, too, dreamed of someday living on the beach in Santa Barbara.

Chapter 2 : Viaje a mil mundos ~: A Girl Named 'Digit'

Annabel Monaghan is the author of A Girl Named Digit and the coauthor of Click! A Girl's Guide to Getting What She Wants. She lives with her family in Rye, New York.

Farrah Higgins took painstaking means to live a normal existence at school. She wanted to blend in and not to be treated like a freak show who knew the Fibonacci code better. Seventeen year old Math wiz solved a terrorist code while watching a teen soap opera. She wanted to blend in and not to be treated like a freak show who knew the Fibonacci code better than most of her teachers. She dumbed herself down and made herself into a drone that followed everything the popular kids do at school. Things are looking up, er, normal. Then, the unfathomable happened at almost the same time when she broke the code: There are a lot more things that happened after that; best of all is the introduction of young FBI agent in the person of John Bennet. They also found themselves on the run from an extreme eco terrorist group and uncovering a traitor in the bureau. This book was all kinds of win. Starring a quirky teen whose freaky Math skills can be attributed to her OC tendencies, and the equally freaky nerdy Princeton graduate FBI agent. Digit will have you in fits of giggles and holding on in utter suspense. The writer has to actually prove that yes, she is indeed a freak of nature. I think that Monaghan was pretty successful in that she introduced simple Math theorems simple according to the people who are carrying card members of Mensa, anyway and expanded on them. Admittedly, this was the initial draw for me. I was interested in how the author will present all the ways that Digit is a genius. I also love the sweet romantic involvement between characters. John Bennett is a twenty three year-old ambitious man who fast tracked himself into getting a two and a half-year college education. Because their intelligence is off the charts, their social lives are stunted. In so little words, she spun a believable plot and well evolved characters. She even managed to give the antagonists some layers by showing us why they were the way they were. This book is packing heat and surprising since it clocked at only pages! Fun, fresh, ingenuous; A Girl Named Digit is a lovely bundle of smart but idiosyncratic characters, good but light suspense with an aww-inducing romance to boot. Definitely, one of my faves this year.

Chapter 3 : Interview With Annabel Monaghan, Author of New YA novel, 'A Girl Named Digit' | HuffPost

Annabel Monaghan's A Girl Named Digit was a fun, cute novel made of pure win! It's a perfect romantic comedy with laughs and adorable characters, but also balanced with tons of excitement and times of seriousness too.

It was a Saturday morning. My Kindle and I crept downstairs in the dim morning light and hid under a blanket on the far end of the couch in the sunroom, pretending that we were still asleep. And that was good news, because before reading her novel, I was already hooked on Annabel Monaghan. She was there to workshop a project called Digit, and since her novel was completed and the rest of ours were not, we read her manuscript first. In person, Annabel is funny and self-deprecating and humble and smart. Which, in a way, it is. By week two, we had our own little inside jokes. As I sank into my couch, I desperately hoped that her book would live up to the real her. We were told to read the first 50 pages for class. I got to 51 and never stopped. Soon she is personally investigating the case, on the run from terrorists, and faking her own kidnapping -- all while trying to convince a young, hot FBI agent to take her seriously. So much for blending in. Book bloggers love it. Recently, she and I sat down at our computers and emailed an interview to each other. Here is the resulting conversation: I just spent all week at our school attaching bobby pins to Indian headbands. Skip over hair color, colonoscopy, root canal, and husbands to parts where we discuss new novel. I know that the idea for A Girl Named Digit came from a conversation you had with your former babysitter, Gretel Dennis, to whom the book is dedicated. We were talking about a recent New York City kidnapping and Gretel said, "What if the girl is faking it? What sort of person might need to be taken? The idea for the sequel came from a very small thought: I think we need to take it up a notch. I know you have a previous book Click!: I am very, very excited but also much calmer than last time. With A Girl Named Digit, lots of reviewers and bloggers have already read it, so it takes a little bit of the tension out of it for me. Which is actually how I met my husband. The hardest thing is just sitting down to type. But if I can force myself to sit down, it only takes a few minutes to get swept right back into a story. In that sense, writing is kind of a magical process. From other interviews, I know that you collect bumper stickers, although not to the extent that Digit does. Also, Digit picks one outfit and sticks with it, and you have said that you, too, like a uniform of sorts. But tell me something else. But we are alike in some small ways. When I was in high school my friends were the coolest girls in town they still are, all athletes and about a foot taller than I am. I fit in, but not really. At parties I had a tendency to sneak away and talk with the parents for a while. Now is your time! Who is your favorite non-main character in the novel and why? I like him, too. But I think my favorite non-main character is Olive. OK, so how much of the math that you used in Digit did you already know and how much did you look up? If you researched any, what sources did you use? Like anything else, math is really easy when you already have the answer. Nearly all of the math and coding processes in the book I found either on the Internet or at the library. It was actually pretty fun. Especially while your parents are paying your bills! Write anything you can think of, just to capture this exciting and brief time in your life. My advice for adults is to mine their vast experience for material. But there is so much drama in a family or an office or a parking lot, you have plenty to work with. Lastly, what advice would you give to Digit as she prepares to go off to college that either someone told you or that you wish someone had told you? The obvious things which, ahem, no one told me: Schedule all your classes for much later than you think entirely necessary. Lay off the mac and cheese. Dive all the way in. Still having trouble following rule 2. Coffee at Le Pain Quotidien at 9: I have a funny story for you.

Chapter 4 : A Girl Named Digit - Annabel Monaghan

Annabel Monaghan writes for blog.quintoapp.com, The Huffington Post and The Rye Record. Her first book for adults, Does This Volvo Make My Butt Look Big? is a collection of humorous essays for moms (Fischer Press).

After years of training in television and film, she had mastered how to apply exactly the right amount so that she would appear flawless to the camera, while not looking garish in person. Smoky gray eye shadow framed her lids, and the lightest application of mascara--waterproof for the somber occasion--darkened her lashes. To the untrained eye, she looked as if she could have woken up like this, at once tragic and gorgeous. What surprised me more was her outfit, which had taken some serious thought. Our house is painted French blue, with a darkly stained brown door, surrounded by hot pink bougainvillea that creeps down the walls like ivy. She stood perfectly framed in the doorway in a turquoise T-shirt with the thinnest stripe of the same exact hot pink. Her white linen pants looked crisp against the backdrop and picked up the trim around the door. And the fact that she was sobbing. One guy from CBS yelled out above the others, "Mrs. Higgins, when did you notice she was gone? The hungry reporters realized that, besides the dramatic clip for the evening news promo, they were getting nowhere with her. They turned to my dad, who looked a little disheveled in his normal college professor way, no different at eight a. Always direct, he spoke right into the camera. We called the police at 6: Has she ever been in trouble before? Are any of her friends involved? The police and her mother and I are treating this like what it is--a kidnapping. My daughter has never been in any danger before this. The past twenty-four hours had been a blur of constantly changing lies, all strung loosely together. I watched this whole scene from a warehouse in downtown Los Angeles on a six-inch TV with an actual antenna. He caught the tail end of the segment and watched with me as my mom opened the front door for a second time to offer a despondent wave to the cameras. He plopped down in the other chair and smiled. And, okay, maybe this is a little bit fun. And, yeah, maybe my captor, FBI rookie John Bennett, is a little cute in a way-too-old and probably-too-serious kind of way. As much as I wish I were kidding, that really is my name. I could have been named for Kate Jackson or even Jaclyn Smith. Trust me, I remember to thank them all the time. We live in L. But the environment here is teeming with inspiration and genius. Either way, people are creating something out of nothing, pulling ideas out of the sky. I love it here. And second, I do some of my best reading in gridlock. I have a secret fascination slash obsession with bumper stickers. I started collecting bumper stickers when I was ten and had my entire bedroom door covered with them by eleven. My four bedroom walls are now completely covered, each sticker carefully X-Actoed around the window frames and electrical outlets. I am constantly covering old stickers with new ones, placing more positive messages over ones that spoke to my preteen angst. I have a sixteen-year-old brother named Danny and married parents. My dad is head of the math department at UCLA. Yes, that is where all the pocket protectors go to meet other pocket protectors. He says my gift can wait, but that I only get one chance to be a kid. Oh, right, so my gift. If you can call it that. I can take thousands of pieces of data and arrange them in a logical pattern, or I can take seemingly random data and identify the pattern within it. Like when I was eleven months old I could put together a piece puzzle, 1, pieces by the time I was two. By the time I was nine, I was able to see order in a group of 2, numbers. My dad would give me temperature statistics, and I would be able to compare them to humidity predictions and tell him whether it was going to rain. The only point is that my mind does this automatically. It was pretty cool until it made me a freak. In sixth grade I started middle school in a building where the classrooms had the kind of ceilings that had those big acoustic square tiles with tons of tiny holes in them. But the rows were uneven, and I was desperate to find order. The first row had 16 holes, then 15, then 16, then 15, then--oh! Anyway, it was obvious that I was wacked, and it was broadcast to everyone in my class when my teacher suggested that I wear a visor to keep me from looking up during class. I tried it and my grades skyrocketed, my social status. My gift quickly earned me the nickname Digit, which caught on and stuck. By the middle of sixth grade, my elementary school friends were suddenly busy on the weekends, already sitting at a full table at lunch, and generally distant. Where Farrah had been popular in fifth grade for breezing through math assignments with extra time to help out her friends, Digit was Bibliografische Informationen.

Chapter 5 : Home - Annabel Monaghan

*Double Digit (A Girl Named Digit) [Annabel Monaghan] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. To say eighteen-year-old Farrah Higgins "or Digit" is good at math is a laughable understatement.*

For the past few years, Farrah has been pretending to be a perfectly normal high school girl, enjoying being one of As soon as I read the plot description for A Girl Named Digit, I knew I would enjoy reading the book, but what I did not expect was absolutely falling in love with it! For the past few years, Farrah has been pretending to be a perfectly normal high school girl, enjoying being one of the popular students for the first time in her life and the anonymity she feels blending into their group. But when Farrah notices some numbers flashing during the opening credits of a teen drama, her brain immediately slips into Digit mode, working out the number sequence. Unknowingly, she cracks the code of an ecoterrorist group and puts herself in danger. I found everything about her character just so endearing and the rapid way her thoughts fired through her head left me smiling as I read along. I also really liked how John was more than just a pretty face and someone Farrah could truly feel comfortable to be herself around. The parents actually had an active role in helping their children solve the case when Farrah and John were starting to get in over their heads. Sure, the novel may have had its predictable moments, but I simply did not care! Amalie Howard "I knew very little about John besides the exact outline of his jaw and the way it framed his mouth like rigid parentheses around a soft word that is too delicious to be spoken aloud. Farrah "Digit" Higgins is no ordinary teenage girl. But despite her ex "I knew very little about John besides the exact outline of his jaw and the way it framed his mouth like rigid parentheses around a soft word that is too delicious to be spoken aloud. But despite her extraordinary mathematical talents, all she wants is to be normal and blend in. With life on autopilot and auto-response "cool, me too! But everything changes when she discovers a mysterious code on television that is part of an eco-terrorist plot, and suddenly becomes a target. Sucked into a violent underworld of terrorism and on the run with no one but an attractive young FBI agent on her side, Digit must use her gift to save hundreds of innocent lives. Digit is an admirable but down-to-earth heroine, like the superhero next door or the best friend with the secret crime-fighting alter ego. The combination of teenage awkwardness and intellectual brilliance in this character just works. Your heart will soar at her first kiss, dive at her near death experiences, and tremble at the threat of discovery. Mauve top with that skirt - nuh uh! Working with secret agents - one named John Bennet in particular nope, not related to Lizzie - Digit has to set the score straight; crossing her fingers that she is the only genius in the equation. Everyone left me alone. I suspect they were a little afraid of me. Joy joyous reads Seventeen year old Math wiz solved a terrorist code while watching a teen soap opera. Farrah Higgins took painstaking means to live a normal existence at school. She wanted to blend in and not to be treated like a freak show who knew the Fibonacci code better Seventeen year old Math wiz solved a terrorist code while watching a teen soap opera. She wanted to blend in and not to be treated like a freak show who knew the Fibonacci code better than most of her teachers. She dumbed herself down and made herself into a drone that followed everything the popular kids do at school. Things are looking up, er, normal. Then, the unfathomable happened at almost the same time when she broke the code: There are a lot more things that happened after that; best of all is the introduction of young FBI agent in the person of John Bennet. They also found themselves on the run from an extreme eco terrorist group and uncovering a traitor in the bureau. This book was all kinds of win. Starring a quirky teen whose freaky Math skills can be attributed to her OC tendencies, and the equally freaky nerdy Princeton graduate FBI agent. Digit will have you in fits of giggles and holding on in utter suspense. The writer has to actually prove that yes, she is indeed a freak of nature. I think that Monaghan was pretty successful in that she introduced simple Math theorems simple according to the people who are carrying card members of Mensa, anyway and expanded on them. Admittedly, this was the initial draw for me. I was interested in how the author will present all the ways that Digit is a genius. I also love the sweet romantic involvement between characters. John Bennett is a twenty three year-old ambitious man who fast tracked himself into getting a two and a half-year college education. Because their intelligence is off the charts, their social lives are stunted. In so little words, she spun a believable plot and well evolved characters.

She even managed to give the antagonists some layers by showing us why they were the way they were. This book is packing heat and surprising since it clocked at only pages! Fun, fresh, ingenuous; A Girl Named Digit is a lovely bundle of smart but idiosyncratic characters, good but light suspense with an aww-inducing romance to boot. Definitely, one of my faves this year. Digit is a very adorable and really rather normal teenager. John is really more like a beta hero. He is very serious about his responsibilities and work. And we get a lot of glimpses of his actual self throughout the story. Also, I liked how he does act like a twenty-one year old guy around Digit and acts on his feelings for her without becoming brooding and trying to avoid her. They are both pretty straightforward characters. I do, however, think that the entire episode near the end when John gets a new job is rather insignificant. Also with this being a teen novel, I was more concerned with the teen than the mystery. Still, this proved to be a good book to unwind some pre-exam stress for me. What a funny read!! What initially attracted me to read the book was the cutesy cover and the interesting premise. She is so obsessed with Math that she cannot help but find patterns in numbers wherever she goes. One afternoon when watching a TV show along with her friends, she notices a group of numbers appear on the screen and vanish. For the next 3 weeks, she notices it other sets of numbers. Soon after that, a terrorist group bomb the JFK airport and Digit realizes that the numbers she came across on the TV are somehow connected to the bombing. Eventually, she decides to investigate the case herself, but when she finds her herself in the midst of danger, the FBI decide to fake her kidnapping and Digit finds herself with hot FBI hiding from the world. Farrah was a very likable character. She was not only smart and brainy, she also had a very bubbly personality. What I liked most about her was how observant she was and she was the kind of character who thought about the consequences before taking any kind of decision. Her inner monologue was so hilarious at times that I found myself laughing uncontrollably. John Bennett, the hot FBI agent who was responsible of taking care of Farrah during her fake kidnapping, had a flirtatious personality. Constantly teasing Digit, he was a pretty swoon-worthy guy. I thought he was very adorable! There was a romance between Farrah and John, but it took them some time to give in to their respective crushes because after all, Farrah was still a minor. Farrah and John understood each other because in a way they were in a very similar situation. There were numerous hilarious moments throughout the story, but while reading I kept thinking how unbelievable it all was. Nevertheless, I did find myself enjoying the book because it was what I expected and it was quite entertaining. At around pages, A Girl Named Digit was definitely a short read, but it was also a fun read perfect for reading during a summer day. With its pleasant characters and cute romance, A Girl Named Digit will delight you! Everything from crying in order to get what she wants unfortunately from experience, yes it really works to those lame yet kinda funny bumper sticks. Monaghan tries a little too hard to balance the serious and the camp, and the most serious, solemn scenes near the beginning ended up feeling really awkward. Awkward, and kind of silly too. Maybe crack a smile or two here or there. Daiane I am so disappointed with this The Library Lady A pox upon whichever Kirkus hipster wrote the favorable review of this dreck that persuaded me to buy it. I found the writing painfully fake from the beginning--the author was trying hard to sound like a teenager-- but decided to continue reading it anyway. And the instan A pox upon whichever Kirkus hipster wrote the favorable review of this dreck that persuaded me to buy it. And the instant love angle completed my inability to suspend my disbelief. Ally Carter] writes this sort of book, only she keeps it real and believable.

Chapter 6 : Summaries and Excerpts: A girl named Digit / by Annabel Monaghan.

This wasn't what I expected at all. I expected a lot more math geekiness, introspection, and self-acceptance, but was disappointed to find that the female protagonist was in la-la land throughout most of the book.

Chapter 7 : Annabel Monaghan (Author of A Girl Named Digit)

Written by Annabel Monaghan, Audiobook narrated by Julia Farhat. Sign-in to download and listen to this audiobook today! First time visiting Audible? Get this book free when you sign up for a day Trial.

DOWNLOAD PDF A GIRL NAMED DIGIT ANNABEL MONAGHAN

Chapter 8 : Read Annabel Monaghan Story: A Girl Named Digit [Book] â†’ Fantasy & Twilight Books Online

Read "A Girl Named Digit" by Annabel Monaghan with Rakuten Kobo. Farrah "Digit" Higgins may be going to MIT in the fall, but this L.A. high school genius has left her geek self.

Chapter 9 : Review: A Girl Named Digit by Annabel Monaghan â€” Paper Breathers

Book: A Girl Named Digit Author: Annabel Monaghan Pages: Age Range: 12 and up. A Girl Named Digit is a young adult novel about a year-old math genius who ends up on the run (with a very young, handsome FBI agent), hiding from domestic terrorists.